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DR. GRANVILLE'S

# SPAS OF GERMANY.

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Skeleton Map
of
300 MINERAL SPRINGS,
IN
Germany & Switzerland.
Shewing their relative position,
and the lines of communication;
in illustration of the Work entitled
THE SPAS OF GERMANY.
HANOVER
PRUSSIA
BERLIN
ROTTERDAM
Westphalia
HALT
Leipzig
SAXONY
Dresden
Freiberg
Aix la Chapelle
COLOGNE
KURHESSEN
Frankfort
Mainz
Darmstadt
Nuremberg
Bamberg
Wurzburg
Ansbach
Carlsruhe
Stuttgart
WIRTEMBERG
BAVARIA
BOHEMIA
FRANCE
Metz
Nancy
Thionville
STRASBURG
Basle
Dijon
Besancon
SWITZERLAND
TYROL
Innsbruck
Salzburg
Linz
Augsburg
Ratisbon
Prague
Gratz
Klagenfurt
Published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street 1838.
N.B. The large black dots denote the several Mineral Springs.
The black dots with a ring around them denote the Spas visited by the Author.
The double lines indicate the high roads of communication between the principal
Towns and the Mineral Springs.

THE

# SPAS OF GERMANY.

BY

A. B. GRANVILLE, M. D. F. R. S.

KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE CROWN OF WURTEMBERG AND OF
THE ROYAL ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL OF BAVARIA;
MEMBER OF THE PRINCIPAL LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES IN EUROPE;
AUTHOR OF "ST. PETERSBURGH," &c. &c.

SECOND EDITION.



THE SPRUDEL AT CARLSBAD.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1839.

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I INSCRIBE THE PRESENT WORK

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY ELDEST AND BELOVED SON

**Charles Robert,**

WHO, HAVING ATTAINED, BY HIS PRIVATE VIRTUES

AND

PROFESSIONAL WORTH,

(BEFORE HE WAS TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE,)

THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT

IN HIS LATE MAJESTY'S EIGHTY-NINTH REGIMENT,

WAS, DURING MY ABSENCE FROM ENGLAND,

SUDDENLY REMOVED FROM THIS LAND OF PROBATION,

ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1836:

JUST AS RETURNING HEALTH SEEMED TO OPEN

THE FAIREST PROSPECTS

ON HIS PATH.

# PREFACE

## TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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For the convenience of travellers, and in compliance with the desire expressed by many that the present work, upon a Second Edition being called for, should be made more accessible to every person likely to require it, I have adopted the form of a single Volume instead of two, upon sending it to press a second time within a twelvemonth of its first appearance.

The change has been effected without in any way detracting from the integrity of the original work: for, with the exception of three or four episodes of a purely local and momentary importance, which have been omitted in consequence of their adventitious interest having ceased,—the text remains precisely as it was. On the other hand, several proper additions, all of them useful, have been made, for which I have to thank the kindness of my foreign medical friends residing at the various Spas I have described:—additions which the time elapsed since the appearance of the First Edition, short though it be, has rendered necessary, owing to the steady progressive manner in which most of the watering-places in Germany are improving. To one or two of the same correspondents I am also indebted for having pointed out to me a few omissions—and still fewer mistakes; but even these, which I have of course rectified, have been admitted by the parties to have been so slight, that they might have been passed over unnoticed by any individual.

This circumstance is gratifying; but still more so is the distinguished manner in which the several Sovereigns of the countries whose Spas I have described, have been pleased to acknowledge, by letters and honorary rewards, the correctness and utility of the publication. Nor is it less flattering to my feelings to find that, independently of two pirated Editions of the entire work in France and Belgium, and an abridgment of it from the Leipzig press,—separate publications have appeared also at some of the principal Spas, where my account of each place, taken from the general work, has been reprinted in the original language in a separate form, with not a single alteration in the descriptions, narrative of facts, anecdotes, or statistical calculations, but only a very few literal or orthographical emendations.

I may make the same observation with regard to the friendly and commendatory notice taken, by the principal Spa-physicians, of the several portions of this work which refer to the places with which they are individually most conversant; particularly by Dr. De Carro, Dr. Peez, Dr. Maas, and Dr. Heidler —the former of whom has actually done me the honour of adopting, translating, and publishing without alteration, my introductory "*Popular Considerations on the Use and Power of Mineral Waters*"—a task which, I am informed, has since been undertaken, in Italian also, by the celebrated Professor Frank, of Milan, and formerly of the University of Wilna.

These several testimonies, together with the very flattering manner in which four-and-twenty various periodicals in England have reviewed the work, more than compensate the Author for his labour; and have stimulated him to further exertions on this occasion, for the purpose of rendering the present Edition equally worthy of the public favour.

*Grafton Street, July* 1838.

# PREFACE

## TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It does not often fall to the lot of a writer who undertakes to add a fresh work to English literature, to light upon a subject absolutely new. Still less often does it happen that what is new shall prove, at the same time, useful and amusing.

To two of these qualities, the subject I have selected on the present occasion may lay indisputable claim. Whether the third or last of them may, with the like justice, be ascribed to it, depends on the manner in which the subject has been treated;—and of that the reader alone must judge.

The very motive which induced me, in this instance, to compose and publish a work on the Mineral Waters in Germany,—namely, the total want of such a book in the English language,—shows that the subject, in this country, must be new;—I mean new when treated, as I trust it has been in the present volume, in the character of a general, full, extended, and practical account of the principal and most celebrated of those waters—an account that shall leave no part of the necessary information respecting them untouched; and new also, as resulting from recent investigations of the places themselves, instituted in every case by the author in person.

The previous existence of a well-known humorous narrative relating to two or three of the minor mineral springs in Germany,—and likewise of two other works, purely professional, on the mineral waters of every part of the world—one of which works is a mere geographical indicator of the places it mentions,—does

not detract from the accuracy of my assertion, that the subject I have selected is new.

That it is also calculated to prove highly useful, requires scarcely any demonstration. There may be people in England who are sceptical as to the alleged virtues of mineral waters in the cure of diseases. Such scepticism, however, has not deterred, and never will deter, thousands of invalids from resorting annually to the natural sources of those waters, in the hope of there finding that relief to their sufferings, which they had failed to receive from medical skill at home. If, therefore, in writing a book that shall assist such persons in every respect, during their peregrination and use of the waters, I facilitate their object, the work which performs that task will be justly entitled to the character of a useful publication.

That the subject may be made amusing, too, is a self-evident truism; and that I have done my best, throughout the work, to render it so, I will frankly confess. Whether I have been successful or not, remains to be seen. The only difficulty on this point I shall have to contend against, will be that of reconciling the gravity of the writer's profession, and the importance of the subject, with the light and varied style in which I have endeavoured to treat that subject.

The public have shown, by the very flattering manner in which they were pleased to receive a former publication of mine,—the title of which I have placed as my only distinction in front of the present work,—that they did not consider a narrative of travels, in which useful as well as medical information was mixed up with entertaining and lighter matter, incompatible with the severer studies and pursuits of my profession. Encouraged by such a precedent, I have, on the present occasion, adopted the same, nay, a more discursive manner of imparting knowledge; and I have only to express a hope that my motive for so doing may be attributed to the right cause.

The composition of a purely professional treatise on the Mineral Waters of Germany would have been a matter of no great difficulty, to one who for years has paid much attention to them, and who has recently examined them in person. But the

sphere of utility of such a work would have been very circumscribed. The medical profession in this country, now-a-days, would scarcely care anything for a dry technical treatise on foreign mineral waters.

A full proof of this exists in the fate which a work of infinite merit, on the mineral and thermal springs of the four quarters of the globe, published in 1832, by Dr. Gairdner, of Edinburgh, met at the hands of the profession. So little was that book read, that the copies presented to the library of the Royal Society, and of another scientific institution,—both of which profess to afford the facility of circulating works among their members, many of whom are medical men—have been actually found with the leaves uncut, in March 1837! And yet the work of Dr. Gairdner is not more excellent as a technical, scientific, and philosophical work, than it is extraordinary as a specimen of industry. As such, it was recommended by the vigilant editor of an old-established quarterly medical review, who never fails to point out to his brethren what is deserving of their patronage—who is himself a successful author—and who has ventured, on one or two recent occasions, to convey professional information to the public generally, stripped of the stiff-necked pedantry of his art, in the manner that I have endeavoured to adopt in the following pages. Who can doubt that the failure of the book in question has arisen from the circumstances of its being addressed solely and specially to men of science, and of its being totally unsuited to general readers?

To eschew, then, such a fate, I have attempted, in these volumes, to combine all that a practical physician can impart of information to general readers, with as many curious and miscellaneous details of cities, institutions, scenery, buildings, mines, customs, persons, and manners, as offered themselves to my notice. I have adopted the form of a narrative, for the vehicle of whatever knowledge I had to communicate respecting each of the mineral springs, in preference to a mere methodical *catalogue raisonné*, in which numerous technicalities would have deterred the reader from proceeding in his perusal of the work. Finally, instead of strictly limiting myself to the many points of dry

matter-of-fact which the subject naturally involves, and the application of which is decidedly useful, I have introduced matter which, however irrelevant it may at first sight appear to the principal subject of the work, will nevertheless, on the ground of variety, serve the purpose of inducing many to consult this volume, who might otherwise have been deterred from so doing. Thus, for instance, the reader will find frequent descriptions of dinners, &c. in the course of the narrative, which some persons may view as being out of place in a book of this character. But on further consideration their introduction will, I hope, be deemed desirable: first, because it is essential to show the injustice of the prevailing fashion among English travellers, of complaining that, on going to Germany, an adieu must be bidden to all the comforts of the table; secondly, because to an invalid, who is to travel abroad, under the guidance of the present work, in search of health, it is of some importance that he should know beforehand what, and how many, different species of *cuisine* he is likely to encounter in each division of that empire.

Whether I am mistaken in the estimate I have formed of what is likely to please, time will show; but I feel confident of having, at all events, discharged the whole of my self-imposed duty, by conveying to the public, in a popular form, a fuller, a more minute, and a more practical account of the mineral springs of Germany, than has ever before been attempted in this country—or, I may safely say, in any country—considering the manner and form of the book, and the general collective character of its details.

Germany boasts of some hundreds of publications on its mineral waters, not a few of which are excellent. Many of them are of a purely local character; others are wider in their sphere, and embrace the consideration of every mineral spring throughout the country. But a work presenting the narrative of a Grand Tour to all the most celebrated and fashionable mineral watering-places of Germany, in regular succession; (except Pyrmont and Aix-la Chapelle, the latter of which I had already described in a former work;) a tour in which amusement is blended with information, and descriptive sketches of the "humours and fancies"

of each Spa are mixed up with the accurate details, collected on the spot, of everything that is useful in a medical and social point of view ;—such a work, I believe, does not exist in any language. Yet no one can doubt that a work of this nature is sought for by all those who wish to visit the Spas of Germany. I have only to hope that the present one will be considered as having accomplished that desideratum.

I have just mentioned the word SPA, and I have adopted it throughout the present work, instead of the more ordinary expressions of watering-places, bathing-places, &c. The reason must be obvious. It was necessary, where a constant repetition of it was likely to occur, that the word employed to signify a mineral source at which people assemble, to drink as well as to bathe in the waters, and at which gas-baths and mud-baths are also administered, should be brief, and equally applicable to all of them, without affecting any exclusive meaning, except that which, in common acceptation, it is understood to imply. The word SPA was ready at hand, as a generic appellative, of the sort I wished; and the authority of the great English lexicographer left no doubt, in my mind, of the propriety of using it.

With respect to the classification which I have adopted for the several Spas I visited, and which differs from all the classifications generally employed,—it was a necessary consequence of the narrative-form of the work itself. In travelling from certain Spas to others, I could only view them geographically, according to the part of Germany to which they belonged; and I therefore divided them into geographical groups. Had I taken the more usual mode, of grouping them according to chemical distinctions, I should have had, in the course of the narrative of my recent travels, to jump from one place to another, the most distant and apart, and frequently back again to the same spot, in order to give an account of the various springs, agreeably to the inconvenient, and I must say incorrect, arrangement usually observed, of "sulphurous," saline," "chalybeate," and "acidulated" mineral waters.

In conclusion I may state, that the reader will find the many and various topics connected with the subject of the present vo-

lume not arranged in a methodical and dry manner, but interwoven with the continuous narrative of my travels, under the following heads:

A. The geographical and local position of the Spa.

1. Its ancient and modern history.
2. Its physical, statistical, municipal, political, and social description.
3. Its present condition.
4. Climate, temperature, meteorology.

B. Accommodations—minutely describing.

1. Hotels.
   - *a*. Mode of living.
   - *b*. Expenses.
2. Lodgings.
3. Places of amusement.
4. Comforts and discomforts.
5. Promenades and public places.
6. Assemblies and society.

C. The springs.

*a*. Nature of the water.

1. Mode of using it.
2. Internally.
3. Externally. Baths. Gas-baths. Mud-baths.
4. Disorders for which it is recommended.

*b*. Classes of persons who assemble at the Spa.

D. Anecdotes of the sort of life led at the Spas.

1. Examples of extraordinary cures.
2. Sketches of the inhabitants.
3. Medical attendance. Physicians.

E. Best mode of reaching the Spas.

1. Routes for travelling thither.
2. Posting diary.
3. Information respecting conveyances of every sort.
4. Season for visiting the Spa.
5. Incidental information.

F. Analysis of the several mineral waters.

1. The best works written upon them.

G. Statistical details in support of what has been advanced.

1. Tables of thermometrical differences.
2. Table of German posts and distances.
3. List of prices and charges.
4. Statement of the total expenses incurred by families and single individuals at each Spa, including the journey to and from the place.

One perfectly novel and original feature in the present work, is the general and comparative chemico-pneumatic table placed at the end of the volume. That table was compiled, arranged, and calculated by myself, at considerable trouble and expense of time, from the most undoubted authorities; and it embraces the chemical analysis of all the springs I have described in the body of the work. The idea of devising something of this kind arose in my mind pretty early in the course of writing the work, when I found that the insertion of every analysis at full length, with the continual repetition of the names of each ingredient in each spring, (as they are generally given in other works,) would be tedious and irksome to the reader, and would interrupt and detract from whatever interest may belong to the narrative. I therefore constructed the table in question, which speaks for itself, and the details of which cannot fail to be of considerable service, not only to the public in general, but to professional men in particular,—very few of whom have the means of applying to the original works for information, or are likely to avail themselves of such means if they had them within their reach.

The great advantage of being able, at one glance, by means of such a table, to judge of the relative composition of any two, or more, particular springs—of seeing, at once, the most prevailing and characteristic ingredients in them—and of summing up the respective quantities of solid substances held in solution by the mineral springs, in one and the same measure of mineral water to which I have reduced them all,—is another and not one of the least important features of the present volume.

A. B. Granville, M.D.

16, *Grafton-street, Berkeley-square,*
*June* 1837.

# POPULAR CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

# USE AND POWER OF MINERAL WATERS.

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## I. Introductory Remarks.

If the present were only a work of imagination, or a mere book of travels, I should esteem any introduction or preliminary observations unnecessary. But the volume which I lay before the public on this occasion aims at something more. Its intention is, to convey practical information on a great variety of topics connected with the principal subject of the work. Hence, as it would ill suit the narrative style adopted in the following pages, to have it interrupted by the constant recurrence of those topics, however useful, it becomes necessary to refer to them, and treat of them, once for all, under the head of General Considerations. These will be brief, yet full and explicit, in the hope that the reader may be tempted to peruse them. It is indeed of some consequence that, ere he proceeds farther, the reader should properly and deliberately digest such general considerations; as, without them, it would be a matter of difficulty fully to comprehend the meaning of many passages and allusions in the body of the work.

I shall arrange what I have to offer on this part of my subject, under a few clear and short subdivisions; prefacing them by a declaration, that I do not profess to indict an essay, still less a treatise, but simply to give a few general views, of a popular as well as practical character, upon the use and power of the German mineral waters.

## II. Prevailing Ignorance respecting Foreign Mineral Waters, in England, and Effects of it.

There is no doubt that the great blessing offered by Providence to man, suffering under bodily disease, in the sanative power of mineral waters, particularly of those of Germany, has been withheld from the people of this country longer than from any other nation. A resource so efficacious, so ample, and, I might add, so general, for combating disease,—as the continental physicians have long since proved,—has been to England almost as a sealed book. The leading medical men in London—those who are most likely to be consulted by such patients as can afford to leave their home for a season, and would willingly do so, to seek health on foreign shores—are avowedly little conversant with the subject.

Were this the only obstacle to the dissemination of practical knowledge in this country respecting foreign mineral waters, the difficulty would not be insuperable. But, with a want of knowledge, there unfortunately exists also a singular scepticism on the part of medical men, as to the power of mineral waters in curing disease; and such a scepticism,—carried to the extreme of treating with open contempt every suggestion which has for its object the sending of an invalid to a foreign spa,—has often prevented a salutary excursion of that sort, and has deprived the patient of its beneficial results.

Examples of this kind have occurred repeatedly in my own experience. They in fact occur almost daily. Last year a patient of consequence, under my care in London, was recommended, on account of a complaint which was of frequent recurrence, to go to a Spa of great celebrity, as the only likely means of strengthening the system, and rendering the constitution invulnerable to future attacks. A metropolitan physician of the first respectability, who acted in consultation at the time, did not actually deride, but seemed to hold very cheap, the alleged efficacy of foreign mineral springs. Upon being questioned as to any practical knowledge he might have of them, he candidly admitted that he possessed none. The recommendation, however, was adopted, and the result has answered every expectation.

I was conversing a short time ago with a law officer of the crown, with whom I was proceeding on a professional visit to a near and dear invalid relative of his in the country, when the subject of

foreign mineral waters was accidentally introduced. On hearing my opinion of them, my travelling companion smiled incredulously, and assured me that his medical attendant considered them as little short of "sheer nonsense."—"Has your medical friend," observed I to him, "ever had occasion to treat you, during any protracted ailment or chronic disorder, whether of the stomach or otherwise? and if so, did he find it necessary to send you alterative powders, saline draughts, and purgative or strengthening mixtures, without end, containing some one or other of the preparations of soda, lime, potash, magnesia, or steel, &c., with a view to restore you to health; if he did, and he relied, at the time, upon the efficacy of those preparations for your recovery, why should he deny the same efficacy to the very identical ingredients disseminated through that universal and potent element, water, by the hand of nature, with a chemistry far more cunning than his, assisted, moreover, by a caloric which he cannot imitate?

On my return from this very tour to the German Spas, while visiting one of the most fashionable of the English mineral watering-places, I had another proof of the prejudice entertained against those Spas by a celebrated practitioner, who, in his blunt and straight-forward manner, assured me that he had often been called upon to remedy the mischief produced by the German waters on patients "who came home apoplectic and full of blood!"

Sometimes ignorance of this important subject acts as an obstacle to the diffusion of knowledge respecting it, not from the incredulity which it gives rise to, but in consequence of the mistakes which it occasions. Thus, upon being consulted as to the propriety of proceeding to some particular Spa in Germany, a medical practitioner in England has been known to advise rather a watering-place at home, as equivalent in his estimation to the foreign one. A case of this kind, which is not of rare occurrence, came under my notice last spring. Having recommended Kissingen to a patient, as the only gently aperient saline chalybeate that was appropriate to her disease, another physician, who had never heard of the place before, being told that it was a chalybeate, assured the patient that Tunbridge would do just as well. Now, no two mineral springs can differ more widely in every respect than Kissingen and Tunbridge.

At other times, the non-acquaintance of the most influential medical men in London, with the nature and use of foreign mine-

ral waters, leads to more serious mischief than that of simply impeding the progress of knowledge respecting them. Forced "by the pressure from without," or by the influence of fashion, to concede a point to those patients who have made up their minds to visit a foreign Spa in the summer, because some friend or acquaintance had recovered the year before by so doing,—they have occasionally undertaken to choose the place for such patients, and have, not unfrequently, directed them to precisely the wrong spring. Without alluding more distinctly to any of the instances of this kind which have come to my own knowledge during the twenty-one years that I have been practising in the metropolis, I will refer my readers at once to the cases mentioned by the best foreign writers on mineral waters, of patients who had been sent to particular Spas, but who ought never to have left home; and of some who were directed to watering-places in certain parts of Germany, when they ought to have been sent to Spas placed in totally different situations.

Nor is the testimony of such medical men liable to suspicion, since, in most cases, the opinion they expressed, to the effect just mentioned, was in direct opposition to their own interests. Thus Dr. De Carro, in his English manual of the Carlsbad waters, states distinctly that patients had been sent thither, and with specific instructions too, whom he was obliged to send back again. "Such mistakes," he says, "caused by an imperfect knowledge of the effects of our waters, are but too frequent. Supported by hope, the journey to the wells was at least tolerable; but, deprived of all further illusions, the way home is dreadful." Dr. Heidler of Marienbad, Dr. Bischof of Toeplitz, and Dr. Peez of Wiesbaden, made similar observations to me, and they have recorded them in their respective valuable works on the Spas at which they practise.

Another very serious inconvenience to patients in this country, arising from the imperfect information possessed by medical men respecting the various circumstances attending each particular Spa, is, that they are sometimes sent not only to a wrong place, but at a wrong season of the year. Since the publication of the first edition of this work, a very lamentable instance of this kind has come under my notice in the person of a clergyman, who was actually made to start on his travels from London to Carlsbad at the close of September! He got as far as Frankfort, and

there, fortunately, was prevailed upon, by better advice, to remain. Another instance of the same deficiency of knowledge in mineral waters on the part of a very eminent physician, was mentioned to me by the patient herself, also a very great lady, whom the learned baronet had ordered to Carlsbad, but with the caution that she should only drink *one* glass of the water,—of which spring he could not tell. The lady took twelve glasses daily instead, and got well.

One or two other examples of less importance might be adduced, of the general want of knowledge in this country on the subject under consideration. The existence of what are called *Seidlitz* powders, is one instance of it. These effervescent salts are sold to the public, bought, and used, as "possessing all the efficacy and sanative power of the celebrated springs in Germany," of the same name, though in their composition not in the least resembling those springs. Another instance is, the application made to the able chemist who superintends the German Spa at Brighton, by medical practitioners in London and the country, for a supply of salts "to make the Marienbad and Carlsbad at home!" as if such things could be.

Strange as it may appear, there is another and a last proof of the accuracy of my present proposition, which is of quite a different description from the proofs already adduced; and that is the hasty and eager manner in which people set off from England for Schlangenbad and Schwalbach, (places before unknown to them,) the instant they had read the captivating volume which a man of sense and keen observation, but not a medical or a scientific man, had published on those two German watering-places. Away went the two or three thousand invalids, at full speed, to bathe in the *Snakewater*, and to drink the bubbling *Paulinen*, immediately after the appearance of that book, and they have done so every year since,—without knowing why or wherefore, and without being certain that either the one or the other of those springs was suited to their constitution, and likely to relieve their complaints. Credulity, in this instance, demonstrates want of knowledge, and therefore supports my argument.

The medical practitioners in London were equally taken in by the work in question. A gentleman who consulted me on account of his lady this year, observed, that the year before last her physician-accoucheur being requested to recommend a proper

mineral water for her in Germany, told her, "Oh, go to Schwalbad; everybody goes there now!" The lady went, but at the end of the first week she was so ill, that an English physician who happened to be on the spot, urged her to remove immediately from the place.

Inaccuracy of some of the books written by travellers repecting the alleged efficacy and nature of certain mineral waters is not confined to English literature only. Local guide-books, which frequently quote at second hand or at random, are at times equally defective in that respect. Thus in a guide to Ems written in French, by a Dr. Philenius, he omits in the analysis of the water the presence of soda, and substitutes for it that of potash. What reliance can one place on such statements?

### III.—Efficacy and Power of Mineral Waters.

It would be late in the day to undertake, at the present time, to prove the efficacy and power of foreign mineral waters, were it not that the want of knowledge of those qualities, as just demonstrated, renders such a task on my part necessary.

There is a *primâ facie* line of evidence to prove the efficacy and power of mineral waters, which it is almost needless to hint at. Yet, simple and natural though it be, I hold it to be the best. Books have been written by authors of great celebrity, to prove that which, of itself, carries conviction to common sense. In what other way does the human body shake off disease, whether spontaneously or while under the action of remedies, except by means of secretions of some description or other? What disorder has ever been cured without some striking, (insulated or continuous, it matters not,) but, at all events, critical discharge from the emunctories of the body? In other words, without either perspiration, expectoration, or salivation; increased action of the intestines or of the kidneys; suppuration, boils, or eruptions; deposition of gouty matter, or discharge of hemorrhoidal blood?

Well, then,—mineral waters most unquestionably exist, which when taken internally, or used as baths, can and do produce, sooner or later, one or other, or all of these several effects. No one has ventured to deny the fact: it is the successful application of the fact, alone, to the cure of disease, that has been doubted. But it is rather strange logic to admit that certain effects, acting on the human body under disease, would lead

to recovery—to admit also that mineral waters can produce such effects—and yet, to deny that those effects, when produced by mineral waters, can cure disease!

The next argument to prove the efficacy of mineral waters, I would deduce from the admitted fact, that bountiful Providence has not placed a single natural agent within our reach, which is not possessed of some property calculated to benefit us. The vegetable and mineral world sufficiently testify to this truth. Next, after them, in degree of general diffusion throughout the universe come the natural waters, bubbling or boiling out of the earth's bosom, charged with many of the principles which belong to the mineral world, and a few which belong to the vegetable world also. Are these waters likely to have been bidden to flow for nothing? Look round Germany alone, and you will find that country teeming with mineral springs. I have placed at the head of these volumes a map indicative of not less than three hundred such; and they have all been frequented, from the earliest periods, by invalids who have found in them a successful termination to their sufferings. Do not these results attest that there must exist some virtue in such springs? But let us confine our remarks to those springs only, of major importance, which have been well studied by men of eminence. Does not the testimony of the latter go to prove, most indisputably, the power and efficacy of mineral waters?

Again, if we view the question in reference to the quantity of mineral water, constantly flowing from the natural sources, with a regularity which is never interrupted;—in a condition, as to constituent principles, which is permanent;—and endowed with a resisting and unconquerable power against all disturbing elements, when everything else around seems to obey the influence of those elements;—is there no force in that argument? The reader will find, in almost every chapter of this work, authentic statements of the prodigious quantities of mineral water discharged from the several hot and cold springs I visited; and if he turn to the pages of the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, he will find in an ably written article on mineral waters generally, that the Sprudel, according to Reuss, Furhmann, and Mitterbacher, gives $192\frac{2}{3}$ millions of cubic feet, or 12,008,000,000 pints avoirdupois of hot water per day! As there are $31\frac{1}{3}$ grains of sulphate, muriate, and carbonate of soda, in every pint avoirdu-

pois of the Sprudel water, besides other solid ingredients, (if the quantity of water just mentioned be correctly quoted,) we have mineralising agents of acknowledged power thrown out of the bowels of the earth, to the stupendous amount of 376,250,000,000 grains daily, by that one spring alone. Surely the presence of such a quantity of effectual agents in water must secure certain effects on the constitution, when that water is applied to it. This consideration, of the solid contents of mineral waters, is so important, that it has induced me to give, in the body of this work, the quantity of them in each pint avoirdupois of the water respectively,—as a more useful fact than the mere quotation of its specific gravity.

All these facts being well established, and the efficacy of mineral waters in the removal of complaints being as manifest as the presence of the numerous agents, to a large amount, which chemistry has detected in them; how could a system, I would ask, of theoretical medicine be permitted to hold sway for a single moment, which, like that of the so-called *Homœopathists*, proclaims, as its standard principles, that nature selects only the most simple means of curing disease, and that the minutest, indeed an *infinitesimal* particle of medicated substance, is the only dose she will admit in effecting a recovery?

## IV. Temperature of the Mineral Waters.

If the prodigious quantity of mineral waters discharged daily from the bowels of the earth, and the equally astonishing amount of mineral substances they contain, be matters of deep reflection, and be calculated to demonstrate the efficacy of those waters, how shall we ever cease to marvel when we turn our consideration to the degree of heat with which those waters come charged out of the secret recesses of the earth? The *Rycum* in Iceland, and the *Neu Geyser*, those stupendous Sprudels of the northern regions, throw up water literally boiling. The *Sudatorii di Trittoli;* and the *Piscarelli*, near Naples; also *Abano*, in Lombardy, are within twelve and thirty-one degrees respectively of the boiling point. Alibert reports the same fact as connected with the water of *La Motte* in France; and Brogniart quotes the mineral spring at *Vic* as actually boiling. The Sprudel at Carlsbad comes next in order after those hot springs,

with a temperature which is only forty-seven degrees below the boiling point. All these mineral waters, but especially those with which philosophers and physicians on the continent are best acquainted, present certain phenomena, respecting their different degrees of capacity for heat, which are deserving of the best attention.

If common water be raised to the boiling point by exposure to a given degree of heat, and under given circumstances, we know what length of time that phenomenon will require before it can take place. When we withdraw the source of heat altogether from it, we know in what time the heated water will return to its former and natural temperature. Now, upon watching the manner in which the thermal water of Carlsbad, Gastein, Toeplitz, Baden-Baden, and Wiesbaden respectively, parts with its caloric, when kept in a bath or a reservoir, a notable difference is observed in the time it requires to descend to the ordinary temperature, as compared with all other simple waters employed in the same manner. A like dissimilarity in the length of time employed has been observed between ordinary water which is made to ascend to the boiling point from a certain given temperature, and a thermal mineral water placed exactly under similar circumstances. It is found that the latter requires a longer time to be raised to the boiling point than common water. Longchamp, according to Dr. Gairdner, asserts this to be nearly a general maxim, with regard to the many thermal springs he examined, between the extreme west and extreme east of France, in the southern provinces. Most of the present Spa-physicians are of the same opinion. Kastner, also, the very able chemist, who has so recently and so successfully analysed most of the German mineral waters, shares in the belief of the singular capacity of some of them for thermal or telluric heat. Other authors, on the contrary, deny it; and they bring forward, in support of their denial, a few experiments made with such trifling quantities of mineral water, that no reliance can be placed on the results.

As yet no *experimentum crucis*, no decisive and formal experiment, has been made, and the question remains as much unsettled as ever. All the experiments, that have been cited to me, have been, in my opinion, imperfect. The fairest and only decisive mode of comparison would be, to charge ordinary water with the same quantities of saline ingredients that are

known to exist in the mineral spring to which it is about to be compared in reference to heat—to raise its temperature to that of the mineral water—to place both under like circumstances—and then mark the time employed by each in assuming the ordinary temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Let us suppose, for instance, that it be indented to ascertain whether the Sprudel water, at a temperature of 165° of F., will mount to the boiling point by the application of the same degree of heat and in the same time with ordinary water, already raised, by a similar application of heat, to 165° of F. It is evident that in order to settle the question as to the existence of any distinction between thermal or telluric and ordinary heat, it is not sufficient to raise the common water to the natural degree of heat of the mineral water, as a starting point from which the experiment is to begin;—we ought, also, to dissolve in the former the same quantity of ingredients which the latter is known to contain.

It is possible that the difference observed by some of those who have studied this subject, has arisen from their not having attended to that condition of the common water which is here insisted upon; for it is a well-known fact, that water charged or saturated with saline particles is slower in cooling, as it is also slower in acquiring heat, than water not so charged. One large experiment, or at least part of an experiment, of which no one seems to be aware, is going on daily during the season at Gastein. There the water from the *Spitalquelle*, after serving several purposes of health and comfort at Gastein, is transmitted, at the rate of fifteen cubic feet per minute, through a series of connected wooden pipes, to Hof-Gastein, a distance of three quarters of a post, or seven English miles; during which *trajet*, as I have remarked in the body of this work, the water loses only two degrees of heat. Now, if a similar line of pipes were placed near to that which exists at present for the mineral water; and common water, previously raised to the temperature of the Spitalquelle, and charged with the same substances, were made to pass through them as far as Hof-Gastein,—it would then be seen what length of time the cooling down of the latter would require, and how many degrees of heat it would lose in that time, compared to what takes place in regard to the real mineral water.

Be this as it may, the consideration of thermal or telluric heat is one of intense interest, and ought to form, in my opinion,

a leading feature in the estimation of the power of a mineral water. I am one of those who, having experienced the effects on my own person of thermal heat, in the case of six or seven mineral springs, firmly believe that ordinary water, raised artificially to a similar degree of temperature, does not produce the same effects. Gastein and Wildbad, the one at 97° F., the other at 120° F., are the very antipodes of warm bathing, in their results. The first excites, disturbs, agitates the nerves, though its temperature be allowed to cool down to the same degree as that of Wildbad, before it is used. The latter, on the contrary, soothes, softens, and tranquillises every part of the animal frame. Yet neither holds in solution more than four grains of solid and active ingredients in a pint; and of the two the water which is exciting, namely, that of Gastein, contains by far the smallest proportions of those ingredients; but its temperature in a natural state is much higher. Heat, therefore, here, would seem to be *specific* in its action, and therefore dissimilar from ordinary heat.

Whence this peculiar heat is derived, no philosopher has as yet satisfactorily explained. Many theories have been formed, and conjectures hazarded, for that purpose; but they all fail in one respect, that individually they do not account for every fact connected with the question. The one which seems the most plausible, and indeed almost conclusive, is that which supposes the existence of a fire in the centre of the earth; but nothing very convincing or new has been alleged on the continent, in support or illustration of such a theory. In this country the question of central heat once occupied the attention of geologists; but for many years past, men of science in England have not even alluded to the question, as it relates to hot mineral springs. Indeed, so far have they been from doing anything of the sort, that the two most esteemed works on geology, those of Lyell and Professor Buckland, are wholly silent on the subject of hot mineral springs.*

* Since the appearance of the first edition of this work, Dr. Daubeny, Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, has published in the Transactions of the British Association, his report on the thermal springs, and attributes to volcanic agency the phenomena of heat in them; while Professor Forbes of Edinburgh, who has also published an elaborate essay on the temperature of certain springs, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1836, considers the question of caloricity in mineral springs to be still perfectly unsettled. The opinion of a man like Professor Forbes, who is one of the most promising Scottish philosophers of the present day, carries great weight with me.

The appearance at the very moment when, occupied in composing the present work, I frequently sat at my desk absorbed in the meditation of this singular phenomenon of "thermal caloricity," of a philosophical work in three volumes, from the pen of one whose name, whether alone or in conjunction with many curious scientific speculations, has often been before the public, led me to hope that I should find in it the solution of that mystery.

The author of that work is not only a philosopher, in the general sense of that appellation, but a mathematician also, an astronomer, and, above all, a geologist. He is an ostensible instructor of young men devoting themselves to the study of abstract sciences in one of the universities, and he presides occasionally, *in loco presidentis*, with a becoming knowledge of the importance of his station, at the meetings of that society which, in England, is looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of scientific academies. A work from such an author was likely to contain, I thought, the key to the riddle, and prove an Œdipus to my puzzling Sphynx, in respect to the great question of *permanent* heat in mineral springs, such as the Sprudel, Baden-Baden, Gastein, Toeplitz, Wiesbaden, Ems, &c.

I looked, therefore, with eagerness for information on the subject in question, through the volumes of "the history of inductive sciences"—a work which is a highly creditable specimen of laborious industry. I glanced first at that general subdivision of the work which was likely to contain an allusion to the question; namely, the history of geology. I particularly studied the section on the doctrine of central heat; and I looked afterwards into what the author has called physical geology; but neither in the general nor in the special department has the author of "the history of inductive sciences" even so much as hinted at, still less explained, that curious and interesting phenomenon. Indeed, throughout the whole work, which professes to touch on every subject connected with the scientific study of nature, not even the slightest allusion is made to the interesting topic of hot mineral springs, or to the still more interesting subject of the origin of their perpetual caloricity! Yet in speaking of the theory of central heat,—which he does not absolutely reject, but seems inclined to consider as a plausible mode of solving the question of "volcanos, earthquakes, and great geological changes,"—the author was (one could

fancy) on the very brink of adding "and of hot mineral springs also;" but he did not do so.

## V. Mode in which the Mineral Waters act, and how they ought to be employed.

In endeavouring to show that mineral waters are actually endued with certain definite medicinal powers, I almost anticipated what I had to say under the present head, when I enumerated the several tangible effects which they produce upon the human frame. Those effects are *perspiration*, *increased secretion* or *excretion* of every sort, *stimulation*, *sedativeness*, and *invigoration*. But these effects, which our ordinary senses can carefully appreciate, are not the real exponents of the manner in which mineral waters act on the human constitution, in the removal of disease. They only afford as many proofs of the reality of the action of those waters, without explaining in what that real action consists.

Disease is a violent disturbance of some or all of the normal conditions of the human body. Its removal, therefore, implies a restoration of those conditions to their natural state. Hence, if such a removal, or restoration, has been effected by the use of mineral waters, the process could only have been brought about by an *alteration* in the state of things existing under disease—by a change, in fact, from a state which was anomalous to one which is "normal." Mineral waters, therefore, when acting successfully on our system, act as *alteratives*; and whether they do so by changing the character and composition of the fluids of the human body, or by effecting an *alteration* in the solids, it is not less true that they have been acting as *alteratives* only. This is perfectly intelligible, although it may seem, at first view, in opposition to some of the tangible effects I have before enumerated. Thus, for example, a patient may require to be strengthened, in order to regain his ordinary state of health; and a course of the Bruckenauer water will accomplish that object. Another, on the contrary, is in a state of excitement, and requires, for the purpose of getting well, tranquillization; and this he finds in the thermal baths of Wildbad. Now it is evident, that what was

required in each respective case, with a view to restore the equilibrium of health—namely, *invigoration* in the one, and *sedativeness* in the other—was a *change* of some sort or degree, which the mineral waters produced. They have, therefore, acted in both instances as *alteratives*. In this word, then, lies the whole secret of the mode of action of mineral waters. But mineral waters do not act only as *alteratives*—they also exert a solvent power in the human constitution, and may, therefore, be considered as "resolvents" as well as *alteratives*. Indeed the one seems a necessary consequence of the other; for, after producing a change in the human body, it must very often be necessary to separate, detach, and resolve the matter resulting from that change, before perfect health can be restored.

The manner in which mineral waters ought to be employed, with a view to obtain such *alterative effects* on the system, is various. They may be taken internally, or they may be used externally as baths. Very often both methods are employed simultaneously. Again, of external application there are several kinds. The water may be applied to the whole surface, or to one part only of the body. The gaseous emanations only, from the various waters, may be preferred for general or local application. Lastly, the earth itself, through which the mineral water issues, and which it pervades, may be used to envelope the body —a mode which constitutes what has been called the Mud-bath. This, and the Gas-baths, are peculiar to the continent, and not employed at any of the bathing or watering places in England.

Although the application of the mineralising mud itself of a spring be unknown in this country, (as far as I am aware of,) and is of comparatively recent introduction at the different Spas in Germany, the use of mud-baths in disease is of great antiquity. In some parts of the continent such baths are the only ones used, —as at *St. Amand*, for example, and *Abano*. In the gospel of one of the evangelists, we find evidence of the practice of using mud-baths in scriptural times, for the cure of the "impotent folk, the blind, the halt, and the withered" (paralytic.) "The angel who went down at a certain season into the pool, to trouble the water," before the sick could enter it, is evidently figurative of the periodical or occasional muddy condition of the pool of Bethesda,—at which time, probably experience had shown that

the water was in the best state for medicinal and sanative purposes. "Whosoever then first, after the troubling of the water, stepped in, was made whole of whatever disease he had."

The practice of using gas-baths (as will be seen in the sequel of this work) is almost entirely modern, and, with that of the mud-baths, is likely to lead to some extraordinary and beneficial results. Both, indeed, may be viewed as very powerful medicinal agents.

## VI. Auxiliaries to the Power and Virtues of Mineral Waters.

There have been at all times persons who have esteemed mineral waters of no more efficacy than ordinary spring water, and who have attributed the cure which results from drinking the former, to the many circumstances attending and accompanying their use. The journey is placed at the head of the list of these favourable circumstances; a change of air, and a difference in the previous mode of living, are two other circumstances which follow next; a release from laborious occupation, and a leaving behind of every worry and anxiety of mind, come in for a share of the merit in producing the desired effect; and, lastly, the gaiety of the Spas, and the constant amusement to be found there amidst agreeable society, are viewed as additional causes of the recovery.

Now all these circumstances attendant on a cure by means of any one of the numerous mineral waters described in these volumes, would never of themselves remove the tithe part of the severe, protracted, and often puzzling maladies, especially of a chronic character, which are known to recover at the Spas. They act, I grant, as *adjuvants* in the cure, but never as principal agents. A proof of this may be deduced from the many cases of disease which are cured by the natural or artificial mineral waters, drunk by the patient without either leaving home, changing the scene, or being released from business and anxiety.

It cannot be denied, however, that such *adjuvants* serve to hasten the recovery, and render the treatment more pleasant. In many cases, indeed, they seem to be essential to the developement of the power of the waters. Hence we see how important

the German Spas become, as agents of cure, from their peculiar constitution and arrangements; since we find in them, and in their locality, as well as in their various appurtenances, and in the society there assembled, all the auxiliary elements of the description alluded to, which can tend to shorten the treatment, by rendering it more efficacious as well as more agreeable.

In this respect the difference between an English and a German Spa is very considerable, and the balance greatly in favour of the latter; as all those persons who have had occasion to frequent both can testify, and as the perusal of the following pages will more than sufficiently demonstrate.

## VII. Special Objects in Using Mineral Waters.

If it be true that mineral waters possess great medicinal powers, their use must presuppose a serious purpose. That purpose is of a threefold nature. It is either to cure a present disease, or to mitigate it, or to prevent a threatening one. The greater portion of those individuals who submit to a course of mineral waters, do so with the intention, and in the hope, of freeing themselves from a disease actually existing. They use the waters, therefore, as a *means of cure*. Of the rest, some have recourse to the waters in expectation of a mitigation of their sufferings—having previously been told, or having learnt from experience, that their disorder is not susceptible of a radical cure; while others apply to the mineral spring, simply because they imagine that the introduction of fluids largely charged with medicinal principle into the system about to succumb to disease, will prove effectual in dispersing and destroying the threatening evil. Fortunately, nature, acting under the general laws imposed upon it by Providence, has dispensed the gift of mineral waters not only with abundance, but with such a variety of inherent properties dependent on chemical and other circumstances, that the threefold object of the several classes of invalids who visit the Spas (especially in Germany) can be equally satisfied.

In curing, mitigating, or preventing disease, we have often need of more than one mode of action on the part of the agent employed for those purposes: we require either a purely restorative, or a purely corrective agent; or both modes may be neces-

sary at one and the same time, either in equal or in differently proportioned degrees. Hence three classes of mineral waters may be established at once, founded upon these three modes of action, which shall meet every case likely to present itself at a mineral spring. The first will contain all those waters which restore lost vigour, or impart a new one to a diseased constitution. Bruckenau, Bocklet, Dienach, Gastein, will find place in this class. The second embraces a large number of mineral waters, namely, those which effect a change and improvement in the character of the fluids of the body, either by means of external discharges of the offending matter, or by restoring a free circulation in the general mass of fluids. Carlsbad, Schwalbach, and Ems, are of this class. Lastly, the third class will reckon among its mineral springs all such as exert a mixed action on the system;—as Kissingen for example, and Marienbad, or even Egra,—waters which act as correctives, and at the same time as roborants. It scarcely need be stated, after this brief and popular exposition, that mineral waters should be used not only in accordance with the advice (and only with it) of a physician well acquainted with their nature and effect; but also agreeably to the long-established rules that exist at all the Spas, (both of diet and regimen) for their administration or application.

"Experience teaches us that mineral waters," says Dr. Kreysig," sometimes prove to be active and violent remedies, and that, when improperly prescribed, they become dangerous." The annals of the numerous mineral springs, existing in England as well as on the Continent, recount every year the most melancholy consequences of the unadvised use of the mineral waters. Such cases I have narrated or alluded to in the body of this work. Many of my readers, I dare say, recollect the case, related by Dr. Falconer, of a noble lord who died from the improper use of the Bath water. Cheltenham and Tunbridge supply similar examples. Dr. Ammon, of Dresden, has reported an instance of a young man who fell into a state of idiocy, owing to the unadvised use of a strong chalybeate water. People in high life in England have been told of one or two fatal cases occurring, from the ill-advised use of the Sprudel recommended by medical men in this country.

Dr. De Carro says, "The worst part of our functions is, to

be consulted by patients sent to Carlsbad for diseases which Carlsbad can only aggravate." How often does it happen that strengthening or roborant mineral waters do not agree with the patient, even when required by the pressing nature of his case! because the nerves of the individual, being exquisitely susceptible of every impression, impede the digestion of the water when received into the stomach, and spasms of that organ, or of the whole frame, will ensue. But this is not all. Many of the mineral waters act through a succession of crises, which must be well understood and watched. The Gastein Baths are of this sort, and still more so is the Carlsbad water,—which produces so great a disturbance in the system during its first operation, that the name of "Bad Sturm" has been given to it. Dr. De Carro has described most forcibly this "sturm," as occurring in his own person, upon the occasion of going through a course of the Sprudel, for the removal of a serious disease, from which he happily recovered. It is therefore absolutely necessary, when we undertake a cure by means of mineral waters, to do neither too much nor too little; above all, to do nothing without good reasons and sound advice.

An absurd notion prevails in England, that physicians on the continent are inferior in talent and education, as well as in tact and vigour of practice, to those of this country. Hence, invalids who are about to visit the Spas of Germany, will rather run the risk of taking the advice and directions of a medical man at home, totally unacquainted with the nature and character of the German mineral waters intended to be used, and still more so with the locality and other collateral circumstances belonging thereto,—than to fall into the hands of a German doctor. I am not going to laud the pretensions of every physician I have met at the several Spas recently visited by me; but this I will say for the majority of them, and still more so for the larger number of the leading practitioners resident in the principal cities through which an invalid has to travel on his way to the Spas,—that a more learned or better instructed class of medical men is not easily to be found, either in England or elsewhere; that they are as deeply versed in the science and philosophy of medicine as any of their brethren on this side of the channel, and even often much more so; and that if they exhibit a degree of feebleness in their practice, compared to

the bolder and more confident treatment by English physicians, it is because the constitutions with which they have to deal seldom require very active measures. The medical treatment, such as it is, of the patients in Germany, is evidently suited to their constitutions; as we find that the people there enjoy as good health as in this country, recover as fast, and do not die in larger numbers under ordinary circumstances.

## VIII. Rules for the Use of Mineral Waters; Regimen and Diet.

Having once determined, with the assistance of a proper medical adviser, to which of the Spas he shall proceed, the patient should endeavour to procure a brief and clearly-written statement of his case, for the physician of the place to whom he may be recommended, or whom he may prefer to consult. On his arrival he should not follow the example of those who, the instant they alight from the carriage, run to the springs in order not to lose a moment. He should, on the contrary, give his body time to recover from the fatigues of the journey, and in the meanwhile consult the physician of the place, if it be only for general and local information. The intercourse between physician and patient at the Spas in Germany is placed on an easy and most convenient footing—as I have explained in more than one part of this work—and none need hesitate in consulting them.

The best season for the use of mineral waters is from May to September at some Spas, and only from June to the end of August at others. At many of the hot mineral springs, patients often remain during the winter months. Those afflicted with gout will be wonderfully benefited, by a residence at Wiesbaden or Toeplitz during those months; bathing in moderation at the same time.

Persons who are inclined to perspire, and are liable either to catch cold or to be exhausted from perspiration, will find the mild spring or autumn months preferable. In the spring, the crisis is brought about more quickly. Sometimes the case requires two courses in a year. In that case the first begins in May, and the second in August, with an interval of a month or six weeks.

The best time for drinking the waters is early in the morning.

The heat is then not so oppressive, and the body and mind are refreshed by sleep; the stomach is also empty. But some patients cannot leave their bed at so early an hour, owing to the nature of their disorder. Such patients should drink the water in bed, under proper restrictions, which are best learned on the spot.

The patients should be careful how they dress at a Spa. The best rule that I can give on this head is, to observe the clothing worn by the inhabitants of the place, who are acquainted, from experience, with the variableness of its temperature, and act accordingly. Visiters at some of the southern Spas, for instance, are often surprised to see a countryman, on a hot day, coming in with his cloak on his arm: but he knows from experience, that in his country the hottest day is often succeeded by the most piercing cold evening.

Gentle exercise between each glass of water is necessary. It should last about a quarter of an hour. But such patients as are not much accustomed to walking-exercise before breakfast should not force themselves to follow the above rule; for fatigue is the very worst concomitant of water-drinking.

Mineral water should be drunk like other liquids; not gulped down in a hurry, for the sake of the gas or any other reason. Such practice is injurious; it either produces cramp, or oppresses the stomach,—distending it with flatus. The warm water should be sipped out of the glass—the cold water should be drunk slowly, and at several draughts. Trifling as these rules may appear, the power of digesting the water often depends on their observance.

It is best to begin with half a glass of the cold water at a draught, (the glass contains about four ounces,) and to proceed, for the first two or three days, as far as two or three glasses, not more,—until the expiration of a week or ten days, when the quantity may be augmented.

If it be a cold mineral water that the patient is using, he should take care never to drink it while he is himself heated; for, by that means, he avoids the chance of obstruction and inflammation of the bowels.

The general rule as to the proper quantity of mineral water, of a corrective nature, is to take as much of it as will pass off by

the kidneys, or the pores of the skin, and cause, at the same time, brisk action of the intestinal canal daily.

Constipation will, occasionally, tease a patient at the Spas, notwithstanding the quantity of resolvent water drunk. In such a case it is advisable to increase the laxative power of the water, by adding Carlsbad salts, or cream of tartar;—by *bitter wasser*, or any other gentle or saline aperient. Dr. Malfatti, the great leading physician at Vienna, recommends, as a proper means of opening the bowels in case of costiveness during the use of hot mineral springs, half a glass of lukewarm new milk, taken half an hour before the use of the water.

It becomes, at times, necessary to warm the cold mineral water before it can be drunk. This is done very readily; each Spa having for that purpose a little stone kettle of the natural mineral water, simmering over a charcoal furnace. By this addition the purgative properties are generally increased.

Most of the mineral waters contain a quantity of free carbonic gas. Some patients cannot bear the action of this gas on their nerves, if the quantity be considerable. They become giddy, flush a great deal, have a congestion of blood in the head, and feel altogether uncomfortable—particularly if they happen to be predisposed to apoplexy. Such patients should drink each glass of the mineral water, not at a single draught, but in divided portions, and wait a few minutes, to allow time for the escape of some of the gas. On the other hand, there are invalids who find the gas beneficial to them. In that case they should drink the water without waiting long; drinking that which is in the upper part of the glass, and which contains most gas, and throwing away the rest; repeating this every six or eight minutes.

I have elsewhere given the necessary rules for bathing, and I need not repeat them in this place.

After drinking the water, a little gentle exercise in the open air, if possible, should be taken, in order to effect the complete digestion of the water. At some of the Spas, the patient, after bathing, is desired to retire to his bed for a short time, but not to go to sleep. It is better, however, when it can be done, to walk a little instead.

Breakfast follows, but I recommend the patient to complete his toilet first, and, above all, never to omit cleaning his teeth with a brush and some proper tincture, burnt bread, or sage-leaves, in order to remove all vestige, as well as the taste, of the mineral

water. The most appropriate time for breakfast is about an hour after drinking the last glass of the mineral water. It should consist of one or two cups of coffee, with white bread. There is a particular sort of the latter article prepared at almost all the Spas, which is excellent, and should be eaten without butter. Chocolate is also admissible, or cocoa and milk, or a basin of broth with white bread in it.

After breakfast the invalid may take a little more exercise, either on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage; pay his visits, or attend to household affairs. The hours between breakfast and dinner should be so engaged, that neither the head nor the body shall feel fatigued. Every severe exertion of the mind is forbidden, and no sleep must be suffered to intrude on the hours between breakfast and dinner.

One o'clock is the usual hour for dinner at the Spas. A moderately nourishing and easily digested dinner suits all patients. For the quality of the food, I shall refer to an alphabetical list I have herewith subjoined, of the several articles of diet allowed or disallowed at the principal German Spas; for which, as well as for many of the preceding rules, I am indebted to Professor Ammon, of Dresden, a gentleman who has deeply studied the subject of mineral waters.

I may also state it as a general rule, deduced from my own experience, that fruit, raw vegetables, and many of the flatulent *legumes*, particularly potatos, should be carefully excluded from all repasts, by those who drink mineral waters. The contrary practice exposes the offender to the penalties of incessant rumbling and noise in the stomach, and to pains likewise, which will often last the whole day.

It is not judicious to drink mineral water as a common beverage at meals. Wine is permitted, but in moderation; and if it produces heat after dinner, it must be omitted. A light and sufficiently fermented beer, with plenty of hops in it, is a preferable drink, but not what is called porter, stout, or double beer.

Opinions are divided as to the propriety of sleeping after dinner. The celebrated physician Plater was present one day at an assembly of doctors, who discussed the question of napping after dinner, and most of whom condemned it. "Ecce homo!" said the old Esculapius; "I am seventy-six, have never been ill in my life, and I have always slept after dinner." If the patient goes into the open air directly after dinner, the weariness and

drowsiness which are apt to come on at that time wear off, and thus the patient secures to himself a more refreshing sleep at night.

The supper should be very moderate, and the time for it about eight o'clock. I found a basin of light soup, with bread in it, the most suitable food for me at that hour.

Every species of amusement, card-playing, dancing, &c., must be regulated by the inclination of the invalid, and the circumstances of the place. In general, social intercourse with a few choice spirits during an hour or two, previously to retiring to rest, is the most proper and agreeable mode of passing that time of the evening.

Everybody retires to rest by ten o'clock at the Bohemian, Austrian, and Würtemberg Spas. Not so at those of Bavaria, Baden-Baden, and Nassau: there, night is turned into day, and invalids often destroy at night, by play and dissipation, the good they had done themselves in the day by drinking mineral water.

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In conclusion, I would say to such as are able and willing to try the effect of some one of the German Spas, in hopes of casting off any disease under which they may have laboured at home with little hope of recovery,—"Haste away, and make the trial by all means. Do not waste your life and your purse in swallowing endless drugs, and ringing the changes of remedies and doctors, pent up in a hot house in London during the summer months; or in being lifted in and out of your carriage, the prey of some chronic and insidious disorder which baffles your vigilant physician's skill; or in being sent from Brighton to Tunbridge, and from thence to Leamington or Cheltenham, merely to return again to Brighton or London, exactly as you left it; having in the mean time tried as many doctors as places, and as many new places and new remedies as doctors, to no purpose. Fly, I say, from all these evils—proceed to some spring of health, and commit yourself for once to the hands of nature—of medicated nature—assisted by every auxiliary which an excursion to a German Spa brings into play; and depend on it, that either at the first, or at the second or third occasion, of visiting and using such Spas, you will have reason to rejoice that you exchanged art for nature;—always provided you act under proper advice in the choice and use of them."

Let no physician, however high his claim may be to public confidence and support, but who is not acquainted with the wondrous and striking effects of mineral waters on the human body in a state of suffering, set up, for one instant, his individual negative to a course such as has been advocated in this volume; for there are arrayed against it the affirmative and approving voices of many centuries, of many physicians of the first eminence, and (what is better still) of many patients who have been cured by the mineral waters, after having in vain tried all the resources of art. *

* The author of the humorous pamphlet entitled "Wisbaden recommended to the Gouty and Rheumatic," which appeared last year,—and for whose flattering expressions towards myself I beg to doff my cap,—has confirmed my observations by his own personal experience of the *home* ignorance respecting foreign mineral waters. I trust, however, that since the publication of the present work in two editions, the whole of the medical profession in this country will no longer be taunted by this witty sufferer from gout, with "selfish concealment" from the public of the fact, that "Wisbaden is to the gouty a God- s end."

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## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ARTICLES OF FOOD PROPER AND IMPROPER FOR THE PATIENT.

| Beverage Allowed. | Beverage Forbidden. |
|---|---|
| Bavaroise. | Beer (strong or new.) |
| Barley-water. | Lemonade. |
| Beer (table) which has done fermenting. | Liqueurs (of all sorts.) |
| Broth (not too fat.) | Mulled wine. |
| Chocolate (in very small quantiy without spice.) | Punch. |
| Cocoa. | Tea (my experience admits of exceptions to this rule.) |
| Coffee (in small quantity, and not twice a day.) | Wines (all heating.) |
| Milk of almonds. | Warm beer (except in small quantity.) |
| Milk (not too rich, and not as usual drink.) | Water (iced.) |
| Negus (only at table.) | |
| Sugar-water. | |

---

| Articles of Food Allowed. | Articles Forbidden. |
|---|---|
| Asparagus (in small quantity.) | Apples. |
| | Apricots. |
| | Anchovies. |

| Articles of Food Allowed. | Articles Forbidden. |
|---|---|
| Beans (when quite young.) | |
| Bread (white.) | |
| Beef (much to be recommended.) | |
| Cauliflower. | Cabbage. |
| Chicken. | Cake. |
| Carp. | Capers. |
| Cucumber (stewed.) | Carrots. |
| | Cheese. |
| | Cherries. |
| | Cray fish. |
| | Cucumber (as salad.) |
| | Ducks. |
| Eggs (soft boiled.) | Eels. |
| Fish (tender.) | Fat (all kinds of animal fat.) |
| Fowls. | Fruit (raw.) |
| Greens (in very small quantities.) | Goose. |
| | Garlic. |
| | Gooseberries. |
| Hare. | Herrings (pickled and red.) |
| | Heath-berries. |
| | Husk Fruits. |
| | Herb Salad. |
| | Horse-radish. |
| | Ice (of all kinds.) |
| | Lampreys. |
| | Lentils. |
| Meat (except salted and smoked.) | Mushrooms. |
| Mutton (not fat.) | Melons. |
| Mustard. | Medlars. |
| | Morels. |
| | Muscles. |
| Oatmeal groats. | Onions. |
| Pike (in moderation.) | Parsley. |
| Parsnips. | Pears. |
| Partridge. | Peas (dried.) |
| Pigeons. | Pies. |
| Peas (green, quite young and in small quantities.) | Plums. |
| | Pork. |
| Purée of peas. | Potatos. |
| | Quinces. |
| | Raspberries. |
| | Radishes. |
| Strawberries (with moderation.) The wood strawberries only. | Spices. |
| | Salmon. |
| | Salad (green with oil and vinegar.) |

| Articles of Food Allowed. | Articles Forbidden. |
|---|---|
| Salad (boiled, not green with vinegar.) | Sorrel. |
| Spinach. | Stockfish. |
| | Sausages (of all kinds.) |
| Trout. | Turnips. |
| | Truffles. |
| Venison. | |
| Veal. | |

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# ADDITION

## TO THE POPULAR OR INTRODUCTORY CONSIDERATIONS ON MINERAL WATERS.

Anxious to put my readers in possession of all the information I can procure from influential and authentic sources respecting the efficacy of mineral waters, and the best mode of using them, I have deemed it useful to insert in this place a short extract from a little work of the late eminent physician, Professor Hufeland of Berlin, scarcely known in this country, containing practical directions for the use of mineral waters. The extract, thus selected, while it serves to corroborate the principles laid down in my "Popular Considerations," exhibits also some of the views of one of the most successful medical writers of our day, on the subject of mineral water drinking, and cannot fail to be acceptable to the readers of "The Spas of Germany." It will form an additional section to my introductory observations.

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### IX.—WHEN OUGHT MINERAL WATERS TO BE DRUNK?

"As to the best time of year for a course of mineral waters, it is obvious that the summer months, when warmth, exercise in the

open air, and the joyous appearance of the external world, add their efficacy to the invigorating draughts, must be the most proper season. Indeed, I hold it to be of the greatest importance to choose the height of the summer, as it is unquestionable that warmth is the most essential condition to the efficacy of a course of mineral waters; partly, because it actually increases the power of the remedy; partly, because drinking mineral waters makes the body more sensitive, and more susceptible of the impression of cold; and lastly, because warmth, and the open state of the skin which is caused by it, prevent many injurious effects of mineral waters,—I mean especially congestion of blood in the head or chest. For mineral waters have this resemblance to wine and other fermented drinks, as well as to narcotic remedies, that when the skin is open, and the perspiration free, they have less effect on the sensorium; while, on the other hand, when the skin has been closed by cold, they are capable of producing intoxication. Hence, it is better to begin the course late in the season, when the air still retains the summer heat, rather than too early; and considering the climate of Germany, as well as the mountainous situation of most mineral springs, the best time is from the middle of July to the middle of August. Earlier in the season, the mornings are too cool, a matter which is of the utmost importance. But if the course is the so-called small one, it may be undertaken with advantage at any period of the year, even in the hardest winter.

"With regard to the time of day, the universally received opinion that early in the morning is the best period, is certainly in general correct. The stomach is then empty, and consequently no collision with any other digestion is to be feared; the nerves of the stomach are in their highest state of sensibility, being as yet unweakened by any other impression; and therefore the water acts most powerfully, and the digestive organs, being refreshed by the night's repose, are able to do justice to the swallowed fluid.

The water, too, is stronger after its nightly repose, and contains more gas; so that the first drinker has the advantage over those who follow him in this respect also. The best method, therefore, is to drink the water immediately after rising, and if possible about six o'clock, (having regard, however, on this point, to the habits of the patient,) and to continue doing so for some hours, taking gentle exercise at the same time; and half an hour

after the last glass, to take a light breakfast, which had best consist of coffee and biscuit. Yet there are frequent exceptions to this rule, more especially in this age of weak nerves, when a total change has been effected in the appointed seasons of life. Formerly (and even now in persons of a healthy organisation) sleep strengthened, and morning was the period of fresh and renovated power, and evening, on the contrary, of lassitude; but now, among the nervous, (and to this class belongs the great majority of persons of rank or refined education,) it is exactly the reverse. Sleep weakens them; the morning is the season of lassitude, and heaviness of body and mind; at noon they begin to live; and the evening is the period of their perfect freshness and power. The cause lies in over-irritation and weakness. A person of this temperament requires so strongly an incessant succession of stimuli and refreshments, and is so little able to live of himself and by himself, that the six or eight hours' interruption of these external influences, which is produced by sleep, puts his whole frame into a state of inactivity and inirritability; it even makes the circulation of the blood slow and inclined to stop, which necessarily causes a feeling of heaviness, weakness, and indolence, on awaking; nay, in very weakly persons this may even go as far as fainting, which is an entire stoppage of the circulation. The awaking of the eyes is with them no awaking of life; the other organs, which as yet sleep, must first be awoke and set in motion by continual stimuli, until life is thus brought into that state of excitation, which enables it to be freely employed. Many can attain this point only after they have been awake for twelve hours, that is to say, in the evening. If a person of this constitution is forced to walk for a quarter of an hour early in the morning, he is fatigued till he perhaps faints, and he feels the ill effects of this over-exertion for the whole day. In the evening, on the contrary, he can walk many miles without effort. The same may be applied to the function of digestion; the stomach must be roused out of its slumber by successive stimuli, and raised to the proper degree of activity, if it is to digest; and therefore persons of this class eat nothing at all in the morning, but little at an early dinner, and not with a hearty appetite, until later in the day. If such a stomach is filled, immediately after awaking, with a cold, carbonated chalybeate—what will be the result? An indigestion with all its consequences, such as oppres-

sion at the stomach, cramps, head-ache, flatulence, either costiveness or diarrhœa, want of appetite, and general uneasiness. And if violent exercise is added to this, as is commonly the case, the state of the patient will become still more pitiable from the total exhaustion of strength. We must, therefore, (in such cases) deviate from the ordinary rule, and employ the waters in the following manner. Immediately on awaking, the patient must drink something which shall be a temporary stimulus to the nerves of the stomach, such as the best coffee; or if this be unsuitable, an infusion of orange leaves, balm, or peppermint. He must then take gentle exercise, and about two hours after rising should begin to drink the water, swallowing an ounce every six or eight minutes, and taking only the top part of each glass, as being the most carbonated; the exercise must be of the most gentle kind, and ever and anon interrupted by intervals of repose. Moreover, the quantity to be drunk should be divided, and half or the third should be taken towards evening, three hours after dinner, when digestion is ended, and the feeble stomach is far more capable of performing its duty than at an earlier hour; and, in addition to this, stimulants may be administered. A proper regulation of the time of sleep will also be of importance. Not only must the proper time for going to bed be observed, and sleep be enjoyed before midnight, a thing which is always beneficial, especially when drinking mineral waters; but the duration of sleep must be regulated according to the principle laid down above, that *strength is required even for enduring sleep*, and sleep should not be permitted to last till it outlasts the strength of the patient. Persons, therefore, with weak nerves, who easily oversleep themselves, should divide their daily quantum of sleep into two portions, taking two-thirds at night, and one-third in the afternoon. They must be awoke after five or six hours sleep, and they will feel cheerful and refreshed, and be able to bear their dose of water; whereas, if they had slept a couple of hours more, they would have fallen into the state of artificial debility."—*Hufeland's Praktische Uebersicht der vorzüglichsten Heilquellen Teutschlands.*

Note 1. There are three plans of drinking mineral waters in Germany; the *starke kur*, or strong course, consists in taking as much water as the patient can possibly swallow: in the *mittlere kur*, or middle course, the quantity taken is from twelve to thirty-six ounces; and in the *kleine kur*, or small course, from three to six ounces only are drunk. Now it seems to us that not only the drinkers of the third class, but also

the more moderate ones of the second class, may extend the season of their potations far beyond the narrow limits prescribed by Dr. Hufeland: the sober man, who is satisfied with his pint of Pyrmont or Tunbridge water, may undoubtedly drink it with advantage from May till October.—*Translator's note.*

Note 2. These cautions to nervous persons, on the impropriety of exhausting themselves by long walks before breakfast, are exceedingly sensible, and worthy of Hufeland's reputation as a practical physician of the first order. The truth is, that a feeble constitution, like a small capital, will not bear a profuse expenditure;—to last, it must be economised.

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*** I am indebted to Dr. Domeier, who is well acquainted with German literature, for the translation of the preceding extract and the two notes by which it is accompanied.

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# POSTSCRIPT.

At the very instant of closing the revise of the last sheet, I receive a letter from the reverend author of a narrative of tic-douloureux cured by the Carlsbad waters, (alluded to in the present edition,) with whom I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance. The subject of part of that letter is so truly illustrative of that spirit of ignorance and affected scepticism in the profession respecting mineral waters, which I have denounced in the preceding pages, that I am induced to quote it for the benefit of my readers.

"Do you ever see the London Medical Gazette? The one published June 9, 1838, contains an analysis of my narrative. The reviewer is not content to denounce all that I have said as false, &c., but in order to give a plausible colouring to his conclusion, not only gives garbled passages, but actually *misquotes* me. Compare my narrative, page 29, with his pretended analysis."

This, in the Medical Gazette, is not surprising. I have taken the trouble of borrowing the number in question, and of comparing the passages in "the narrative" with the pretended analysis in the *green* journal; and unquestionably a more glaring attempt at the mystification of truth was never before made, except in the Gazette itself. But the reverend author may make himself quite easy on the subject. The Gazette is harmless and we may venture to hope that the encomium passed on "*the narrative*" in the present volume will more than outweigh the Gazette's misrepresentation.

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# BOHEMIAN SPAS.

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# BAVARIAN AND NASSAU SPAS.

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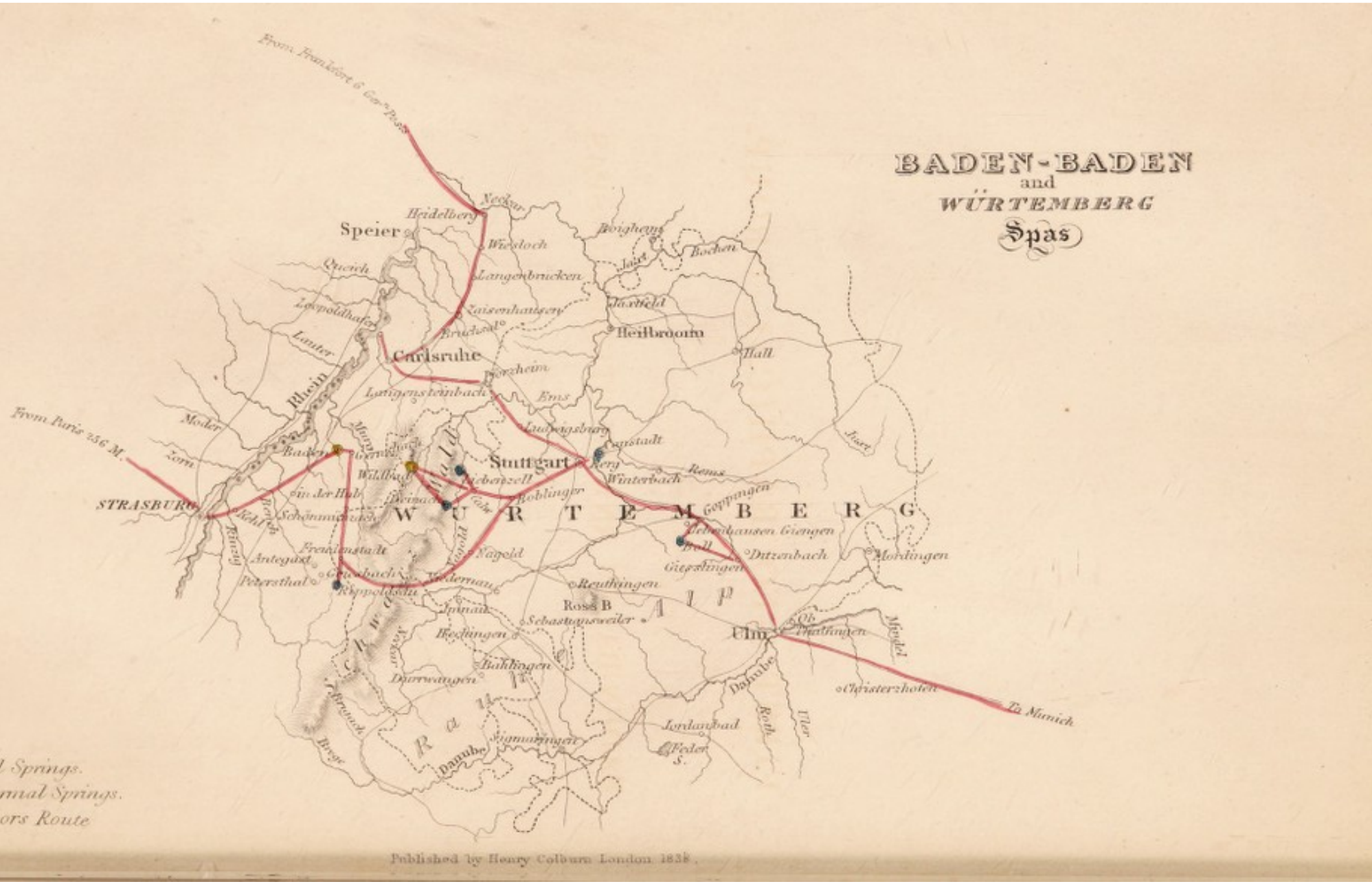
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BADEN-BADEN
and
WÜRTEMBERG
Spas
From Frankfort & Coblentz
From Paris 256 M.
STRASBURG
Speier
Heidelberg
Neckar
Carlsruhe
Rhein
Lauter
Queich
Wiesloch
Langenbrucken
Zaisenhausen
Bruchsal
Langensteinbach
Ems
Ludwigsburg
Stuttgart
Winterbach
Rems
Heilbronn
Hall
Boxberg
Boxheim
Buchen
Jaxtfeld
Jagst
Tauber
Baden
Wildbad
Liebenzell
Calw
Nagold
Freudenstadt
Antegast
Peterstal
Reutlingen
Ross B
Schastiansweiler
Ulm
Ob Elchingen
Donau
Iller
Riss
Memmingen
Biberach
Ochsenhausen
Giengen
Heidenheim
Aalen
Goppingen
Gmünd
Backnang
Marbach
Besigheim
Lauffen
Heilbronn
Mergentheim
Tauber
Jordanbad
Wildbad
Christerzhofen
To Munich
Blue Cold Springs.
Yellow Thermal Springs.
Red Authors Route
Published by Henry Colburn London 1838.

# FIRST GEOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

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## BADEN-BADEN AND WÜRTEMBERG SPAS.

1. BADEN-BADEN.
2. RIPPOLDSAU.
3. WILDBAD.
4. LIEBENZELL.
5. DEINACH.
6. CANNSTADT.
7. BOLL.

# BADEN AND WÜRTEMBERG SPAS.

## CHAPTER I.

### BADEN-BADEN.



French Frontiers—German Douane and Postilions—Road and approach to Baden—Topography—Etching of its ancient and modern history—Climate—Meteorology—Thunder-storms—Modern improvements—Street panorama—Locality of hotels and principal buildings—The *Sonne*—Affluence of strangers—Difficulty to find house-room—A secret on that head—*Bureau des Renseignemens*—The *Blatt*, or public register—Curious calculation—Where are the invalids?

THE open britschka has just rolled with a drum-like noise over the bridge of boats on the Rhine, and reached KEHL, driven by the last French postilion whose services we shall require on the road from Paris to Baden. He was but an hour performing the distance from the *Maison Rouge* at Strasburg to the first German douane, notwithstanding many interruptions from the inspection of passports at the land and water gates of the Alsacian capital—our subsequent examination at the ducal military outposts—and the payment of heavy tolls at three different stations.

As the custom-house at Kehl, thanks to the recent confederation, is both the first and the last place of the kind where we shall be worried with that precise, phlegmatic, and minute peep-

ing into every particle of our *pacotille*, which none but a German douanier knows how to perform,—we gladly submitted to the ceremony, and saved the few florins with which, in former times, we should have felt disposed to purchase exemption. This arrangement, truly, is a new and no mean source of comfort to the traveller who makes Germany the object of his excursions, and who, two or three years ago, would have been called upon at every town, and at every post almost, to produce his keys, and *dévaliser* the contents of his portmanteau. But I am anticipating observations which I have set aside for another opportunity, when I shall have acquired a little more insight into this remarkable system of mercantile conspiracy against England,—as some people are pleased to consider it. To us simple travellers, the thing works delightfully; and beyond this, what cares more a *voyageur en poste*,—who, by necessity, becomes egotistical?

The gay blue jacket turned up with scarlet, and its hundred little silver buttons, were now changed for one of sober yellow, with red cuffs; and the heavy jack-boots, as insignia of office, gave way to a more old-fashioned and significant token of postilion-dignity—the twisted horn, dangling with tufty tassels behind the back of our driver. And what a driver! He had to take us to Bischofsheim, the first stage, on the great *chaussée* leading to Rastadt and Frankfort, and from which a cross-road branches off to Baden-Baden. Caring more for his cattle than for his passengers, he leisurely paced the distance of *one* post in about two hours; stopping to take breath midway! The sun vertical, the thermometer in the shade of the carriage at 82°, and out of it at 106°; day of the month 13th of August; road flat, narrow, sandy, and particularly devoid of interest.

This was a discouraging beginning of an intended long journey into the heart of Germany. Hoping for better things, however, I applied myself (and my readers, if they travel the same road, will be wise to do the same,) to get a lesson by heart on the posting-tariff; for the change in this respect, from the country we left, to that we have just entered, is abrupt; and also on the relative value of every species of thin base coin which was put into my hand, in exchange for the solid and glittering pieces of five francs I had brought with me.*

* As one of the objects of the present volume is to acquaint the reader with everything which may prove useful, and is essential, connected with the mode of

Nothing can be more uninteresting than the whole road from Kehl to within a short distance of Baden. It lies flat and sandy, between the right bank of the Rhine (a glimpse of which is caught here and there, through long interminable distant rows of poplars on the left) and the lesser Swiss hills, which, with those of the Schwarz forest, undulate in grey darkness on the right. Towards the latter ridge, at last, after crossing Stollhofen, we directed our course; passing through an indifferently cultivated country, with here and there a village, silent and deserted during the broiling hours of noon.

The very sudden manner in which this dull uninteresting plain rises into variously shapen hills, as we approach to Baden, is very striking; and equally so are the tints and figures of those which open to our view, in repeated succession, as we proceed. To their very top are these hills clad in verdure, which a village, or a simple peasant's dwelling only, relieves with its stony whiteness. On approaching the lower range, planted with vine-trees, through orchards, and fields richly strewed with harvest, the monotonous route changes at last into a smiling and gladsome scenery. First, one range of hills, and then a second, and lastly a third,—which, as we pass in succession, close upon us,—form on every side an amphitheatre, on which nature has stamped a peculiar character of beauty. Our impressions would, with little assistance, become almost romantic, as the road keeps meandering farther and farther into the bosom of these valleys, were we not recalled to the contemplation of dull realities by the appearance of two parallel matter-of-fact rows of fruit-trees, laden with their treasures. Between these we posted along, while the eye was arrested by the ruins of the *alte Badener Schloss*, perched on a lofty eminence, a little way from the town on its left. This we entered at last through a long avenue of poplars, terminating in a shaded road, the sudden freshness of which was particularly delightful.

If a circle be drawn, with a line half a German mile long around the celebrated *Ursprung*, or hot-spring of Baden, this delightful summer retreat of the sick and the healthy will be

travelling to the several Spas in Germany, I shall, in a detailed statement of the route, and in the shape of notes, give, where necessary, all the information I have carefully collected and recorded in my posting-diary,—with the assistance of which any one will be able to proceed comfortably on his journey.

found to lie in the bosom of a most enchanting mountain scenery, formed by a succession of circular ranges of hills, rising one above the other—each more lovely, as it rises higher, and is farther removed from the centre. The nearer and smaller, like the loftier and most distant ranges, are covered with verdure, and bear on their sides and projecting edges the detached villas of the more opulent and pretending inhabitants of Baden, who speculate on the arrival of princes and potentates; while the more humble and crowded houses, old as well as new, of the ordinary dwellers of the place, and the hotels, the springs, and the baths, together with all the places of amusement, are gathered in irregular and concentric streets, which occupy the narrow valley of the *Oosback*, (or *Œhlback*, as some call that minor river,) and not a few of which creep up the sides of the surrounding acclivities.

Here then is BADEN, at the distance of five English miles from the Rhine, and Rastadt; thrice as far from the bijou town of Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy; and on the skirt of the far-famed Black Forest, and the Bergstrasse, or high road from Frankfort to Switzerland. It would be difficult to find a more favourable situation for a bathing-place; and Baden-Baden is therefore justly considered as the queen of the Spas of Germany; CARLSBAD claiming to be the monarch of them all.

The ancient history of a Spa—the first discovery of its springs—the names under which they were first known—and other equally learned and recondite subjects of information, might well be spared in a work like the present; but their elucidation admits of being despatched so briefly, that to remind the reader of what is known and said about them, is a more expeditious proceeding than to apologise for omitting them altogether.

The Germans changed into that of Baden the former name of *Civitas Aurelia aquensis*, (tout bonnement, "a watering-place of the family of Aurelius,") by which it had been known to the Romans. In the seventh century, Baden, with its newly acquired name, passed, luckily, into the hands of monks, by royal concession; and, like all domains of the church, it acquired, not long after, much greater importance than it had ever before possessed. Counts palatine, French kings, and German emperors, became afterwards, in turns, suzerains of the place; and some erected castles near it, others lived and died in it, and many

sought health of body from the Springs, whilst, at the same time, they secured the safety of their souls through the intercession of the ghostly fathers.

The reputation of Baden, however, did not spread generally in Europe, as affording efficacious means of curing disease, until the place became, by marriage or inheritance, the patrimony of the Margraves, about three hundred years ago. Many of these princes were excellent persons; while others proved egregiously the reverse. Some were willing to lend an ear to the Reformists of the Church of Rome; others were equally eager in maintaining the powers of the Pontiff in their dominions, for which purpose they imported, from whatever quarter they could be procured, whole congregations of Jesuits. After a long season of tranquillity under the Margraves, French and imperial strifes once more desolated the Baden territory, in which the leaders of the Gallican forces suffered atrocities and horrors and profanations to be committed by their troops, such as even Attila, in his devastating progress through Germany, had never ventured to perpetrate. The tocsin of "La St. Barthelemy" sounded even in this sequestered spot!

In more modern times, Baden has been the theatre of dreadful vicissitudes. Revolutionary France spared it as little as the royal chiefs of that nation had done before; and it was not until after the celebrated congress which was held in the neighbouring town of Rastadt in 1799, that Baden acquired that repose of which it stood so greatly in need, and that renown as a bathing-place which in latter years has been progressively increasing. Since that period Baden has passed from the rule of a sovereign prince, controlled by Napoleon, and consorted with an adopted daughter of that monarch, to that of a collateral member of the dynasty of the Margraves, now represented by Charles Leopold, who generally resides at Carlsruhe. Next to Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden is the most historical bathing-place in Europe.

I am assured by Dr. Kramer, one of the resident physicians in Baden, and who for many years has been an inhabitant of the place, that its climate is exceedingly temperate, and one of the most healthy in Germany. The town is protected from the east winds by the hills called *Grosse Stauffenberg Mercurius*, and the smaller *Stauffenberg*. On the opposite side, the hill of *Fremersberg* equally defends it from the westerly gales; while, on the

north side, the protection against high winds is even more complete, owing to the greater elevation of the mountain range in that direction. There are, in consequence, some few degrees more of thermometrical heat in the valley of Baden, than in the flat country near and out of it; and vegetation begins at least two weeks sooner in it than in the neighbourhood. The elevation of Baden above the level of the sea does not exceed a few hundred feet. At this moderate height the air is dry and very pure,—exerting, as Dr. Kramer observed, a happy influence on the moral as well as the physical part of man. I feel disposed to think, from the effect which the air had upon myself on my arrival, and on two of my sons, that the representation of the worthy doctor, in this instance, is not one of those exaggerations which physicians of watering-places indulge in, in behalf of their favourite spot of residence. I have met with a great many strangers who visit Baden during the summer, and prolong their stay in it through the autumnal months, solely on account of the air, from which they have derived considerable benefit. Indeed, several families, and among them not a few English, make Baden their *séjour* throughout the winter. The amiable widow of the late Doctor A—, who has never quitted Baden since the death of her husband, and with her young family resides in a favourable part of the town,—has confirmed to me this information.

Like most of the mountainous districts, Baden is often visited, during the summer-months, by thunder storms. One of these, magnificently terrific, hovered over the town on Sunday, the 14th of August, threatening for an instant to annihilate it. The peals, first muttering behind the mountains; then rolling forward with a louder noise, until they echoed from mountain to mountain; and, lastly, with a tremendous crash, bursting in the hollow cup formed by the surrounding hills;—were almost too appalling for nerves of an ordinary stamp: but the oldest inhabitants viewed the awful phenomenon with complete indifference. I was assured by one of them, that after threatening greatly, the storm would pass quickly over to the other side of the hills, opposite to which it seemed suddenly to have risen: an effect attributed to the action of the peculiar arrangement of those hills on the wind. The direction given to the wind by that arrangement is such, that even the heaviest clouds, as soon as they are gathered over the town, are driven beyond it.

Some critics will be inclined to smile at the importance attached to a circumstance of so ordinary an occurrence; but addressing, probably, readers who are likely to visit Baden; and knowing, from professional experience, how many invalids there are, who could not possibly live in a place subject to frequent thunder-storms, unless so modified, harmless, and of such short duration as the one I have just alluded to; the few words of notice I have bestowed on them will not be considered superfluous.

It rains but seldom during the bathing season at Baden, and then mostly in showers, the effects of which are very soon obliterated everywhere.

Within the last fifteen years, Baden has been greatly embellished. Some of the *hôtels-garnis*, and new houses, (among which there are a few not unlike palaces,) have been erected on the old Stadtgraben; and the *Fossées* of the old fortifications have been converted into Boulevards. On the one side of these, some of the best *hôtels bourgeois* are to be found, as well as the most dashing *marchandes de modes* and *boutiquiers*,—many of whom seem to address themselves to the English only; the indication of their respective trades and wares being all, *tant bien que mal*, written in that language. By following this line of promenade, with a slight deviation occasionally at the back of it, the visitor will at once view the best as well as the most modern parts of the town—cross the great square—pass by the entrance into the great public gardens—and examine, one by one, the principal hotels, some of which stand in situations particularly eligible. A walk of this kind, from the Armenian Bad, at the north extremity of the town, to the last bridge over the Oosbach,—going out of the town in the direction of Rastadt at the south-west end of it,—would extend about a mile.

The very pretty pavilion belonging to the grand duchess dowager Stephanie, and the new palace of the grand duke Leopold, are on the line of the Boulevards (Redig). So is the new and extensive hôtel d'Angleterre,—which has another advantage, besides its contiguity to royalty—that of being close to the entrance of the grand promenade. But these attractions to this Hotel are not without the inconvenience, which more than counteracts them, of a sluggish and shallow stream, (a part of the Oosbach,) charged with much of the filth and stench of Baden, passing immediately under the principal windows of its lateral apartments.

By following a similar line from north to south, in the rear of

the former, and consequently more in the centre of the town, the traveller who is looking out for a residence will first meet with the great hôtel du Saumon, at which there are excellent baths, and a still more excellent table-d'hôte. The hotel of the Dragon, and that of the Sun, also those called the Hirsch, or Stag, the Zaehringer-Hof, and the Bädische-Hof, lower down, and nearer to the promenade,—particularly the latter, which lies at one of the extremities of the great promenade,—have the accommodation of mineral-water baths supplied immediately from the springs.

Scattered here and there, in this and other parts of the town, are other hotels of no less repute; but they are not all equally possessed of the advantage of being at the same time *Bad*-houses. I will mention the Cour de Darmstadt; the Ville de Paris; the Ville de Strasbourg; the Star; the Chevalier d'Or, (Ritter); the Cerf d'Or; L'Esprit, (Geist); and the Crown.

On our arrival, we selected the *Sonne*, (Soleil d'Or,) which stands very convenient at the foot of the hill on which is the principal mineral source, and to which there is an ascent by steps cut or built in the rock; as is the case in many other parts of Baden, where two lines of streets often stand at two unequal heights. The master, a very civil person, and his *factotum*, a still more courteous *sub*, bargained, before they would suffer us to alight, that we should be satisfied with rooms at the very top of a large, lofty, and straggling house, with many more stairs than it is always convenient to mount. Every other hotel was full, and the Sun was full also. Carriages, conveying fresh visitors equally eager for house-room, were pressing upon us so hard, that we gladly acceded to any condition, and up we mounted to a *quatrième*, to rest from a fatiguing journey of three days and two nights since we had left Paris.

It will not do to be squeamish on such occasions as these. That which you refuse will be eagerly caught by ten people after you; and in this instance we should have found it so; for on the same day, nay on the very same morning, fifteen other inmates were added to the first arrivals; and the Grants, and the Hydes, and the Taylors, and the Meyers, and Krieger, and Herrmann, with a Graff this, a Baron that, and a Marquis withal, (the English always two to one *bien entendu*,) shared among themselves the few attics of the Golden Sun which remained yet unoccupied after our admission.

The reader has now an idea of the bustle of this watering-place at the height of the season, and of the difficulty there is sometimes in procuring good lodgings. What happened to us at the Sonne occurs daily at all the other hotels; and even in the twenty or thirty principal private lodging-houses (Privathaeusern) the same difficulties are met with. As there are some hotels more eligible than others, in which a person or a family, knowing them beforehand, would wish to reside, (and I have mentioned such hotels among the first on the list,) the most convenient mode of proceeding would be to write a few days beforehand to their proprietor, and secure a stated suite of rooms for a stated time. To accomplish this, I think the information I have here given, though some may think it homely, may prove of essential service. I have heard more than one family regret, that they had not been able to adopt a plan of this kind, for want of proper information. Once for all, it may be laid down as a *canon*, that at all the German Spas at which a long and comfortable residence is desirable, the plan of *anticipating* lodgings by letter is the best, and in the end the cheapest.

If we reflect for a moment, that from the latter part of May, the ordinary time of the opening of the season at Baden, (although, in the present year, visitors did not begin to assemble until much later,) to the day of our knocking for admission at the Golden Sun, on the 13th of August, 10,278 *personen* (as the Badeblatt, or Register, calls them) had entered the town in search of similar accommodation; and that the whole quantity of house-room in Baden, with the exception of a few palaces, is calculated for its ordinary number of inhabitants only, amounting to little more than 5,000; we shall be puzzled to understand how such a sudden influx of strangers can be conveniently admitted. The existence of huge hotels, containing two and three hundred sets of apartments, all of which are deserted in the winter, will explain part of the riddle. But the real secret lies in the intense determination of *all* the natives who possess anything in the shape of a dwelling, to make money by surrendering to strangers what little house-room they have to spare, for a period of about six months in the year; although, by so doing, they and their children, and their servants, and their domestic animals, are often compelled to huddle together at night in some little avenue or passage, or upon and under the stairs of their

dwellings. What can be the incitement to all this sacrifice? The desire to share in the two millions of florins (170,000*l.*) which are yearly scattered by the visiters among the members of this little community.

Being tolerably well housed, the traveller's next step should be to visit the publisher of the *Blatt*, or list of strangers, already alluded to, and from his books learn, by virtue of six kreutzers each, the names and addresses of all those friends (or foes) whose presence in Baden he may be desirous to ascertain at once. Mr. Scotzniovsky, (*dolce nome!*) the *redacteur* of that periodical, is a courteous and well-informed person, who has for many years kept an alphabetical register of all the arrivals in Baden. He begins his cataloguing occupation as soon as the first three or four visitors arrive, in which operation he is assisted by the police. His surest guide, however, for considering the season as actually begun, is the opening of the *Grand Salon de Jeu*, which takes place the moment the first half-dozen of *pigeons* arrive, at the close of May. The shelves of Mr. Scotzniovsky groan, at this moment, under a collection of short, bulky, firmly-bound volumes, the repositories, for a succession of years, of the comings and goings, the ins and the outs, at this gayest of the gay watering-places of Germany. I took up Vol. 1835: Arrivals, 15,513! I looked into that of the year preceding, 15,226! We are now only about the middle of the bathing season of 1836, and there are upwards of ten thousand registered. Prodigious! But at Baden a little trickery has been resorted to in this matter, just to raise its character, by showing that a larger number of visitors flock thither than to any other Spa. In the said alphabetical register, the names of the master or mistress of the travelling party being inserted, all the *suitors* accompanying them, no matter in what capacity, are numbered also—nameless, of course, but still numbered in the sum-total. We shall see hereafter, that at the other Spas of Germany such a mystification is not practised. See how it works here. On the 11th of August, 1836, the *Blatt* reports 9,831 persons, as having arrived since the close of May. At the conclusion of that day this number swells into 9,948. On that day, therefore, one hundred and seventeen visiters had arrived;—but of what was this batalion made up?

Where names are given, (little as the genius and orthography

of the twenty divers languages in which such names are printed find grace at the hands of Mr. Scotzniovsky,) one can judge of the materials. Such materials, however, are too scanty to make up the prodigious number said to come to Baden for the benefit of its waters. By far the greatest portion are domestics, menials, hangers-on, and others, who may add to the crowd and bustle, but not to the lustre, of this famed Spa. Thus we find in the Englischen-Hof, for example, a "Herr Luigth aus England," (probably a Leigh); a Herr Bunburg," (Bunbury?); with a "G. Entn aus Irland," and E. Sadlern aus Dublin;" (*query* Eaton and Sadler?) Good! But then turn to the next hotel, and see what takes place at the *Hirsch* or Stag on that same day. There, a Ritter, and a Frank, and a Steinman, and a Humann, and a Marcus, all come in, one by one, on that day, and are distinctly entered. At last a Herr Graf de la Ferrière, with his Frau and Bed (*inung*) from Lyons, in all *eleven persons*, enter the hotel, and all these go to swell the arrivals, the general total of which is to stamp the immense worth of Baden! In fact, the 15,000 arrivals may be reduced to about two-thirds of that number; and even then we shall be puzzled to know what ten thousand anybodies, having money, time, and their free will, can come to Baden for? To drink the boiling water? certainly not; for on three successive mornings of watching at the great spring, between five and nine o'clock, I never could count more than 150 persons daily who partook of that blessing, and many of them were country people. Is it then to bathe in the salutary stream? Here again I found my calculation at fault. There are 208 *baignoires* in all the hotels put together. These are used by both sexes. The physicians seldom recommend bathing more than once a day, and that only between five and ten o'clock in the morning: the cases requiring a second bath in the evening (generally between six and eight o'clock) are rare. Each bath occupies half an hour at least; and as there can be no more than ten baths in the five hours for every baignoire, it follows that 2,080 baths only can possibly be taken on each day. Assuming even that people bathing for their health do so only every other day, not more than 4,160 individuals will be able to have recourse to that remedy, among the 15,000 who are reported to arrive at Baden; or, at the utmost, 9,000 of them will find the means of bathing, if we suppose farther, that during six months of the sea-

son there are two distinct sets of invalids, who bathe on alternate days for three months,—that being the usual length of period for bathing (forty or forty-five baths) recommended by the faculty. This number is probably the correct one, and not the pretended much larger number of such as seek health in Baden, reported by the *Blatt*.

But *where are* these thousands of invalids? At some period or other of the day, the whole congregation of visitors make their appearance in the streets, or at the promenades of Baden; and I will appeal to others, who must have made the same remark, whether they have been able to recognise, either by gait or countenance, one in a hundred of the many people they meet out of doors, who can possibly have the excuse of ill health for resorting to this place. Baden, in this respect, stands unique among the Spas of Germany.

That there are invalids among the many thousands who flock yearly to this Spa, is undeniable. That the larger number of those who go thither have other objects in view than the pursuit of health, is equally certain. To distinguish the one class from the other in public places, where both congregate at stated hours, is not an easy task at Baden. It is so at Carlsbad, at all the Bohemian baths, at Wildbad, and at Gastein. The jaundiced, the paralytic, the gouty, and the nervous, preponderate among the joyous and rubicund faces of those who have no grounds for lamentation. Yet even Baden-Baden has its patients, and many such there are who could not stay away from it, or change it for another place, without losing every chance of recovery. Baden, then, is a medical as well as a fashionable Spa. Let us view it under both aspects, and see what can be made of either, for the benefit of my readers.

# CHAPTER II.

## BADEN—*continued.*



The Pump-room, and Paleotechnicum—The URSPRUNG—Distribution of its stream—Temperature—Establishment of vapour and douche-baths—*Terrace couverte*—View from it—A bit of scandal—Eleven other mineral springs—Principal and chemical characteristics of the Baden mineral waters—The BEST HOTELS for bathing—Charges and regulations—How to use the baths with advantage—Rules respecting the hours, duration, and various modes of bathing—Who should and who should not bathe—Effect of the bath on the author—Hints at cases—What disorder will the Baden waters cure?

BY the side of the central portico, as seen in the vignette at the head of the present chapter, is a small door, on the right of the spectator, which is opened to the curious on paying a trifling remuneration. A volume of dense vapour, as from a caldron of boiling water, instantly issues from it, and for a time impedes the view of the interior of a round tower, the rough walls of which, incrusted with reddish ochre, and stalactitious depositions of salts, still exhibit traces of Roman handicraft. At the bottom of this, through a white marble pavement, up springs, in a never-ceasing stream, accompanied by bubbles of gas, the warm mineral water which has given to Baden its name and renown. By a pipe the water is conducted to the fountain under

the portico, where female attendants distribute the salutary fluid to every applicant indiscriminately, who either brings with him, or borrows on the spot, a glass for the purpose of drinking the water. Within this portico, some fragments of columns and inscriptions, found in the neighbourhood, which attest the presence of Roman masters in ancient times, have been arranged, with the sounding title of Paleotechnium, or museum of antiquities. From the spring the water passes under ground, and is collected in a large square reservoir, placed inside of the chamber seen in the vignette on the left of the portico. This reservoir is kept constantly brimful, the surplus escaping through appropriate pipes into the town, to be there received, according to certain ancient and indisputable rights, by the different hotels I have mentioned, which possess the privilege of having their baths supplied with the mineral water. This distribution is greatly facilitated by the elevated situation of the spring itself, which stands adjoining the collegiate church, on a hill rising, as it were, in the centre of the town. The supply of water collected in the great reservoir is constantly open to the public; and I have seen in the course of an hour, early in the morning, women and children flocking thither with their pails, their kettles, and every species of vessel they can muster, to carry the scalding water away, which they use for almost every domestic purpose, including every culinary operation. My thermometer denoted a temperature at 153½° F. Before it reaches the hotels, it has generally lost two degrees of heat.

This, then, is the far-famed *Ursprung*, issuing from the crevices of a hard quarzy rock, at the rate of seven millions and a quarter of cubic inches of water in twenty-four hours, having a temperature which is only 58½° short of the boiling point. The vapour rising from it escapes through a wide funnel built over the spring; but of late years, at the suggestion of Doctor Koelreuter, much of this natural hot vapour can at any time be conveyed to an establishment erected in the immediate vicinity of the spring, where, by various contrivances, it is applied to the whole body, or to any particular region, including the ear and the eyes, with surprisingly good effect, in diseases of those organs. The interior arrangement of this place is perhaps susceptible of some improvement; but such as it is, the object of it is praiseworthy, and it may do much good if properly managed. It is

much frequented every morning. There are several *cabinets*, some without, and others with beds, for such as require that accommodation after taking the vapour-bath. The rooms, the beds, and the linen, are all very clean, and the mattresses are changed the moment a patient quits the bed in which he has been lying, in a profuse perspiration, after the application of the vapour. There are male and female attendants; and the charges for the baths are very moderate, — being only twenty-four kreutzers for the first, and thirty-six for the other, or eight-pence and one shilling, besides a kreutzer or two to the attendant.

I saw a case or two in which a peculiar complaint of the eyes was benefited greatly by the daily application of the natural vapour received from the spring, through a very small aperture placed almost in contact with the diseased organ. I am assured that certain degrees of deafness have also given way to similar applications ; for which there is, as I before stated, every needful contrivance.

If the weather be fine, the assembled number of water-drinkers at the *Ursprung* walk outside of the Museum, in the open street, or in front of the church, and return to repeat their doses at stated periods. But if the weather be unfavourable, they pass over from the Museum to a covered walk opposite, called La Halle, or *Terrace Couverte*. Here, under shelter, the water-bibbers *par curiosité*, as well as the invalids, may keep in motion the requisite time on a terrace, the roof of which, on the side looking towards the country, is supported by a colonnade of twelve pillars, with a balustrade in each intercolumniation; and, at the back, by a wall pierced with several windows, through which there is a view of the Museum, and of every new arrival at the spring. The space is sufficiently ample, being twenty-five feet wide, and one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, with here and there seats for the wearied. Such an accommodation, however, is in a great degree thrown away at Baden; for those who attend every morning, between five and ten o'clock, to drink the water, are very few in number.

From the above-named terrace the observer commands a view of the opposite hills, the principal of which bears the auspicious name of Mercury; and another, rising higher, and in a more northerly direction, is crowned with the Castle of Eberstein. Among the pretty villas which appear scattered on the lower

swells of these hills, surrounded by picturesque groups of trees, and connected with each other by serpentine foot-paths, the eye rests with pleasure on that which the grand Duchess Stephanie enlivens almost every afternoon with her presence, and that of her select and assiduous visitors, as she comes in from the Royal Schloss. The garden, which is skilfully laid out in front of it, stretches down to the edge of the Boulevard; and at the close of a sultry evening the Duchess, surrounded by many of the principal visitors to the Spa, of every nation, is seen quaffing a cup of that most delightful beverage which refreshes in summer, and warms one most comfortably in winter.

The Château of Mons. Priasch, a rich *maître maçon*, attracts the particular attention of the traveller. As soon as the duchess had purchased her present habitation from a Strasburg merchant, Mr. W——, this individual erected a more superb edifice immediately adjoining it. Mons. Priasch is the owner of the best and most costly houses, occupying all the eligible situations. Other houses of a similar description, but erected in some of the new streets branching off from the Boulevard, belong principally to hotel and *cabaret* keepers. These people are in reality the house-owners of Baden, and, with the wealth which enabled them to build houses, they accumulate, with a rapidity not common even at watering-places, far greater fortunes. Some of the principal dwellings let for 800 or 1,000 florins a month during the season: the one for instance, in which Lord and Lady W. R. resided, on the verge of the great Boulevard, and two others lower down, in a short street very advantageously situated, one of which was occupied by the queen of Bavaria, and the other by a family of distinction. They resemble some of the *hôtels des Seigneurs* in Paris, of the second class; but are of a lighter and more pleasing architecture. Indeed, the general aspect and tone given to the modern part of Baden by the numerous buildings which rise in all directions in the valley, or on the acclivities by which it is surrounded, with their delicate and subdued tints, are extremely cheerful and pleasing. Not so with regard to the other buildings,—many of which, placed in the streets below, offering their ugly gables to the beholder stationed on the *Terrace Couverte*, give but an unfavourable idea of the place.

As I stood contemplating this contrast, a chatty old gentleman, who had just been swallowing his last draught of the boiling

stream, and to whom I had responded with a similar bumper,—pointing to an old and common-looking house in the huddled group beneath, said, "That building, with the bright and yellow side, was for many years the residence of the late king of Bavaria, who occupied it during the bathing season, and now a ducal mistress lives in it. A late Margrave, whose reign was but brief, chanced to behold, in one of his walks through the streets of Carlsruhe, a lovely young woman selling fruit. Being a bachelor, and a great admirer of the beautiful, he forthwith had her summoned into his presence by one of his domestics, and raised her to the rank of his mistress. Like some other potentates, both east and west of the Rhine, the Margrave conferred on the partner of his joys, titles and wealth. He gave that house to her in perpetuity, as a free gift, with an estate near Fribourg, where she generally resides. She is now a comely and buxom woman of forty.

Although there are not fewer than eleven other springs of the same hot water in Baden, called the *Kühlen Brunnen*, the *Bütte*, the *Jundenquelle*, the *Klosterquelle*, the *Brühbrunnen*, and the *Hœllenquelle*, the two latter only are worthy of being especially mentioned. One of these furnishes the water which is publicly used in troughs, to scald, pluck, or strip hair and feathers off the dead fowls and pigs—an operation never permitted during the season. The other bears the terrific name of *infernal* spring,—from the figure of the rock out of which the water issues, so hot that the hand cannot be kept under the stream; and from the reddened and fiery aspect given to it by the heavy depositions of oxide of iron. The mineral water, however, used *par excellence* in Baden, is that of the *Ursprung*, already mentioned, and that alone must be understood to be spoken of in all that follows.

The water is perfectly clear, has a slight faint animal smell, a taste somewhat saltish, and when drunk as it issues from the spring, approaching to that of weak broth. But this taste becomes less pleasant by the mixture of either cold water with it, or any other ingredient, such as milk, whey, &c.—a practice I saw followed in the Pump-room.

Its specific gravity is 1030, that of distilled water being 1,000. The most recent analysis of it is that by the Professor of Chemistry of Carlsruhe, Dr. Koelreuter.

A pint of the water weighing 7,392 grains, contains 23$\frac{3}{10}$ grains of solid matter, the principal ingredient of which is culinary or common salt—there being not less than sixteen grains of that substance present. Next in importance are the sulphate, muriate, and carbonate of lime, which altogether amount to six grains and a half. The remainder consists of a small portion of magnesia, and of traces of iron, with about half a cubic inch of carbonic acid gas in addition.

This gas is not the only one present in the Baden water, if, on the authority of Dr. Guggert, we admit the fact, that from the *Hœllenquelle*, or infernal spring, bubbles of azotic gas have been collected by himself and carefully examined. Some people have imagined that the *Ursprung* contained small particles of sulphur. This is an error. The peculiar smell perceived on entering a bath-room is due to the presence of the extractive matter mentioned in the analysis,* and also to a peculiar substance called *Badeschlamm*, (bath-slime,) a species of vegeto-animal matter which all hot springs deposit at the bottom of reservoirs; as we shall see when we come to examine the hot springs of Gastein and Carlsbad.

In the first chapter we were in search of the invalids of Baden; and in this we have found a few of them modestly drinking health at the principal source. Let us now follow the course of the water itself, and see whether it will guide us to the abode of the sick. One stream points to the Hotels *du Saumon*, and of *the Dragon*; another pipe carries the water to the Hotel de la Cour de Bade, and to the Court of Zœhringen; and not fewer than nineteen *baignoires* are supplied also at our hotel of the *Golden Sun*. Truth compels me to acknowledge that the arrangement of the baths at the Cour de Bade and the Cour de Zœhringen is the most perfect, and offers every luxury a patient can desire. At all the hotels, cleanliness and good attendance may be expected by the bathers; but the luxuries of a hot bath are to be found at the two last-mentioned hotels only; though even these are surpassed by what I afterwards found at Töplitz, Marienbad, Wisbaden,

* As it is my intention to collect under one general view, at the end of the Volume, the complete, as well as the most recent analyses of all the mineral waters described in this work, I shall only refer, in the text, to their chemical ingredients generally, in order not to interrupt the narrative with technicalities.

Ems, Bruchenau, &c. All the baths are placed under the superintendence of a physician, and the surveillance of the police. There are certain regulations respecting them, whether in reference to the proprietors and attendants of the baths, or the bathers themselves, which are strictly enforced. The charges, also, are fixed and moderate. Taking those of the Cour de Zœhringen as an example for all, we find that an ordinary bath costs 24 kreutzers, or a little more than one-third of a florin (8*d.*) and 36 kreutzers for a Douche bath. The situation of this hotel, by-the-by, at the entrance of the town, on the chaussée to Rastadt, is truly beautiful. Extensive gardens and walks spread upwards, and to the very summit of a hill situated immediately behind the house, with terraces, sloping parterres, and resting-places, offering to the convalescent every temptation for taking exercise.

Here then, at these hotels, which have the accommodation of mineral water baths at the very threshold of your bedchamber as it were, we find the true invalids who are to add to the renown of Baden. It is seldom that persons who have no excuse for the hot bath, choose either of these hotels for their permanent residence, or if they have chanced to light at one of them on their arrival, think of remaining.

The operation of bathing in water endowed with much power, from heat and other circumstances, is not to be viewed lightly. Much mischief has arisen—nay, fatal results have followed—from its indiscriminate adoption. A rich merchant, who, but a few hours before, had been noticed on the public promenade after dinner, on the day after our arrival, was found dead in a bath, at eight o'clock the same evening. A lady was pointed out to me, who had lost the use of her limbs, after taking three hot baths, without having first considered the nature of her case, or followed the instructions generally given for using them. There are certain conditions of the body which render these hot baths inadmissible. In such cases to attempt them, or to persevere in their use, is to rush into danger. Such as have a full, heavy, and distended liver; others who possess very weak powers of digestion, and at the same time suffer from accumulated phlegm in the stomach, and crude or foul secretions in the intestines; a third class, whose strength has been wholly annihilated

by a long and dangerous illness; lastly, people naturally inclined to collections of blood in the vessels of the head, and subject to giddiness, palpitations of the heart, or who have had a threatening of apoplexy: all these must abstain from the hot bath at Baden, if they care for their safety. There are means of removing the peculiar obstacles to the use of these baths, even in such cases; but it requires a steady medical investigation, and the application of suitable remedies, to put such patients in a condition to derive every possible benefit from a trip to Baden.

In all other cases, there is hardly any necessity for preparatory measures, and the baths may be had recourse to, either as *bains entiers*, or *demi-bains*—as general baths, or purely local applications.

Once a day is deemed sufficient for bathing. Few cases require two baths daily. A Baden warm bath is exciting, and two of them in one day would be productive of dangerous irritation. To such as are by nature or indisposition already prone to irritability, it is recommended to use the bath every alternate day only. It happens occasionally, that some patients are obliged to suspend the use of the bath, in consequence of its producing excessive depression, headache, or fever. In such cases proper steps must be taken to remove those symptoms, before the bath can be resumed.

The time of day considered as the best for bathing during the season, is between five and ten o'clock in the morning. Five o'clock is the "very witching time," when all bathers at the German Spas are stirring about. Some return to bed after the bath, others do not. I found a good breakfast, in my own case, to be the best follower to the bath; but have a care that such a meal, or any other meal, ever precedes it. I can hardly state how many have suffered, from neglecting this brief injunction. When in a state of perspiration, or under the influence of moral excitement, eschew bathing. Let the temperature never exceed 100°; and oftener let it be between 94° and 98°. At Baden, they regulate the temperature of each bath by suffering the natural water to cool down to the desired degree.

The Ursprung stream is let into the *baignoire* at nine o'clock the night before, and by five in the morning it is found to have the proper degree of heat. In many cases, the unmixed or un-

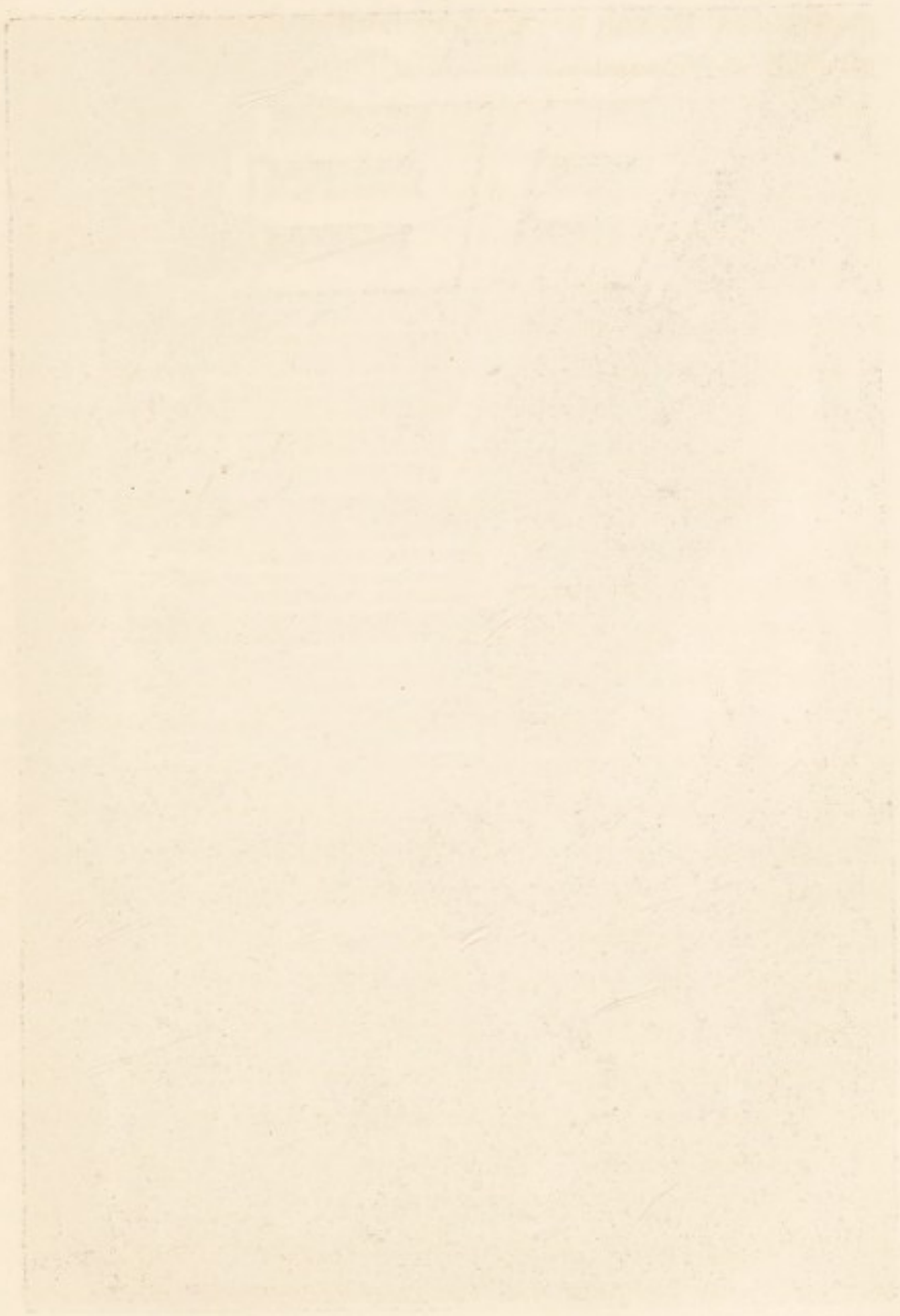
diluted natural water proves too irritating, and it becomes necessary to mix with it one-fourth, or more, of ordinary cold water—an operation which greatly hastens the preparation of the bath. Those who are not ill, and merely wish for a *bath*, had better not trifle with the *Ursprung*. A fulness in the head, for which I was obliged to have recourse to the application of cold water to it while in the bath, and a *demangeaison* of the skin during the whole day after, were two, only, of the ill consequences of my trying the *Ursprung*, without any other reason for doing it than that I wished to ascertain, on my own constitution, the effects of that water. I followed the same method at all the hot-springs, in the course of my long and widely extended peregrinations to the German Spas; and the impression left on the constitution must have been striking, when a noble patient of mine, whom I had occasion to meet at one of the most distant of those Spas, wrote to her friends at home that *the Doctor* had tasted of so many mineral waters, and bathed in so many hot-springs, that he looked as if he had been first parboiled, and then broiled.

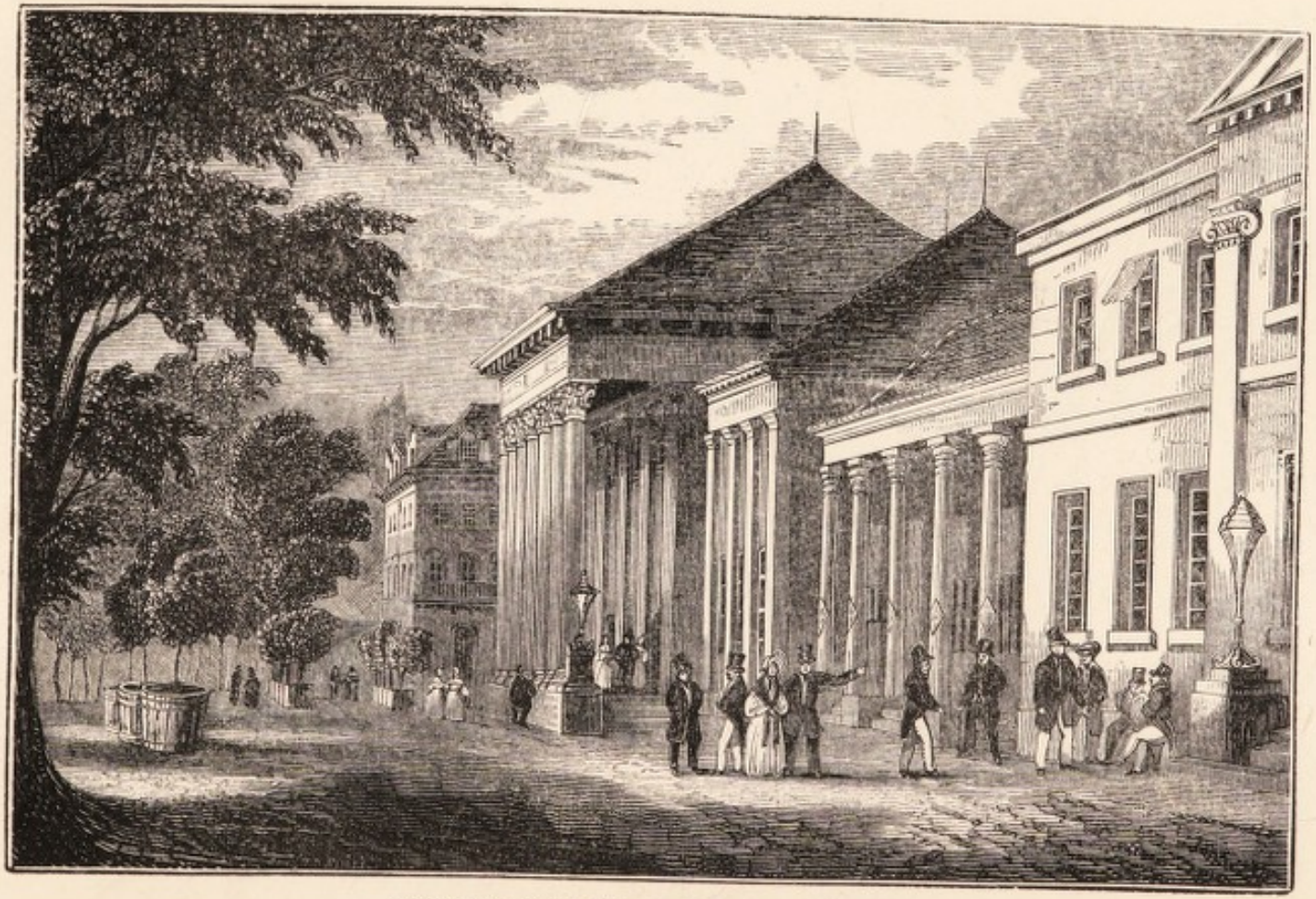
One of the first effects produced on me by the hot water bath at Baden, (and indeed I may, *en passant*, say the same of that at Gastein, Tœplitz, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, and Ems,) was an almost irresistible inclination to fall asleep. To resist this is of the utmost consequence; and therefore I employed myself all the while, in rubbing the surface of the body with a large piece of flannel, and in shifting my position from one side of the bath to the other. Their construction fortunately admits of these movements. I think a patient, unless exceedingly feeble, may remain in the water from half an hour to an hour. But it would not be prudent to begin at such a rate. From twelve to fifteen minutes is a safer experiment at first. Few people bathe for a shorter period than four weeks. Many extend the course of bathing to six weeks or two months. They then suspend it, and after the lapse of one month, they begin a second series of baths, of three weeks' duration.

There are other modes of application of the Baden water to the body or its various parts, which are adapted to particular cases only, and require special consultation, and therefore cannot be mentioned in this volume,—which is intended to convey a general and popular view of the principal Spas, quite sufficient

to guide the patients, and benefit them in their visit to those springs of life.

We have now traced the Baden invalids to their very haunts. There they are: some at the Pump-room, *drinking* at sunrise; others in the Bad, and Gasthauses, *bathing* before noon. And what are the complaints they carry thither, of which they hope to be cured, by one or other, or both of those operations?—That we shall see presently.





CONVERSATION-HAUS AT BADEN-BADEN.

## CHAPTER III.

### BADEN-BADEN—*concluded.*

Life at Baden—Conversation-Haus—Theatre—Library—Grand Restaurant—Promenade—Boutiques—Environs—Early and late dinners—Table-d'hôte everywhere, and table-d'hôte at Chabert—The Room—The company—*La Cuisine*—The Baronne de S.—The Dutch family—A striking cure—Evening moralising among the strangers at Baden—The Grand Duke de H— C.—The gaming tables—A Bal paré—The Grand Duchess Dowager—The Princess Marie—Jargon—Dancing—Mrs. M.—The theatre—Dr. Kramer—Virtues of the Baden waters—Cases—A discovery spoiled—A pet physician—Description of one by a fashionable lady—A French dialogue—Visit to the general favourite—Opinions of Dr. Guggert respecting the water of Baden, and of English and French medical practice—The late Dr. Abbey—Dr. Hutton—Reckoning *with* the Host—Expenses of living at Baden—Prices—Roads to and from Baden.

Life at Baden, during the bathing season, may be best described by a short French phrase: "*C'est toujours jour de féte.*" The very first movements of the throng, at the earliest part of the morning, are *gaiety;* and this presents itself, under some garb or other, at every hour of the day, until midnight, to whatever part of this delightful place you may happen to wander. But the centre of attraction is the public promenade. Here a magnificent building, commanding attention by its lofty corinthian colonnade, affords innumerable excuses for the assemblage of the many thousand idlers, who devote just one hour, in every four-and-twenty, to the one great object, health; and two-thirds of the remaining time to pleasure and dissipation. As these, more than the operations of bathing and drinking the mineral water, are the motives which sway the majority of those who visit Baden, (where they squander, among the inhabitants, two millions of florins in the course of the season,) no means have been left untried by the authorities, to multiply them, and secure their attainment.

To the late Grand Duke Charles the visiters are indebted for the largest share of their present gratifications. That Prince, having purchased a large tract of land to the south of the town,

lying between the Ohlback and the foot of the Friesenberg and other hills, erected the present *Maison de Conversation*, connecting with it on either side a gallery, terminated on the left by a public library and theatre; and by a grand *Restaurant* and gambling-rooms on the right. A gravelled terrace stretches in front of this imposing edifice, throughout its whole length of one hundred and forty feet; and before it is a square lawn, with a circular sheet of water in the centre. Quadruple lines of chestnut trees encompass on three sides the grass-plat, and form as many shaded and well-frequented walks, along the exterior of which, ranges of little Bazaar shops, or light *boutiques*, have been established, filled with gewgaws of all sorts, and from all parts of the world, served out by smartly dressed, good-looking young women, clad in the costume of their respective countries.

Behind, and near the western extremity of the Conversation-Haus, stretchés the Park, or Jardin Anglais,—as the Prince Founder desired it might be called. Pleasing and agreeable promenades are formed through the labyrinth, which insensibly ascend the nearest acclivities, and lead to many resting-places, particularly the *Sokrateshalle*, or Hut of Socrates. From this spot a most enchanting view is obtained of the town, stretched in the shape of an amphitheatre before us; with the dark forest and the ruins of the old Castle, as the left proscenium, and the valley of Lichtenthal, with its Cistertian abbey, as the one on the right; while the *Teufelskanzel*, or Devil's chair, forms the vanishing point of this beautiful vista.

The reigning Grand Duke, unwilling to be behind-hand with his predecessor, in increasing the number of temptations for foreigners to visit Baden, has expended, within the last six or seven years, eighty thousand florins to make an easy road of access to the celebrated Chateau, both for carriages and pedestrians. This road is provided, the greater part of the way, with a covered walk, which shelters pedestrians from sudden storms of rain, or from the occasional intense heat of the sun.

To this region, then, earlier or later, every stranger dwelling in Baden for a season, resorts daily. Here everything wears the aspect of a holiday rejoicing, of a fête champêtre, of a *reunion* of all the pleasures of the world. Private as well as public reading-rooms afford a light occupation to some at eleven o'clock; while many more are busy in some adjoining apartments, dis-

cussing a petit déjeuner à la fourchette. At the above hour few ladies are to be seen in this place. They are otherwise engaged in sporting their persons on horseback, or in their gay vehicles; exchanging calls of etiquette, or assembling in coteries to run over the list of arrivals; descanting on the effects of their morning bath, and passing a slight commentary on the scandal reports, the duels, and the extraordinary adventures of the preceding day. At one o'clock, the streets and public places are deserted by the early dining class,—who, at almost all the principal hotels, and at our own, the SUN, among them, for the moderate sum of forty-eight kreutzers, (one shilling and fourpence,) have secured the right of sitting as a part of the two hundred *convives*, of both sexes and of all nations, who partake of the few luxuries of a German table-d'hôte—at which dishes are ushered in, of all shades of colour and taste, and in the inverse order of that of any other national dinner. The *bonne bouche* of a small bottle of harmless white wine may be added for tenpence more. This low price of the early dinners was only recently adopted at all the hotels, in consequence of an attempt made by the master of the *Saumon*, to secure to himself the largest number of customers, through low prices: but one florin a head is the ordinary price of an early table-d'hôte. It is during this temporary separation of the two classes, which an early dinner occasions, that the exclusives show themselves on the Boulevard and at the Promenade, until the hour of either a *diner prié*, (by no means frequent,) or of the *table-d'hôte par excellence* at Chabert's, calls them, in their turn, away.

Five o'clock is the time; and the names of all such as desire to be at Chabert's at that hour must be inscribed before noon. By this arrangement, all species of scramble for the best places is avoided; and on entering the great banqueting-room, a slip of paper, bearing your name, points out the place you are to occupy at the repast. The general coup d'œil of an assembly of 400 persons, a great many of whom are young and beautiful women, with their gay bonnets, and toilettes coquettishly *nonchalantes*, (for a dressed *toilette* would be voted ridiculous,) sitting at each side of three long lines of parallel tables, as well as of a fourth, which is raised on a platform at the upper end of the room, must of itself be striking. But it becomes tenfold more so, when the lively and animated scene thus offered to view, is repeated on every side of this handsome and magnificently proportioned room,

(decorated and painted in etruscan colours) by large mirrors, cunningly arranged, and distributed with no sparing hand in all directions. The charm of soft music, which plays during the repast from an adjoining room, adds to the inspiration of the moment; and there is at Chabert's, besides, what is looked for in vain elsewhere in Baden, even where the *cuisine* is nearly on a par with his—a neatness and dexterity in the arrangement and attendance, which render his table worthy the preference of all the best company in Baden. And yet, even this great leading feature of Baden,—this *prestige* of that bathing-place—when analysed, seems not to deserve the *issimo* of a certain fair authoress's eulogium.

On the day I attended at Chabert's, I had the good fortune to be seated next a Dutch gentleman, who was inclined to be more talkative than his countrymen have the reputation of being, and who, with a mother and three sisters, *marquées au coin de leur nation*—that is, somewhat in Rubens's style—also present, had been resident in Baden ever since the beginning of the season in May. The whole party were in high spirits at the recovery of their parent's health. The good lady had arrived at Baden a perfect cripple. Her limbs were lifeless—her power of feeling annihilated—all her internal functions damaged. Three months' bathing in the Ursprung, and *no medicine*, (how she rejoiced at that!) enabled her to join her family at this festive board.

Such neighbours, to a traveller thirsting after the news of the place, are a positive treasure. Opposite, and a little to the left of us, a pretty smart French woman, gaily bonneted, and rich in rings, took her place between her husband,—whose stiff, pointed mustachoes, at right angle with his nose, lent him a look of mock heroism,—and a sallow, tall, semi-aristocratic-looking youth, whose few French phrases soon betrayed him a dweller on this side of the *Manche*. Beyond the Dutch family appeared conspicuously the Baronne de S—, whose piquante face, finely arched eyebrows, and piercing eyes, harmonised with the character given to her countenance by the positive indication of the finest black down that ever shaded the upper lip of fair lady. Occasionally this lively authoress, who has honoured the *alentours* of Baden with the effusions of her poetical pen, would utter a pretty nothing with a smartness that excited a buzz of admiration.

Curious coincidence!—(to call it design would be to libel the fair)—the Baronne and the *petillante parisienne*, and fifty more ladies, who were, or thought themselves, handsome, had taken seats with their faces turned to the lofty mirrors, into which they cast a furtive glance, at no very long intervals of time, to see, no doubt, what their fair *semblables* were doing, at the other ranges of tables placed behind their back. Before dinner had proceeded far, the empty seats on my left were occupied by a young Italian Marquis, and the son of a celebrated Russian princess. With the former of these, and my worthy neighbour of Utrecht, I left the room at the expiration of an hour and a half; after paying my two florins for the dinner, including the wine; and having, like most of the rest of the company, put a few kreutzers in the begging dish of the representative of the band which had performed during the dinner. All the *convives* rose and separated nearly simultaneously, and afterwards mingled with the crowd already assembled in front of the building.

At this early hour of the evening the Terrace presents a most lively scene—such as no place but a German Spa of the first class can exhibit. Unquestionably the *distractions* of a scene like this must materially assist the mineral waters of Baden, in the production of those salutary effects which have been long attributed to them. Accompanied by my new acquaintances, I walked up and down the Terrace for some time, noticing, as we went along, the several remarkable persons whom they pointed out to me, and listening to the various anecdotes with which they garnished their observations. If these be founded on facts, the morality of many of the temporary inhabitants of this watering-place must be of a very low standard; and licentiousness would seem to be tolerated to a degree surpassed only by that of the larger capitals of Europe. It is to be hoped, however, that in remarks so sweeping and so general, much may be exaggeration, and that my young informants converted private vice into public libertinism. The presence of the abdicated Herzog of H—— C——, —whose countenance, overgrown in every part, except at its apertures, with frizzled hair of the greyest mixture, is so very remarkable,—would induce one to believe as true, a portion of the general scandal. Sporting, as she languishingly leaned on his arm, the *maîtresse* for whose sake he surrendered his petty sovereignty, this German illustrious whiles away the early even-

ing hours in promenading on the Terrace, decorated with a knot or bunch of variegated ribbons stuck in the button-hole of his short *frac*, and jingling a pair of huge yellow spurs, until the time arrives for losing his hundred ducats in one of the adjoining apartments.

As the evening advanced, I perceived that the throng on the Terrace was thinning fast; while numerous groups were seen to ascend the flight of steps which lead to the large drawing-rooms, by the side of the Grand Salon. Here, men as well as women took their places at, or stood around, the several tables of La Roulette, and Rouge et Noir, which were in full play. One only remark I shall venture to make in reference to this subject,—on which I will not now dwell, as I did, and with just indignation, in a former publication;* and that remark will be an expression of deep sorrow, at having observed the daughters of Englishmen, to all appearance, and according to report, highly respectable, joining the circle of such as pressed around the tables, to stake their *petites pièces*, and be elbowed by some rude fellow-gambler, who had probably as little character as he had money to lose.

A *Bal Paré*, given in the principal Salon on the following night, brought under the same gilded roof for a few hours all the *beau-monde* of Baden. It was the sixth since the commencement of the season, and a promise was inserted, along with its announcement, in the *Blatt*, that "Les Valses et les Galops seront exécutés par 24 musiciens du Regiment en Garnison à Rastadt, et les Contre-danses par l'orchestre ordinaire de Bade." A servant out of livery, placed at the entrance of the ball-room, within, and at the farther end of one of the gambling-rooms, receives three francs, as the price of admission, from any one who presents himself in a costume deemed respectable. The power of exclusion depends on no other condition. The "external man" alone is considered, and the same of his fair partner. Hence it follows, that the assemblage within presents a coup-d'œil not easily defined. With the "*Sommités aristocratiques*" of almost every nation in Europe, one sees the *Zeros* and the *Rogues* from the same countries, in no inconsiderable numbers. The presence of the truly amiable Dowager Duchess Stephanie, and of her daughter the Princess Marie, is not always a guarantee that the

* St. Petersburgh, vol. i. Description of the Redoute at Aix-la-Chapelle.

purest of their sex, only, will be admitted. The *melange* indeed is complete, and in this respect Baden-Baden is inferior to Carlsbad and Bruchenau, at both which places impudence finds less facility of introduction. The Princesses kept aloof, under the gallery, seated on ottomans, and surrounded by their ladies of honour, and the officers of their household. Between each dance they advanced, and received such of the company as the *Chambellan de service* thought proper to introduce. There is no other etiquette. All restraint is thus removed, and the affable manners of the illustrious relatives put every one presented at their ease. *Le Chambellan* is a quick-eyed man of the world, not easily imposed upon, I should think; and his judgment and discretion are seldom at fault. By this means, even in this motley throng of real and mock exclusives, a positive distinction is soon established, after all the presentations have taken place, which becomes curiously visible in the gait and conduct of the different classes towards each other, throughout the rest of the evening. The Princess Marie frequently joins in the dance, and sustains an animated conversation with her partners, on all the topics of the day,—making remarks which, in a young lady of nineteen, betoken talent and a careful education. Her countenance is prepossessing; she is not tall, but faultless in her figure. The *Crin d'oro*, which falls in ringlets, defines the contour of her pale face, and gives to it that pleasing character so peculiar among the fairest of the fair in Germany.*

Judging by the prevailing costumes of the people assembled, the epithet *paré*, as applied to this ball, would seem a misapplication. The ladies wore a demie-toilette. Indeed the Grand Duchess herself set the example. Most of the gentlemen were *en bottes*, and *pantalons blancs;* except where the more gaudy apparel of various uniforms, and divers military ranks, afforded some distinction. In the midst of the Babel-like mixture of languages which buzzed pretty loud throughout the *Salon*, both during and between the dances, one could distinguish the superior number of the English among the company. But the curious effect of many languages spoken at the same time, and by all aloud, which is only to be remarked abroad, and on occasions like these, is rendered still more ludicrous to the attentive listener in search of oddities, by the attempt, simultaneously made by two people, to address each other in the language of

the country of the other party,—until each becomes quite unintelligible, and falls naturally into the use of the common currency, French. Who has not on such occasions heard, for example, an Englishman and a German,—the one anxious to show off the few *Deutsch* phrases he has learned in his tour through Germany, and the other equally eager to prove that he has not forgotten the result of his studies in a London boarding-house,—address one another in Anglo-German, and Germano-Anglic idioms—broken English and high Dutch,—so emphatically as to become truly amusing and farcical? Fancy a hundred equally ill-assorted dialogues going on in a crowded room all at once, and an idea may be formed of the sort of language-music which meets the ear in assemblies like these.

The real music, however, was exquisite, and as Lady B—— assured me, inspiriting. Judging by what I witnessed, it must have been so. Away whirled the Galoppe-dancers in giddy circles, and prolonged skippings, until the very breathings of the partners became audible, and their countenance lost all traces of placid loveliness. Have the ladies no friendly mirror to tell them, after a galoppe or a waltz, how much their "human face divine" has lost of its beauteous type? And the rude grasp and *étroite liaison*, during such dances,—do they become the modest nature of an Englishwoman? or of any woman equally modest? Oh it grieved one to see the graceful—elancé—and exquisitely elegant Mrs. M——, at the slightest invitation from a booted hussar, or an embroidered *attaché*, or probably a disguised *vaurien* of the lowest class, plunge with them into all the attitudes, now violent and now languishing, of a dance better suited for Bacchanalian or Andalusian representation. And she bore, on her alabaster and shining cheek, the deep round flush of consumption, which parched her throat, and dried up her lips, and made her fly, at the termination of each performance, to the refreshment-room with her partner,—there to quench, with perilous experiment, the inward fever, by an ice dissolved in freezing water; while the big drops of moisture stood on her forehead, or trickled down her face, increasing the general disorder of her appearance! On that night she wore a single blue flower in her polished ebony tresses,—which were secured behind by a graceful knot of *velours ponceau*. *La belle Anglaise!* was the universal exclamation, on that night, as she at-

tracted the general notice; and who knows but, on that very occasion, an impression may have been carried away to their homes, by the foreigners of many lands there assembled, of the character of Englishwomen, which the object of that impression would be the first to regret!

I had now seen enough of the humours of this place of amusement; and the last was such as not to induce me to wish for any other. Away, therefore, I went; and passing through the principal room, where the Rouge et Noir on the one side, and the Roulette table on the other, had attracted a perfect mob of gentility from the Ball-room, as well as from out of doors,—I hastened homewards.

Of these bals *parés*, there is generally one every Saturday in the Grand Salon. On Thursday a bal *demi-paré* takes place in an adjoining well-proportioned room; and *soirées dansantes*, quite select, are not unfrequently held in the same locality. Dancing, indeed, seems to be the chief amusement of the evening at Baden, even in private houses; although it is impossible to have two such balls in the same night, in consequence of the very small number of gentlemen who are admitted to the honour of private introductions, and of the want of a second good band in the place.

To such as are fond of theatrical amusement, Baden, during the bathing season, offers some, though a slight, temptation to indulge in it. I can only speak from report, as to the merits of the performance,—which is sometimes operatic, at other times dramatic, and much oftener, I apprehend, burlesque. The company is indifferent; but *stars* occasionally twinkle on the boards.

While others were thus whiling their evening away, I sought an interview with the principal physician of the place, whose name I have already introduced to the notice of my readers. Dr. Kramer, who is a *conseiller privé* of the Grand Duke of Baden, has, with the fruit of his practice during the summer months in Baden, erected for his own dwelling an exceedingly pretty villa, where I presented myself with the best passport on such occasions abroad—the character of a *confrère*—which, in Germany, is always a direct introduction.

Dr. Kramer is the only physician who has written very recently on the nature and virtues of the hot springs of Baden. I had perused his work, and found in it evidence of sound judgment, amidst many peculiarities, which are, however, no detriment

to the volume. I soon ascertained that the Doctor, like many of his brethren who have been long in the profession, was less of an enthusiast respecting his "chère source," at the end of twenty years' experience, than he had been at the commencement of his career; when *La Source Chaude de Baden*, in his opinion, would cure every complaint. It was now no longer his "main-spring;" for he acknowledged that in many instances he had been disappointed; and he smiled, as he detailed a few cases, in which foreign physicians, led away by hearsay evidence of the Baden waters, had recommended their patients to seek health from them, when, in good truth, they would have done better at home. I mentioned to him two or three examples of disease, which I entirely removed by the application of the *Ursprung* in the simple form of a bath, three times a week, and which had previously resisted every other remedial agent. They were peculiar cases of vascular obstruction in the other sex,—one of which had gone so far as to endanger the life of the patient, besides occasioning the disappointment of the dearest hopes. Dr. Kramer admitted, that in all such cases, when properly investigated and understood, the application of the bath, at different temperatures and under suitable regulations, would always be followed by beneficial results; for his experience in that respect coincided with my own. "But," continued my worthy *confrère*, "much of the success depends on knowing the cause which has produced the obstruction; for if that cause be any other than what you have just alluded to, our waters will do harm. I may say the same thing with regard to several other complaints to which both sexes are liable,—particularly those of a chronic form, and which are rebellious to the ordinary means of treatment; such as *indigestion*, and many of its multiform varieties—some of the complaints of the organs of respiration, including even certain modifications of what is called consumption—affections of the glands —irritability of the intestines—tenderness and enlargement of the liver—and many forms of gout and rheumatism. In all these, let there be but the slightest vestige of fulness or tension in the system, and instead of curing them, the use of the *Ursprung* will do mischief. Yet there are some cases, even among these, where external applications will be of service at Baden, provided they consist of the *Badeschlamm* or vegeto-animal deposit, found at the bottom of the springs, made into a cataplasm."

I saw at once that my friend was tainted with the mania of mud-baths, which at present prevails so intensely at all the Spas in Germany, and of which I shall have to say much hereafter. With respect to the internal use of the Baden waters as an aperient, I concluded that Dr. Kramer, notwithstanding all he has said in praise of it in his little work, places but small faith in its virtue, as a natural agent; since he advocates the mixing of some Carlsbad salts with the water of the Ursprung when taken internally. This operation I saw performed one morning at the spring; and with my intimate knowledge of the difficulties attendant on the imitation of the real Carlsbad Sprudel, by Struve's admirable, though complicated process, I must say that great must be the credulity of those who imagine, that to mix, in a vessel filled with the mineral water and placed inside of the *Ursprung*, sixty-three* grains to the pint, of a salt consisting of carbonate and muriate of soda and Glauber salt, is an effectual process for making the Sprudel water at Baden, *qui ne la cede guère à celle de Bohème*, as Dr. Kramer asserted. I am more inclined to rely on much of what this single-minded and simple-mannered physician stated, of the effect of vapour-douche, directed by proper tubes to different diseased parts of the body; the more so as I had an opportunity of trying the effect of one mode of this class of applications, in the case of Mr. V——, an old patient of mine, whom I found at Baden, taking the bath for rheumatism in his shoulders, and to whom I recommended, with immediate relief, the vapour-douche directed to the affected part alone, without any general bath.

I was in the act of taking my leave of my worthy confrère, when, with a radiant face, he announced to me a recent discovery that had been made in Baden, of a cold sulphurous spring, in a situation which he pointed out. "If," says he, "the examination of the water by the professor of chemistry whom the Grand Duke has ordered from Carlsruhe for that purpose, confirms the observations and report made by us, to whom the town authorities confided the task of drawing up a *procès verbal* on the spot,—then Baden will become an epitome

* This quantity of saline ingredients employed at Baden to make a pint of Carlsbad artificial water, is taken from Kramer's work on the Baden waters, but does not agree with the real quantity found in the natural mineral water at Carlsbad, as may be seen in my General Analytical Table.

of almost all the mineral springs of Germany; for we have now the hot saline, and the cold chalybeate—and we shall then have the cold sulphur water; all from natural sources; by means of which, and by proper *mélanges* of them, we shall possess, within the limits of this thrice happy little city, Carlsbad, Toeplitz, Wisbaden, Ems, Aix-la-Chapelle, Gastein, and Kissingen." I shall not fail, said I in reply, to go and examine this newly-discovered spring, and to report to you my humble opinion; and I then took my leave.

Not to return to this subject again, I may state at once, that I proceeded the following morning to the spot indicated by Dr. Kramer, where I found a crowd of idlers and curious people, attracted by the public announcement of the discovery in the papers, tasting and smelling the limpid water. It seemed to rise through a lateral bank of sand, which divided a narrow stream, slow and shallow, from the main branch of the Ohlbach, over which a new stone bridge was then erecting. It was while digging for the foundation of one of the piers of this bridge, that this supposed natural spring made its appearance, and attracted the notice of the workmen. They made the fact known to the Burgomaster, who, with physicians and chemists, and other experienced persons, repaired to the spot, and took notes of the fact. An accurate examination of the place at once convinced me, that this supposed sulphuretted spring was nothing more than the water from the shallow stream before mentioned, which filtered from its bed through the lateral slope of its sandy bank, charged with the sulphuretted hydrogen of the animal and vegetable filth and drainage from the town, of which that stream or branch of the Olbach is made the ordinary carrier. I stated as much to Dr. Guggert, and wrote a note to the same effect to Dr. Kramer; but lest the error into which the public of Germany had been led should not be soon enough rectified, I addressed an official communication, two days after my arrival at Stuttgardt, to Dr. Von Ludwig, principal and body physician to the King of Würtemburg,—who had, like every one else, read of the alleged discovery at Baden,—requesting him to make a memorandum of my explanation of the phenomenon; as I felt sure that, when the professor of chemistry arrived from Carlsruhe to inquire into it, he would come to the same conclusion. For three months after this little episode I had no communication with Baden or Stutt-

gardt; but in November 1836, a letter, dated the 10th, reached me from Dr. Von Ludwig, in which among other things he states, "Vous aurez, sans doute, appris, mon bien honoré et très cher confrère, par les feuilles publiques, que votre opinion sur l'origine et la qualité de l'eau soi-disant *sulphureuse* de Baden a été tout à fait constatée par le nouveau examen institué apres votre départ." This is gratifying—*C'est une petite gloriole* for a chemist.

"I admit, it is all true, as you state it," observed the Baronne de W——, with whom I had the pleasure of conversing for half an hour the following day, on presenting a letter I had brought from Paris to her husband;—"it is all true; but we ladies have more tact in discovering a good physician—one at least that best suits us—than the world will give us credit for; and although Dr. Guggert may be only a licentiate in pharmacy, as you have been informed, and though he may only have the experience of five or six years' practice, we, who have had opportunities of knowing what he is worth, are all enchanted with him. *Puis, regardez*—all the world runs after him at Baden—he has not an hour to spare for his friends—all his time is taken up in seeing the numerous patients who consult him. Go to him at five in the morning, and you will find his ante-room full—watch him as he rides or walks through the streets, and you will see him stopped at every step by those who eagerly seek for his advice. I know he has not a minute to spare; still I shall have great pleasure in giving you a line of introduction; (and the Baronne sat down to indite four pretty phrases, on a fragrant sheet of *papier satiné couleur de rose.*) Here it is—you must know him, and he will tell you more about the waters, and so forth, in one minute, than the other four or five physicians of Baden, with Dr. K — at their head, can impart to you in a day."

I received with becoming thankfulness the tendered note, and complimented the fair writer on the very pleasing demonstration of her physician's skill, which her whole figure, and animated countenance, enlivened by two piercing dark eyes, manifested. La Baronne, who is a Bavarian, is a most striking person, formed after the type of Juno, and with that air and manners which distinguish aristocratic blood all over the world. She did not appear to me to stand in need either of Baden or Guggert, and I ventured to say so. "Vous vous trompez (was the reply);

il ne faut jamais se fier aux apparences. Telle que vous me voyez, je souffre terriblement au cœur, et je fais la cure des eaux d' après l'avis du docteur. Il m'a fait un bien infini. Mon mari a dû partir; mais comme mon médecin n'a pas voulu interrompre la cure, je suis restée. Il a fait des grands études, a beaucoup voyagé, et il est fait pour inspirer la confiance. Ses malades le suivraient au bout du monde !"—" Il doit être déjà d'un certain âge, sans doute," I observed in reply to the Baroness. " Pas du tout. Il est tout jeune encore, puisqu'il n'a que vingt-huit ans : mais à quoi cela? Pour être bon médecin ce n'est pas l'âge, ni la longue pratique, qu'il faut—c'est le *génie*. On est médecin *né*, comme on est *né* poëte. Mon docteur a l'œil perçant. Du premier coup d'œil il voit ce que vous avez, et vous indique le traitement qu'il vous faut."

The Baronne continued in this strain for some time—allowing me barely enough time to put a question or two respecting the effects which the waters, or the baths, had had on her complaint. She admitted that she had improved considerably under the judicious administration of the hot spring. She offered to send her *valet de pied* with me to the doctor, that I might say I came from her, and thus get an easier access to him. But I excused myself, as my occupations would not permit me such an indulgence at that moment. " Vous avez tort, (she observed,) on ne l'a pas quand on veut : il est passé chez moi aujourd'hui, me voir : c'est déjà une grande faveur. On se l'arrache !"—Her ladyship concluded, however, by telling me, that her *pet* doctor dined always at one o'clock, at the *Saumon !*—a climax which was rendered still more sublime by my *domestique de place* informing me, as I came out of the house, " Le docteur loge ici près, chez le *Boucher*."

I scrambled along a narrow wooden passage, at five o'clock next morning, between the open door of a room in which the master of the house was following his trade in flesh, and a huge wolf-dog that lay stretched opposite to it, " gnawing and growling," until I reached a small door on the first floor, at which my conductress, the butcher's wife, gave a gentle tap. A little page admitted me, and in two minutes I found myself in the presence of this youthful Esculapius. I had had the precaution to send to him on the preceding evening, to ascertain whether it would be convenient for him to receive me; for as I had found,

on my return home, that he had done me the honour to call on me, my visit became then one of duty, as well as of civility.

Dr. Guggert was in his robe-de-chambre *à grandes fleurs*, drawn slightly round the waist by a thick cord with tassels, after the fashion of a capuchin friar, and was in the act of taking snuff out of a cubic tabatière, of which he made incessant use, when not employed in rubbing his hands, like one who is in the act of washing them. This action he accompanied with a knowing toss of the head, and a most significant hem, twice or three times repeated. "Adieu, Monsieur le Marquis," said he to a tall good-looking person who was in the act of quitting the room; "prenez toujours deux bains, et ne buvez que six verres de notre eau artificielle de Carlsbad, le matin. Votre mal de gorge disparaitra." He then welcomed me as his *très cher confrère, enchanté*, &c., and we took our seats before his *secrétaire*, upon which lay, scattered in indescribable confusion, letters—pamphlets—books—journals—pipes—tobacco-bags, and the several piles of Thalers and *pièces de cinq francs*, which had been deposited there, I imagine, by the patients who had already consulted him at that early hour of the day.

Our conversation was long and at times animated. We discoursed on the nature and virtues of the waters at Baden, respecting which he informed me, that he entertained somewhat different views from those of his colleagues, even concerning their chemical composition; as he had analysed them himself, and in the *source du diable* he had found that azotic gas escaped, which had not been noticed before. I gradually discovered that he had at one time worshipped the idol Hahnemann,—whom he now repudiated, for mere diet and the *Ursprung*. On general medicine his observations were those of a well-informed and travelled physician; but he seemed to have culled little philosophy from all he had seen and all he had read, when, with a sweeping and unqualified sentence, comparing the German, the English, and the French physicians together, he asserted that "les Anglais sont en arrière des Allemands, et les Français encore plus en arrière des Anglais." Against the *Système Cathartique* (as he called it) of the English practitioners, and the anti-irritation nonsense of Broussais, the young doctor inveighed in no measured terms; and he concluded by an allusion to several hundred cases of *estomacs délabrés*, and ruined constitutions, which

had come under his consideration, the result of French and English malpractices.

While thus engaged in a lively and instructive dialogue, a patient was introduced, to all appearance *un homme du pays*. Dr. Guggert, after a slight "guten tag," beckoned him to wait in the room,—the only one at his disposal besides the bed-chamber,—the door of which, being wide open opposite to us, exhibited its slender furniture and other utensils, including a huge plateglass electrical machine.

In bowing to the new visiter, my worthy confrère made a slight movement of his knees, which showed that the most essential part of his garments had been left in the sleeping-room. But the weather was intolerably hot, and no doubt the doctor fancied he could not be too lightly clad. My discovery, however, seemed to disconcert him a little; and as the patient, who had listened for a few minutes to our dialogue, appeared to grow impatient, I deemed it prudent to take my leave, not without expressing how thankful I felt for the information he had afforded me. I met Dr. Guggert out in the course of the day, so smart, so brushed up, and so dashing, that I scarcely recognised him again.

When the late Dr. Abbey, who had by his skill and attention secured all the practice among his countrymen visiting Baden, was taken ill of the complaint of which he died two years ago, he sent Dr. Guggert to about a dozen English families, to attend them in his stead. The death of his patron left the field open to him, and from that time Dr. Guggert's career has been rapid and successful. I knew Abbey well. He was an excellent man, and it pained me to see his amiable widow, whom I had likewise known before her marriage, left unprotected, with three very young girls, one of whom is a most lovely creature, at an age and at a time when they had every reason to expect a continuation of fortune's smiles.

Lately, a very able and skilful English physician, Dr. Hutton, has settled in Baden for the season; and having made himself properly acquainted with the nature of the remedial agents he has to deal with there, he will have it in his power to afford to his countrymen a combination of the national with the foreign advantages of medical practice.

It was now high time to come to a reckoning with mine host at Baden, and leave that "Queen of the Spas." The former

operation was sooner settled than the latter. A few florins (at the rate of one shilling and eight-pence for each dinner,—a shilling for each breakfast, consisting of coffee, butter, eggs, and ham, and twenty-pence a day for a bed-room)—got us clear of mine Herr Stambach of the Golden Sun, a good-natured, civil man, doubly lucky in having all his customers pleased with him, and a most active *factotum* into the bargain, who does everything to please his master's customers.

My readers will be able to form an idea of the very reasonable terms on which a gay life may be led at Baden, from the few particulars I have just given, and which may prove useful. But in order that my information on this head may be more complete, I will detail the several prices at which necessaries and comforts are to be had during and after the season at Baden. I preface my statement by reminding my readers that three kreutzers are equal to an English penny, and that sixty kreutzers make a florin. A bachelor, then, may procure an excellent bed-room in one of the principal hotels, for a florin and a half, or two at most. With a sitting-room the charge is from three to four florins; but there are inferior apartments which may be had for forty-eight kreutzers, or sixteen pence a day. A *déjeûner Anglais* is thirteen pence; a *déjeûner simple*, with coffee and bread and butter only, twenty-four kreutzers, or eight-pence. The early dinner at the table-d'hôte is one florin, and four-pence more for half a bottle of Durbacher, *vin du pays*. At four o'clock the table-d'hôte dinner is three francs (2*s*. 6*d*.) with wine, and without it one florin and twelve kreutzers, or two shillings. Tea or coffee in the evening, with *brioches*, half a florin, or ten-pence. At the Great Chabert Rooms everything is one-fourth dearer. A single night's lodgings may always be had for forty-eight kreutzers, or sixteen pence, during the season, at an inn, and for one shilling and eight-pence in a private lodging-house.

I stated in another place that many families sojourn here through the winter. The expenses of apartments and living at that time are one-half less than during the season. A family consisting of six individuals may get themselves superbly lodged for four months, at the best hotel, the Golden Ritter for instance, with six beds, at the rate of 300 florins, (20*l*.); and they may have a dinner regularly served up, consisting of several dishes, for the sum of from four to five florins a day (6*s*. 8*d*. to 8*s*. 4*d*.) Or a

family may procure apartments in a private house for 250 florins during the four winter months, and be supplied with a dinner of six *couverts*, from a hotel, for a daily sum of three florins (5*s*.) The only other expense to be added of any importance, therefore, is fuel, which must be provided extra, whether at an hotel or in private lodgings. Hard wood, which is principally used, sells from twelve to thirteen florins (1*l*. 1*s*. 9*d*.) the pile, measuring six feet by three and a half. The soft wood is much cheaper. The price for washing is regulated by a tariff. The most important article of the body linen is washed for four kreutzers, or a penny farthing, and the other articles in proportion. Carriage expenses are also reasonable. A light calèche, with two horses, may be engaged by the day for four or five florins, and a saddle-horse for two florins and forty-two kreutzers. There are daily public conveyances to Strasburg and Carlsruhe, and the letters are despatched from Baden by the post twice a day. Although out of the high road, Baden is linked, by great facilities of communication, with all parts of Europe. There are four usual roads of access to it,—from France by Strasburg—from the Lower Rhine by Leopoldshafen—from Frankfort and the North of Germany by Carlsruhe—from the South of Germany, by Stuttgardt and the Black Forest. English travellers who ascend the Rhine from Rotterdam, will find a small steamer at Biberich, which will convey them to Leopoldshafen, where a light coach takes the passengers to Carlsruhe, from whence there is a daily diligence to Baden-Baden.

# CHAPTER IV.

## ROAD TO THE WURTEMBERG SPAS.

### STUTTGARDT.

Departure from Baden—Its environs—Ignorance of localities—*Cheval de renfort*—Schwer sehr Schwer—German livre des postes—Plateau above Baden—Magnificent panorama—The Black Forest—Valley of La Mourg—Schönmünzach—Rippoldsau mineral water—Freudenstadt—Vale of the Neckar—Stuttgardt—Improvements—Supply of water—Cheap living—Ludwigsburg—Royal Military College—Sad recollections!—My Son.

Schreiber, or Mons. Wolfrom, his translator, must be my readers' guide, if they wish to know anything of the environs of the delightful place I have just described. It would fill a volume, were I to attempt to give a graphic account of the romantic features of the Alte-Schloss—or of the delightful retreat of Lichtenthal, whither the gay throng daily, some for the purpose of using the chalybeate spring, others to withdraw a while from the din and bustle of Baden—or, in fine, of the enchanting valleys of *Oberbeuern* and *Saltzgraben*, and the more terrific beauties of the *Ibourg*, *Les Rochers*, *Eberstein*, and the *Teufelskanzel*. All these constitute as many points of rendezvous for the Baden visiters, and contribute, no doubt, to hasten the recovery of such as are truly seeking health in the waters of that place.

My object being that of reaching, with as little delay as possible, the next of the important Spas of Germany which I had previously determined to examine—I mean Wildbad—I consulted several persons, who ought to have known the readiest as well as the best line of access to that secluded spot, (among others the postmaster,) as to the course I ought to follow. My informants, however, were absolutely ignorant of the matter, or gave me directions of a most contradictory character; so that I was left to pick out my way at hap-hazard.

Wildbad lies amidst the wilds of the Schwarzwald or Black Forest, on the eastern side of one of the numerous ranges of lofty hills which form one of the imposing features of that region.

From Baden no direct road leads to it; but, by proceeding first to Stuttgardt, a direct line of communication is found to exist, which, being in itself a considerable detour to one who starts from Baden, I wished if possible to avoid. My attempt to reach my destination through a nearer road, only embarked me into another which was surrounded by many difficulties, and I was, at last, compelled to give up. The country I explored, however, repaid me tenfold for my pains, by the beauty of the scenery it presented at every step; and if any of my readers should happen to be in a similar situation, I recommend them to persevere in the line of road I first took, through the valley of La Mourg, provided they set off in time from the starting point, so as to accomplish the entire journey in one day.

The only genuine information I got from the postmaster (who by-the-by is one of the handsomest young Saint Simonians I ever beheld) was, that an extra horse from his stud became necessary to ascend the hills which begin immediately after leaving Baden at its north-western extremity. It is wonderful how tenacious of their purpose these German postmasters are, when the least apparent difficulty of the road supplies them with an excuse for tacking an additional hack to the usual number. Nor has the traveller the least chance of redress against any possible imposition on that head; for there is that eternal "*Schwer sehr schwer*," which the post and wagen-meisters, as well as the driver and the gaping mob around, are for ever bawling out, to silence you at once. These expressions—and they will apply them to every English carriage, no matter how light its construction—are considered by them a sufficient reason for interpreting in their own favour any ambiguous posting regulation enacted by the various states of Germany.

How much more agreeably are all such matters settled in France! There the *Livre des postes* is your Koran;—out of it there is no safety, but in it every comfort lies. There is not a *liard* can be extracted from your purse by a greedy *maître de poste*, which is not marked in that useful indicator; and if the *Cheval de Renfort* is due—there you have it so stated, either *reciproquement* and *pour toute l'année*, (an expression by-the-by that pretty plainly tells the traveller beforehand the sort of road he has to expect,) or for six months, and in one direction only. Why should not Germany, as a nation, have its *livre des postes*,

arranged like the custom-house tariff of its new "*Confédération des douanes*"—applicable alike to all the states; with the distances well defined by one denomination of measure; the price for the horses and drivers settled uniformly throughout; and the posting regulations made not only as simple as possible, but to be equally enforced in every part of the country?

In the present instance I had no reason to regret a regulation which compelled me to increase the moving power of our vehicle; as I soon discovered that it would have been no easy task, without it, to ascend from the hollow of a valley to a plateau at the summit of hills a thousand feet higher. Our course through a thick forest, with here and there a peep into the "Devil's bowl," wound by the great *Mercurius Berg*, (bearing still the *Ara* and image of that versatile deity just as the Romans left them,) and passed under the threatening ruins of Eberstein Castle. Here the many hundred peaks that rise in all directions, seemed, by our movements, to arrange and present themselves like an immense mountain-screen which obliquely crosses the road, and in which are distinctly visible Gernsbach on the right, with Ottenhau in front, and away to the left Gaggenhau and Rothenfels.

But a more charming view of the country is obtained from a still higher spot, called the *Neuhaus*, which we reached after many windings. Here opens the beautiful valley in which the Margravine Sibylla-Augusta, widow of Lewis William, conqueror of the Turks, erected *La Favorite;* and the eye, after resting for a while on the vast and rich theatre that lies before it, is carried on towards Rastadt, the entrance of the Mourgthal, or valley of La Mourg, and as far as the Region of the Rhine. The hill on which we travel pushes forward into this Hesperian hollow like a great promontory, and divides the *Favorite* from the valley in which Gernsbach is beautifully placed, surrounded by lesser hills, on the declivity of one of which our drivers slided with characteristic caution to reach that village.

On our way thither, while making room for a post-wagen coming in an opposite direction, we chanced to find in it the postmaster of Gernsbach, who stopped us to inquire whither we intended to proceed when once at that place. From his observations on the respective conditions of the road, right across the mountains, which I intended to follow, and of that which he himself proposed in a more northerly direction, so as to double the

northern extremity of the Black Forest at Neuenbürg, and descend thence to Wildbad over the summit of the hills—I gathered that I had to choose between travelling difficulties on the one hand, and only lengthened distance on the other. I adopted the latter alternative; but, instead of going northward, I preferred following the left bank of the Mourg, in a southerly direction, as far as Freudenstadt, from whence I could either proceed to Wildbad direct, or reach Stuttgardt after passing through one of the most enchanting regions of Germany.

Nothing can exceed in beauty the succession of ever-varying features which, at each turn in the road, present themselves to the traveller who ascends the river Mourg. Insignificant, like all mountain streams, at its double source near the highest summits of the Black Forest, that river, gaining strength from every torrent that rushes down the rugged sides of the red sand-stone hills, becomes soon rapid and boisterous—winding its course along an extended valley, and sweeping by many a picturesque little town and village. Among these, *Langenbrand*, raised on a lofty granite rock, stands forward as a remarkable object.

As we directed our slow course towards that village, the character of the Black Forest became more and more striking. The traveller who is desirous to witness all the varied beauties of this region, should not only catch those which lie before him, but look back, every now and then, on those he has just left, to see how the different parts of the landscape re-arrange themselves into exquisite pictures, as he changes his relative position in his onward progress; and fortunately the narrow, steep, and ever-ascending road from *Langenbrand* allows him full time for observation. On every hill the industrious hand of man has planted some hundreds of chequered and variously shaped fields, productive of alimentary plants of every sort, which the women are said to be especially appointed to take care of, while the men earn their livelihood as wood-cutters and raft-conductors. The inhabitants of this midway region of the Black Forest are ugly, and many of them afflicted with the goître. One would imagine the system of "allotment" to have always been in full force in this place. Every montagnard has his little rood of land, and the many geometrically figured divisions which appear on some of the faces of these hills—as high and as far as the eye can scan, and down to the very water's edge—now that the season offers a differently coloured produce upon them, in every variety of

yellow, green, blue, lilac, and almost red tints,—resemble the many patches which the good dames of old were wont to put together for a warmer covering to their bed.

How different the opposite range of hills! Here huge Balder Stones mark the seat of that great commotion which made way for the passage of La Mourg, whose tortuous windings in this part—more capricious than the coils of a great snake—increase the murmur of its course, and render it just loud enough to be caught by us, who are perched midway between its bed and the mountain top. No other spot in the world reminds one of Switzerland like this: and between Gausbach and Forbach the resemblance to that alpine country is still more striking. To reach the latter village on the left or opposite bank, after a rapid descent, we crossed a covered bridge curiously wrought in timber, the floor of which is laid with loose planks, which dance under the horses' feet. Each side is guarded to the roof by heavy beams, disposed in methodical and symmetrical order, up to a point in the centre; strongly reminding one of the arrangement of poles and chains of an iron suspension bridge. This wooden bridge of Forbach has a single arch, and is a very creditable model of ingenious native mechanism. The river is here 160 feet wide.

After again ascending a distance of about two English miles, the view of Forbach, as I turned to cast a last glance at it, before a great sweep of the road snatched it from our sight, had become far more interesting than at our first approach to it. This alpine village, marked by the spire of its Catholic church, seemed to advance before the screen of the opposite mountain which formed its back-ground. The Mourg here becomes more precipitous, and the turbulent roarings of its many tiny cataracts add much to the romance of the place. We here got out and walked; for the difficult ascent on the crest of some of the hills that jutted out from the rest, appeared almost to threaten danger to the carriage.

At seven miles distant from Forbach, a short deviation from the high road to the right leads to a narrow valley, darkened by the gigantic rocks which rise on each side of it. Amidst some of these, an immense reservoir of water from the river Raumünzach has been constructed, the sluice of which is opened, whenever an additional quantity of water is required in the Mourg, to float the many rafts which are made yearly of the timber of the Black Forest, and being collected on various parts of the Mourg, are

afterwards made to float down that stream as far as the Rhine, there to join those greater rafts which travel to Holland, and which I fully described in my work entitled "St. Petersburgh."

The Raumünzach itself crosses the high road beneath a bridge, and falls precipitously into the Mourg. Beyond this spot the road is engulfed between approaching and almost perpendicular granite mountains, thickly clad to their very tops with dark firs and larches. Among the lofty trees innumerable fragments of granite and traprocks, some of them almost of colossal dimensions, appeared strewed in every direction. The fall of the river in this part is more and more visible to the eye; and its roaring becomes louder, as it frets and lashes against the mighty rocks that lie prostrate in its bed.

At a post-station called Schönmünzach we reached the frontier of Würtemberg, from which Wildbad is distant two German posts. But the road thither is so indifferent, and the ascent so steep, that on the representation of the postmaster, a very clear-headed, quick, active young man, I again, and finally, abandoned the idea of going to that bathing-place without first passing through Stuttgardt.

The king of Würtemberg, who frequently visits this part of his territory, aware of the importance of establishing an easy access to Wildbad from this place—for the convenience principally of such travellers as come from Baden—directed that the present post-road should, in the course of a year or two, be put in the same excellent condition as the rest, and his commands have been complied with. His majesty loves quick travelling, and whenever he passes through this valley on his way from Baden, he expects to be driven in three quarters of an hour from Schönmünzach to *Freudenstadt*,—a space which we humble travellers did not pass over in less than two hours.

It is well travellers should know that the postmaster at Schönmünzach exercises a certain authority as police magistrate, and has orders to send back to whence he comes, any person who, having expressed his intention of passing through the Würtemberg territory for the purpose of proceeding into Bavaria, cannot produce a passport, or the *visa* from the Bavarian minister resident at the court of the nation to which the traveller belongs. We were luckily *en règle* in that respect; but an instance of rejection had taken place that morning, when the parties were compelled to retrace their steps to Baden.

Quitting, under the friendly guidance of the young postmaster himself, the placid retreat of Schönmünzach, we followed the road which ascends gradually to the elevation of *Schwarzenberg*, a mountain village, around which every characteristic feature of the Black Forest seems, more than anywhere else, predominant. Not far from it, the ruined castle of Koenigswart stands on the summit of an almost isolated rock, which frowns over the road; and as we proceeded towards the spot where the two rivulets *Rothmourg* and *Weissmourg* join the *Forbach* stream, to form the romantic Mourg, at a short distance from *Reichenbach*, we could not help admiring the valley of *Baiersbrunn*, surrounded by broken masses of rocks and lofty mountains—the wild cradle in which that river starts into existence.

Freudenstadt, our next station, is only a short league from this remarkable spot. The whole of this region—two-thirds of which belong to the Grand Duchy of Baden—and its environs, abound in mineral springs. Those of *Griesbach* and *Rippoldsau* deserve particular mention,—the former as a medicated water, charged with a predominant proportion of glauber salt; the latter as a pleasant beverage, resembling in a great degree, as to taste, Seltzer-water. Both these springs, however, are used as baths by the people in the environs of the Black Forest, and other inhabitants of Würtemberg and the Duchy, as well as by English families of late. Good accommodations for visiters, including gambling-rooms and two excellent hotels, have been established within the last few years, which have at times been found insufficient for the numerous travellers who have applied for them.

A diversion to *Rippoldsau* from the main road at Freudenstadt is worth the trouble and time employed in it. After ascending nearly to the highest pinnacle of the Kinebis, (one of the most elevated mountains of this region,) the road turns abruptly to the south, and by a very steep descent plunges into the deep valley, in the centre of which stands the small village in question. Here, in the midst of apparent solitude, the traveller will find himself seated in a strikingly beautiful dining-room at a table d' hôte, in company with perhaps two hundred guests to welcome him on his arrival at that salubrious spring.

A large quantity of the *Rippoldsau* water is exported in earthen bottles; but little of it goes beyond the German frontier.

Though highly sapid, and even piquante, particularly when mixed with the *vin du pays*, there is in the Rippoldsau water an after-taste of astringency which is by no means agreeable.

The present proprietor of the springs, three in number, is a Herr Goeringer, who purchased the property from the princely house of Baden, and has speculated largely on the improvements that have since been effected, which yield an ample remuneration! In point of scenery, and the interest which must ever attach to the study of mineralogy and natural history in general, few places are superior to this secluded spot.

I will not detain the reader, in a work of this kind, with the result of any inquiries into the state of agriculture, the condition of the inhabitants, and the extent, as well as the manner, of cultivation of lands apparently so ungenial, which I made throughout the country I have been endeavouring to describe. These inquiries I extended to every other part of Germany I visited, and I have collected, in consequence, a mass of facts, which I may some day be tempted to lay before the public—humbly conceiving them to be full of interest, novelty, and importance.

Night overtook us at Freudenstadt, and, after travelling at a slow pace for about twelve hours more, we entered the capital of Würtemberg, twenty hours after leaving Baden. Stuttgardt may be reached by another road, which passes through Rastadt and Carlsruhe. It is easier and shorter than the one just described, but is devoid of that peculiar interest which attaches to romantic mountain scenery. To one who does not desire more than the gratification of his eyes, and checks not his course to seek and pick up information, the whole distance from Baden to Stuttgardt, through the valley of La Mourg, may be accomplished easily in a summer's day. I shall not soon forget the delicious sensations for which I am indebted to that charming excursion.

Few contrasts are greater than that which the sight of civilised, clean, well-built, half-modern, and half-ancient STUTTGARDT presents to one who has just emerged from the wild mountain scenery of the Black Forest, at the very foot of which that city lies, in the bosom of a short, narrow, and very fertile vale, bordering on the more lovely valley of the Neckar. The many hills which crown, with their elevated summits of several hundred feet above the level of that river, this tranquil residence of the

sovereigns of Würtemberg, may be considered, on the west and south side at least, as the first swells of the great mountain crest over which is scattered the Black Forest. Instead, however, of the rugged sides and broken rocks; instead of the sublime sylvan character which the region just left presented;—these hills, covered with vineyards and orchards, arranged in terraces to their very pinnacles, and studded, here and there, with a villa, a lodge, the spire of a hidden church, the gardener's cottage, and some more pretending objects of art—smile sunshine on the city. The latter too contains dwellers as different from those we met through the mazes of the boundless Schwartzwald, as the inanimate objects are by which they are surrounded.

Business of importance detained me some days in this capital. Recollections of a pleasing cast made me linger in it, which a most awful calamity has since and for ever embittered. During my stay at Stuttgardt I studied every part of it; visited the various institutions; became acquainted with some of the more remarkable persons; and learned to value and esteem the system under which so much that is excellent in a political, social, economical and agricultural sense, seems to have been attained. The physiognomy of the inhabitants of Stuttgardt tells us that they are happy. A traveller may confidently rely upon such an evidence, in judging of the condition of the people he examines.

The building mania—that offspring of a long and profound peace—has reached the capital of Würtemberg, as it reached almost every town in Germany. Within the last twenty years Stuttgardt has been greatly improved in appearance, by a number of new streets, long, wide, and straight, extending considerably the boundaries of the original city, which in its interior presents a very different aspect. Some of these streets, like the Königstrasse or *Rue Royale*, for instance, are lined with showy palaces and public buildings, and they give an air of grandeur to the place, which would otherwise, from its size and limited number of inhabitants, appear inconsiderable.

Stuttgardt wants a river different from the Nesenbach, which makes the inner circuit of the town. It is narrow, generally shallow, and looks much like a ditch between rows of ill-looking buildings, manufactories, and slaughter-houses. In fact, it performs the office of an open sewer. The latter circumstance, and the imperfect manner in which the old streets and houses are

drained, have made Stuttgardt, among the cities of Germany, proverbial for its unpleasant, though not unwholesome atmosphere. But, towards removing this inconvenience, much has been done by the city authorities, and much more is in contemplation. I may make the same remark respecting the supply of good drinking water,—which until within a very few years was complained of, but is now abundant and unexceptionable. The attainment of this desirable object is due to the admirable subterreanean aqueduct built by Colonel Duttenhofer. This officer was kind enough to afford me the opportunity of examining the creditable series of hydraulic works, over which he superintends, and afterwards took the trouble of drawing and explaining the plan of them to me, in the course of a visit with which he purposely honoured me at my hotel, the *König von Würtemberg.** By the arrangement I allude to, two sorts of water—the one derived from forty natural sources or springs, and the other from four large and three smaller reservoirs or lakes placed among the neighbouring hills, at an elevation of seven hundred feet above Stuttgardt—are conveyed to all the public fountains of the city, at each of which the water from the lakes is marked *See-wasser.* The supply of water from the natural sources is not so abundant as that from the lakes. At the court end of the town, however, seven hundred measures of the former (or fifty cubic feet) are received in one minute. The quality of the water is excellent.

Into a detailed description of this capital it is not my object to enter; I considered it merely as a place of rest, on my way to complete the great tour of the German Spas; and in undertaking to describe the latter, I am not bound to make more than a few general remarks on all such resting-places, as a temptation or a guide to those who may hereafter choose to follow the track I have followed.

Stuttgardt will well repay the visiter who may choose to loiter there for a few days. The living at the very first hotels is exceedingly moderate. The best apartments may be occupied for two or three florins a-day (three-and-fourpence to five shillings a-day.) A good dinner is obtained for sixteen pence at a table-d'hôte, and a bottle of *vin du pays* is to be had for a shilling, or even half that sum.

* One of the best in Stuttgardt, and which I can conscientiously recommend.

Impatient at last to be at WILDBAD, I directed my course thither—having previously instructed two of my sons, who were then with me, how to reach Ludwigsburg, for the purpose of delivering some letters of their elder brother, which they had brought from England. As my eldest son had gone through his military education at the Royal College of that place, previously to his entering the British army—in which he presently attained the ranks of adjutant and lieutenant of his regiment, when just of age—and as it was to the knowledge acquired at Ludwigsburg that he ascribed his success, he felt anxious to be gratefully remembered to his former superior officers and kind instructors, by the presentation of his younger brothers, who, he hoped, would see the establishment in which he acknowledged having passed many happy days. This commission they faithfully executed, and the report they brought away from thence of their brother's conduct while at college, of his talents, his acquirements and unfailing integrity—which report was confirmed afterwards by the opinion of all who had known and esteemed him at Stuttgardt, including the minister at war, and the family of the British minister at that court—convinced me that the system pursued in that excellent military institution for the instruction of the young Würtemberg officers, had developed and formed that character, of peculiar worth in every way, which endeared him afterwards to his friends and brother officers at home, and made him an object of pride to his family.

It may, under the fatal circumstances to which I am about to refer, be forgiven to a father warmly attached to his child, by whom he was in return beloved, to mention these sentiments. I dwell with fondness on such flattering recollections, when they are all that remain of their cherished object! On the first of September, a fortnight only from the period to which I allude, the ill-fated young man perished while bathing in the sea at Broadstairs. He had gone there for the benefit of his health, which had been seriously deranged for some months previously, by an anxious and incessant discharge of the regimental duties of his rank; and I received, a *fortnight later*, at Berlin, by the same post, and at the same instant, a letter from himself, cheerily written on the improvement of his health, with another from a friend announcing his death!

What human voice can offer consolation to a father so be-

reaved! What human arm can lift up the dejected and stunned by a blow so violent! Father of all! To thee alone, who gavest and now takest away the child we mourn, his desolate parents turn for comfort, and pray for resignation. Oh! how rejoiced are they that they were born to "BELIEVE!" Therein lies the true balm, when the heart is broken. To trust and confide in a future meeting with the beings we have loved and lost—where the union is never again to be severed—is an anticipated and sweet reward, which awaits all conscientious religionists. Who would be an atheist, or a materialist, in such calamitous moments?*

* "When the sad event was mentioned to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, that distinguished officer, who had means of knowing the worth of young Granville, said to an intimate friend of his father's, "We have lost one of the best adjutants and one of the best educated officers in the army."—(*United Service Journal*, February, 1837, Biography of Lieutenant and Adjutant Granville.)

# CHAPTER V.

## WILDBAD.



Road to Wildbad—Calw—Wildbad—The town and environs—The Badhof and warm springs—Description of the baths—Delicious feelings—Distribution of the baths—Their natural effects—Chemical composition—Heat the agent of cure?—Superiority of Wildbad over other warm springs—Something *à l'Anglaise*—Bathing alone and bathing in common—Prices—Internal use of the water—Disorders cured by the baths—The Darmstadt officer—The lady and the child—Dr. Fricker—Dr. Kaiser—The Bear—Hôpital des Pauvres—Dinner and supper—Dr. Plieninger—Excessive cheapness of living—Diet and Regimen—Government regulations—Improvements effected, and improvements desirable—The King of Würtemberg—His anxiety respecting Wildbad—Dr. Von Ludwig—His opinion of Wildbad—My own—Schlangenbad and Wildbad compared—The Climate.

Little dreaming of the dreadful stroke which was impending over me, I took the road to Wildbad in the *Eilwagen*, a very convenient and well-appointed vehicle, which leaves the "Königlich Würtembergische Expedition" office at seven A. M., and conveys an inside passenger, for three florins and six kreutzers, through Bobligen and Calw to Wildbad, in ten hours, including a stoppage of an hour and a half at the "Jungen Frau" at Calw, for dinner. The price of this repast, which consisted of several made dishes, was sixteen pence; and a small white decanter of

*Neckarthal*, of the year 1834, was placed before each guest, at the moderate charge of fourpence more. This is a red wine of the country, of a very light colour, perfectly transparent, and looking like white wine into which a little port has been dropped. After dinner the host, of whom we had ordered a glass of the *Kirschwasser* made in the Black Forest, insisted on treating me with the taste of another liqueur, peculiar to this mountain region, distilled from the black berry of a small shrub resembling boxwood, identical, I believe, with the whortle-berry variety called *Vaccinium Myrtillus*. This shrub abounds in the Black Forest, where it is known under the name of *Heidelbeere*.

At Calw we took six horses, and I exchanged my inside place for one in the cabriolet, in which I had the good fortune to find myself by the side of a fellow traveller, a native of the Rhenane provinces of Bavaria, who had been in the habit, for two or three years, of visiting Wildbad, to the water of which he ascribed the perfect regeneration of his constitution. He had already, in the present instance, gone through one course of the baths, and was returning thither for the purpose of resuming them to the end of the season. "You will be delighted," said this renovated patient, who looked really as if he could spare health to others, "you will be delighted at the sensations which you will experience in the baths of Wildbad, if you mean to try their effect on yourself. Stout and well-built as you see me,—a long, tedious, and obstinate case of disordered digestion, which baffled all the best doctors in Paris, where I have been residing for the last thirty years, had so reduced me, that my friends despaired of my life. The death of my wife, who was snatched from me by the cholera in twenty-four hours, completed my misery; and I was sent (to die, I verily believe) to the place you are about to visit. The rest I need not tell you. *Regardez moi! Je suis le meilleur éloge des bains de Wildbad.* Three seasons have sufficed to work this miracle. But you will meet with many equally striking cases at the baths. *Tenez!* you noticed that feeble, emaciated old man who sat by you at table, and sipped his *bouillon* with a heaving chest, incessant cough, loud breathing, and an occasional exclamation of pain. Well, he is proceeding to the baths, by the recommendation of his physician at Stuttgardt, as he told me, and is fully confident of success; and what is more, I believe he will not be disappointed."

The road ascends all the way from Calw; which town stands at an elevation of a thousand and thirty-six feet above the level of the sea, although situated at the very bottom of a large bowl, formed by the Stuttgardt Hills and those of the Schwarz-wald. It then dips into the thickest of the Black Forest,—whose mighty and columnar firs give a sombre yet grand character to the country,—and reaches, at last, a plateau of more than double that elevation,—being one of the highest summits of that region. Here and there a fair-haired, bare-footed little peasant girl, with an earthen jug filled with wild raspberries, makes her appearance among the windings of the forest, and offers them to the traveller for a few kreutzers: or joins her companions in procession, to carry their fruit-gleanings to the great city. A prodigious quantity of these raspberries, I understand, is forwarded to Stuttgardt every day, even as late as in the month of October.

*Ober-Eisenach* lies in our way, and as usual the plain by which it is surrounded is most richly cultivated, like all those we passed through or by on the road. The descent from this point, into the long and narrow vale which the rapid Enz waters, and in which the small town of Wildbad is situated, is so precipitous that it became necessary to check the carriage wheels with two drags.

One of the several improvements referable to Wildbad-baths, which the king has directed should be forthwith carried into effect, is a new, shorter, and less fatiguing road from Stuttgardt to the Spa, especially that part of it which begins at Calw—thus rendering the access to Wildbad, from his capital, quite easy.

Greatly as nature has favoured this spot, the hand of man has done but little yet, to embellish it with all those accessaries which the polished and fastidious visiters of watering-places are now accustomed to look for and expect. Once fairly landed at the bottom of the valley, which stands at 1,323 feet above the sea-level, the approach to the baths is through a long and narrow street, the first part of which consists of miserable-looking houses. These are inhabited by humble and poor families, who must often feel astounded at the display of glittering luxury, and fine equipages, and cavalcades, which, during three months in the year, pass to and fro before them, like dazzling meteors. At the end of this street the King's Platz is situated; and this, with the Conversation Saloon, the two principal hotels, (the Bear and the King of Würtemberg,) the promenades, the Bad-hof, and the *Maison*

*des Pauvres*, or Catherine Asylum, form the whole of the fashionable part of this Spa. The vignette at the head of the present chapter includes the principal objects, as they are seen after passing through an arch, which divides the lower from the upper part of the long and single street of which this minor town or village consists.

The Platz is a parallelogram of small dimensions. On the left of it is a modern church, and before it a public fountain, which affords a constant supply of the purest cold water, through many spouts. A large statue of one of the ancient dukes of Suabia, clad in armour, surmounts the fountain. Opposite, or at the further end of the Platz, is the drinking spring discovered in March 1836, a few months before my arrival, the temperature of which I ascertained to be 94°. According to Professor Degen of Stuttgardt, who analysed this water, its component parts differ but little in quantity from those of the bath-water. The carbonates of both lime and soda are, however, sensibly larger in their proportions. The spring which yields it has been enclosed in a small recess, with an advancing portico of two pillars. The water has been found useful for patients labouring under weak digestion, cramp of the stomach, habitual vomiting, hypochondriasis, hysteria and chronic diarrhœa.

Along the left side of the square, a running colonnade, or covered walk, supports a saloon of the same length, intended for balls and conversaziones, whenever the number of visiters at this place shall be sufficiently great to require those amusements. Over this spacious saloon are a number of chambers, which, though intended for a royal residence, are let for the season to strangers, at an exceedingly moderate price. On the side of the square opposite this royal building, are the two principal hotels I have already named, a few private houses and shops, with an indifferent café or two.

The Bad-hof, which forms the end of this Platz—where the drinking spring of mineral water before mentioned is situated—is a low building, irregularly divided in its interior into chambers, erected over the several sources of hot water which rise out of granitic rocks. The water, with its clean sand deposits, is collected into square or oblong areas, of various dimensions, confined by wooden partitions, which do not rise quite to the height of the vaulted roof, forming bath-chambers, with fourteen or eighteen

inches depth of water in them, at a natural temperature, varying from 23½° to 30° of Reaumur, or from 84° to 100° of Fahrenheit, in different baths. In these the bather sits, or rather lies down, with the back of his head to the rock,—where a board has been fixed for that purpose; and in each chamber there may be from four to six or more such places, which are generally occupied at the same time. There are also single divisions or closets, perfectly secluded from the rest, where only one person at a time can bathe.

One of the basins, into which the hottest spring (the Hölle) is received, and which consists of two divisions, the Herren-bad and the Bürger-bad, has an area of 1,064 square feet, and is covered with a gothic chapel-like building. In the first division twenty-two, and in the second fifteen bathers may be accommodated, together. There are, besides, nine closets, each for one bather—five of them appropriated to men, and the rest to women. A niche was pointed out to me in one of the sides of the first division of this basin, which penetrates deep into the rock whence the principal spring of Wildbad emerges. On plunging the arm into the cleft out of which the spring flows, its force and temperature may be at once ascertained. The heat in this place is just 100°, and sufficient steam may be collected from this aperture by pipes, to form, in convenient apartments, a vapour bath. There are adjoining to this basin, and another called the Fürstenbad or Prince's baths, neat closets or dressing-rooms, and contrivances for administering the *douche* and shower-bath. The Frauenbad, or ladies' bath, has the same convenience. The temperature of each is 97°, or perhaps a little more. The Fürstenbad has an area of 216 square feet, the Frauenbad one of 405. A fourth basin, of 420 square feet of surface, is divided into four compartments, two for each sex, at a temperature of only 88 or 90 degrees; which is very suitable and beneficial to many for whom the higher grades of heat would be injurious. As is the case at all the German Spas, the lower classes have been taken care of in Wildbad: a fifth bath-room, capable of accommodating ten persons of each sex, being destined for their sole use.

In all these baths the bottom is naturally covered with about sixteen inches of very fine clean sand, spread over the rocks, and through it the numberless little springs which exist in the subjacent rock, pour out their never-ceasing tribute. A slight

vapour is seen constantly to hover over the surface; but the atmosphere of the bath-room is clear and elastic, as the excess of steam from the water passes off through proper openings in the roof.

The utmost cleanliness pervades these baths, which are in this respect much superior to many of the warm mineral baths I have since examined, particularly to those at Schlangenbad. By means of sluices and waste-pipes, the water of all the chambers is emptied and renewed, every time the bath has been used. This operation naturally shifts the upper stratum of the bed of sand, which is thereby purified; and the wooden backboards are scoured by the bath people. These boards are renewed every year. As nearly fourteen cubic feet of warm water flow in a minute into the baths from the principal spring—besides what is supplied by the minor ones—the frequent changes thus made are matter of no difficulty. Indeed, the water in the bath is never the same for five minutes together; for as the influx of it from the natural sources is incessant, and the superfluous quantity, as it rises above a fixed mark, is as incessantly conveyed out of the basin by the waste-pipes, a never-ending change takes place in the contents of each bath. This is an arrangement which may indeed be called a luxury, and which is almost peculiar to this Spa.

This luxury I was not long without enjoying after my arrival at Wildbad. I entered the Fürsten, or *Prince's* bath, after having undressed in an adjoining room, where I found a sofa, chairs, a table with a mirror, a carpet, and warm linen. I selected an hour, when no other person was present. When bathers, of either sex, choose to bathe in common, in their respective baths, it is an indispensable rule of the place, that they wear a roquelaure.*

After descending a few steps from the dressing-room into the bath-room, I walked over the warm soft sand, to the farthest end of the bath, and then laid myself down near the principal spring, resting my head on a clean wooden pillow. The soothing effect of the water, as it came over me, up to the throat, transparent like the brightest gem or aquamarine, soft, genially warm, and gently murmuring, I shall never forget. Millions of bubbles of gas rose from the sand, and played around me, quivering through the lucid water as they ascended, and bursting at the surface, to

* The vignette is meant to represent this bath.



be succeeded by others. The sensation produced by these, as many of them, with their tremulous motion, just *effleuraient* the surface of the body, like the much vaunted effect of titillation in animal magnetism, is not to be described. It partakes at once of tranquillity and exhilaration; of the ecstatic state of a devotee, blended with the repose of an opium eater. The head is calm, the heart is calm, every sense is calm; yet there is neither drowsiness, stupefaction, nor numbness; for every feeling is freshened, and the memory of worldly pleasures keen and sharp. But the operations of the moral as well as physical man are under the spell of some powerfully tranquillising agent. It is the human tempest, lulled into all the delicious playings of the ocean's after-waves. From such a position I willingly would never have stirred. To prolong its delicious effects, what would I not have given? but the Badmeister appeared at the top of the steps of the farther door, and warned me to eschew the danger of my situation: for there is danger even in such pleasures as these, if greatly prolonged.

I looked at the watch and the thermometer before I quitted my station. The one told me I had passed a whole hour, in the apparently few minutes which had elapsed since my entrance

into the bath; and the other marked 29½° of Reaumur, or 98¼° of Fahrenheit. But I found the temperature warmer than that, whenever, with my hand, I dug into the bed of sand, as far down as the rock, and disengaged myriads of bubbles of heated air, which imparted to the skin a satiny softness not to be observed in the effects of ordinary warm baths.

It is gratifying to an author who describes what as a medical man he thinks it his duty to recommend—to find his statement corroborated, not long after, by the testimony of those who have been induced to try what he has described and recommended. Among several such testimonies received since the publication of the first edition, I select a short extract of a letter from a nobleman who had been at Wildbad during the season of 1837, and who, on his way back to England from Italy later in the year, again visited that spot. I prefer this to all other documents, because its terse, and forcible, though laconic expressions will convey to my readers the best proof that in my own narrative I was not carried away by mere enthusiasm.

"*Wildbad, Oct.* 12, 1837."—"The high palmy days of the Bade-zeit, the fiddling and the feasting of noon-tide are fled; yet the circumstance of passing again near the warm waters, with the temptation of allaying, through their means, the extra portion of irritability, engendered by travelling and exposure to every possible change of climate lately—were enough to bring us here *en passant* once more; a homage which you may be disposed to think speaks volumes. *Unquestionably, no one can dip into Wildbad, and advert to its peculiarities*, without conceding to it the praise of being one of the very best known warm waters; and to you that of having very ably and attractively pointed it out."—(*From Viscount N.*)

These baths are principally used from five o'clock in the morning until seven, and even much later; and again by some people in the evening. The time allowed for remaining in the water is from half an hour to an hour; but it is held to be imprudent to continue the bath to the latter period; as experience has shown that such sensations as I felt, and have endeavoured to describe, prove ultimately too overpowering to the constitution, if prolonged to excess.

The question which one is naturally inclined to ask of oneself is—what is there in the Wildbad mineral springs that can pro-

duce such effects as the above, besides those more important ones which medical experience has assigned to them in the cure of diseases? The water itself has neither taste nor smell. That it is colourless, transparent, and brilliant, I have already stated. That it is of the purest softness, is evinced by the striking cosmetic effect it produces in a short time on the skin. Its chemical composition is probably one of the simplest in nature. In one pint of the water only one grain of fixed principles is met with in solution, according to Stauden Mayer; and not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains, if we adopt the more recent analysis of Drs. Sigwort and Weiss, made in 1830. Of the ingredients found by these chemists, common salt bears the largest proportion, being just half of the whole; next come the carbonate of soda and glauber salt; and lastly, sulphate of potassa, carbonate of lime, and carbonate of magnesia. The complete analysis of this water will be given in the Appendix, for the information of those who wish to push their inquiries into the chemical history of the mineral waters described in the present volume; and I may in this place state, once for all, that I shall act in the like manner, with reference to all the other Spas about to be described. Thus, without interrupting my descriptions, I shall complete, in every respect, the information I have undertaken to give, in a work professedly intended to be a full and popular history of such of the German watering-places as are most in vogue, or most frequented, and are reckoned the most effectual in restoring health.

It is evident that a mineral water, the specific gravity of which, compared to that of distilled water, is only $\frac{1}{250}$ of a grain greater, (according to Stauden Mayer,) cannot be very complicated in its composition. With regard to the gaseous or aeriform contents of it, there is in the first place the small quantity of gas which is disengaged by boiling the water; and in the second place the gas which rises naturally from the spring in numerous bubbles. In one hundred parts of the former there were found $12\frac{1}{2}$ of carbonic, $8\frac{1}{4}$ of oxygen, and $79\frac{1}{4}$ of azotic gas; and in the same quantity of the second, the proportions were of carbonic gas 2, oxygen gas $6\frac{1}{2}$, and azotic gas $91\frac{1}{2}$.

Some chemists have found in the mineral water of Wildbad exceedingly feeble traces of iron, together with indications of a little animal and bituminous substance; but trifling as those proportions of certain given principles may appear, they must never

be disregarded, in judging of the nature and effect of a mineral water. Struve's most happy imitations of all the cold mineral waters of Germany have proved how necessary and important it is to take notice even of the most insignificant of their ingredients.

The temperature of the water at Wildbad is its chief and predominant merit. This has continued the same throughout a long succession of years; and I confess, at once, that I am led, after mature consideration of the subject, both in this case, and in the cases of all the other warm mineral springs I have visited, to ascribe to *temperature* the principal effects which the water produces on the human constitution. But it is not the *thermometrical* temperature to which I allude, when I proclaim such an opinion; it is to the *caloricity* of the water, which is not to be measured by Reaumur or Fahrenheit; a principle imparted by nature to the springs in question, from sources which as yet have escaped detection, but which, at no distant period, will probably be found connected with electrical forces, and therefore not appreciable by our ordinary instruments of thermometrical mensuration. Here, at Wildbad, the range of temperature in the water, according to Fahrenheit, is the same as that which has been assigned as the range of heat in the blood of the human body, when in its healthy state. On the water, therefore, being applied to the human body, the sensations produced are as agreeable as when we enter a bath of ordinary water charged with the same degree of heat. But there the comparison terminates; and all the delightful sensations produced by the mineral bath are looked for in vain, in the ordinary bath. Why so?

This very circumstance, of the Wildbad water being naturally of that degree of heat which is best suited to the human body, renders it preferable to those warm springs which require either spontaneous refrigeration, or the mixture of cold water previously to their being employed; as at Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Gastein, Töeplitz, and Carlsbad. It is also preferable because the patient actually bathes in the very stream as it rises from the earth, and catches the proffered boon of nature at its birth. In fact, he bathes in a natural warm river. How inferior to this must be a tub or slipper-bath into which the warm water, previously fashioned into a right degree of heat, is conveyed through

pipes and from reservoirs! But there is, in my estimation, a still greater superiority on the side of the Wildbad spring, as a salutary bath, over every other,—no matter how well managed the latter be: and that is, the simple fact that, whereas in all the other baths the temperature of the water in which the patient is immersed must, and does, progressively diminish, in the course of the hour, or half an hour even, during which the operation of bathing lasts—that of the water of the Wildbad bath is uninterruptedly the same, for the water continues in its never-varying natural condition.

Yet, with all these striking advantages of the Wildbad water, would it be credited that some over-nice, over-scrupulous invalids (I need not repeat which was the country named to me as that whence they came) have preferred bathing in tubs, and have had such contrivances purposely constructed for their use? As my facetious informant observed at the time—"A bath of this kind cannot be called a bath in the Wildbad, but only a bath in a tub of Wildbad water."

The bathing together, when that can be done under circumstances so favourable as at Wildbad, and with the decorum which is there observed, is a source of entertainment conducive to health. People talk of the effect of the baths, either from what they have heard, or from their own experience; and the sick receive fresh spirits from hearing others descant on the good result produced by the water upon themselves. The bathing together in this natural River-head, and the bathing in slippers or tubs, are to each other, in point of health, as a walk with a pleasant companion in the open air is, to sitting in a locked-up chamber.

The prices for the several baths are fixed by a printed tariff, as well as the remuneration to be given to the attendant. That of a bath in a public room is half a florin, or tenpence; but the whole of the room may be exclusively engaged, at particular hours of the day, on giving previous notice, for two florins, or 3*s.* 4*d.* I engaged in this manner, for my own use, the Fürsten bath. To the attendants in either case the remuneration is four kreutzers, or less than three-halfpence. Twenty-four kreutzers (8*d.*) is the price for a single closet-bath, and that of all the other baths is lower still. The time for entering the baths and leaving them is also fixed; and the different sets of bathers are informed

when the baths have been cleared out and refilled, and their turn of bathing is come, by the ringing of a bell.

Speaking professionally of the baths at Wildbad, I cannot help laying great stress on the fact, that they offer, by their number and different temperatures, that natural degree of heat to each individual, which is most suitable to his case, without the intervention of art. For this reason, Wildbad, as a warm mineral water bath, is preferable to Baden-Baden and other places. I must also repeat my opinion, that the uninterrupted continuation of the same uniform degree of temperature, in an ever-running stream in which the patient bathes, must necessarily increase the beneficial effect which that water is known to produce on the nervous system. The natural state of the water is, in fact, so perfectly suitable to the human body, that a Würtemberg proverb has taken its origin from that circumstance, and "eben recht wie das Wildbad" (just right like the Wildbad) is applied in common parlance to signify correctness or precision in the ordinary things of life.

The Wildbad waters are often taken internally, in conjunction with the baths. They have no other sensible effect than to increase transpiration and the action of the kidneys. While using the baths for any arthritic complaint, a considerable sediment is observed in the increased secretion of those organs. In obstinate gouty and rheumatic complaints, lameness, contraction of limbs, partial paralytic affections, and loss of power in the lower extremities, the effects of the Wildbad baths have been surprising, and have been known for centuries. On these points I conversed with and interrogated several of the visiters whom I happened to meet at the hotel I resided in, and whom I always found ready to enter into their case, when I announced myself to them as a physician. Their testimony, and the reference to their own cases, were quite conclusive. A second and a third course are often necessary to eradicate a disorder; as in the instance of my Bavarian friend. The number who visited this Spa in 1836, from July to September, was 902, and among them, almost every form of muscular, nervous, and lymphatic disorder was to be found—most of which were entirely, and others partially, cured. The number of visiters in the following year was 1200.

After the very first time of using the Wildbad, the sleep at night becomes more tranquil, although an agreeable listlessness

is experienced by day, which is followed by a lively motion of the muscles. Dr. Kerner, who is an excellent authority in respect to the Wildbad Spa, is loud in his praises of the bath, as a most powerful agent in removing *particular* obstructions accompanied by *chlorosis* or green sickness. He contends that it brings the blood into a more brisk circulation, and gives to it the necessary degree of fluidity. For the same reason he warns such as are subject to a flux of blood from the bowels, or spitting of blood, or are prone to abortion, to abstain from these baths; many patients of that class having been sacrificed to the improper recommendation of the Wildbad, by physicians ignorant of its real power. In many obstinate diseases of the skin, in dropsies caused by repressed eruptions or indurated liver, and in all diseases brought on by checked perspiration, the use of the Wildbad cannot be too much commended. "They serve, indeed, (concludes Dr. Kerner,) almost to make the old young again; while younger persons, who have become prematurely old owing to exhaustion, and those who are exhausted by close application and incessant fatigue, rise out of these baths with new strength and youth. They are, on the other hand, injurious in feverish conditions of the body, and in dropsies arising from inflammation brought on by chronic derangement, or stoppages of the circulation, owing to a disorganisation of one or more of the important viscera; and they should never be used merely in sport, by the blooming youth of either sex."

Dr. Fricker, the principal physician, an honest-looking, plain-spoken German practitioner, who is charged with the superintendence of the baths, mentioned to me in particular some cases of obstruction in the glands of the mesentery, and one of violent cramp, arising from defective circulation in the veins of the abdomen connected with the process of digestion,—which were cured by these baths. One individual was pointed out to me, as he was returning from a ride, who had recovered the use of his voice,—which had been completely extinct for three years, owing to some affection of the glands in the throat. Dr. Fricker has since published a small work on the nature and qualities of the Wildbad waters, with a detailed account of several striking cases of disease either relieved or completely cured by them. Though tainted by some peculiarity of doctrine, this publication

will be perused with interest, particularly by those who propose visiting that Spa.

The late inspector of the Wildbad-baths, Dr. Kaiser, used to relate the case of a Darmstadt officer, a Monsieur Berchthold, twenty-six years of age, who had become perfectly lame in consequence of a fall, which had produced an affection of the right hip, the precise nature of which was never ascertained. Four months after the accident, being able to walk without crutches, but always with the most violent pain, he was sent to Wisbaden, whence he returned without the slightest improvement. For five months he could not tread upon his heel; and when, thirteen months after the fall, he was able to do so, it caused him the most dreadful sufferings; so that at every step his head was drawn down almost to his hip. In this pitiable and distressed condition he went to Wildbad. The first bath had no effect upon him; the second caused him some pain in the region of the loins: the third increased the pain; but the seventh he was unable to endure—so excessive was the pain it caused. He was taken out of the bath, and placed in bed. When he had been there but a few minutes he felt an indescribable, painful sense of coldness in the impaired limb, which was followed by a copious warm perspiration, particularly around the hips. He now found that he could move his foot freely; and after resting in bed for an hour, he was able to leave it without a stick, and free from pain. Herr Berchthold now walks as straight and upright as if nothing had happened.

A more interesting example of recovery from these baths I myself observed on the Platz, as I was returning from visiting the saloon and the royal chambers. A boy, apparently fourteen years of age, was walking slowly by the side of a lady, (whose mien bespoke her of the higher class of society,) with that peculiar gait, which announces that the steps are the first the individual is venturing to take without support. I addressed the lady with the expression of hope that the youthful invalid had derived all the benefit she could wish from the baths. "Yes, truly," was the reply, "*mon fils vient de jetter ses béquilles aujourd'hui même;* and he walks with this simple stick, and without any aid from me, for the first time to-day. We are in high spirits, and prolonging, perhaps too late in the evening,

this unaccustomed exercise. When we first arrived here, he was carried to the baths from his bed-room on a litter; in the course of one month he was able to cross the street, from the hotel to the bath-room, on crutches; and this day, ten weeks after our arrival, he has thrown those supporters away, I trust for ever. His general health has improved, at the same time, in every respect, and he wants only a little more strength to be himself again. I have reason, indeed, to bless these baths,—though they have done *me* no good, as I came hither in a fevered state, for which Dr. Fricker assures me these waters are not suitable. But they have restored me my boy, whom the physicians at F—— looked upon as lost, after having gone through one of the most dangerous attacks of fever,—and I am happy. *Il était perclus de tous ses membres, et le voila maintenant qu'il se promène!*"

Our conversation extended to other subjects. Madame occupied apartments in the same hotel I inhabited, the Bear (Bär), and expressed her entire satisfaction at the arrangements of it, and at the moderate rate of charges. It is indeed surprising to see such an establishment in this wild and secluded valley, and to find oneself in apartments on the principal story—*aux lambris dorés*—when, out of every window, nothing meets the eye but a dense forest, romantic glens, and terrific rocks, with the murmuring Enz darting past the sleeping-chambers in the rear of the building.*

The Bad-hof is directly opposite the hotel, and across the street. On the right, and in the immediate neighbourhood, stands the Bathing Asylum for the poor, erected by King Wilhelm a few years ago, and named after his benevolent Queen Katherine; while the Platz adjoining, a little to the left, affords a fine opening for air and exercise. A band of wind-instruments performs in the square every afternoon, during and after the hour of repast; and this latter is really creditable to mine host, both for its goodness and cheapness. The evening meal, or supper, which begins at eight o'clock and proceeds till eleven, is not on the plan of a table-d'hôte, as the dinner, but *à la carte*. Few of

* The publication of this work having induced several English families to visit Wildbad, who lodged principally at the Bear hotel, I have since been assured by the master of it, that he would forthwith enlarge it, render it even more comfortable, and spare no pains to put it on the very best footing in point of accommodation as well as embellishment.

the better class of visiters who have dined at the former, ever sit down to supper. The company at that time is of a more mixed, and I should think of an inferior class; though I have no right to say so, judging by the group near to which I sat, and in which I found a very intelligent *confrère*, Dr. Plieninger of Stuttgardt, who was at Wildbad for the benefit of his health, principally on account of a wrist-gout, which had been very troublesome. He acknowledged that he had derived the greatest benefit from the baths. To this gentleman I am indebted for much useful information.

I was not a little amused, during the evening repast, at the introduction into the room of a wandering minstrel, a species of *improvisatore*, in a wood-cutter's or shepherd's dress, who had descended from the highlands of the Black Forest, to lash, in rhymed couplets, the vices of the strangers luxuriating at Wildbad.

With all my wish not to appear parsimonious, I could not manage to demolish at this *souper* more than what amounted to half-a-florin, or tenpence: and the whole expense, in fact, of my *séjour* at Wildbad, including the price of the baths, a riding-horse, a servant, four repasts, two nights' lodging, &c. &c., came to about two and a half Würtemberg crowns, or six florins and forty-eight kreutzers—equal to eleven shillings and fourpence.

There are here, as elsewhere, general rules to be observed with reference to diet and bathing; and these rules resemble those at the other warm mineral springs. The food must be of the simplest and lightest kind; the quantity must be very moderate; and, in the matter of beverage, none but the lightest white wines are allowed. White Neckar, or the Tauber weine, or the Rissling, which is now become general, are the wines mostly drunk at Wildbad. At night, a light soup is to be preferred to any regular supper.

In the summer of 1837, an establishment was formed for providing the patients with whey, under the direction of a female appointed by the authorities of the place, by whom the whey is prepared in the same mode as it is by Frau Vonkerzer, at Baden-Baden.

The best period of the year for using the Wildbad baths is in June, July, and August; and the fittest time of day for bathing, in those months, is from five to nine o'clock in the morning.

Breakfast may be taken a quarter of an hour after the bath. Where the water is drunk at the same time, that which has a temperature of twenty-six and a half degrees of Reaumur should be preferred; and the quantity used may be from eight to twelve glasses, of four ounces each. A large quantity of the Wildbad water may be drunk without any disagreeable effect. The water should be taken fasting; and the principal bath-physicians are of opinion that the water should be drunk first at five in the morning, and followed by a light breakfast,—some time after which the patient may bathe. Lately it has been recommended to patients under treatment for stomach complaints, to drink a couple of glasses of the drinking spring in the Platz, after six o'clock in the evening.

None should be deterred from the further use of these baths because old pains are, at first, revived by them; for such is a sign that the water is acting upon the diseased parts. The smallest scars, which can often be scarcely perceived, or old cuts in the finger, which have long been forgotten, begin to smart and revive during the use of these baths. Very often pains like these, which are frequently severe, and often aggravations of the disease, are tokens of the beginning of a cure.

There is a code of regulations issued by the government authorities for these baths, which embraces every point that can interest the visiter,—who is protected by them in the most effectual manner, from every species of imposition, whether with regard to lodging at hotels or in private houses, to food, or to bathing. By these regulations, every landlord is bound to fix a bill of fare, with the price of each article annexed, in the eating-room, so that every one may inspect it, after it has received the approbation of the authorities. He must also mark the weekly rent of each apartment over the door of the same. That of the chambers of the royal establishment is determined every year, by the board of officers appointed for the administration of the baths, and is also fixed over the doors. This latter establishment is at present in an imperfect state, as far as the beds are concerned: each guest is obliged to provide himself with bedding; there being in the apartments, besides the requisite furniture, a bedstead with a straw mattress and bolster only. But as the afflux of strangers increases, (and that it will do so I entertain no doubt,) provision must be made for putting this otherwise credit-

able establishment on a footing more commensurate with its importance.

As the King of Würtemberg himself annually visits this Spa, and has evinced a lively anxiety for its success, he will judge, from his own observation, how advantageous it will be to his subjects of Wildbad, to make such improvements and successive additions to the place (after the example of the Grand Dukes of Baden and Nassau) as shall satisfy the invalids who visit it, and entice others to follow their example. Something of this sort is still required in Wildbad, to convert it into a first-rate Spa. The approach to it—the banks of the Enz—the ground for a public walk—the carriage road to the romantic and beautiful environs—and the Bad-hof itself—as well as the erection of private houses and separate villas;—these are some of the points to which the attention of the government should be, and I have no doubt will be, directed.

Nature has done everything for the invalid in this Spa,—which stands, in my humble opinion, unquestionably the first in rank, for the removal of the peculiar classes of disorders I have enumerated. Art must do the rest; otherwise, even the acknowledged superiority of the water may not induce those strangers who are accustomed to the luxuries and comforts of high life, to shut themselves up for two months in a small village, offering very few of either.

The King has already expended large sums of money within the last few years on Wildbad, to effect this object; and he intends doing more; and these endeavours have already made the place,—if not so delightful as Baden-Baden, and so gay as Carlsbad,—at least more cheerful in a social point of view than it formerly was, and more convenient and agreeable than Gastein is. His Majesty will do well, also, to establish his royal residence in the place during the height of the season, as the king of Bavaria does at Bruckenau. The presence of royalty is at all times attractive; but still more so when liberal-minded sovereigns constitute the focus of it. The English, more particularly, would be tempted to frequent Wildbad, were there in it the semblance of a court, or courtly amusements; and they are always the best paymasters, save *Les Princes Russes.*

When I state that something yet remains to be done at Wildbad to improve it, I mean, of course, to improve it for the

use of the higher and wealthier class of patients. Towards every other class of visiters, and such as look upon Spas only in the light of agents for the cure of diseases, and not for enjoyment and recreation, Wildbad offers already every resource, including those of amusement and select society. This is not only mine, but Dr. Von Ludwig's opinion,—than which none can be of greater value, whether we regard that gentleman's rank in the profession as body-physician to the King, whom he accompanies in his excursions to Wildbad, or his talents generally as a medical and scientific man. I consider myself fortunate, that Sir George Shee, the British minister at Stuttgardt, who for some years past has honoured me with his friendship and confidence, procured me the acquaintance of that distinguished physician and most successful surgeon.

Dr. Von Ludwig has had occasion, since the publication of the first edition of the "Spas," to experience the benefit of the Wildbad waters, in his own person, after a protracted and very severe attack of gout, which had, during the preceding winter, injured his health in a most material degree. In a letter he has done me the honour to address to me, in which he expresses how charmed he had been to find himself completely cured by a course of bathing at Wildbad, he proceeds to state his intention of suggesting every possible improvement that he or I might think necessary—for that the public authorities were quite determined to co-operate with the King in placing Wildbad among the best-appointed bathing places of their country. At an interview with the King of Würtemberg, in London, during the autumn of last year, his Majesty condescended to assure me that every direction should be given to make Wildbad what it ought to be, —and above all to facilitate every communication with it by the establishment of good roads. The knowledge of these intentions, and the commendation I thought it but justice to give to Wildbad, had had the effect of increasing the number of visiters last year, as I collect from the Suabian Mercury, of Nov. 1837—the editor of which adds, moreover, that "it being the determination of government to introduce great improvements and make additions to the bathing places, the hotels, and lodging houses, (which private industry, it was expected, would not be backward in imitating,) there could be no doubt that Wildbad would in a short time rank with the most flourishing Spas of Germany."

The return to England of a gentleman well acquainted with Stuttgardt, enables me to confirm this satisfactory statement, as he informs me that the Chambers now sitting have voted a sum of money for the special object mentioned in the preceding sentence.

Wildbad again is equal, if not superior, to most of the principal Spas of Germany, in the romantic beauty of its environs; the mysterious traditions which attach to some of them; the geology of its neighbourhood; and the rich harvest it offers to the botanist. The air of Wildbad is pure and bracing; and in general the climate, during the three months of the bathing season, is unexceptionable.

The people of England have been entertained with certain facetious stories, about the Bath of Serpents, or *Schlangenbad*, in Nassau, its power of embellishing the skin, its "milk-like warmth," and the fascinating beauties by which the spring is surrounded, in a little sequestered valley. The people of England, on the faith of such a declaration, flocked two years ago to Schlangenbad, to bathe in its FOUL water, drawn from tanks and used in tubs! and they have fancied themselves, after using it, what the writer of "The Bubbles," a layman, had told them they would be! Let them now try, on the faith of a physician, the effects of the Wildbad bath; let them exchange the temperature of eighty-one degrees for one of ninety-six or ninety-eight; let them dip into the Jordan itself, instead of crouching into narrow slippers, placed in dark rooms on the ground floor, by the side of a dark corridor. Let them climb among gigantic rocks, and ramble through stately forests, which proclaim the grandeur of mountain nature,—instead of ascending easy, smooth, and fair-faced hills, the prettiest feature of which are the myriads of vine-poles planted on them. Let them do all this, when next they seek health in a warm mineral spring, and I will answer for their success. WILDBAD is to *Schlangenbad*, in every respect, as the reality of a place is to its panorama.

I should recommend to those who may feel disposed to try a season at Wildbad, after having obtained proper advice on their case, to engage an apartment beforehand, either at the Hotel of the Bear, *(Zum Bären,)* or at the König von Würtemberg; unless they should prefer private lodgings. But as these latter

cannot well be secured, with any degree of satisfaction with regard to their choice, before they are seen, the best way is to proceed to one of the hotels, where an apartment or suite of rooms may be retained, by writing a month before the season begins. The prices of everything are much the same as at Baden-Baden; perhaps even more moderate. I counsel my readers thus, because I am convinced, that by following such a course, it is possible to be as well and as comfortably accommodated at Wildbad, in its present state, as in the most frequented and fashionable Spas; and also because I feel assured that, as Wildbad becomes better known (and no Spa in Germany deserves it more) the affluence of strangers and invalids will be so great, that until an enlargement of accommodation takes place, there will be some difficulty in procuring comfortable house-room, *au premier abord.**

A vast field for an enterprising speculator in buildings opens at present in Wildbad, where as large a fortune might be realised in that way, as mein Herr P—— and others have amassed at Baden in the course of the last twelve years. This little town might expand to where the paper manufactory now stands; and on the lesser hills, protected by the lofty mountains in their rear, very handsome villas might be raised, at no great expense; since the best materials are at hand, and in abundance,—namely, wood, and the red and variegated sandstone rock, of which the Schwarzwald range is principally composed.

* At the moment of correcting the press for the present edition, (July 1838,) I learn by letters from some of my patients, that my prophecy has already been verified; the influx of bathers being such this year, that several have been sent back.

# CHAPTER V.

## LIEBENZELL, DEINACH, CANNSTADT, BOLL.

Return from Wildbad—Valley of the *Nagold*—Liebenzell—The Cell of Love—Mineral baths—Temperature and composition—Singular properties and medicinal virtues—Deinach, another Spa—Road from Wildbad—The Brunnen—The Ink well—Taste—Cure of insanity—The maniac—Medical, chemical, and physical properties of the Deinach waters—The bath-rooms—Amusements—Life at Deinach—Cheapness—Dr. Shutz—Calw—Return to Stuttgardt—Visit to Hohenheim—The château of Rosenstein, and the expiatory chapel—Colonel Salucci—The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg—Splendid sculptures—The baths and mineral springs of Cannstadt—*Sulzrain quelle*—Its chemical composition—Temperature—Cure of dyspepsia and hypochondriasis—Hotels at Stuttgardt—Bill of fare—Final departure from Stuttgardt—Road to Boll—Sulphurous cold spring—Composition—Medicinal virtues—A strong case of recovery—Royal baths and cheap prices—Amusements and society at Boll—Great affluence of strangers—Dr. Hartmann—A hint to English families—Summary of the Würtemberg Spas—Agriculture in Würtemberg—Road to Munich—Ulm—*Marshal Ney*—Augsburg—Appearance of the country—First view of Munich.

The valley of the *Nagold*, another of the many mountain bosoms of the Schwarzwald, lies not far from, but on a lower level than, the vale of the Enz,—which I now left, bidding adieu, with regret, to Wildbad, and intending to explore more of its enchanting region. In that valley is found Liebenzell, a small town containing about a thousand inhabitants, poor and simple-minded, like their brethren of the Enz, and like them possessing "a spring of health," the virtues and powers of which have proved of essential service where the warmth of the Wildbad waters was found to disagree, or they had been deemed inappropriate.

The place is sheltered, by lofty mountains, from the north and south winds; an agreeable freshness prevails during the summer; while in the winter the air is less sharp than that of the Black Forest in general. That part in which the little town and its

salutary wells are situated expands beyond the narrow limits of the valley, and assumes the picturesque character of a delightful retreat.

Those who can see nothing casual in the denomination of places, have found, on the top of a hill which rises nearly perpendicularly from the *Nagold* near Liebenzell, an etymology for that name, in the ruins of an old Benedictine convent, said to have been founded by the holy *Lioba*, the friend of St. Bonifacius. Zell of *Lioba*, or *Liobacell*, being soon concocted, that of Liebenzell came by easy transition. But a much simpler explanation of the name might be pointed out, in the traditionary reputation, which the place maintains still intact, of its power to bless with offspring, disappointed lovers, "in holy alliance tied." The *Cell of Love* sounds prettier, as a translation of Liebenzell.

Be that as it may, the Liebenzell mineral water, which issues from an upper and lower spring, has a temperature of 19$\frac{3}{4}$° of Reaumur, (or about 77° Fahrenheit,) in the one, and is somewhat colder in the other. In its chemical composition it bears great resemblance to the water of Wildbad; but the quantity of its solid ingredients in a pint of the water is greater, according to Professor Sigwart, who found 43 grains in it. Its taste is very slightly saltish, and in its appearance it is beautifully clear and transparent. The baths lie on the bank of the *Nagold*, opposite to the little town, and consist of two separate buildings. The upper building is more ancient than the lower. The latter is new, spacious, and divided into eighteen apartments, with proper contrivances for obtaining warmth in cold weather. A stately avenue of lime trees connects the two baths.

Previously to using the water for bathing, it is warmed in coppers, and conveyed through pipes to the different chambers. This is an inconvenience; but as the water contains no gas, the application of heat to it is considered as no detriment to its virtues. The water of the lower well is employed by many in its natural state; so that, in fact, the Liebenzell baths may be considered almost as cold baths.

I have been assured that these baths have been found very useful in scrofulous diseases, and in consumption, accompanied with tubercles; in which latter condition of the lungs, it is said that the exhalation of the surrounding fir forests is also particu-

larly serviceable. In hæmorrhages of all sorts, such as spitting of blood, habitual bleeding from the nose, or from hæmorrhoidal vessels, as also where the natural excretion of blood is too profuse, the Liebenzell waters have acquired a well-merited celebrity; and so far, they differ essentially from the Wildbad waters, as I have shown in the preceding chapter. Used both inwardly, and as baths, they have, of late years, performed some striking cures, in cases of morbid sensibility of the stomach and intestinal canal, and have removed attacks of neuralgia, or *tic*, dependent on that condition of the digestive organs. In female patients, and such of the other sex as possess irritable nerves, or who cannot endure the action of exciting baths, or active medicines, the effects of the Liebenzell springs deserve more attention than they seem to have hitherto received. Dr. Plieninger, the gentleman whom I met at Wildbad, and who is a celebrated accoucheur in Stuttgardt, assured me that he found the *Liebenzell-bad* most strikingly beneficial in female complaints, and that the reputation they had enjoyed for many years, of removing the causes of sterility, was by no means undeserved. This is not improbable, in my opinion; for when I look at the state of health of the individual patients who require that assistance, and who visit Liebenzell or Kissingen, (another mineral water partaking of the same virtue, situated in Bavaria,) I cannot but conclude that the bath, by setting the health right first, causes the other morbid condition of the system, on which sterility depends, to cease as a natural consequence.

At the distance of five miles beyond Wildbad, another celebrated Spa is found in the heart of the Black Forest, called Deinach or Teinach, where two species of mineral waters, close to each other, rise from the sandstone rock which is so prevalent in the Schwarzwald. I proceeded thither in a private post-wagen, purposely engaged at Wildbad, with a view of more effectually exploring such spots as appeared to me to be the most interesting in this far-famed forest, and of contemplating the impressive beauties of some parts of the neighbourhood of Wildbad, the air and climate of which were recommended to me by Dr. Fricker, as particularly temperate and healthy.

That part of the valley of Enz in which the warm springs of Wildbad are found, is formed by two ridges of mountains, the surface of which, clothed in the dark-green of the forest fir, forms

a most pleasing contrast with the lovely verdure of the meadows, equalled only by that of the valleys of Switzerland. These *prairies* extend along the winding banks of the swiftly-flowing Enz,—which, though narrow and of little depth, (and here and there interrupted by enormous blocks of granite, precipitated from the mountain side, and immersed in its bed,) serves, nevertheless, to float the timber cut by those sequestered mountaineers. These self-taught engineers, by means of wears thrown across the scanty stream in an oblique direction, and sluice-gates, contrive to gather the water necessary for that operation, on which depends their only traffic. In quitting the valley of Wildbad, I followed this river, crossing it just below the junction of the greater and lesser streams, bearing the same name, and I ascended, past Kalmbach, to a plateau of great extent, placed at an altitude of 2,500 feet above the sea level.

Over this plain, the best part of which is in a state of excellent cultivation, (as indeed is every part of the kingdom of Würtemberg,) I travelled by tortuous, narrow, and rough roads—slowly and insensibly descending at last into another deep valley, surrounded by double and triple ranges of mountains, covered with forest trees. Here, at the bottom of this very valley, into which a narrow ravine torrent precipitates itself, lies DEINACH, offering to the traveller many highly picturesque and interesting points of view. Nature is here in its purest and wildest state; and where the hand of man has raised its mark, it has left tokens of the rude condition of its master.

At the termination of the village a large post-house establishment appears, and near it the Brunnen are placed. A square pavilion has been erected over the springs, with a flat roof, supported by two arches. A wide gallery runs on one side of this pavilion, which is lighted by four windows on two sides, and by a continuous window on the side next to the entrance. A handsome flight of steps leads down to the paved floor, where the mineral springs, enclosed in little wells, are seen to flow. Of these there are two kinds. The first yields an acidulous water, clear, transparent, and sparkling, which rises from four wells, out of the Schwarzwald rock, (variegated or red sandstone.) Three of these wells are kept covered with wooden lids, and locked when not used, while the fourth is ever open and free for public use. The second spring, supplying a turbid water of a greenish colour, is situated at a little distance from the rest. This is

called *Dinten-quelle*, (inky spring,) and well does it deserve that name. It deposits everywhere a large quantity of oxide of iron, and its taste is so intensely styptic, that it may be compared to that which is left behind on the tongue of a school-boy who wipes an inky pen with his mouth. Yet I saw a sallow, miserable-looking being, a gentleman whom I ascertained afterwards to have gone to Deinach for the recovery of his mental faculties, drink half a tumbler of this green fluid, with an equal quantity of the *sauer-wasser;* take three or four turns, with spasmodic quickness, and suspicious, agitated looks; then return to repeat and quaff a like draught. The acidulous waters, I found, on the other hand, to taste like Seltzer water at first; but they immediately after exhibited a saline medicated flavour, not unlike that of a slight solution of glauber salt, or even muriate of magnesia,—both of which saline substances exist in the composition of these mineral waters. But the most prevailing ingredients in them is carbonic acid, with double its quantity of carbonate of soda and carbonate of lime. Although almost contiguous to the inky spring, there are but faint traces of iron in combination with carbonic acid in these acidulous waters, according to Federhaff: whereas the same authority assigns as much as three-fourths of a grain of carbonate of iron in solution, to a pint of the spring of the *Dinten-quelle*. The temperature of the water in all the wells is about 45° of Fahrenheit, and is said never to alter under any variation of weather.

I learn from Professor Sigwart that the medical properties of the acidulous waters of Deinach partake of the character of the alkaline springs also, in their effect on the human constitution. In faulty digestion, and other complaints of the stomach, where the appetite is lost or vitiated, as well as where heart-burn follows the ingestion of food, the acidulous Deinach has proved extremely useful. For the same reason, where gout or a rheumatic affection is allied to a disturbed or depraved digestion, the acidulous water is said to be wonderfully effective; a power which it extends with marked benefit to certain disorders of the urinary organs also. But it is principally in the cure of insane patients, that Deinach has long acquired no mean celebrity; and several of that class of patients, including hypochondriacal and melancholic persons, were in the course of cure at the time I visited the springs.

The late Queen Dowager of Würtemberg and Princess Royal

of England used to visit this place every year, from the acidulous springs of which her general health derived considerable benefit.

Although the wells are chiefly frequented by those who drink the waters only, both kinds of them are used also as baths. A new establishment for that purpose has been erected, with some pretensions to architecture, taste, and neatness. A small portico protects the entrance of the building, in the interior of which there are, on the ground-floor, two ranges of bath-rooms, six in number, on each side of the corridor, and on the principal floor an equal number of well-furnished chambers. The cold and heated water of the wells is sent into the bathing-tub of each room. These vessels are made of wood, and have an entire cover of the same material, with a place cut out for the head of the bather. There are other more ancient and less convenient bathing-rooms in the village; but those I have mentioned,—which, with some other improvements, are of a very recent date, (indeed hardly finished,) and are due to the munificence of the sovereign of Würtemberg,—are necessarily the best and most frequented.

The Spa itself is the property of the postmaster, who exports a large quantity of the water in stone bottles, and sends it to every part of Würtemberg, where it is drunk like Seltzer, either alone or with wine. A great number of the poorer classes of peasants and villagers brought, while I was examining the water, their earthen jugs, which they filled from the acidulous springs. There is connected with the Posthouse the usual appendage of an hotel, having a large dining-room for a *table-d'hôte*, which is used also as a general assembly-room for the inmates of the hotel. The apartments on either side of the house, through covered galleries, have access to the bath-chambers before described.

A small garden, a promenade, and a conversation saloon one hundred and sixty feet long and forty feet wide, open to the garden on one side, and backed by the mountain,—form all the embellishments of the Deinach Spa. This Spa, though celebrated in the neighbourhood, is little frequented by strangers. Dr. Shuts, the physician having the charge of the baths and springs, appointed by the government, does not reside at Deinach, but at Calw, and visits the establishment twice or three times a week. I need not say that everything is moderate in price in this sequestered spot. *On y vit pour rien.*

I retraced my steps to Calw, where I quitted the private post-wagen I had engaged, in order to enter the Stuttgardt *Eil-wagen*, which is hung on mail-coach springs, and is much superior to any public vehicle I have seen in France, and certainly as comfortable as any English mail-coach. The only remarkable objects I noticed in Calw, were the large depôts and store-rooms, full of charcoal burnt in the Black Forest, which comes from thence in pieces as thick as the arm of a stout person, and a foot in length. The neat arrangement of the many lofty masses of this sable and shining material, is worthy of a passing remark. The principal Inn at Calw is the Posthouse Inn, situated in the only large open space of the town.

Two motives induced me to return to the Capital. I wished to look more attentively to the mineral springs in its immediate neighbourhood, which the liberality of the King has recently much embellished; and I was equally desirous to pay a visit to "*Lehranstalt für Land und Forstwirthschaft*" at Hohenheim, five English miles distant from Stuttgardt. My visit to that noble and useful establishment for the instruction of young farmers, located in a ci-devant *Château Royal*, had reference to matters of importance, but which, bearing no relation to my present object, I must here pass over in silence. I must, however, recommend all travellers who take an interest in the progress of agriculture in all parts of the world, and who can also enjoy the beauties of a splendid view extending over a vast and richly cultivated territory, to make an excursion to the top of the hill on which *Hohenheim* stands; and after having attentively examined that institution, (where I had the good fortune to converse with Professor Göritz, who showed and explained to me every object worthy of attention,) to pass on to another royal château called *Scharnhausen*, not far from the former, placed in the picturesque little vale of Kersch, where the *Haras privès* of the King are found, and which are kept in the highest state of perfection. Orders for viewing both these establishments had been readily procured for me by the British minister, Sir George Shee, of whose kindness and hospitality I cannot speak too warmly. Such orders are granted with the utmost liberality to strangers visiting Stuttgardt, as well as the tickets for admission into all the public buildings in and about the capital.

One of those which merits, on every account, the attention of the traveller, is the Château Royal de *Rosenstein*, erected by King William, who confided the design and structure of it to Mons. SALUCCI, principal architect of the court. This gentleman, who occupies permanent apartments in the royal château, and with whom I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance, is by birth an Italian. Having, while serving under Napoleon with the rank of *colonel du Genie*, been taken prisoner at Waterloo, he retired at the conclusion of the war to Stuttgardt, where he soon gained great reputation as an architect. He is much employed by the royal family, in building their several palaces; and is now engaged in erecting an edifice of that kind, of considerable merit, for one of the princesses.

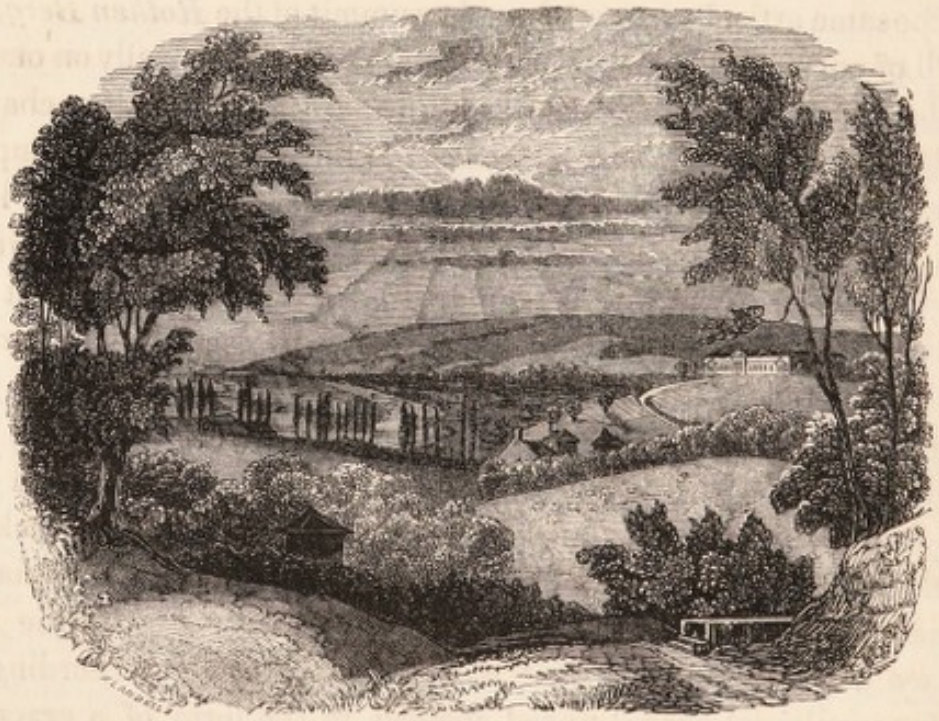
The palace of Rosenstein, whether we consider its grand and imposing appearance, the profusion of sculptural and pictorial ornaments in its interior, or the peculiar contrivances in its construction and adaptation—all equally masterly and ingenious—is a monument that reflects the greatest credit on SALUCCI, and deserves particular mention.

The same artist has erected, on the summit of the *Rothen Berg*,—a hill of considerable elevation, towering almost conically on one of the banks of the Neckar, outside of Stuttgardt—an expiatory chapel to the late queen, formerly Dutchess of Oldenburgh. This temple, by a special treaty with the Emperor of Russia, brother of her late majesty, is to be considered as belonging to and forming part of the domain of Russia. A regular service is performed in it on stated days of the week, by three papas of the Greek church, who, with a certain number of *chantres*, are maintained by the Russian Autocrat. Queen Catherine, who used frequently to walk from the pretty village of *Untertürkheim*, situated at the foot of the *Rothen Berg*, and on the border of the Neckar, to the summit of that hill, had expressed a wish that her mortal remains might one day rest there. After her death, the old palace which existed in that place was demolished accordingly, and a sepulchral chapel raised instead, in the form of a graceful rotundo, with three projecting porticoes, supported by four Ionic columns. The light is admitted through the cupola only, into the interior, which is decorated by four colossal statues of the evangelists, executed by Danneker, Wagner, Zueger, and Leeb —the two latter after the designs of Thorwaldsen. These mag-

nificent works of the Suabian sculptors possess a high degree of merit; that of St. John, by Dannecker, is exquisite. The whole are of the best Carrara marble. The royal remains repose in a vault under the consecrated ground, where they were deposited in June 1824, inclosed in a beautiful sarcophagus, brought from Italy.

Nothing can surpass the superb *coup d'œil* which offers itself to the stranger, as he emerges from the chapel, and stands under one of the porticoes. The entire chain of the Suabian Alps, from Lochenstein to Hoenstaufen, with their rocks and ruins, present him with a south view full of grandeur. On the western side lies the extended and massive verdure of the Black Forest, penetrating as far as the *pays des Vosges*, beyond the Rhine; while nearer, and almost at the spectator's feet, the smiling valley of the Neckar, the vine-clad hills, and Stuttgardt itself, complete the entire and interesting picture.

I now proceed to give an account of my visit to the mineral sources and baths of Cannstadt; which I accomplished in com-



pany with Sir George Shee on one occasion, and with one of my sons, a young architect, on another. On passing through the gardens and promenades connected with the royal palace,—which were laid out about twenty years ago by the father of the present king, and which brought strongly to my mind the delici-

ous parterres and groves of Aranjuez,—we reached, after a ride of two miles, the neat and pretty little town of Cannstadt, situated on the Neckar and surrounded by a very fertile plain, which, in former times, must have been the scene of great geological catastrophes; as the many specimens of extinct races of animals, which are often found here, seem to testify.

A short distance from the village, a handsome carriage-road, lined with trees, leads to the principal spring, inclosed in a well, over which the present king has lately erected a circular temple, with two lateral colonnaded porticoes of considerable extent. Other springs are found behind this building, some issuing through the ground, others emerging out of the rock; and although all of them are found on a space of ground of small area, and their number amounts to not less than thirty-seven, I may aver that scarcely two of them are perfectly alike in taste.

The principal spring, which is that called the *Sulzrainquelle*, contains, in sixteen ounces of water, nineteen grains and a half of common salt, seven grains and three-fourths of glauber, and nearly twice that quantity of Epsom salts, besides carbonate of lime, $\frac{7}{30}$ of a grain of carbonate of iron, and one volume and $\frac{14}{100}$ of carbonic acid gas. According to Morstatt, the temperature is from fifteen to sixteen degrees of Reaumur, (66° of Fahrenheit). The water tastes pleasantly acidulous at first; but it leaves behind a smack of rusty iron, with corrugation of the mouth and tongue, and a taste of common salt also, which is by no means agreeable.

These various sources of mineral water spring from a stratum of limestone tuffa containing iron, placed below an upper soil of chalk and marl. The water has been compared to that of Pyrmont and Seltzer; but the resemblance to either, in taste, is not striking. Its effect, owing to the presence of iron, as well as of three purgative salts, partakes, it is said, of that of the acidulous and the chalybeate waters. It is not merely stimulating, but also laxative and tonic. Its first and chief power is exerted on the organs of digestion, and it has acquired much celebrity for the removal of obstructions of the bowels and mesenteric glands or vessels, as well as for the cure of every sort of dyspepsia. It has likewise been found very useful in combating obstinate cases of hypochondriasis—weakness of the stomach—deficient action in the glandular or lymphatic organs—gout and chronic

rheumatism—and in such of the diseases of females as arise from debility in the uterine system.

The waters are drunk at their natural temperatures in general; although some prefer mixing them with warm milk, or with water of the same spring, previously warmed. From three to six glasses of an ordinary size are drunk very early in the morning. Accommodations of every kind are to be found, both for such as drink, and such as prefer bathing in these waters. Cannstadt has many excellent hotels and lodging-houses, in some of which the mineral water is found naturally, while to others it is conveyed from the source. The regulations for all these establishments are admirable, and the price of living is exceedingly moderate, — supposing, even, that the visiter should prefer lodging at one of the best hotels in Stuttgardt, and drive every morning, or walk, to Cannstadt, for his dose of mineral water or his bath.

The hotel at which I lived while at Stuttgardt, and with the master of which, as well as with its accommodation, I have every reason to be satisfied, might very well be made a sort of head-quarters of this kind, for an invalid desirous to enjoy the benefit of the Cannstadt waters. At this hotel, (the König von Würtemberg,) situated at the confluence of four of the principal streets, (having, on the day of my return from Wildbad, missed the usual hour of the great *table-d'hôte*, which begins at one o'clock,) a private dinner for one florin and twelve kreutzers (2*s*.) was served up here in about an hour, which will give an idea of the cheapness of living at Stuttgardt. *Imprimis*, a basin of excellent soup, consisting of a good *bouillon de bœuf*, into which some baked flour resembling *semolina*, and a couple of eggs, had been mixed, beat up, and boiled. Next came four *cotelettes pannées*, with two attendant vegetable dishes, the one bearing dressed French beans, the other some *cartoffel en chemise*. A trout followed, which in its turn made way for a plump *perdrix au lard*, having on one side a bowl of salad dressed in the Italian fashion, and a dish of *langue salée* on the other. A third course appeared next, with some *poires étuvées dans leur jus et au vin*, and a capital *omelette soufflé*. Four sorts of biscuits and *compôtes*, with fresh plums and pears, constituted the dessert; and all these good things were made still better, by plenty of bread, of singular excellence, and a pint of Neckar wine, which was not despicable. What gastronome, within the smoke

of the kitchen of the Albion or the Freemason's, can hope to partake of the tithe part of this long list of *gustables*, for only twice twelve-pence of lawful British money?

Würtemberg abounds, perhaps, more than any other country in Europe, considering its size, in mineral springs, many of which have long enjoyed a local or provincial celebrity, and a few of them a national and even European renown. Among the latter is reckoned BOLL, placed on an elevated plateau, formed on one of the pinnacles of the Suabian Alps, twenty-five English miles distant from the capital, in a north-east direction. To the tourist who takes the high road to Ulm on quitting Stuttgardt, as we did, Boll will be found conveniently near to the second post-station called *Göppingen*, from which it is distant only four English miles, through an exceedingly pretty country. The village is flanked by a ridge of the Suabian Alps, which extend as far as the eye can reach on one side; while on the other side a dense forest, coming down to the very edge of the village, in its rear, forms a dark back-ground to the place, and gives it an imposing character. The contemplation of the whole scene is full of interest, which is not a little increased by the historical recollections connected with the once mighty Hohenstaufen, the cradle of the German emperors.

There is another road to Boll, through *Kirchheim*, which some might prefer to the first, as it passes by the residence of the Duchess Louis de Würtemberg, mother of the present queen. The sulphureous spring at Boll, and the Royal Bathing Establishment, are quite unconnected with the village, from which they are distant about half a mile. The water rises through a soil consisting of bituminous marl and a species of sulphureous gravel. It has a temperature of 54° of Fahrenheit, and its predominant saline constituents are glauber salt, and the carbonates of lime, soda, and magnesia. There are traces of iron and manganese, with likewise strong indication of the presence of bitumen. Of its gaseous contents, carbonic acid is the most prominent; next in quantity is azote; and lastly, sulphuretted hydrogen.

From long experience it has been found that Boll proves of essential service in diseases of the skin, scurvy, psora, and other deturpating complaints. Nocturnal pains in the bones, from erotic diseases, carious ulcers of the legs, contraction of the limbs, and lameness, have been cured in so many instances by

the application of this water, that its reputation in these respects is undoubted and of long standing. As a depurative of the blood when in a vitiated state, I should consider the mineral water of Boll, taken internally, capable of producing the most happy results. This view of its virtues, which I formed on a serious consideration of its composition, induced me to recommend it to an officer in the Würtemberg army, who, such was the ill condition of his blood, could neither bear a scratch, nor the slightest cut of his skin, without suffering from festering sores, which would continue open and angry for several weeks. This peculiar state had been brought about partly by high living, and partly by early debauchery. In two months after drinking the Boll water, fasting, and early in the morning, the patient recovered his general health, lost the irritability of the skin, as well as a tendency to eruption, and the blood was restored to its normal state. His letter to me is satisfactory on all those points. The only complaint he made against the treatment, was on account of the nauseous taste of his daily beverage; for although the water is clear, and contains a sufficient quantity of acid gas, it is brackish and dark-coloured, and by no means tempting.

The entire establishment at Boll is the property of the crown, under whose especial care and superintendence it is conducted. It consists of a detached building, and two principal wings, with the necessary offices at the back. About one hundred separate rooms are found in it, which are let furnished, a bed inclusive, at prices which are fixed and marked on the rooms, varying from one to three florins a week, (1*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.*) The best and private rooms are on the principal story; a second, and inferior range of them, is placed on the ground-floor, where separate closets may likewise be had. As the water used for bathing must be warmed, it is pumped from the spring by means of a tread-wheel, and conveyed partly into a vast boiler, and the remainder into the great reservoir, in which it is kept for use without altering its natural temperature. From both of these receivers the necessary quantity of warm and cold water requisite to fill the bathing-tubs, is carried into the private rooms. The tubs are of wood, and each invalid on his arrival has the use of a new one, which remains at the door of his own chamber in a large corridor. The price of the baths in a private room is about a shilling; and half that sum for a bath on the ground-floor.

The manager of the establishment is bound to provide all those who do not choose to dine at the *table-d'hôte* with a dinner in their private apartments, at very moderate prices, according to the number of dishes, which are chosen in the morning out of a copious bill of fare. Most visiters, however, prefer dining in public, and the *table-d'hôte* at Boll has its merits and demerits, like all similar arrangements in Germany.

Since the government took under its own management the establishment in 1820, the number of visiters has been increasing every succeeding year,—a proof of the excellence of its regulations. Before that time, although Boll had been known from the remotest ages as a very powerful and salubrious spring, it was only visited by the inhabitants of neighbouring districts.

Dr. Hartmann, the physician appointed *ad hoc*, and generally residing at Göppingen, the nearest post-town, attends during the season every day at the bathing establishment; and the Protestant clergyman of the village reads service every Sunday. I have to regret my inability to visit and examine the celebrated collection of minerals and fossil remains belonging to Dr. Hartmann, which he procured chiefly by his own active and assiduous exploration of that most interesting soil.

Boll offers to the visiter a scene of civilisation, in the way of public and private amusements, occupation of the mind, and social intercourse, which could hardly have been expected in that lofty and secluded region. A band attends on week-days; and on every Sunday and saint's-day there is dancing after dinner, when the concourse of people from the neighbourhood, in their various and picturesque costumes, is immense. A library affords a *point de réunion*, and an excuse for a sort of daily *chit-chat*, which is not always akin with the nature of that literary establishment. Billiards also have been provided, and many other innocent games are at the disposal of the visiters. Regular gambling, however, as at all the Spas of Würtemberg and Austria, is strictly forbidden. Those who are fond of making excursions into the most romantic and interesting parts of the Suabian Alps, or to the nearer and picturesque environs of Boll, will find every convenience of carriage and horses, at a very moderate charge. The roads are everywhere good, and the main road excellent.

I shall conclude this statement respecting Boll, with a general remark (especially applicable to those who are likely to be my

readers) which a very sensible man, a native of Würtemberg, but well acquainted with the English nation, made to me in speaking of that Spa. "If an English family coming hither will put up with table, wine, hours, and amusements as they find them, they may live comfortably and excessively cheap; but if they mean to introduce English fashions, and English manners, they will have to pay and smart for their whims, and yet miss many of the comforts to which they are accustomed at home."

I have purposely extended my account of the principal Würtemberg Spas, on account of the complete ignorance which prevails respecting them in this country, and the serious loss, entailed by that ignorance, on many thousands, who might otherwise have found health at some one of those Spas. With the exception of Wildbad,—of which the most recent work on mineral waters in the English language, already alluded to, gives a meagre, and, in more respects than one, an inaccurate description, contained in a page and a half,—not one of the Würtemberg bathing-places or mineral springs has been made known to the English nation. Nay, the very names of the places are scarcely to be found in the latest gazetteers and geographical works published in this country. Yet all of them, but Wildbad in particular, are deserving of the most serious attention. In selecting those which I have here fully described, I was influenced by the important fact of five different Spas being found within the narrow sphere of a few miles, the unquestionable virtues of which, collectively considered, would suffice for the removal of almost every species of chronic disorders by which mankind are afflicted.

Thus at Wildbad, a bath, of the natural temperature of the human body, offers the sure means of soothing, harmonising, and restoring to their proper level, the too-exalted functions of the nerves, whence so many disorders inevitably flow. Deinach, on the contrary, with its sparkling and invigorating springs, excites, stimulates, and rouses the weakened and depressed energies of the external frame and internal organs. At Cannstadt, the patient who lacks neither the soothing influence of Wildbad, nor the inspiriting quality of Deinach, but requires only an alterative course to restore him to health, finds the very agent which can effect that object. These three mineral springs are equally suited to all classes of constitutions, to all ages, and to both sexes, when affected with any of the disorders for which they are adapted;

and indeed they may, in most cases, be made to follow each other with success, in the treatment of diseases, so as to leave none untouched but what are cutaneous, or peculiar to the female constitution. But bountiful Nature has, within the same sphere of country, provided also for the first at BOLL, and for the second at LIEBENZELL. The Würtemberg Spas, therefore, deserve and ought to command attention: and when I add that they are the least expensive of all the frequented Spas in Germany, and that every one of them is actually in the centre of some romantic and beautiful region, instead of being, like some of the Bohemian and Nassau Spas, entrenched within close towns, or places,—it will be admitted, that in giving them a very prominent station in my present volume of professional instruction, I have only discharged a professional duty.

We are now *en route* for the capital of Bavaria, intending to rest there a few days, previously to prosecuting our journey towards the Salzburghian Spas. We had begun that journey under unpromising circumstances,—after an obstinate contention with the wagen-meister, who had attempted the usual trick of fixing me with three horses, which I successfully resisted,—and after a great display of ill-humour on the part of the postilion for not being permitted to drive instead of riding. It should be borne in mind, that throughout the south, east, and centre of Germany, the postilion has the right to prefer driving to riding—that the traveller is bound to find him with a proper seat for that purpose—and that if the postilion be made to ride, the postmaster is entitled to make an additional charge for the horses at every stage, which charge is regulated by a tariff.

In every part of the kingdom of Würtemberg which I visited, I was much struck with the richness and fertility of its lands in all directions. Yet the soil, although mostly alluvial, is not in itself of a naturally fertile character; and careful and incessant labour, directed in a neat, methodical, and I might say, scientific manner, aided by rich manures, could alone have brought it to the state of productiveness in which I everywhere beheld it. Even where the red sand-stone rock peered through the coarse alluvial ground, or appeared naked on the slanting sides of the hill, amidst the green and golden crops which clothed it to its very summit, not an inch of the land was to be seen that did not bear its full tribute. I confess I never noticed in any country, such

universal and incessant evidence of the abundantly requited labour, industry, and skill of the husbandman. Most of the districts we passed through, or examined, may be likened to a perpetual garden, the cultivation of which is *soignée* to the utmost degree. There are no hedges, ditches, nor even dwarf-walls, to mark the limits of patrimonial estates. How these are known, it is not easy to discover from mere outward signs. Not even along the edge of the roads is the smallest fence or embankment made; and the sower frequently encroaches a few inches on the *chaussée*, to increase the produce of his domain.

The fields, near the small towns and villages, appeared divided and subdivided, more than I had seen before, by divers kinds of crops; while in more remote parts, plains of undistinguishable boundaries, rather than fields, waved with a single crop of either wheat or barley, among which not a single vestige was to be seen of any weed. Trees, single or in groups, occur sufficiently often to diversify and break the monotony of the extensive sheets of arable land that lay before us; and the ever-changing series of hills through which we passed was often interrupted by dense, dark green, and ancient plantations,—from the small copse, to the most extended forest. These observations apply more especially to the lands in the valley of the *Nagold*, in which Calw is seated. There I noticed the harvest carried home in long light carts, on four low wheels, to which were yoked a couple of small oxen. Women were principally engaged in reaping with the scythe, and they seemed to go through their task with surprising rapidity.

We arrived at last in sight of Ulm, through a road interesting to the geologist, and the lover of Suabian historical antiquities, in many parts of which the remains of ancient feudal and baronial castles appear planted in midway air, or on the summit of some of the most pointed and fantastic hills, reminding one strongly of the Rhine.

From the hill which commands Ulm, the effect of the lofty towers of the cathedral, and the first sight of the Danube, were striking. Among the grandest religious temples of gothic structure of the 14th century, the cathedral of Ulm stands justly prominent. In the interior my attention was engaged by some very old and exquisite carvings; a delicious little composition in oil, by Rothenhamer, representing the birth of Christ, with a great

many figures, on a pannel of one foot by ten inches: and four curious paintings, by Durer.

The Danube also I saluted with interest. With how many contentions of one European nation against another, has not that river been associated for centuries past! The very sight of the Imperial Abbey of *Elchingen*,—which gave to the ill-fated conqueror of Ulm his ducal title,—situated on a rocky ledge overlooking the left bank of that river, suggests remembrances of many painful feelings. But with Ulm, in my present volume, I have little to do, beyond mentioning it as a city of passage, in which good cheer and accommodation may be found *à l'Hotel de la Poste*, one of the inns the most frequented. From it we started, keeping the right bank of the Danube, until we quitted it to enter the Bavarian frontiers,—where a sentinel of that nation inspected the passport, and required no other formality.

On the road to Augsburg, which is flat and uninteresting, but favourable to quick driving in spite of its roughish exterior, I could not help remarking, as I had often done before, the striking difference which existed between the appearance of the men and women inhabiting level countries, and that of the dwellers of the mountain region we had just quitted. Their clearer complexion and handsomer physiognomies show how much more favourable are plains to the developement of the human form, than mountainous districts; for in almost all of the latter description, which we had traversed, the human face, of the women in particular, was sadly disfigured. The city of Stuttgardt, which spreads on the flat level of a valley, offers the same contrast in the appearance of the female part of its population—fair, well made, and in a great many instances good-looking—and that of the women of the highlands by which that capital is surrounded.

Augsburg is an interesting city in many respects. The sight of its extended outline stretched before us, as the first light of day developed it on the horizon, was imposing. On a nearer approach it became even more so, particularly as we were passing under the massive arch of its antique gate, surmounted by the Centre-Thurm, which rises an hundred feet, round and bold, with its many tiny windows and loopholes. The streets are wide, though, as usual, very irregularly built. Some are flanked with old-fashioned gable-ended houses, with floors piled upon floors, tapering to a point; others with dwellings of more modern struc-

ture and greater pretensions,—much in the style of some of the principal streets of Stuttgardt. They are paved with small stones, without any *trottoirs*, and are very unfavourable to pedestrians, as I found to my cost. Augsburg must be fallen from its former importance, particularly as a commercial emporium, whither many young men of family, from Italy, Switzerland, and other parts of Germany, were formerly sent, to learn the art and mystery of banking and commercial agency. I should say that the city is now too large for its inhabitants. The grass grows in many of the streets. The town is still encircled by a high and solid rampart, with a moat around it; but all other marks of former fortifications have disappeared, and a promenade, with trees and benches, reminding one of that at Frankfort, has taken their place.

One of the curiosities of Augsburg is the hotel of *the three Moors* (Drei Mohren). It must be seen to be comprehended. Of the *Hotel de Ville* and the *Salle d'or*—the episcopal palace, celebrated on account of the first promulgation of the Confession of Augsburg—the several churches and paintings they contain—of the Arsenal, and of the *Ablass* or reservoir, which supplies the city with pure and fresh water,—it is not consistent with my object to enter into details. I wish rather that my readers should accompany me along the macadamised road, which carries one away from all these interesting objects towards Munich. It passes, for a considerable tract, over a flat country, although at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea—an elevation which increased to nearly two thousand feet before we reached that city. The distances on this road are measured by large stone pillars, at every *stunde*, which bear inscribed on them the distance from the capital. Between them the space is subdivided into *eighths*, marked neatly on dwarf posts, painted with the national colours in chequers. The country seems well peopled, if I may judge from the very many small and neat villages which I saw, all of them placed in little dells, or on the side of some gentle swelling, having groups of trees interspersed among the houses and cottages; with the village church as a centre, throwing up its lofty minaret-looking steeple, terminated by a green or red bulbous top, the appearance of which is strikingly Oriental.

Arrived at the eleventh *stunde*, after ascending, by a tortuous

yet excellent road, the last hill, we caught the first glimpse of the snowy Alps, on our right, upon the distant horizon of an extensive *plateau*, studded with villages. Here the effect of the air upon my spirits was suddenly marvellous, and continued throughout the rest of the journey. A buoyancy and elasticity came over my feelings, which I hailed as totally new, since the time I experienced them before, on crossing those cherished mountains in 1819. I was evidently in a congenial climate, and the energy of all my faculties evinced how beneficial such a climate was to my constitution. On my two sons, the effect was neither so striking, nor so decidedly favourable. I had here another illustration (not unimportant to a medical man) of the different manner in which climates affect different individuals, even of the same family, and all equally in health.

Although apparently well peopled, the country was not either so fertile or so well cultivated as in Würtemberg: it is, on the contrary, slovenly and unskilfully managed. Yet there are appearances here of greater comfort, and decidedly more cleanliness and order in all the villages, as well as among the cottagers and inhabitants, who have all a more prepossessing exterior. We hurried along the newly-constructed road to Dachau, a neat little town, placed on a gentle hill, on the border of the Dachauer Moss;—which is irrigated by the *Amper*, a stream that proceeds from the *Ammer-see* to the south of the road, and mixes its waters with those of the *Isar*, at Moosburg, some miles to the north-east.

At length, at the termination of a long vista of waving poplars, and in the middle of a vast plain with the jagged outline of the Alps beyond it, appeared the capital of Bavaria, with its domes and cupolas and church towers, presenting us with a spectacle of a most promising description.


SALZBURGHIAN
SPAS
To Ratisbon 44 Ger.n Posts
From Stuttgard 34½ Ger.n Posts
Isar
Landshut
Vils
Vilsbiburg
Rott
Inn
Neumarkt
Mühldorf
Alt Oetting
Burghausen
From Linz & Vienna 24 Ger.n Posts
Wolfsegg
MÜNCHEN
Mosmgo
Würm
Ammer See
Lausdetten
Peterskirch
Zorneding
Steinborning
Wasserburg
Tittmaning
Laufen
Neumarkt
Attersee
Traun S.
Salzburg
Hallein
Golling
Werfen
St Johan
Zell
Hof Gastein
Gastein
Drey Herrn Sp.
Gross Glockner
Winkel
Schaftlarn
Allmannshausen
Warm See
Mangfall
Rosenheim
Chiem See
Traun
Kirchberg
Adelholzen
Reichenhall
Inken
Waxmann
Königsee
Kitzbuchel
Leogang
Zellerbad
Salza
Aubad
Jachbent
Baumkirchen
Innsbruck
Volders
Ob Perfus
Selrain
Axams
Matters
Anhas
Mieders
Kreuth
Stinkergraben
Leiten
Kainitzer Bad
Benedictbeuern
Olbrigau
Tegernsee
Schwaighof
Naphta Q
Ammer
Loisach
Jschel
Ischl
From Venice 24½ Ger.n Posts
Blue Cold Springs.
Yellow Thermal Springs.
Red Authors Route
Published by Henry Colburn London 1838.

# SECOND GEOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

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## SALZBURGHIAN SPAS.—

1. GASTEIN.
2. HOF-GASTEIN.

# SALZBURGHIAN SPAS.

## CHAPTER I.

### ROAD TO GASTEIN.

### MUNICH.

General character of MUNICH—Entrance into that capital—The bronze obelisk—Thirty thousand Bavarian victims—Aerial perspective favourable to insulated monuments—Bavarian architecture—Chevalier KLENZE—His numerous works—The Pimlico Palace—The GLYPTOTHEK—Its general character and importance—Interior arrangement—The twelve *Salles*—Ciceronian promenade through them—The EGINA Marbles—English hesitation and government parsimony fatal to the fine arts—The SLEEPING SATYR—The kneeling ILIONEUS of Praxiteles—The stone-mason and doctor BARTH—SALLES DES FETES—Rich frescos—The great Roemer-Saal—The moderns—Canova's Venus—Robert B—— and Dr. MARTIUS—Exterior of the Glyptothek—The PINAKOTHEK—The king's frequent visits to it—His taste—ZIMMERMAN, the celebrated painter—The great gallery—Frescos—Interior of the Pinakothek—HOTELS at Munich—The Cerf d'Or—Accommodation—*Attendance*—Prices—TABLE D'HÔTE—How to recognize an Englishman abroad.

MUNICH bids fair to become the Athens of Germany. Should a long life be vouchsafed to the reigning sovereign,—whose high and energetic faculties are for ever directed to the extension of the fine arts, as well as the introduction of every useful improvement into his dominions,—Munich will, at no distant period of time, be the capital of South Germany. Political importance, superiority of military forces, greater extension of territory, and a more imposing exterior in courtly trappings, may assign that rank to another and much larger city in that division of the German empire; but a higher state of knowledge—a greater encouragement to learning—the promotion of industry—the patronage of the liberal professions—the foundation of institutions suited to the times—the erection of vast and magnificent buildings—the cultivation of a pure and correct taste in architecture, in painting, and in sculpture;—these, and a more enlightened

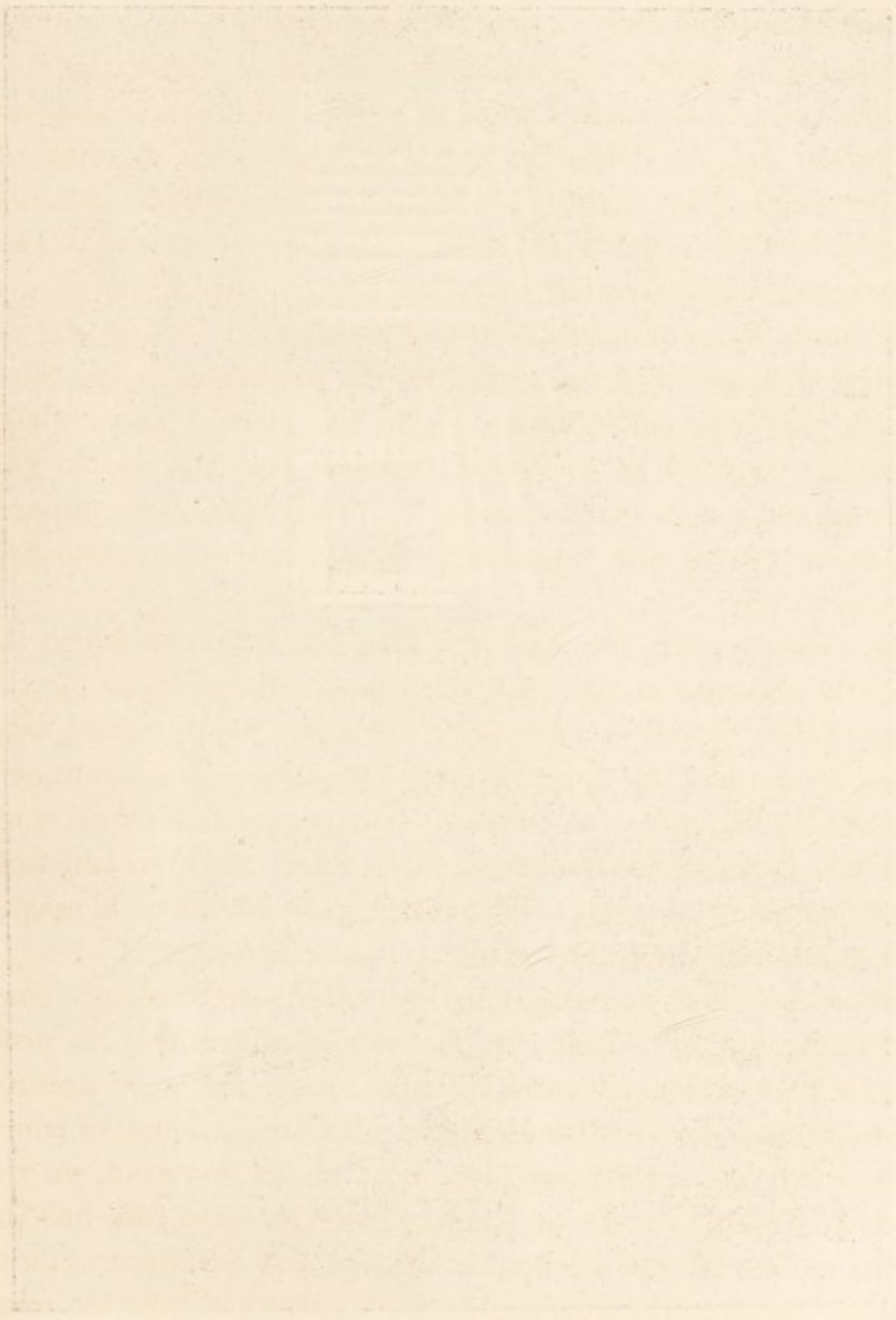
government, can alone secure the title of "Fair Queen" of the empire to the city which can boast of them. Such, then, is Munich; and I rejoiced, ere I left it, that my mission to the continent on this occasion had led me to an acquaintance with so fair, so promising, so delightful a capital.

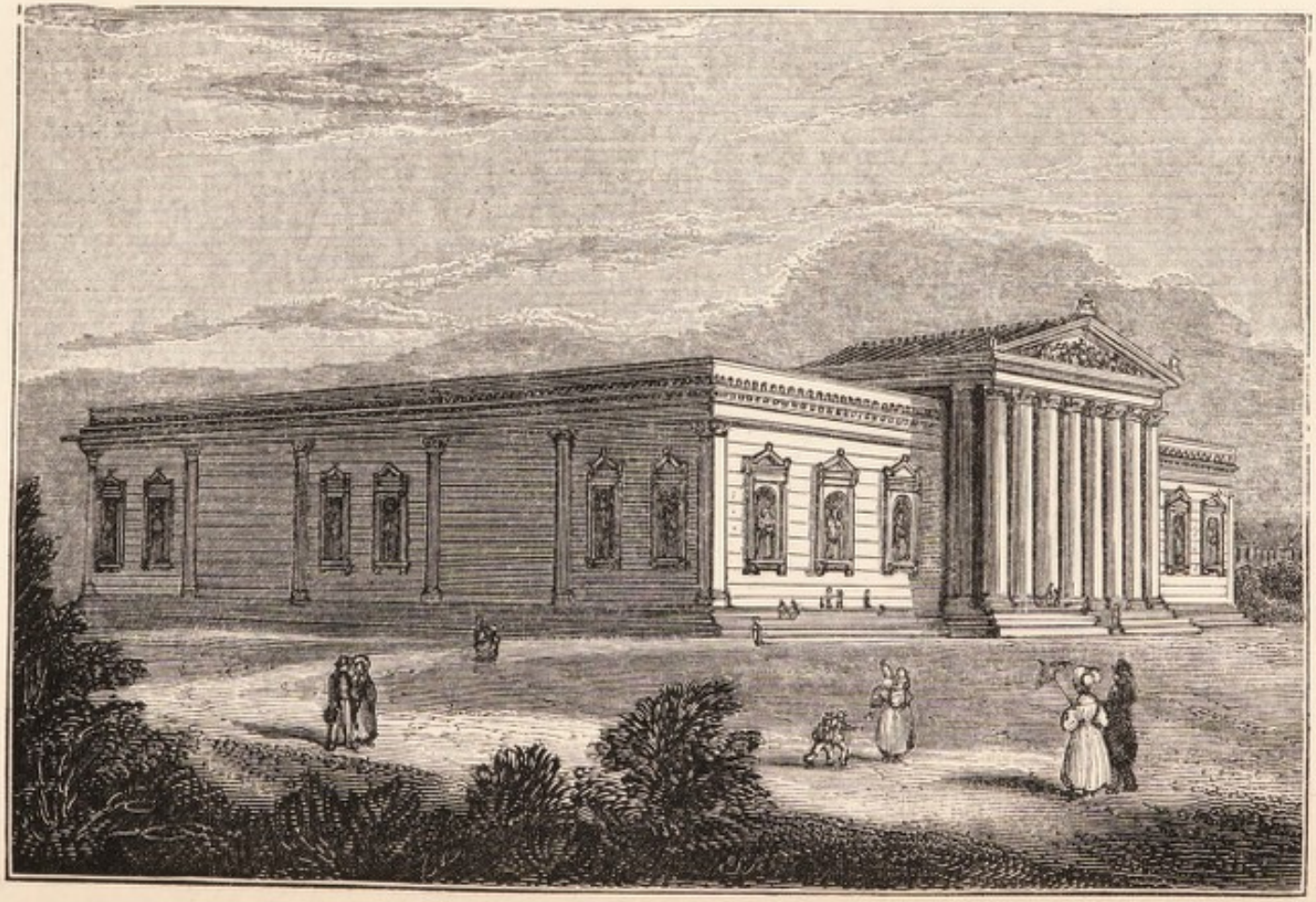
One of the gayest and most inspiriting lines of entrance into any important city, is unquestionably that which, from the road we were quitting, after traversing the most modern part of Munich, passes through *Luitpolds Platz*, along *Königstrasse* and across *Königs Platz*, on the left side of which rises the classical marble front of the GLYPTOTHEK. This is by far the most imposing line of access to Munich. All along it we had in view a lofty quadrangular obelisk of yellow bronze, rearing its head to an elevation of one hundred feet, and bearing on its pedestal the inscribed expression of the gratitude of a sovereign, to the thirty thousand Bavarian soldiers who fell in the memorable campaign of Russia. Beyond it, the great entrance into the public gardens,—in and out of which crowds of people and gay equipages were seen passing and repassing,—formed an appropriate termination to this vista.

The distance from the spot (the Caroline Platz) on which the obelisk is erected, to the *Hofgarten* just alluded to, being two thousand five hundred feet in a straight unobstructed line, flanked by some of the finest houses in Munich,—that monument possesses the advantage of an aerial background, which all such single and isolated elevations ought to have, when viewed from the proper point of sight. Through it their grandeur is magnified, and additional loftiness given to their character.

LOUIS the First suggested the idea of this monument; composed the inscription; gave fifty thousand florins out of his privy purse for its erection; granted the necessary number of captured guns to produce the four hundred and fifty tons of metal of which it is formed; and finally was present at its inauguration, on the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig in 1833. He also had the sagacity to employ the talents of KLENZE and STIEGELMAYER in this magnificent work, which must have answered fully his royal expectation.

The chevalier KLENZE is the architect on whose designs, and under whose superintendence, most of the modern buildings (and they are many and of first-rate importance) in the new





GLYPTOTHEK.

*quartiers* of Munich have been erected; and I may remark, in passing, that this very able artist has the further merit of having constructed almost the whole of the edifices to which his name is attached, for a sum not much larger than loyal Englishmen have disbursed in various instalments, for that single Royal Palace, the exterior of which has not tended to raise British architecture in public estimation, however brilliantly and tastefully arranged may be some of its interior compartments.

The royal residence in the public gardens—the *Königsbau*, or the new king's palace, in imitation of the Palazzo Pitti,—the church of All Saints—the Royal Manège—the Obelisk—the Glyptothek and the Pinakothek (two edifices sufficient in themselves to immortalise an architect)—the new stone bridge over the Isar—the great Hôtel des Postes—the Ionic *Monopteros*, in the Jardin Anglais—the palace of the minister-at-war—the great bazaar—and I believe also the Bibliothek, which consists of at least sixty rooms, and will contain nearly half-a-million of volumes,—these form the glorious list of the works of this most successful architect, all of which have originated with his present Majesty, either as Prince Royal or as King.

Often as Munich has been described by English tourists, its accurate and complete description remains yet to be given. Its yearly extension and embellishment are so important and so considerable, that each successive traveller might undertake, without fear of plagiarism, an account of that city. With the advantages I had, through the unremitting kindness of Lord Erskine, the British minister at that court, the condescension of Prince Vallerstein, the then minister of the interior, the friendly aid of one of the government physicians, Dr. Fuchs, and of Dr. Martius, the celebrated professor of botany, of visiting, examining, and studying the various institutions in every part of the capital, from which I brought away voluminous recollections,—I might presume to consider myself qualified to give a newer delineation of Munich. But neither time nor place is fitting for this purpose.

Still it is impossible, even under the restrictions of my position, not to say a word in praise of the almost unrivalled museum of sculptural antiquities called the GLYPTOTHEK, in which upwards of three hundred objects of art, of indisputable merit, have been arranged, so as to exhibit successively the different

periods of the developement of sculpture, from the lustral or sepulchral urns of the remotest Egyptians, down to the graceful and fleshy statues and busts from the chisels of Canova and Thorwaldsen. An arrangement so judicious could only have been determined upon, before the building itself was erected; and accordingly the plan of the Glyptothek was regulated by the wishes of the King, by the number of objects of art to be distributed in it, and by the determination to display them in the order to which I have alluded.

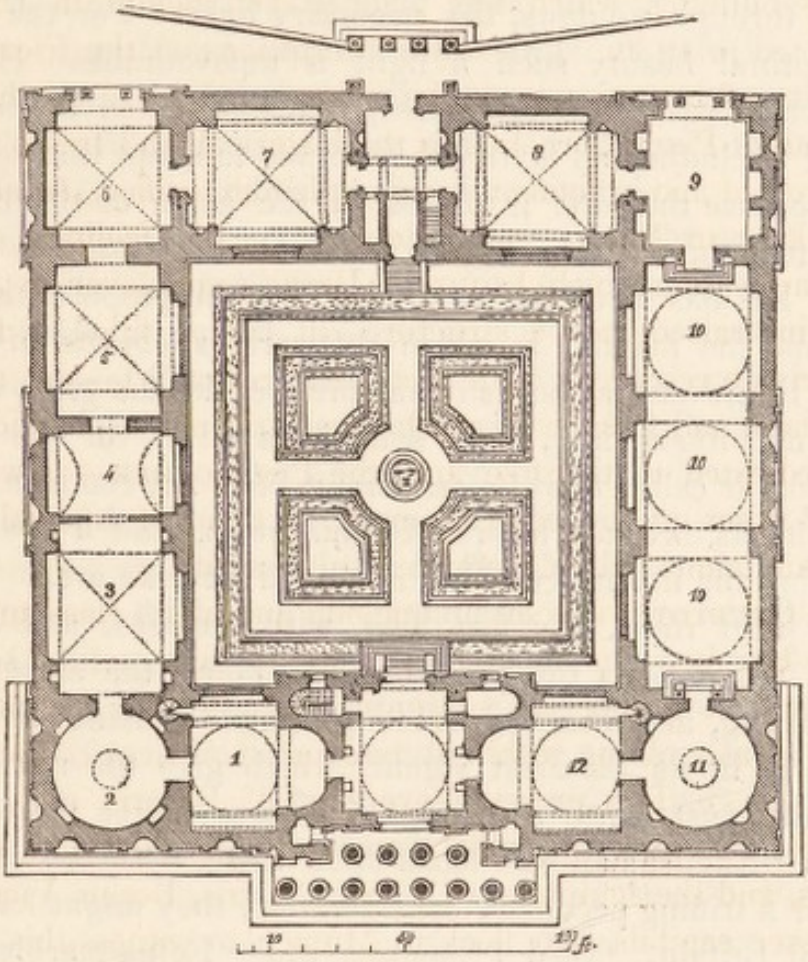
This building, which was planned and begun in 1816, was completed in 1830. Two Latin inscriptions on the frieze within the first *salle* commemorate the names of Klenze as the architect, and of Peter Cornelius as the historical and fresco painter, who erected and ornamented this splendid edifice, *Jussu Regis*. What king in Europe might not envy the feelings of pride and gratification which Louis of Bavaria must ever experience, at having raised such a structure—at having filled it, from his own private resources, with such treasures of art—and at being the creator and founder of another and still more splendid palace, also dedicated to the fine arts, the Pinakothek—as well as of twenty other public edifices, many of them of colossal dimensions, and almost all of them of infinite merit?

The Glyptothek is an unique building of its class and intention in Europe. In no other capital has a structure so noble, so chaste, so grand, yet so simple, been erected for the single object of assembling within it remains of ancient sculptural art of all ages. The present sovereign of Bavaria may well be proud of the fact, that all the amateurs, the dilettanti, the antiquaries, and the sculptors, of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and the lesser capitals, may flock to Munich to witness this triumph of art, and the stupendous collection it contains, conscious that they leave behind them nothing to equal it.

Through an Ionic portico of twelve columns of great beauty, with a pavement of green and black marble, you enter the high vestibule of a quadrangular building, covering an area of three acres of ground, and divided interiorly into twelve salles, of different forms and dimensions, besides a smaller vestibule, and two *salles des Fêtes*. The centre is occupied by an inner court, forming a square of 125 feet on each side, which serves to throw light, through lunette-windows, into the building; no other light

being admitted into it, either by external windows in front, or from the top,—except over the principal vestibule, and the circular salle at each angle in the façade. In the middle of this handsome court, which has a simply ornamented pavement of black and white marble, stands a colossal mask of *Jupiter Pluvius*, to receive the rain.

I must now request the reader to inspect the plan I have here inserted.




The visiter is first conducted into the Egyptian room, (1,) on the left side of the vestibule, the form of which is a traverse parallelogramme, with a semi-circular addition on the side of the entrance. The decorations of this room, the variegated marble pavement, and the stuccoed walls, imitating a species of deep yellow marble,* as well as the many analogous

* M. Inglis, in a recent account of Munich, contained in his work on the Tyrol, says, "The floor and *walls* of the *Glyptothek* are of marble." He had evidently been deceived by the beauty of the imitation.

bas-reliefs, harmonising with the subjects and epoch of this part of the collection, serve to give an éclat to objects which, though *chef-d'œuvres* in reality, present at first view little attraction, owing to their peculiar and primitive style of art. There are thirty-one objects in this room, many of which came from the Villa Albani, and the Palazzo Barberini; others were purchased from the Chevalier Drovetti and Mr. Dodwell, at Rome.

We next proceed to a circular room adjoining (2), having a diameter of thirty-five feet, with four niches, and a cupola which admits, through windows, the necessary light. For the display of sculptural beauty such a light is unfavourable. Here the architect, however, was compelled, by the condition of the King's plan of excluding all external windows, to adopt that species of light, because the *salle* is placed in the angle of the building, and cannot therefore be lighted by a *lunette* from the interior court. He has nevertheless studied, by the proportions of the room, and the manner in which the various objects of art are placed, to prevent, as far as it was practicable, the great shadows which, notwithstanding, cover sometimes a few of the statues. This room is called *la salle des Incunables.* It contains twenty-three objects, bronzes, bas-reliefs, and busts, and a few statues exhibiting the infant age of Etruscan and Grecian art.

The third room, fifty feet long, with recesses, and a coved ceiling, (3,) follows the preceding one, along the same side of the building, and contains those precious remains of Grecian sculpture, in its maturest vigour, which give the name to the room, and must cause a feeling of sincere regret to every enlightened Englishman who looks upon them, when he recollects that, for a trifling pecuniary consideration, they might have been in Great Britain. Need I mention the "Egina marbles" after this remark? Here they are, in all their glory—purchased in 1812 by the King while Prince Royal, from his own limited *apanage*—restored afterwards by Thorwaldsen, at Rome, in a most masterly style—and explained and made known by more than one celebrated *savant*, among whom it is sufficient to name Cockerell, Schelling, and Müller. Their display in this edifice is harmonious, and their effect grand in the extreme.

The Egina room has twenty-three objects in it. And England has missed the possession of these invaluable objects through paltry pecuniary considerations! *Nummi ante gloriam* for

ever! How many errors of this kind has England to reproach herself with! Witness the gallery of paintings in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg; the Solly collection of pictures in the Museum at Berlin; the remaining Metope of the Parthenon, which might have been obtained from the Choiseul collection; the Giustiniani and the Malmaison collections; and lastly the Barberini Faun!

Following the same line, we enter the smaller room of Apollo, (4,) paved like the rest, with marble, and richly ornamented, besides being covered with historical, mythological, and allegorical *frescos* by Cornelius. The name given to this room is derived from the magnificent and colossal statue of pentelik marble, known formerly as the Barberini Muse, but since recognised as an Apollo. Winckelman quotes it as a model of the grandiose style of the Greeks, immediately before Phidias.

But I am impatient to lead my readers into the next or fifth *salle* (5) called *la Salle Bachique*, that they may stand at once rivetted before one of the greatest triumphs of Grecian sculpture —the Barberini Faun, or the Sleeping Satyr. This colossal statue of Parian marble, more than seven feet in length, lies half reclining on a rock, and displays such exquisite beauty of form, combined with a finish not surpassed either in the celebrated Venus, or the still more celebrated Apollo, that one is tempted to ascribe it to the chisel of Praxiteles. It once formed part of the Barberini patrimony; passed afterwards into the possession of Lucien Bonaparte; then into the hands of a third party, from whom the King of Bavaria purchased it for an enormous sum, out of his yearly savings. The lower extremities, part of the left arm, and the rock, were restored by an eminent sculptor, since dead, Vincenzo Pacetti, of Rome, who had bought the Torso from Barberini, and sold it to Lucien. As in all cases of super-exquisite beauty in objects of art,—language cannot express the faintest portion of the feeling with which one beholds this invaluable *chef-d'œuvre*—alone sufficient to crown the Glyptothek with glory. The statues, busts, and other objects in this room are twenty-five in number, among which a Silenus, *de toute beauté*, in every sense of the word, ought to be especially mentioned.

In another square room, (6,) the last on this side of the building, forming one of the angles of its posterior façade—bearing

the name of the "*Niobides*,"—we will enter, in order to admire its gay and lively ornaments, and rich gilding; but, above all, one of the twenty-seven precious objects it contains—the kneeling son of Niobe, known by the name of *Ilioneus*. The execution and the exquisite forms of what remains of this small statue, are worthy of the chisel of Scopas or Praxiteles,—to each of which immortal sculptors the Roman people assigned it in turn, at the time when Pliny saw it in the Temple of Apollo Sosius at Rome. It is known that this statue was once at Prague, from whence it found its way into Italy, where, some centuries after, Dr. Barth rescued it from the hands of a stone-mason, who was about to shape it into the form of steps for a small altar! Barth paid the value of the marble only for it, and gave a ducat to each of three workmen, to have it transported to his house immediately. With Barth it travelled to Vienna, where the spirited sovereign of Bavaria purchased it for *six thousand* ducats, and sent it to enrich the Glyptothek.

We have now reached the central part of the posterior façade of the building, which is occupied by two symmetrical rooms, (7 and 8,) each fifty feet long and forty feet in width, divided by a smaller vestibule within the postern-gate, or *porte-cochère*, and a *petite salle de milieu*. The two *salles* in question are constructed purposely, and by the desire of the King, like ball-rooms, and are called *Salles des Fêtes*. To the one on the left the name of *Salle des Dieux*, to the other on the right, that of *Salle Troyenne*, has been given. They contain no monument of sculptural art, but have served as a vast and rich field for the display of whatever could be effected, in the best and happiest style of bas-relief and of a fresco-painting; which latter art the King was extremely desirous to revive with every *éclat* in his capital. For this purpose he confided the whole internal decoration of this division of the Glyptothek to Mons. de Cornelius, whom he sent for purposely from Rome, and named director of the academy of fine arts. Agreeably to the instructions he had received, Mons. de Cornelius was called upon to represent in these rooms the mythology of the gods and the heroes of Greece. Hence the names given to the *salles*. The manner in which the King's wishes were accomplished must have been as gratifying to him, as they have proved creditable to the talents and skill of

the Bavarian artists. The admirable bas-reliefs in this and other parts of the building were designed and executed by Schwanthaler, a German sculptor of great celebrity.

Quitting these rooms, we enter another, placed in the posterior angle of the opposite side of the building, (9,) called *la Salle des Héros*, in which we find eight statues (two of them colossal) and ten busts. We are now reminded, by the inscription of some of those specimens, and by the division of the building itself, that we have entered on the period of the incipient decline of the art, after it had reached its *perihelion* or brightest elevation.

On the threshold of the farthest door of this room, the visiter is arrested for a few moments, by the imposing vista which presents itself, of a saloon (10) one hundred and twenty-four feet (English) long, and forty feet wide, styled the *Roemer Saal*, and which has been artfully sunk five steps below the general level, in order to heighten the effect and surprise. This is a gallery of itself: it contains one hundred and twenty-two objects, tastefully and judiciously arranged, and producing a wonderful effect. Its decorations, drawn largely from the sister arts, are of a splendour unequalled in any other establishment of the same kind in Europe. They actually dazzle at first view the beholder; but there may be many, over-fastidious in point of taste, who, upon recovering from the first irresistible impression of amazement, might criticise the profusion with which ornaments and gilding have been lavished on this especial part of the building, and the selection of colours, not so much of the pavement, as of the *fleurons* and *rosaces* in the ceiling, which are of bright red, while the stuccoed walls are lilac (fior di persico.) With the porphyritic columns, on which some of the smaller statues and busts are placed, the latter tint does not harmonize; and the whole tenor of gay colouring and rich ornaments on the timpana of the three cupolas, offers too strong a contrast to the grave and sober remains of ancient Roman sculpture here assembled. Notwithstanding this hypercriticism on the *Roemer Salle*, the visiter will most readily admit that all the artists employed in it must have vied with each other in endeavouring to produce the most striking effect. Not fewer than seventy-eight busts and sixteen statues, with some bas-reliefs, candelabra, sarcophagi and columns, are skilfully arranged along the walls and in the middle of

this magnificent room,—which consists in reality of three *salles* in one.

At the farthest extremity of this room, ascending a few steps, we enter the circular *salle*, (11,) placed in the anterior angle of the same side of the building, and symmetrical with the one described as *la Salle des Incunables*, in the corresponding angle of the other side. In the floor of this room an antique mosaic pavement has been inserted, and around it different varieties of Franconia marbles have been arranged. The sculptured objects of ancient art here assembled are wholly or partly of coloured materials—*concetti* of the decaying times of Hadrian. They are judiciously placed in this room, to show the close of that stupendous line of immortal works which, in the right side of the building, we saw in profusion, and in the left side of it we observe gradually to decline. Not only, in truth, is art deteriorated in these objects, but the materials even which the artists have employed, mark the decline of taste; for in one instance a colossal bust has been cut out of a mass of grey porous lava, containing yet some crystals of apophyllite.

Compared to these, the more modern works of art—the works, in fact, with the creation of which we have been or are contemporaries—appear to advantage in the adjoining (12) or last room, denominated *Salle des Modernes*. In this *salle*, the tint of which is subdued and pleasing, and the ornaments those of the *Cinquecento* style—the emblem of regenerated art, (a Phœnix,) and four medallions, representing Nicola di Pisa, Michael Angelo, Canova, and Thorwaldsen, sufficiently show with what intention the room has been arranged. But the works contained in it speak for themselves; and when I add that, besides his exquisite statue of Paris, Canova has contributed to this collection a statue of Venus, (purposely executed in 1805 for the King when Prince Royal, being a repetition of the one possessed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany,*) in which every particular merit of that immortal sculptor is beautifully and forcibly evinced—the reader will have a full conception of the riches, even of modern art, con-

* Canova twice repeated this celebrated statue of Venus coming out of the bath, originally executed for the Palazzo Pitti. The second repetition is in Lord Lansdowne's collection. (See in Canova's biography an account of his works in 1805 and 1807.)

tained within the Glyptothek. What modern sculptor, let him be German, French, or English, can be cited, who has ever approached the perfection of this highly-wrought specimen of the modern Italian chisel?

From this *Salle des Modernes* the visiter once more emerges into the lofty vestibule, to regain his stick or umbrella, *sans rien payer*, and depart.

During our visit to the Glyptothek, which lasted some hours, I had the good fortune to find myself in the company of Mr. Robert B——, so justly designated on the continent as the *Princeps Botanicorum*, who was on his way to the Tyrolian Alps; also of Dr. Martius, his friend and worthy contemporary in the science of botany, to whom I had been recommended by Baron Cetto, the Bavarian minister in London. Dr. Martius, who is equally distinguished at Munich as a man of learning, frequently favoured us with the explanations of the objects before us, and especially of the many allegorical subjects of the fresco paintings, to the mystical and symbolical sense of which, he seemed to have paid particular attention. Mr. B—— and I were delighted with such a cicerone, who frequently enlivened his explanations by little anecdotes and incidents referable to the collection, and the edifice itself, the painters, and the architects, as well as to the Royal Founder himself,—for whom, like all Bavarians, Dr. Martius seemed to entertain the most unfeigned respect.

The exterior of this noble edifice, of which I have given a perspective view,* is in accordance with the grave importance of its application. It is rich in the materials employed, rich in the execution of the felicitous device of the architect, yet simple in form and number of ornaments. Niches with entablatures and pediments, like those of the principal windows in the best palladian buildings, occupy the four walls of the exterior, and contain marble statues, in accordance with the objects and destination of the GLYPTOTHEK. "The contrast between this building," observes a recent English writer, "and the appearance of the vast hall at the British Museum, built for the reception of the Elgin marbles—nay, even of the galleries of the Vatican and of the Louvre—is most striking, and tends to prove, that the Baron Klenze has been successful in his bold and arduous undertaking.

* See page 99.

I said that, independently of this unique edifice, the King of Bavaria had projected, and I may truly add planned, another, of greater and more extended importance, for the reception of many of his private pictures, besides those which are at present in what is called the Gallery of Paintings, and at Schleissheim, rich in *chef-d'œuvres* of the best Italian masters, to the number of sixteen hundred. This building, to which, in imitation of similar institutions in modern Italy, the name of Pinakothek has been given, is just completed, though it is not yet open for inspection; for the pictures are not finally arranged within it, nor are the *fresco* paintings finished on which professor Zimmerman has long been engaged, and which he will be at least two years longer in executing. While these two operations are proceeding, the King has strictly forbidden the admission of any stranger into the interior, no matter of what rank or pretension. His Majesty is fully aware of the necessity of keeping the artists undisturbed in their operations, and acts wisely in keeping away from them all intruders, and all excuses for *distraction*. At the same time his own visits to the Pinakothek are frequent, and his royal presence is not only encouraging to those employed upon that splendid work, but useful from the many apt and prompt suggestions which his fine taste and enthusiastic love of the arts enable him to make.

We succeeded so far towards approaching this reserved *sanctum*, as to pass the outer barrier, and knock at the lateral entrance of the building. But the imperturbable, stern, and almost grotesque visage of the gigantic Swiss by whom our call was answered, soon deterred us from the scheme we formed when we first directed our steps towards the building, of taking the sentinel by surprise, or by a bribe. We, however, so far prevailed as to induce this huge guardian in uniform to take some of our cards to Zimmerman, with whom one or two of us claimed private acquaintance. We knew that that artist was at his post, deeply immersed in his every-day occupation, of illustrating the history of pictorial art, by appropriate fresco paintings, on the many compartments of the vaulted ceiling in the long gallery of the principal floor; and through him we hoped that even if we did not prove successful in our endeavours to gain a peep into the interior, at least we should not come away without beholding all that his own pencil, and that of his *élèves*, had already executed of

their laborious task. In the latter expectation we were not disappointed: and I may truly say, that although I threaded with caution the crazy scaffolding to which we had been invited, and through which, too often for my tranquillity, the eye caught the distant pavement beneath, of the great gallery, close to the ceiling of which the scaffolding was erected—I soon became insensible to the danger of my situation, and was lost in admiration at the beauty of every object I beheld around me.

Unquestionably, after the Loggie of the Vatican, no other edifice will bear comparison to what this promises and is intended to be. The ceiling of twenty-five arcades, their compartments and semi-lunettes, the borders, and supporting pilasters, are all covered with historical fresco paintings, arabesque ornaments, and a profusion of gilding. The general ideas of all of them were suggested by the King himself, and embodied on cartoons by Zimmerman, who, ever since they received the royal approbation, has been engaged in their final execution. A French painter of merit passed through Munich the year before last, and asked permission to leave a record of his talent in one of the lunettes. Both the composition and the colouring of his performance are good, and the drawing, like that of most of the French artists, is correct. Zimmerman would permit any painter of eminence to contribute a specimen of his talents to this endless collection; just as the ancient masters must have done, when engaged in those interminable and extensive fresco ceilings which greet the eye of the traveller, in churches and palaces, at Venice, Padua, Mantua, Parma, Florence. and Rome. It is easy to trace, in almost all those examples, evidence of this fraternal practice of the principal painters, in admitting to a co-partnership of fame, an esteemed fellow-artist.

We had full leisure to examine the exterior of the Pinakothek, after leaving the gallery, and to admire its two principal elevations, facing the north and south, and extending five hundred English feet in length. The style is imposing and palladian; but the numerous square lantern skylights which rise over the roof throughout its area, impair the general impression produced by the building. There is also a running screen over the principal story, some feet in height,—a species of windowless attic,—which is not in the purest taste. The intention of it is to give height to the great gallery, and make room for the lofty vaulted

ceiling which Zimmerman is employed in decorating. The same internal arrangement might have been obtained, one would imagine, by means of some more cunning architectural device, which would have added to, instead of detracting from, the external beauty of the edifice.

The Pinakothek, when completed, will stand in the middle of a garden, with a rich parterre in front, like the new museum at Berlin. The building will contain upwards of fifteen hundred pictures, including the celebrated galleries of Düsseldorf, Heidelberg, Ratisbon, Deux Ponts, and that purchased from the two brothers Boisserie; together with the pictures belonging to former sovereigns of Bavaria, at present in the royal palace of Schleissheim near Munich. This rich, valuable, and imposing collection will rival, and even surpass, many of the most celebrated galleries in Europe.*

We were glad to recover from the fatigues of a long morning so well spent, by a return to the hotel at which we alighted on our arrival in Munich. Few cities in Europe possess better or larger establishments of that kind. The one I had selected was the *Golden Stag*, situated not far from the handsome church and convent of the Theatins, in the street of that name, and equally near to the public gardens, the theatre, and the king's palace. The establishment is large and well conducted, and always full. For our apartments on the second story, looking over the court, with excellent beds, carpets, modern furniture, and every convenience to accommodate three persons,—including a readier attendance, both of *kellners* and maids, than it is usual to meet with in German hotels,—we were charged two and a half florins, or four shillings and twopence per diem. A table-d'hôte is daily kept in the principal room on the first floor, which is attended not only by the majority of the inmates, but also by a great many persons of the town, who seek thus to enjoy the pleasure of the society of travelled foreigners.

As usual among the guests, the English predominate. You can mark them at once by diagnostic signs which never fail. If you behold an unusually well-dressed individual, high-cravated, and clad in a Stulz *frac*, coming into the dining-room after all

* This magnificent establishment has since been opened to the public, and the encomiums bestowed upon it by the journals, and by travellers, are as unanimous as they are unqualified.

the rest of the people have finished their *potage*, be assured he is an Englishman. If he begins grumbling in indifferent French to the *kellner*, at the *bouillon au ris*, and turns up his nose at the *bouilli* which follows, doubt not that he is an Englishman. If he beckons to the waiter to bring him a dish out of its turn, so as to derange, altogether, the usual routine to which every one cheerfully submits—he is unquestionably an Englishman. If he calls for a bottle of champagne when every one else is quaffing his *demi-bouteille* of sour wine, the conclusion is inevitable: and if three or four such individuals cluster together, talk loud, and d—— the cookery, at the same time that they admit how cheaply they can live and amuse themselves, the case is quite manifest: they are all from this side of the channel—landed from the Dampschiff at Frankfort, and recently imported into Bavaria.

But these are venial peccadilloes, and innocent peculiarities, of which a certain class only of travelling Englishmen partakes, and from which many excellent persons, and the *sommités aristocratiques ou fashionables*, are entirely exempt. On the other hand, diagnostics equally characteristic, but of a more exalted description, denote the happy dweller of Britain, which more than compensate for his trifling eccentricities; and which open to the really polished and good, travelling abroad, every avenue to select society, and secure to them a hearty welcome.

There is a treat which one gets genuine and good at the *Cerf-d'or*—and that is a *déjeuner Anglais*, served in the neatest manner possible, on one of the small tables in the great dining-room. Tea, good, and made quite *à l'Anglaise*—(the kettle boiling over charcoal embers in an appropriate vessel,)—rolls of the whitest flour—excellent butter—eggs just laid for you—and some Bavarian ham, or *saucisson sans* garlick, may be had any day, (damages fifty-six kreutzers a-head, or 1*s.* 6*d.*) What meal is more philosophical than such a breakfast? To a traveller, and in rude health, it is the most wholesome repast of his day. To a travelling invalid it is not less so, excepting always the butter. But both will be sure to rise from it with a serenity of mind and a vigour of body which they would in vain look for, from one of those more substantial entertainments which mein herr Havard, of the *Cerf-d'or*, will give them later in the day, at his *table d'hôte*.

# CHAPTER II.

## ROAD TO GASTEIN.

### MUNICH—(*concluded.*)

Visit to Baron de Gise—*Jardin de la Cour*—*Jardin Anglais*—Monopteros—Rencontre—*Max-Joseph Platz*—Monument—English architects and sculptors—The new Houses of Parliament in England—Barbaric taste—Patronage *versus* talent—Contrast in Munich—The Theatre—King's Palace—Hotel des Postes—The Opera and the Orchestra—King's popularity—His love of the Arts—Civil List—Useful Institutions—Cabinet of Bavarian Beauties—Madame ———. —Privileges of the Pfennings—Society at Munich—Interesting inquiry—The Great Cemetery—Resuscitation—The Allegemeine Krankenhaus—Dr. von Ringseis—Scenes from real life—*La Religieuse*—Interview with Prince Wallerstfin—Conference with the leading Medical men at the house of the Minister on the cholera—Bavarian good sense, and English follies—Counsellor Breslau—Professor Walther—Professor De Loe—Prediction fulfilled—*Le jour du Roi*—Grand meeting of the Academy of Sciences—Letter of introduction—Schelling—The Royal Society of London—My work on that Society—Notions respecting it in Germany—Eglise de la Cour—The National Guard—Prince Eugene's monument—Dinner at Lord Erskine's—Promenade to Nympenburgh—Its park and gardens—King Otho—Louis the First of Bavaria in the bosom of his family—Mavrocordato—Return to Munich—Final Departure.

The principal object of my journey to the continent,—embracing as it did several important inquiries appertaining to political economy,—required that I should see at Munich, as well as in all the other capitals I visited, some of the King's ministers. Accordingly I had the honour of an interview with the Baron de Gise, the minister for foreign affairs, at his official hotel, a very handsome edifice, on the "*Place de Promenade.*" This interview took place after dinner;—as, luckily for those who have anything to do besides seeking amusement, the hour of the *table-d'hôte* is an early one, and leaves ample time for serious occupation afterwards. Lord Erskine, who had already introduced me to Prince Wallerstein, the minister of the home department, did me the same honour on the present occasion; and I am proud to acknowledge the urbane and ready manner in which both those high officers of state entered into the merits of the questions I had to submit to their consideration, and granted me

every facility for obtaining the theoretical as well as practical information I required.

After business, relaxation. That is as it should be. Munich, fortunately, offers plenty of opportunities for the latter: and a tour through the *Jardin de la Cour* and the *Jardin Anglais* may be considered as one of them, and not the least agreeable. The first of these two places of recreation scarcely deserves the name of *jardin:* but under the auspices of his present majesty it will doubtless be converted into a diversified and rich parterre, after the manner of the Tuileries, instead of what it now is—a square, planted with stunted trees, *en quinconce*, strewed with dusty gravel; having a rotunda in the middle, with the statue of Bavaria in bronze on the top of it; and a *jet d'eau* at each corner. The only striking feature of the *Jardin de la Cour* is a running arcade, 2,300 feet in length, which extends along two of the inner sides of the walls of it, serving as a *promenade à sec* in wet weather. On the wall, opposite many of the arches, large *tableaux* in fresco-painting, of some historical records of Bavaria, and of considerable merit, enliven and give effect to this part of the garden. It is expected that upon the completion of the new façade of the *Residenz*, which looks into the garden, the two remaining sides of the latter will be enclosed with similar arcades.

The Jardin Anglais (*Englische Garten*) is a park of from three to four miles in extent, on the borders of the Isar, which is here a magnificent river. It is intersected by numerous canals and rivulets derived from the Isar, with baths, coffee-houses, pavilions, villas, and delightful walks, either along the margin of the water, or through smiling meadows in the midst of thick and shady woods. A very beautiful Ionic temple, adorned with twelve columns in the ancient and purest style, has been erected and is nearly completed, called *Monopteros*, under the same successful architect, the Chevalier Klenzé, whom I have so often mentioned. This temple stands upon an eminence, and commands a view of the Bavarian and Tyrolian Alps. The King, being desirous of reviving all the most approved branches of ancient art, has directed that the exterior of the edifice thall be decorated with encaustic paintings. A monument in marble, to

the memory of the founder of this park, the last elector, Charles Theodore, will be erected in the interior.

As if to keep me in mind of one of the objects for which I was passing through Munich, and which the many attractions of that city were calculated to induce me to forget, chance procured me a meeting, as I was leaving the English Garden, with an old patient of mine, who had just returned from Gastein, where she had passed the first part of the present season, with a success of which I could perceive the good effects on her much improved countenance, as she was darting past me in her britzscka. Her surprise at seeing her physician in such a place,—who had been consulted in London not long before, on this very journey to Gastein, from which she was just returning,—gave way to the satisfaction of telling him the degree of benefit she had derived from this, her second visit to that Spa. Lady —— was accompanied by her husband, one of the oldest lieutenant-generals in the army, and by a foreign nobleman, both of whom, with their description of the Gastein baths, increased greatly my desire to visit that remote mineral spring. During two or three subsequent interviews with her ladyship, and at a dinner party at her hotel, I had full opportunities of entering into my favourite subject, and received information respecting my journey to Gastein which I found particularly useful. My visit to the *Englische Garten*, therefore, proved as profitable as pleasing.

The remainder of a long summer's day affording us time to view some other important object, I directed my steps, accompanied by my two sons, on our way home, through the *Residenz Strasse*, skirting the sides of the king's palace, (or palaces,—for the old and new are now united,) which gives the name to the street. At the end of it we found ourselves in the handsome square, called *Max-Joseph's Platz*, the only fault of which is, that it is neither regular nor spacious enough for the imposing and magnificent buildings which form three of its sides.

From the bronze statue which rises in its centre, this square, one of the most striking in Europe, takes its name. That statue, recently completed, represents the King Max Joseph seated on a consular chair, giving his blessing to the Bavarian people. This monument to his memory was erected, as the inscription tells us, by the *Cives Monacenses*. It is a statue larger than life: its

*pose* is dignified, the countenance beaming with benignity, and the drapery classical. Its lofty and almost colossal pedestal, curiously compounded, is not equally entitled to the same unqualified praise in point of taste. As in the case of the obelisk on the *Caroline Platz*, the bronze of this monument is of a golden yellow, and produces a better effect than the artificial green, to imitate antiquity, which modern sculptors are too fond of giving to their casts. How much greater would have been the effect of the York statue, both near and far, had it been of the same undisguised material as this monument of Max Joseph is! Why should a statue be of green bronze, before even a quarter of a year has passed over its head? Did the ancients erect green statues? Were the Corinthian monuments green? Or is it because other artists in modern times have erected green statues that we must always have them of that tint?

Neither architects nor sculptors are daring in this country; they are slaves to their note-book, and to the routine of those who have gone before them. But I am wrong in the application of this truth. I should have said that those who have the means, or assume the right, to choose and employ English architects and English sculptors, will not allow them to be daring and imaginative—to be inventors and innovators—as many might and would be, who have talents, skill, genius, and every technical qualification for that purpose. I need only appeal, in support of my assertion, to the page in the history of the fine arts of our times in England, which will record to posterity the first *baroque* notion, of placing the representatives of a people, claiming to be *par excellence* the most progressing and most improving nation in Europe, in arts, in knowledge, and in virtue,—within an edifice, the structure of which can at best but suggest epochs of barbarism, ignorance, cruelty, and vice;—of placing the representatives of the freest people in the world in a building whose gothic darkness can only commemorate the era when liberty was an obsolete word in the English language—when England was enslaved by foreigners—when Harry VIII. proclaimed his wives as harlots,—and Elizabeth sent her lovers to the scaffold.

The same page will go on to record, that a notion so crude, so absurd, and so incorrect, was adopted in spite of the warnings of enlightened men; and that more than forty English architects of talent, and established fame, found themselves

bound down, by a group of men unskilled in the arts, to torture into an equal number of variations of the gothic design, their several plans for a British House of Commons in the nineteenth century! Some of these able yet fettered artists had the daring which genius imparts, and ventured to break their chains. They dashed into their drawings other and much nobler and more elevated ideas of building, for so glorious an occasion. But these were rejected: a fact which the same page of history will not fail to report, together with the names of those who were the authors of the rejection.

But the new Houses of Parliament *must* be of gothic structure forsooth, because other public buildings near to them are of gothic structure!* If this argument be worth anything, the time may come when it may influence future legislators to line the river with gothic buildings. It is not impossible that occasions may arise, for the erection of great public structures upon many of the crown lands right and left of the projected pile; and in that case, and upon the same principle, gothic will be their design.

Neighbourhood, indeed, as an argument to determine the style of architecture for a great and a public edifice! Why, who ever considered that portion of the still existing building of the House of Commons and courts of law, which looks in the face one of the most complete specimens of gothicism,—Henry's Chapel,—as an eye-sore, or a violation of architectural propriety, from that mere circumstance? On the contrary, indifferent, even, as that portion of the building is in point of modern design, it acquires some additional merit from the mere fact of its being a varied specimen of architecture, as compared with its opposite neighbour.

When certain noble Lords and M. P.'s contend that a gothic design is necessary for the new Houses of Parliament, on the ground that Westminster Hall and the Abbey in their immediate vicinity are built in that style,—they seem to have forgotten the various examples of beauty and exquisite effect which a departure from that very principle has produced in this country. Many of these advocates of contiguity have probably seen that magnificent specimen of gothic structure, King's College Chapel, in Cambridge. Will they, for a moment, bring to memory the first

* See, in particular, a recent discussion in the House of Lords on this subject, (May, 1837).

impression of surprise, pleasure, and admiration, which they no doubt experienced, when in walking through the classic groves on the western bank of the Cam, they cast their eyes on the western termination of that exquisite building, with its beautiful window and lateral turrets, rising between two edifices of indisputable merit, Clare Hall, and the west front of King's College; the one recalling the Florentine, the other the Vicentine style of Italian architecture? What happier combination of three stately buildings (singularly but beautifully contrasting with each other) could one well imagine, than this identical one of which the Cantabrigians are so justly proud? Where is the *choquant* effect in this combination, which it has been asserted would be produced by the contiguity of gothic with Roman or Grecian architecture? On the contrary, can any lord, any member of parliament, any officer of the woods and forests, any amateur-committee-man-of taste, point out a more dignified and pleasing architectural group—one of more undisputed grandeur, in any other part of England or of Europe, than this brilliant association of the two colleges and the chapel?

It is manifest, therefore, that in this untoward act of the government, a first erroneous notion was conceived and adopted upon a false principle—that the said notion was next worked out in opposition to that principle—and that it will at last be carried into effect upon no plausible principle whatever. This is the more to be lamented, as had the character of the design been left to the unfettered imagination and taste of the many skilful competitors, few perhaps were better able to produce a more tasteful, more appropriate, and more imposing elevation than the very architect whose exceedingly pretty drawings have swayed the choice of the umpires.

This great episode in the history of English architecture shows why English architects cannot venture to be daring in their imaginative flights and inventions. Not so with the Bavarian architects, who, instead of a committee *sans* taste, have a King to superintend and guide them, whose fine perception of the beautiful, and deep knowledge of true taste, tend to encourage, instead of checking, the poetry of their imagination.

In the Max Joseph's Platz of Munich, edifices stand on three sides of it, highly creditable to the arts in Bavaria. The Florentine front of the new king's palace, (Königsbau,) nearly 600 feet

in length, occupies the north side. In the centre of the west side, a theatre in the Roman style, 180 feet wide, presents its noble portico of eight corinthian columns, and four magnificent bronze candelabra; while on the south side a new *Hôtel des Postes* is being erected, with a running arcade, which will remind one of those found in some of the Italian cities of the north, where the external walls, as will be the case at Munich, are decorated with paintings. The fourth side, occupied at present by private houses of an ordinary class, which are in the act of being demolished, will, it is said, be filled up with another grand and appropriate structure, to complete the square,—with the addition of a magnificent public fountain.

Of our visit to the interior of the new royal residence, I shall not attempt to give an account; it would be a task of too much labour, so extensive and rich in details are its apartments; and of the royal theatre I shall say as little. Both are buildings of recent dates. The latter, having been burnt down in 1823, was rebuilt on the same plan by the architect Fischer. The former was commenced in 1826, and completed on the 20th of October, 1835, on which day the royal consorts celebrated, within its gilded walls, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their nuptials.

The *affiche* outside of the theatre, inscribed with "*Der Templer und die Jüdin*," a romantic opera from Ivanhoe, the music composed by *Von H. Marschner*, tempted us into the interior,—where, for the moderate sum of 1*s.* 8*d.*, we found private stalls in the best part of the *parterre*. The performance was over by ten o'clock.

People are puzzling their brains to find out the cause of what is called the decline of public taste for theatrical representation in England. Has it ever occurred to them that there is not a place (on earth at least) in which any one would care to remain for five and sometimes six long hours at a stretch,—as is the case in the national theatres of this country:—in which, moreover, hard benches, straight backboards, cramped space, stifling atmosphere, suffocating gas-light, popping ginger-beer bottles and ginger-beer cries, noisy galleries, and uncomfortable neighbours, are not likely to reconcile the real lover of the drama to so protracted a penance? Here in the King'sTheatre, at Munich, we had plenty of elbow-room, and well-behaved spectators. The house was sufficiently *éclairée* by wax-lights to exhibit the

assembled multitude to advantage, and to heighten the effect of the illumination on the stage,—the decorations of which, throughout the opera, were truly beautiful, and strictly correct. Much of the music was of a superior style,—particularly the chorusses.

But my undivided attention and admiration were given to the exquisite precision, the true intonation and finish, of the instrumental part of the opera. It was equal, in every respect, if not superior, to that most perfect of all bands, the orchestra of the Granducal Theatre at Weimar, of which I gave an account in the first volume of my travels to St. Petersburgh, and which was under the immediate direction of the late celebrated Hummel. None but a real lover of music can appreciate the indescribable feeling of delight which music so played, be it German or Italian, is calculated to excite.

The King entered his box, near the proscenium, on the right, in plain clothes, and was instantly cheered by every one present, in the most enthusiastic manner, three times repeated. This expression of popular attachment his Majesty acknowledged, by bowing to the assembly an equal number of times, and showing himself from the box, with an earnestness that evinced the sincerity of his acknowledgment. The moment this boisterous effusion had subsided, the performance began; and throughout the evening not the least noise or applause was heard from the spectators, who thus manifested their high respect for their sovereign.

An inquisitive traveller need not be long at Munich, to learn the reason of this great measure of popularity enjoyed by the King. Had I asked for it, I might very justly have been answered with the "*Circumspice*" which was applied to one of the eminent characters of history. The surrounding edifices of the capital would warrant such a laconic eulogy of the King, who has contributed from his privy purse the funds towards the erection of most of them, out of a civil list which amounts yearly to not more than £240,000 sterling, including the appointments for the Queen-consort and the Queen-dowager, together with those of the Princesses.

It is said that the King has other means of procuring the necessary funds for all the embellishments he has given and intends giving to Munich. Those hinted at are ingenious and commend-

able, and might be adopted with equal benefit to the public, in certain other countries. Where would be the harm of employing a portion of the vast sums allotted for the maintenance of an army larger than the urgency of the moment may require, in executing works of public and permanent utility, if that could be effected simply by keeping the regiments below their full complement? Or who can suffer detriment, when any lucrative and almost sinecural employment under government becomes vacant, if the office be not filled up too hastily, and the head of that government applies the amount of the lapsed salary (until a worthy substitute be found for the office) to works of general importance? But the King of Bavaria has other and more solid claims to the affection of his people. He has relieved them from taxes to the amount of four millions of florins annually. He has established schools and public institutions, and has encouraged every important undertaking; among which the Bavarian bank, just opened for operations, and the canal destined to unite the Danube with the Maine, and consequently with the Rhine, (begun a year and a half ago, and proceeding steadily,) may be mentioned as not the least conspicuous.

The execution of this last project is a realisation of the vast idea, first conceived by Charlemagne, in the eighth century, of bringing the German Ocean and the Black Sea in communication; and although a company of shareholders will ultimately have the management of the operations, it is by the active exertions of the Bavarian government itself that this great object will be accomplished. The canal will have a navigable length of one hundred and seven English miles, (including a portion of the river Altmühl, which is to be made navigable,) and will cost eight or nine millions of florins.

Some travellers, more fond of scandal than of truth, have insinuated that the sovereign of Bavaria has an ultra love for the *beautiful* and the fine arts, and that a portion of the sums he spends is employed in superfluous works, or such as are of doubtful utility. They pretend that a certain cabinet in the royal palace, containing the portraits of all the most admired Bavarian beauties, *n'importe* from what class of society taken, must have cost no trifling sum, which might well have been spared. But Peter the Great had the same fancy, without having been subjected to any obloquy for it, when he ordered Pietro Rotari,

the contemporary of Pompeo Battoni, to fill the centre room of the stupendous line of apartments, extending several hundred feet in length, in the imperial palace at Peterhoff, with three hundred and sixty-eight portraits, principally of young females, of every class and description, who were remarkable for their beauty.* The result in Russia was most fortunate for the arts, and I doubt not but that in Bavaria the same success, namely, the encouragement of portrait painting, will attend the same experiment. It is only the naturally evil-thinking who can see poison in such an experiment. Madame ——, the lady of a gentleman connected with the diplomatic body in Munich, considered as a great beauty, was requested by the King to permit her portrait to be taken for his cabinet of Bavarian beauties. "Pardon, Sire," replied the lady, "cela ne *nous* conviendrait pas. On dirait que nous a ons été trop intimement liés." Now I protest that a silent acquiescence in the King's request would have been less indelicate than this excuse. The Princess Wallerstein, who from an humble station was raised to that of the wife of the home minister of the crown—a lady whose personal beauty is an index of her still more beautiful character—did not think evil, when she sat for her portrait, to be added to those in the said cabinet. Neither did Mad^lle^ ——, a *bourgeoise* and a single lady of unsurpassed charms,—one of those females who still wear on their heads the Bavarian *Rigelhaube;*—nor did her parents dream of any harm befalling her, when she consented to have her portrait taken for the same purpose.

All this unnecessary fuss, about a matter so simple and so natural, arose, probably, from the circumstance of the portrait of the Baroness ——— being found in the collection. If there be aught to condemn in that circumstance, it is the having smuggled an English beauty into a collection purporting to be of Bavarian beauties only.

We had more than one opportunity, during our sojourn at Munich, to hear of the domestic happiness which the King seems to enjoy in the bosom of his family; and on one or two occasions we witnessed, in public, sufficient evidence of that fact.

* See vol. ii. p. 449, of a work intitled "St. Petersburgh, a journal of travels to and from that capital through Flanders, the Rhenish provinces, Russia, Prussia, Poland, Silesia, Saxony, the federated States of Germany, and France.—By A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo., third edition, 1833."

He appears to be particularly fond of his children. Neither is he less so of his nearest royal relatives, over whose conduct he watches with parental care. His Majesty has never hesitated to remove from them those temptations which often lead young princes into the path of dissipation and immorality; and on a recent occasion a *danseuse de l'opéra* was desired to quit the capital forthwith, because her conduct with a royal duke, connected by marriage and consanguinity with the sovereign, excited considerable scandal.

There were many points of interest to me in Munich, which demanded my undivided attention. The supply of water for domestic purposes—the police regulations for the cleanliness of the city—the state of the public fountains and the subviaducts—the condition of the canals—the structure of the great waterworks—the arrangements for the introduction and slaughtering of cattle—the appearance and management of the great hospital—and the national cemetery,—these were a few of the objects I had it in charge to investigate, or which I chose to add to my more general inquiry. On one or two of them only I shall now offer a few remarks in passing; leaving for a more important occasion the business of embodying in a practical volume the very extensive notes I have collected on all the others, and on many more equally important topics, both at Munich, and in every first and second-rate city of Germany.

There is but one burial-place in Munich, (Begrabniss Platz,) situated outside of the town; and although vast, it is crowded to excess. Catholics and Protestants are alike buried in it. The general aspect of this congregation of the dead,—whose deeds in life, or whose names only, are recorded on crosses, and vases, and urns, and sarcophagi, and tempiettos, of every sort and design, some gilt, others gaudily painted, and many bearing chaplets or garlands of flowers—is imposing. It is like a great chapter on mortality, lying open before us. At one extremity, a semicircular arcade affords space and opportunity for exhibiting the bodies (as is the case at Frankfort) immediately upon their being removed thither. Agreeably to the laws of the country, no mortal remains can be buried until after two days of such previous exhibition, during which an easy contrivance has been devised for giving notice to the keepers of the cemetery, should vitality return. In such a case, the fingers, by the slightest

agitation, would set in motion certain alarum-bells, and in this manner two lives were preserved within the last few years. This Necropolis was finished in 1818, and in many parts resembles a fine garden. Here, among other and numerous monuments, that which commemorates the great battle of Sendling stands conspicuous.

From the Begrabniss to the Town Hospital, or *Allegemeine Krankenhaus*, the transition is short; and they ought to have been mentioned in the inverse order. These two vast establishments are ominously near each other. The Krankenhaus was constructed in 1813, on an open space immediately outside the town, through the Sendlinger Thor or gate. There is an extensive lawn before it, with a gravel walk of considerable length, leading to the principal front, which is stuccoed, and bears an inscription to the King, founder of the hospital. Behind it a large oval garden affords to the convalescents the means of taking exercise, and of enjoying the fresh air in fine weather.

There are in this vast edifice (the interior of which is a true model of perfection, as to accommodation, ventilation, cleanliness, and good order) fifty *salles* or wards, in which male and female patients are admitted gratuitously, provided they be civilians and not afflicted with incurable disorders. In addition to these, there are fifty others, especially devoted to the accommodation of patients who pay from half a florin (10*d.*) to one florin and a half a day, according to the kind of diet they may require. Many of the patients have a private room to themselves individually. The attendance on the patients is performed by an order of *religieuses*, similar to those found in the French hospitals under the name of Sisters of Charity. Here they are called *les sœurs grises*. Abolished some years before, they were re-established at the suggestion of Doctor Von Ringseis, one of the physicians of the hospital. In the company of this gentleman I examined every part of the establishment—having for that purpose attended as early as seven o'clock, that I might go round the wards with him during his visit. Dr. Ringseis very justly attributes to the zeal and assiduity of these exemplary nurses, whose meek air and quiet demeanour attract the attention of the stranger as much as their picturesque costume, the almost indescribable degree of excellency which exists in all the domestic and other arrangements of the hospital. I can freely say that I never beheld any-

where else an institution of the same kind equal to it in those respects.

The average number of yearly admissions amounts to six thousand. In the summer there are above four hundred, and in the winter five and often six hundred patients in the hospital at one time,—the daily cost of each of which, including every possible item of expenditure, does not exceed thirty-six kreutzers (one shilling.)

Doctor Von Ringseis was already at his post, when I entered one of the men's wards, and introduced myself to him as a physician from London. He was standing by the side of one of the beds, feeling the pulse, and fixing his piercing eye on the countenance of a patient, who in return hung on the doctor's looks, awaiting his doom. "Un, deux, trois, (counting in French and aloud, and without a watch, as he saw me approaching him,) quatre, cinq, six,—la fièvre est partie—convalescent;" and with his hands in the side-pockets of his ample *surtout*, the doctor stepped to the next bed, looked at the patient, and knowing that he understood French, observed in Latin to me, "Candidatus mortis. Consumptio pulmonorum rapidissima." The laconic physician thus passed shortly and rapidly from one bed to another, and through several wards, stopping only a somewhat longer time, when a new case, or an old one which did not proceed satisfactorily, demanded more of his attention. "*Fièvre nerveuse et pituiteuse*," he would say to me, as he walked up to one of the beds, "*medicatur, cum sale amaro;*" and then fearing I should not comprehend such an alchymical term, "*sulphas magnesiæ est*," he would add, with much good-nature. All his prescriptions seemed to be equally simple. In one instance he ventured on something more complicated, and he dictated to the assistant, "Deux grains d'aloés et quatre de rhubarb;" and I nodded approval, as he seemed to scan my face to know what I thought of the prescription. "Nous nous en trouvons très bien, (said he;) cela porte les humeurs vers le bas ventre, et sert à resoudre la fièvre plutôt."

We entered one of the *salles privées*, destined to receive patients of the Jewish persuasion. There was a young student in theology, very ill in it, and a *ci-devant* soldier in the Bavarian artillery, an elderly man, dying of dropsy, who had stuck, with a pin, on the wall, his medal of honour, hung from its black and

white ribbon, to which he, with great complacency, pointed my attention. In another bed lay an old *officier de santé*, formerly an ingenious surgeon, to whom the profession was indebted for several clever instruments and apparatus, particularly for fractures, and who was now lingering under a fatal induration of the liver, and consequent dropsy, for which he had just been tapped. He seemed, poor fellow, to fear the approach of death, and wrung his raised hands again and again, as if to supplicate from his physician for more assistance and pity. Dr. Von Ringseis evidently felt much interest in the man, and turning to me, "Excellente personne," said he, "bon—bon de cœur. Il a fait beaucoup de bien; il a été le seul soutien de sa vieille mère et de ses pauvres sœurs. Dommage qu'il meurt." The poor fellow did not comprehend French, but it was evident that he understood fully his own situation; and the horror at quitting a world which yet contained some beings dear to him, and who looked up to him for support, was strongly marked in his countenance.

Another *salle privée* showed us some students in medicine, labouring under disease. One of them, who was dying of consumption, regretted his mother most. Oh, could he but see her before he died! A second patient, a good-looking young fellow, was slowly recovering from a "*fièvre bilio-pituiteuse.*" The doctor stood at a little distance from his bed, looked at the patient, and with his dry, immovable face, in which the most prominent feature would have formed a chapter on noses, made him smile. "Du fürchtest jetzt den Tod nicht mehr?" said he to him *brusquely*, and turning to me, he added, "le jeune homme avait grande peur de mourir. C'est un hypochondriaque."

As we were preparing to quit this abode of desolation, grief, and bodily pain, lodged in handsome apartments, lying on soft, clean, and white beds, and attended by young and many of them angelic-looking nurses in a monastic garb, we passed one of these latter, who stood with her hands crossed on her swelling bosom, and had stopped to allow the physician and his pupils to go by. Her fine pale face and soft eyes were meekly lowered to the ground, like those in one of Carlo Dolce's Madonnas, and she only raised them in acknowledgment of a morning salutation from the doctor. What a volume of feelings I read, in an instant, in the quick-passing glances she directed towards us! "*Excellente personne!*" exclaimed mein Herr Von Ringseis, as we left her

behind—" excellente—angelique. C'est une sainte vraiment." I fastened my eyes upon her figure, as she turned to follow her sacred office, and quitted us. Her very movements bespoke her origin and her condition! Born to luxury, to the advantages of noble blood, to the enjoyments of an earthly paradise, she had left them all, to follow the self-denying, the humble calling of a sister of charity, that she might do good here, and deserve better hereafter.

I left the Allegemeine Krankenhaus, much gratified, and, I must add, edified with my morning occupation.

During one of the interviews which I had with the minister for the home department, a question was put to me by that functionary, after the discussion of other matters, whether it would be agreeable to me to attend a conference with the head physicians and surgeons of Munich, on the subject of oriental cholera; as the government felt anxious to be prepared, in case that disease should make its appearance in Bavaria, with all the information respecting the manner of treating it which could be collected from persons experienced on the subject. Prince Wallerstein, the minister, alluded to a work of mine published in England,* which had reached Germany, and had been partly translated into German, and on the principles of which he meant to act, should the disease visit the capital. "I agree entirely with you," added the prince, "respecting the inutility of all those precautionary measures which the governments of the north of Europe had been urged to adopt, by partial, ignorant, interested, or mistaken persons; and I look, as you did in your book, on all such measures as more likely to do harm than good, by spreading a panic among the population, even before the real disorder has visited the country. Quant à moi, je suis bien déterminé à ne rien faire qui puisse jeter l'alarme parmi le peuple. I am intimately convinced that we shall have the cholera in Munich at some time or other. But I am discouraged from adopting the line of conduct which the English government followed, when the disease threatened to invade England, because subsequent events in that country, as well as in France, Prussia, and Austria, have verified your assertions of the perfect inutility of that conduct—because those events have proved that cholera is not contagious—

* See the Catechism of Health, 1831-2, 4th edition. By A. B. Granville, M. D., F.R.S., &c.

and because cholera is not, like the plague, to be kept out by quarantines and lazarettoes."

In the evening of the day on which this conversation took place, I received the following official letter:

"MONSIEUR,

"Son Altesse le ministre de l'intérieur le Prince Wallerstein m'a chargé de vous inviter pour *demain d* 10 *heures* du matin, à une conférence avec plusieurs médecins d'ici, sur l'objet du cholera Oriental, dans le Bureau du Ministère.

"Avec la plus grande consideration,

"Monsieur, &c. &c.

"DR. RINGSEIS,

"1*er Conseiller Med. du Ministère.*"

At the appointed time, I found in the audience room of the *Hôtel du Ministère* the writer of the preceding letter, who is chef du département de santé at Munich; Dr. Breslau, *conseiller intime actif*, and physician to the King, who had seen the cholera during its prevalence at Vienna; Professor Walther, the celebrated oculist and principal surgeon to the King, as well as one of his *conseillers intimes actives;* Professor de Loé, chief physician to the hospital I had visited in the morning; and several other distinguished members of the profession. The Prince himself presided.

I need not here repeat the statements I made to these truly eminent and experienced men, because they are out of season at this moment, and because they were analogous to those which I made known long ago to the English public. I detailed to those gentlemen the several methods of cure that had been recommended in the different stages of the disorder in England, and cited the principal works of merit which the disease had given rise to. I alluded to the various measures which had been adopted during the epidemic in London; and mentioned the ultimate result of them, as well as of each mode of treatment adopted. Professor Walther took notes of all I said, and the several members afterwards addressed to me different questions, connected with my statements, or suggested by the nature of the investigation; most of the answers to which were also written down by Professor Walther. His own pertinent and sagacious remarks, in the several parts of our discussion, were very striking.

In the course of my observations I ventured to state, that judging from the class of diseases which I had found on, inquiry, to prevail in Munich, as well as in the nearest rural districts I had visited—and also in the general hospital under the care of two of the members present,—I considered it likely that the cholera would make its appearance in the capital at no distant period. Dr. Breslau, who looked and seemed incredulous, asked me at about what time I imagined it likely that the disorder would show itself in Munich. "Before Christmas," was my reply. Those of my readers who have looked at the foreign news in the public journals during the last months of 1836, will have seen how truly my prediction was verified in October of that year,—two months only after it was uttered; and it is satisfactory to add how successfully and expeditiously the disorder was subdued in that capital.

The substance of this conference was subsequently inserted in the Bavarian journals, and repeated in other German papers. It lasted several hours, during which time I felt an honest pride at having been admitted to a fellowship of usefulness, with professional brethren of such exalted merit, the recollection of whose urbanity and kindness will never be obliterated from my mind. Professor Walther had, before the conference began, been kind enough to give me his advice, respecting a curious growth of skin in the external angle of the left eye of one of my sons, whom he carefully examined; and I hold Walther's opinion on disorders of the eyes to be the best in Europe. On leaving the audience room, Prince Wallerstein, who had learned from Dr. Ringseis that I had expressed a wish to possess a valuable work in quarto, with an atlas of plates, descriptive of the great hospital I had visited, and its system of ventilation—which work is very scarce, and could not be procured among the booksellers—presented me with a copy of it, taken from the library of his office.

Two days after this interesting meeting, it was *Jour du Roi*—a real holiday for the inhabitants of Munich, and of festival at all the public offices and institutions. The Royal Academy of Sciences, among others, celebrated the auspicious occasion, by holding their annual general meeting, at their apartments in the ancient college of the Jesuits. This building contains, likewise, the university, the royal archives, and the royal central library; together with various collections of objects of science and the arts. It is situated in the widest part of a handsome street called

the *Neuhauser-strasse*, which extends from the Haupt-platz, or principal square, to the *Karls-Thor*. Early on the day in question, I was honoured with the following letter from the president of the Academy, the celebrated SCHELLING,—whose name alone is a whole biography to those who are not strangers to the progress of German literature during the last half century.

"MONSIEUR,

"Je ne manquerai pas de mettre, le plutôt possible, sous les yeux de l'academie, les livres que vous avez bien voulu m'adresser pour elle. Elle recevra, j'en suis sûr, avec un haut intérêt, l'ouvrage, 'The Royal Society in the nineteenth century,'* qui déja a excité l'attention générale de l'Allemagne savante. Vos 'Prologomena on the human ovum' ne seront pas moins accueillis par notre classe des sciences naturelles et physiques, à la tête de laquelle *se trouve aujourd'hui le même savant* qui a, pour ainsi dire, donné l'initiative à toutes les nouvelles récherches sur cet objet, Monsieur Doellinger, précepteur de Monsieur le Dr. Boer, et de beaucoup d'autres physiologistes distingués. Il pourrait vous interesser, Monsieur, de faire la connaissance personelle de plusieurs membres de notre academie. En ce cas, je vous inviterais de vous rendre aujour'dhui, vers onze heures, au palais de l'academie, où l'on vous conduira à la salle, dans laquelle se réunissent les membres de l'academie avant de se rendre à la séance publique, qui aura lieu aujourd'hui après onze heurs.

"Etant occupé toute la matinée, et pensant partir demain pour un voyage, je ne saurais faire autrement pour me procurer le plaisir de votre connaissance personnelle, et la possibilité de vous exprimer combien je suis sensible aux sentimens que vous avez bien voulu me témoigner, et combien je désirerais d'être à même de vous donner les preuves de la haute considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être, &c. &c.

"SCHELLING."

"Monsieur le Docteur Granville,
&c. &c. &c."

* The Royal Society in the nineteenth century; being a statistical summary of its labours during the last thirty-five years, with many original tables and official documents never before published, &c. &c. By A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S., &c. 1 vol. 8vo 1831. Churchill, Gerrard-street.

This temptation was too great to be disregarded; but there was even a greater one for visiting the Academy on this day, in the circumstance of my having been asked to proceed thither, in company with one of its most distinguished members, whom I have before mentioned, Dr. Martius, and with our great botanist, Mr. Robert B——, after partaking of a light refreshment at the house of the former. I found SCHELLING what I had figured him to myself on perusing an account of his works in several French and English publications. *Il avait l'air métaphysique*, and that physiognomy of intellect, mixed with a placidity of countenance, which belongs to minds that commune with transcendent truths, or ethereal visions. He again alluded to my recent work on the Royal Society of London,—touching which, he told me, several articles had been inserted in the public prints and scientific journals of Germany, where the subject had created much interest. It had been looked upon as a work of much labour, which had probed to the bottom the concealed ulcers of a body that seemed to require renovation; and its details had been received with confidence, as there never had appeared in print any contradiction to the smallest of them, or any doubt thrown out respecting the authenticity of the numerous facts it divulged. SCHELLING expressed a hope that the work would produce its intended effect of reforming abuses, and placing the Royal Society of London on a level with the times, and in a condition suited to the many illustrious talents by which it had ever been and still was honoured.

The president of the royal academy of Munich was not aware, until I informed him, that the book so characterised by him, had, through a train of irregularities which baffle description, but which were afterwards deliberately sanctioned by a royal president, been considered, by about twenty fellows out of seven hundred and fifty, undeserving of the ordinary act of courtesy meted out to every individual who presents a book to a public society, and expects to be thanked for it, if the present, as had been the case in this instance, be accepted. Subsequent occurrences in this society, or rather among and in reference to its ruling members, have shown how correctly the work alluded to, and commended by the Bavarian philosopher, had described and estimated the real condition of that academical body. Its highest officer, not satisfied with suffering the irregularities alluded to

against the author of that book to remain recorded on the minutes of the society—has, since the publication of the present account of the interview with Schelling, in the first edition of this work, permitted the petty act of resentment (for it cannot be anything else) of some understrapper, who left the author's name out of the list of general invitations to certain ducal conversaziones.

SCHELLING afterwards introduced me to several of the professors as they came in successively, decked in their uniforms; and afforded me thus an opportunity of conversing with some of the most learned men, not of Bavaria alone, but of Germany in general. Soon after this, the several classes of the Academy assembled in their great hall, and went through their usual ceremonies on such occasions,—as I was informed by Mr. Robert B——, who remained, whilst I, to my great regret, was compelled to absent myself in consequence of an appointment with Lord Erskine.

As I issued from the palace of the Academy, I was attracted by the throng of people which was making its way into the adjoining Great Church of St. Michael, formerly belonging to the Jesuits; and I looked into that bold and striking temple, decorated by numerous bronze statues, particularly one of our Saviour, which holds in his hand a richly-gilded sphere. To this church the emphatic appellation of *Eglise de la Cour* has been given. The spectacle which presented itself, as I entered, was one of the most thrilling I had ever witnessed: it called up the never-forgotten impression made on me in 1827, by the sight of thirty thousand Russian soldiers falling prostrate before the patriarch of their church, while he extended his hand, to bless the standard which was to lead them to their Mahometan foes. Here, at the moment of my looking into the church, several thousand soldiers of the national guard, in their gay uniform, of blue and white, and with their glittering bayonets, were in the act of bending their knees in reverence to the Holy Host, the elevation of which by the officiating prelate had been announced to the assembled multitude by the sound of bells, the waving of burning censers, and a burst of instrumental music from the organ-loft.

While passing my eyes over this humbled phalanx, a grand and imposing monument, in white marble, caught my attention

in one of the chapels, at the upper end of the church, and on the left of the great altar. The naked figure of a warrior, somewhat larger than life, over which a military cloak is partially thrown, stands before the closed door of a sepulchral monument, holding in his right hand the wreath of victory; History seated on his right, a few steps lower, looks up to him, while she inscribes on a tablet the record of his deeds; and two winged genii stand in melancholy association on the left. Below the architrave of the entire monument, HONNEUR and FIDELITE' are seen inscribed in letters of gold; and on the pedestal a Latin inscription told me that what I beheld was a monument from the chisel of THORWALDSEN, erected over the mortal remains of EUGE'NE BEAUHARNAIS by the *Vidua Mœrens*, AUGUSTA AMALIA *Maxim: Jos: Bavariæ Regis Filia.* The sight of this memento of glorious days contrasted singularly with that of the pageant then exhibiting before me. I retired full of recollections with which some of my warmer feelings are essentially interwoven, and which linked themselves naturally with the earlier part of my chequered existence.

After partaking, with my two sons, of Lord Erskine's hospitality, on the last day of our sojourn in Munich, we proceeded in two carriages to that fairy land, so appropriately named NYMPHENBURGH, in the immediate environs of the capital. A wide and straight road, lined with lofty trees on each side, and passing between extensive, well-cultivated plains, leads to the royal chateau, which rises with its centre building, and two lateral pavilions connected by galleries, at the entrance of a great park and garden, with sylvan scenes around. Stately and important edifices connect themselves, right and left, with the royal buildings, with architectural effect. Among these buildings are to be particularly distinguished the church and chapel, the institute for the education of young ladies, and the great orangery. The court formed by these several edifices in front of the chateau is vast, and of a semilunar shape. In its centre, springs to the height of eighty-five English feet one of the most remarkable and boldest *jets d'eau* in Europe; the falling showers of which sprinkle over the surface of a vast basin, placed between the palace and the termination of the high road of access to it.

The view to a stranger, first approaching the spot, is altogether imposing, and produces that effect which might aptly be

termed "royal;"—for it is unique, and is only caused by royal demesnes and royal palaces, when marked by that character of style which vast extent, and the unsparing application of every object that art and luxury can invent, are alone capable of imparting. The suite of rooms in this Bavarian Versailles are splendid. The banqueting-hall in the central pavilion, from the windows of which there is a most charming view of the park and distant mountains, is of the loftiest dimensions. The pavement is inlaid with rich marbles, and a gallery runs around it, from which music often resounds to enliven the banquet; while admiring strangers are permitted to contemplate, on gala days, the royal scene below.

We wandered through the mazes of the park, which spreads out into a circumference of eight English miles, and in which SCKELL, the architect, has exhibited the strength and variety of his imagination, in disposing the grounds—producing accidental groups—forming plantations—raising kiosks, villas, pagodas, and pavilions—chequering meadows with streamlets—and ornamenting the woodland scene with a glassy and extensive lake, which falls in gauzy sheets over the rounded lips of a marble basin, to leap afterwards through obstacles and rocks, and divide itself into twenty channels, again to be reunited into one, ere it enters a delicious canal.

The company had separated into groups, each following its own inclinations and feelings of attraction, in the contemplation of the many hundred beauties by which we were surrounded. It was a balmy, zephyry sunset, with a subsequent picturesque twilight playing on the foliage, which waved in unison with the murmuring of the cascades, and the shrill notes of the blackbird and the nightingale. I never passed a more delicious hour, and I grieved when darkness compelled us to quit this place of enchantment. In walking through it I had taken the arm of Mr. Macintosh, the political economist, who has for some time been engaged in curious and interesting inquiries abroad, for the present government. As a well-informed man, accustomed to travel, and master of foreign languages; as a sound reasoner and acute observer; this gentleman seems to have been selected for his task, with more discrimination than is usually displayed in choices of this kind by the powers that be. I obtained from

him much useful information, and rejoiced at the opportunity which afforded me the advantage of his acquaintance.

NYMPHENBURGH again reminded me of the enormous and striking difference which exists, between the provisions made in foreign countries by their respective sovereigns, for the recreation, out of doors, of the industrious classes, and those made at home. There, a region of pure and legitimate pleasure and enjoyment, which in England would be guarded with a jealous eye, and encircled with a triple wall of exclusion, is thrown open freely and unreservedly on every day of the week, *Sunday not excepted*, to ALL CLASSES of people; and heartily do they enjoy the privilege. Its size—its lakes and canals—the fountains—the cascades—the monuments—the various buildings—the *serres*—the receptacles of living animals—the prairies,—(in all which the Bavarian park is superior to Versailles,)—are an irresistible temptation to the industrious classes to extend their holiday walks thus far, and to prefer such enjoyments to that of besotting themselves with gin,—even had they so alluring and fatal a poison at hand. And surely to a government that wishes well to the people, so easy a mode of winning them from a disorganising, denaturalising, and denationalising vice, ought to be adopted, cherished, and worked out with all the energies of sincere patriotism—an empty word, alas!

It was an interesting moment that, at which we prepared to re-ascend our carriages, and leave this beautiful royal demesne. OTHO the First, on his return from visiting some of the minor courts of Germany—at one of which he afterwards met with a most worthy consort, the lovely young Princess of Oldenburg, to share his Athenian throne,—was seen in a travelling carriage, accompanied by the Queen-mother, driving up the great avenue to the palace, which was lighted up for the occasion, and had been destined for his séjour while in Munich. The King, his father, who expected him, had long previously entered the beautiful and extensive gardens immediately behind the chateau, habited in a *bourgeois* dress, where we had seen him with some of his younger and lovely children, awaiting the arrival of the Grecian sovereign; and the meeting which soon after took place formed an exquisite family group. Immediately before that meeting, we recognised, among the few distinguished individuals

who were assembled on the occasion in front of the palace, MAVROCORDATO, who, alone, and wrapt in thought, was pacing the ground in expectation of his lord.

This happy drama, and the scenery around it, our party left behind with regret—taking our road back to the capital, which we quitted at noon on the following day.

# CHAPTER III.

## ROAD TO GASTEIN.

## SALTZBURG.

Departure from Munich—Roads and aspect of the country—Wasserburg—The Inn—Agricultural wealth—Daylight in a forest—Waginger lake—The Chiemsee—Saline springs—Reichenhall and Trauenstein—Hydraulic works—Subterranean canal—Production of salt in Bavaria—Crown revenue from it—Approach to Saltzburg—The *Stauffenberg* and the *Unterberg*—Austrian douane—Unprofitable vexation—View of Saltzburg—Hotel of the Moor on the Salza—Appearance of the streets—The cathedral—Superb Fountain—The Manège d'Eté—A marble horse—Tunnel gate—Great number of deformed people—Count M——— Saltzburg not yet in the "movement"—Doctor Werneck—Interview—Haydn—Mozart—The great cemetery—Ignaz Wurstel—Fatal destruction—Sigismond Haffner—Ratting profitable—Haydn's monument—House in which Mozart was born—Public memorial to his name suggested by a stranger—His liberality—Road to Gastein—Necessity of a minute description—Light and shade—Pass Lueg—Thunder-storm at night—Goître common—Lendt—Terrific defile—La Klamme—The *Ache*—Hair-breadth escape—Valley of the Ache—Hof-Gastein.

We are all now smooth, and in good-humour, post-boys and travellers. The right to insist on the post-boys riding, instead of driving, having been given up, and a snuggery in front of the britzscka for the latter operation being established, we proceeded as comfortably as possible, through the fields of clover and corn which greeted us over an extensive plain, after quitting Munich. The soil appeared thin and meagre, with a substratum, a few inches from the surface, of large rolled pebbles and gravel, which they employ, by-the-by, to mend the roads. Such materials being brittle and chalky, and consequently crumbling quickly into dust, left, after the heavy thunder-storm of the preceding night, many and deep ruts, notwithstanding the Macadam principle on which the road seems to be constructed, and the employment of *chaussée*-guards, as in Prussia, decked in green jackets and brassy hats, who scrape the road.

Parallel to this, on our right, nearly due south, and at the distance of about thirty miles, we traced the varied and ever-changing line of the Bavarian and Tyrolian Alps, among which rise prominently conspicuous, capped with snow, the *Zugspitz* and the *Kharwändel*, the one ten thousand, the other eight thousand six hundred feet above the Mediterranean level. Between these takes its rise, and descends into the Bavarian plateau, the ISAR, which waters the capital. Beyond the first post a visible change, not for the better, takes place in the outward aspect of the villages, which appeared no longer as neat and smart as those we had seen on the western roads of Bavaria. The inhabitants are lodged in humble wood dwellings resembling some of the Swiss cottages, and the land scarcely yields enough to repay the trouble of tilling it.

As we loitered by the road-side to examine and make inquiries, evening overtook us, followed by a most splendid night, during which the full moon revealed, as we proceeded along, all the beauties of the scenery around us, with the same bright and silvery light with which it shines on a frosty unclouded night in more northern regions. No object of interest presented itself, until the road, with a sudden turn through the ancient town of *Wasserburg*, descends a precipitous declivity to the foot of a wooden bridge thrown across the INN. The country around is flat and unattractive, though here and there a hill or an eminence interrupted the monotony of the way, and afforded an excuse for little pedestrian excursions.

Daylight broke upon us at five o'clock in the vicinity of *Alten Markt*, where the country assumes a more smiling aspect, and reminded me of the richer districts of Suabia, through which we had passed. Vast plains of luxurious trefoil lay extended for miles on our left; and now and then, ploughed fields, showing their rich soil, accounted at once for the enormous crops we saw gathered within colossal barns. In this district I particularly noticed the application of specific manures—so much attended to in Germany.

Large plantations of hops were crossed during the night, which seemed to flourish as well, at this elevation of upwards of two thousand feet, as on the tiny hills near Farnham, or in the plains of Kent. Occasionally a wood of larches and pines, of no great extent, came in sight, to break the sameness of the plateau. As

the moonlight shone over vast and distant fields, it imparted the fantastic shape of soldiers, ranged in files and square battalions, to the gathered clover, which, according to the farming system of the country, is wound around upright poles five feet high from the ground, to the thickness of a man's body.

As the sun rose in the east before us, above the top of the loftiest pine ranges that intercepted its rays at its birth,—the white mist of night gradually dispersed; and the myriads of gossamer webs that veiled the tips of every branch and shrub, sparkled with their seed-like diamonds, as they caught the first rays of the cheering planet, and the next moment their fairy texture, night-woven, was dispersed.

Who would not witness, and witnessing could not enjoy, such an early morning scene?—to catch nature at her toilet, when her most delicate beauties are unveiled to our sight? Have we not here the solution of a part, at least, of the secret of health recovered, and disease removed, when distant mineral springs are visited? Does not the inhaling of the purest and most balmy air, enriched with aromas, and, probably, with medicated effluvia from the surrounding plants, account for a portion at least of the recovery of the travelling invalid? I confess that, at such a conjuncture, I always felt as if my pristine vigour, impaired by the last thirty years of a laborious life, had been restored to me for the moment; and I would have willingly loitered for hours together to enjoy the like spectacle, and quaff the like draught of renovated vitality.

We had now reached the neighbourhood of the *Tachen* and *Waginger* lakes, the road lying between them and Trauenstein. The latter is an important town, placed on one of the lower swells of the Stauffenberg, which appeared close at hand on our right, frowning on us with its elevated summit, of upwards of six thousand feet. *Waging*, with its lofty minaret tower, a minor town through which we passed, is placed in a richly cultivated plain, north of this mountain range. In the outskirts, a number of labourers were employed in baling out of what appeared to be a general reservoir, a quantity of semifluid manure, which, being poured into square, low-built, and deep carts, was presently conveyed to the fields, where I witnessed its application. Over the ground thus manured, a plough, drawn by two oxen, yoked in the most primitive manner imaginable, followed immediately; cutting

and turning up the earth, so that the particular manure alluded to might sink deep into it and fertilise it. The early sprouts of the corn, sowed since the early summer crop, spread a green hue over some large and more distant fields; while others nearer were covered with many species of useful herbage. The vine, trailed along the walls of the houses, laden with grapes, bespoke farther the fertility of the soil.

The *Waginger-see* is seen to advantage a little way out of the town just mentioned, before the road turns to the right by an abrupt angle, and ascends a steep hill. On this hill we met the light post *eine-span*, (a single-horse cart,) when the respective drivers exchanged places. Nothing can be more rude, yet simple in its formation, than this estafette vehicle: it seemed the very type of the absence of all comfort in travelling. Yet in one of these, for the sake of expedition, cheapness, and facility of access to some of the places I desired to visit, I afterwards, on my return from Gastein, made several interesting excursions and deviations from the main road.

One of the objects of attraction in this district of the Bavarian territory is the Chiemsee, the largest lake in Bavaria; being thirty-five miles in circumference, and in many parts eighty fathoms deep, with two or three islands in it. Its fisheries, which are extremely productive, belong to the crown. It lies close to Trauenstein, from which latter place a direct road leads to Saltzburg. We are here in the midst of the most productive and celebrated *salines* and salt mines of Bavaria. REICHENHALL, a small town, containing about three thousand inhabitants, situated in an agreeable valley, at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, is on this account a place of great importance. Calcareous mountains, three and four thousand feet high, surround it, one of which is the Stauffenberg already mentioned. A mountain stream from the highest peaks of the Tyrol, called the *Salach*, sweeps by the town, and serves in times of flood, from the melting of the snow, to float down to Reichenhall the necessary fuel for the preparation of the salt obtained from about thirty or forty springs of salt water.

Many of these springs are nearly fifty feet deep, and all of them vary in their degrees of concentration and temperature. Some yield not more than two, three, or four pounds of salt, while others give as many as thirty pounds of it, in every hundred

pints of the water. The specific gravity of some is as much as 1.188, water being 1.000. The temperature of most of the springs has a range of four degrees, namely from 8° to 12°, of Reaumur, (50° to 59° Fahrenheit.) There are springs which supply only seventy or eighty cubic feet of water; and there are others which yield as many as five hundred, a thousand, two thousand, and even four thousand feet of water, in the space of twenty-four hours. The richest spring, perhaps the most abounding in salt in Germany, yields every twenty-four hours not less than five thousand one hundred and eighty cubic feet of water, with a specific gravity of 1.176—which equals twenty-eight pounds and a quarter of salt for every hundred pints of the water. This source or spring alone, therefore, produces nearly nine hundred tons of pure salt annually.

There is a work of art in Reichenhall, which reflects great credit on an engineer of the sixteenth century. His stipulated object was, to prevent the amalgamation of fresh water with that of the salt springs,—natural sources of the former, as numerous as those of salt water, and placed on the same level within the entrails of the mountain, constantly interfering with the operations of the miners. In order to remedy this evil, the engineer constructed a straight subterraneous gallery or aqueduct, more than thirteen thousand feet long, eight feet high, and six feet wide, built partly of stone and partly of brick, into which the waters of all the fresh springs, as well as those from some of the poorer saline sources which are disregarded, are made to flow: so that a boat laden with twenty men can float in it. To help the latter operation, openings have been made at certain distances, which admit from above the atmospheric air into the gallery, and thus ventilate it. Thirty-two years were passed in the construction of this admirable work.

Trauenstein, the smaller town already mentioned, owes its origin to these very salt springs of Reichenhall. Finding that the fuel which could be procured at the latter place, for the evaporation of the salt water, and its conversion into salt, was insufficient for all the quantity of salt water obtained there, it was deemed necessary (about 140 years ago) to convey the water from the richest of the salt springs to a small valley, fourteen miles distant from Reichenhall, surrounded by mountains which were thickly covered with wood. Besides the difficulty of the distance, the

engineer had to grapple with that of the difference of levels at which it became necessary to raise the water, ere it could flow into that valley (Trauenstein); for the latter stands considerably higher than Reichenhall. Nor did the *détours* or sinuosities of the mountains, the ledges, and precipices, present fewer obstacles. All these, however, were most admirably surmounted. Seven large hydraulic machines, moved by mountain torrents, raise the water from the saline sources to the requisite intermediate levels, the highest of which is 1500 feet, and accomplish all that is required. "Quand on parcourt" (says a French *savant* who had been directed to visit these springs, and the extended wooden pipes which convey their waters to so great a distance) "les énormes montagnes qui separent Reichenhall de Trauenstein, en suivant le chemin étroit qui les réunit, et qui est tracé entre le rocher à pic et les précipices, on ne peut voir sans intérêt cette longue chaine de tuyaux, qui suivent tous les mouvemens de la montagne, et conduisent, pendant un si long espace, un petit filet d'eau, qui pourtant fait la richesse d'un grand état, et le plus clair de son revenu."—(Hassenfratz. *Journal des Mines.*)

The total produce of the several salt-works in Bavaria, including those of Kissingen, Türkheim, Berchtesgaden, and Rosenheim, amounts to 35,000 tons annually, four-sevenths of which are consumed at home, and the remainder is exported. The government derives from this source a revenue of two millions and a half of florins. Hence the Bavarian proverb, quoted to foreigners, "*Nos sources sont nos ressources.*"

As we were preparing to descend a very steep hill, on regaining the main road, an example of the watchful care of the government, in behalf of such as travel in carriages, appeared before me, and was noticed for the first time, in the shape of a neat white board, stuck on a lofty pole painted in the national colours, and on which is represented the figure of a carriage-drag—with the intimation, written in German, of a fine of six gulden (florins) against such drivers as shall descend the hill without dragging the wheels. This I found afterwards repeated at every hill, in all the mountain districts of Bavaria.

Turning our backs to the *Waginger* Lake, and leaving the post-house at Shönram, the smiling *alentours* of Saltzburg soon appeared in view. The very fertile country, (an immense plateau or table land amidst alpine hills,) through which we passed, is

rich with every produce. Although resting on a substratum similar to that which we noticed nearer Munich, the soil is yet deeper. Being more carefully wrought and assiduously manured with *town-manure*, it presents, when turned up, that dark, oily, and lumpy appearance which promises fertility; yet a hollow pit, here and there, would show the under stratum to consist of nothing but coarse gravel, and pebbles which are used to repair the roads. The material, in the present instance, being quartz and granite, it serves that purpose better than the one used in other parts of the country through which we had passed, and the *chaussée*, therefore, is harder and in better condition.

The *Stauffenberg*, and just beyond it, more in advance, the *Untersberg*, the former six thousand, as I have already noticed, the latter upwards of seven thousand feet in height,—were close upon us, and, with their jagged and many indented outlines against the clear azure of the sky, traced the horizon with fantastic figures of every description. Immediately after ascending a short but steep eminence, we discovered the entire sweep of these magnificent mountains, between the foot of which and us, a cultivated plain stretched in all directions. Everywhere the hand of man, in this region, has been industriously at work, and everywhere the return has been most ample. Myriads of the upstanding poles I have before mentioned, cut from the fir trees of the nearest forest, and bearing the abundant crops of clover around them, were occupying part of the plain, in single or double lines many times repeated; while other parts were strewed with stacks of corn, like many inverted bells.

This road being quite new, its margins are planted with young trees,—to guard which, the bark of the larch, cut down the middle into half cylinders, is placed around them, fastened by a supple twig of thorn. Where nature is so beneficent, the congregation of men exhibits comfort and wealth. The villages of this district bespeak both. The houses are large, well built, and well situated; the people are cleanly dressed, and the women generally in gay colours. They use copper and brass vessels, instead of the wooden and earthen pans of their less fortunate countrymen nearer the capital. They have better cattle. Their horses being *in clover*, are fat, sleek, and strong; and are sometimes employed at the plough as well as oxen. A number of peasants, in high glee, and singing, were engaged in mowing a

high and thickly-growing grass—being the third crop they had cut since the spring—as is the case on the other, or south, side of the Tyrolian Alps, and in the north of Italy.

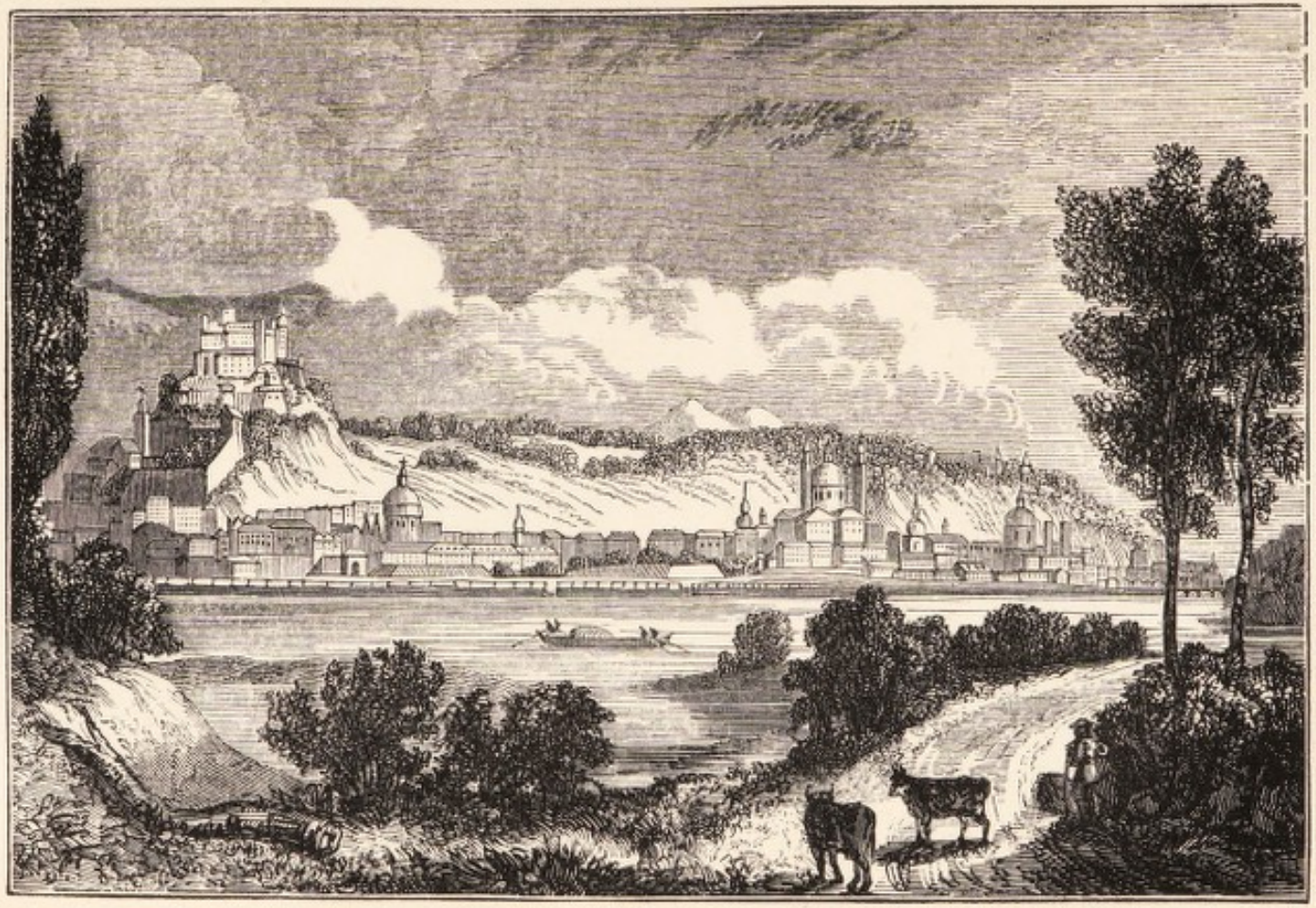
As we proceeded through this highly-favoured region, every part of which seemed so neat and *soigné*, we might have fancied ourselves traversing some extensive and imperial park or domain; but that the peering Alps reminded us it was Nature's great garden which their snowy ranges encompassed. So near were we to the foot of these, that we could well descry the difference of each particular mountain. The *Stauffenberg* has three distinct cones rising abruptly perpendicular; while the *Untersberg*, more massive and loftier, presents against the vault of heaven, which it seems to touch, a nearly straight horizontal line,—with only one indentation at its eastern extremity, where it terminates in a sharp knoll, and with a gradual sloping towards the lesser Alps, at the other, or western termination. Small towns, neat villages, large farm-houses, through the middle of some of which we pass, are scattered in all directions. Some are placed on the summit of a hillock; many more in the vast plateau which is traversed by the road. Everywhere plenty is proclaimed in striking and prominent characters.

At a small place called Freilassing, we crossed the confines of Bavaria, where we exhibited our passports; and the yellow and black bar—stretching across the road not far off—told us that we had entered the Austrian empire. The forms, both fiscal and political, at this first station in Austria, are troublesome. Notwithstanding a minute declaration of all we had with us, we were compelled to go through one hour's strict examination, the result of which was the payment of custom-house dues amounting to three florins and forty-eight kreutzers. The machinery put in motion for so small a tax, is the best specimen of ultra *bureaucratism* I have ever witnessed; and the inconveniences produced by it are equally excessive. When I look at the complicated *Bollette*, given me on that occasion, containing not fewer than twenty-three columns, each differently headed, and differently filled—enumerating all I had, and all I paid for—written first by one clerk—entered in a register by another,—and copied by a third,—to be afterwards collated and signed by a chief;—when I recollect the pile of books in the office, to which references were made—the quantity of printed forms and

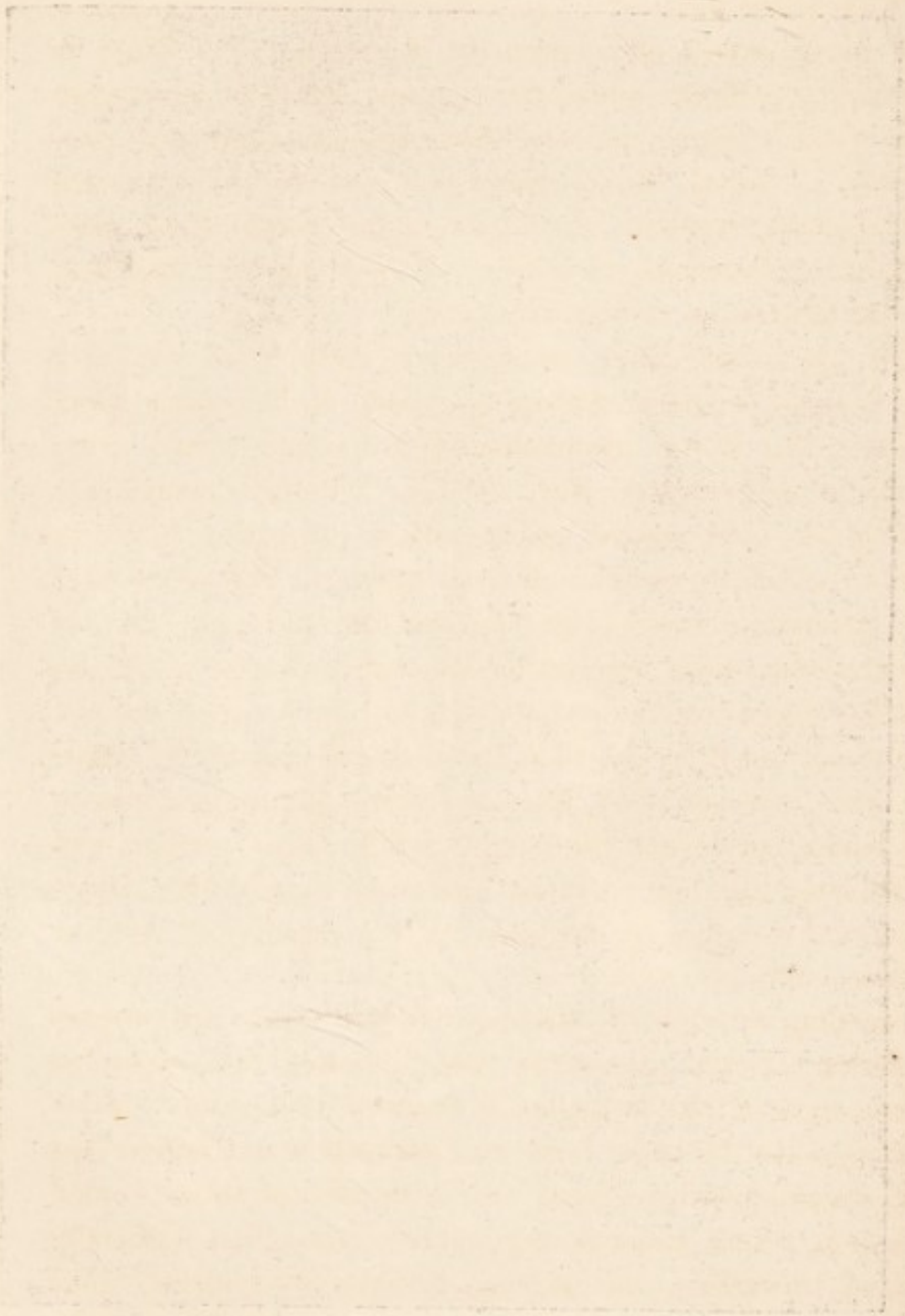
papers put in motion to expedite us—the number of employés and subordinates to pull out and put in, and to smell and examine, and to weigh, even to three ounces of cigars, in a pair of scales large enough to weigh a ton;—when I bear in mind that all these people, with all their tools and machinery, must be paid, and that, in the exercise of their fiscal duties on individual travellers, not the least consideration is paid to the convenience of either master, post-boys, or horses,—(all of which are often kept waiting for many hours, as was the case with a noble family of four or five individuals which had preceded me a few days);—I am compelled to say that the custom-house revenue of Austria can get but little profit in this part of its frontier, in return for the obloquy of being unnecessarily vexatious and inquisitive to private individuals.

On the neutral ground we met a line of heavy wagons, loaded with bales of cotton and other colonial produce, which had made their way from Trieste, across the Tyrol, on their road into the interior of Germany. They bore the mark of that sea-port, from which they were then distant seventy-nine German, or 395 English miles, and had been five weeks on the road. When the commissioners or deputies, who assembled in 1836 at Munich, from every part of the realm, for the purpose of devising an uniform plan on which railroads are to be constructed in Bavaria, (a capital hint for somebody at home,) shall have accomplished their object, merchandise from the only sea emporium of importance which Austria possesses, will find an easier transit to the interior of Germany.

The old archiepiscopal city of SALTZBURG announced itself to us, in less than half an hour after our vexatious visitation by the douaniers,—with its gigantic *Festung* or citadel, seated on a calcareous rock in the very heart of the city. The view I have given of it is taken precisely from the road from which we approached it, and is a faithful representation of the general effect produced on the traveller. Before we reached the gate, we traversed a most delicious territory, studded with ancient chateaux, cheerful villas, and neat farm-houses. The amphitheatric basin in which Saltzburg is situated, offers so many natural beauties of every description, that it would require a whole chapter to do them justice. A city extending over a surface of some miles, and spreading on both banks of the SALZA,



GENERAL VIEW OF SALZBURG.



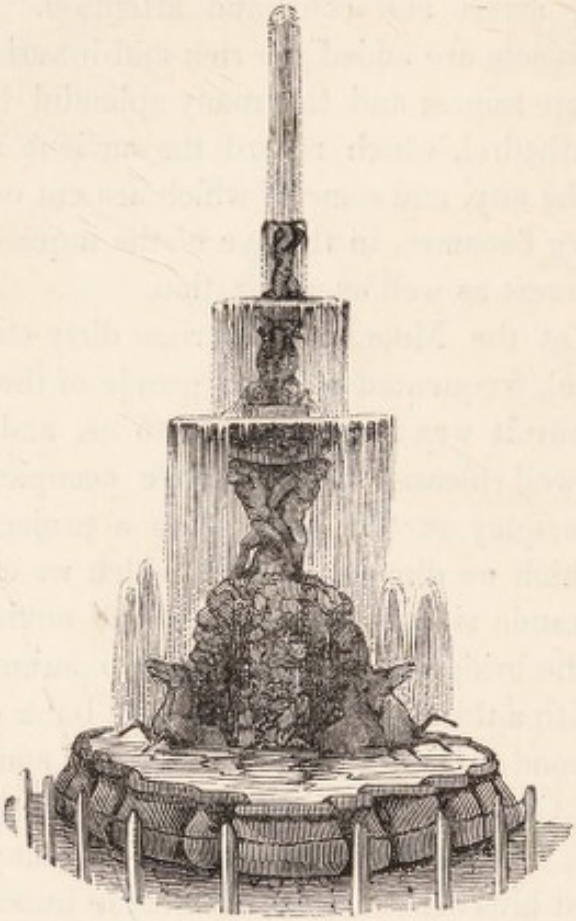
which divides it into two unequal parts, connected by a wooden bridge four hundred geometrical feet in length,—a city placed on one of those majestic plateaux which the range of the Tyrolian Alps presents on its northern side,—flanked by three mountains of moderate height, each crowned by a large edifice—with the greater Alps in the form of a semicircle, as a distant parapet,—must, in itself, arrest and command attention. But when to these striking objects are added the rich and luxuriant vegetation which everywhere reigns, and the many splendid buildings, particularly the cathedral, which record the ancient and historical importance of the city, and some of which are cut out of the solid rock,—Saltzburg becomes, in the eye of the inquisitive traveller, an object of interest as well as admiration.

We put up at the Moor, in a narrow dirty street. It is a second-rate hotel, frequented more by people of the country than by strangers; but it was recommended to us, and I had every reason to be well pleased with it. We occupied apartments overlooking the quay on the Salza, with a projecting kiosk or belvidere, in which we dined, and from which we enjoyed a most charming panoramic view of the town and its environs. On our left appeared the bridge connecting the two suburbs of *Mülln* and *Nonthal* with a third suburb on the right bank called *Aussere Stein;* and beyond it lay the road and range of country by which we had come. On our right, lines of picturesque houses, placed on both banks, enlivened the scene; while many verdant and highly cultivated hills behind them, rose some hundred feet above the Salza, which rushes by the town with a rapidity of eight or ten miles an hour.

In proceeding through the streets, with the inquisitive purport of my mission, it was impossible not to notice their deserted appearance, as well as the neglected state of the houses. Many of the shops have the same form and internal arrangement that prevailed several centuries ago; and over one of them I read an inscription, which alone would suffice to show how gothically behind-hand, or rather, how unchanged, this city remains, since the earliest episcopal times and barbaric ages. "Chirurgische Officin," were the words inscribed over the dark and small shop in question,—which I found occupied by two or three customers—one undergoing the ceremony of tonsure, and the others

that of shaving. A precious number of years this little picture, coupled with the said inscription, throws us back!

Besides the Cathedral, with its handsome and pure Italian front, three other objects of art merit particular attention from the stranger at Saltzburg.



The superb fountain in marble, placed in the centre of the Residenz Platz, is a monument worthy of the very best times of sculpture. It is in every way imposing, for the beauty of its design, the exquisite delicacy of its execution, its gigantic dimensions, and the enormous quantity of fresh water it holds in its several basins. The three Atlas-caryatids, whose feet are ingeniously *entrelacés*, cut out of a single block, and weighing forty-two-hundred weight; and the four massive horses, also cut out of a single block of marble, and weighing two tons and a half; are of the purest finish and composition. The whole height of this beautiful specimen of workmanship is forty-five feet; and it rests on an under-ground foundation containing seventy thousand square feet of stone-work.

The second object I allude to, is the amphitheatre called the Manège d'Eté, situated at the foot of the Mönchberg;—out of the rocky structure of which, three corridors, one above the other, each having ninety-six arcades, were constructed in the seventeenth century. Near it, and in the centre of a large basin which is surrounded by a highly-finished and elegant balustrade of white marble, and which serves for watering the horses of the Manège rises, upon a lofty pedestal, a splendid marble statue of a horse, which, being pulled back by the bridle held by a robust *palfrenier*, is in the act of rearing.

The third object is even more striking, from the immense labour which its execution must have required. That object is the *Neue* or *Stein Thur*, a species of tunnel gate, leading out of the city, and cut through the heart of the Mönchberg, a calcareous mountain. It is upwards of four hundred feet long, its width is twenty-two feet, and its vaulted ceiling stands at a height of forty feet from the ground. Two years and a half were occupied in completing this work, an event which took place in the latter half of the eighteenth century, under the government of Archbishop Sigismund of Schrattenbach. The bust of this prelate, cut out of the same rock, stands over and outside of the gate, with the inscription *Te saxa loquuntur* under it. The architectural ornaments, and the semi-columns placed on each side of the gate towards the country, were all cut out of the mountain, and are not insulated objects subsequently applied to it. The whole structure inspires one with those peculiar sensations which the view of works of magnitude and difficulty, happily executed, never fails to inspire.

In the course of my repeated rambles in quest of the information I came hither to procure, I was struck at every step with the sight of deformed creatures of all ranks,—the number of which I afterwards found to be very considerable. It is principally the *hump* and the *goître*, which, above all other deformities, seem to prevail; together with a want of symmetry in the upper and lower extremities. "Le sang n'est pas beau ici," I observed to Count M——, who holds a distinguished situation in Saltzburg, and who is an Italian by descent. "Verissimo; ma è piacevole," was the reply. The people seem antiquated. They are of very mediocre stature, they dress slovenly, and in the oldest fashions, and their clothes are made of coarsely manufactured

materials. Altogether, the civil condition of Saltzburg has not yet felt the benefit of the "movement."

The Dutchess de Beira, the exile of Portugal, with her confessor, were living retired at Saltzburg. A little man, about three feet high, whom I found out to be "Camarer Mor" (major-domo) to H. I. H., came into a printseller's shop, in which I chanced to be, kept by a person from Trento, and began chatting on the subject of his royal mistress to the honest Tyrolese, in Italian. He fully believed, of course, that the whole of his conversation would be Sanscrit to the stranger present. But it grieved me to learn things from his statements, which have since been verified.

I had heard, in other parts of Germany, so favourable a report of Dr. Werneck, who resides in Saltzburg, both as a physician and a man of science, and especially as a microscopical observer, that I deemed the present an excellent opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with him and his labours. Besides, I knew that he had studied, at one time, the subject of the mineral waters of Gastein, and their effect; and I felt doubly anxious, therefore, to know him, that I might, on the eve of visiting that celebrated Spa, obtain every possible information which might prove serviceable in my future inquiries. I accordingly called upon him, and before my departure for Gastein I had more than one interview with that gentleman. I also revisited him on my return, to report to him my own observations respecting the Gastein waters, and to complete together certain microscopical observations, which were connected with the natural history of that spring. The more I saw of Dr. Werneck, the more I learned to esteem him. But I must reserve the narrative of our conversations till after my return from Gastein, that I may introduce myself as one of the interlocutors, being then personally acquainted with the principal subjects which formed the burthen of our dialogues.

In a city situated like Saltzburg, there is never a lack of temptation for visiting its delightful and magnificent environs. The geologist—the naturalist—the agriculturist—the general admirer of everything that is beautiful in nature, may there satisfy his curiosity. I may be indulged in one or two trifling digressions, before I put myself *en route* for the wilds of Gastein.

To one who, from his birth, has loved music as the soother of grief, and on whose ear it comes

> "Like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing, and giving odour,"

Saltzburg recalled the name of two of the master spirits of that enchanting art, one of whom left an imperishable renown behind him. The sepulchral monument of Michel Haydn, and the house in which Mozart was born, are both to be seen in this city, and no stranger fails to visit them. The former is erected within the little church of St. Margaret, built in the seventh century by the holy Rupert. Around this, subsequent centuries have accumulated, on a circular piece of ground, consecrated as a cemetery, the mortal remains of myriads of Saltzburghian citizens. These monuments, some of which are full of modern pretension to sculptural merit, are ranged in little chapels, all round and within the external wall of the cemetery. In these chapels the sepulchral stones, some bearing an inscription only, others the representation in full of the defunct, are placed standing opposite one another, with a third one in the middle and at the farther end of the place. Clusters of crosses, tablets, garlands, and *bouquets* of flowers, are seen mingled with the sculptured monuments —which display more wealth than taste.

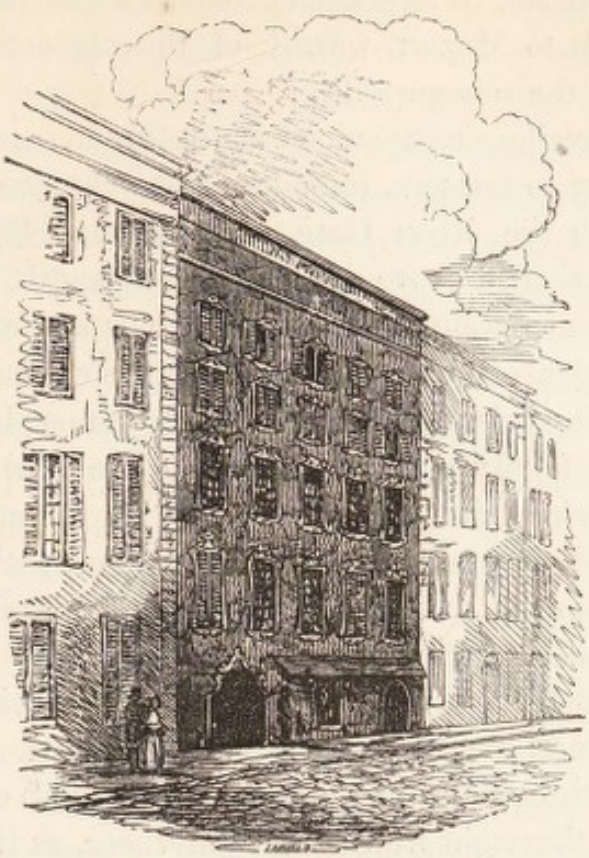
Ignaz Wurthel is the name that stands inscribed on the first tomb with which there is interwoven any moral lesson. Ignaz had devoted his whole life and attention to the amassing of half a million of florins. He had a family of sons and daughters, all brought up to mix in better society than that from which he had himself emerged. As he was one day driving out in his single-horse vehicle, at an impetuous rate, he forgot to rein in the spirited animal in time, and having reached the brink of one of the mountains cut *à pic* near Saltzburg, was instantly precipitated from it to a depth of some hundred feet, and perished,—together with the horse which was to have conveyed him on that very day, for the first time, to a splendid country mansion which his immense wealth had enabled him to purchase. In the course of that same year, all but the widow and two grandchildren of his progeny perished also!

The next monument bore in gold letters the name of Sigismond Haffner. How this man began the world, no one ever

knew. People recollected that he was the first to introduce and encourage the practice of rat-catching,—as productive then, it is to be presumed, as *ratting* has been at all times since. He used to deal in the skins of these vermin. From that traffic he rose to that of a furrier; then he became an agent and commission merchant; lastly, a general factor. He was the great-grandfather of the present living family of that name, which is said to vie in wealth with the richest families in Austria. Sigismond left a million and a half of florins; and he ordered each poor person in the town to receive two florins; thus causing three thousand florins to be distributed at his death. To his daughters he left two hundred thousand florins each, and the remainder of his fortune to his son. His portrait, painted immediately before his death, has been placed in one of these honorary recesses or chapels, surrounded by monumental records in stone of some of his children and grandchildren.

But Michel Haydn's monument is far more interesting to the visiter of these sepulchral regions. This brother of the author of "Creation," died, like him, in the service of Prince Esterhazy, at Vienna, in 1806, four years before his more gifted brother Joseph. His head having been transferred from thence to Saltzburg—where Michel had been for many years director of music—it was deposited in an urn of black marble in this place. On a rock stands a short square pedestal, bearing on its upper plane the urn in question, against which rests a lyre, with chords unstrung. A Latin inscription on one of the sides of the pedestal relates the name, and the date of the birth and death, of the great musician. On another side "hic requiescit caput" is inscribed. On the plinth there is a sand-glass; and several scrolls are scattered on the surface of the rock, with the titles of the choicest of his productions written upon them. A lofty, massive, simple cross of black wood rises by the side of the pedestal and several feet above it; and many gilded rays dart from its four internal angles.

Mozart's paternal dwelling, in which he was born in 1756, is situated in a back street called Getraidgasse, not far from the river, which can be seen from its upper windows. It presents nothing remarkable in its exterior, as may be seen indeed from the vignette outline of it here introduced; but the recollection alone that a genius so pre-eminent had first drawn



his breath in one of its upper stories, invested its view with intense interest. The guide-books invite the stranger's attention to the house of Mozart; but they at the same time direct us to a wrong house in a wrong street, to satisfy our curiosity. They mention that Mozart was born in a house numbered 225, in the wide street, opposite the magnificent byzantine church of the university. That is an error, which arose from the circumstance of that house affording, by means of an alley, which passes through it, a shorter access to the real house of Mozart, placed at the back of it, as I have already stated.

But Saltzburg, which is honoured as the birth-place of music's spoiled child, offers not a single vestige of proud recollection of that imperishable circumstance, in any monument whatever raised by his fellow-countrymen. It was left for an entire stranger, an enthusiastic admirer of Mozart, and himself a renowned musician, to suggest the idea of erecting by subscription, in his native place, a memorial to the great reformer of operatic music, and to set the example at once, by subscribing the whole produce of a public concert which he gave in July last, at the Hotel of the Municipality, and at which five hundred florins were collected. These the individual in question placed in the hands of a com-

mittee of gentlemen, to form the nucleus of a general subscription for a monument to Mozart, worthy of the place that gave him birth. I trust the scheme will prosper.*

I left my travelling companions at the Moor, and quitted that city on my way to Gastein, intending to be absent some days. I passed through the River Gate, keeping the left bank of the Salza, along a shaded grove of considerable length, and following a canal that runs parallel to the river. It is not easy to convey in words an idea of the effect which is here produced, by the situation of this ancient city, imprisoned, yet at large, within a triple *cordon* of lofty mountains. The plain on this side of the town is a *prairie* of vast extent, on which the haymakers were at work. I found on inquiry that the crop now gathering, which appeared to be most abundant, was the fourth during the present year. The soil is treated with *town-manure* only.

The road to Hallein is wide, and lined on each side with a row of lofty limes, meeting above, and forming a green canopy all the way, through which a peep of daylight can hardly be caught. On the right frowns the Unterberg, as if it were actually hanging over us; and as I advanced, looking in front as well as on either side, I could not discover by what possible outlet a traveller might leave this gay and smiling valley. Had Saltzburg been the seat of some mineral spring, its situation alone would have secured to it the preference over most of the other Spas in Germany. The loveliness of that situation is beyond my power of description.

In perusing the account I propose to give of the interesting and romantic road to Gastein, my readers may perhaps feel disposed to think me too prolix and unnecessarily minute. But I look for an excuse of both faults, in the fact, that with the exception of an indication of the post-stations, and the enumeration of several objects worthy the attention of the traveller, contained in the German road-books, no work that I am acquainted with has entered with sufficient detail into the features of the road in question. To Englishmen, indeed, the subject is quite new, as are the powers and nature of the Gastein baths. As far as I am concerned, I know, that on leaving England I had only

* The scheme has prospered. Almost every city of importance in Germany has given its benefit concert toward the accomplishment of this glorious object, and the sum collected is already very considerable.

formed a superficial notion of what I had to see, from the verbal account given me by a patient who had been over that road once, and who described it in most terrific colours. At Stuttgardt and at Munich my informants were equally unsatisfactory. Some spoke of the passage in the mountains as dangerous, and to be avoided by night;—others mentioned the harassing state of the roads, and the difficulties to be encountered, considering that it is, at best, but a *chemin perdu*, leading nowhere but to Gastein;—and all agreed, in fine, that notwithstanding its many beauties and interesting points, this road, eighty-five English miles from Saltzburg, was a great drawback from the expected benefit to be found at its termination. As I had necessarily to go over it twice, keeping always in view my wish to give to my readers every practical information connected with the visiting of German watering-places,—I determined to travel to Gastein with all the rapidity of which the post in those parts would admit. I should then be able to judge of the degree of merit of that species of conveyance; while, on the contrary, in returning from thence I might travel at leisure, in order to survey with more detail the several points of interest which such a *trajet* was likely to offer, and which, when I directed my horse's head towards the Tyrolian Alps, it had been my previously fixed intention to examine.

The afternoon was far advanced when I left Saltzburg; and the effect of the momentary interruption of light after crossing the *Halm* was striking. This stream or mountain torrent, over which is a wooden bridge, after descending from the *König-See*, a lake placed at one-third of the elevation of the *Watzman*, which rises 9000 feet above the Mediterranean level, meanders through the smiling prairies that stretch right and left of the road. In the gorges straight before me, among the lofty crests of that mountain range, night seemed already to have veiled every object from human eye, while the spot whence I looked was yet in sunshine. A few miles further, and even where I halted for an instant, sudden darkness succeeded light, owing to the interposition of the giant *Unterberg*, which rose between us and the sun, just then fast verging to the horizon. From this spot, thus covered with the evening gloom, I looked back, and Saltzburg appeared yet tipped with the sunny light. The *Festung* in particular, and the episcopal palace, placed on lime-stone pinnacles, in the centre of the city, reflected from their hundred windows the daz-

zling rays, in horizontal lines. These are the two striking accidents of light and darkness, which, in landscapes, give life and effect to the composition, when well managed by the painter. A Poussin and a Claude could represent either singly; but neither Poussin nor Claude has ever mastered both, or introduced them into their pictures at the same time, with anything like the semblance of reality.

The road now quits the prairie, and a short way on this side of Hallein it begins to ascend,—the impetuous Salza running immediately below it. Gay villages, with their sloping and rich fields before them, appeared on the opposite bank, backed by verdant and lofty hills; while on our side the wooded and upright walls of the mountains, on the right of the road, rose almost perpendicularly. This scene altogether throws into insignificance the valley of the Rhine. Hallein is the first post-station, distant nine miles (English) from Saltzburgh. An equal distance separates us from the next stage, Golling, placed midway on the declivity of the bold and stern Goll. To reach it, the Salza is traversed twice; for the road, following the sinuosities of the two banks, changes from the one to the other as it finds room, at the foot of the otherwise inaccessible mountains which rise on either bank, and form the valley.

As we advanced, the latter became narrower at every step. Hence, to Werfen, we ascended at a foot pace, with two additional horses, through the most romantic and wild country I had ever beheld; passing by many interesting points which, on my return, I had full leisure to contemplate in the daytime. I afterwards penetrated through the celebrated defile of Lueg, just as the moon for a moment shone bright from behind the clouds which rolled in volumes over the mountain tops, and scudded before it with a rapidity that threatened a storm.

Werfen is the midway region of this mountain range. We employed four hours to reach it. Thence to the next station, St. Johan, the road is comparatively easy; it crosses the wild and romantic valley of Blühnbach, and may be accomplished in half the above-named time; although the distance is the same, and there are many steep hills to ascend by the way. The tortuous and giddy windings of the Salza still determine the course of the road on its banks; but running now over a comparatively level bed, that river is here wider, deep, and silent in its progress

through a more extended valley, on which nature and the industrious husbandman have lavished every embellishment. Daylight exhibited the enormous crags by which we were on all sides surrounded; and the yet unreached solid screen of "alp upon alp," that stretched before us, bespoke the difficulty of what yet remained of our way, ere we could reach the bath of Gastein.

During the night a thunder-storm burst over our heads, and the peals, echoing from mountain to mountain, seemed to crash on some distant headland, only to make new echoes, and multiply the storm. The lightning leaped, and streamed, and quivered, between each bellowing of the thunder, and seemed to threaten the stoutest rock and loftiest trees in the surrounding forests. The deep and fearful gloom left by the vanishing lightning, was not so awful as the effect produced by its returning momentary splendour,—which showed, for an instant, the dark abyss and dreadful chasms before us, and by the side of us, where none had been suspected. As if to impress us with the tremendous depth of these gulfs, the lightning would often, in zigzag lines, run along their sides; or, like the hissing snake, unfold its coils, to slide more quickly down the bare rock. The whole scene was awfully sublime; and the distant, scattered, broad drops which pattered down, driven in all directions by the many gushes of wind that came sweeping through every mountain gully as we passed before it, left us no repose. Torrents of sheeted rain at last seemed, by their diluvial power, to silence the roaring of the gale, and quench the lightning's fire. Before the dawn of day, Nature had once more lapsed into her solemn attitude of rest.

I noticed in these regions that many were afflicted with the goître. Of the numerous gates and bridges at which I had to stop to pay tolls, (and on this road they are heavy, though the fine condition of it seems to warrant them,) scarcely one keeper, male or female, appeared to receive the tax, who had not that disorder. On further inquiry I found that the dwellers of these mountain regions are subject to enlarged glands of the neck, swelled tonsils, and sore throats. These give to their voice a peculiar hoarse, croaking sound, which is anything but agreeable.

At Lendt, ten English miles from *St. Johan*, the valley resembles that of Wildbad; except that it is wider and altogether of larger dimensions. We crossed and re-crossed repeatedly the Salza; the road running now along the left, and now along

the right bank of that river. At each bridge, and at the entrance of each village, I had to pay tolls of three, six, and even ten kreutzers.

As we ascended into higher regions, the appearance of the different villages, and that of their inhabitants, became less pleasing. The women, in particular, with their round man's hat, and scanty red petticoats, looked as guiltless of charms as any mountaineer—save and except the buxom landlady of the post-house at Lendt, whose figure and conntenance would have graced one of Pinelli's groups of Calabrian beauties. The houses throughout these districts are generally of hewn stones, up to a few feet above the ground, and carelessly put together. The rest is built of square timber and planks, or of lath and plaster, pierced with many little square windows. A projecting roof covers a wooden balcony placed immediately under it, and the roof itself is composed of short narrow planks, which are kept down at each end by heavy stones placed upon them, so that the wind may not blow them off the dwelling. These substitutes for nails gave a curious appearance to the general assemblage of roofs of the houses, in a village seen from a height before we descended into it. The whole looked as if a shower of *aerolites* had just fallen upon the roofs during a storm.

Having crossed at length, and for the last time, the Salza, where the *Ache*, immediately beyond the village of Lendt, throws itself into it, with an imposing cataract,—the road takes a turn to the left, and quitting the former river, follows the ascending valley of the latter, at the entrance of which an upright post beckons the traveller to the desired haven, with the welcome phrase " Nach Gastein." But the more arduous part of the road is yet to come. The defile of *La Klamme* yet remains to be passed, and towards this we strive to make good our way by means of additional horses, to drag the britzschka up an acclivity of two miles in length, which in some parts appeared almost perpendicular.

The road is wide, hard, and guarded by a very strong open railing, except in some parts, where no such protection exists, though on the brink of the terrific precipices, which increase in depth and number as we ascend higher and higher. The morning was delightful, and the storm, which had evidently visited, during the night, the whole of these mountain regions, had so

enlivened their foliage, and added such depth of colour to the rocks, that I preferred walking the entire distance, leaving the carriage to follow, in order that I might become more closely acquainted with the geology and the flora of their recesses.

The deafening music of the *Ache*, just above its confluence with the Salza,—which had accompanied me all along, with *diminuendo* notes, as I was striving to gain a higher level, had nearly died away by the time I reached the *Klammehöhe*. But the view of that river, following its tortuous, and now to all appearance silent course, at the bottom of the narrow and very deep valley through which it seemed to force its way, was an object of greater interest than its sound, as I stood looking down into it, from a height of more than three hundred feet. Here the hard kneiss rock has been hewed down by the power of man, to open a transit road for carriages. But what toil, what expense, what fatigue, for one object!—that of being able to reach an otherwise recondite and inaccessible spot, in the bosom of endless mountains, for the chance of procuring a few years more of this miserable worldly existence! If it were for immortality!

Where the *Ache* has pierced its way through a lofty rock of kneiss, and dances from one ledge to the next, leaping over difficulties, foaming, and hissing, and rioting in whirlpools,—the spot, as seen from the road, is truly terrific. Galleries, or rather terraces, have been raised to the level of the road, in order to form a continuation of it. They rest on arches built of the fragments of the rock from the mountain side, or on wooden piers; and these terraces hang over the dreadful chasms, with a low parapet. Everywhere streams of the purest water descend from the mountain side, and escape by a pass under the terraced road, down the declivity beneath, into the *Ache*. The turns and indentures of this road are exceedingly picturesque, undulating, and seldom abrupt. In one part, where the road has been made to encroach too deeply within the bowels of the mountain, which the artificer has cut down from a height of some hundred feet,—frowning fragments impend over it, and seem to threaten at every moment to tumble down, although upheld by the massive trunks of forest trees, which have been placed there for that purpose. Here the defile of the Klamme-höhe is truly formidable.

A small chapel, containing a group of figures of the size of life, representing the crucifixion, is erected on the highest point of the

road, where one of its turnings projects farther than the rest over the precipice. From that spot the general view of the panorama is beyond description magnificent. The morning was still very young. Forward, all seemed as yet steeped in inky blackness. At my back the east was blazing with sunshine. In front the character of the scene was most wild, and Salvator might have peopled it with his fantastic figures. Behind, in the distant Levant, the eye stretched as far as the smiling and rich country, on either side of the Salza, which I had passed in the evening. Clouds in their very birth, like white ethereal vapours, rose from various spots among the crags of the mountains below me, or on the opposite side of the gulfy ravine, and added a moving feature to the general landscape.

At this, the highest part of the road, the additional horses were taken from the carriage, and sent back, and we began to descend very rapidly. Not till now did I re-enter the britzschka, and I soon had reason to regret that I had done so; for in the early part of the descent, two disjointed headlands in the mountain, having been linked together by a plank-bridge thrown over the chasm, part of it was in the act of being mended, as I passed over it at an impetuous rate; and the new planks, not yet completely fastened to the cross-beams, rattled under the wheels. The road was here also narrower, and the near wheel seemed almost to graze the open parapet on the brink of the precipice. For a moment I held my breath at the apparent danger; but it was soon past, and the increasing noise of the impetuous waters, as they lashed against the projecting fragments of kneiss, and whirled around the rocky masses, which, in years long gone, had tumbled into the mid-stream of the *Ache*, as if to impede its course, —announced my safe arrival upon the level ground of the torrent.

Here two gigantic ranges rear their elevated pinnacles on each side and over the stream, (now considerably swollen from last night's tempest,) and darken the way, which lies on the left bank. The farther we proceeded, the closer these naked cliffs, eighteen hundred feet high, appeared to approach each other; and it seemed as if we must be crushed by the impending rocks. Nor is the terror with which such a scene is calculated to inspire the traveller, in any way diminished by the number of tablets and

offerings fixed up, in sad remembrance of the many accidents that have happened in this gloomy defile, called La Klamme. Beyond it, mountain succeeds to mountain, until they seem locked arm in arm, as if to bar all passage to the traveller. The road, too, in this part is so narrow, that a carriage, though proceeding cautiously, can barely pass—some of the projecting crags overtopping it, so as to leave only just room enough for its transit. The valley expands soon after. A wooden bridge, thrown aslant over the *Ache*, conveyed us to its right bank, along and even with which the road runs, following the sinuosities of that stream.

From the moment we entered the wider part of the valley of *Ache*, cultivation once more appeared to have gained from wild nature every inch of the ground. That river peaceably waters the plain; and the sloping sides of the adjoining hills, down to the water's edge, bear the fruit of industry and agricultural wealth. The plain, however, is principally grass-land; the hay of it being locked up in log-houses similar to those of Russia.

In the centre and at the farthest end of this valley is seated Hof-Gastein. A semicircle of lofty mountains peers behind it—the highest peaks of which are covered with snow. I halted at the post, a smart-looking house, used as an hotel in this miserable-looking village, to exchange my passport for a *carte de permission*, and, according to law, to put three instead of two horses to the carriage. The distance from Lendt to Hof-Gastein is about eleven English miles, or a German post and a half; which we were three hours in performing; but the half of that time was occupied in the passage of La Klamme. In the night my thermometer marked 54° among the gorges and defiles of Lendt and La Klamme; 60° on the mountain top at daylight; and 63° at seven o'clock A.M. on the level valley of the *Ache*.

Traversing soon after the principal arm of this river, which is here narrow and insignificant, and dashing directly across the valley, so as to gain the foot of the cultivated hills on the side opposite to that on which I had lately travelled, we entered the road which ascends to GASTEIN.

# CHAPTER IV.

## GASTEIN.

Topography of GASTEIN—First view of the village among the Alps—Access to it—Arrival—Dr. STORCH—A character—Bad smells good for something—Reasons for becoming an homœopathe—*Infinitesimophysicalism* the ruin of apothecaries—A cure for a bad knee—Warm springs—The SCHLOSS and DOCTORSQUELLEN—The FRANZEN and SPITALQUELLEN—Quantity of water supplied, and origin of it—Visit to the hot cavern—The Schlegm, the *Confervæ*, and the tubular Stalactites—Natural vapour baths—Effect of them on the ears, eyes, and throat—Physical character of the Gastein water—Its chemical composition—Internal use—External application—Number and description of the baths—The SCHLOSS BATHS—The Straubinger baths—The Mitterwirth, or Landlord baths, and several others—Inconveniences of the baths at Gastein—First impression of the Gastein waters on the author—Construction of the bath-rooms—View from one of them—Modern STRAUBINGER—Old Straubinger—Panorama from its Swiss balcony—Susceptibility of improvement at Gastein—The ARCHDUKE JOHN and the builders—Prices of the baths—Rules—Medical effects of the Gastein water—Diseases—Cases—The Bavarian officer—The Bohemian priest—The young Hamburgher—The WUNDARZT—A monster—Comparison between the Wildbad and Gastein waters—What gives to both their virtues—Dr. EBLE's opinion—Various hypotheses—The author's conjecture — THERMALITY, like electricity and magnetism?—Doctor HOFRICHLER's idea—Marechal de W——'s testimony—Sum-total of the effects of Gastein.

STRETCHING from Munich to Vienna, or from west to east, with a south course beyond the principality of Saltzburg, rises that portion of the central chain of the Alps, to which the name of *Noric* has been given. The grand Glockner, 12,776 English feet high, is the loftiest western range of this chain, placed near the sources of two great rivers, the Salza and the Drave, which run parallel to each other in an easterly direction; the former as far as *Lendt*, the other as far as *Sachsenberg*; with a belt of mountainous country between them, nearly twenty miles wide. Following afterwards the inclination of their respective valleys, the first of those rivers bends its course to the north, and loses itself in the INN, after having washed the walls of Saltzburg; while the second, continuing its early direction, falls into the Danube beyond Essek, among the *Carnic* Alps.

If a semicircular line be drawn through Brixen, Glagenfurth,



GASTEIN.

and Leoben, beginning at Munich and terminating near Vienna, the alpine region I have alluded to will be strictly defined and encompassed. The apex of this semicircle, bent towards Italy, is the *Noric* crest, which is south of the Drave, and north of the Tagliamento. It is within the area of this semicircle, that the two rivers in question, the Salza and the Drave, are to be found, with their valleys formed by the gradually diminishing chains of mountains, some of which rest, like mighty buttresses, against the main range, while others descend at right or acute angles to it, into the plains of Germany at the north;—just as similar branches shoot downwards into the plains of Lombardy and the Venetian territory to the south.

On the northern face of this Noric chain, among the descending masses towards Germany, within the parallels of, and midway between, the Salza and the Drave, and on the highest pinnacle of one of the ranges of mountains which slope down towards the valley of the Salza, is seated the BATH OF GASTEIN, upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea. Thither I was now directing my slow and clambering steps, with my face turned towards dear Italy, between which and myself there rose but one mighty and snowy barrier, to screen the fair aspect of that father-land.

As I proceeded, my eyes remained fixed on the goal of my journey, which was only distant from me six or seven English miles, with no intervening object to obstruct the full view of it, amidst the rocks, in midway air, on which it is perched. Thanks to the recent improvements made in this part of the road, it is not at present necessary to waste three hours, as was the case not many years ago, in order to reach BAD-GASTEIN, as that Spa is more generally called; but half that time is quite sufficient. The road itself partakes of the character of that of La Klamme; but the country here is more open, the valley much more expanded, and the mountains by which it is surrounded, higher and graver in their aspect,—as become the offsprings of the parent Alps, to which they stand one degree nearer in affiliation. In ascending the acclivity of the hills, by the side of which the narrow and winding road that leads to the village is cut, I noticed in several places a jutting terrace, made to allow of one carriage waiting out of the road while another is passing, should two of them meet. A slight hand-railing guards one side; and far be-

low it the *cul-de-sac* of this green valley looks quite delightful. The *Ache*, with quiet surface and noiseless course, is seen to advance through the flat centre of the valley, receiving the occasional streams which rush down the hills, where the naked kneiss presents a compact inclined plane for them; and they either pass under the road, or precipitate themselves into deep ravines, across which a wooden bridge has been thrown. In parts, the side of the hill below the edge of the road, towards the valley, is either almost perpendicular and naked, or covered with a forest of tall pines; and as the road is neither so well guarded, nor so well constructed, as the road of La Klamme, it must be even more dangerous than that, to pass at night.

The object which soon calls the attention of the traveller, as he approaches nearer to Gastein, is the impetuous *Ache*, rushing down between two almost vertical mountains above the village,—where, having once reached its centre, it divides into two streams, presenting, at the distance of six miles, the aspect of a gigantic inverted Λ, made of silver, and stamped on the mountain side. To this one object the eye of the stranger is directed and fixed. The ear has not yet, at this distance, discovered the sound, nor the eye itself distinguished the foam, which proclaim that striking feature to be one of the principal waterfalls in Europe. But as he ascends higher and higher, and approaches nearer to the level of the region on which Gastein is seated, the figure of that object changes with the windings of the road and the position of the carriage, and he catches, at last, the distant roaring of the water, and perceives distinctly the boiling of its falling surface, so as to leave no doubt of the reality. The thunder-like noise of the successive leaps deafened the ear, as we were entering the upper part of Gastein, and the dense, mist-like spray which enveloped us while we rapidly dashed over the bridge thrown across this majestic waterfall, hastened the conviction of our senses. In passing over this bridge, called the Badbrüche, we seemed to cut in twain this mighty cataract, the upper portion of which, on our right, is seen to descend nearly vertically from a shelving rock, 650 feet above us; while that on the left, after dashing under the Badbrüche, precipitates itself, in two branches, through the body of the village. The rubicon passed, the britzschka is instantly stopt in front of Straubinger's hotel.

Sixteen hours and a half had elapsed from the time of my

leaving Saltzburg, and during that period I had not tasted food. My first care, therefore, immediately after dressing, was to call for refreshments; after which, in company with a young patient, whom I had sent to Gastein for the benefit of his health, and who had called on me on hearing of my arrival, I waited on the inspecting physician of the Spa. We caught him, *en demie chemise*, tête-á-tête with his son, eating, at twelve o'clock, his dinner, which lay in the most patriarchal style, partly on his knees, and partly on the only other piece of furniture that appeared to be in the room, besides the chairs. With his mouth full, he welcomed me to Gastein, on hearing my name, and hastened to resume his coat and waistcoat, smiling, at the same time, with an ineffable expression of oddity. But we retreated hastily, making our apologies for the intrusion; being well aware how ticklish a matter it is to touch a German at his *mittag* meal. He offered to call on me.

Dr. Storch, for such is the name of our Esculapius,—*conseiller de S. M. Imperiale*, and knight of some Austrian order,—is the *Medecin Ordinaire* de Gastein, and has been styled the Nestor of the Spa-physicians in Germany. He has practised in this place for upwards of forty years; and no one can be more thoroughly acquainted, or more earnestly in love, with its springs and their effect. During the sojourning of my young patient at Gastein, Dr. Storch used to visit him occasionally, as he does most of the invalids who frequent that place. The reason for which Mr. ——— had been recommended, as the result of a consultation between the celebrated Dr. Kreisig of Dresden and myself, to go to Gastein, was a great liability to inflammatory attacks in a portion of the lower intestines, accompanied with obstruction, occasioned by the slightest exposure to cold. This fact had been stated to Dr. Storch, who undertook the management of his bathing, and who used to send him to bed for an hour or so after the bath,—which was generally taken as early as at half-past five o'clock in the morning. On these conjunctures the *Stadt-Rath* would enter Mr. ———'s bed-room, and after a salutation, proceed to say, in his Germanic French pronunciation, " Monsieur, nous allons à présent visiter les *entrails*;" and forthwith he would pass on to palp and palp the abdomen, looking grave and concentrated during the operation, until the following exclamation would burst from his lips:—" Schön! les *entrails* sont libres!"

Odd notions he had for so keen a metaphysician in physics—for he too is a *Homœopathe, quoique parmi les montagnes.* He was asked by a lady of rank, with a delicate English nose, "Pourquoi, avec tant d'eau on n'en faisait pas entrer dans toutes les maisons, afin de les nettoyer completement, pour empecher les odeurs affreuses qui s'y repandent journellement?" — "Ah, partōn, mātām, (was the answer,) cela n'irait pas! Les mauvaises oteurs sont tres pons contre les epitemies. Car voyez vous, mātām, dans les epitemies il y a dans l'atmosphère une acidité, et cette oteur, dont vous vous plaignez, est de l'alcali volatil, qui se combine avec et detruit cette acidité. Ainsi cela est fort pon pour les epitemies." Her ladyship was not aware how very near to the truth the Stadt-Rath was in his doctrine. Had she perused the report of the faculty of medicine to the French government, on the progress of the cholera in Paris, she would have there learned, that the only class of work-people who escaped that scourge altogether, were those whose daily and *nightly* occupation compelled them to be for ever immersed in the "odeurs affreuses" of which she complained.

Dr. Storch, I believe, resides at Saltzburg in the winter, and receives but slender appointments from the Austrian government, for his yearly superintendence of the baths during the season. Nevertheless, he is considered to be a man of wealth, who, like many other philosophers, loves self-denial and the practice of frugality; in which virtuous calling, I understand, he is cordially supported by his helpmate. The lady, however, never visits the baths, as her presence might distract the Stadt-Rath from his more serious occupations.

The facility with which the worthy doctor spoke the Latin as well as the Italian language, in both of which our conversation was carried on, gave me a high idea of his acquirements, and enabled me to judge correctly of his other and more important qualifications.

But the good doctor has one fault. He is, or professes to be, a follower of HAHNEMANN, the principles of whose doctrine are perfect Sanscrit to him: else would he be a Spa-doctor? But of this more anon. His conversion to the new creed was quite sudden. It came by inspiration, when the government, very anxious to divest so grave a personage (as a *Stadt-Rath* is, who practises in the character of an M.D.) of the drudgery of dispensing also

the medicines he might have occasion to prescribe, sent a young *pharmacien* from Vienna for that purpose. By this measure there was cut off, at one fell swoop, no slender portion of the worthy doctor's bill of charges, annually sent into the Aulic Chamber for payment. The apothecary once appointed, his arrival at Gastein, with as neat and complete a pharmaceutical collection as Vienna and some hundreds of florins could produce, was the signal for the conversion of my friend Storch to Hahnemannism or INFINITESIMOPHYSICALISM.* The apothecary was to have a small stipend, and make the rest of his income out of the produce of his drugs. But of these the Stadt-Rath prescribed none; for he had himself brought from Prague one of those convenient portable chemist's shops which Hahnemann, for very substantial reasons, has invented and brought into fashion, eight inches long, six inches wide, and an inch and a half deep, wherein is to be found every article of the poisonous Materia Medica which belongs to the new system. Under the form of infinitely diluted tinctures, contained in tiny phials, these divers articles served every possible purpose of the doctor,—who, by letting one drop of any of them fall into a watch-glass, over a few little globules of *sugar-of-milk*, (not larger than millet seeds,) prepared his mystic doses. The first result of this "new light" on the Stadt-Rath was the ruin of the young *pharmacien*, with whom I conversed, and whom I found to be very intelligent and well instructed.

A lady who had come all the way from dingy London to Gastein, in hopes of finding in its baths the means of recovering from an obstinate and singular affection of the knee, having mentioned her case to Dr. Storch, the latter, forgetting all at once the virtues of the water of which he is the *Naiad* and the *Pan*, ventured upon recommending these infinitesimal medicated globules to her ladyship. "Ah! si mātām voulait seulement prendre deux gouttes *d'arnica* tans une grosse pouteille de vasser, et en boire une kleine, partie, pentant qu'elle ferait des frictions au genou avec le reste, mātām guerirait *befestigt*." Mātām, or my lady, however, stuck to the baths, and laughed at the doctor.

Although I generally prefer spontaneous impressions, when searching for new information from natural objects, I thought it

* I hope I may not be deprived of the honour of this *neologism*.

could do me no harm to be accompanied by a confrère, such as I have described Dr. Storch to be, in my visits of investigation to the several springs at Gastein. I knew that all his enthusiastic effusions in behalf of his *bains cheris* would not bias my judgment of them; and I therefore suffered myself to be led by him, in my first tour to the several sources; listening to all his peculiar notions and ideas respecting them. Having obtained all the topographical knowledge I required, I soon after repeated my visits alone, taking more time to examine each separate source, its locality, quantity and temperature of the water, and its distribution to the different establishments for bathing.

I stated that on my first arrivalat Gastein the carriage stopped before Straubinger's hotel, situated in a sort of *platz*, or open place, the only one of the kind in Gastein. Opposite to the hotel there is a moderately large building, to which the sounding title of Schloss is given. It is by the side of this edifice that the *Fürsten-quelle*—which issues through a passage fourteen fathoms deep, cut into the rock of the Schreckberg—descends at the rate of nine and a half cubic feet per minute, with a temperature of 115 degrees, and, uniting with the water supplied by the next source, called the *Doctor's-quelle*, (which latter is forty-four feet lower than the first spring, and sixty feet distant from it,) is driven, by means of a machine, up to the Schloss, and into the series of bathing-rooms placed behind it. The water from the second spring just mentioned is nearly two degrees warmer than that of the first. It issues from a cleft in the rock, near the ruins of the house of a former physician, by whom it was originally discovered; and besides supplying the cisterns of the Archduke John, whose house is in the neighbourhood, it sends water also to the private bath of the Schloss, to the surgeon's, and to the public bath, as well as to Straubinger's *douche* bath.

Following the same line of road, we soon came to the third spring, formerly called *Straubinger's*, but now called *Franzens-quelle* in honour of the Emperor Francis, by whose order it was restored to a comparative state of useful application, and its waste prevented. This spring issues from another mountain called the *Reichberg*, with a temperature of 116 degrees of Fahrenheit, and at the rate of from four to five cubic feet of water every minute. Before the late alterations in the spring, the

temperature of the water was two degree higher, and the quantity of it more considerable. At present it supplies the Straubinger and the Schröpf baths. Lower down this same mountain, ninety feet distant from the last-mentioned source, and thirty-nine feet below its level, we find what is called the *Spital-quelle*, which yields more than five cubic feet of water per minute, at a temperature of 118½° of Fahrenheit.

These four principal sources of hot water at Gastein are situated on the right bank of the *Ache*, in the centre of the uppermost waterfall of which, there rises a fifth hot spring, which mingles its water with the cold river stream, as it is precipitated from the high cliffs, and rushes through the middle of the village. The existence of this last spring is made manifest during the winter, by the visible steam which rises from it, through the water of the river.

Mineral hot water, indeed, rises in many other places, and almost in every direction; as is the case, for instance, in the Kitchen of the Schloss, and in some meadows below the lower waterfall of the Ache: but all these minor veins are neglected. From time immemorial, one hundred thousand cubic feet of hot water have been springing from the bowels of the earth in this mountain village, every four-and-twenty hours. After supplying the wants of the inhabitants and their invalid visiters, both here and at Hof-Gastein, lower down in the valley, this quantity of water is either dispersed, or goes to swell the current of the *Ache*.

It seems to be the opinion of geologists that the Great Graukogel, the principal mountain-feature of Gastein, consisting almost entirely of granite, is the great reservoir whence all these springs rise. But in that part of the Graukogel, whence the springs descend, called the *Badberg*, beside granite, kneiss in thick pieces, like slate, is found, with large crystals of feldspar, a greenish grey mica, and a little quartz. It is principally over beds of kneiss, covered with many pebbles, over which there is sometimes also a stratum of clay, that the hot water makes its way, rising to the surface through these superstrata.

The clefts in the rock, through which passages have been made for the water, are kept sacred, and locked with massive doors. One of these being opened at my request, I entered a passage 128 feet long, preceded by a guide, bearing a small

torch to light the way, and show the source. The concentrated heat and vapour of this cavern, reminded me of the Russian baths I so much enjoyed at St. Petersburgh, and produced precisely the same effect; so that, by the time I emerged into daylight again, I was dripping wet with vapour and perspiration. The friends who accompanied me to the spot, ventured not within it. In entering the cleft, I had another object besides mere curiosity, and the desire of examining the spring. I wished to collect, as I had promised Dr. Werneck I would do, some of the *schleim* or slime which adheres to the rocks around the source itself, where no daylight penetrates; and also a few specimens of the slender tubular stalactitious depositions which hang from various portions of the same rocks; in addition to the green, grassy, slippery *conferva* found at the bottom of the channel of hot water, near to the entrance, but never within the cavern, of the spring. I brought away with me a large specimen of each of these curious objects, to which the attention of naturalists has been of late years earnestly directed; as I shall probably explain hereafter. They are still in my possession, apparently without any alteration.

The *Spital-quelle* (the source of which I also visited within the bowels of the *Reichberg*) being the one which supplies the hottest water,—a shaft 108 feet high has been raised over it, which serves as a funnel to convey its vapour into the interior of a small building above, not far from the *Franzens-quelle*. Into the chambers of this building the vapour is admitted, through holes made in the stone floor; and as at Baden-Baden, it is applied, by means of more than one appropriate apparatus, either to the whole body, or to individual parts only, according to the nature of the case. Dr. Storch assured me that in cases of deafness the application of the steam, by means of a pointed tube, which is made to enter the external ear, had proved of essential service, and had cured many patients. The steam, as I tried it on my own ears and eyes, with the apparatus in question, seemed to exert considerable influence on those parts. On the latter organs the effect was unpleasant, and lasted some little time,—confirming Storch's opinion, that it is bad for the eyes. The inhalation of this steam into the throat or lungs, is considered by that physician as wonderfully curative in cases of tracheitis and incipient consumption.

A visit to the interior of this spring (the *Spital*-quelle) I found not quite so agreeable as that to the *Fürsten*, or the *Doctors*-quelle,—considering that there is no other mode of access to it, but by a crazy single-plank scaffolding, running along the vertical side of the mountain for some distance, and presenting the bottom of the valley below, without any parapet or hand-railing between! But this contrivance is employed for reaching several other nearly inaccessible spots on the hill's declivity at Gastein.

It is the surplus of the water from this spring that is conveyed, by means of wooden pipes, to supply the bath establishments of Hof-Gastein. The remainder rushes down the perpendicular rock, and is lost in the *Ache*.

My own personal inspections enabled me to learn the physical characters of the Gastein mineral water. In the first place I noticed that it rises without the smallest noise, and without forming any air-bubble, and I found it to be as bright and as pure as the finest distilled water, the transparency of which it almost surpasses. The white glass bottle full of it, containing the tubular concretions before alluded to, which I have still in my possession, has never suffered the slightest change in its transparency or purity. In the baths or reservoirs, it never deposits the smallest trace of sediment, nor does it acquire any disagreeable smell. I should be puzzled were I called upon to define the difference in taste between this and distilled hot water—so trifling it is, if any really exist. If I found any, I think it was more in an *après-gout* (perhaps saltish) than in taste. Smell it has none, yet, on entering the deep caverns of the two principal sources I visited, I was sensible of a certain peculiar odour, which I could only compare to that which a *fresh and sweet egg*, boiled hard, gives out when the shell is removed. I need not say that the inhabitants of Gastein use this water in common for every domestic purpose, and that when cold they drink it in preference to the spring water of the country. It is $\frac{15}{1000}$ parts specifically lighter than the latter at equal temperatures.

Of the chemical composition of such a water, it might fairly be supposed that little can be stated; yet such is the precise and delicate manner in which mineral waters are tested and analyzed in the present day, that even in the Gastein mineral spring, chemistry has detected not fewer than twelve ingredients, weighing

in all two grains and 7182 decimal fractions of a grain, (nearly 4-5ths of a grain,) in a pint of 16 ounces of its water, according to Professor Hünefeld's analysis. But of many of these ingredients there are only slight traces; as will be seen in the table at the end of the work, to which I refer, once for all, such of my readers as may be desirous to know the complete and most recent analyses of the mineral waters described in the present work. The sulphate of soda, or glauber salt, is the substance present in the largest proportion,—being more than one-half of the whole; and next to it are the carbonate of lime, with the muriates of soda and potash. There is not any, even the most minute particle of iron present.

Experience having proved that the internal use of this water is followed by no sensible effect, few persons drink it, except as a common beverage after it has become cold. In that state, indeed, many of the visiters at Gastein prefer it to the natural cold spring water from the mountain; thinking by that means to escape the goître and scrophula, which are so generally attributed to the use of mountain water.

Dr. Eble, a Vienna physician, who has occasionally frequented this Spa, and has published a learned work upon it, states, that the opinion of those who imagine that, when drunk warm, the Gastein water checks the action of the intestines, and that, on the contrary, it assists that action when drunk after it has cooled, is incorrect. "I can only assert," he observes, "that the water, when drunk warm, does not weaken the digestion nor cause flatulence; that it, for the most part, passes off by the kidneys within a few hours; and thirdly, that it neither particularly relaxes nor obstructs."

The mineral water, then, has been used only and principally for baths; and in that form the reputation of its success in the cure of various disorders, dates from the fifteenth century, when the Duke Frederick of Bavaria employed it to heal an obstinate wound in his foot. The same fable of a wounded stag, pursued by huntsmen, falling into the hot springs, and causing their discovery, which is applied to almost all the other hot springs in Germany, is made likewise to precede the history of those at Gastein. But what imports the date and the manner of their discovery? It is sufficient to know, with a view to inspire confidence in them, that Gastein, which, in the fifteenth and

sixteenth centuries, from being a prosperous, mining district, with a population of 6,000 souls, had become a depopulated village at the latter epoch through religious persecution, because the inhabitants had preferred protestantism to the church of Rome,—rose again to some degree of importance through the reputation of its baths, which, formerly inconvenient and imperfect, have been so much improved of late years, that they bid fair to rank soon among the best medicinal baths of Europe.

Reckoning the private as well as the public baths, there are at Gastein twelve establishments of that sort. In the Archduke's house, in that of General Provenchère, and in the interior of the château or palace, (schloss,) there are more splendid baths for private use, one of which, in the latter building, is of serpentine. Behind that same building there are five other baths, called the *Gesellschaftbad*, and four others called *Separatbäder*, which are not equally magnificent. The former holds twelve persons, and each of the latter from three to four persons, at once. The baths are all three feet and two inches deep. There are separate dressing-rooms for the two sexes in the *Gesellschaftbad*. Next comes the *Straubinger-Bäder*, the largest and I believe the best establishment in Gastein. The *Fürstenbad* is one of the baths of this establishment for persons of rank; and the *Capucinerbad* for the commoner class of people. The former is adapted for seventeen persons; the latter, which is divided into two compartments, one for each sex, is somewhat smaller. The Straubinger baths, seven in number, are situated in a kind of hollow, not far from the waterfall, and access is had to them by a stair of forty-two steps. Straubinger has erected, within the last few years, a new building of stone, to which he has added a public and four private baths, the descent into which is somewhat more convenient than that to the baths in the old house. The *Mittenwirth*, or Landlord baths; the baths of the *Grabenwirth*, the *Grabenbäckerbad*, the *Schröpf-bad*, for poor people; the baths in the hospital; those in the house of the surgeon; and the *Gemeindebadhaus*; these make up the number—including the building for the vapour baths.

Altogether, supposing people to submit to the general practice of the place, of bathing in public baths, one hundred and seventy-two persons may bathe, at one and the same time.

One very great inconvenience in the baths at Gastein, is the length of time required to fill them. This has induced a very unsatisfactory fashion, of seldom emptying the cisterns in the

course of the day, after they have once been filled over-night. Few persons, therefore, get a really clean bath. A pure bath falls only to the lot of him who first comes. Aware of this fact, in consequence of my previous examination of the structure and arrangement of the establishment at Straubinger, I took care to order at night a bath for five o'clock the next morning, and had the satisfaction of finding the water in its primitive purity. I had directed the hot and cold mineral water to be mixed, so as to produce a temperature of 98° of Fahrenheit.

" I am just returned (I find it written in my note-book) from taking a bath in the house, and in one of the private bath-rooms: their thermometer at 29° R., my own marking 97° Fahrenheit. I remained in the bath from a quarter past five till six o'clock. It did not quicken the pulse, but produced fulness and rotundity of it, to a remarkable degree. I watched the feelings in my head, without discovering any change. The impression, as to warmth, at this temperature, is not sufficiently agreeable to my feelings; that at Wildbad was most delicious. The effect produced on the skin of the hands, during the first ten minutes of their being immersed in the water, was curious. The bath corrugated and crisped it, as if I had held the hands in very hot water for a considerable time; and on passing my hand all over the body, previously to the skin of the fingers becoming crisp—in fact, almost immediately after going into the bath—instead of gliding smoothly and oilily down it, as at Wildbad, there was a ruvid feel as if the two surfaces met with resistance, or as if a third body, slightly rough, like the finest sand or powder, lay between them. I returned to bed and felt very much soothed and inclined to sleep, but not from any sensation of heaviness in the head or oppression. My breathing was somewhat interfered with, while in the water, sitting upright during the first ten minutes; but this symptom soon vanished. The body did not appear so buoyant in the water as at Wildbad.

" Although the baths are here constructed with a great deal of care, yet there are many inconveniences, particularly in those at *Straubinger*, which are not supplied direct from the best or hottest source. The cooling of the mineral water over-night, and the mixing it with that which has been kept some time in reservoirs, so as to obtain the desired temperature, render the bath scarcely equal to a bath of the natural water from the spring. Then the arrangement of the baths and the dressing-rooms calls for im-

provement. Like all the other baths of Gastein, with the exception of the princes' bath made of serpentine, and the private baths before mentioned,—the bath-rooms at Straubinger's are built of wood. They are from sixteen to twenty feet in height, and consist of a square cistern, likewise of wood, sunk five or six feet into the ground, around the inside of which there are two rows of small benches or steps. A wooden gallery stretches along two sides of the bath, with a door to it, by which the attendant has access to the room. Another door leads, up a few steps, to the dressing-room, from which there is an open window looking into the bath. In the roof, a square hole, with a covering, allows the steam to escape when too plentiful; and, lastly, a front window serves to light the bath-room, which, in the present case, happened to open exactly level with the great waterfall. Now all these contrivances are as many sources of cold air and draughts of wind, of which I felt, for a time, the ill effects.

"I am describing these feelings immediately after my return from the bath, and an hour's nap, (which, by the-by, is in violation of the notions of my friend the doctor,) sitting at the window under which the Ache, with deafening noise, plunges, almost vertically, into the valley. The day is most lovely; the air soft, pure, genial, balmy. Opposite to me, under a lofty hill, is the house of the Archduke John; and on the left of it, another building, called General Haus, with a terrace on arches and two small gardens in the rear, facing the valley. Between these two houses is the entrance road into the Upper Village, (Ober-Gastein,) which crosses (as I said before) the great waterfall, over a bridge, and leads into the only square or open place in the village, formed by the chateau and the two dwelling houses of the hotel in which I reside. The latter consists of a large house built of stone, parallel to the fall, and of another, the more ancient of the two, composed of many and various portions, very picturesquely grouped, perched on the middle rock, at right angles with the former house, so as to overlook the whole Valley of the *Ache*.

"Its position and appearance are well marked in the view of Gastein, drawn purposely for me by the young patient before mentioned, now on the spot, in which Straubinger's wooden house, with all its Swiss or mountain character, may be seen to occupy the middle of the picture.* From the balcony at the

* See the view of Gastein, facing this chapter.

back of this building the Grau Kogel is descried on the right, covered with firs, and surmounted by its loftier horn, the Thronegg; at the foot of which are ranged, on some of its lower eminences and crags, the several buildings which constitute the principal part of the village. Among these the little hospital, Moser's Hotel, and the church near it, overtopped by the clergyman's dwelling, (a very neat building,) are the most conspicuous. A little beyond, and in front, the Gams Kerr-Kogel spreads its wide arms, so that one of them seems to touch the stern hill on the left, called Salesernberg, and completes this magic circle; leaving a space for emerging from it, only in imagination, towards two still remoter mountains, whose summits are just visible in the horizon, and bear the name of *Wetterwand.*

"The view of this panorama at evening, when, from the small casements of the wooden buildings, and the more pretending windows of modern-built houses, lights glimmer in all directions: when the moon tips with silver their wooden or slated roofs, and the peaks of the mountains around; and when the deep darkness of the lowest basin of the valley is made visible only by the white foam of the torrent-river which precipitates itself into it—is very impressive and pictorial. I twice stood to contemplate it last night, as I returned from the Countess of ——'s, where I had dined and passed an agreeable hour in the evening.

"While thus absorbed, the possibility struck me of converting this amphitheatre of the lesser hills, placed at the foot of the great Bergs, into Italian terraces, with good-sized houses, of pleasing architecture. The place might be changed from what it now is (a very indifferent village with scanty accommodations for strangers who visit it) into an important little town, with plenty of comforts, and more than one road of easy access to it for light carriages. But the concourse of strangers is not sufficiently great to encourage such a speculation; nor is it of that class of persons who can afford to spend much money. The remoteness of the situation, the toil to get at it, and the expense of posting—although there are eil-wagens during the season—are objections or obstacles which will confine the use of the place to purely invalid people; and these do not make the fortune of a bathing-place."

Such were the *memoranda* written at the time and on the spot; but on the subject of making anything of Gastein, as a

better place of residence, I learned afterwards a little anecdote which would show the hopelessness of the case. The Archduke John of Austria, who has derived great benefit from these baths, built a *maisonette* (of which I have already made mention) at an elevation nearly opposite the middle part of the waterfall. Another somebody immediately erected a similar house, with some terraces, in advance of his Imperial Highness. The Duke waxed wrathful at this act of presumption, and instantly bought up all the purchaseable tracts of land around him, upon which he fancied that speculators in houses might hereafter build, as they had done for some few years past at Baden-Baden. Information, however, which I afterwards obtained in another part of the Austrian dominions, and from good authority, respecting the measures which the minister of finance of that country had taken to enlarge and place on a highly respectable footing the accommodations at Gastein, whether in regard to lodging-houses, bath-rooms, assembly-rooms, or roads,—leads me to hope that this act of the Imperial Prince will not have the disastrous consequences that were anticipated from it.

The prices of the baths are fixed by the government tariff at the following weekly rate, in Austrian money (*convention geld.*)

In the Chateau, a private bath for a single person, once a day, is charged, weekly, a crown, or two florins and forty-two kreutzers (4*s.* 2*d.*); for two persons, in a small bath, each two florins, (3*s.* 4*d.*); for three or four persons in a separate bath, one florin and thirty-six kreutzers each; and in the public bath a charge is made of one florin weekly for each person. These prices are doubled when the patient takes two baths daily. At all the other bathing establishments the prices are half a florin, weekly, for each person in the public baths, and two florins and forty-two kreutzers (4*s.* 2*d.*) weekly for a separate bath. Charges are made separately for attendance, for washing the bath-linen, and for warming the dressing-rooms. The former amounts to half a florin for the whole of the period of bathing, if the patient takes one bath only, and to forty-eight kreutzers if two baths are taken daily. For warming the room three kreutzers daily (1*d.*) are charged; and the washing is twenty-four kreutzers (8*d.*) weekly. From this statement it will be seen that the expense of bathing daily at Gastein is sufficiently moderate.

The medical effects of the Gastein water, applied to the human

body at a temperature varying from 90° to 98° of Fahrenheit, have been too long known and ascertained for any one to deny their reality, on the ground of the apparent simplicity of its chemical composition. I have no more doubt of the power which this mineral spring possesses, in the diseases for which it has been recommended, than I have of the effect of bleeding in subduing inflammation. In all complaints which are connected with increased action of the heart, or with excitement, or (as the German physicians properly term it) with a *morbid elevation of vital activity*, the Gastein baths, judiciously and sufficiently used, will not disappoint the patient. Universal debility, dependent on a derangement of the nervous system, without any apparent inward disease to account for it—depression of spirits and general languor of the constitution, from anxiety of mind—paralysis, in young as well as aged people, consequent on repeated rheumatism, gout, or apoplectic attacks, and such as is produced by irregularities of every sort—affections of the spine—hysteric attacks, and other sufferings owing to sexual disturbance in females—erotic diseases, imperfectly cured—contractions in the muscles of the limbs, or in the joints, and the hip-disease—premature old age—chronic ulcers or eruptions—genuine gout and rheumatism—lastly, derangement of the digestive organs, accompanied by laxity or inactivity of the stomach, or following obstinate diarrhœa and dysentery;—these form the catalogue of disorders in which the Gastein water has evinced its marvellous power.

Dr. Storch pointed out to me several such cases in the progress of cure, and others which had completely recovered, among the patients who, as they returned from their morning airing, passed through the square, and came up to him, to report the progress of their complaint, as he sat on a bench outside of the Chateau. I sat by his side, discoursing upon the various diseases he knew to have been cured by the use of the Gastein waters alone, during a period of nearly forty years' experience as physician in ordinary to the Spa; and I had the satisfaction of hearing him state, that in the annual reports of his practice, public (in the little hospital of the place, which we had visited together) as well as private,—which reports he is bound, by virtue of his office, to forward to the Austrian government,—he had generally entered more than half of the patients treated as

completely cured within the first year; a large proportion of the remainder as cured in the course of the second or third year; and the rest as benefited, though not quite recovered. He particularly alluded to cases of gout, diseases of the spine, and general exhaustion, treated in the space of the last six years. Of these nearly six hundred of the first, one hundred of the second, and one hundred and thirty-six of the third, were completely restored to health. Dr. Storch added, that several medical men from different countries had visited Gastein, to study the nature and effect of the water, and he introduced me to one of them, a Dr. Wolff, from Bohemia, who had come thither for that purpose. "No physician from England," my friend added, "has ever been seen in these parts, before your arrival."

Some of the patients who thus passed in review before me, offered striking instances of the power of the Gastein water. A strong, well-made cavalry officer, in the Bavarian service, about thirty years of age, having been engaged for some days on shooting excursions in the marshes the year before, had become perfectly lame, and his limbs were so contracted, that he was wheeled about, lying on his back. No medical treatment proved of avail to him, and he was driven to take refuge at Gastein this season. Dr. Storch assured me that, when he arrived, his appearance excited commiseration. In about two months afterwards he was able to walk with two crutches, and in ten weeks more with one only, until the day on which I saw him, when with a smiling face he stood before us, without any artificial support whatever—his servant following him behind, and carrying the last crutch *par précaution*.

A priest from Linz, aged sixty-five years, next appeared, leaning upon the arm of his attendant with one hand, and resting on a stick with the other. He had just taken his twentieth bath that morning, and came to report progress. "That man," observed my colleague, after he was gone, "arrived here *double*; —his head hanging and fastened to the right shoulder; his lower extremities pendulous,—so that when walked about by two attendants, who lifted him under the arms, the feet would sweep the ground like a dead man's feet. You now perceive the effect of our water upon him."

"You will see presently," continued the communicative physician, "enter that travelling-carriage, which stands before Strau-

binger's, a young man from Hamburgh, who, from exhaustion, brought on by excesses and anxiety of mind, had lost the use of the right arm and leg. When he arrived at Gastein, a servant was obliged to dress him, undress him, and support him on going out. His clothes were so made that he could, with the assistance of his sound hand, put the infirm one into a sort of pocket or resting-place, in various parts and positions, where it remained powerless till its position was changed. No expense had been spared to rescue him from this miserable state. He tried all the baths in Bohemia; and was at last recommended to take animal baths, that is, to plunge into a tub filled with the skins and entrails of recently-slaughtered animals:—but all in vain. Here he took thirty-five baths—and he is about to quit us in perfect health." True enough, this was the case; for, presently, I perceived the individual in question spring into his *caleche* unassisted, and with all the appearances of a man in perfect health, and quit the place where he had found that blessing.

In this manner my worthy colleague went on descanting on the merits of the Gastein baths, of which he himself never failed to take *two* in the course of the season; and he was a fair and plump specimen of animal vitality.

The appearance of the *Wundarzt*, or official *chirurgeon* of the baths, interrupted our colloquy. This personage, who looked more like the *conducteur* of an *eil-wagen* than a surgeon, approached the Stadt-Rath, cap-in-hand,—which, for a long time, he could not be prevailed upon to restore to its right place, though pressed to do so by the doctor, who kept his seat. He wore a *bouquet* in his cap, and had sundry other vestiges about him of that primitive appearance, which men of his class must have borne, when the *tonsor* and the *chirurgus* were "two in one." This simple-minded personage came to inform the doctor, that he had seen a most wonderful sight, that same morning, among the high peaks of the *Nassfelds*, in the shape of a gigantic lizard, with a truncated tail, a foot and a half long, making leaps to the distance of eight or ten feet—which so frightened the poor man, that he actually fainted away. The news of this extraordinary apparition in the neighbourhood excited the curiosity of more than one party, who, glad of every excuse for a distant excursion, started the next day in search of the monster, armed with guns and other weapons. The doctor

and his son formed two of the parties, and thus I lost my cicerone. The leader of one of those parties informed me afterwards in London, that their expedition had proved quite fruitless.

The case of this gentleman, by-the-way, who derived all the benefit that was expected from Gastein, is another instance of its power, in restoring strength, and correcting the tone of the abdominal organs. I have seldom seen a more manifest change for the better, wrought by the use of mineral waters, on a constitution liable to frequent attacks of disease, which were always followed by debility and emaciation. Every anticipation formed by me in this case, touching the good effects of the warm mineral baths, after a course of alterative mineral waters taken internally, in another part of Germany, has been completely fulfilled.

I shall not enter here into the details of the number of baths required for each patient—the hours at which they ought to be taken—and the length of time each bath should last. The rules respecting these points are as nearly as possible the same here as at all the other hot baths in Germany, and consequently the same as those I have already given in speaking of the warm springs of Wildbad; which latter, I freely confess, I consider in every respect equal to those of Gastein, much more convenient, and infinitely superior to them in the comfortable and delightful sensations they produce. The diseases which the Wildbad waters have cured, are of the same class, and of the same character and importance, as those said to have been benefited by the Gastein baths; and recoveries equally wonderful have been recorded, and have come to my knowledge as having been obtained, in the one place as in the other. But I cannot too much insist on the great fact which renders Wildbad so superior to all other warm springs,—namely, that there we plunge into the spring itself, ready prepared by nature with the requisite temperature; whereas at Gastein the latter can only be regulated by artificial contrivances.

The Gastein water, I can conceive, might be found superior to that of Wildbad, in such cases as are likely to require a much higher temperature than is to be found in the latter place; and I am convinced that such cases exist, and would and might be cured, were medical men on the spot daring enough to order a higher temperature for their removal. In all such cases, of

course, Wildbad could not, and Gastein could, be of service; but so far from ever using the latter spring at a higher temperature than that found at Wildbad, Drs. Storch, Eble, Streintz, and others, apprehend danger even from the protracted use of the bath at the ordinary degree of heat at which it is more generally employed. They say, and I admit that one or two of my patients confirmed the statement, that morbid irritability of the whole nervous system—exaltation of the sensorium—an itchy sensation in the skin,—and other symptoms of over-excitement, injurious to the patient,—have followed either too great a heat in the bath, too protracted a stay in it, or too lengthened a course of bathing. In corroboration of this assertion, I may mention, that on reading over again the notes written in the afternoon of the day on which I had taken my bath at Gastein, I find myself complaining of being particularly nervous at the time, although no one could have been in better health than I enjoyed in the morning. The state of inward thrilling and agitation which I experienced for several hours after the bath, was new to me, and quite distressing. No such effect had followed my bathing at Wildbad, either on the day of using the bath, or on the day after. Hence, the *two* waters can only be said, on the authority of the last-named physicians, to be medically of use when at nearly equal temperatures. In such a case, I repeat, that the one at Wildbad will be found infinitely preferable.

And what is it that imparts so powerful an agency on the diseased frame of man, to the water of both those springs,—which, as we have seen, in a whole pint, contains only two or three grains of solid matter in solution, with no gas, and with no difference but heat to distinguish it from common spring-water. And that water, too, not drunk—not taken into the stomach,—but applied externally only? Dr. Eble supposes that, in the course of an hour, about four pints of the Gastein water, used as a bath, might be absorbed: and he knows from experience that such an absorption, continued for some days, will produce all the well-known effects ascribed to that water. But if the same quantity be taken into the stomach, instead, every day, no such effects, nor anything approaching to them, are produced. He made the comparative experiment in his own case, and he never found that four pints of water drunk produced as great an excitement of the vital powers, as he always experienced even after half an hour's

bathing. The doctor says that he cannot explain this difference; but if the facts which he adds be accurate, I think the explanation may easily be found in them. Dr. Eble states, and I myself found the case to be so, that a great part of the water drunk quickly passes off by the kidneys. Now, as after bathing in the Gastein water no such effect has been noticed, it follows that the sejour made in the latter case, by the absorbed water, in the human system, must be the real source of its agency on that system.

Still we are not a whit farther advanced in the explanation of what may be the parent or exciting cause of that agency or power of the water. Can it be a peculiar mode in the combination of the minute doses of saline matter contained in it?—or a play of electricity?—or magnetism (as it is the fashion to think now of everything inexplicable?) or lastly, heat? Will common water heated to 94° or 98° produce, as a bath, the effects of Wildbad and Gastein? No. Will it produce those effects if we add two or three grains to the pint, of the same saline substances which are found in those mineral springs?—No. And why, I may ask also, should the water of Gastein at 96° act as an astringent and excitant to the skin,—when the same degree of heat in the Wildbad water softens, lubrifies and soothes the cutaneous system? On the other hand, has the Gastein or the Wildbad water ever been known to produce any of its peculiar effects when employed at a temperature below 50° or even 60°? —No. Has either of those waters been tried at its ordinary and natural temperature, after having been, by a large chemical experiment, discharged of its saline contents, and the free water passed into a clear reservoir?—I know not that such an experiment has been made; but it is a feasible one, and ought to be undertaken;—though I confess I expect the same negative answer, as to the result. Hence, then, we see, that it is not *simple* heat, nor is it simply the presence of the salts, that gives virtue to these waters. I leave the problem as I find it, unresolved; but I will risk a conjecture towards its solution.

The question of *thermality*, in mineral springs, is involved in mystery. That the heat developed in those springs is of volcanic origin, there is every probability. To say that such cannot be the case, because in the instance of some of the mineral springs, as at Gastein, for example, there are no vestiges of volcanic crust

in the neighbouring formations, is only to say that the *foyer* of a volcano may exist in the bowels of the earth, without having been suspected from outward signs. If it exist, however, and the heat of the *thermal* mineral waters be borrowed thence, may we not suppose that heat, so produced, is different from *common* heat, in its physiological effects on the human constitution, although our thermometers may rise or fall alike, when exposed to either? I attach no great importance to such a conjecture or its originality; but I think the present the best opportunity of recording it, once for all; as I shall have, in the course of the present work, to speak of other warm springs, and I wish not to return to the consideration of the abstract subject of their thermality. Look at electricity and magnetism: what happens with them? does not either of those principles, fluids, or whatever they may be, measure, at times, an equal degree of *quantity*, with a very different state of *intensity?* and do they not consequently produce very distinct phenomena in each case? Then why not view heat in the like manner?

A new hypothesis to explain the effect of Gastein on diseases, has been started lately by Dr. Hofrichler, and has met with no favour from his countrymen; but I confess I do not think it so laughable as they have considered it. That physician says, "Gastein, a poverty-stricken Naiad, effects cures which would be impossible for her, did she not act in connexion with the air. She has built her temple more than three thousand feet above the surface of the sea. Must not the air of this place press the body of a patient,—who has lived in a place, for instance, only 435 feet above the sea,—3,060 pounds lighter than before? Is this nothing? Or is it an indifferent circumstance? It must occasion important changes in the organism of that body. If the patient also bathes, at a depth of two feet, the pressure is 3,100 pounds, and if at the depth of three feet, then it will be 3,150 lighter than before. If this change of pressure be repeated for weeks together, once or twice a day, is it wonderful that the most obstinate obstructions of the belly should be removed, that the pores of the skin should be opened, and that the intestines should be stimulated to new life? These effects are improperly ascribed to the tasteless waters of Gastein alone."

But such are not the only general effects obtained from using the Gastein baths. It would seem from all accounts, that a suc-

cession of different revolutions occur, in the whole system of those who use the baths with perseverance; which changes show, more than anything else, that they have a material, and not an imaginative influence on the human organism. The venerable Marshal Prince de W——, whose favourable experience and opinion of the Gastein baths are worth quoting,—admitted to Lady D——, a patient of mine, who had, like the Marshal and many of their friends, experienced the revolutions in question,—that the patient experiences lowness of spirit or depression during the course of bathing and residence at Gastein; that at his departure thence, irritability, excitation, over-energy follow; that in a month or two after his return home, languor and exhaustion succeed; and that these are, in their turn, displaced, after another month or so, by the conscious enjoyment of invigorated health. At Wildbad the preliminary lowness of spirit and depression, noticed at Gastein, never make their appearance.

It is with sincere regret that I find myself under the painful necessity of adding another short paragraph to this chapter in the present edition, for the purpose of announcing the death of the worthy Doctor Storch, the Nestor of the Spas, which happened in the course of the present winter. Peace be to his manes! His career of usefulness was a long and an honourable one; and although the Austrian government may experience no difficulty in supplying his place with a cleverer man; they will not easily find an honester one.

# CHAPTER V.

## GASTEIN—*Concluded.* HOF-GASTEIN.

Straubinger Hotel—The Schloss—Private lodgings—Want of accommodation—Great inconvenience—Expenses of living at Gastein—Peter Straubinger—Lord of the Alps—*Grande Salle de Conversation*—Miss B—— and the Baronne de ***—Morning Concert—An English girl and the Tyroleans—Book of Arrivals—Austrian police—Statistics of the Gastein visiters in 1836—Bivouacking—Abundance of supplies—Swarms of flies—Tyrolese band—King of Würtemberg at Gastein—Dr. Von Ludwig—the Grandees—Count de Preysing and his Spa-jubilee—Want of society—Pleasurable excursion—A village walk—Topography of Gastein and its valley—St. Nicholas—The village church-yard—Pious relatives—Youthful affection—Expeditions to the Alps and the Glacières—Hof-Gastein—The Baths—Hotels—Church—Pictures—Castle of Werfen—*Les Poêles de la Salza*—Visit to them—Description of the defile called Pass-Lueg—Modern fortifications—The great waterfall at Golling—Berchtesgaden—*Königsee*—Echo—The *Kesselfall.*

Straubinger's is a sort of village inn, with straggling rooms and corridors, all open to the winds of heaven, for any one to enter, without any particular notice being taken of him. Yet very little room to spare was found in it on my arrival; and very often there is none at all; as is the case during the season, in all the other inns and lodging-houses of the place, amounting altogether to about sixteen. The Schloss is the head-quarters for strangers, and the principal building in the place, and it contains twenty-three apartments. Next we find an equal number of rooms in the new house, and twenty in the old house, of Straubinger. *Monsieur le Curé* disposes of four rooms in his own house; the schoolmaster of an equal number in his; the *Wundarzt* of three also. The situation of the first of the last three houses is beautiful, and to be preferred, and the apartments are in excellent condition. Three or four shopkeepers let small and uncomfortable rooms; and a few more like these are to be met with in other parts of the village. Altogether it would be difficult to find house-room for more than two hundred people at a time in Gastein, while the season lasts. As the course of bathing seldom exceeds twenty

or thirty baths, the lodgings change tenants at least three times in the season; so that about six hundred visiters are accommodated during the summer at Gastein.

It has often happened that invalids who have arrived without having adopted the precaution of securing beforehand a *pied à terre*, were compelled, notwithstanding their precarious state, (made worse by the fatigues of a harassing journey,) to depart again, and take refuge in the neighbouring villages, particularly at Hof-Gastein. I am told that the sight of many of these individuals arriving in succession, and in a pitiable condition, for whom no shelter can be found, has often excited commiseration and clamour. Let those, therefore, who may feel inclined to visit the Gastein mountains, be aware of this fact. Dr. Streintz, whom I have quoted before, has given so striking a description of one of these *lamentabili scene*, that I shall take leave to transfer it, in his own French, to my pages, as a warning to my readers.

"Toutes les chambres, jusqu'aux plus petits cabinets, étaient occupées, au point que le nombre des locataires excédait la capacité naturelle des logemens. Cependant il arriva tous les jours plus d'étrangers, sans avoir pris la precaution de faire aucun arrangement d'avance, et sans que ceux précédemment arrivés eussent l'air de vouloir faire place aux autres. Beaucoup de ceux qui étaient venus dans l'intention de prendre des bains, furent obligés de chercher des asiles dans les endroits circonvoisins, et d'y attendre le moment favorable. La plus part s'établirent à cet effet au bourg de Hof-Gastein, à une lieue et demie de Gastein, Ce fut là qu'une princesse Russe avait pris un logement pour elle et sa nombreuse suite. Le même jour y arriva un officer d'état, du premier rang. Le lendemain un Suédois de distinction, et une famille Française, qui arrivaient, furent obligés de se contenter de cet asile. A midi, le même jour, un négociant, avec son épouse et sa fille, venant du nord de la Prusse, et après un voyage long et pénible, eut toutes les peines de trouver quelque mauvais logement dans un cabaret. Un moment après arrive d'Odessa un prince, avec la princesse son épouse et son fils, malade depuis longtems, pour operer la guérison de ce dernier au bains de Gastein, après avoir essayé en vain tous les moyens pour son retablissement ailleurs. Il leur fut impossible d'y trouver le plus petit cabinet, et ils risquaient de rencontrer à cet égard les mêmes difficultés à Hof-Gastein. Des

heures se passaient que leur carrosse y était encore arrêtée sur la place, et ce ne fut qu'après beaucoup de soins, qu'on parvint à trouver deux petites chambres pour y loger ces illustres hôtes, avec leur suite. Encore la chambre à coucher du prince et de sa famille n'avait elle d'autre vue que sur le cimetière, et l'on fut obligé d'y faire transporter dans des tonneaux l'eau minerale nécessaire pour les bains. Deux autres voyageurs venant des Pays Bas, et arrivés le même soir, ne trouvant absolument plus de moyens de se loger, étaient constraints de s'en retourner sur-le-champ."

If it be difficult for the visiters to find lodgings at Gastein, they can, at all events, live in it, for the time of their cure, at an expense so moderate, that it need not amount to more than twenty florins a week,—including a furnished room of the best description in the Schloss,—dinner and supper, with wine, at Straubinger's, the charges for the bath and attendants, and lastly, fire, servants, and washing. An invalid may even do all these things for fifteen florins a week, (1*l.* 5*s.*) if he submit to have an apartment in the Schloss at three or two and a half florins a week, and dine and sup at the ordinary table for forty-five kreutzers (1*s.* 3*d.*) per day altogether. At Straubinger's, however, where the rooms are neither so comfortable nor so well furnished as in the Schloss, and where the attendance is indifferent, although the master is a very civil person,—the price of the apartments not being fixed, as is the case with those at the Schloss, it occasionally happens that they are charged more than in the latter place. It is better to make a bargain with the landlord beforehand.

Master Peter Straubinger, *Bürgh Gastgeber*, or purveyor-general and landlord at Gastein, is the descendant, in direct line, of sundry ancestors of the same name, who have exercised the useful calling of *Restaurateur* in this Spa, for a period of more than three hundred years. They have, during that time, contrived to fill their exchequer to overflowing, and like all the innkeepers at the German Spas of chief resort, everything around belongs to them. Straubinger quà—Straubinger là—Straubinger, Straubinger, once and for ever. One might suppose them to be the lords of the place. And well they might be; for half the country, and the best *prairies* on the summit of the mountains, belong to them, or bear their name; and they have an *Alp* of their own. But their *cuisine*, nevertheless, is tame and indiffe-

rent; their Austrian and Hungarian wines are equally so; and their female attendants, with their hats *à la Tyrolienne*, are but sorry waiters.

I had a specimen of these things on the morning of my arrival, when, urged by an appetite of sixteen hours, I transferred myself, under the guidance of the Hon. Mr. —— and Lord F——, well acquainted with the localities, from my chamber in the New, to the grand *Salle de Conversation*, in the Old Straubinger hotel, where those gentlemen left me to try my luck at a breakfast. This *salle*, which is a sort of general assembly-room, was just made ready for the expected guests, who, seated before three long tables, arranged in the shape of the Greek letter Π, *table-d'hôtize* in this place at *meridiem*, for fifty kreutzers a head, sans façon, with good humour, and a positive determination to put up with the same eternal "quatre plats" with which Master Peter supplies them every day.

Who would have expected a piano-forte in such a locality? Yet there it was, sure enough, in a corner of the room; and although not an Erard's, it seemed to harmonize well enough, under the fingers of Madame la Baronne de ——, (as I ascertained on inquiry afterwards,) who was accompanying a young lady singing. There were but few guests in the room when I broke upon this interesting pair, and they were variously engaged in different parts of the *salle*, evidently not captivated by the *sotto voce* and sweet accents of the fair Englander;—for such I instantly recognised the young lady to be. Not so I, who under the plea of taking a late breakfast, at which I lingered with unusual procrastination, placed myself as near as might be, without incommoding the minstrels, to listen, during the whole of the time of my morning repast, to Miss ——, modestly running over German and French romances, Rubini's cavatinas, and Ivanoff's celebrated notturno, "Or che in ciel splende la luna," &c. &c.

There is something inexplicably charming in the *manières* of a pretty English girl who, to her innate *naïveté*, adds a little, not exaggerated, continental civility; particularly when she endeavours to be on an equal footing with a well-born and well-bred German baronne. Such a scene is quite refreshing to witness; especially when it comes upon you amidst the crags of one of the wildest parts of the Tyrol, filled with groups of native women,

clad in their soiled and coarse garments, their greasy and heavily-tressed-up dark or flaxen hair surmounted by a round hat, *à la brigand*, bearing the heron feather. Oh! the gladness of heart at the sight of it is great;—for it recals home, wife, and child—whom one can leave behind, but never forget.

The book of arrivals at Straubinger's stood open before me, and I amused myself in analysing it, so as to form some notion of the number as well as of the class of people who frequent Gastein. There is no keeping your secret at a German Spa, with the keen vigilance of the government and the police; although I must admit, that the power or influence of either is seldom or never visible in those places, or interferes with your enjoyments. But *the book* is there; and in it your names, and your movements, and even your age, and your condition in life, and what not, must be distinctly entered, in order that the authorities may know who comes and who departs. In the Austrian dominions, these registers are even more minute and inquisitive than anywhere else. From the one lying open before me, I gathered, that patients begin to arrive at Straubinger's as early as in the first week in May. Those of last year were all Germans, from Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia, about thirty-four in number, all men under fifty years of age, with the exception of two or three, who were older, and one eighty-three years old. In June, again, thirty-nine came, also all Germans, with four exceptions—a French count, a person from Dôrpt in Russia, and two gentlemen, the one from Venice, the other from Turin. Most of these, also, were young people, one or two only being more than fifty, and four of them between thirty and forty. Vienna, Dresden, Augsburg, Berlin, &c., supplied these individuals. Forty-three arrived in July, among whom were Madame Pecchio, (the lady, I presume, of the author of several Italian political and other works, lately deceased,) and Mrs. Bowring. Again, the largest number of these were from remote parts of Germany. It seems that this is the month when the older invalids venture as far as Gastein. One of them was eighty, another seventy, thirty of them above sixty and less than sixty-five, and the rest between twenty and thirty years of age. The month of August had contributed thirty-six visiters to Straubinger's, among whom I read the names of Captain Montague,

Lady Louisa B——, Miss B——, and Mr. Davenport B——. With these exceptions, the rest were all from Germany, and few of them older than fifty years.

The number of persons mentioned in this list, were not the only visiters from England at Gastein. A few others there were, distributed in the sorry lodgings of the place, dining with black-handled knives, and steel forks, and odd plates,—and bearing the contrast between their present humble bivouacking, and the splendid mansions they had left behind, with perfect good-humour and gaiety. I witnessed a family circle of this class of visiters, consisting of a lady of high rank and her daughters, (none of them in the least invalids, by-the-way,) who had accompanied a son to the Spa, and who had contrived to make themselves perfectly happy at the house of Moser near the church, one of the principal lodging-houses in the place. The dinner, massive in joints, and plentiful as to quantity, showed that, at all events, Gastein lacks no *mangeaille*. The beef seemed finely flavoured, and the milk and butter excellent. I can praise equally the white wheaten bread, and must not absolutely despise the beer, which was something like the Bavarian—perhaps some of the latter imported, for I do not suppose that there is, as yet, any Meux or Barclay at Gastein. But there are more guests to devour such a dinner than the invited, and the millions (no exaggeration) of flies which, like swarms of locusts on the corn-fields of Egypt, leave devastation and defœdation behind, would preclude all chances of enjoying any meal, were it not for the ingenious process employed to destroy them in part, some time before the hour of repast. I never before beheld so astounding a number of these insects, congregated together in any building. The face of the guests appeared at times to be suddenly and completely covered by them, so that scarcely a feature of it could be recognised. They may fairly be set down as one of the "plagues" of Gastein.

While at tea at the Countess ——, a Tyrolean troop of minstrels, men and women, in the costume of their highlands, came to entertain us with their strains, in the narrow passage between the entrance and the sitting-room. The performance was highly creditable, particularly as to the harmony of voices and time. They ran over various ballads of their country,

in which the final and guttural yea-ooola, yea-ooola, *jodel-hi*, *jodel-ho*, was, as usual, predominant and characteristic.

Many illustrious personages have occasionally paid a visit to Gastein. I have already mentioned his Majesty the King of Würtemberg, who had used the baths this season. Other princely invalids had either preceded him, or had followed his example. I am of opinion, however, that his Majesty will soon discover, from the experience of his skilful and talented physician, Dr. Von Ludwig, that there is in his dominions a warm mineral spring, which yields in nothing to that of Gastein. Should his Majesty continue his royal efforts to enlarge, improve, and render more comfortable the Spa of Wildbad, I entertain not the smallest doubt, that it will supersede almost every other warm mineral bathing place in Germany, in the treatment of many important diseases.

In general, the yearly arrivals at Gastein seem to have amounted, one season with another, to nearly one thousand; and among them there have been several distinguished characters, whether for rank or reputation. Scarcely a season passes without some exalted personage appearing at Gastein in search of health. Could they but find accommodation at the same time, an excellent opportunity would exist for establishing not only a more general intercourse among the visiters, but also those social entertainments which are now so much wanting. Unfortunately, these *sommités aristocratiques* can only find room in succession; so that one must wait until another has taken his leave. Thus Prince Louis of Würtemberg appears only after the Archduke Regnier is gone; and the beautiful Princess Narischkin waits to occupy the apartments of the Princess Dowager of Schwartzenberg; while Prince Gallitzin cannot procure a suite of apartments until they have been quitted by Prince Wallerstein and his lovely Princess. Some, I take it, have an affection for the place, and cannot help coming to Gastein every season. Count Gaspar de Preysing, for instance, celebrated, in 1828, his fiftieth season at Gastein, and began *da capo* from that time! What a jubilee!

My readers may readily conjecture whether any, and what sort, of society and amusements are to be expected at this watering-place, under such circumstances. "Il n'y a pas de spectacles, de bals, de concerts, ni feux d'artifice ou illuminations, (observes Dr.

Streintz), ni diners ou soupers magnifiques, ni divertissemens bruyants ou fêtes éclatantes, inventées par le raffinement de la vie sociale, et dont le monde est si avide, qu'il semble qu'il lui est impossible de s'en passer.—Mais on y est dédommagé par des jouissances bien plus sublimes, et dont l'homme blasé sur tous les autres plaisirs même ne peut s'empêcher d'être touché. Elles ont autant plus de prix, ces jouissances la, qu'elles peuvent s'acquérir sans dépense, sans beaucoup de peines, sans efforts et sans gêne. Elles procurent les plaisirs les plus purs, donnent de la vigueur au corps et de la force à l'esprit, adoucissent les chagrins, font oublier les soucis, et raniment la bonne humeur." This panegyric belongs as a matter of right to supping at half past eight, going to bed at ten, getting up at five A. M., and taking long walks, and scrambles, either on horseback or foot. *Voilà les plaisirs*, and (I suspect) half the secret of the curative virtues of Gastein.

But in serious earnestness, it may be admitted that, both near and far, Gastein offers to the invalid, during his sojourn in it, an endless succession of pleasures, derived from the contemplation of nature's magnificent beauties. A walk through the village alone, in order to form a correct notion of its position and romantic features, and to admire the cascade from various positions, would suffice for a day's amusement.

Arrived in front of the little hospital, on the lower road of the village, a very striking view of that cascade is enjoyed. The one in the print given at the head of this account of Gastein, is almost identical with it. An upright rock forms the background of the picture, and the more distant and lofty mountains crown the waterfall. In the centre the Schloss appears with its whole façade. A little on the right of it is seen the modern stone building of Straubinger, below which appears the older Swiss-like cottage of the same name. Further to the right, placed nigh the entrance-road, on a grassy hillock, is another building of wood. The bridge connects these, and seems to form a straight line over the waterfall, as if the latter began only under it. The upper portion of the cascade in this view lies concealed. But if on quitting our station, and after passing under the wooden arch of the gallery, which connects the wards of the hospital with its baths, we stop our course a few yards further, and lean on the parapet which guards us from a still lower road, the waterfall presents a different aspect. It is now magnified in its character, by having

other features added to it. Above the bridge, the great cleft in the kneiss mountain, which separates the two Gams-Kerrkogels, exhibits two higher leaps of the impetuous *Ache;* while below the bridge, its cataract has expanded into a double width, and spreads its foaming and roaring water over the shining slaty rock. The road, which has here quitted the village, takes a gentle sweep a little further round to the right, and divides, after a short descent, into a lesser path, which returns towards the lowest part of Gastein; while the principal road keeps gradually ascending, and proceeds to the farthest and extreme outline of the foot of the lofty Thronegg on the right, where it reaches, at last, a small church with a pointed spire. The stream of the *Ache*, which, in descending, has all along accompanied us on our left, in this walk, here relents its course. It is now narrow and very tortuous, struggling through mazes of broken masses of granite and kneiss, either lying loose in the middle of the current, or jutting from each bank, formed by the worn and scooped-out rocks on either side. Towards the further valley a perspective opens, of a rich and cultivated country, as far as the eye can reach, and the fields seem to creep up the Chamoisberg. The lovely azure of the sky paints the outlines of these rocks sharply and most distinctly. At every step onwards, a new feature presents itself, until at last the whole of the valley, as far as Hof-Gastein, lies broadly before the spectator.

In the course of such a walk, the skilful artist would find bits to enrich his album, which no imaginative creation could invent. The view of the village of Hof-Gastein, seen from the lowest point of the last described road, half-way before I reached the little church,—with the *Wetterwand* beyond it, the champaign country in front, and the grotesque rocks and groups of fir and cedar-trees for a fore-ground,—would, of itself, form a delightful landscape.

This view is more open, but not so picturesque, when seen from the threshold of the little church before mentioned, dedicated to St. Nicholas, which looks towards the valley. A small church-yard surrounds the lonely edifice, in which taste, fancy, and devotion, have arranged a great number of *memento* crosses. Some of them are gilded, bearing the figure of our Saviour, skilfully carved; others are decorated with ruder ornaments, and most of them are decked with ranunculi, geraniums, roses, and

violets, which are also planted on the green sward of each narrow tenement. Either a solid or trellis border surrounds these divisions, painted in fanciful colours, calculated to banish the sombre idea of dissolution and annihilation, by the gay tints that speak of life. The humble mountaineers, particularly the women, often accompanied by their children, enter the churchyard by a wicker gate, at which stands a huge crucifix. They touch reverentially the nailed feet of the Redeemer, cross themselves with devotion, and then proceed towards the church. But ere they enter that sanctuary, they dip their fingers into some one of the cups containing holy water, of which one is suspended from each cross, and sprinkle the blessed fluid over the graves of those whose memory is dearest to them—of some departed relative, perhaps a lover, or a cherished son—and then pass through the door into the church. I stood watching the decrepit and grey-headed as they performed this holy operation, and followed them through the tiny forest of woody monuments, as, with their fingers dripping with the blessed water, they searched, amidst many, the tombs of their beloved. A throng of women and children passed me at this moment, and they all omitted this ceremony before they entered the church, save a young stripling, barely ten years old, who, after many anxious looks, chose one lofty cross, and with difficulty having reached the holy cup on tip-toe, drew back from it, and proceeded to a distant grave, and there threw the pendant drops from his fingers over the last home of his father.

The more remote excursions;—the *glacières* of the Nassfelds—the mines and great lakes on the higher peaks of those Alps—the large and luxuriant *prairies* at the foot of the icy pinnacles—the highly interesting field of inquiry offered to the geologist and the botanist;—all these objects of equal attraction, instruction, and diversion to the visiters of Gastein, I must leave to Dr. Eble and Dr. Streinz to describe, and proceed on my way to Hof-Gastein.

Hof-Gastein is a considerable village in the plain, within sight of Gastein, and owes its fame as a Spa to the circumstances just alluded to—of want of room for the visiters who frequent the latter place. It possesses no springs of its own, but receives, by means of an extended line of wooden pipes, the mineral water direct from the *Spital Quelle*, at the rate of fifteen cubic feet of it per minute. The temperature in this *trajet* is only

lowered two degrees; so that more heat is retained than is required for the purpose of bathing. There are several establishments for this purpose in the village, and almost every decent house affords lodging-room to the surplus visiters from Gastein. The post-house is one of the principal bathing houses. Many people, after trying the air of the mountain at the real spring, have preferred coming down to Hof-Gastein for a change of climate, and have found the baths here equally efficacious.

Such travellers as think it necessary to read the history of a place in its sepulchral monuments, will find the church of Hof-Gastein rich in inscriptions recording the deeds of extinct barons and wealthy miners. The pointed arch of the building tells its own date, and the various paintings hung in some of the little chapels, and along the three aisles of the church, carry us back to the fifteenth century. I will not say, with the author of a guide-book I met somewhere, that these paintings (principally on wood) are "Des tableaux qui meritent d'être vus;" but I admit, that to find in such a sequestered spot any tokens of the fine arts, though their merit be but scanty, must be a matter of surprise. Even in the smaller and humbler church of St. Nicholas, previously alluded to, perched on the mountains, I observed numerous paintings, by no means so discreditable as one might imagine. The religion of Rome is unquestionably the parent of this art, and seems to extend a fostering influence on its productions, even where black bread alone supplies the wants of life.

To those who are desirous to pass from Gastein into Italy, and descend through the Italian Tyrol to Venice, one of the most magnificent roads, of recent construction, and due to the Austrian government, lies not far remote. In returning to Saltzburg, the road I described on coming to Gastein need not be taken; for there is another and equally magnificent route in point of natural beauties, over the Pinzgau, which in the summer is said to be very practicable. It is only partly so, however, for carriages, and the rest must be travelled over on foot or on horseback. Practised travellers admit that the road is not wholly free from dangers.

My object, however, was not to loiter among the Alps, but to see, by prudent deviations from the main road through which I had come, such interesting objects as I had not had an opportu-

nity of contemplating before. Among these I will only mention, as appropriate to the intention of this book, the last cataract formed by the Ache, where it plunges from a height of 200 feet into the Salza, near Lendt; the ancient baronial castle of Werfen, perched on an almost perpendicular rock, which rises at one of the extremities of that market town, and a visit to the interior of which amply repaid me for the trouble and time employed in going over it; and next, the celebrated *Pass-Lueg*, a narrow defile between two chains of limestone mountains, at the entrance of which the Salza seems to struggle with the same violence with which it must have directed its course in primitive ages against the obstacles that still impede its way, in order to make to itself a passage between the Tannengeberge and the Hagenberge.

Such are the maddening efforts of the checked waters in this part of the river, that they seem to boil into and out of deep gulfs, like the hot springs of Iceland—dashing their white foam against the rocks, with a noise that sounds like thunder, to those who look down into these caldrons, (*Les Poèles de la Salza*,) as they are termed. Rocks upon rocks have, at different epochs, fallen from the projecting ledges of the loftiest parts of the mountain, —and being arrested in their downward course by the narrowness of the deep ravine, have arranged themselves in such fantastic shapes as to form, over the foaming river, various natural and solid bridges, from which the traveller is invited to behold this imposing and almost terrific spectacle. Such is the depth of this boiling gulf, that no ray of sunshine has ever reached its gloomy and sombre region.

No one who is not a stranger to the eventful history of the last half century, can have forgotten the interest connected with the contemplation of the Pass-Lueg, situated a short distance from Golling; nor can the geologist cease to admire the curious appearance of this district, which reminded me of similar defiles made by the Elbe among the calcareous mountains of Saxony. How many thousands of lives have been sacrificed to the defence of this strait, in the French revolutionary and imperial wars! Every vestige of its once formidable fortifications—its bastions and turrets perched on the pointed peaks of part of the mountain —and its drawbridges boldly launched across the defile, from the crest of the rocks on the one side to that of the side opposite, as

if in mockery to ride over the profound abyss below—had disappeared a few years since; and a commodious, wide, and excellent road was substituted, along the right bank of the Salza, to the tortuous path which formerly used to wind round the mountain side. But the Austrian government has lately begun to re-erect, on more solid and approved principles, the fortifications on both sides of the Pass. Here I suspended my course for a time, to witness the perilous office of the engineers, and men employed in their seemingly endless task. The effect, in this stern and still region, of the heavy hammer, and pointed pick-axe, forced into the resisting rock, which split asunder, and suffered its disjointed masses to tumble down the precipitous declivity of the mountain into the wide river stream, was quite thrilling. As the sound of each stroke echoed from one mountain side to the opposite, and reverberated along the banks, imagination might have peopled the soaring cliffs above with ten times the number of artificers that were actually at work in raising bastions and parapets, and cutting paths into the solid rock.

A picturesque and smiling road, at this point, branches off from the main road, and leads the curious traveller to the spot where the *Schwarzbach*, (black rivulet,) a stream which traditionary opinion imagines to be flowing through a subterraneous passage from the König-see, precipitates itself from a height of three hundred feet, forming one of the most remarkable mountain-falls in this district. The *water-fall of Golling*, as it is also called, is one of the principal temptations which the postmaster at that place has to offer to the traveller, to induce him to loiter awhile at his inn.

But these are not the only objects of attraction which the visiter who is returning from Gastein, and desirous to explore some of the numberless beauties of that region, will find, by deviating a journey or two from his straight path. An excursion to the fairy land of BERCHTESGADEN,—besides its mines of rock crystal, which deserve particular attention, and a descent into which seems more like a romance than reality,—presents the magnificent spectacle of the blue-green surface of an immense lake, at an elevation of some thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by the extended arms of two of the loftiest mountains in the country, which give it a dark and dreary appearance. This lake, which now bears the name of *Königsee*, was for-

merly known under that of Lake St. Bartholomew. A well-kept road leads to its precipitous shores from the Bavarian frontier, which it is necessary to recross from the Austrian province of Saltzburgh, in order to reach the lake. The steep and naked pinnacles of the Watzmann, rising thousands of feet higher than the level of the lake, seem to touch the clouds on the one side; while on the other, the less dreary Göllgebirge, of nearly equal elevation, affords an alpine path full of danger, and interrupted by frequent and precipitous ravines. The guides in this fairy region conduct you to the little island of *Christ-liegen*, to hear your name seven times repeated by the mountain echo; and afterwards draw you insensibly towards the more rocky gulf near the *Wallnerhalbe-insel*, where a pretty hermitage invites the traveller to rest in front of the imposing Kesselfall,—a mountain stream which throws itself, foaming, over the projecting cliffs into the lake.

# CHAPTER VI.

## HALLEIN.

## ROAD TO THE BOHEMIAN SPAS.

The Durrenberg—Entrance into the Salt Mines—Presence chamber of the miners—Mysterious preparations—Mrs. Trollope—First Gallery—First *Rolle*—A short soliloquy—Precipitous descent—The second and other Galleries, and *Bergs*—The great subterranean salt Lake—Illumination—Surprise—L'Inferno—Crossing the Lake—Quick exit—Effect of the light of day—Prodigious quantity of salt produced every year—Geology of the mines—The Brine-lake used as a Bath—Doctor Werneck—Microscopic observations—*Animalculi* of the Gastein water—Movement in crystals—Dr. Werneck's opinion of the Gastein waters in some diseases—Road to Ratisbon—Parting adieu to the Salza—Regensburg—Day of fatal foreboding—The *Regen*—Crossing the Inn—Landshut—State of the roads—The frontier of Bohemia—Population—Agriculture—Line of communication from the frontier to the Bohemian Spas of *Eger, Carlsbad,* and *Marienbad*—Austrian Custom-house—Bohemian language.

I reached the celebrated salt-mines in the neighbourhood of the small town of Hallein, after having ascended the steep and winding road of the Durrenberg. Once on the summit of that mountain, I made my way into the beautiful little church, built of marble in the sixteenth century, which marks that spot, and ascended to its belfry, whence a most extended view is obtained of the luxuriant garden in the centre of which Saltzburgh is seated. The tortuous stream of the Salza, from this elevation, resembles a wide ribbon of white satin, stretching in serpent-like or undulatory spirals on the plain below, from Hallein to the capital. Few panoramas of equal extent offer so many interesting features as that which I enjoyed from the tower of the Durrenberg Kirche

Armed with the necessary order from the inspector of the mines, I knocked for admittance at the gate of the *Manipulation-Hof*, and was received into a large square room, hung with pictures of the ancient and most renowned miners, some of whose

descendants stood before me in reality, with their stern countenances,—thick-set, square-shouldered, robust-looking, and clad in the trappings of their order. There was something sinister in the sight—mysterious—and eleusinian; or to speak nearer the truth, the view reminded the already initiated, of the imposing ceremonies by which the fortitude of the candidates for admission into the craft of freemasons is tested, in the several lodges of Germany.

A register of the visiters was presented to me, and by a mere token of the extended finger, *sans mot dire*, I received directions to inscribe my name in it. While doing this, the names of a few English travellers and of the fair Mrs. Trollope herself caught my attention, as having visited the mines a few days before. But I was soon recalled from my examination of this book, by the brusque handling of one of the miners, who set about decking me in the upper garment of their calling, while a second supplied me with the nether one, and a third buckled around my waist the broad belt, within which he fixed a stout right hand glove of leather, as if to prepare me for a share in their laborious work.

To what purpose was I thus arrayed in this white, coarse, and picturesque costume? Was it merely to render my visit to these subterranean regions more impressive? or would its use become manifest hereafter, in the course of my explorations? The sequel will show. I was then perfectly ignorant of the smallest circumstance connected with these mines. My mind, therefore, was prepared for every fresh impression; and the idea of penetrating into the deep and dark caverns, under mysterious ceremonies, of a lofty mountain, on the summit of which I then stood, splendidly lighted up by a noon-day, and almost tropical sun, excited feelings within my bosom which added to the interest of the occasion. As I surveyed myself, on quitting the presence of the taciturn chief, to follow the guide he had assigned me,—I could not resist tempting him to break his silence, by asking, whether the fair lady whose name was last inscribed on the register, and who, I explained to him, was a renowned English traveller, had also submitted to wear the garb of the miner, with the characteristic nether part of it: "Even so," was the reply.

Litner, a robust-looking man, full of intelligence, and, as I afterwards found, of information also, aged fifty-four years,

(twenty-four of which he had passed in the dark recesses of the Durrenberg, with the rank of an *Arbeitführer*,) was the conductor whom I followed to the low arched entrance (*Einfahrt*) of the mine, over which was this inscription, "Ober Steinberg, 1450." This is the name given to the fifth of the nine stages or stories into which the internal mine is divided, reckoning from the highest, or the one nearest the summit of the mountain. Having entered the dark passage of *Freudenberg*, lighted by a short candle carried by the conductor and another by myself, we walked through it, in a straight line, for a distance of nearly two thousand feet, the first four hundred of which presented a wall on each side of white *Untersbergen* marble. This, like all the other passages or galleries through which I passed afterwards, called *Haupt stollen*, runs horizontally into the mountain, and meets the shafts. These galleries are generally two feet wide near the floor, with two parallel rails, on which run a kind of low-wheeled wagons, conveying the ore and mineral salt from one part of the mine to another. The rails admit also of a species of car, placed on four low wheels, in which the visiters who prefer that mode of conveyance to walking, are drawn by one or more miners, with astonishing rapidity. The walls of these galleries approach each other nearer at the ceiling than close to the floor, and are supported either by piles of wood or by masonry. As it was discovered that, where the wood was most exposed to the action of the salt-earth, it became harder and harder, and was scarcely ever after liable to decay, all those piles which, when fixed, are not necessarily in contact with the salt parts of the mountain, are previously soaked in brine. Now here is a hint for a rival company to Kyan's monopoly, which I am convinced offers no greater security against the decay of wood than strong brine would. It will be found on trial that the *bichloride of sodium* in this respect is as efficacious as the *bichloride of mercury* employed by Kyan.

How ventilation is carried on in these passages, it is not easy to discover. The entrance of the external air is carefully prevented, by several doors called weather-doors; and so effectually is this managed, that in no part of the mine, (which extends nearly four miles, taking all the galleries, shafts, and recesses together,) whether I was walking, or riding on the car, did the flame of my candle flicker in the smallest degree. That there is,

at times, a want of air, is evident from the fact, that an arrangement exists in some parts for supplying it to the miners, when at work, by means of bellows. In order to facilitate the passage of the miners with their cars when they happen to meet each other, places twelve feet long and four feet wide have been excavated, at the distance of every 180 or 200 feet on both sides. The native rock on each side, which has been neatly and smoothly cut, exhibited its variegated strata of salt and gypsum, mixed here and there with green and flesh-coloured crystals.

We descended about two hundred steps cut in the rock, at the termination of this first passage, in order to reach another and lower portion of it, which brought us to the brink of what appeared to me a bottomless pit. The "darkness visible" of the place at first hardly permitted a more careful survey; but when the eye became, at last, accustomed to the dingy atmosphere, I could perceive before me a narrow inclined plane, at an angle of forty degrees, the *terminus* of which was left entirely to imagination to divine. On the inclined plane, and in the direction of its axis, two parallel lines, one foot apart, formed of smooth, polished, wooden cylinders, (being portions of the trunks of fir trees,) six inches in diameter, placed contiguous to one another, are laid down, and secured by short cross pieces. A tightly-drawn rope runs close to and parallel with the cylinder on the right.

Litner here looked round for the first time since we had entered these singular regions; and pulling from my girdle the glove, bid me put it on my right hand, and follow his example. He grinned at the same time a smile of encouragement, probably because he saw on my pale face the momentary feeling of my heart. Litner next stretched himself upon the inclined plane, keeping his head somewhat erect, and touching with his body both wooden cylinders, across which his legs were thrown slanting. He held his light with the left, while within the palm of the right he grasped the tight rope, keeping the thumb free and aloof from it.

There was a momentary pause on my part. Litner had not explained to me the object of this *montagne russe*, as I took it to be; nor where it would lead to; nor how deep it was. The mind of man can, by resolution, encounter the greatest danger without dismay, if it be but seen; against a threatening evil that is known, we can put on the armour of courage, and brave the

worst; but to face an evil we know not of, is a task from which the stoutest often recoil. A thousand accidents might happen;—giddiness might follow the rapid downward descent for which I was bidden to prepare,—my hand might not stand the quick friction of the rope, or cramp might supervene to prevent its proper grasp. Still, others had gone down before me, and the stern being then lying at my feet had done so a thousand times. The situation was one of my own seeking, and there was no receding without shame. I stopped therefore on the brink of the dark abyss, behind my guide, seated myself on the cylinders, and placed my feet against Litner's broad shoulders, while, with my hand passed under the rope, I strove to gain some security by holding it tight. The moment Litner felt the weight of my person inclining against him, he suffered himself to slide downwards, followed by me; and down, down we glided at a giddy pace, my breathing held in suspense, so that the dead silence of the dark cavern into which we were thus plunging resounded only with the wind-like hissing of the rope, as it passed rapidly over the rough glove in our right hand, and with the distant murmuring and splashing of unseen and falling water. In one minute and a half we were again on our feet at the end of this shaft, called Freudenberge Rolle, three hundred and fifty feet deep.

We had now reached the fourth story of the mine, called the *Unter-steinberg*, where a passage, six hundred and fifty feet in length, leads to a second shaft, very appropriately called *Jacob's Ladder*, one hundred and eighty-nine feet deep, and placed at forty-six degrees of inclination. On the right and left of this passage the miners were seen, busy at their toilsome task, in parties of four, working with the regularity of soldiers. It is in the passage at the termination of this steep descent, that we find the most productive salt-works. The name it bears is that of Johann Jacobs, and in length it measures one thousand two hundred fathoms. Its walls are strongly supported; but between the wooden piles the stratification of the rock is easily distinguished, exhibiting veins of the flesh-coloured salt in slaty marl.

Two other shafts at an angle of forty-three degrees, the *Königs Rolle*, and the *Konhauser Rolle*, are descended in the like manner, in order to view the *Rupert's Berg*, or the lowest stage but one of the mine. Here the visiter is shown a spacious place like a room, cut out of the rock, called the "Commissioner's

Chamber," containing the Austrian arms, and the monument of St. Rupert. In a niche scooped out of the rock, specimens of the different strata which occur in the mine are exhibited, together with some Roman antiquities found here in 1825, the date of which has been determined by the royal warder of the Salines, who is a great antiquarian, to be one hundred and eighty years before Christ.

Hitherto fear had given way to admiration, and fatigue to the pleasure of witnessing these stupendous works of nature and man. But the greatest surprise was yet to come, and great it was indeed, when, upon the throwing open of a door which seemed to bar the avenue we were then pursuing, I suddenly emerged, from comparative darkness and a narrow pass, into a wide expanse, lighted up all round by hundreds of tapers. These, being reflected from the surface of a dark and still lake of liquid brine, which spreads widely below them, and from the low and extended ceiling above, which was sparkling with the deliquescent moisture of the salt rock, seemed at first to be of ten times their real number. The sudden appearance, too, of several of the miners in their bizarre costume, whispering in low murmurs to each other,—some on the brink of this dismal lake, looking on, while others were pushing a flat bark on its liquid surface to the spot on which I stood, inviting me at the same time, and by mute signs only, to embark on it,—added to my first surprise the more intense feeling of interest. At the first glance, one might have fancied himself in a very large square at night, surrounded by an illuminated town; and the veins of salt rock, which were of red, green, yellow, white, and blue tints, mixed with crystals of selenite, sparkled and shone like precious stones.

Notwithstanding this adventitious splendour around the dark lake, the whole scene forcibly brought to mind many passages of the "Inferno," *nella divina commedia*.

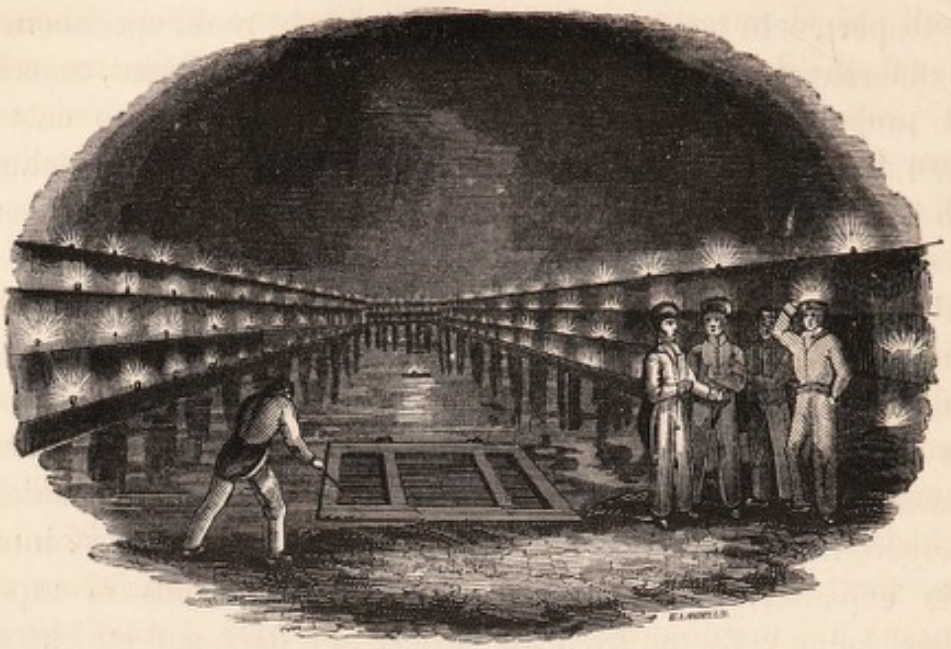
> "L'acqua era bigia molto più, che persa."

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> "Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave,
> Un vecchio, bianco per antico pelo,"

who seemed to view me askant, and say,

> "Non isperate mai veder lo Cielo:
> I vegno per menarvi a l'altra riva,
> Nelle tenebre eterne in caldo e'n gelo."



The only way out of this dreary abode, however, was by crossing the lake. This LITNER made me understand, when he found that I hesitated to place my foot on the bark. He then set me the example:

"Lo duca mio discese nella barca,
E poi mi fec'entrar appresso lui;"

and the frail bark conveyed us across, where, being landed, we proceeded to the almost perpendicular *Rolle*, two hundred and fifty feet deep, which led to the lowest division of the mine, called the Wolf-dietrick's Berg. This region is one thousand three hundred and twenty feet deep, in a perpendicular line, from the spot on which stands the little church I had visited, near the entrance into the mines.

The length of the gallery of this étage of the mine, the lowest of all, is eight thousand and forty feet, one-third of which is cut through grey limestone. It leads to the gate of egress, (*Ausfahrt*,) towards which I thought we should now walk without any further interruption. Our progress, however, when at about seven thousand feet from the *Ultima Thule*, was suddenly checked, by a door which barred the passage. This, at the clap of Litner's hands, was mysteriously opened, when two gigantic miners appeared, one placed at each end of a car or bench, such as I have already described, called a *Bergwurst*, suspended by ropes over a sledge, the grooves of which were locked over the

rails on the floor of the gallery. On this vehicle Litner and myself placed ourselves astride, one behind the other; when, at a signal, the door behind closed upon us with a deafening noise and prolonged reverberations; and away went the machine, drawn by the miner in front and impelled by the one behind, with such rapidity, that we accomplished the whole distance in ten minutes.

Our candles just before this time had begun to verge fast to their last expiring scintillæ, and finally went out,—leaving us in total darkness, scudding at a fearful rate through a straight and narrow passage, which echoed the tramping of the two running miners. This *coup de théâtre* was purposely brought about, by calculating the duration of the candles, in order that we might enjoy another and a concluding sight. When distant about two thousand five hundred feet from the egress gate, Litner bid the conductor to stop, and called to me to look over his shoulders and straight forward. I did so, and at a distance, of the length of which I could form no idea, I perceived a minute twinkling star in the middle of the passage. I kept my eyes steadily upon it; the sledge once more advanced with increased velocity, and the star also increased in size; when about twelve hundred feet distant it looked like the rising moon, as round and as bright; until at length it changed into the full glare of the brightest sun. The passage, which is just wide enough to admit of the species of car I have described, felt cold and damp from the deliquescent salt by which we were encompassed, as well as from the brisk fanning of the air through which we darted with so much rapidity. When at length our car, by a last effort, was ejected some distance out of the bowels of the mountain into the external atmosphere, the sudden impression of light and warmth was quite delightful.

I found, in a small house at the *Ausfahrt*, the clothes I had left at the entrance on the other side of the mountain, and there deposited the miner's garb,—giving a gratification of three florins and a half to the conductor, for himself and his brethren, and receiving from him in return a small box, containing specimens of all the varieties of coloured salt rock.

I need hardly state, that the mode of obtaining the salt found in these mines, consists in introducing into them, water from the

various springs in the mountains, which is made to dissolve as much of the salt as it will take up; and that the great salt lake I have described, called *Werk Kaiser Franz*, is one of the immense reservoirs of the liquid brine thus prepared, which being conveyed, through wooden pipes, down the declivity of the mountain to the bank of the Salza, near Hallein, is there boiled and evaporated, and made into dry salt, packed in barrels, and sent off in barges to various parts of the Austrian dominions. The statistical returns of this mine of rock-salt give, for the last six hundred years, the astonishing produce of 771,428,554 quintals of purified salt, making an average of one million two hundred and eighty-five thousand seven hundred and fourteen quintals of salt per annum.

The salt mines of Saltzburg, a name by which these mines are also known, like all those in the Tyrol and in Styria, are found in calcareous mountains. The whole country around consists of primitive calcareous rocks. This class of rocks forms the summit of the highest mountain of those districts, with masses of considerable magnitude superimposed upon them of secondary rocks, also of a calcareous nature, containing shells. It is in the great cavities formed in the centre of these mountains, that these salt mines are found, at a very considerable elevation above the level of the valleys, and at no great distance from large quarries of gypsum.

I feel a sort of moral conviction that these briny reservoirs in the interior of the Durrenberg, which were known and used in the earliest ages, must often have been employed for the recovery of patients, especially those afflicted with palsy, extenuation, and bodily decay. We have direct evidence of such an application of mineral salt water in other parts of Germany, at all epochs, and to this very day. Many people frequent the neighbourhood of Kissingen, for instance, that they may use the water of the salt springs, near that place, as a bath. I remarked that all the miners looked robust and healthy; and Litner informed me that he had never ailed anything during the many years he had spent in the innermost recesses of the earth; nor was he aware of any complaint among his fellow-labourers that could be fairly attributed to a sojourn within the mines. He knew, on the contrary, that some few of them, who,—from a sudden transition into the

external air, after having worked their task and become heated, had contracted rheumatism,—required only to return to their occupation with the pickaxe within the bergs, so as to get into a perspiration while surrounded by an atmosphere impregnated with the emanations of deliquescent rock-salt, in order to recover their health.

About two hours and a half were passed in the interior of these mines; and in two hours more I found myself once again at Saltzburg, enjoying the hospitality of Dr. Werneck, before whom I produced my specimens from the Gastein springs. Dr. Werneck is staff-surgeon to the Austrian forces stationed in Saltzburg, and a practitioner of considerable eminence in that city. He has devoted much of his time to scientific inquiries, and has made himself very favourably known throughout Germany, by his minute microscopical researches. These he has extended to the many curious bodies of vegetable, as well as of animal origin, found in thermal waters; and upon them Dr. Werneck has published some interesting remarks. Three or four microscopes stand generally before or around him, on different tables. Two of these, by Pleysel, of Vienna, are of such extraordinary power and distinctness, that I do not recollect ever having looked through the like in England.

To one of these, Dr. Werneck submitted a portion of each of the three specimens, of schlegm, green conferva, and stalactitious deposition, which I had brought with me from Gastein. In each he most distinctly demonstrated either life or motion. Although the portions employed on the occasion were as minute as possible, the objects spread on the field of the microscope became so large and distinct, that with ease a coloured drawing of them could be made; and one such having been accomplished by Dr. Werneck's own daughter, a very intelligent and scientific young lady, I brought it away at his request. The schlegm, as I once before mentioned, is that curious, loose, fungoid, slippery deposit which is noticed within the dark recesses of the warm springs of Gastein. It is never found in thermal springs, if any light has access to the place. Its colour is sometimes white, sometimes brown. This substance is not of animal origin, Dr. Werneck thinks, but of a vegetable and cryptogamic nature. On diluting the smallest portion of it on the glass, I could observe several pear-shaped capsules, standing in groups, upon a slimy, felty pericarp,

formed of several suctional vessels, which are the real receptacles of the seed. The second, or green substance, on the contrary, called *conferva thermalis*, is never found in hot mineral waters where light has no access. It is deposited at the bottom of channels and open reservoirs, wherever a rough body or obstacle to the course of the water exists to which it may attach itself. At the entrance of the *Spitalquelle* in Gastein, it may be seen on the very threshold of the door; but even a quarter of an inch farther in, where no light is habitually suffered to pass, from the door being generally closed, no such deposit is noticed. In its appearance, this *conferva* might be compared to a green silk plush, the hair of which has been pressed and smoothed down in one uniform direction, so as to appear shining and slippery. A portion of this substance taken from my bottle, as large as the head of a pin, exhibited two classes of beings endowed with motion, and of striking and many-varied forms; some of which Werneck looks upon as vegetable infusorii, while others he considers as animal infusorii or animalcules. The latter find food and nest in the former, which are alone the constituent parts of the green colour of the substance in question.

One is really lost in amazement at the spectacle of these moving beings, some oscillating from side to side like a pendulum; others rearing one of their extremities from the prostrate to the vertical posture, like the head of a snake; while a gigantic bino-gastric creature, disentangling himself from the trammels of many green fibres, advances majestically into the field of the microscope, with a figure not known among the common *infusorii* of our waters, and swallows with marked gluttony the *monas*, and the *atomus*, and the *guttula*, and many other *infinitesimals* that appeared in succession.

As to the third specimen I had brought from Gastein, the stalactitious *tubuli*, from within the cavern of the hot *Spitalquelle*, —whenever the smallest imaginable portion of them was broken into powder, and subjected to the strongest microscope but one, that instrument showed it to consist of most beautiful and delicate crystals, distinctly defined, and the ultimate molecules of which (when each crystal was farther pulverised) appeared to my eye to be endowed with movement. I profess to be quite a novice in this question, which has engaged, among the modern philosophers, not only my friend Dr. Werneck, but also the enthusiastic

Prussian traveller, whom I have likewise the satisfaction of knowing,—Professor EHRENBERG; as well as the Swedish AGARDT, and very recently Mons. CORDA, keeper of the National Zoological Museum of Prague; the latter of whom has published an essay on the oscillatorii of the warm springs of Carlsbad, with a great many figures.

In the hurry of taking my notes, I may have misrepresented or misunderstood what Dr Werneck detailed to me. If so, I crave his pardon. The more I saw of that physician and very learned man, the more I liked him. He appears to be a truly conscientious lover of science and recondite nature. I believe he follows the Israelitish faith, and he is unquestionably another of the many honourable examples of talent in that race.

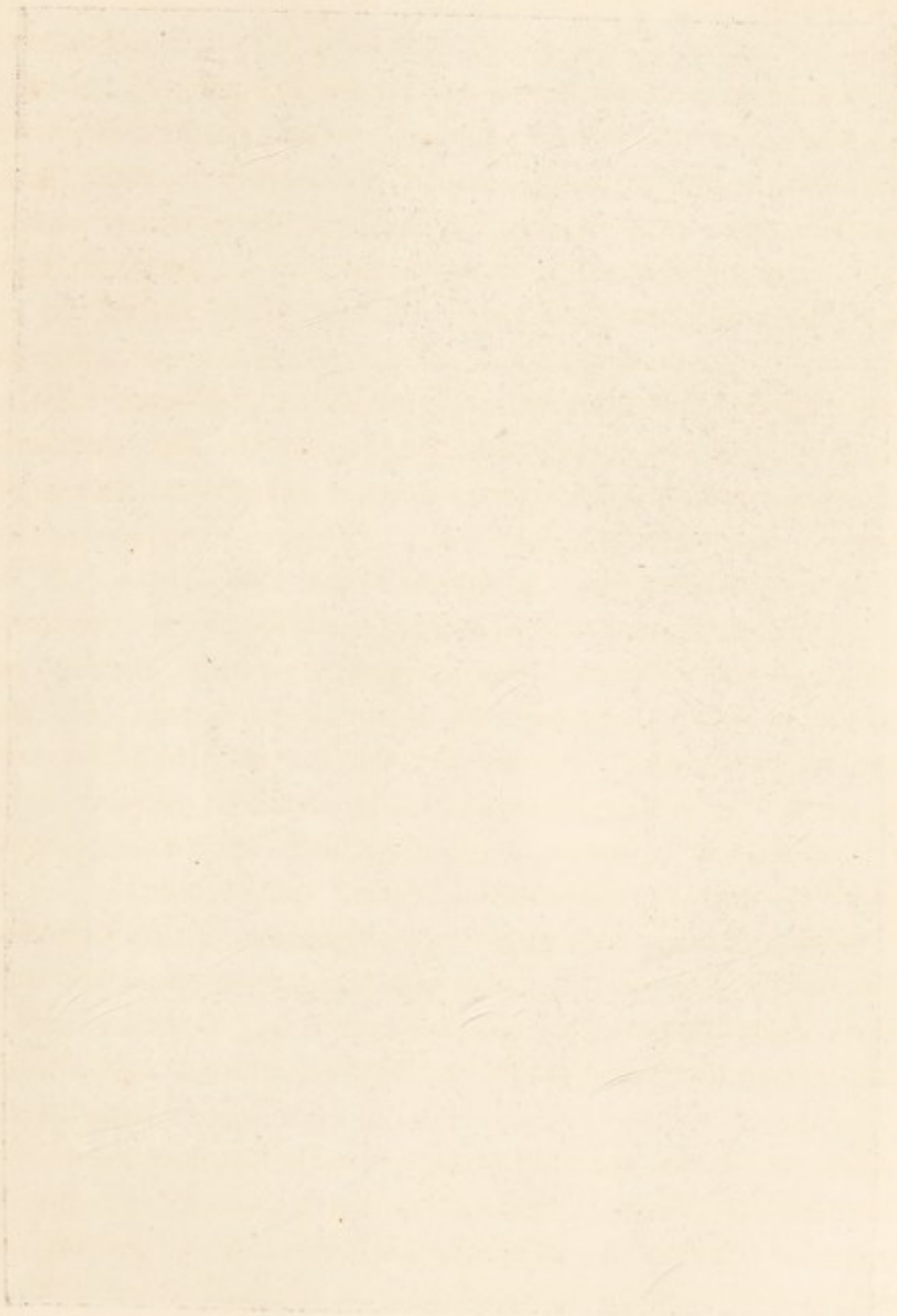
His experience of the Gastein waters, as a medical man, enabled him to speak very highly of their virtues, especially in some particular diseases, among which he singled out with greater emphasis, the diseases proceeding from the use of mercury. It is a striking fact, that this peculiar disorder of the constitution, which is known as the *mercurial disease*, is invariably cured by the Gastein water; whereas the equally *peculiar* disorder, for which mercury has been used, will re-appear with renovated violence, by using the bath, if the mercurial course happen to have produced only its own specific disease on the constitution, instead of having effectually cured the original complaint for which it was prescribed. Dr. Werneck supplied me with two very extraordinary cases of this kind, from his own practice; and I shall avail myself in future of this curious and highly useful mode of testing any doubtful case of the complaint in question, that may hereafter come under my consideration, if I can prevail on the patient to visit Gastein.

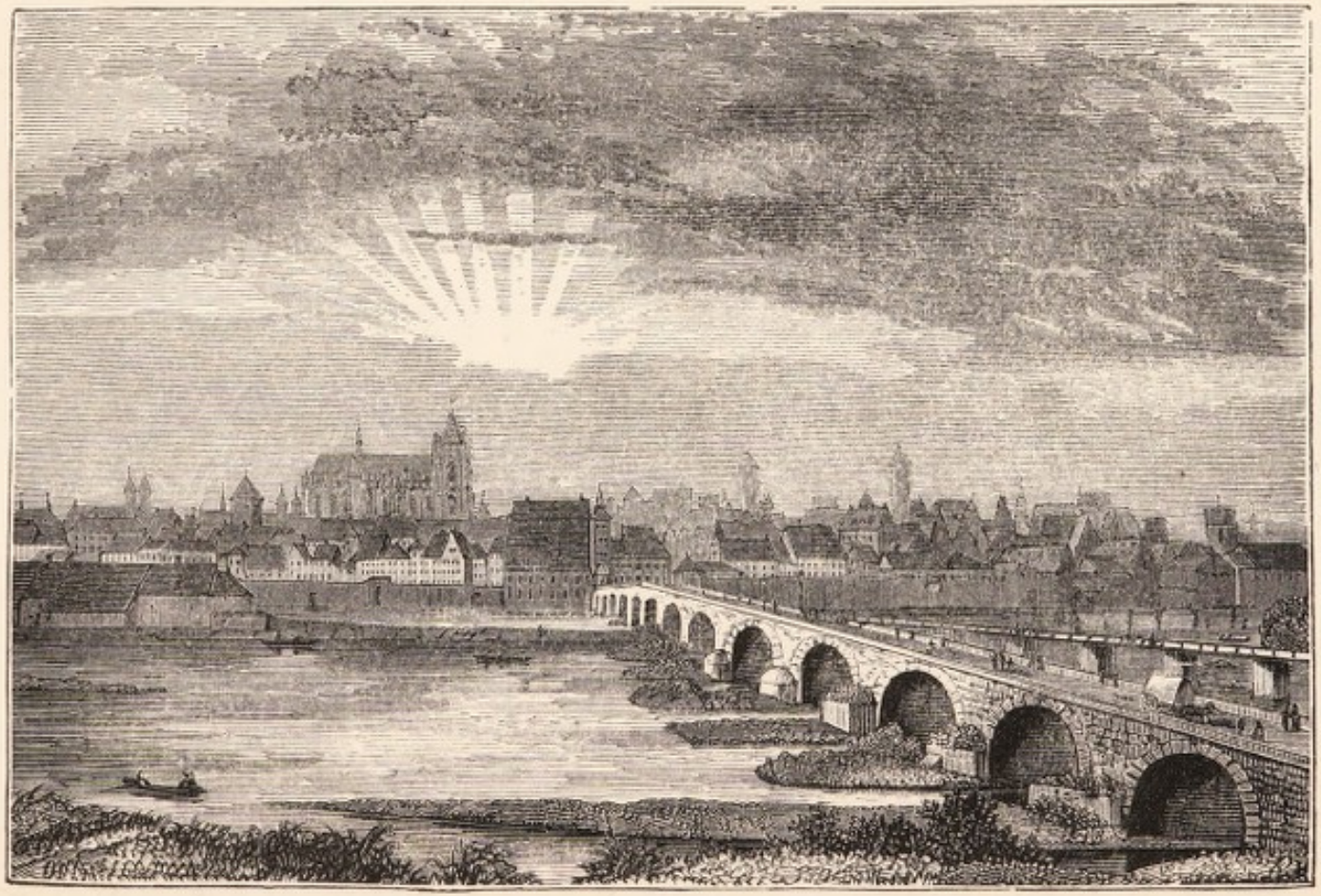
I now became impatient to reach the principal Bohemian Spas, and towards them I soon directed my steps; passing at first over wretchedly-paved roads, and through indifferent-looking villages, until I again got fairly into Bavaria, after quitting the Saltzburghian province. Lauffen, a neat town, trading with the Danube, by means of the Salza, on the bank of which it is seated, detained me a couple of hours, on account of some inquiries I had to make. It is the first stage on the road to Ratisbon, or, as the Bavarians call it, REGENSBURG. The next stage made amends for the uninteresting tract we had just left; for the richest cham-

paign country presented itself, watered by the Salza, with occasionally a gently-rising hillock or eminence, and sometimes a tiny forest of fir-trees. The plain displays a number of well-grouped and happily-located villages and hamlets, and the whole aspect of the country is once more changed to a fertile district, cultivated with the utmost care. The Salza meanders playfully through it—its stream, now placid, and its surface smooth, occasionally expanding into a wide reach, or, by means of trenches, serving to irrigate the pasture lands, which are sown with every species of useful grass. The road having been but lately constructed, (for a few years back no direct post-road existed between Salzburg and Ratisbon, except through Munich,) was at times heavy and rutty, and at others rough from thefresh materials laid upon it, out of the bed of the river. Fast travelling, therefore, would, at all events, be out of the question; but, as to that, the postilions in these parts, true to their reputation as German drivers, do not hurry in the least over any road. They drive *cautiously* down hill, *carefully* up hill, and *tediously* between.

At Titmanning, twenty-six English miles from Saltzburg, the Salza again enters for a short time into a hilly district, and its banks once more assume a picturesque character. We shall be loth to part with it, as part we must soon—when, at a short distance hence, having accomplished its destined course, its waters will mingle with those of the Inn, a little way on our right, beyond the next or third station, called Burghausen.

There is, even in this sort of separation, something affecting. For whole days together we have never been one minute asunder; each following our allotted course by the side of each other. Its stream we traced nearly to its first source, and viewed it in its narrow bed, approach with eagerness, even at that early part of its career, the shelving rocks over which it took its terrific leaps into the abyss below. Its roaring announced to near and distant travellers the accomplishment of this feat, which, far from curbing, added to the strength of its career,—which, instead of diminishing, increased its expanded bed. In our quicker progress it accompanied us through and down the open valley. It broke the dismal silence of the terrific gorges and defiles we passed; to the horrors of which it added its deafening thunder. We saw it swiftly carrying, on its broad surface, bound for many a league between two parallel and verdant banks, the produce of the forest, which





GENERAL VIEW OF RATISBON.

the wood-cutter had precipitated from the Bavarian alps into its bosom. In one part it formed a pleasing feature in the landscape we were admiring; which, but for its sparkling water, would have probably remained unknown. In another part it enlivened the prospect of a distant range of alluvial hills, clad with verdure, at the foot of which it glided silently in zigzag lines. Lastly, we have hung over it from our veranda at Saltzburg, as it swept by the lofty wall of our dwelling, with gentle rippling, sparkling in the moonlight, which made every surrounding berg cut with its sharp edges the intense azure of the sky. Now, at length, we trace it to its last home; lovely even in its closing moments; embanked within high forested hills, which mark the course of its concluding usefulness,—that of enlivening and watering to the latest period, ere it be swallowed up by the INN, the charming and delightful neighbourhood of Burghausen.

We crossed the Inn at *Neu-Œtting*, over a handsome bridge, constructed partly of stone and partly of wood, after traversing some fertile plains, and crossing the *Isar* at LANDSHUT. A ravine-like descent into the latter town, steep, tortuous, and irregular, and a road laid across with timber, did not dispose us amicably towards this once fortified and often disputed city. There was a fair in it as we passed through, which enabled us to see gathered together, at one view, the many district people and costumes of their rich and fruitful country,—one particular feature of which is, that it breeds the finest horses in Bavaria. Of my several stoppages on the road, and conversations with citizens and soldiers, with the high and the low, the landlords and the tenants, the innkeepers and the waiting-men, I shall say not a word, as I fear I might be accused of detaining my readers on the road to the fashionable Spas of Bohemia, just as we were detained by our drivers.

The view of RATISBON, in the midst of a vast plain sown with corn, now waving in its ripe fulness, but without a single group of trees or a vestige of green, saving in its immediate neighbouring gardens; the total absence of any point of stirring interest; and the distant ranges of barren hills in front and on our right;—these formed no cheering prospect, after a night of fatigue. They, on the contrary, seemed to fill me with a gloom which lasted throughout the best part of the day.

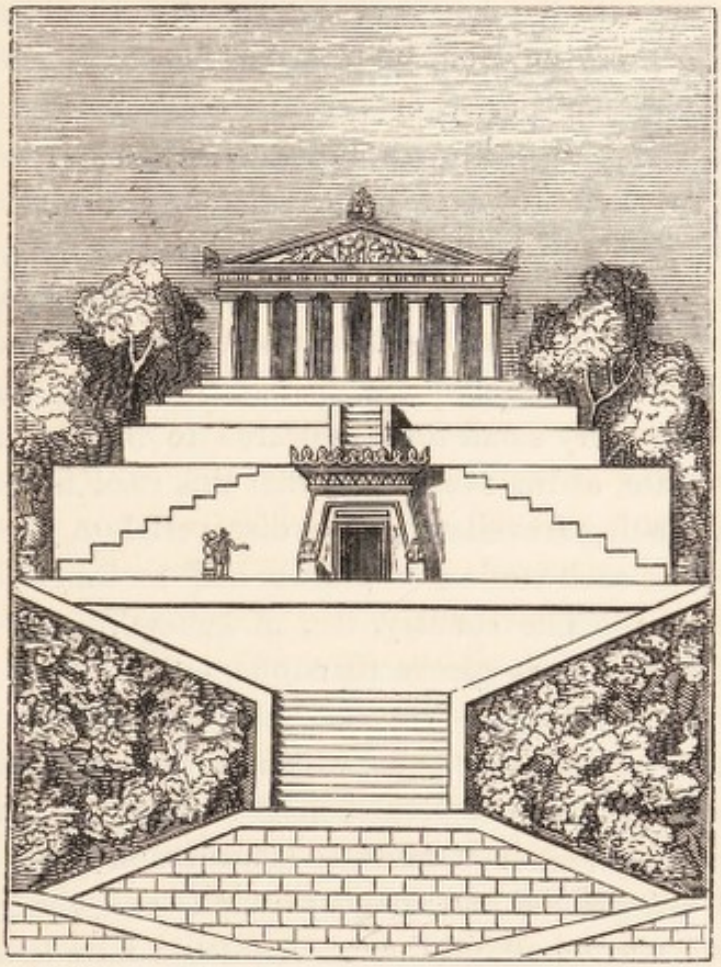
Alas! it proved a most awful day at home! At the very hour

that,—occupied with the surrounding objects which, with two of my sons, I was examining in Ratisbon,—I thought of those that I had left behind me, with a feeling of melancholy for which I could not account: there was basking in the sun, on the surface of a small bay in England, at the distance of six hundred miles from where I then stood, a light skiff, freighted with my best hope, from which one fatal leap deprived a doating father of his eldest and most cherished son! How inscrutable are the decrees of HIM who bids the gates of life and death alike to open at his will! That most virtuous child had, but nine short months before, been snatched from the very jaws of death, by art and care, and the interposition of Providence, after a painful and lingering disease, and had been restored to the vigour of pristine health. Wherefore had he been spared to me for so brief a period? Why, after he had been almost raised from the lid of the sepulchre into which he was gradually descending by the natural course of disease, was he smitten, within the very first short year of his rescue, when full of returning life? Were the inward sensations of depression, and sinking, and humiliation, and falling in of the heart, which I experienced towards noon on the 1st of September, at Ratisbon, the boding of what was happening at that very time in Dampton Bay in England—the dismal news of which did not reach me until sixteen days later at Berlin?

Neither the visits to the ancient council chamber, in which the famous congresses have been held;—to the Rathhaus with its subterranean dungeons;—to the old Gothic *Dom*, then undergoing a complete repair, under the immediate direction, and at the expense, of the King;—to the extensive palace of the Prince of Taxis, who holds here a species of court;—to the exquisitely beautiful Saracenic gate of the Scotch benedictine monastery;—to the fantastical and gigantic figures daubed on the walls of one side of the *Goliath* Strasse;—nor the view of the stupendous and superb edifice, called the Wal-Halla, now erecting by the King of Bavaria, in memory of the heroes of his country—a structure which for size, taste, magnificence, situation, and elevation, will vie with the grandest monuments of Greece;—none of these objects could for a moment fix my attention in Ratisbon, though I examined them all.

After partaking of refreshments at the Golden Cross, a very comfortable and first-rate hotel, with some excellent apartments,

situated in a small irregular square, I proceeded to fulfil part of the main object of my mission, by examining the river-quays, the manner in which the city is drained and supplied with water, and by inquiring into the state of public health and the municipal regulations respecting it. I had also an opportunity of making myself master of the system of cultivation throughout the vast plateau around Ratisbon, the soil of which is not of the best description, though rich enough for the culture of grain.



The sight of the Danube, running majestically wide under an ancient-looking stone bridge of many arches, which divides Regensburg or Ratisbon from the smaller town of Stadtanhof, opposite, and over which we passed on our way to Bohemia,—at last roused my imagination. The limpid waters of the Regen, separated at first by a small island only from those of the mightier Danube, are seen near this spot, to run, for a short distance, parallel to that river, as if to retard the moment when their pure and azure stream will be confounded with the muddy and yellow waves of the Donau. But such efforts are vain; and the Regen, after collecting water, under the fourfold denominations of *Weisser*, *Schwarzer*, *Grosser*, and *Kleiner Regen*, from its

various sources in the mountains of Ossa, Arber, and Rachel Lüsen—the former 4415, the second 5015, and the third (farthest from Ratisbon, and a part of the famous Böhmer-wald) 4955 feet high—and after running a toilsome and tortuous course, swelled by many tributary streams into a river of some magnitude, terminates its existence in the bed of its powerful rival, a little to the eastward of Stadthanof.

It would be tedious, and by no means interesting, to proceed more minutely with the details of the remainder of our journey to the frontiers of the Bohemian territory—a distance of seven and a half German posts, or seventy miles English. In the course of it we passed through many poor and wetched villages and towns, most of the latter walled round, but with open and dilapidated gates, and a pavement so rough, irregular, and neglected, that with difficulty, even an English carriage, and the tough bones of the travellers it conveyed, could stand the jolts and the shocks, and the frequent ups and downs of the hillocks between which every small town appeared to be situated. It is but fair to state, at the same time, that this road is seldom frequented by posting travellers, as we discovered, to our great inconvenience, at each station, where we had to wait longer than usual for horses. The country, too, in general, is not rich; the soil is thin, and in more places than one, either left to lie fallow, or used for mere grazing,—two states of lands seldom observed in Germany. The corn crops which I saw appeared rather scanty, and, I should conjecture, just sufficient, and not more, for the population,—which must be considerable, judging by the number of villages we had to go through, and the swarms of children we saw in all of them. Insulated farm-houses occur but seldom, and only two or three seignorial *châteaux* were seen in the whole district. One of these stood upon an eminence, with the aspect and appurtenances of a feudal castle, close to which we passed at sunset, not far from the post station of Schwandorf. It belongs to the Bavarian minister, Prince Wallerstein.

Throughout this remote tract of Bavaria, from Ratisbon to the frontier town of Tirschenreuth, the appearance of the inhabitants presented a fresh illustration of the principle I advanced elsewhere, that "blood" and good shape, in the people of any country in Europe, will be found to be in a direct ratio with the supply of food, and not with the mere circumstances of locality and habitation, geographically speaking. For the locality here is neither

favourable, nor romantic, nor interesting in any way, and lacks almost every feature to constitute it a "good situation." But there is quite enough to eat, of every species of the best and most substantial produce of the earth; without any superfluous abundance; and plenty of springs and rivers to supply the people with good, pure, and wholesome water;—and therefore it is, that the men as well as the women are inclined to be good-looking, and that most of the children are so likewise, having a fair complexion, and a very healthy appearance.

Travellers who visit the Bohemian Spas from the south of Germany, on arriving at Tirschenreuth, proceed generally to Egra, or Eger, and from thence either to Carlsbad or Marienbad. The road to the former has hitherto been the most frequented, and is therefore in a tolerable state of repair. It proceeds through *Mitterteich*, the first post station, crossing the small river Wondress, to Waldsassen, which is the Bavarian custom-house, and thence to Eger; the whole distance being only one German post and three-quarters, or fourteen English miles.

But within the last few years, owing to the reputation of MARIENBAD, and the preference accorded to that Spa over the Egra springs, the influx of visiters to the former, from all parts of southern and western Germany, has rendered it necessary to establish a carriage-road from Tirschenreuth to Marienbad, which road was completed, as far as the government of Bavaria is concerned, in 1835. Heretofore the communication between those two places was only calculated for foot travellers or horsemen. It is now what is called an extra post-road, and the KAISER (as he is emphatically styled in that country) is following the example of the Bavarian king, by enlarging his own part of the road, from the frontier to Marienbad. There is a douane station at a place called Kutterplan, which is just half a post from the latter place.

I took the latter road, being desirous to see Marienbad, before any other of the Bohemian Spas; and I know, consequently, all the inconveniences of its unfinished state. As far as Mähring the road follows an easterly course, being alternately hilly and level; sometimes dipping to avoid a hill, and at other times skirting the side of one, to save going down into a valley. In winter-time or bad weather, I should think the road impassable.

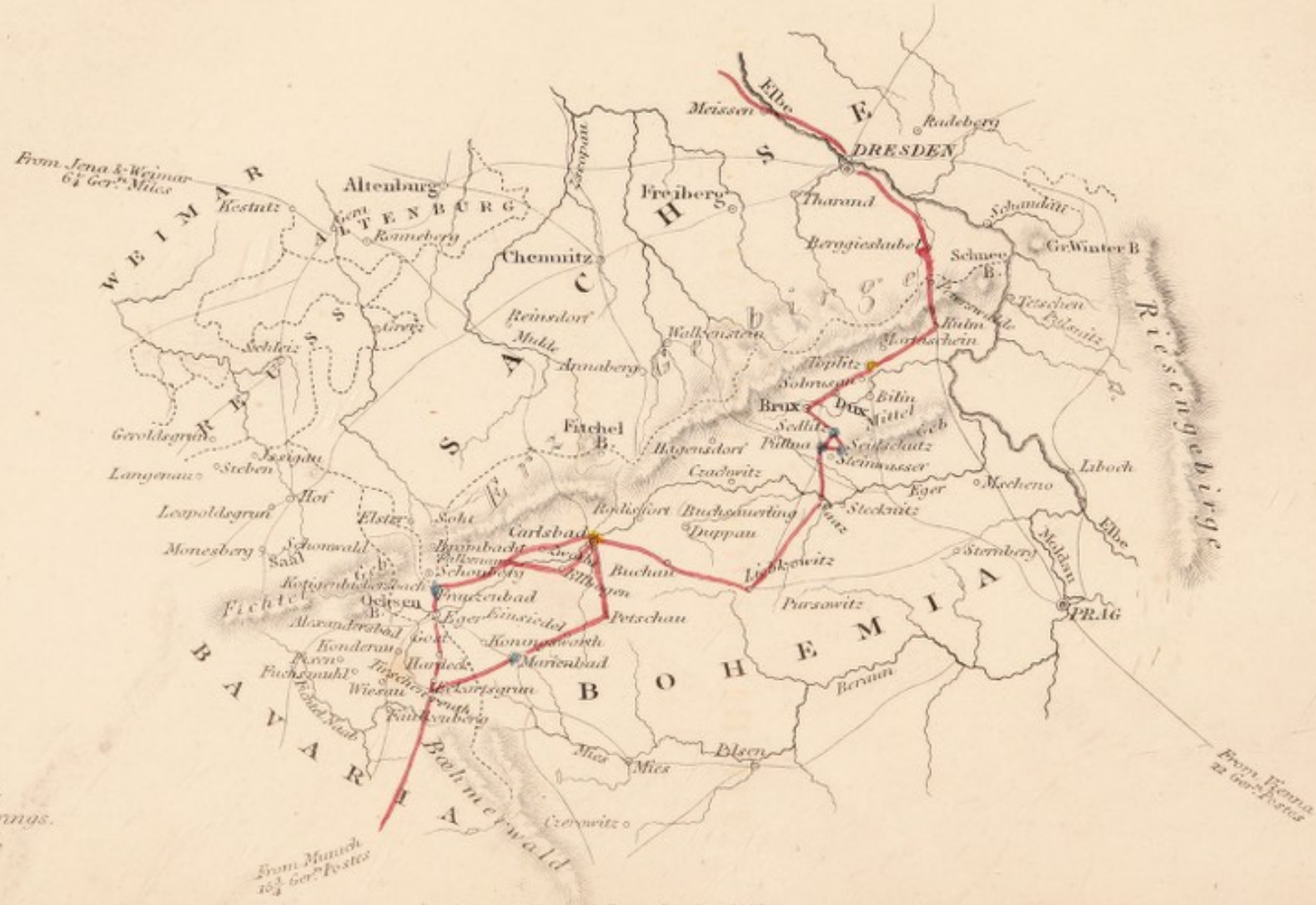
The first range of the Bohemian chain of mountains was before us, and we could perceive, among the farthest of them, the road which we should have to take in crossing that chain. English travellers, I learned from mine host at the post-house at Tirschenreuth, have seldom visited this part of Germany. The Austrian custom-house at Kuttenplan did not prove so troublesome as the one at Saltzburg; and we arrived safely at Marienbad with the same horses obtained at Tirschenreuth; there being no relay on the road. Of the particulars of this road I shall probably say a few words in another part of this work. From Marienbad I proceeded to Eger, thence to Carlsbad, and afterwards to Toeplitz. But this is not the order in which I shall describe those Spas; for the principal of them claims the priority of description.

In advancing towards the frontier of Bohemia, I could not help noticing the gradual transition which was taking place in the language of the inhabitants, from the real German to the Bohemian, even before we reached Mähring, the last frontier village. The language spoken near and about the frontiers, is a jargon which is neither German nor Bohemian, but something worse than either. Why a better, instead of a worse, dialect should not rather be spoken by the inhabitants, seeing that they are just as near to Saxony, the Attica of Germany, as they are to the frontier of Bohemia, it is not easy to determine.

The German, in Bohemia, is an acquired language. It is the language of the conquerors, who, for the first time, under the sway of their Emperor Joseph the Second, strove to make it the common language of the five different races of people over which that sovereign was called to reign. By a simple compulsory decree of Joseph, it was expected that fifteen millions of his subjects, of the slavic race, would surrender their native idiom, and with it the dearest remembrances of their country, for another which, without the smallest boast of superiority in sound or accent, must have recalled for ever to the mind of the conquered the bitterness of their fate. Hence the failure of the scheme, and the still general prevalence of the primitive language in Bohemia,—which, as I have already stated, engrafts itself, in no pleasing manner, on the German idiom of the Bavarians bordering on this frontier.

# BOHEMIAN

## SPAS




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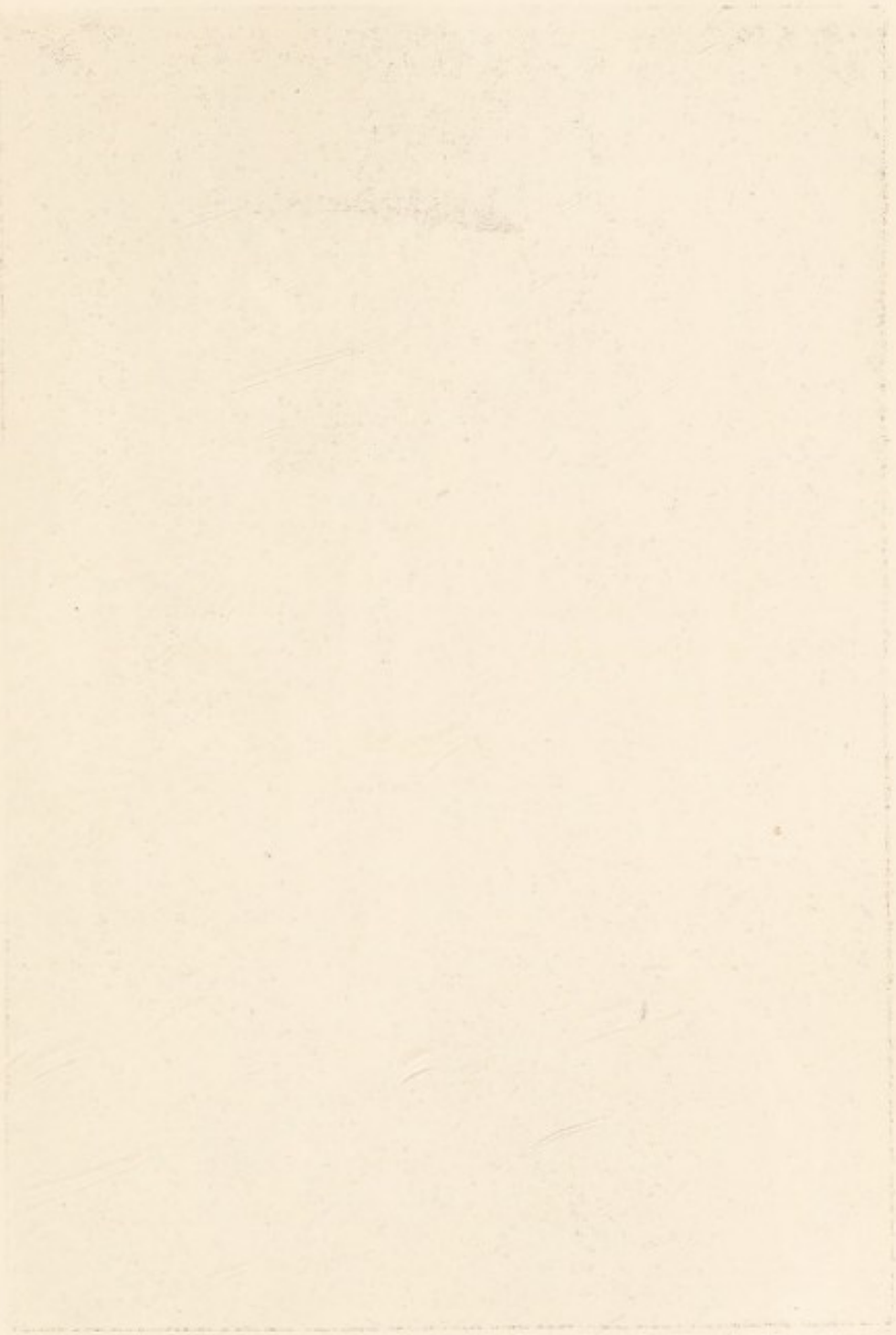
# THIRD GEOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

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## BOHEMIAN SPAS.

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1. CARLSBAD.
2. MARIENBAD.
3. EGRA.
4. PULLNER.
5. SEIDSCHUTZ.
6. SEIDLITZ.
7. TOEPLITZ.





GENERAL VIEW OF CARLSBAD.

# BOHEMIAN SPAS.

## CHAPTER I.

### CARLSBAD.

Lord Alvanley—Polyglot ode of Lobkowitz—Road from Egra to Carlsbad—Ellbogen—Improvement in the Bohemian Chaussées—First view of Carlsbad—Visit to the Sprudel—Mysterious fountain—Central fire—Description of that celebrated spring—Temperature—Chemical composition of the water—Physical character—*Hygieasquelle*—Six other springs—Difference of temperature—Identity of composition—Great subterranean boiler—Aquatic volcano—Carlsbad salt—Amount of soda in the Sprudel—The invalids at the Sprudel—Pavilion and colonnade—*Retraites*—The Nymphs---Visible effect of the water on the drinkers—Humours and grimaces—Overgrown babies—Disease a sad leveller—Democracy of Spas—Hôpital de l'Europe—The *Mühlbrunn*—The *Neubrunn*—The *Theresienbrunn*—The *Bernardsbrunn*—The *Spitalbrunn*—The *Schlossbrunn*—Hill of the *Theresienbrunn*—View from its summit—A Band---Effect of music on the invalids—Geology of Carlsbad—Concretions of its waters—Stone animalcules—Prejudices—Proper quantity of water to be drunk—Astounding bibbers—Evening water-drinking—Right season for taking the waters.

> "Fountain of health, the poet's honour'd theme,
> Say whence thy fervid waters flow ?
> Rush they in subterranean stream
> From where sulphureous tides in Ætna glow ;
> Or, fraught with healing elements, ascend,
> Sent where the Stygian god, in soften'd mind,
> Had bid his fires their genial influence lend,
> In mercy to mankind ?" Alvanley.

How can I better introduce to the notice of my readers this celebrated Spa—the king of mineral springs, as Baden-Baden is their queen—than through the inspired phrases of an English nobleman, alike distinguished for wit and polished manners? His lordship,—as he himself assured me one morning, while quaffing with *gusto* his seventh beaker of the *Sprudel*,—having, in the

course of three seasons, derived very considerable benefit from the waters, thought himself bound to pay a tribute of gratitude to the fountain of health which had relieved him from tracheal inflammation; and accordingly he changed into English metre the lays of the Bohemian poet Lobkowitz. From this translation of the far-famed ode in praise of Carlsbad (in Thermas Caroli IV.) my quotation is taken. That ode, consisting of eighteen Latin verses—which would not have discredited FLACCUS himself—was written upwards of three centuries ago, and has recently been inscribed on a tablet of black marble, placed in the new building of one of the springs, called the *Mühlbrunn*. Few poems have met with so many and such distinguished and successful translators. Its versions in all the European, and some of the Oriental languages, render it one of the most interesting polyglot compositions extant; and it has fortunately been made public through the press, by my friend Le Chevalier de Carro, formerly of Vienna, and now practising physician at Carlsbad during the season.

I had visited Marienbad, and afterwards Egra, when I took the road to Carlsbad, anxious to view and examine, with all the attention it deserved, a Spa of so much celebrity. The road from Egra passes through *Ellbogen*, which is distant about eight English miles from Carlsbad, and is the only remarkable feature by the way. Here the river *Eger* assumes some of those curious and lovely windings, which often constitute the sole beauty of deep valleys and gorges placed between elevated ridges. To a traveller, just arriving from the grander scenes of the south of Germany, even the ridge of Ellbogen would offer but little to attract his attention or command his admiration, were it not that it prepares him for the descent into the hollow in which Carlsbad is seated. The very springs themselves, which have so long been considered as one of the wonders of the world, and give to Carlsbad its importance and celebrity, are supposed to take their origin from the interior of the rocks at *Ellbogen*.

In one part, after descending a very steep hill, the road terminated at the edge of a wide sheet of water, through which the carriage waded, and after that, through a second. In winter, or when the river *Eger* is swollen after heavy rain, this road must be impassable, or at least difficult. On such occasions the higher or more northern road of Zwoda is used, which is more hilly and

fatiguing, and at present little frequented during the summer. But this difficulty has since been obviated by the suspension-bridge thrown across that river. The *Chaussée* between Carlsbad and Egra, through Ellbogen and Falkenau, is of recent construction, and one of the many improvements which have taken place in the Bohemian roads since 1828, and which were undertaken at the expense of the inhabitants of the country, without any assistance from the government, in order to facilitate the communication between the several Spas of Bohemia. We employed six hours in reaching Carlsbad.

It was between the twilight of coming morning, and the still splendid but calm lighting up of nature by the moon in her last quarter, that we approached the brink of the precipitous *Berg*, from whence a bird's eye view of Carlsbad is obtained. The sudden appearance of so widely extended a town, among rising hills that but a few minutes before betrayed no vestige of civilisation being centered in their recondite valleys—the lines of houses terraced, as it were, on the different levels of the acclivities of those hills—the various showy edifices, denoting the situation of the mineral springs by their colonnades and other architectural ornaments, different from those of the more modern houses of residence, and still more different from the older dwellings built in the Bohemian style—the glimpse at an extended range of trees, planted along what seemed to be a public walk—and the dense and white vapour which, rising from one particular building, curled upwards into the air, and was dispersed after catching the rays of the moon;—all these features formed a landscape of so much interest and beauty, that I bade the drivers stop awhile, in order that I might contemplate it more at leisure, and record my impressions of the moment. The general and profound silence which reigned at that hour heightened, not a little, the vividness of those impressions.

We obtained admission at the "Ecu d'Or," (*Zum Goldenen Schilde,*) not without some trouble, and there I awaited, after the usual ablutions and refreshments, the very early hour of morning at which all the world, in these unsophisticated retreats of invalids, is up and stirring. Scarcely had the sound of a musical band, not far from our hotel, announced that the daily bustle at the principal hot spring, called the SPRUDEL, was just commencing, when I hurried towards that most extraordinary

phenomenon of nature, with all the impatience of one who is eager to satisfy himself, by ocular demonstration, of the truth of what seemed almost fabulous in description. And yet, at the sight of that celebrated fountain,—to which the curling vapours that hovered over its colonnaded temple directed me without a guide or a question,—I felt that all the descriptions I had read of it had failed to convey the impression I received. The sudden view of the violent, lofty, constant, and prodigal uppourings of hot water out of the bowels of the earth, foaming in the midst of its clouds of vapour, within 45° of the boiling point, on the very margin of a cold, placid, and sluggish stream, the Teple,—rivetted me to the spot for some moments. Although pressed on all sides by the increasing throng of water-drinkers, my attention was wholly absorbed by this striking object. I stood contemplating it for a few minutes, as if imagining that the next moment would reveal the secret of this natural magic. But the crowd of eager individuals who surrounded it, keeping at a respectful distance from its scorching spray, seemed to look for health in the spring, without ever thinking of the two great agents combined, heat and water, from which they were about to obtain it.

What is it that imparts to this mysterious current that violent impulse which makes it spring from the bosom of the earth, with an upright jet, of eight or nine feet elevation from the aperture in the rocky crust underneath the building raised over it; and which at times, even, propels it, with convulsive and vehement throbs, more than one foot above the height of the spectator, who stands on a raised floor, five feet higher than the lowest level of the source? A central fire! One must see the SPRUDEL to be a convert to that doctrine. In times of darkness and superstition, man would have fallen prostrate before, and adored, this unquiet and relentless agent,—which fills the atmosphere with hot vapours, and impetuously overruns all the bounds by which art has vainly attempted to restrain its endless throes.

The name of *Sprudel*, given, in more modern times, to this marvellous spring, which ancient authors have called *Brudel*, *Prudel*, and *Springer*, signifies, properly, "bubbler." It is applied to one only of the seven streams which flow from the natural source or basin whence the Sprudel has its origin. That stream, bursting through a calcareous crust, enters a number of con-

cealed pipes made of hard wood, and escapes from the centre of a singular shaped vase, in the form of several *jets d'eau*, launched, as I before stated, at an elevation of several feet. The spouting column of hot water sometimes takes up the solid form; at other times it is *éparpillée*, as if formed of many jets, which, in falling back with graceful curves, assume the semblance of a liquid weeping willow. In size, height, and appearance, it is for ever varying; and, in its upward and downward course, it is accompanied by a noise combining that of the splashing of a falling cataract, and of the boiling of a vast caldron of water—a noise which, like the stream of water it accompanies, has ceaselessly continued for unnumbered centuries. Its effect in the stillness of night, when every eye in Carlsbad is closed in sleep, and every lip dumb, is particularly impressive on the newly-arrived stranger, watchful of every object around him.

The *Sprudel* is placed near the centre of the town, on the right bank of the narrow river called the Teple, already alluded to, at the foot of a steep hill, crowned with the great church, to which an ascent of sixty steps led me, after my first visit to the *Sprudel*. The view from that elevated spot is one which I should recommend to the visiter, immediately after his arrival, if he be desirous to acquire a quick and correct knowledge of the lower topography of Carlsbad.

The temperature of the water, as it emerges at the *Sprudel*, is 167° of Fahrenheit, and sometimes a degree or two less. Its prominent chemical character is that of containing a large proportion of soda in three different states of combination, namely, as *Glauber salt*, *carbonate of soda*, and *common salt*. Of thirty-one grains and a half of solid substances, found in one pint of the Carlsbad water, according to Berzelius, the most recent and the best authority on the subject, not fewer than twenty-eight are sodaic salts. The proportion of iron in the same quantity of water is exceedingly small, and may be represented by $\frac{13}{623}$ parts of a grain. It contains more carbonic acid gas than the hot springs of Baden-baden and Ems.

If we may rely on a much more recent analysis of this water, made by M. Creuzburg at Carlsbad, independently of the several ingredients discovered by Klaproth, and after him by Berzelius in 1822, we must add to their number, iodine, bitumen, a species of organic soapy substance, and sulphuretted hydrogen gas.

Professor Pleischl, of Prague, claims the merit of a similar discovery in this water; and M. Nentwich, apothecary at Carlsbad, is said to have detected the same elements. My observations, short as the time was in which I could make any, do not enable me to decide this question. I stated, elsewhere, that the usual tests do not detect the gas mentioned above; and I know from experience, that nothing is so easy as to commit errors in tracing the presence of iodine by the ordinary test of starch. Not so with respect to the organic substance mentioned by Creuzburg, which I am inclined to believe is actually present in this, as in almost all the other thermal waters, and which I believe to be of an animal nature. In the immediate vicinity of the *Sprudel*, the water seems to have a sort of animal smell, which it retains, in some degree, even when drunk out of a glass. Its taste is saltish at first, and rather *medicinal* or alcaline afterwards, owing, no doubt, to the quantity of Glauber salt present. Indeed, it is somewhat singular, that the peculiar taste of the latter ingredient should not be more prevalent in the water. It is so, if the water be suffered to cool—when, from being colourless and transparent, it is found to become turbid, and to assume a somewhat yellowish tint, arising from a yellowish-brown sediment which it throws down, if exposed to the action of the air. I have just stated that some persons believe the Carlsbad water to contain sulphuretted hydrogen gas; but Berzelius positively denies this statement. Neither by the smell, nor by the usual tests, could I discover any such gas at the well.

On the 2d of September, 1809, the *Sprudel* suddenly ceased its action, and the jets of boiling water sprang up in another place, some thirty or forty feet distant from it. Here the phenomenon continued to exist for ten years, during which period a small and elegant temple, with a reservoir, was erected around the new source, and the name of "Fountain of health" (*Hygieas Quelle*) given to it. In 1819, however, the old *Sprudel* resumed its functions with increased vigour and activity—leaving to the *Hygieas Quelle*, in its immediate neighbourhood, a small and thread-like stream of hot water, in memory of its short-lived period of glory. A few of the visiters consider it a matter of duty to taste of this fountain of health; but its principal use is to supply the vapour-bath with the necessary steam.

Besides these two sources, there are six others at Carlsbad,

which, according to their importance and reputation, may be divided into two classes. In the first are the *Mühlbrunn*, the *Neubrunn* and the *Theresienbrunn*. In the second, the *Bernardsbrunn*, the *Schlossbrunn*, and the *Spitalbrunn*.

The temperature of the first three varies from 132° to 147° of Fahrenheit, and they are consequently endowed with a *maximum* of heat several degrees lower than that of the *Sprudel*. Their composition, however, according to the same philosophical chemist, is identical in every respect with that of the *Sprudel*. In the water of the *Theresienbrunn*, Berzelius detected, in addition, one per cent. of azotic gas. Klaproth, and before him David Becher, had also ascertained this perfect identity in the composition of the water of all the springs in Carlsbad, the specific gravity of which, moreover, is also the same in all, namely 1005 nearly—distilled water being 1000.

This undisputed similarity in the composition of the water of all the other springs, with that of the *Sprudel*, has led to the inference, that they all emanate from one and the same source; and that the difference observed in their respective temperatures, depends on the loss of heat sustained by the water during its course, from the great *foyer*, to the different orifices through which it emerges at the surface of the earth. These several orifices, or springs, are all situated lower down and on the opposite bank of the Teple, under the bed of which the hot mineral water makes its way to them. Of the great subterranean reservoir which supplies not only all these various sources, but also partial and private springs to be found in some of the houses in the town, Doctor De Carro has given so clear an account in his little English manual on the mineral waters of Carlsbad, that I shall take leave to quote it for the information of my readers.

"The great reservoir or boiler, which supplies them all, (the hot springs of Carlsbad,) formed by the mineral sediments of the water itself, (the fragments of which are called *Sprudel-stones*,) has a depth, thickness, extent, and ramification, which no human eye can scrutinize; and the enormous clouds of hot vapours escaping from every accidental or artificial opening, will probably baffle all attempts to ascertain the dimensions of that wonderful laboratory. Such trials were made in 1713 and 1727, after a rupture of the Great Boiler had taken place. The various borings and probing instruments penetrated through the calcareous crust,

from one cavity to the other, till they reached, at last, an immense reservoir, the boundaries of which could not be attained by thirty fathoms' length of poles, joined together, directed towards the market-place and the Hill called the *Hirschensprung*. That a great part of the town stands upon these cavities, is sufficiently demonstrated whenever the foundation of a new house is laid. Copious streams of carbonic acid gas are, moreover, incessantly seen bubbling in the river near the Wells."

Carlsbad, indeed, stands upon an aquatic volcano, the covering crust of which has occasionally burst, or has been broken by blocks of ice or by timber coming down the river; as was the case near the *Sprudel* at the bottom of the Teple, sometime since; the bed of which river, when dry or partially so, exhibits the spots where the mighty fractures had taken place. Had not these been quickly closed by large flag stones, bound down with iron bars, they would soon have drained the spouting spring of its water.

The waste water from the *Sprudel* is not suffered to escape altogether into the Teple, but some of it supplies the *Sprudel* warm baths; a large quantity of it also is conveyed, by lateral pipes, to an evaporating apparatus, where the famous Carlsbad salt is prepared. The operation is very simple, and open to the inspection of every one who is curious to witness it. The water is evaporated to dryness in large kettles, dipping into the hot *Sprudel* water, like unto a huge *Bain-marie* constantly renovated; by means of which the necessary heat is supplied for driving off the moisture, and leaving the dry salt behind. The first sediment is purified by a second operation, and pure crystals are thus obtained. The salt so prepared is used by some on the spot, who find the Carlsbad water not sufficiently operative. It forms also an annual revenue of some importance to the town, being exported, under the town seal, in boxes of various sizes. It consists principally of Glauber salt.

Of the quantity of the latter salt, and of carbonate of soda, which the *Sprudel* alone by its seven orifices might yield,—if, instead of suffering five of them to waste their supply into the river, the water were submitted to appropriate operations,—several calculations have been made from time to time. It is stated by Klaproth that the *Sprudel* throws up, in a year, a quantity of mineral water containing 1,132,923 pounds of Glau-

ber salt, 746,885 of carbonate of soda, and 238,209 pounds of common salt! But another German chemist, Gilbert, in more modern times, thinking the basis of Klaproth's calculation to be erroneous, estimates at 200,000 quintals the Glauber salt, and 300,000 quintals the carbonate of soda. If this be so, it is a matter of surprise that, in a country like Bohemia, celebrated for its glass manufactory, so enormous a quantity of soda should not long ago have been turned to account, instead of being wasted.

The eagerness with which the different people at Carlsbad, of both sexes, rush towards the *Sprudel*, at six o'clock in the morning, to partake of its salutary waters, is an interesting sight. In its appearance the motley throng is quite theatrical, and the many shaped and many-coloured costumes worn by them form a living illustration of geography. The multitudinous faces of which that throng consists—their divers modes of drinking the hot mineral fluid—the various effects produced by it on their countenance—the accumulation or sum-total of individual cases of disease concentrated under one roof, among which the eye of a medical man quickly detects not a few disorders that are destroying their victim, and proclaim how vainly the *Sprudel* is had recourse to for a cure, or even a prolongation of life;—all these things I saw and felt at my first visit to the *Sprudel*, more than I had yet done at any of the other Spas of Germany.

The company assembled was very numerous. The colonnade in front of the spring was full. The restless multitude moved to and fro in every part, and in every direction of that covered promenade which runs between a narrow parterre of flowers on the one side, and the sluggish and dirty Teple on the other. Every seat was occupied. The building, which is of wood, and not in the best condition, is further disfigured by the clouds of constantly ascending hot vapours corroding and discolouring the paint. But what disfigure this place still more, are the inscriptions in French as well as German, affixed in large letters, over two contiguous doors, situated at the furthest extremity of the promenade, which every one who walks must necessarily see; and which, by their incessant opening and shutting, proclaim the active influence of the saline beverage. Could not these "*Retraites pour les hommes*" and "*Retraites pour les femmes*" be placed out of sight, as well as out of the reach of the olfactory organs?

The *Sprudel* rises in the centre of a square and lofty pavilion, contiguous to the end of the colonnade or covered walk just alluded to. Beyond it, and about fifty yards distant, is the small temple formerly mentioned, containing the *Hygieas-quelle*; and between these two buildings passes a public street, which, coming from the foot of the hill on which is seated the great church, leads to a narrow foot-bridge of wood across the Teple. Over this bridge the throng is seen incessantly to pass on, from the *Sprudel*, towards the other popular springs, carrying in their hands their porcelain or glass measure, with which every visiter ought to be provided. Even in these trifling articles, luxury, expensive taste, and extravagance, have often been exhibited. Innumerable shops in Carlsbad offer to the passer-by a choice of these elegant goblets, many of which, made of the finest porcelain, or of Bohemian glass, bear the coloured impression of some of the finest views of the town, or some smart and appropriate device. Those visiters who are not particular about matters of this sort take, from the public stand in the pavilion, the first glass or beaker they find disengaged, and use it for the occasion.

As early as five o'clock in the morning the little nymphs of the *Sprudel*, smart, lively, young lasses, the daughters of poor citizens of Carlsbad, are in attendance to distribute, with critical impartiality, the bounty of their spring. They are all dressed alike, in green dresses in the morning, and in light-coloured robes in the evening: for many invalids attend the *Sprudel* and the other springs at evening also. Standing at a little distance from the boiling jet, and holding in their hands a stick, four feet long, with a cup-holder fastened at one end of it, these damsels extend the latter towards any one whom they see approaching with his beaker—receive it in their cup-holder—and plunge it within the smoking column of water. From this it is immediately withdrawn quite full, and presented to the same individual again, who, with what relish he may, disposes of its contents.

I went through this ceremony with becoming gravity for two or three successive mornings, and quaffed each time half a dozen beakers of the scalding liquid, without making a wry face. Not so with many of those by whom I was surrounded. There were some who sipped, with pigeon sips, the salutary elixir, giving only a gentle shudder as they drank it; and they were ladies.

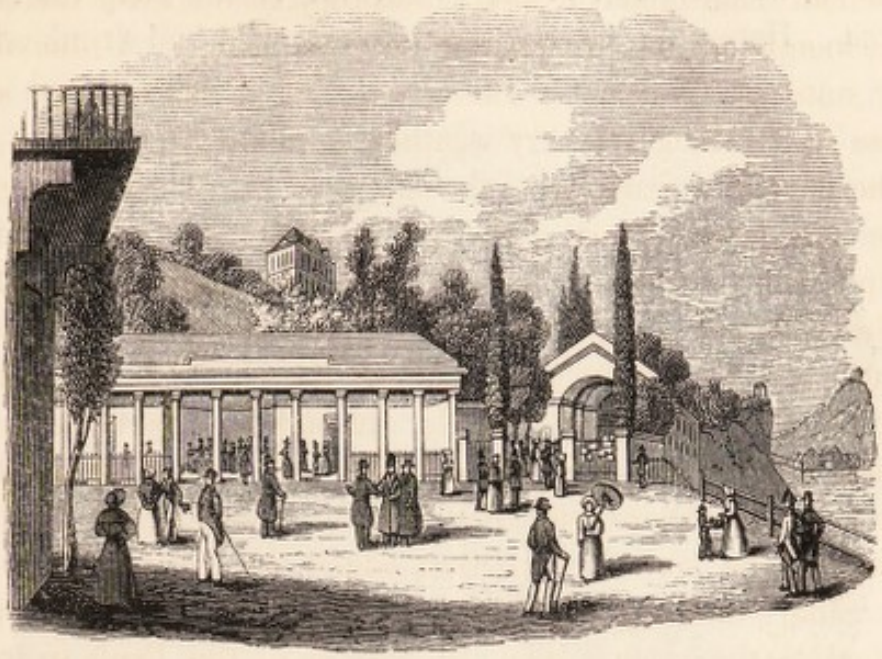
There were others who, more adventurous, swallowed half a beaker-full at once, with only a slight pursing up of the lips, and looked round for approbation; and these were your *esprits forts* and your dandies of the place. My Lord A—— and Sir J. L—— looked grim, when disposing of their dose, and declared it had no taste. Here I detected one, who thought himself unseen, bringing slily out of his large *beniche* a lump of sugar, which he kept in his left hand, ready to pop into his mouth the moment his beaker had quitted it; and he was one of the subjects of Mahmoud, who had not yet exchanged the turban for the ugly and tasselled red cap. There I noticed another, who had just received his beaker-full of the *Sprudel* from the fair hand of one of the nymphs, (who eyed him all the time with a malicious meaning,) retire quickly into a corner, his face turned to the wall, where he swallowed in secret the noxious draught; and he was a Polish Jew, by his dress. In this manner I watched the ever-varying modifications of the human countenance produced under the influence of one and the same agent; and I could not help saying to myself that men are but overgrown babies.

But how humbled and subdued are such *babies* under disease! Look at the air which inward suffering gives to the various individuals here assembled—how meek and unpretending in general! How different would the gait of some of them be, were they in health! With what difficulty would others bear (were they not made all equal by malady) the temporary association with *every body* and *nobody!* Many of them look pleased or unoffended, who would have leered superciliously, and annihilated with a scowl, their jostling neighbour, a Jew from Frankfort, or the bearer of a *Plica Polonica*, from Cracow, who was led about by his servant in a complete state of blindness,—so often the concomitant of that disgusting disorder! Instead of this, all seem to go through their hour of trial at the spring harmoniously; envying each other only in proportion to the more or less rapid progress they witness among themselves, towards that restoration to health which they all equally desire. A glance at the vignette of the title-page of this volume will convey, probably, better than my words, a true idea of this *tableau-vivant* of the SPRUDEL, which is unique of its kind in Europe.

A band performs in the middle of the parterre. The assemblage of visiters keeps increasing until the narrow bounds of the

promenade can hold no more, and they then scatter themselves in the neighbouring streets, and on the bridge. Unluckily the filthy state of the bed of the river, with a shallow and scanty stream in it during very dry weather, is no inviting feature. Were it otherwise, the situation of the *Sprudel* on its bank might be made considerably more attractive, by erecting a quay parallel to the present colonnade, and by extending the latter as far as the bridge, nearly opposite to our hotel, the *Goldenen Schilde*. An attempt was at one time made by the burghers, to raise the level of the water in the Teple, throughout the town district, by means of wears; and it succeeded admirably. Instead of a shallow rivulet, there was then a body of deep and clear water in front of the springs, like that which lies between two locks of a canal; and this was let out from time to time, to purify the bed of the river. The sad eyesore of the Teple in its primitive state was thus removed. But some Doctor or another —not De Carro, certainly—sounded the alarm at this innovation, and pretended that such stagnant water would produce typhus fever; and the wears were instantly removed. The Teple, however, is not always an humble and scanty stream; for it will, at times, assume a threatening aspect, and roll its increased and increasing waves over the borders, inundating the streets which line its banks;—as was the case in 1821.

One would imagine that all the visiters at Carlsbad were to be seen at the *Sprudel*, each in his turn drinking its water; so great is the concourse of people which, at the height of the season, crowd that spring. As none of them drink of its water without some motive, or the instruction from a medical adviser, so vast a multitude of invalids has stamped the character of Carlsbad as *l'Hôpital de l'Europe*. But when we wander from the *Sprudel* to the *Mühlbrunn*, and its close neighbour the *Neubrunn*,—both equally crowded with invalids—quaffing the water of those springs more readily, because less hot, and in many respects different in its effects; and when we proceed a little further and higher up the hill, behind those two springs, to the gay rotunda in which the ladies principally assemble to sip the *Theresienbrunn*;—we must admit that the appellation of hospital is fully deserved by Carlsbad.



THE MÜHLBRUNN.

The *Mühlbrunn* has a temperature of 138°. The celebrated Frederick Hoffmann preferred it to all the other springs, and recommended it to his patients. Its taste is less decided than that of the *Sprudel;* it suits a great number of stomachs which will not bear the hotter water of the latter; and the increasing number of those who use it in consequence has led to the embellishment of the source, and to the erection of a long portico in front of it, where the visiters may drink it under cover.

The large arched entrance by the side of the *Mühlbrunn*, marked in the vignette, leads to a covered walk or arcade, at the end of which the *Neubrunn* issues from the Hornstein Rock, at the temperature of 144° of Fahrenheit, and is one of the springs most in vogue at Carlsbad. Some people pretend that it smacks a little of sulphur; but I could not detect the taste. The quantity of water it supplies is considerable.

A hill cut out in terraces, and covered with trees and beds of flowers, on the surface of which meander several gravel-walks, rises behind the arcade of the *Neubrunn*. On the lowest of those terraces, planted with lime-trees and horse-chestnuts, is found a spring of a lower temperature than the preceding, (being only 134°,) and with scarcely any taste, which was formerly called the *Gartenbrunn*, from its situation in the garden of a private individual, but to which the name of *Theresienbrunn*, already

alluded to, was given in 1798, in honour of the Empress Maria Theresa. Baron de Carlowitz, a Saxon, who had drunk at this



THERESIENBRUNN.

spring with great benefit to his health, first erected over it, at his own expense, a wooden rotundo; but the present granite temple, as seen in our engraving, was raised at the expense of the burghers, by whom also the garden was arranged, as well as the several promenades on the hill, the cultivation of which is *très soignée.* I have already stated that the ladies in particular are partial to this spring, probably because it is in the midst of a garden, or because it is dedicated to one of their sex. Be that as it may, the three springs just described are the sources which people *comme il faut* prefer at Carlsbad.

Of the three remaining springs, constituting the second class mentioned in another part of this chapter, one—the most abundant after the Sprudel—being nearly inaccessible, is never used. It is called the *Bernardsbrunn*, from the circumstance of its rising in the neighbourhood of the Rock Saint Bernard. It is nearly as hot as the Sprudel, and made its appearance in 1784, without the least influencing the quantity of water in the latter. The second, called the *Spitalbrunn,* is used for the patients of the Hospital of St. Bernard. The third has borne the name of *Schlossbrunn* ever since its discovery, in consequence of its situation on the acclivity of the hill called *Schlossberg.* It is the least

warm of all the springs, being only 122°, and is held in no great estimation. It holds a larger quantity of carbonic acid gas in solution, and is much more agreeable to the taste, than all the rest of the springs at Carlsbad. When the Sprudel ceased its labours so suddenly, in 1809, this spring also became dry; and its stream did not reappear until 1823—four years later than the reappearance of the Sprudel. This fact, and the great difference of level between the Schlossbrunn and the Sprudel, and indeed the other springs, induce me to doubt the reality of an identical source, and communication among them all. The *Schlossbrunn* is very little frequented. There it stands, at the corner of a house on the steep acclivity of the Schlossberg, unadorned and unattended; although, judging from the taste of the water, and its effects afterwards, I should be inclined, with its learned historiographer, Doctor John Pöschman of Carlsbad, to consider it as a spring of peculiar value.

Of all the springs enumerated in Carlsbad, the *Theresienbrunn* is the most favourably situated. Placed nearly at the foot of the hill from whence it seems to flow in a scanty stream, its votaries, instead of pacing monotonously to and fro, along a covered building of wood, between each glass of water, spread themselves on all points of that side of the hill which looks towards the town, and by means of zigzag easy walks, cut along that side, and enlivened by plants and flowers, ascend to its very summit; where a splendid and first-rate lodging-house, called the *König von England*, has very recently been established, commanding a view of the whole valley. From a seat on this eminence, with the sun on my left, barely above the edge of the north-eastern rock, and the lower end of Carlsbad at my feet, I enjoyed, early one morning, the excellent bands of wind instruments, playing, at the distance of some hundred feet below me, in the upper room under the arcade of the *Neubrunn*, many exquisite pieces of Beethoven and Rossini. These harmonious sounds, I could perceive, appeared to add to the power of the waters, in enlivening the dull and dispirited,—in cheering the discouraged and the hypochondriac. Their effect was as visibly depicted on the countenances of some of the invalids, as that of the water they drank, though in a much more pleasing manner. To souls truly adapted to the enjoyment of good music, this addition of an excellent corps of performers, to the use of the

springs, is of the utmost importance, and must quicken the salutary power of the water drunk at sunrise;—while the fresh, delightful breeze which at that hour waves the grass-blades and the flowers of the parterre before the *Theresienbrunn*, cools the parched lips and fevered brow, and gives to the whole scene an influence truly invigorating.

All the hills which rise on the banks of the Teple, and form, as it were, the lowest steps of those elevated granitic ranges by which Carlsbad is surrounded, consist of granite also, but of a much finer and more minute texture; with the mica in clusters instead of being disseminated; and with here and there a crystal of black schorl. Veins of *hornstein*, the thickness of which varies from the tenth part of an inch to two inches, shoot across some of the finer varieties of this granite-rock, and contain in themselves nodules of granite,—showing, evidently, that the two substances were formed at the same time. At other times the *hornstein* is enveloped by a thin layer of calcareous spar. This last variety of granitic rock contains pyrites, and is subject to disintegration; in which case, from being of a fine and whitish texture, it becomes coarse, and assumes a ferruginous tinge. The *Schlossberg*, and the loftier mountain behind it called the *Hirsch-sprung*, are composed of this rock, out of which issue all the mineral springs of Carlsbad.

Every one of these thermal waters, without exception, deposits a large quantity of calcareous matter, which forms stalactitious concretions, assuming many, and often singular appearances. There is a strikingly beautiful variety of these concretions, which, for diversity of colours, and the fine polish it may be made to assume, may be considered as one of the prettiest objects in mineralogy. The general name of *Sprudel-stein* has been given to those concretions which are obtained directly from the water of Sprudel,—out of which all sorts of *bijoux*, snuff-boxes, tops of walking-sticks, &c., are made and sold to the visiters of Carlsbad. In order to increase their value, the natural objects themselves are often placed within reach of the Sprudel, where they become, in a very short time, incrusted with the lithic sediment or deposit already mentioned, and are afterwards polished. Flowers even, and fruits, have been exposed to the action of incrustation, with the greatest success. When the exposure takes place in the open air, the colour resulting from it is of a reddish hue; where-

as it is white, if the incrustation be obtained in places to which the external air has no access.

Goethe, the immortal bard of Weimar, who published the praises of Carlsbad, from which he had often experienced signal benefit, has given a spirited geological description of that mountainous district, and indirectly entered into the consideration of the morphic concretions formed by its waters. The fact of these abundant depositions taking place at the Sprudel, under the very eyes of those who attend daily to drink the water, has, occasionally, deterred some of them from pursuing further the use of it; from an apprehension, that either in the intestines or on the teeth, similar incrustations would take place. This prejudice,—which has been often combated by the superior reasoning of Hoffmann, Becher, De Carro, and others, will vanish at once, when it is known, that upon no one animal substance, purposely subjected to the action of the water in the Sprudel, has the least concretion been obtained; except when the animal substance so exposed had a calcareous cover, as in the egg-shell, or the teeth. De Carro placed some human teeth in the middle of the spring, and found them, after a short period of time, covered with the reddish incrustation; but this was broken off readily, and the enamel beneath it was found to be unhurt. To prevent all possible incrustation of the teeth while drinking the waters, some people rub them well with the crumb of stale bread, or with a leaf or two of sage, after each beaker. This fashion (for it is nothing more) is common at all the other warm mineral Spas in Germany. However, none need be apprehensive of an intestinal concretion (even had not the preceding experiments on animal substances demonstrated the phenomenon to be impossible) from the water of the Sprudel, or of any other thermal sources at Carlsbad, when it is considered, that the calcareous principles contained in the largest quantity of the liquid usually drunk in the morning, cannot amount to more than fifteen grains, and that many of the inhabitants of Carlsbad are in the habit of drinking three or four glasses of the mineral waters every day in the year, without any inconvenience whatever.

The mention of these calcareous depositions in the Carlsbad mineral waters, again reminds me of the novel and curious views taken of them by Professor Ehrenberg of Berlin, to which I alluded in speaking of Dr. Werneck's microscopical observations

on the animalcules found in hot mineral springs. The professor, who has examined this subject minutely and repeatedly, communicated the results of his microscopical discoveries, a year or two ago, to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin. He contends that the mineral springs of Carlsbad contain living fossil infusoria, of the same species as those met with on the French coast of the Atlantic and in the Baltic. The professor did not visit Carlsbad himself, but made his observations upon specimens of the water sent to him at Berlin. He also discovered the same species of animalcules in the peat-bog of Franzensbad, of which I shall have occasion to speak in another chapter, as well as in the Wiesenerz, (meadow-earth,) near Billin, not far from Toeplitz,—a place which I have also visited. In all these specimens, Ehrenberg detected moving fossil bodies, of eighteen different species, but all belonging to the family of the *Bacillariæ*,—which have hitherto been considered by botanists as forms of plants—particularly by those naturalists who examined the *confervæ thermales* of Gastein and Carlsbad. Professor Ehrenberg has published the figures of these fossil animalcules,—among which I recognised several of the figures of the moving bodies submitted to the action of the great microscope of Dr. Werneck, at Salzburg, taken from the specimens of water I carried thither from Gastein, for the purpose of examination. Ehrenberg assigns several powerful reasons for thinking these bodies to be *fossil animalcules*, and considers that they are constantly reproduced, and form many of those stratifications on the earth's surface which have hitherto been looked upon as the remains of extinct series of marine animals, left after great geological commotions. The calculation of the number of such animalcules required to make up a given quantity of these fossil stratifications, entered upon by the professor, are curious, and well deserve the attention of geologists; for Ehrenberg is firmly persuaded that these animalcules, which are generated every moment, form, after death, entire rocks, and ought, therefore, to be taken into consideration by those who endeavour to explain the structure of the globe. He states, that twenty-three millions of these animalcules would make up a cubic line of the rock, and are, in fact, contained in it. Now as there are 1728 cubic lines in a cubic inch, the latter would, of course, contain nearly forty billions of such animals, the siliceous body of which, the professor states, must weigh about $\frac{1}{187}$ millionth part of a

grain! As to the size of these animated beings under a fossil shell, the professor has ascertained it to be just one-sixth of the thickness of a human hair!

It is a curious fact, that the hot springs of Carlsbad were never used otherwise than as baths, from the time of their discovery to the first part of the sixteenth century; when their internal use was much recommended by Wenzel Payer. From that time until the year 1828, bathing, and drinking the waters, went on simultaneously; the former, however, prevailing. But of late years bathing has become a mere auxiliary, to which few only of the invalids have recourse; the rest, or the major part of them, visit Carlsbad for the sole purpose of drinking the waters.

The quantity drunk every day was in former times prodigious. As the virtue of the waters was then deemed to reside in their purgative quality, a large proportion of them was recommended to be drunk, in order to insure that effect. But since it has been ascertained that the sanatory properties of the Carlsbad waters consist in their slow deobstruent and alterative action on the system, immoderate drinking has given way to the present moderate doses of from five to six (or at the very utmost seven or eight) beakers. The capacity of one of these may be estimated at about six ounces, or a little more than the third of a pint. This daily quantity is drunk, according to the custom of all the Spas in Germany, in the course of an hour and a half, or two hours; there being a prescribed interval of fifteen minutes between each beaker. This interval the invalids employ in various ways; either in walking alone or in company with others, or standing in groups, conversing; sitting down and observing; while most of the ladies are occupied in reading, working, or discoursing on the concert and the ball of the preceding evening. Such as prefer quiet to bustle during the drinking-hours, ascend to the *Salle du Sprudel*, erected by the side of the flower-parterre, and there enjoy a very agreeable sheltered promenade, in a room of elegant proportions, divided by pillars into three open compartments, lighted by eleven large windows, and decorated with looking-glasses and arabesque paintings. This *salle* is furnished with ottomans and chairs, and the whole floor, about a hundred feet long, is inlaid with polished wood.

With a view to prevent all chance of forgetting the number of glasses taken, or which remain to be taken, many of the invalids

carry about them a small instrument like a watch, marking with a hand any number, from one to twenty; and a large clock is suspended in some public part of the Spa room, for the same purpose.

Even in modern times, examples have not been wanting of prodigious bibbers of the Carlsbad waters. De Carro mentioned to me a Hanoverian physician, labouring under an affection of the liver, in 1828, who used to drink every morning twenty-two goblets of the *Sprudel*, and eight more in the evening, without any visible inconvenience. There is an honest burgher of Prague, Francis Braune, sixty-four years old, who has been a constant visiter at Carlsbad for the last eight years, since he got completely relieved from gravel by its springs; and who drinks, during a period of five or six weeks, from thirty-five to forty goblets of the water of any of the springs indiscriminately, every morning, and again eight or nine in the evening. To prevent mistakes, he puts forty copper coins in one of his breeches-pockets when he leaves home, and transfers one of them to the empty pocket of the other side, at each goblet of water he swallows. He is subject to obstinate obstructions of the bowels, experiences at times acute pain in the liver, and his breathing is laborious. On his arrival at Carlsbad he is not able (in consequence of the latter symptom and an excessive corpulency, which he contracts during the winter at home, and which makes him unwieldy) to take any walking exercise; but, before the expiration of the cure, he can ascend all the hills in the neighbourhood, and the circumference of his body diminishes not less than ten or twelve inches.

From ten o'clock till six in the evening all the springs are deserted; and, to a stranger just arrived, the effect of this contrast, of crowding multitudes, and desert air, in one and the same place, within a few hours of the two periods, is singularly striking. As I passed across the pavilion of the turbulent and boiling *Sprudel* at noon, one day, I could not help stopping to look at it, wasting its salutary stream without a single witness of its power—he who, but four hours before, had been surrounded by hundreds of eager and admiring worshippers!

In the evening the different springs become again the *rendez-vous* of a small number of invalids; but their assemblage seems more like the result of curiosity and the desire of chatting, than of a wish to add to the power of the cure.

The season for drinking the waters at Carlsbad begins in May

and ends in September. In the course of that period two distinct sets of visiters—two companies I might say—frequent that place. Bustle, high living, expensive lodging, brilliantly crowded concerts, balls, and incessant and noisy gaiety, prevail with the one, from the middle of June to the middle of August. Tranquillity, comfortable life, cheap house-room, and cheaper living, with a quiet and pleasing society, are enjoyed only from the 1st of May to the middle of June, and from the middle of August to the end of September, with the other. The *cure* lasts generally from five to six weeks—seldom more; at the end of which time many of the visiters transfer themselves to Marienbad or Eger, or to some more distant Spa in Bavaria and Nassau.

## CHAPTER II.

### CARLSBAD—*continued.*

The WIESE—*Steinehaus*—Countess of J—y—Breakfasts *al fresco*—Grand Monde—The English at Carlsbad—a Right Honourable Earl—Catalogue raisonné of 1094 *sommités* and *célébrités*—Princess Helena P.—La Comtesse C. de G.—Madame Trembicka—The fair authoress of "Body, Soul, and Spirit"—An Honourable M. P., Brasseur and Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi—Milord George Bridges—Thistlewood—Season of 1837—Increase of English visiters—The Kembles—The illustrious Joseph Frank—His cure, and opinion of "the Spas of Germany"—La Haute Société—Countess Potemkin—Affable aristocracy—WORKS ON CARLSBAD—Germany and the Germans—MALADIES cured by the Carlsbad waters—The author's experience—The spleen peculiarly affected in women, cured at Carlsbad—Lord A——'s cure of asthma—The hypochondriacs—Their number at Carlsbad—Biliary and other calculi—IMMEDIATE EFFECTS of the water—Erroneous notions—Effects on the author—Mob at the Mühlbrunn—Sir Joseph De C. L.—Sudden appearance of another important spring in 1838—Action on the skin—Carlsbad salts in the perspiration—The Carlsbad water injurious or inadmissible in certain cases—WARM BATHS—Vapour bath—Application of it to the eyes and in *tic-douloureux*—REGIMEN and DIET—Expenses of the cure—List of arrivals—Doctor De Carro—Physicians of Carlsbad—Remuneration—The Lord Chief Justice J.—Precious ignorance.

"I AM sitting before my window (I find it so written in my note-book) at the 'Ecu d'or' looking across the Teple, which is now conveying filth and drainage, with a slow current and little water, together with the waste from the *Sprudel* and other hot wells on its banks, smoking and smelling strong. On the opposite bank is the celebrated *Wiese*, or prater of this Spa, lined with short tufted trees, planted before a row of low and small wooden shops, not unlike booths, which have their backs to the river. The *Wiese* itself, a moderately wide and long street forming a gentle curve, is in front of them; and on the opposite side of it are the most *recherchées* houses of residence, for those who make a lengthened sejour in this place; also some of the *magasins de librairie, sucrerie, mantua-makerie* and *diablerie*:—though in justice to Carlsbad I must say that there is very little of the latter in it."

Here, among many other ostentatious dwellings, is the *Steinene Haus*; so called, because it is the first house which was built of

stone in Carlsbad, and which, during part of the season of 1836, was honoured by the séjour of the engaging English countess whom a certain political party claims as its own, but who is alike sought by all parties in society. Her ladyship might often be seen, like the rest of the great and the gay at Carlsbad, after the hour of water-drinking, seated at a breakfast-table placed under the trees opposite to her house, sipping, *al fresco*, her *café à la crême*, or her chocolate, with the luscious *brezen*, scrutinized and scrutinizing. The sight of these little tea-parties (for there are many such) is amusing, and to a stranger just arrived, curious. When the repast is finished, the table is often converted either into a working or a reading table; and a coterie—the composition of which changes as often as the society of a fashionable *belle* in her box at the opera varies during the evening—is established around it for two or three hours, both morning and evening. From all parts of the town, and from all the lodging-houses and hotels, people of all nations, rank, colour, and age, pour into this great focus of public resort,—which, at a particular time of the day, presents the spectacle of an assembly perhaps unequalled in any city in Europe. Two successive emperors of Austria—almost all the other reigning sovereigns of Germany—the princes royal of every imperial and royal family in Europe—ministers without number—countless dukes and marquises—innumerable counts, viscounts, and barons—superior officers of the army, titled and untitled—prelates, illustrious poets; and writers—ladies "in every radiant grade conspicuous;" in fine, all possible *sommités aristocratiques* of which society in the most civilised countries of Europe can boast, have, at some period or other, fretted their hour on the Wiese at Carlsbad.

To such of my readers as feel anxious to dive more deeply, than I have leisure or inclination to do in the present work, into these courtly matters, I recommend the perusal of a pleasing, useful, and agreeably-written little annual, which Doctor De Carro publishes at the termination of each season, under the title of *Almanach de Carlsbad*. They will find there not only the number of all the *sommités aristocratiques* and *célébrités littéraires* who have frequented the hot springs, but their names also, and long list of titles. In his *Almanach* for 1836 there is a curious *catalogue raisonné* of all the *personnages marquants* who have visited Carlsbad in the course of the last ten years; a list

which would be perused with astonishment by an English reader, who, from the very imperfect knowledge he has hitherto had an opportunity of acquiring touching Carlsbad, and from the very little intercourse that has hitherto existed between England and that Spa, can form no idea of such a *galaxy* appearing in any one spot, to drink hot water for a period of six weeks. I learned from De Carro, that the English visiters at Carlsbad in 1826 amounted to about twenty in number only; and that in the course of ten years they had increased to about one hundred,—among whom were reckoned many very illustrious characters, as well as not a few oddities, and some who did not exhibit the fairest side of the English character. The Carlsbad visiters of 183.. will not easily forget the eccentricities (bordering on deeds cognizable by the local police) of a Right Honourable Earl——, who, from a major of militia, principally residing on the sacred territory of Westminster road in his early life, became, by lateral descent, invested with a viscount's coronet, the title of which recals a great diplomatic era; and at the death of his father found himself earl and peer of Ireland. His *fracas* about a wife, a maid, a child, and a doctor, was a subject of regret to his countrymen; the more so, as the concourse of royal and other illustrious personages at the time, including the Queen Pauline of Würtemberg, the Princess Augusta her daughter, and the ill-fated *Dauphine* of a declining dynasty, with her royal consort, witnessed the freaks of that nobleman.

In analysing this curious *catalogue raisonné*, I find that, in the course of ten years, there have been at Carlsbad, for the benefit of the waters, fifty-three Princes and Princesses of sovereign families; thirteen of the highest dignitaries of the church; sixty-seven statesmen and diplomatists; twenty-seven Austrian, sixty-six Russian, twenty-one Prussian, ten English, six French, and eight Polish general officers, and nineteen general officers of other nations. One hundred and eighteen is the number assigned to what De Carro styles "hommes de lettres, poètes, médecins, *et autres savans*;" among whom four only are ladies—the Princesse Helena Poninska, author of a romance called "Superstition;" the Countess Choiseul de Gouffier, who wrote "Souvenirs de l'Empereur Alexandre;" Madame Trembicka, to whose pen is ascribed "Le dernier des Gibelins;" and a Miss Charlotte Anley, known (says the compiler of the catalogue) for

her musical compositions, and an "*Essay on the distinction between body, soul, and spirit.*" In looking over this last section of his catalogue, it must be admitted that my friend De Carro has not been over strict in assigning a part, in this garland of worthies, to some whose pretensions to that honour must be considered as very slight. I am sure that "L'Honorable Guillaume Long Wellesley" must feel somewhat surprised at finding himself transferred to this "immortal legion of intellectual beings," on the back of his "Mirror of the Court of Chancery."

De Carro, in his *catalogue raisonné*, has given the names of those physicians only who are authors at the same time; but the number of medical men who have visited Carlsbad during the same period, either in company with their patients, or with a view to find a cure for their own complaints, and who are not known as writers, he has calculated at six hundred and forty-five. In addition to all these *illustrissimi*, the writer of the almanac enumerates twenty-seven "*artistes*," — among whom I find Wilkie, Hummel, Paganini, Lafont, and the "Son of Mozart!" He also gives a list of fourteen "*personnages remarquables*," in which I observe "Le Prince Alexandre *de Hohenlohe*, chanoine" (whose prayers, as sanative agents, must have failed in his own case, as he drank of the *Sprudel*,) placed between "Monsieur Frederic Hodgson, Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi, Membre du Parlement Britannique, grand brasseur de Londres, celui de tous qui expédie le plus de bière aux Indes orientales et occidentales"—and the *ci-devant* Lord Mayor of London, "Milord George Bridges, très distingué par sa conduite, en 1820, dans la fameuse conspiration de Thistlewood contre les ministres."

Here, then, we have an official return, as minutely descriptive as any which a certain M. P. could desire, of not fewer than one thousand and ninety-four, *personnages, marquants*, who have frequented Carlsbad—who have sipped, at the Mühlbrunn and the Theresienbrunn, the *suave* fluid that was to prepare them for the more potent *Sprudel*, so as to eradicate the several disorders which they had brought thither—who have promenaded *de long en large* the very walk I was endeavouring to describe when I entered into this long digression—and who, therefore, if, as invalids, they have stamped Carlsbad as "*l'Hôpital des Grands*," as grandees they have converted it into "Le Salon de l'Europe."

The season of 1837 has not been less prolific in "sommités aristocratiques et marquantes" of every description, among the 4,934 individuals who attended at the shrine of the *Sprudel*, —being an increase of nearly 400 above the number of the previous year. Not fewer than twelve sovereigns, or independent princes and princesses; twenty-one high diplomatic characters; three Austrian, thirteen Russian, eight Prussian, two English, two French (including Marshal Marmont), and five other general officers of the highest rank; formed the first degree of the galaxy. Of hommes de lettres, and men of science, there were twenty-five in number, with a dozen of "artistes celèbres," including Charles and Miss Kemble, respecting whom I cannot resist the pleasure of inserting the account given of her arrival in the Almanach de Carlsbad for this year. "M. Charles Kemble, jadis celèbre tragicien, et maintenant censeur royal des théâtres de Londres, avec sa fille Miss Adelaïde Kemble, chanteuse admirable, seconde Malibran, qui par sa parfaite amabilité et complaisance a fait les delices de la société de Carlsbad, et le bien des pauvres, au benéfice des quels, elle a eu la bonté d'employer son rare talent."

Not fewer than seventy-seven physicians and surgeons, from all parts of Europe, formed part of the company assembled at Carlsbad,—many of whom had gone thither with their patients, and the rest on account of their own infirmities. Some of the most distinguished names in Europe are to be found in this list, and it is gratifying to me in particular to single out from among them the name of Joseph Frank, of Como, formerly professor at Pavia, and afterwards at Wilna, and son of *Peter Frank*, one of the greatest physicians of the last century, whose oral instructions it had been my good fortune to receive. Joseph Frank, who now lives retired on the border of that lake which the younger Pliny loved so much, had visited Carlsbad on account of acute sufferings from gravel. Of these he was cured by a single season of the thermal waters, as he states in a letter to his friend and guide De Carro, written last April. "Je n'aurais pas le plaisir de vous revoir cette année par la très bonne raison que, grace à Dieu et à Carlsbad, je n'ai pas ressenti de tout l'hiver la moindre atteinte des mes douloureux graviers; et il-y-aurait de l'indiscretion de ma part à vouloir se porter mieux que je ne me porte." A case of this kind adds considerable weight to

the evidence already existing of the efficacy of Carlsbad in gravelly disorders.

The testimony of so illustrious a physician, who has thus in his own person had his attention drawn to the power of mineral waters in curing diseases, is of the utmost importance in support of my doctrines, and in opposition to the would-be-sceptical sneers of some medical men unacquainted with the nature of mineral springs. I therefore experience much gratification in finding it stated by De Carro, in one of his last letters to me, that, Frank having perused my "Popular Considerations on the Use and Power of Mineral Waters," had come to the determination of making them known to the Italian physicians by inserting them this year in the Biblioteca Italiana. "Je ferais parler le Docteur Granville (he goes on stating) à ces messieurs, vu que la leçon qu'il donne aux médecins Anglais est trés applicable aux nôtres. J'aime infiniment cet auteur, dont je ferais valoir l'article inseré dans le dernier Almanach de Carlsbad."

Among this increased influx of invalids at Carlsbad, since the publication of the present work, it has been observed that the English have played a conspicuous part. "Les Anglais," says the author of the "Coup d'Œil sur la saison de 1837, "jadis en si petit nombre à Carlsbad-y-ont eté presqu' aussi nombreux que les Russes et les Polonais, et nous avons vu avec satisfaction les Torys, les Whigs, et les Radicaux, partis irreconciliables dans leur foyers, paisiblement réunis sous l'humble bannière du *Gobelet de Carlsbad.*" But on this point the experience of the present season is even much more striking. From the account just received by a military gentleman in London, it appears that up to the 1st of July, 1838, when the season was not yet at its height, the number of invalids from Great Britain was already three times as large as that of two years ago, and more than double that of last year. This fact the reporter is inclined to attribute to the publication of "The Spas of Germany." "That book (says he) has had a prodigious success. I never heard before of the same work having, within one year, two *legal* editions—two *piratical* ones, (the one at Paris, the other at Brussels,) an abridgment published at Leipsig, and another abridgment published at Carlsrhue."

Nor is the increase in the number of visiters at Carlsbad this year confined to the English. Far from it; for it seems that, not-

withstanding the attractive ceremony of the coronation of the British Queen, and the expected ceremony of the same momentous character of the King of Lombardy and Venice, which must draw away much of the *élite* of European aristocracy,—the number of illustrious personages at the "King of the Spas," or the "Salon de l'Europe," has been prodigious.

To this *Salon* the democracy of disease does not extend its influence. Once out of the precinct of the springs,—where the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the Jew and the Christian, partake alike, and *pêle mêle*, of the bounty of nature, suffer with the same feelings, and sigh for health with the same hope,—the mighty distinction of rank, the no less important distinctions of character, and even the distinctions of reputation, resume their restrictive and exclusive power; and that *ton*, which so peculiarly marks *la haute société*, separates into groups, at the promenade and in the evening *reunions*, the singular social amalgam of the morning. The tall, *svelte*, pale, and interesting Countess P—k—n, for example—whom every one admired, as she paced, with graceful gait, the new and wide granite trottoir of the *Wiese*—might be seen at the earliest hour of the morning, modestly clad in her slate-coloured silk *redingotte de matin*, and drawn bonnet, vibrating, like many others, between the *Sprudel* and the *Mühlbrunn*, jostled by livery-servants, and walking, unnoticed, through the groups of peasants, Jews, and mechanics, who are mixing with the daily throng, under the colonnade of the mighty spring. But here, on the *Wiese*, every one notices and pays homage to her, even among the highest, for her *distingué* look and lofty bearing, in spite of her sufferings from illness.

Notwithstanding all this *exclusivism*, however, much affability, and a species of cosmopolite urbanity, mark the intercourse of the several principal groups, no matter how different their respective stations; and seem to convert the great and the noble, from the different and most distant countries in Europe, into one and the same nation, during the short season of the waters. This appears to have been the case at all times at Carlsbad. "On me parait, en general," observed Gellert, a celebrated German writer, as he returned from Carlsbad in 1764, (I quote from De Carro's French translation,) "plus affable aux eaux qu'ailleurs, et plusieurs personnes y sont, sans le savoir, métamorphosées en ce qu'elles ne sont pas en réalité. Ceux qui se sont arrachés

aux affaires, ou à leurs soins domestiques, sentant la liberté, deviennent plus souples et complaisans. Les orgueilleux qui, sans affabilité, s'y trouveraient privées de société, se montrent plus modestes. La plus part, pensant que leur apparition sur cette scène fugitive ne dure que trois ou quatre semaines, se font violence pour jouer leur rôle avec applaudissement, et se conduisent bien. D'autres tiennent leur passions en bride, parce que la cure l'exige, et que la crainte d'empirer leur mal a toujours sur eux le plus de pouvoir."

If no other evidence existed of the efficacy and salutary influence of Carlsbad, than this uninterrupted series of distinguished visiters,—who most unquestionably do not go thither to amuse themselves, (as people do who frequent Baden,) but to seek health from its mineral waters under the advice of the principal and most able physicians in Europe,—its character as a Spa of great power in the treatment of disease would yet be sufficiently established. Fashion might for a few years lead the great, who are generally the most credulous in medicine, to a Spa, even of the most inert character;—as occurred with regard to Schlangenbad, during three years, from its having been so much extolled by a layman, who had seen none of the principal and really important Spas. But in such a case fashion will also desert it. Carlsbad, on the contrary, increases in reputation with increasing years, and has never been deserted: a proof that the majority, at least, of those who had expected benefit from it, had not been disappointed.

From the time when the celebrated ode of Lobkowitz was written, to the termination of 1836, a period of three centuries and a quarter, not fewer than one hundred and ninety-eight works have been published, on Carlsbad and its springs. What other Spa in Europe can make a similar boast? Will it be believed, that not one of these is from the pen of an English author? and that no full account exists of that watering-place in the English language? Dr. Gairdner, formerly of Edinburgh, has mentioned the subject in his general treatise on Mineral Waters. Mr. Lee of Cheltenham, in a recent small volume entitled "An Account of the most frequented Watering-places on the Continent," has given five pages on the waters of Carlsbad,—which he does not seem to have visited lately, as his account contains some important errors respecting the temperature and composition of the

water. In a still more recent publication, containing, within the space of 230 duodecimo pages, an alphabetical list of all the continental watering-places, with "An Account of the Medicinal Virtues of their Waters, and the Diseases in which they are employed,"—we find Carlsbad (the baths of which are called *Caroline Baths*, no one knows why) despatched in thirty-eight lines. But even in the course of that short space, I am sorry to add, there occur at least seven very important mistakes, of temperature, name, and locality.

One or two English tourists have touched incidentally on Carlsbad in their volumes. This has been the case in particular with the author of an interesting work entitled "Germany and the Germans." The observations of these writers being necessarily very brief, cannot be satisfactory. Mistakes also have been committed by them, in describing places and objects connected with that Spa; so that their account of it cannot, I apprehend, be taken as a guide.*

The maladies for the cure of which Carlsbad has been long celebrated, are many. Hufeland, one of the most illustrious practitioners in Germany, who died a few years ago at Berlin, full of years and reputation, being asked by me, during my first visit to that capital, for the reason of this undiminished celebrity of Carlsbad, answered, "C'est qu'il guérit des maux rebelles à tout autre moyen curatif." There is not a single medical man of eminence in Germany who does not entertain the like opinion.

It would be out of place in a work like the present, which I purposely design for the general reader, (although even the physician of this country will find more information in it than he can obtain from any other English work on the subject at present extant,) were I to enter into a detailed statement of the disorders for which the waters of Carlsbad have been successfully recommended. It will be sufficient for my purpose to state generally, that those waters exert their principal sanative action, 1st, on all chronic affections which depend on debility of the digestive organs, accompanied by the accumulation of improper secretions;

* I have in my possession a MS. copy of the answers and notes which the author of the *Almanach* has prepared to the article on Carlsbad, in the English work last mentioned, and which he purposes inserting in his volume for 1837. Although requested to do so by Dr. De Carro, I shall decline the task of pointing out, on the strength of the document entrusted to me, certain errors, and one especial mistatement, said to be contained in that article.

2dly, on all obstructions, particularly of the abdomen, which, as Becher, the oracle of Carlsbad, observes, they resolve and disperse; 3dly, on the acrimony of the blood, which they correct, alter, and evacuate, or drive towards the extremities and the surface of the body; 4thly, on calculous and gravelly deposits; 5thly, on many occult and serious disorders, the nature of which is not readily ascertained until after the partial use of the waters, such as tic douloureux, spasms, rheumatism, and gout.

Looking to this general classification alone, it is impossible, even for the most uninstructed, not to see at once, that nearly two-thirds of the diseases which man, in his civilised state, is heir to, under a lingering, chronic, and often painful form, may find relief in the use of the waters of this Spa; and the reports of all the medical men who have practised at Carlsbad, or have sent patients thither, or have, like myself, visited the place for information, are replete with examples illustrative of the truth of this assertion.

My own experience warrants me in commending the Carlsbad waters in all obstinate cases of induration, tumefaction, tenderness, and sluggish action of the liver; in imperfect or suppressed gout; in paralysis dependent on the stomach and not fulness of blood in the head; in cases of tic,* and nervous disorders; finally, in obstructions of the glands of the mesentery, and in those engorgements of the spleen, and distended state of the splenetic vessels, which are much more common (as I have proved in another publication) in females, especially of the better classes, than medical men appear to be aware of. Physicians in this country, now-a-days, seem to have forgotten that such an organ as the spleen exists. They have directed the whole force of their batteries against a larger and more important organ, the liver; every sin and iniquity being laid at its door. This view may, to a certain extent, be just with regard to male patients, who,—from a greater and more frequent exposure to all the morbid causes that can affect the liver—such as vicissitudes of climate, excessive

* I strongly recommend the reader to procure and peruse a clear and simple narrative of a recovery from tic douloureux, drawn up and published by the sufferer, the Rev. C. E. Hutchinson, vicar of Firle in Sussex---in which the contrast between the impotent farrago of every drug under the sun, and the successful agency of the Carlsbad water, in curing that disease, is strongly marked through the mere statement of facts. Art may indeed blush after this.

gluttony, and high living, immoderate potation of strong liquors, violent exercise of the body, intense thought, and violent mental excitement (as was the case with that illustrious victim of diplomacy, whose name will never perish)—present too often the most afflicting picture of hepatic disorder. But it is not less true, also, that in female patients the spleen is oftener affected than the liver with obstruction and enlargement, for reasons that are equally peculiar to the constitution and the habits of their sex. This distinction is of the utmost importance, and in the course of twenty years' practice in this metropolis, during which period some thousands of cases of female complaints have come under my notice, that distinction forced itself, as it were, on my attention, and I had reason to be thankful that I never after lost sight of it.

Well, then, these very obstructions of the spleen are essentially benefited at Carlsbad; sometimes by the warmer, at other times by the less warm springs, according to the degree, intensity, and peculiar cause of the indisposition. Being aware of this fact, I never hesitated sending those of my patients who could afford it, to Carlsbad, where they have all found that relief which drugging had never given to them in London. In saying this, however, I do not mean to insinuate that no other warm mineral springs than those of Carlsbad will be found equally useful in the same class of complaints. The contrary is the case, as may and will be seen in other parts of this work.

The power of the *Sprudel*, in dissipating adhesions, has been mentioned with confidence by some physicians. The testimony given me of this fact by one of the patients on the spot, would seem to corroborate the statement. Lord A——, whom I found one morning sipping the *Sprudel* at 60°, assured me that he had tried it for three seasons, and had, through it, lost a pleuritic adhesion under the *sternum*, or breast-bone, the consequence of neglected inflammation in the chest, which had annoyed him for a long time, and had resisted all the curative means adopted in England. The complaint used to make him short-breathed in ascending hills, and gave him a sort of sensation of dragging or *tiraillement* whenever he sneezed; all which symptoms have since disappeared. His lordship appeared to be quite serious, and not, as usual, epigrammatic, on *this* subject.

It is the despondent, dejected, misanthropic, fidgety, pusillanimous, irritable, outrageous, morose, sulky, weak-minded, whimsi-

cal, and often despairing hypochondriac,—for he is all these, and each in turn,—made so by continued indigestion, by obstinate and unremitting gout, by affections of the nerves of sympathy and of the gastric region, and by other equally active causes,—that Carlsbad seems pre-eminently to favour. —Hence it is, that the living picture which every morning presents itself at the *Sprudel*, exhibits a larger number of these unfortunate beings than I have seen congregated anywhere else, except in the Hypodrome of Constantinople, among the sallow and deathly *Teriakys*. "Nulle part," observes De Carro, "on voit l'hypocondrie sous des formes plus variées ni plus bizarres qu'à Carlsbad; nulle part on a de plus fréquentes occasions d'observer l'influence du physique sur le moral. Les traits de mysanthropie, de desespoir, et de pusillanimité; les transitions soudaines de l'espérance à l'abattement, et de la mélancholie à l'exaltation, y sont innombrables."

Closely allied to this class of disorder is the formation of biliary concretions. Innumerable cases of this sort have been recorded as cured at Carlsbad; and I am acquainted with an eminent foreign physician, whose case I alluded to in my work on St. Petersburg, who owes to Carlsbad the complete recovery from one of the most inveterate affections of this sort that man can suffer under and live. With respect to gravelly and calculous depositions, the single case of Dr. Bigel of Warsaw forms the strongest evidence of the great efficacy of the Carlsbad waters in such complaints. That gentleman, after having submitted at Berlin to the new operation of lithotripsy, on account of a large calculus in the bladder, of which he was suffering, at the age of sixty-four, was obliged to have recourse to the waters of Carlsbad, which smoothed, diminished, and lastly expelled, from time to time, all the remaining fragments of the stone, until he quite recovered.*

Dr. Bigel, who is himself an experienced and veteran practitioner, although an *homœopathe*, has given, in a letter addressed to De Carro, a well-written and interesting history of his own case, which he had watched with great care and minute attention. That physician, all joy at his deliverance, entreats his friend to publish to all the world, that the waters of Carlsbad possess the property "d'attaquer la substance des graviers, de les polir, de

* I have already alluded to another case of recovery from gravel in the person of an equally eminent physician, Joseph Frank.

les user, et de leur communiquer une friabilité qui en favorise l'expulsion."

A few of the immediate effects of the Carlsbad waters are nearly the same in all individuals; but in general, patients, on first drinking them, are affected differently. Excitement, and a species of *erethismus*, or fever, are the preliminary symptoms produced by almost all the springs. This observed fact has frightened people into the belief, that their use would produce congestions and fulness of blood in the head, and has led patients, as well as physicians, to begin with what have been called the *weaker* waters, and gradually to ascend to the *strongest*, the dreaded *Sprudel*. These expressions are erroneous, and have led to the propagation of false notions respecting the degree of power possessed by the different springs, which have done harm; because, being entertained by physicians of distant countries, through hearsay, or vague information—particularly by those in England and France—their inexperienced opinion has swayed patients, who have either been deterred from going to Carlsbad, or have been told to begin with a particular spring and to abstain from another. The different waters at Carlsbad have a greater or lesser degree of heat: but they are not *weaker* and *stronger*. Now, inasmuch as common heat, when combined with any water, is of itself an exciting agent—as every one may ascertain by swallowing quickly a goblet of pure water heated to 140° or 150°—it is in that sense alone that the *Sprudel* may be considered as more exciting than the *Neubrunn*—this latter more than the *Mühlbrunn*—and the last named more than the *Theresienbrunn* or the *Schlossbrunn*. I drank of all the springs; but I attacked at once, and in quantities of several goblets, the *Sprudel*, without experiencing any very marked feelings of uneasiness in the head; and yet I had been cautioned in England, by medical men who *had heard* of such things, that the *Sprudel* would affect my head, probably with severity, considering my liability to fulness in that part. The excitement of the general system, which many other modern physicians—Weld, Harless, Kreyzig, Bomberg, Bigel, and others—have described, as arising from the ingestion of that water, I experienced in common with them; but the condition of the system which followed was always one of comfort.

Neither nausea, nor vomiting,—no unpleasant symptom, ex-

cepting a few eructations, is ever produced by the Carlsbad water. Its taste I have already mentioned. Once arrived in the stomach, it produces an exhilarating sensation, which spreads itself to the intestinal canal generally. The latter, after the full ingestion of the prescribed quantity, becomes in many individuals distended with wind, and sometimes affected; but purgation does not always follow the use of the water. Here again prejudice has established a certain notion, that one spring is more purgative than another; and the highest merit of the kind having been assigned, without any reason whatever, to the *Mühlbrunn*, it is curious to see the crowds which hasten in the morning to that source. I am assured that, during the height of the season, it is impossible for the less bold and the timid, who desire to partake of that famed water, to stem the positive mobs by which the portico and space before the *Mühlbrunn* are besieged; and that they are compelled, much to their detriment and annoyance, to rise from their beds at four o'clock, in hopes to find their favourite spring accessible. But as there is more fashion than truth in the opinion of the superiority of the *Mühlbrunn*, which certainly does not purge more than the other springs; and as abundant purgation is not necessary to the success of the treatment; it may be expected that in a few years the crowd will shift their quarters to the more elegant temple of the *Theresienbrunn*,—which, by-the-by, is gaining daily in the estimation of visiters. I was rambling one morning through its plantations, after drinking sufficiently of its almost tasteless water, when I met with an acquaintance and learned physician, Sir J. De C—— L., who had just returned from Marienbad, where he had drunk of the cold Kreutzbrunn, at the recommendation of Heidler, and had felt so ill from it that he thought he must have been bled. Here, on the contrary, he was taking but three goblets of the *Theresienbrunn*, which agreed with him, and proved moderately aperient.

The number of springs in Carlsbad has been increased this year (1838,) by the sudden apparition of a fresh one in the market-place, near to a house called "La Giraffe." It gives three times as much water as the *Mühlbrunn* and has one degree more of temperature. It will divide the crowd which besieges the *Mühlbrunn*, and thus far its appearance is welcome.

Copious secretions of the kidneys, and perspiration, are much more frequent effects of drinking the Carlsbad water than purga-

tion; and it is curious that the salts of that water are detected in both those excretions. Some drops of the perspiration produced after drinking the *Sprudel*, when examined by the microscope, exhibited crystals of those salts.

One of the inconveniences more or less common to all mineral waters when taken internally—*borborigmus*, or rumbling in the intestines, particularly if the patient has foolishly eaten of vegetables—is not so frequent with the Carlsbad water. My appetite was sharpened after the several goblets I had swallowed, without any consequent distention. On one or two occasions I fancied I felt the beating of the vessels of the head more loudly; and the action of the heart was certainly disturbed.

Altogether, the immediate effects of the Carlsbad water show its potency, and warn patients from attempting to use it, either under the advice of physicians personally unacquainted with its nature, or without any advice at all. "Whoever has experienced at Carlsbad," says De Carro, "a regular crisis, will never more question the power of its waters, the revolution they cause in the whole system, nor the artificial disease excited by such perturbations. The Germans call it very properly a *Bad-sturm* (bath-storm.)

It is not enough, when we speak of the power of any mineral water, that we should know to what particular disorder it has proved beneficial. In order to be masters of the subject, it is equally important that we should also be acquainted with the class of diseases and constitutions in which any particular mineral water is likely to disagree, or be decidedly hurtful. Carlsbad is not a *panacea*—nay, it is unquestionably dangerous in several complaints and temperaments,—such as consumption, dropsy, scorbutic affection, plethoric habits of body, tendency to losses of blood or hemorrhages, distinct diseases of the heart, aneurism, and erotic disorders. Mistakes, often followed by very serious consequences, have been caused by the imperfect knowledge of the effects of the Carlsbad waters possessed by physicians practising in this country, who have recommended those waters to patients who ought to have been sent elsewhere.

Drinking the mineral waters is not the only, though it is the most general mode of their application, to cases of disease at Carlsbad. Baths have also been recommended; and at one time, bathing in the hot springs, as at Baden-baden, Gastein, and

Toeplitz, was the only process adopted in the use of these waters. At present, on the contrary, bathing forms a secondary object. Still, ample accommodations have been secured for that purpose, both at the *Sprudel*, where the bath rooms are quite new, and at the *Mühlbrunn*, the primitive baths of which have been renovated and enlarged. The water which supplies the latter baths is a combination of that archipelago of springs, as De Carro calls it, which lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the *Mühlbrunn*.

Besides the common baths, Carlsbad boasts of a mineral Vapour-bath, both general and topical. These, which are neatly arranged in a building immediately over the *Hygieasquelle*, from which the necessary steam is obtained, are occasionally employed; but I doubt whether they can be of much more use than vapour-baths of common water. The steam, at such a temperature, must differ little from that of uncondensed distilled water; and, accordingly, we find that, in the analysis made by Nentwich of the said steam, nothing but pure water, atmospheric air, and a small proportion of carbonic acid gas, were found. If, therefore, any sensible effect was ever produced by these vapour-baths, beyond the effect produced by the ordinary vapour, it must be ascribed to the presence of the carbonic acid. That the application of this gas to the body is an effective remedy, has been proved at other Spas, and is in the course of being experimented also at Carlsbad,—where the proper apparatus for that purpose is not wanting.*

Professor Ryba has written an essay to show in what consists the efficacy of the vapour from the *Bernardbrunn*, which, from immemorial time, has enjoyed the reputation of curing diseases of the eyes; and Dr. De Carro has communicated to me some cases of tic-douloureux, which he states to have been cured by the vapour-baths of the *Sprudel*.

Of the regimen and diet necessary to be observed at Carlsbad, I shall say nothing here; referring the reader to my general observations on those two points, contained in the Introduction; which every person interested or likely to be interested in the subject of mineral waters in Germany should peruse, in order to acquire the essential knowledge of all preliminary matters touch-

* The mud baths have also been tried, but are a *decided failure*. They are inferior even to those at Marienbad; and that is no eulogium.

ing their use. The physicians at Carlsbad are very strict in their instructions regarding diet; and such patients as do not possess the resolution to adhere to them, had better spare themselves the trouble and expense of a journey thither.

The money charges for the cure, as far as the drinking or using of the water is concerned—and the remuneration to the physicians, are regulated by law in the one case, and by custom in the other. A tax of four florins is laid upon all strangers arriving at Carlsbad, if they remain over the fifth day. This is the only contribution demanded for drinking of all the springs. The damsels who so dexterously dip your cup into the stream, and hand it to you, perhaps eight or ten times every morning, are remunerated by each of those who drink the water, at the termination of the cure. The use of the key for the *Retraites* costs fifteen kreutzers weekly, or a quarter of a florin (5*d.*), besides a deposit of twenty kreutzers. The prices of the water, vapour, and gas baths, are equally moderate.

Here, as in all the German Spas of consequence, a list of arrivals and departures is published daily, forming a large volume, and a curious one to boot, at the end of the season. The subscription to this list for the season is one florin and twenty-four kreutzers of good money, with a trifle to the person who delivers it at your house. Every *kurgast*, as the strangers are called, pays, on inscribing his name and abode in that list, half a florin or ten pence. At the head of the list stand the names of the two imperial inspectors appointed by the Austrian government for the season, and those of the physicians authorised to practise in Carlsbad. I have so often had occasion to mention the name of one of them, in connexion with the titles of several of his works, his experience, his observation, and long standing in the profession, that my readers will at once judge of the opinion I entertain of his talents and his acquirements. Having received his medical education in Scotland, he speaks and writes the English language fluently.

I regret exceedingly having missed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the four or five other physicians practising during the season at Carlsbad, of whom report speaks favourably. The surgeons and *pharmaciens* are likewise mentioned in the list. There are at Carlsbad two *pharmacies*, where I found some excellent drugs.

The manner of remunerating the medical attendants is not regulated by the number of visits, or by bills, but is left to the inclination, feeling, and means of the patient. The amount is either forwarded or given at the conclusion of the cure, just as the patient is about to leave Carlsbad. The invalids do not expect to be visited daily, but only as necessity requires. Each physician is certain to see all his patients at the wells, and there the inquiries and consultations often take place, which suffice for the occasion. In this manner only can those physicians who have a large number of patients to attend to, (like Heidler at Marienbad, for example, who sees 300 patients every morning,) accomplish that object. I could not help expressing to the latter, as well as to De Carro at Carlsbad, the pleasure it gave me to witness the simple, quiet, and *sans-façon* manner in which this daily intercourse between patient and physician took place. How different from the stiff, starched, and aristocratic style of the medical visits, in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor and Belgrave Squares !

The mode of remuneration just alluded to cuts both ways, to use a common expression; as the following anecdote will prove: The Lord Chief Justice J——, from the "sister island," was among the *kurgäste* of Carlsbad of 1833, and attended by my friend De Carro, whom he addressed, at the end of the season, in English, with all the gravity of a judge, thus: "Doctor ! as to my feelings of gratitude for your successful aid, they are written in my heart, and I need not repeat them. Of what concerns pecuniary matters, I am, I confess, in the deepest ignorance; but if, in the sum which I beg you to accept (putting fifty ducats into De Carro's hand) I have committed any mistake, I pray you not to hesitate a moment to enable me to rectify it."—"My lord !" said as gravely the Doctor, "your lordship's *ignorance* is to me more *precious*, than the full *knowledge* which many of the visiters of these springs possess, and I am thankful for it." Upon which the gravity of the judge changed into an *éclat de rire*.

# CHAPTER III.

## CARLSBAD—*concluded.*

HOTELS—The *Goldenen Schild*—A Countess cook—Three other golden hotels and Paradise—Prices—Carlsbad no cheap bargain—MAISONS À LOUER—Great number of them—Signs and appellations—Lodgings and lodgers—Interiors—High rent—Cautions—A word in time—Welcome to visiters—Fanfare and *trinkgeld*—CLIMATE—Winds—Improvement in the streets—Night police—The Sachsische Saal—The Böhmische Saal—*Magnum bonum* of gastronomes at Carlsbad—Affluence of grandees to the Restaurants—A dissected table d'hôte—Advantages and disadvantages—A DINNER—The price—Drinking dearer than eating—Public cheaper than private dinners—Tyrannical vigilance of the doctors—Sprudel soup—AMUSEMENTS—A theatre from salt; or, attic wit and Carlsbad salt—Absence of gambling—Blacklegs at discount—PROMENADES—Hirschenstein—Fabulous tradition—Peter the Great's monument—Shaded walk—Votive tablets—Great Chaussée to Prague—*Promenade à quatre heures*—The three imperial sisters—Findlater's temple and obelisk—*Posthof*—*Freundschaft Saal*—Belvidere—A poetical license—DEPARTURE.

IT is high time that I should lead my readers to less serious subjects, and show how three or four thousand visiters (for their number is increasing yearly) are lodged, fed, and amused at Carlsbad during the season.

I have already mentioned the hotel in which I took up my temporary abode. It is a large double house, situated at the confluence of two streets, (one of which leads straight to the *Sprudel,*) and nearly opposite a carriage-bridge leading to the upper end of the *Wiese*. The Teple flows under its windows, between which and that river there is a garden. Some of the apartments are tolerably furnished, but the greater number of them indifferently. Men as well as women servants wait on the strangers; but the most preferable plan, if a long residence be contemplated at an hotel, is to secure the service of a valet-de-place, of whom there are several in Carlsbad, natives of the place, and who speak French. Except in the case of a numerous family, it is better not to be encumbered with a domestic, unless a courier travels habitually with the party. This hotel (*Zum*

*Goldenen Schilde*) is considered the first in the place, and its *restaurant* has enjoyed a certain reputation, more from the circumstance of the fair cook being also the mistress and proprietress of the hotel and its extensive appurtenances, than for any consummate skill which she possesses in the mysteries of the art of Ude and Carême. This lady is one of the objects of curiosity in Carlsbad. From a *cuisinière*, she becomes, by marriage with a Bohemian nobleman, Madame la Comtesse de Bolza, and has a large family. This sudden elevation did not cause any difference in her condition, in which, on the contrary, she has chosen to continue ever since. Her children are all counts and countesses, by the most legitimate of rights, that of descent; and she herself is equally entitled to that distinction; but here she is cook and *maîtresse d'hôtel*, and nothing more. Her ladyship is a stout, good-looking woman, of whom everybody speaks well. Her eldest son is an officer in the Austrian service. These social anomalies are less strange in Bohemia than elsewhere.

The Golden *Lion*, the Golden *Ox*, and the Golden *Swan*, (the Carlsbadian innkeepers have as strong a passion for gold as their betters,) and, I believe, the *Paradise*, are the next important hotels in the place. I have already mentioned the newest establishment of this kind, on the summit of the Theresian Hill. It has not been in operation long enough to show its merits or demerits; but nothing can be more grand or inviting than its exterior, and the preparations for every species of interior accommodation.*

As few, if any, visiters choose to continue inmates of these hotels during the whole season if they can procure lodgings, it follows that, on their first arrival, they are made to pay rather smartly for the accommodations they require. If all the hotels in Carlsbad charge as much as I had to pay to Madame la Comtesse—although that much be not any great amount, except as compared with other watering-places in Germany—I cannot commend them for cheapness. Still a frequenter of hotels in England will smile at what I deemed a subject of grumbling, and will be inclined to think that two florins and a half (4*s*. 2*d*.) per day for two rooms, forty-four kreutzers (about 1*s*. 4*d*.) for a break-

* I allude to the König von England: but I have since learned that this showy building is to remain a simple lodging-house—and not to aspire to the rank of an hotel.

fast, and one florin and sixteen kreutzers (2*s.* 1¼*d.*) for a very moderate dinner *à la carte*, are not exorbitant charges. On looking at my bill, however, I find my impression of the whole concern to have been unfavourable; and I recollect well, that a friend of mine, the nephew of a late eminent philosopher, who, with his amiable lady, was visiting the Spas of Bohemia, and lodged at the Golden Shield also, entertained the same opinion. Perhaps I had been spoiled by the splendour of the hotel at Marienbad, which I had just left, and its very reasonable charges; or was put out of humour by the wanton breaking of an essential part of my carriage, while emerging from under the gateway, at a foot's pace, to convey me from Carlsbad—an accident which looked much like a desire to retain us a little longer. But for these two circumstances I should probably not have noted on my "recknung" at the *Goldenen Schild* thus: "N. B. The most extravagant house on our road through Germany. Badly appointed, worse cookery, and no attendance. The bill has the merit of being signed autographically by the Countess de Bolza (*Grafinn Bolza*)."

But it is to the *maisons particulières*, and the lodging-houses, that the stranger generally looks for a permanent asylum; and of these, fortunately, there is no lack in Carlsbad. There is scarcely a private house which may not be considered, during the season, as a "maison à louer." These may be reckoned at about five hundred, and every year many new ones are added to the number. The latter are built of stone, while the larger number of the rest are still of wood; a circumstance which has made Carlsbad very liable to accidents by fire. So often have the inhabitants suffered from such accidents, that a watchman is stationed constantly on the great tower adjoining the *Rathhaus*, who, after striking the hour of the night, walks round the gallery, to see if in any part of the town the smallest symptoms of fire appears, in which case he immediately gives the alarm.

The interior, as well as exterior, of the lodging-houses is kept in a state of great cleanliness; the furniture is plain and modern; and a sufficient supply is in general to be found of both table and bed linen, as well as of all those other conveniences of a *ménage* which are considered as included in the bargain for the rent. The largest number of lodging-houses will be found on the *Wiese*. Each has its distinctive sign, as well as appellation.

The prices of these lodgings are extravagant in the months of

June, July, and August, but not so in May or September. "On comprend (says, with great naïveté, the author of 'Carlsbad et ses Eaux minérales) que la plus part des habitans, devant vivre toute l'année du produit de la saison de la cure, les logemens ne peuvent pas y-être à bas prix :' —which means, in plain English, that the visiters must expect to be smartly taxed. Excellent apartments, however, may be procured for a single person, or small families, at prices nearly similar to those mentioned in my description of Baden-baden,—to which I refer; and a family of distinction may here secure a whole house, in some of the best situations, at the rent of four, five, or six hundred florins for six weeks; but for much more if in July and August. The difficulty of obtaining any accommodation, as well as the better sort of lodgings, during these two months, should induce persons intending to visit Carlsbad at that period, to apply in time, by letter, addressed to a friend, or the physician to whom they are likely to be recommended, and who will often perform that act of urbanity. They must also take care to specify very minutely all that is required, the time of the arrival of the party, and the intended length of residence. At all times, and in all parts of the world, bargains and agreements between lodgers and lodging-keepers have been a source of dispute and bickering; and nowhere more so than at Carlsbad.

One of the first calls made on the purse of the newly arrived, either at a private lodging or at an hotel, is the *pourboire* or *trinkgeld* to the watchmen stationed by day on the lofty *Stadtthurm*, from which they descry the approach of new visiters at a considerable distance, and sound a *fanfare* of trumpets, to announce and welcome their arrival at Carlsbad; and this is followed by another philharmonic *bien-venu*, in the shape of a serenade under your windows, executed by Bohemian or German performers—to be paid for, of course.

The position of the town in a long narrow valley, and the arrangement of its streets, which are often close, crooked, and their atmosphere oppressive, demand that people should be careful in the choice of their lodgings. Carlsbad is exposed to the north-westerly winds, which in Bohemia, according to the testimony of Doctor Held, are the most injurious to health. The frequent alternations of cold and damp which take place, during the hot summer months in Carlsbad, after sudden showers of rain,

exert a very baneful influence on the organs of respiration, and, above all, on the larynx, even of the most healthy people, but particularly on invalids drinking the waters,—in whom the cutaneous system is in a constant state of activity.

Speaking of situations—after the *Wiese*, both the old, or more fashionable, and the new—I should recommend another very nice part of the town, which seemed new to me, lying between the Marktplatz and the Neumühlgasse, where some excellent houses of a more pretending structure exist, not far from the *Mühlbrunn* and *Theresienbrunn*. The hotel of the *Goldenen Schlüssel* (Golden Key) is one of them. But the situation must be rather close in summer, and it has no view to the hills. The principal streets, within the last two years, have been improved, their pavement ameliorated, and newer and wider *trottoirs* of flags of granite laid down in many of them, especially in the *Wiese*. The general improvements of the town, indeed, which have taken place within the last ten years, at the expense of the inhabitants, have cost upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand florins. At night, policemen parade the town in all directions, from nine o'clock until five in the morning; being relieved at intervals. They carry an halberd, and *whistle* the hour; an improvement upon their previous lugubrious cry,—which was found to shake too much the nerves of the hypochondriacs who are so numerous at Carlsbad.

In enumerating the Hotels or Inns properly so called, I omitted mentioning the names of the two *Grandes Restaurations*, the *Sachsische Saal* and *Böhmische Saal*, because they are more especially eating-establishments. Both are conveniently situated, at the furthest end of the *Wiese*; and I was told, on the very best authority, that the first-named of those establishments is greatly superior to anything else of the kind to be found in Carlsbad. There are numberless eating-houses in Carlsbad *à tout prix*, and for all ranks of society; but with the exception of the *Blaue Hecht* on the *Wiese*—which sends out the best dinners before the full season commences—no Restaurant can vie with either the Hôtel de Saxe or the Hôtel de Bohème; the one *censé* to be served by Saxon waiters, the other by Bohemian servants. Even the grandees from Prague and Vienna; the many princes from Russia and Poland; the infinite variety of counts and barons of the confederation; not forgetting the lords and the ladies who never trouble themselves with engaging a *cuisine*, as a part of their

lodgings for the season;—all these, and a large sprinkling of people of less importance from all corners of Europe, find during the season, at the Sachsische Saal, the only *nec plus* in the way of dinner which they can attain in Carlsbad. The price is fixed at one Austrian florin per head, or two francs, *vin à part;* but, *en revanche, pain à discrétion,* and what is still better, *argenterie:* that is—absence of pewter spoons and steel forks, so common in Germany. People wishing to dine at the Sachsische Saal engage, in good time in the morning, a private table, of which there are several in a very spacious airy, lofty, and well-lighted saloon, with an orchestra and a profusion of chandeliers used on the occasion of balls. There is no positive table d'hôte (such a thing is not known in Carlsbad) in the *Saal;* but as the tables are all served alike, though separately, and generally at the same hour, the arrangement amounts to much the same thing, and may be called a *dissected* table d'hôte: a sort of puzzle, which you may form into a table d'hôte, if sufficiently clever. One prime ingredient of a German table d'hôte is present even in this singular arrangement, namely, that of having to wait about ten minutes between every two dishes. But another more agreeable ingredient of a table d'hôte is absent, namely, the facility of picking up an occasional acquaintance, or a chat with an opposite or an elbow neighbour. It is therefore no improvement, in my humble opinion, upon Chabert's system at Baden-baden, to which establishment the Sachsische Saal has been very inaccurately compared.

Well then, being now seated, three of us—say between two and half-past, P.M.—we found that by three o'clock (witness my watch) we had disposed of a *bouillon d'orge* (good), and three out of six slices of *bouilli* (very tender), with a dark sauce, meant to be *piquante*, but neither greasy nor nasty, like the black sauce which was served up to the old man of the Bubbles at Schwalbach. A dish of *poulet* fried, and *panné*, with some cauliflowers, *au beurre blanc*, came in due time after,—followed by some slices of a light well-made pudding, with currants and a frothy custard over it; and thus we jogged on until a quarter after three o'clock. At last our appetite was tickled with *trois demie-perdrix rôties*, escorted by a dish of a sour *compôte de pruneaux*, the acid taste of which we attempted vainly to qualify by means of two light Savoy biscuits, weighing altogether a feather. Just

as the clock struck half-past three, we had finished, and with clear heads, for we had only partaken of a bottle of St. Julien among three, for which a charge was made of two silver florins, or nearly four shillings.

Thus, for a sum of something less than half a guinea, three guests, at one of the tables of the *Sachsische Saal* at Carlsbad, were supplied with what would have cost in any other part of Germany about five shillings.

The dinners of the great, then, we may safely assert, are not cheap at Carlsbad; although their amount would be trifling compared to what the Earl of J——, or the Countess *François-Antoine-Kolowrat-Liebsteinsky*, or the Count *Graboswsky*, would have had to pay, had they *fait cuisine* at home. I noticed that all ate of the same things, and that very slight changes indeed were made in the dishes the following day. After all, it is but an invalid fare, and I learned that Dr. De Carro exercises tyrannical vigilance over this and every other public dining establishment. He is a perfect and relentless informer, as he himself assured me; and were he to see a gasthof-keeper daring so much as to offer a salad to his guests, a denunciation to the police against him would immediately follow. This I can understand; and therefore it is, that, what with the sorry cheer, the absence of gambling, and the non-existence of more private iniquities, this Spa has been deserted by the idle, the vicious, and the mere lounger, and is become a real retreat for invalids. To one of the former, who had strolled as far as Carlsbad in hopes of another Baden-baden, and was disappointed at finding little fun and still less to eat, and who complained that the "Salon de l'Europe" was kept in a state of starvation,—my friend De Carro retorted, that Carlsbad "n'était pas le Salon, mais l'Hôpital des Grands de l'Europe!" and, in good truth, the remark fits the description of the place to a T. In point of diet, therefore, it will not be any great sacrifice to the most gastronomically inclined, to adhere with patience and regularity to the strictest principles; for Carlsbad, says a witty observer, "n'est rien moins qu'un pays de bonne chère; et au lieu d'y-vivre pour manger, on n'y-mange que pour vivre."

But with all my respect for diet, there is a medico-Carlsbadian dish which I should not be tempted either to try or to recommend to my patients. One of those whom I sent to Carlsbad

last year, Mr. P——, a descendant of the celebrated poet, described it as a dish once in great vogue, and of which he had partaken. It is neither more nor less than a *Sprudel soup*; which the thrifty housekeepers of Carlsbad cook you up in the twinkling of an eye, by throwing into some of the Sprudel-water a little butter, flour, and salt, and the yolk of an egg, with slices of bread.

Of the amusements at Carlsbad I witnessed none, my time being differently occupied: but I understand that there is no lack of them. There is a theatre (*cela va sans dire*) with representations including much *Attic salt*, no doubt,—as the external inscription is "*E fructibus salis*," i. e. erected with the proceeds from the sale of the Carlsbad salt. There are concerts of every kind; some of the *premières célébrités en musique* being attracted to this place by the vast assemblage of the great. There are *réunions* and balls, which are given in the *Sachsische* or *Böhmische Saal.* At these balls the agile Bohemian fair whirl with astonishing rapidity through the *Raidowák*, a sort of national waltz, that makes one giddy to witness. There are, in fine, ventriloquists, escamoteurs, Tyrolean minstrels, rope-dancers, Indian jugglers, fire-kings, and Jew money-lenders, without end, who keep the ball alive, and contribute to *chasser l'ennui* from the inmates of this great hospital.

But the one thing attractive for the rogues who wander from Spa to Spa—the *roulette* and the *rouge et noir* table—is not admitted at Carlsbad; else the number of visiters would be double what it now is. A few years ago, some well-known blacklegs made their appearance amongst the noble throng at Carlsbad, in hopes of obtaining permission to establish a regular gaming-table, as at Baden, Wisbaden, Aix-la-Chapelle, &c. But they had scarcely completed their preparations, when the commissary of police, watching the moment they were absent from home, called upon them and simply left his card. The hint was understood and taken, (for there is no trifling with the police in Austria,) and they decamped.

The true and healthful diversions, however, are the promenades, both near and far, of which the simple enunciation alone would occupy more space than I can afford for such a subject in the present work. Carlsbad, in this respect, is more favoured by

nature, and has been more benefited by art, than any other Spa in Germany. For many, and I believe the very first promenades established on the borders of the river, through the valley, and on the verdant acclivities of the surrounding hills, the Carlsbadians are indebted to the late Earl of Findlater, who frequented this Spa during the last nineteen years of his life. There is a temple which bears his name, built by him, commemorating his gratitude to the waters of Carlsbad; and, in return, a granite obelisk was erected in the neighbourhood of it by the inhabitants, to the memory of their benefactor.

The *Hirschenstein*, on the lofty summit of which a huge cross stands planted on the barren rock that peeps above the thick forest of fir-trees covering its sides, is one of the walks more frequented by those who have good lungs, on their first arrival. Peter the Great ascended this rock, in 1711, when no track or footpath existed, and the expedition must have been one of danger. He inscribed four initials on the cross, which have been interpreted as *Manu Sua Petrus Imperator;* and this cross, with the letters in gold, was renewed in the year 1835. It may be seen from all parts of the town, and is indicated on the left of the general view I have given of Carlsbad. The *coup d'œil* from this summit is superb.

This is the spot which mendacious tradition has fixed upon, as the one from which the hunted stag leaped into the Sprudel, when pursued by the hounds of Charles IV. of Germany, and thus discovered that spring, by its howling upon being scalded. It is always to some such adventure of this kind that the discovery of hot springs in Germany has been attributed.

At the termination of the Wiese, after leaving the Salle de Saxe and the Böhmische Salle, with the Puppsche Allée, on the right, a shaded narrow walk proceeds along the banks of the Teple, ascends that river, and penetrates the inner dells and recesses of the valley. On the right, a wooded hill rises to a considerable height, exhibiting in many places massive rocks, on the flat portions of which numerous grateful patients have recorded, in votive expressions, the acknowledgment of their cure. One of these effusions,—probably composed after quaffing sundry goblets of the *Sprudel*, which trouble the head by swelling the stomach of the poet,—is written in a rather *inflated* style. It

stands impressed in golden letters, on a tablet of tin, japanned black, and begins with—VENI! BIBI! RESPIRAVI! The votary had been before asthmatic.

Opposite is the almost perpendicular Berg on which the late Kaiser, Francis I., ordered a grand *chaussée* to be made, of which the good people of Carlsbad are justly proud. A magnificent and very commodious line of communication has thus been established between their town and Prague, where before the approach was steep and dangerous, and fit only for the woodcutter and the chamois. There remained still a *desideratum*, in order to complete this line of easy access; namely, the alterations in a street at the end of the *chaussée*, leading immediately into the town, called the Street of Prague,—which was so steep that most travellers preferred leaving their carriage, and coming on foot down the path and steps cut across the hill. Those alterations have been completed since I left Carlsbad. On a lower rock, forming part of that Berg, a singularly formed cluster of crags is seen, on which there is a seat called the Bömischesitz.

Immediately before us, the shaded walk expands into an open space. On the right, a winding path ascends to an ancient oak-tree, on which a tablet tells the pilgrim that the proper hour for a shaded walk through the hilly forest, which begins at that spot, is four o'clock. Hence the name of this walk is "Promenade à quatre heures." The first seat found on ascending it is surmounted by an inscription, in golden characters, commemorating the visits of three illustrious sisters; Pauline, queen of Würtemberg; Maria, archduchess of Austria; and Amelia, grand duchess of Altenburg. They visited this spot in 1833 and 1834, and met, after having been long separated. Further, and higher up the hill, is Findlater's Temple, with the obelisk already alluded to, celebrating a name which every Scotchman strives to forget. At length the path descends into the hollow of the valley, where is located one of the principal seats for rural amusements, dining, and dancing, called the Posthof; and beyond it is the Freundschaft Saal, an agreeable sort of private and rural club for the summer. Some people extend their walks beyond this *amenum locum*, to reach the porcelain manufactory of *Hammer*, a little village, where many of the goblets used at the wells are made, according to the fancy of each bibber.

One of the spots near the town, whence a most interesting

view may be obtained of Carlsbad, is the *Belvidere*, a small wooden rustic temple, placed on the summit of the farthest range of rocks west of the greater valley. A sweep, like an immense amphitheatre, of small hills, *adossés* one to the other, so as to form a large C, is seen to encircle the triangularly-shaped town: they are covered to their very tops with forest-trees. There was a feeling of quiet luxury excited, as I stood gazing on the broad green bosoms placed here and there among the barren rocks; and followed with my eye the woodlands, high in the air, nodding at the fresh gale which swept over the valley, and made their foliage quiver in the yellow sunshine. Within the cup or bowl formed at the foot of these hills rises another hillock, smooth and round, on whose acclivity, as well as on those of the terminating hills right and left of the great semicircle, which advance towards the Teple, are scattered the houses of Carlsbad. Among these it is not difficult to discover the *Theresian* and *Neubrunnen*, the great church, which overlooks the *Sprudel*, and most of the other principal objects in the place. The lower valley seems choked up with buildings. This vast panorama wants a river, like the *Salza*, the *Mourg*, or the *Isar*, to give it that character of freshness and romantic grandeur of which it is certainly destitute.

I now prepared myself for bidding farewell to this unique place, which I shall ever hold in pleasing remembrance. Having taken a cordial leave of my kind friend, the physician, who had been my almost constant companion and guide; and of three or four of my patients and acquaintances, who proposed lingering behind during the remainder of the season; I took the high road to Prague, over the zigzag and magnificent *chaussée* before alluded to, on my way to the upper Spas of Bohemia—Pullna, Seidschutz, Seidlitz, and Toeplitz.

My readers must now vouchsafe me the same privilege which they allow to more inspired writers,—those, namely, who address themselves to the mere imagination; they must permit me to leave the present scene of action, with a promise to return to it anon, in order to accompany me, at once, to Marienbad and Egra. The first of these Bohemian Spas I happened to visit, after crossing the frontiers of Bavaria, before I reached Carlsbad. That I preferred giving an account of the latter more important place, before I mentioned anything touching the two former

Spas, was quite natural, and I explained the reason of it in another place. My proceeding to Marienbad and Egra first, may be explained also by the fact, that the road I was then travelling upon, being of recent construction for carriages, and indeed scarcely finished, and consequently little frequented, I acted without due and previous information,—following the district maps in my possession, and making arrangements which, I admit now, caused some unnecessary *détour*. Those of my readers, therefore, who, happening to be at Munich, might feel inclined to see all the Bohemian Spas mentioned in this volume, will do well to go first to Egra, thence to Carlsbad, afterwards to Marienbad, and so on to Pullna, Seidschutz, Seidlitz, Bilin, and Toeplitz. They will thus save time and distance; find excellent roads of communication to and between each of those places; and view the Spas in what may perhaps be considered by some as a more natural order. With regard to myself I may be permitted to say, that, as a medical man, I was not sorry at having seen Marienbad before I visited Carlsbad.

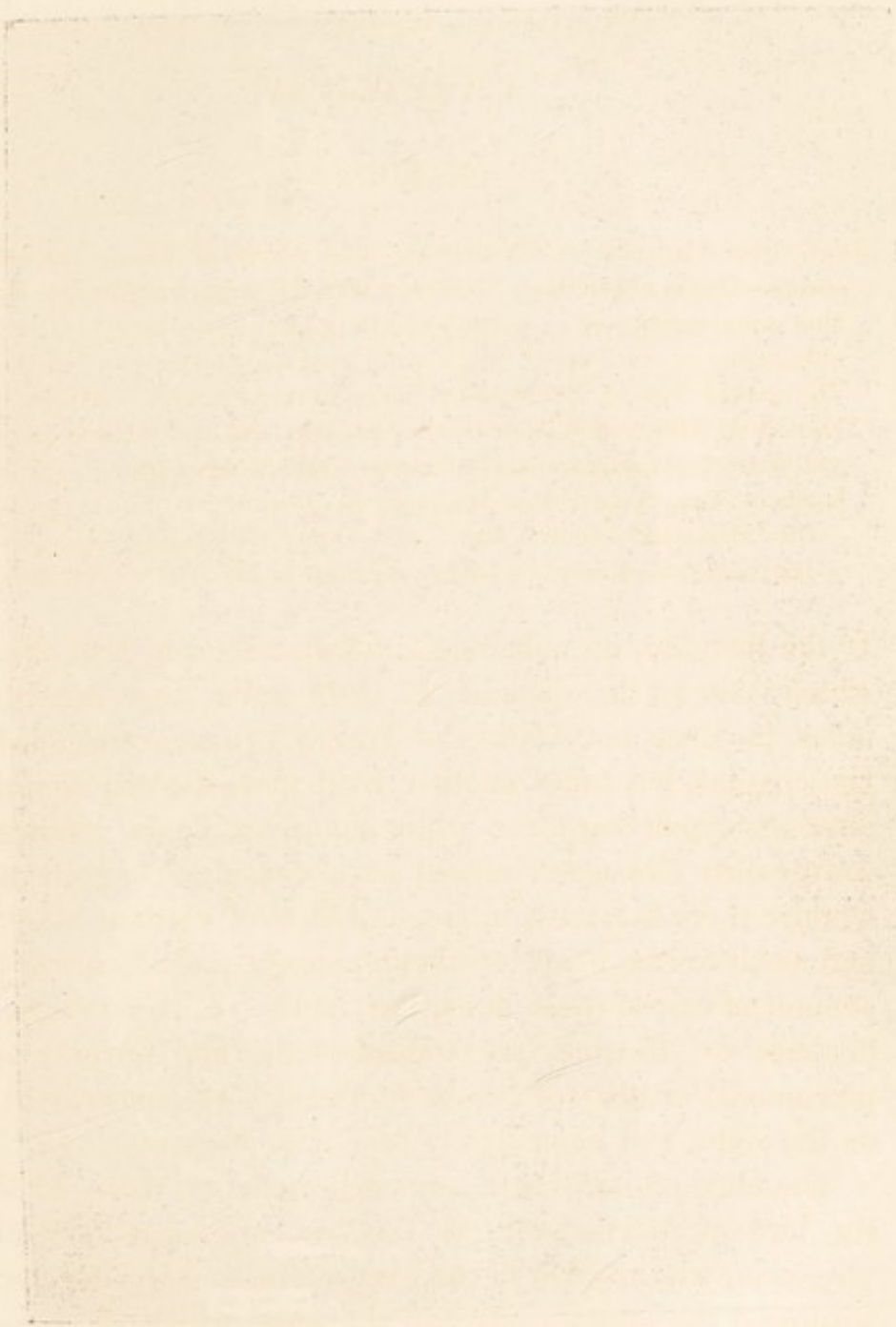
# CHAPTER IV.

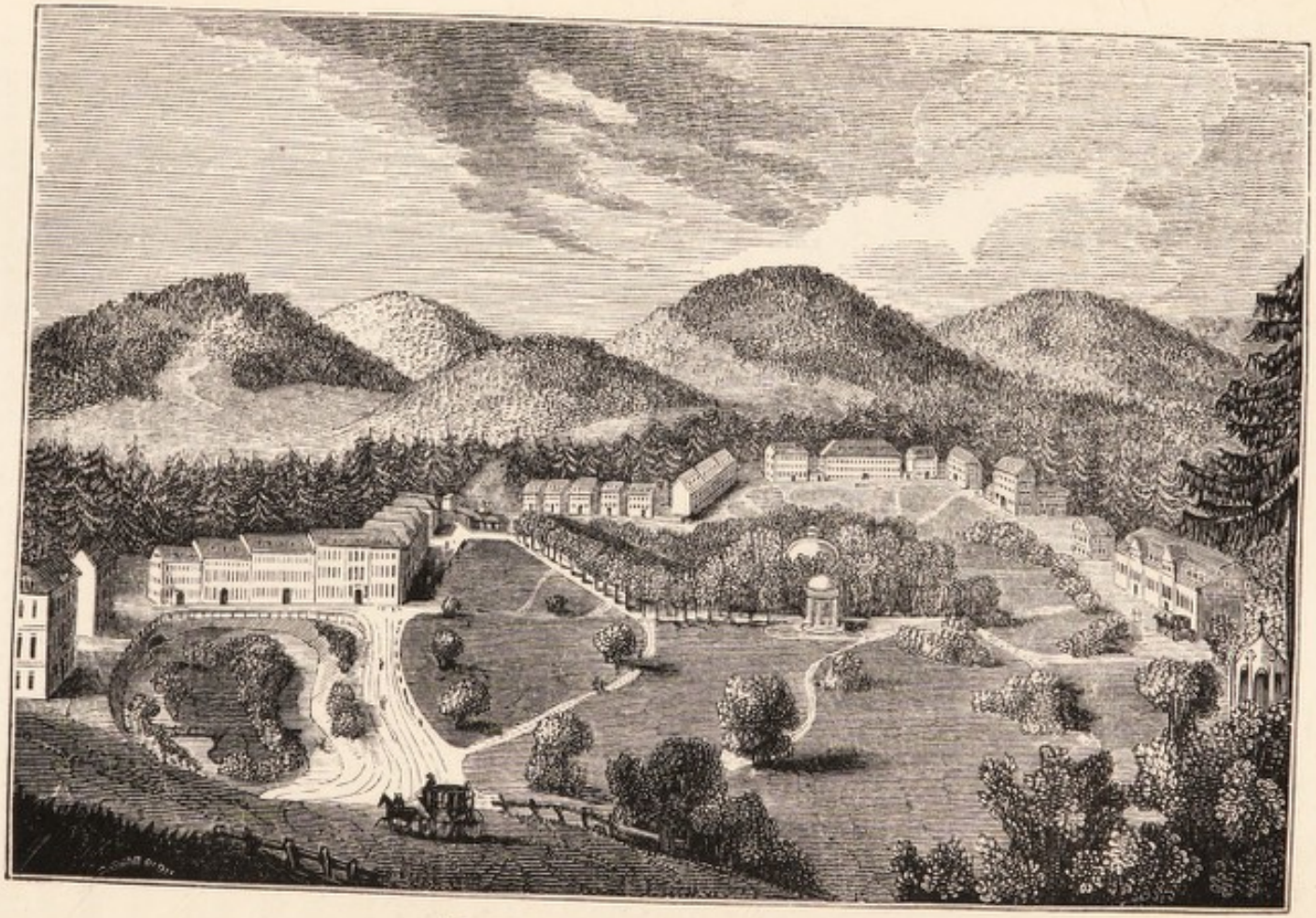
## MARIENBAD.

ROAD from Carlsbad to MARIENBAD—The Abbey of Teple—Discovery of the spring—Origin of the Spa—Road from the Bavarian frontiers to Marienbad—Iron macadamizing—The country and the peasantry—The valley of Plan—Manufacturing of *cruchons*—A stone bottle soon made—First view of MARIENBAD—The garden Spa of Bohemia—A Grecian-doric temple—*Klinger's Gasthof*—HOTELS at Marienbad—Their relative position, size, and accommodation—Baden and Marienbad contrasted as residences—Pure air better than blue pill—Principal hotels in Marienbad—Prince METTERNICH—Description of KLINGER'S—Expenses—*Ober* Marienbad—Second-rate hotels—Lodging-houses—Shops—Dr. HEIDLER—His character—Reception—GENERAL VIEW of the Marienbad waters.

IF the traveller, on quitting Carlsbad, wishes to visit *Marienbad*, which lies at the distance of little more than twenty English miles, he does not follow the great *Chaussée* mentioned in the last chapter, but takes another road more directly south. This, after accompanying for a while the river Teple, reaches a small town called *Einsiedel*, placed on a considerable eminence, from whence there is a most interesting view of verdant hills, villages, and small towns, many of them picturesquely located. On the summit of one of those hills, the Abbey of Teple rears, at some distance on the left, its monastic walls and towers; while the patrimonial chateau of Prince Metternich (Königswarth) appears on the right, and immediately beyond it MARIENBAD.

The once powerful and now still opulent Abbot of Teple is the lord of Marienbad. In 1807 an experienced and observant physician, who resided in the monastery, and had for many years witnessed the salutary effect of the water which the peasantry in the neighbourhood used to draw from particular sources in the valley, between *Teple* and *Auschowitz*, undertook a more accurate investigation of it, and satisfied himself of its great efficacy in many diseases. The abbot, at his suggestion, first erected a building for the reception of patients; but this proving quite in-





GENERAL VIEW OF MARIENBAD.

sufficient to contain all those who flocked to the spring in consequence of its rising fame, other buildings were quickly erected, which were likewise immediately occupied.

As, at this time, bathing was the principal mode of application of the water in question, a bath-house was constructed in 1810 for that purpose. In 1812, several more dwelling-houses were added; and warm mud-baths, together with the internal use of the water from one particular source, were introduced with excellent effect, as part of the treatment of the invalids who visited this place. Until then, however, the world generally continued in total ignorance of the existence of these mineral springs.

It was not till 1813 that Doctor NEHR, the physician alluded to, made them known to Europe, under the name of Marienbad waters. The numerous cases of successful cures effected by them, which he related in his book, caused many patients to repair to the spot; but such was the condition of the place for some time, with regard to accommodation, that even in 1817, the worthy doctor recommended to his invalids to bring their own bed to Marienbad.

Soon after, the Count Francis Kolowrat Liebsteinsky, great Bourgrave, through his own exertions, and that of many friends who like himself took an interest in the establishment of this Spa, was the means of converting this little colony into a large and important village, and the number of buildings in it not only increased rapidly, but were erected with peculiar taste and elegance.

Such was the commencement of the Spa of Marienbad, whither I have been conducting my readers from Carlsbad, and where I found myself, after a long and tedious, though at times interesting journey, from the little frontier towns of Tirschenreuth and Mehring, in Bavaria.

Marienbad then is a watering-place of very recent date; and yet it may be said to vie already with the principal Spas of Germany, for the beauty of its situation and embellishments, the great affluence of strangers from every part of Europe, and the tried efficacy of its springs.

As some of my readers may desire to know something respecting the road I took to reach the Spa, from the time of my leaving Bavaria, I will go back to the spot whence,—after having gone

through the ceremony of a minor custom-house station, placed in the centre of one of the great smelting districts so common in that portion of the great Bohemian Forest (Böhmerwald) belonging to Austria,—we proceeded at a slow pace down into the great valley of Plan, where the road is of recent construction.

Nothing can be more scientifically or technically combined than is this road. Advantage has been taken of the immense quantity of iron slags derived from the smelting furnaces, which are pounded or triturated into a sort of coarse sand, by a mill erected for that purpose, at the foot of one of the lesser hills in a romantic dell, watered by a mountain stream. The surface of that part of the road just referred to had acquired all the compactness, as well as the colour, of a cast-iron plate, which, as it caught the rays of the sun, twinkled in a thousand places, with pleasing and variously tinted lights. The road is wide enough for three carriages abreast, and the trees of the forest have been cleared away at least thirty feet from its margins. Should the Austrian government continue, as intended, their own part of this road as far as Marienbad, in imitation of the portion already finished by Bavaria, the *trajet* from Tirschenreuth to that place will be as agreeable as the road already alluded to, from Tirschenreuth to Eger, and more commodious. As it is, however, after quitting the mine district, and leaving the mountain range behind us, we had nothing but difficulties to encounter; and it required a strong-built carriage, dragged by four horses, to withstand the jolts and shakes of our foot-pace journey.

The country is rich in fruit-trees, and the fields were covered with heavy crops. Cultivation seems to have been carried, as in the valleys of La Mourg and La Salza, into every crevice, or wherever the least semblance of soil or *detritus* affords a chance for the development of the seed. Abundance of food and fuel appears evident in the interior of every cottage; although the exterior of them, and of the villages generally, is anything but inviting.

Here again I could not help noticing the very favourable appearance, and the fine and excellent complexion, of the women and children, particularly of the latter. At the sight of them, and of many of the men whom we met in the fields, and whom I sought in their farms during this entire day of peregrination, a doubt darted across my mind,—which I should like to be able

to solve by appropriate researches,—whether these portions of the Bohemian wald were not colonized, in years far gone, by people from other regions of Europe. Nothing can be more strikingly different than the physiognomy of the people whom we met and conversed with in that *bandeau* of the forest through which we passed, or among the ravines and narrow mining valleys belonging to it, or on the plains nearest to them—and that of the true Germans, through whose country we had been travelling for so many days, and whom we had just left.

The extensive valley of Plan lies between the first range of the *Böhmer Gebirge*, from which we had just descended, and the next and more easterly chain of it, on which Marienbad is situated. The small but limpid river *Mies* waters it, and the road winds through extensive corn-fields, with which this plateau is covered. At Kuttenplan the road takes a sudden turn northways, and leaving the villa of Count *Berchheim* and its lofty, elegant summer kiosk, which is an object of attraction to the visiters of the Spa, proceeds towards a well-wooded hillock by which the temple of health we were seeking is screened from view. The panorama of the several hills in this place is pleasing, but has none of the severer character of mountainous districts.

We had now once more gained the high road, which we had left some time before we reached Kuttenplan, and were within half an hour's drive of Marienbad; yet nothing announced the approach to that place. Herds of very small cows were met, driven in different directions by fine healthy-looking peasants; some of whom were escorting light carts, laden with the produce of the field, to which were yoked a couple of oxen of the same small breed. These animals resemble in size the Welsh cows, but they have a far prettier head and limbs, and their coat is of a uniform rich brown tint, sleek and shining. Here and there a group of peasants, of both sexes, might be seen walking, invariably barefooted, through the stubble fields, and over the pebbled road; and, certainly, nothing around us seemed to indicate that we were within a few minutes of an assemblage of gentle blood, crowded in gay saloons, or dispersed through groves and gladsome promenades.

This observation, made at the time to my young travelling companions, had scarcely escaped my lips, when, by a turn in the road, an object came suddenly in view, which bespoke what

was to follow. That object was the large building in which the *cruchons*, for the exportation of the Marienbad waters, are manufactured,—with its adjoining furnace for burning them, and, also a light gay-looking refreshment-house, much frequented by the visiters of Marienbad. We alighted to see the establishment, and, for a *zwantziger*, (7½*d.*) were admitted to witness the various stages of the operation, which well repays the half hour spent in seeing it.

The establishment is situated near an extensive pond, on a clay soil. Several men are seated on a form, around a square room, twirling most dexterously, and with incredible rapidity, with both their feet, a horizontal stone wheel, having a shaft of wood, which rises from its centre, and supports a much smaller wheel, at an elevation of about two feet and a half from the ground. The smaller wheel, which is of wood, serves as a stand for the lump of prepared clay, which the hand of the artificer is to convert into a tall bottle or *cruchon*. The size, shape, and colour of this lump of clay remind one of an exactly similar lump of dough, about to be changed into a threepenny loaf. This lump being placed on the *rondelet*, or small wooden wheel, the workman twirls, with his feet, the lower wheel in the manner alluded to, while he, at the same time, by the force of his fingers, and sometimes his thumb, presses, now inwardly, and now outwardly, and upon various points of the lump of clay, till he converts it first into a hollow cylindrical cup, then elongates it upwards, then gives to it the desired external shape, then smooths it by the application of a small wooden tool, and lastly, cuts it off the stand, from the bottom, and the *cruchon* is formed. The whole operation occupied precisely one minute by my watch; and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred couples of *cruchons* are thus manufactured daily by a single workman.

The fixing of the short handle to the bottle is the duty of another workman, who does sixteen of them at a time. This number of *cruchons*, taken from those which have been exposed for some time to the outer air to dry, are placed before him for that purpose, arranged obliquely on a board, in two rows of eight each. Having got his long flat bits of clay ready, the operation of fastening them to the neck and shoulder of the *cruchon*, cutting off the projecting end of the bit, and impressing the stamp of an M underneath the stag's horns, (which constitute

the mark of this Spa,) is the work of an instant. Thus prepared, the bottles are soon after sent to the furnace to be burnt.

The clay is taken from some deep quarries in the immediate neighbourhood. It is properly mixed with water; kneaded with the feet, by a powerful man, for a long time; spread out afterwards into large sheets, of an inch and a half in thickness, which are divided into slips, and rolled up, as slips of turf are; and out of these the properly-sized lumps, weighing two pounds and three ounces, are cut for the artificer.

Not a few of my readers who may have been for a season at Marienbad, will, on reading this description, recollect the pleasant half hour they have passed in the manner I did, as one of the customary *distractions* of the place,—which is not rich in artificial amusements.

What appeared to us to be an immense garden, or *parterre*—a sort of enclosure in the Regent's park, surrounded by lofty, gay, and Italian-looking buildings, but with a far more enchanting and inspiring scenery in its immediate background, presented itself at last, below the level on which we were travelling, over a straight, wide, well-gravelled, and well parapetted road. It was MARIENBAD, which, as originally intended, is arranged in the form of, and resembles, a very large garden, and may properly be styled the "Garden-Spa of Bohemia." The first impression is quite delightful, and we stopped for some minutes to enjoy its contemplation.

Immediately before we descended into the valley, we passed the higher Spring, called the *Ferdinandsbrunn;* towards which elegant Grecian-doric edifice, (consisting of a circular temple placed over the spring, and two square symmetrical *corps de logis*, with neat porticos, united by a running arcade with the centre building,) numbers of gaily-dressed people were directing their steps along a shaded and serpentine walk. This spring,—one of the most frequented after the principal source,—is placed at the foot of a range of rounded and thickly wooded hills, and at the termination of a smiling *prairie*. The pretty footpath just alluded to leads to it, and also to the adjacent village of *Auschowitz*,—following the course of a small rivulet of that name, from Marienbad, through the valley. As we descended along the carriage-road into it, the smiling plain appeared more and more studded with dwellings; while the high grounds on each side and

in front presented dense masses of oaks and fir-trees to their very summits.

Having once reached the level of the expanded plantation or great garden of Marienbad, our postilion dashed along the centre road which crosses it, and deposited us under the gateway of a magnificent-looking hotel, facing the entrance into the village, (for I know not whether I should style it a town,) and called KLINGER'S *Gasthof*.

As I am on the subject of hotels,—which, in a place like Marienbad, form an object of nearly equal importance with its waters,—I may as well dispose at once of all I have to say respecting them. Marienbad is in reality little else but an assemblage of hotels, situated around three or four mineral springs: and of such hotels—both with regard to the buildings and their interior accommodations and decorations—no place in the world, except Berlin and Frankfort, presents the like. Having all been erected within the last seven or eight years, and with a view to receive exclusively *la crême de la haute société*, no expense or ingenuity has been spared to make them truly worthy of such guests.

Some of the principal of these establishments stand in a long line at the north side of the great centre garden, facing the entrance into Marienbad from Egra and Bavaria; and our own enjoyed, equally with many of them, the finest prospect. From our window on the second floor (having declined occupying some of the state apartments on the principal story, into which I had been ushered at first, but from which I quickly withdrew with modest dread) our eyes rested at once on almost every part of the colony, with the exception of the principal spring, and what is called Ober Marienbad. The wide opening or entrance into the valley, in front of us, showed a distant horizon, shaped by the undulating line of the great range of the Böhmerwald, in which the majestic *Pfrauenberg* rears its towering head, crowned with a ruined castle; and between the horizon and Marienbad stretches, to a distance of several miles, the flat and highly cultivated country we had just traversed, watered by the *Mies*.

The effect of this favourable situation on my feelings, and of all I saw around me, bearing the imprint of a yesterday's creation, and enlivened by the loveliest natural objects imaginable, was quite refreshing to a wearied and jaded traveller. I could not

help reverting to the sensation I experienced at Baden-baden, and acknowledged at once the vast difference between a *rural* and a *town* Spa. I would rather pass two months at Marienbad, physically speaking, than a week at Baden. In the latter place, you feel that you want room to breathe in. Here you expand your lungs with freedom and elasticity. The air is lighter, purer, and more ethereal; and when, after a summer's shower, (not uncommon in this place,) the heat of day is partly quenched, and the dusty drives made more pleasant, the renewed freshness of the atmosphere carries on its wings a balmy fragrance from the surrounding forests. The deeper green, too, with which the white Grecian and Roman looking buildings of this lovely place are intermingled in profusion, adds to the beauty of the scene, and almost converts it into one of enchantment. This of itself would, I feel convinced, cure many of those vile stomach-disorders which, in London, medical men hope and strive in vain to cure, with that eternal and never-varying *blue* pill, and its *sable* follower, "the draft in the morning."

In the same range of houses before described are the hotels called the *Römer*, the *Falken*, the *Golden Adler*, and the *Teplershaus*. The same extensive plantation, with its many winding footpaths, and the wide carriage-road alluded to before, lies stretched in front of them all. At right angles with this row of houses on the right hand, and by the side of a wide carriage-road, which runs between it and the centre garden, stretches another long line of first-rate modern buildings, interrupted only by a new road, which leads, in zigzag lines, to one of the distant objects for a promenade in Marienbad, called *Jagerhaus*, on the summit of the *Schneiderrang*. Most of these buildings are first-rate hotels, among which are the White Swan, the Golden Anchor, and the Berlinerhof. One is the Post-office, and the rest are private houses, of two of which Prince Metternich is the owner. In one of these, which has an extensive range of stables, his highness resides during the season. The other he lets. All these buildings have an eastern aspect, which is pleasant enough in summer. They are erected on level ground, like the hotels on the north side, forming, as it were, two sides of the great centre garden or square in the middle of Marienbad. They enjoy a full view of the various buildings on the opposite side;

including the several *quellen*, the baths, and the promenade. These are placed on different points of the declivity of a lofty hill, called the *Mühlberg*, whose forested sides screen the village, in a beautiful amphitheatre-like style, from the east wind, and add a pretty feature to the landscape.

I consider *Klinger's* Gasthof as not only the first hotel in the place, but as a perfect model of what a vast hotel for the higher classes of society ought to be, in any part of Europe. Judging from what I saw of it, I must say that the trite observation, so often and so complacently made and repeated in England, "that in leaving home for any of the watering-places abroad one must bid adieu to all comforts of a domestic nature, and still more to luxuries," if totally inapplicable to Baden, is even less applicable to Marienbad, which surpasses it, as it surpasses also Carlsbad in that respect, *longo intervallo.*

At *Klinger's* we find not only spacious and profusely furnished apartments—indeed many of them on the principal story are fit for potentates—but a cleanliness, and a precision of appointments and attendance, not surpassed, and I doubt if at all equalled, by the best hotels in London and Paris. The furniture is of the very best description, and in the best style; the beds are excellent; there is plenty of good linen; and the oak floors are kept polished and unstained. There is also a method of discipline and arrangement among the male and female attendants, which I have never seen in any other part of Europe, and which is worthy of imitation. The establishment is immense. It consists of two lofty principal stories, besides the *Rez de Chaussée.* It contains fifty apartments, composed of bed-rooms, and sitting-rooms, and there are four kitchens, and accommodation for twenty horses and thirty carriages.

Another very large building, at the western extremity of the same row of houses, which I have called the *Teple-haus*, is an edifice looking very much like a palace, three sides of which are just completed. It belongs to the monks of the Abbey of Teple, and is divided into chambers, which are to be let at various rents, from two to ten florins a week. The style of architecture of the building is in good keeping with the fine edifices near it. One would imagine that it was intended to stand the shock of ages to come,—so solid are the materials of which it is built. These are

principally red sandstone; the same material with which nearly all the other houses are erected, and which is brought from no great distance.

I take up *Mine Herr* JOHANN ALBERT KLINGER'S *Rechnung*, and I find that I paid him thirty kreutzers per head for a breakfast, forty kreutzers for supper, a florin for dinner, without wine, and two florins and a half a day for two sleeping-rooms and a sitting-room, including wax-lights at night. At the table d'hôte in this house the price of the dinner is still lower. I know not whether in the full of the season mine host Klinger would be as moderate in his charges; but of this I am certain, that in no other part of the world can one expect to live so cheaply in such a palace. I must add, in justice to the master, and to one, if not two (for I forget the number of the individuals, though not the impression of their urbanity) of his fair daughters, that I have never met with more *empressement* or graceful civility than I received at their hands. I imagine that almost all the principal hotels are conducted, with regard to prices, much in the same manner; at least, I know that such is the case at two or three other hotels, at which some of my friends were staying. So that *Marienbad* may be set down as not only an extremely agreeable, but also as a very cheap place to live at—infinitely more so than Carlsbad in the latter respect.

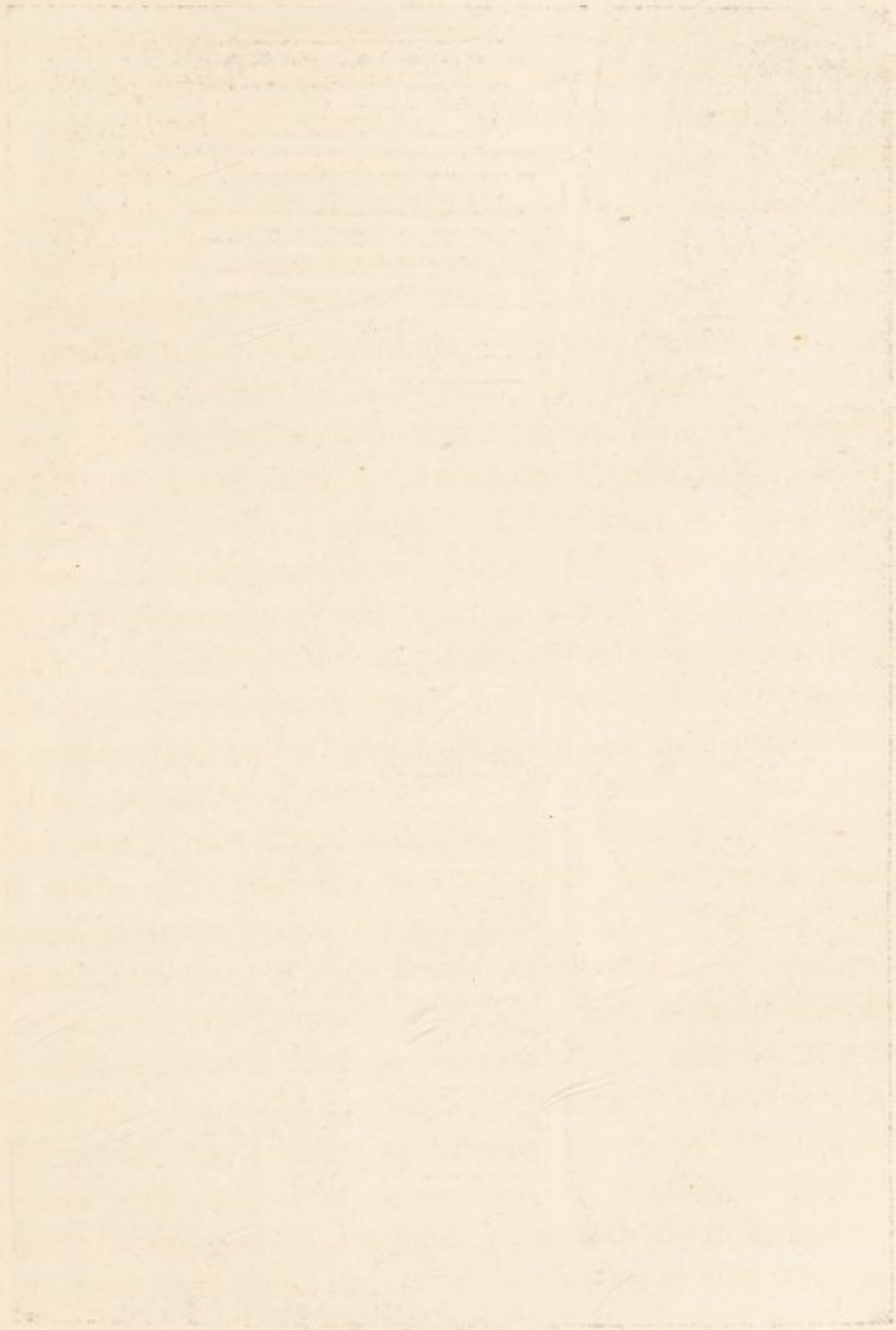
That part of the town which is called Ober Marienbad, and which I have not yet described, for it is not seen from any of the points I have been delineating, contains likewise, right and left of the principal source which occupies its centre, several minor hotels, and some lodging-houses. It is here, also, that the few permanent shops are to be met with—one perhaps of each trade—but with no great display of merchandise. As is the case with the larger hotels, the prices of the apartments and the repasts in these minor places are also fixed; and an invalid knows at once, by inspecting the list, what expense he will incur, according to the choice he has made of his dwelling, and the manner in which he chooses to live.

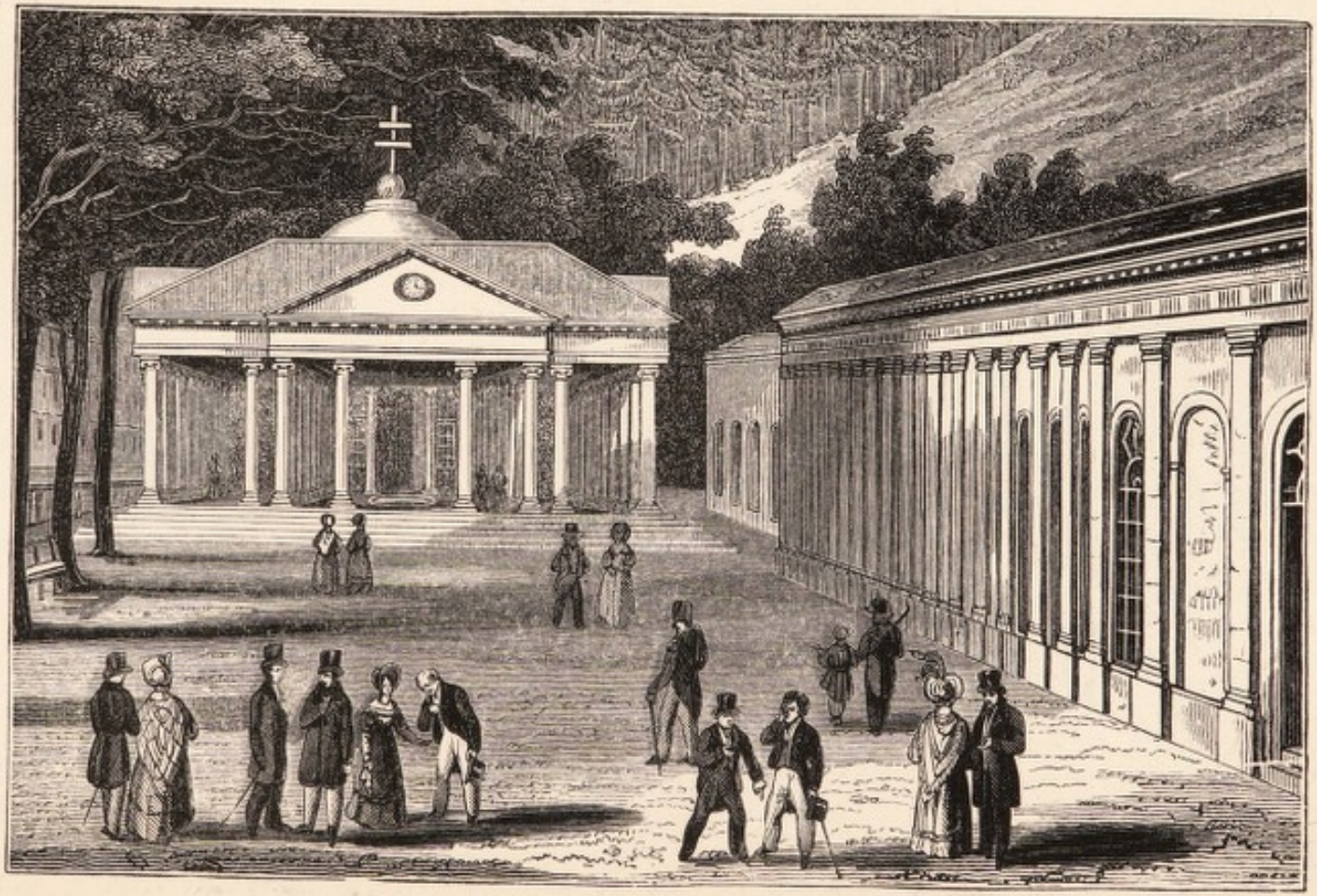
Having disposed of this important part of my investigation at Marienbad, let me introduce my readers into the *cabinet des consultations* of Dr. Heidler, at the end of a neat suite of rooms on the ground-floor of the Römer hotel.

Dr. Heidler is the royal and imperial inspector of the mineral

waters of Marienbad, and the leading physician of the place. His reputation as such is grounded on various valuable works he has published, in German as well as French; which latter language he speaks with fluency. Many of those works concern Marienbad, and may be consulted with advantage by those of his brethren who wish to become acquainted with the medical efficacy of the Brunnen in that garden Spa. Equally versed in some of the branches of natural sciences, Dr. Heidler has since published a catalogue of the collections of plants and geological specimens peculiar to Marienbad, formed and presented to him by two illustrious visiters to that place, Prince Frederick of Saxony, and Goethe; to which he has added not only appropriate descriptions, but many more specimens collected by himself. The vicinity of Marienbad is rich in mineralogical specimens, as well as in other objects of natural history. Pechstein, Chrysolite, Rosequartz, Cyanite, Bergkork, Garnets, Basalt, Lava, Crystallized Hornblende, Augite, and Malachite, are met with, within a circle of a few miles around the place.

My reception by this able physician was flattering and kind. After discoursing, at great length, on the several points which I had come to Marienbad to investigate, he accompanied me to the several sources or springs, explaining to me their nature and efficacy, and the mode in which they were used. All the Marienbad waters are cold, and the springs are found on flat ground; some issuing from peat or a marshy soil, others from fissures in the granite. They are all accompanied by more or less of free carbonic acid gas, which imparts to them a sharpness or tartness that disguises in some degree their natural saline taste. They are all transparent at their first issue, but soon become turbid. Around the circular shaft which contains the waters, a yellow-ochry sediment takes place; and the bottom of the glasses employed for drinking them is also, after long use, stained indelibly by the same sediment. The waters of all the springs feel cold to the stomach immediately after being drunk, and the gas rises into the head, in the same manner as after drinking a glass of champagne. Their specific gravity and precise temperature, as well as their chemical composition, will be found in the general analytical table of the mineral waters at the end of the volume.





KREUTZBRUNNEN AT MARIENBAD.

## CHAPTER V.

### MARIENBAD—*concluded.*

The KREUTZBRUNNEN—The doctor's ido!—Promenade-Saal—The terrace—Morning assemblage of invalids at the spring—Character of the water and effect of it on the author—Veal broth—What is a breakfast at Marienbad?—The CAROLINENBRUNNEN—The AMBROSIUSBRUNNEN—Physical properties—The MARIENBRUNNEN—Curious discharge of gas—Comparative chemical composition—The FERDINANDSBRUNNEN—Carbonic gas from granite—Heat and gas—The WALDQUELLE—Distribution of the waters—Medical virtues of the different springs—Stomach complaints—Solvent power—Circulation—Nerves—Female constitution—Gout—Rheumatism—Dr. HEIDLER's and the author's opinions—Exportation of the waters—The two BATHING houses—WATER baths—Effect on the author—GAS baths—Description—Singular case of recovery—DOCTOR STRUVE—MUD baths—The last season—Social intercourse and mode of life at Marienbad—Royalty—The Queen of Bavaria and King Otho—Tip-top society—Princess Maria Theresa ESTERHAZY—The future queen of the French—Chevalier SPONTINI—The English—The cidevant beau B.—Lady O.—Marchioness of A.—*Equipages*—Sum-total of happiness at Marienbad.

THE absorbing object in Marienbad is the KREUTZBRUNNEN. The reputation of this Spa, as a medical agent, has been made in a great measure to depend on this, the principal spring in the place, which Dr. Heidler lauds to the sky, and looks upon as a panacea in all chronic complaints, but particularly those of the digestive organs. Of the other waters he thinks but lightly. The *Kreutzbrunnen* is his oracle, and the affection he bears it, is almost romantic. This spring is his *maîtresse*, and he will scarcely allow any superiority either to Egra or to Carlsbad,—although he is aware, that there also the principal physicians bear an equally ardent and undivided love to the object of their admiration—the *Sprudel*, or the *Franzesbrunnen*.

A view of this spring fronts the head of the present chapter. Placed in the centre of an elegant rotundo, lateral colonnades are joined to it, in double and triple rows, with a square parterre of flowers between them. These, like the rest of the building, are, in part, covered by wide skylights; so that, even in the coldest weather, the most delicate invalid may venture here—quite protected from both wind and rain. On the right of the

spectator is the great saloon or *Promenade Saal*, which affords a sheltered walk to the water-drinker in wet weather. During fine days, however, the wide terrace in front of the spring is preferred, and is generally crowded. It leads in a straight line to another spring called the *Carolinenbrunnen*. A range of temporary little bazaar shops are placed in a building at the farther end of the covered promenade; and, in a contiguous saloon, an orchestra of string instruments perform during the hours of drinking the waters. The effect of the sound in the long room is fine and quite theatrical.

I was on the spot as early as six o'clock in the morning. The company were just beginning to assemble; and by seven, the increasing buzz of voices, the babilonic dialects of many nations, the crowd on the terrace, and the throng near the circular basin of the Brunnen, announced the height of the ceremony,—which continues every morning till nine and even ten o'clock. At this moment the display of *sans façon* costumes of all colours; of round, flat, square, and high-peaked caps and hats; of the long and the dwarfish, the straight and the convoluted pipes, of the loungers who drink no water, but swallow smoke; the different gait of the invalids, their looks, faces, and complexion—offer, altogether, a very amusing sight.

I again drank a glass of the cold water, as I had done the day before. It felt uncomfortable to the stomach for a short time, but walking removed that feeling. Its taste is pleasant and *piquant*. I then mixed it with an equal quantity of the same water heated in stone jugs over a charcoal fire, kept on purpose close at hand. The temperature of the mixture was at first 90°, going down rapidly to 84°, ere I could exhaust the glass. The taste then was very pleasant—exactly like that of veal broth, clear of fat, and with a little salt in it. After the prescribed walks I again quaffed a second and a third, and, lastly, a fourth goblet of the same mixture—of course on an empty stomach. Dr. Heidler, who was at his post, conversing with and consulted by every one who approached the spring, and to all of whom he had some pretty *rien* to say, was watching my progress, and my examination of the spring and its temperature. He at length came to me, and advised hot mineral water to be added, until the mixture had acquired, by my own thermometer, the temperature of the Sprudel at Carlsbad, so that I could scarcely swallow it.

The water had lost, then, the pleasant *goût de bouillon*, and had acquired a stronger, more sapid, more saltish taste, somewhat astringent. Great emission of the gas, or eructations, followed; but the head remained clear, and the digestive organs *still*.

The addition of the heated to the cold mineral water instantly destroys its limpidity, and it assumes a gruelly appearance. Ere I quitted the terrace, I had disposed of ten glasses, each containing perhaps six ounces of water. After this performance I proceeded to breakfast, with what appetite I could. As to the result I say nothing.

Breakfast, did I say? Why, even at the celebrated *Klinger's*, they have but a faint idea of what an Englishman calls a comfortable early breakfast. Here they place you in the billiard-room, at the extreme end of a long table, or at one of the little side-tables —with a most dingy-coloured breakfast-cloth, which they call a *frustignap*,—and give you a single cup of coffee, with a *brioche* or a *petit pain* and some butter—and, if required, an egg also! Of each of these articles the price is fixed. A *tasse de caffé* costs twelve kreutzers (4*d.*)—a service of tea, *tant bien que mal*, forty kreutzers, and chocolate is forty-five kreutzers. While on the subject of prices for eating, I may as well state that each *couvert* at the table d'hôte, which is numerously attended, in the dining-room at *Klinger's*, is charged one florin and four kreutzers.

The reader will be pleased now to follow me to the other mineral springs; and first to the elegant *Carolinen*: to which the throng generally extend their walk from *Kreutzbrunnen*. The water springs out of a moory earth, and is covered by a handsome rotundo of eight Corinthian pillars. The reservoir is of wood, surrounded by a stone circle. It fills itself in forty-nine minutes, and calculating that time, with the quantity of the contents of the reservoir, the spring would seem to supply 596.26 cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours. The greatest part of the abflux of the Carolinen is made to flow into a reservoir, capable of containing seven hundred cubic feet of water.

The Gothic *tempietto* within which is enshrined the *Ambrosius-brunnen*, is only a few yards distant from the preceding spring, and seems to supply nearly the same water, deprived of a small quantity of common salt and carbonate of iron. Both springs have the same temperature; which, being as low as 48° of Fahrenheit, causes them to drink pleasantly cold during the hot days of July

and August. They contain more than one cubic inch of free carbonic gas for each cubic inch of water, and are therefore not only *petillantes* and pleasantly pungent, but seem to be in perpetual motion at the surface of their reservoirs. The first sensible qualities of these two waters resemble those of the *Stahlbrunn* at Schwalbach, of which I shall give an account hereafter, and of the sparkling water at Bruchenau.

More towards the east of the great plantation, after meandering among and round copses of trees tastefully laid out, we reach the original, the primitive spring, the MARIENBRUNNEN, situated in a moory soil, immediately behind a range of buildings which form the old bathing establishment. Being placed on a higher level than the bath-house, this spring supplies, in a direct way, the necessary cold water to the bath-rooms, without suffering any decomposition. The discharge of gas from this spring is exceedingly curious. In form it is square, and about forty feet wide. It is covered all round and above with a wooden building. Innumerable currents of carbonic acid gas spring from a hundred points, upwards and sideways, shooting or darting across and in all directions, and imparting to the surface of the deep reservoir the appearance of an immense vat in a state of active fermentation, the noise of which is audible at a considerable distance. This water seems to contain very little else than an enormous quantity of carbonic acid gas in solution. In about twelve ounces of it, little more than three quarters of a grain of solid elements are to be found; whereas in the same quantity of water of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, *Carolinenbrunnen*, *Ambrosiusbrunnen*, the solid contents stand in the ratios of $51\frac{3}{4}$ grains, 9 grains, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ grains. A stratum of carbonic acid gas nearly three feet thick, constantly hovers above the surface, with which the usual experiments made at *La grotta del Cane* are here repeated, for the amusement of the visiter. Were it not that the building has several Venetian jalousied windows, which admit of a perpetual ventilation, both by day and by night, it would not be safe to enter it at any time. The bottom of the spring looks dark, and the surface of the water somewhat greenish and turbid, although the water itself is perfectly limpid The *Marienbrunnen* is considered as holding in solution also a small proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen gas; and the use of the usual tests (not to mention the smell which one perceives on entering the building, particularly on the approach of rain, and

which gave to the spring the distinction of *puante*) would seem to warrant the supposition.

The last of the springs to be enumerated is the one already alluded to, as being situated near the village of *Auschowitz*, half an English mile distant from Marienbad. It formerly bore the name of *Salzbrunnen*, until it was enclosed in 1819, at which time it formed a large marsh. After clearing away the moor, and reaching the firm bottom, at the depth of several feet, the spring was seen to flow out of a hard granite rock, accompanied by the escape of gas, in such quantities, that the digging could only be carried on for a few hours, towards noon of each day. The spring is now called the *Ferdinandsbrunnen*, in honour of the then heir of the Austrian crown, and now reigning emperor. Its water was analysed by Steinman and Berzelius. Its solid contents, which are somewhat analogous in nature to those of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, amount in weight to 36⅓ grains in twelve ounces of the water. But the *Ferdinandsbrunnen* holds in solution less Glauber salt, and more oxide of iron, with a larger quantity of free carbonic acid gas than the *Kreutzbrunnen*. The proportion of that gas is nearly one cubic inch and a half for every cubic inch of the water. It is this water which is chiefly exported from Marienbad in glass and stone bottles, filled in the manner described so humorously by the author of "The Bubbles," in reference to the Seltzer water of Nassau.

On looking into the reservoir of this spring, the water appeared almost milky, from the immense quantity of minute bubbles of gas which were constantly passing through it. In a glass it looks beautifully transparent, and I found the taste of it very agreeable and refreshing, *piquant*, and subacid at first, afterwards slightly saltish. Its temperature is about 54° of Fahrenheit; a degree of heat greater than that of the three first-mentioned springs. This circumstance, coupled with that of a larger quantity of gas being contained in it, naturally leads one to believe that the *caloric* of these waters is in some degree connected with the presence of carbonic acid. Thus, again, in the *Marienbrunnen*, which contains so large a proportion of free carbonic gas, and so little of fixed salts, the degree of heat is not less than 56° of Fahrenheit.

Within the last few years a sixth spring has been discovered, in the heart of the forest behind, and at a short distance from

Marienbad. It has, from the circumstance of its situation, received the name of *Waldquelle*. Over it a small rustic wooden circular temple has been erected; and there a little country-girl, in a neat costume, distributes, gratis, (according to the usage at all the other springs,) the pure and sparkling fluid in a crystal glass, dipped, by means of a glass receiver at the end of a long stick, into the bubbling spring. The operation being very expeditiously performed, no particles of the gas are lost in drinking it. Dr. HEIDLER seems to think lightly of this discovery; but, as every stranger who visited Marienbad cried shame that such a new blessing should be neglected, he made a report to the abbot of Teple, got the spring put into its present smart condition, and published an account of its qualities and character.

The medical virtue of the *Kreutzbrunnen* appears particularly conspicuous, in all the varieties of disorders by which the digestive functions are affected, no matter how severe in degree. The testimony of medical men, and of many of the patients themselves, who are, after all, the best witnesses, support the opinion of Dr. Heidler in this point. It is, says he, by the removal of faulty and offensive secretions previously lodging in the intestines, that the *Kreutzbrunnen* not only corrects, but improves, and, lastly, restores permanently, the tone of the stomach and the appetite.

While we were discussing this very subject in the doctor's little library, Le Marquis de C——, bearing the name of one of the sturdiest and most intrepid, as well as skilful generals of republican France, came in. His long and complicated dyspepsia, hypochondriacism, and weakness of stomach, had been completely cured by a full course of the *Kreutzbrunnen;* and he admitted to me most thankfully the benefit he had derived from that water. The marquis seemed to be of that age at which I have always found *melancholic* indigestion to be most prevalent, namely, between thirty-five and forty years. Hufeland used to boast that Goethe had been once completely restored to health from such a complaint, by drinking the *Kreutzbrunnen*. I might cite other examples among the visiters of Marienbad during the two last seasons; but I forbear from any further personal allusion.

The diuretic power of the *Kreutzbrunnen* is very striking, from the very first to the last day of using it; nor is the solvent and purgative faculty it possesses less remarkable. Three or

four beakers of the water suffice; though, in general, double that number is drunk to produce absolute purgation. But I feel convinced that its solvent power would be increased, by being drunk mixed with an equal quantity of hot mineral water. When so taken, I hold the *Kreutzbrunnen* to be an invaluable remedy in all bilious complaints, without requiring the least assistance from mercury.

On the action of the heart and the pulse this water exerts considerable influence. At first it seems to disturb both; but as soon as its effect on the intestines is established, that disturbance ceases, and a well-being ensues, which is not readily obtained from the daily use of ordinary drugs. This property of the *Kreutzbrunnen* renders it susceptible of application in cases where either the constitution or the age of the patient admits of no remedy productive of irritation; and, therefore, persons subject to apoplexy even, or such as are threatened with consumption of the lungs, may take the *Kreutzbrunnen*, mixed either with hot mineral water or milk, for the removal of those disorders.

I confess myself incredulous respecting the asserted antispasmodic action of this spring. That it has cured three or four cases of nervous diseases, is within my own knowledge; one of them a case of chorea, I admit;—but in these cases the peccant matter, the cause of the disorder, lay in the secreting organs of the digesting system, and the nerves were only secondarily affected.

On several of the affections peculiar to the female constitution, the influence of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, in many respects so interesting, is well marked, and indisputable. A noble lady, the Marchioness of ——, who was still at Marienbad during my visit, and Mrs. C——, may testify to this fact. I consider the water of three of the springs at Marienbad to be sufficient for the removal of most of the disorders of this class;—that of the first by acting as an expurgator and solvent; of the second by giving tone to vessels hitherto lax or paralyzed; and of the third by forcing, as it were, nature into a proper performance of its functions, after the removal of disease. But each case must be well studied, and care taken that the patient understands the manner, as well as the object, of the treatment.

I do not hold Marienbad to be a proper place for gouty or

rheumatic patients. Cutaneous diseases are often cured by it, and—singularly enough—oftener than not, by producing a new and specific eruption on the skin. In general, however, I have observed that the continued use of saline mineral waters, even when the artificial ones of STRUVE are employed, produces critical eruptions on the skin; still more so when they are drunk warm, or belong to the class of the thermal springs.

To conclude: I should be disposed to consider the *Kreutzbrunnen*, which is one of the ferruginous waters of Germany abounding most in Glauber salt, as a powerful solvent, partaking of the character of a tonic and excitant.

I am aware that, in a few points of this exposition of the virtues of the powerful springs at Marienbad, I dissent somewhat from Dr. Heidler. But he seems to be too great an enthusiast—too blind a worshipper of the *Kreutzbrunnen*—to be implicitly relied upon, in all he states of the effect of that water in the various disorders for which he has recommended it. The doctor holds it as an essential principle, that all mineral waters cure by evacuating vitiated humours; and as he has observed the *Kreutzbrunnen* to remove all such humours most effectually, he concludes that it will cure pretty nearly every disorder. Take him *cum grano salis*, Dr. Heidler will be found as safe and as judicious a practitioner, as he is learned, accomplished, and highly educated. There are five other physicians and a surgeon, who generally practise at Marienbad during the season. Their names are Dr. A. E. Danzer, Dr. Franks, Dr. Opitz, Dr. Herzig, and Dr. Abel.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything respecting the virtues of the other waters of Marienbad. They may be guessed at by general readers, from the circumstance, that they contain fewer saline ingredients, and more iron, than the *Kreutzbrunnen*, and likewise more gas. The *Kreutzbrunnen* is the only other water which is exported besides the *Ferdinandsbrunnen*, as already stated.

The establishment where these waters are packed in bottles, and despatched to different parts of Europe, to the extent of 400,000 bottles yearly, is at the back of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, on a small eminence. They are sent off in cases of one, two, or four dozen of the large stone bottles, or of double that number of smaller bottles, for 2, $3\frac{3}{4}$, and 7 florins; and are em-

barked at Aussig on the Elbe, from whence they generally proceed to Hamburg. The Emperor of Austria, unlike the Duke of Nassau, does not exact the smallest tax on the *cruchons;* and instead of giving the produce of the sale of the waters to enrich his treasury, the amount is, by the consent of the abbot of Teple, to be applied to the improvement and extension of Marienbad, so long as that colony may require such pecuniary assistance.

Marienbad, as I stated in another part of this account, is also a bathing-place. It was at one time, indeed, nothing more. It is more so, even now, than Carlsbad is. Besides the old bath-house behind the *Marienbrunnen*, by which it is supplied with the necessary water, new baths have been lately erected, which are supplied conjointly by the *Carolinen* and *Ambrosiusbrunnen*, and are considered as more ferruginous and tonic baths than those of the *Marienbrunnen*. The baths are seldom used cold. Sometimes a bath at the temperature of 100° has been recommended; but in general the tepid baths are the most useful, as well as agreeable. The impression on the body, after a few minutes of the *Marienbrunnen* bath, is exciting, and the skin becomes red, even when the temperature of the water used has been only from 90° to 94° of Fahrenheit; an effect seldom produced by common water heated to the same degree. I noticed, while in the bath, that the entire surface of the body became covered with minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas, to the contact of which I attribute the sense of irritation produced on the skin. My pulse became firmer and somewhat quicker, and the beating of the temporal arteries sonorous. At first, a degree of gentle giddiness was produced; but I attributed it to the extrication of carbonic acid gas from the surface of the waters. The necessary quantity of hot water for a bath is obtained, through the means of a pump, out of great boilers, and is mixed at pleasure with the cold mineral water in the *baignoires*. The accommodations for the baths, the dressing-rooms, and other appurtenances, are unobjectionable. The prices are as moderate as at all the other Spas.

But the most extraordinary feature of Marienbad, as a bathing Spa, is the gas-baths. Such is the profusion with which carbonic gas issues everywhere from the earth here, that after heavy rains, when the ground is yet covered with a film of water, bubbles of gas are seen in all directions, both in and about the town. This gas

is not wholly pure carbonic acid, but is often mixed with sulphuretted hydrogen. I visited the gas-baths with my kind conductor, Dr. Heidler, in the same building in which a Russian vapour-bath and a mud-bath have been established. The first hint for the erection of gas-baths, in Marienbad, was given by Professor STRUVE of Dresden, owing to an experiment which he made on himself.

"The whole of my left leg," says the doctor in his account, "from the hip-joint downwards, had been for years the seat of most violent pains, which often lasted for a considerable period, following principally the direction of the sciatic nerve. With these pains there was connected a great inactivity of the lymphatic vessels. The whole leg was covered with innumerable kernels as hard as stone. The latter vessels looked like overfilled arteries, and the nutrition of the limb had also suffered considerably; for it was half an inch thinner than the other. I was unable to go even the shortest distance, without the aid of a stick, and a person to support me; and exhaustion and pain were the general consequences of every little exertion of this kind." ..... "Under these circumstances I rested my hopes upon the dissolvent aperient nature of the *Kreutzbrunnen*, and on the enlivening effect of the baths, and fomentation with warm moor-earth. After ten days' trial of these without the least success, I resolved to try what effect the gas might have upon my diseased limb. With the assistance of a man to support me, I crawled with great difficulty to the *Marienbrunnen*, and taking off my boot, immersed the limb in the column of gas above the water. The first sensation was that of cold; but this was soon succeeded by an agreeable and increasing warmth, with a feeling as though ants were crawling upon the limb in particular parts, especially in the direction of the larger branches of the nerves. The sensation was very similar to that produced by a mustard poultice, when just beginning to act. After thirty minutes had elapsed I drew my foot out of the gas, in which I had supported it by means of a band, and began to return, with the caution which had become habitual to me,—supporting myself on my attendant. But who can describe my feelings, when every step showed me that fresh strength had returned into the diseased limb, and that the uninterrupted gnawing pain was gone? In my anxiety to show myself to those friends whose sympathy had been excited by

my sufferings, I *ran* a distance, which, an hour before, all my exertions would not have enabled me to *walk*."

Dr. Struve, with whom I have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted, confirmed to me the year before last, at Dresden, this account, taken from his own published narrative. He told me that he continued to use the gas-bath for three successive weeks, without omitting the internal use of the *Kreutzbrunnen* or the warm-water bath; after which time he left Marienbad, free from all his sufferings and ailments.

The success of this first attempt having been made known, numerous were the applications of patients for the use of the gas; but as the exposure of the limbs to the column of gas over the *Marienbrunnen* was found inconvenient, the present bathing establishment was erected, in which more than one patient may employ the gas-bath, either generally or partially. For the former, the patient enters a wooden pan or tub, covered with a wooden lid, and sits on a stool perforated with holes, when the gas is admitted through pipes as it issues from the earth. The head is outside, and the aperture of the lid around it is lined with cloth, in order to prevent the injurious effects which the escape of the gas might produce on the head and lungs.

I tried the effect of the gas against my hands and face, as it issued from the earth through a pipe, with as much force as if some one had been blowing on those parts with a pair of bellows. After the first sensation of cold, that of genial warmth followed, and the heat of the part continued for some time after. I received some of the gas into my mouth, and instantly felt the powerful effect of the compound gaseous mixture. My respiration became affected, and three or four darts of acute pain in the head followed.

I pass over in silence the mud-baths, as they are called, or *les cataplasmes de boue*. At Marienbad they do not deserve the commendation given to them. It is at the Spa near Egra, as we shall see presently, that the real and efficacious mud-baths are to be found. I examined minutely the manner of preparing them at Marienbad, and I can conscientiously say, at once, that I should not recommend to any of my patients to waste their time with the application of such dirty, half-vegetable and half-mineral earth, to their bodies.

The season of 1836 had proved one of the most brilliant since

Marienbad has been established. The prevailing state of health of the visiters had been very favourable—there having occurred but four cases of acute disease, and not a single case of death. The temperature during the summer months was high; but this is generally the case every year.

Marienbad is rising in reputation, and I marvel not at it. The company last year, Dr. Heidler told me, was at least one-fourth more numerous than that in the preceding year, and unquestionably of a higher class. The sojourn of royalty, and a sprinkling of German and Russian nobility, gave a *ton* to the Spa, which, however, never passed into the extravagant or the inconvenient. The greatest simplicity of manners, regularity of hours, and the strictest propriety of conduct on all hands, seemed to be the order of the day. Here are no gaming-tables—no facilities for intrigue—and few temptations to attract the mere lounger, the idler, and the rogue. A promenade-room, or the *salon* already mentioned,—which is one hundred and seventy feet long, and is lighted, when employed as a ball-room on a few occasions, with twelve chandeliers suspended from the ceiling; the line of shops under a light arcade following the saloon; together with the many pretty walks in the immediate neighbourhood, particularly to the *Jagerhaus* in the forest, to the elegant pavilion of the *Ferdinandsbrunnen*, and to the Abbey of *Teple*, where the monks vie in displaying every degree of hospitality towards the visiters;—these constitute the extent and class of occupations of such as reside at Marienbad for the term of the cure, which generally lasts six weeks.

The season begins at the latter end of May. It would be useless to go thither sooner. It terminates with the last week in September. A list of the arrivals and departures is published in numbers, as at Baden-baden and Carlsbad, but with greater *luxe* and care; and the descriptive part of each arrival is given with great precision. The largest number of arrivals in any one month was about eleven hundred. June seems to have been the month of the greatest influx; not fewer than seventy-four arrivals having marked the thirtieth day of that month; among whom were her majesty the Queen of Bavaria, with her son, the King of Greece, and a suite of thirty-seven persons. The English were select rather than numerous. In 1837 they had doubled in number.

I have heard many patients of consideration in this country

object, that all the most efficient Spas are so remote from home. They forget the distance which Russian invalids, both ladies and gentlemen, never hesitate to travel, in order to obtain the benefit of a truly efficacious watering-place.

The social intercourse among the visiters is of an easy and affable kind. *Chacun se connait ;* and this delightful footing is aided by the little appearance there is of any ruling or government authority in the place. The only official characters present are two inoffensive, imperial inspectors, the one civil, the other military, who are sent hither to protect, and not in the least to interfere with the strangers.

There is a considerable display of equipages, as the country around admits of their use. Light *calèches*, and the still lighter carriages of the country, with two or four horses, the latter driven four in hand, are employed for distant excursions. The horses are sometimes caparisoned in the grotesque style of Bohemia—looking like the team of a Saxon waggon; and at other times they display the gaudy style of the *equipages de Vienne.* Riding on horseback is also much in vogue.

With all these advantages and amusements, however, Marienbad is not a Spa of pleasure. It is a lovely and enchanting retreat for invalids, which, like almost all the principal Spas in Germany, offers to suffering humanity, in a sequestered valley, a safe, certain, and prodigal source of relief, away from the bustle and din of cities; as if nature pointed out to us, that health is best obtained in seclusion, and that, as Dr. Heidler has stated, "les malades à Marienbad, hormis les soins de leur santé et l'espérance du rétablissement, doivent ignorer ce qui se passe au-delà des collines et des arbres, et oublier le luxe, le chagrin, et les affaires—causes fréquentes de leurs maux."

# CHAPTER VI.

## EGRA, OR EGER.

Road from Marienbad to Egra—Alluvial mountains—Town of Eger—General view—Gilded statues and shoeless peasants — Road to the Spa — Colony of Franzensbad—The *Franzensquelle*—Colonnade and *salon*—Physical and chemical properties of the spring—Rich in carbonic acid—Comparison with other springs—The *Salzequelle*—Physical and chemical characters—Great covered gallery—The invalids at both springs—Dr. Koestler—Dr. Conrath—Efficacy of the two springs—Diseases cured by them—A consumptive lady—A rickety young officer—Frederick the Great at Franzensbad—The *Kalte Sprudel*—Its characters—The *Louisenquelle* — Great bathing establishment—*Mineral water-baths*—The Mud-baths—Dr. Koestler's opinion—The author's opinion—Quarries of peat earth—Iron pyrites—Sulphuric acid—The Egra district a volcanic bog—Effects of the mud-bath—Softening of the skin—Cure of diseases—Dr. Clarus's opinion—The Gas-baths — Two interesting cases — Deafness cured — Effect of the gas on the author—Great importance of gas as a medical agent—Number of visiters at Franzensbad—Mode of life—The last season—Expenses — Amusements—Excursions—Exportation of the waters—A grand secret divulged.

From Marienbad to Eger is but a pleasant morning's drive. The first post, to *Spandau*, is generally performed in an hour and a half; the other post to Eger in one hour and twenty minutes; for the Bohemian postilions are not fussy, yet alert, steady, good-tempered, and quick in changing horses. The road is in excellent condition the whole of the way. It is a wide, uniform, hard, well-made *chaussée*, in which granitic fragments have been employed. Although rather hilly at first, it is neither tedious nor fatiguing. The prospect from the elevated level, upwards of 1500 feet above the level of the sea, which the road traverses, is at times pleasing, but never grand or particularly interesting. Beyond Spandau, however, the case is different. At times, taking the carriage as a centre, the traveller looks upon as extended a circle of highly-cultivated land as can well be imagined

to lie within the scope of the keenest human eye. This vast *plateau* is hemmed in all round by the summits of distant mountains, with none of those sharp, angular-pointed heads and peaks which characterize the primitive or alpine ranges. Their soft, undulating, or waving lines, on the contrary, give to the blue horizon the appearance of being scolloped or fringed. Assuredly these are formations arising from slow and quiet deposits during diluvial times;—else how could they have assumed external forms, so round, so monotonous, so *caressées*, bearing on their peaceable-looking surfaces the fertile soil which vast and dense forests of fir-trees love to inhabit. Yet within the bosom of these very mountains, whose appearance bespeaks them free from all tumult and commotion,—there are imprisoned the hottest as well as the coldest mineral springs, and also the mightiest sources of gas, that are to be found in Bohemia; and in such numbers, too, that Dr. Heidler and others have, within a territorial range of three leagues around Marienbad, belonging to the chapter of Teple, detected not fewer than one hundred and sixty springs, sixty of which pour out gas in profusion!

The town of Eger, which is by some called Egra, is grouped immediately below and at the termination of the high road, which descends a declivity in order to reach it. A few of the streets appear to climb up the sides of some small hills placed at the north, entirely denuded of trees. The principal church, with its two towers, one only of which is terminated by a Gothic spire, is the first object that attracts attention. We passed through the *décombres* of the old remains of bastions, ramparts, and gates, which some workmen were busy in demolishing. On a first impression, Egra appeared to me to be a bustling town, with lofty houses and a dense population.

Egra has acquired a certain degree of celebrity, since the murder of the Duke Wallenstein, in the 17th century, which Schiller has indelibly recorded in his immortal drama; and the view of the house in which that nefarious act was committed, and of the very weapon used by Walter Deveroux on that occasion, is one among the temptations thrown out to strangers, for loitering in the town. The chapel of the Templars, the town library, and the ruins of the old castle of the Margraves of *Vohenburg*, formerly the lords of this place, may also be considered as points of attraction for those who arrive at Egra. I

shall, however, say nothing in detail respecting them; being anxious to proceed in the light calèche I hired at the posthouse, to FRANZENSBAD, the Spa of Egra. The Spa is distant about three English miles, and is situated on a part of the same plateau which forms the Egra district.

Passing through the gate, and over a bridge decorated with sundry statues of saints, their heads gaily gilded, I could not help contrasting those favoured *simulacres*, (though, by the by, they stand in no enviable situation, as the bridge crosses a shallow and filthy stream that sweeps along the ruins of the ancient city-walls) with the apparently miserable inmates—all shoeless and stockingless—of the half-dilapidated dwellings in the adjoining suburb, through which I left the town. An avenue of Lombardy poplars leads to the top of a steep ascent, and afterwards over a continuation of the plain we had before seen. The road is good, wide, and well made. Numbers of young peasant girls, barefooted, and many of them not more than fourteen or fifteen years old, were met on the dusty road, carrying upright baskets on their backs, filled with *cruchons* from the *Brunnen*. They plainly told the tale of this Spa, which, like all other Spas in Germany, supplies drink to those near it, and sends the same to those who are far off,—all *eager* to partake of its blessings.

At about half-way, before reaching the small village of *Schlada*, or crossing the narrow stream by which it is watered, I noticed, a little on my left, a dwarf insignificant hillock, which I afterwards learned is considered to be the crater of an old volcano, and is called *Kammerbühl:* an odd name, by the by, for so hot a place.

At the termination of a second avenue of young mountain-ash trees, bearing their gaudy scarlet berries, and being the only trees I could descry around me, appeared the principal spring, the *Franzensquelle*, which stands, as it were, on the threshold of the little colony of FRANZENSBAD, and was, in former times, known under the name of the mineral spring of Egra. A circular temple, supported by pillars, rises over this once celebrated fountain. On the left it connects itself with a tasteful colonnade, which, after a short distance, turns at right angles towards the streets, and forms the south and west sides of a large quadrangle. This colonnade is closed all the way on one side by shops, in

which Egra and other Bohemian merchants display their attractive wares, particularly their worked and coloured glass; and it serves as a promenade, during the hours of drinking the water,—sheltering the visiters from the hot sun at noon, and from the rain in wet weather, without depriving them of air and exercise. At the end of the colonnade is the *Grand Salon*, in which concerts and balls are given in the course of the season. On the right of the *Franzensquelle*, instead of a colonnade, the side of the quadrangle has a neat building, with a *quinconce* of trees before it, in which are placed the gas-baths. There is also another private building, the singular use of which I shall explain hereafter.

In a straight line before the spring, the *Kaiserstrasse*, one of the finest streets perhaps to be found at any of the Bohemian Spas, with hotels, and a row of handsome horse-chestnuts on each side, begins from this point, and gently ascends in a northerly direction. It is at a considerable distance from a point near the upper end of this noble street, looking towards the *Franzensquelle*, and consequently towards the entrance into the Spa from Egra, that the view represented in the vignette is taken.



The *Franzensquelle* contains always a quantity of water amounting to twenty thousand cubic inches, and supplies two hundred and seventy-five cubic inches of it every minute. Its temperature, which has never been known to vary, either in summer or during the severest winter, is 53° of Fahrenheit. As I stood watching the spring, its surface appeared to be in a continual

commotion; numberless bubbles of gas ascending from the bottom through the water, and bursting when they reached the surface. On dipping my glass into the water I found it of the purest limpidity, pervaded in all directions by small gas-bubbles, many of which adhered to the glass. Exposed to the air for some hours in an open vessel, it loses its transparency, becomes turbid, and, at the end of five or six days, it deposits the yellow carbonate of iron. The presence of this mineral in the spring may be detected by the *après-gout* of the water, which, though piquant, pleasant, and refreshing when first tasted, leaves afterwards a ferruginous indication on the tongue. Mixed with sugar, or with a little wine and sugar, it forms a most agreeable beverage, and effervesces like *champagne mousseux*. The quantity of carbonic acid gas in the water is equal to one hundred and fifty-four cubic inches for every hundred cubic inches of the water. Except those of *Geilnau* and *Pyrmont*, no mineral spring, among those most frequented in Germany, contains so much free gas as the *Franzensquelle*. The predominant saline ingredient is the sulphate of soda, or Glauber salt, of which there are twenty-five grains in sixteen ounces of the water, with nearly eight and a half grains of muriate of soda, or common salt, and the same quantity of bicarbonate of soda. The proportion of iron present is a little more than the third of that contained in the *Kreutzbrunnen*, and just one-sixth part of the quantity held in solution by the *Ferdinandsbrunnen* of Marienbad. The whole of the solid contents in the sixteen ounces of water weighs forty-four grains and a fraction.

On turning to the right, after leaving the principal spring, I entered, in company with one of the leading physicians of the Spa, Dr. Koestler, a species of long wooden gallery, lighted by windows, and raised on piles above a trembling morass-like soil, to another round temple, in the centre of which rises a second spring, which gives celebrity to the colony of Franzensbad; namely, the *Salzequelle*. The temple opens on two long walks, recently planted with trees, running parallel to the covered gallery. This spring contains twelve thousand eight hundred cubic inches of water, and supplies one hundred and thirty-three cubic inches of it in a minute. Its flow is incessant and invariable; so also is its temperature,—which is half a degree less than that of the former spring. Although called *La Source salée*, (Salze-

quelle,) its taste is not less agreeable and refreshing than that of the *Franzensquelle.* It is equally *petillante* and effervescent, and has not the unpleasant astringent or ferruginous after-taste of the latter. Held in the mouth for a little while, it tastes somewhat alkaline, like flat soda-water. It has no smell: it is beautifully transparent; and when, at the end of some days, it becomes turbid, it lets fall a white floculent sediment, but no carbonate of iron. The solid contents in sixteen ounces of the water amount to nearly thirty-nine grains, the principal component parts of which are sodaic salts. The quantity of carbonic acid is equal to two-thirds of the quantity contained in the *Franzensquelle.*

Between these two springs, then, the greater number of the visiters at Franzensbad vibrate, at the usual early hours of five or six o'clock in the morning; some quaffing eight, nine, and ten beakers of the first, and an equal number of the second; but the greater part of them keeping to one of the mineral waters only. There is a notable difference in the physical effect produced by each of these waters on the constitution. Both are equally active as deobstruents, and both are digested with equal ease. But while the first, containing a larger proportion of iron, stimulates and excites during its operation as a solvent—(circumstances which render it inadmissible in all cases of great irritability and fulness of blood)—the second cools and tranquillizes, is less stimulating, and purifies without disturbance of the nervous system. In its composition, the *Salzequelle* differs but little from the *Sprudel*, the *Mühlbrunn* and the *Neubrunn* of Carlsbad, except that it contains much less carbonate of lime. It wants, however, the high temperature of those springs. I doubt much whether the addition of an artificial heat, which has been recommended, would identify the two waters of Carlsbad, and that of the *Salzequelle*, in their medicinal effect on the human constitution.

That I may not have to return to these springs, in my account of what yet remains to be seen and said respecting Franzensbad, I will briefly mention some of the cases of disease in which both the *Franzensquelle* and the *Salzequelle* have been found eminently useful. My eager and sanguine friend, Dr. KOESTLER, (who, with a fluency of erudition to be met with only in a German physician, instructed me—and that, too, in the course of a

few hours—on every subject of the medical practice at the Spa,) seems as enamoured of the place and its means of cure, as the doctors of Carlsbad and Marienbad are of theirs. Dr. CONRATH, who is the leading physician and inspector of the waters, and whom I had not the good fortune to find at Franzensbad, has recorded an opinion equally favourable, of their medicinal efficacy, in an able work he published a few years since. In my conversation with some of the patients who had been using the two waters conjointly, or separately, I found that the same impression, of their great virtues in the removal of disease, seemed to have been made. The evidence, therefore, is complete, and several cases related to me afterwards proved its accuracy.

Diseases affecting the organs of digestion, and those of secretion and excretion, the lymphatic vessels and glands, as well as the mucous membranes, are principally benefited by either water. But as those diseases which attack the nervous system also, have been treated with equal success by means of the one, and not successfully by means of the other, it behoves the physician who is to advise the use of either, to make himself thoroughly master of the case, in order that he may not do harm instead of good. I will explain this by one or two examples.

A young lady who had, for several years, suffered from an habitual and very troublesome cough, accompanied by fever and night perspirations, in consequence of an affection of the mucous membrane of the lungs, which had led to an opinion that she was consumptive,—having in vain tried all kinds of remedies, was recommended to repair to this Spa, and drink of the first spring. After three or four days, every symptom became exasperated. She had brought her instructions with her from her distant physician, and had not consulted any other on the spot. The increase of her malady, however, induced her friends to call in the assistance of one of the practitioners at Franzensbad; when it was discovered that the great natural irritability of her nervous system, and the fulness of the blood-vessels in the chest, were circumstances opposed to the use of the first, but indicating the propriety of using the second spring. She therefore began to drink the water of the *Salzequelle* every morning, mixed with warm milk, which, from the very first few days, diminished the fever and cough, and changed the suspicious-looking expectoration into one of an ordinary appearance. Having afterwards

gradually increased and properly persevered in the use of the water, she ultimately recovered her health, in the most perfect manner.

On the other hand, a young officer, aged twenty-nine, who had been greatly weakened by excesses, whose stomach was reduced to the *minimum* of its power, and whose whole frame was rickety and extenuated, had, of his own accord, applied for relief to the spring of the *Salzequelle*,—under an impression that his disordered state depended on obstruction in the glands and veins of the mesentery, and that, therefore, the solvent power of that water would be sufficient. He accordingly went on drinking the water for a week; at the end of which time he was so reduced that advice was sought for him. The error of not using the first, instead of the second spring, was pointed out to him, from the circumstance of his wanting tone, as well as the effect of a deobstruent medicine; and he was therefore recommended to try the *Franzensquelle*. At the end of six weeks (having in the mean time used some mineral water-baths also) this young officer had become quite a *novus homo*.

In further support of the virtues of the *Franzensquelle*, in curing the most inveterate disorders in which obstruction and debility are the associated and ruling symptoms, it would be instructive to quote the case of an illustrious patient, no less a personage than the great Frederic of Prussia, who, under the direction of his principal and favourite physician, *Cothenius*, made use of that water in 1748, and recovered, at a time when his majesty himself considered his last hour to have come. The details of the case are very curious and full of interest; but in a work like the present they would be out of place. Those who may be desirous of reading the whole account, will find it in the October number of Hufeland's Journal of Medicine for 1822.

Franzensbad possesses two other springs, which also enjoy great reputation. From that one of them called the *Kalte Sprudel*, there is a constant escape of gas, in such enormous volumes, and producing such a noise, that in approaching the handsome pavilion under which the spring is placed, one might fancy himself in the vicinity of some great boiling caldron. The temperature of this water is, like that of the other springs, 53°. It issues from the spring at the rate of three thousand six hundred and forty-eight cubic inches per minute, and is exceedingly effervescent, having an agreeable taste, though somewhat saltish or

alkaline. When drunk, it is accompanied by a brisk pricking of the inside of the nose. There is scarcely any difference in the quantity of the solid contents of this and the water of the *Franzensquelle.* Indeed, I am inclined to consider them as one and the same water, probably from the same primitive source; though the former has lost, in its course, a small proportion of its carbonate of iron. It is the latter circumstance which makes the *cold Sprudel* an eligible water, where the *Franzensquelle* would be too stimulating, and the *Salzequelle* too weakening.

The fourth and last spring, the largest and most abundant of water, is placed under a wooden canopy, supported by pillars. Being employed only to supply the water and mud-baths, it is not kept in very good condition. Like the other springs, this also issues from the morass, or peat earth, on which the building is erected, and the escape of the water from the earth is accompanied by a large quantity of gas. The name of *Louisebrunnen* has been given to it. The quantity of water contained at any time in the reservoir amounts to 6,861,738 cubic inches, and the escape is equal to 27,000 cubic inches in a minute. Its temperature is slightly above 53° of Fahrenheit.

This spring is found in a garden at the back of the *Bad-haus*, or great bathing-establishment, which consists of the old and new hotels of the *Trois Lys.* These hotels are situated about the middle, and on the left of the *Kaiserstrasse.* They form together a very large building, two stories high, which belongs to *Herr Loimann*, the spirited founder of the first regular bathing-establishment in Franzensbad. The principal bath-rooms are on the first floor, and a few of them are on the *Rez-de-Chaussée*,—where there are also eight rooms for taking mud-baths. The mineral water-bath chambers are thirty-two in number. Each apartment is well proportioned, well aired, and well furnished. The *baignoires* are of tin, covered over with a composition which is not liable to be attacked by the acid or saline particles of the water and mud used. The whole establishment is, in cold or wet weather, warmed by steam, and every one may regulate at pleasure the temperature of his apartment.

The water used for the mineral water-baths is obtained by means of aspirating pumps, from three of the sources,—the *Louisenbrunnen*, (the nearest and that which supplies the most,) the *Franzensquelle*, and the *Kalte Sprudel.* Matters are so arranged that the mineral water never comes in contact with the atmo-

spheric air, except when deposited in the bathing-tubs. Thus all chances of decomposition till then are avoided. The necessary heat is applied to the water in the bath, by mixing some which is drawn from large boilers kept in constant action for that purpose.

As the baths at Franzensbad are a secondary object, they are never used early in the morning,—that part of the day being devoted to the drinking of the mineral waters. I found it was generally two hours after breakfast that invalids took their baths, —which are seldom colder than 90°, and never warmer than 98°.

The price of the water-baths at this establishment is the same as at Marienbad. There are conveniences for bathing in some other houses in Franzensbad, but by no means so comfortable as at the new establishment; where there is, besides, on the *Rez-de-Chaussée*, a handsome *Salon*, in which the bathers meet before and after the bath, either to take refreshments, or to read the newspapers. This same room serves as a dining-room for such as are resident in the hotel.

The MUD-BATHS of Franzensbad are, in my opinion, next to the gas-baths, an object of the greatest importance; and they are peculiar to that Spa. This is owing to the peculiar energy and power possessed by the materials which nature has here presented to the physician, and which in other places—as at Carlsbad and Marienbad, where the same contrivances have been attempted—are of so inferior a quality, that they will never deserve any serious consideration, whatever efforts my friends De Carro and Heidler, and their colleagues, may make for that purpose. "In a few years," observed, to me, Dr. Koestler, as we were coming out of the great bathing-establishment, "I predict that Franzensbad will be the most celebrated Spa in Germany, merely on account of its mud-baths. They are specific and infallible in all cases of excessive debility and prostration, particularly in paralysis of which gout has been the cause. "I am willing (added he with great emphasis) and ready to take upon myself all the expenses of any paralytic patient of that class who shall arrive here, and fail to be cured, after a proper use of the mud-baths. When the Toeplitz doctors find that they cannot cure, with their hot springs, patients affected by paralysis, they are glad to hand them over to our mud-baths."

I was afterwards shown a young lady, who had arrived at Franzensbad with her legs and feet completely paralyzed, and who, after six immersions in the mud-bath, could walk without any assistance.

That a mud-bath, made of such stuff as I saw at Franzensbad, may be an agent of infinite, indeed *almost* dangerous, power, I can fully subscribe to. This material is quarried in a field at no great distance from the *Louisenbrunn*, by means of spades. There I saw a stratum of it nearly twenty feet deep, immediately below the turf, lying upon a bed of sand. The mass looked moist, and of an intense and most beautiful jet black colour. Throughout it some curiously stratified thin plates of iron pyrites are found, some of them nearly a foot square, having depositions upon one only of their surfaces, resembling fossil plants, of the reed and broom species, in high relief; the whole being very hard and difficult to break. One of these specimens I brought home, and presented to the Royal Geological Society of London. They are found at all depths, in the stratum of the peat or bog-earth, and at various angles to the horizon. The other surface of the plates is smooth. After exposure to the air for a few days, the upper surface of them appears covered with a yellowish-green saline efflorescence, exceedingly acid to the taste. This same efflorescence, but to a greater degree, I observed to pervade the surface of the various heaps of the *boue* or bog-earth which the workmen had prepared to convey into the bathing establishment.

Whichever way one turns, in all parts of Franzensbad, and even for some miles around it in the fields, the same black substance presents itself, immediately below the thinnest coat imaginable of vegetable *humus* or soil. I scratched away with my fingers the grass in a part of a field, and also the ground on which corn had been planted, and the same black stuff made its appearance beneath. As you walk along, you feel the whole surface on which you stand to shake,—as if it were only a crust; or rather, as if you were treading one of those elastic floors of a ball-room which are considered so *safe* for dancing. When *lithmus* paper is applied to this substance, it is instantly and intensely reddened. If applied to the tongue, it imparts to it the sharp taste of sulphuric acid. The smell also partakes of that of sulphurous acid gas. The thing is altogether highly interesting.

This bog-earth, then, being brought into the court-yard of the

bathing establishment, is thrown into two very large wooden vats, standing at the height of four feet from the ground, under cover. There, the earth being diluted with water from the *Louisenbrunn*, steam is made to pass through the mixture, which is stirred up constantly, until a proper degree of heat as well as consistency is obtained. Each bathing-tub, which is large and commodious, and placed upon four wheels, being then pushed under one of the vats or *cuves*, part of its contents is allowed to escape through a square trap-door, until the tub is filled to within a half a foot of its brim, when it is wheeled into one of the eight apartments on the ground-floor appropriated for taking the mud-baths. The temperature, at first, is so high that the baths which are required in the morning are prepared overnight, during which time the temperature comes down to 77° or 80° of Fahrenheit; that being the degree of heat at which the mud-bath may be taken without producing irritation. At a much higher temperature, the use of this species of mud-bath would be attended with risk. The consistency and appearance of the mud-bath is that of a semifluid poultice of crumbs of bread, coloured with the blackest ink. It exhales a smell not unlike that of pyroligneous acid, which penetrates the skin to such a degree that many hours afterwards the surface of the body will taste of it. On coming out of the bath, and after having washed the mud off with warm mineral water, the skin feels soft and looks almost like satin.

Dr. Clarus of Leipsig, who has studied these baths, observes of them "that they increase the action of the skin, are solvent as well as emollient, and stimulate the nervous system;" which effects he attributes to four principal elements found in the composition of the mud: "the fatty and peaty matter:—caloric;—the presence of a highly volatile substance;—and lastly, the metallic and saline ingredients." When the *boue*, after having been used, is thrown away, it will in a few moments exhibit on its surface strata of half an inch in thickness of sulphate of iron and Glauber salt, and present also a large quantity of free sulphuric acid. Unquestionably the *Franzensbad* doctors have, in this material, a most powerful agent at their command, for combating disease with great success.

At the beginning of my description of Franszensbad, or the *Spa colony* of Egra, as it is called and generally considered, I

alluded to the *Gas-baths*, and pointed out the situation of the building in which they are erected, not far from the *Franzensquelle*. Next to the *Mud-baths* this establishment is one of the most interesting objects in the place, for a medical man to visit. It may be supposed, therefore, that I did not omit to examine it in all its details; and fortunately, one or two patients were using the *Gas-baths* at the time, whose cases I was able to inquire into, and on whom I could perceive the effect produced by the gas, as well as the manner of its application. My untired, kind, and intelligent guide, Dr. KOESTLER, who scarcely left me an instant during a period of eight hours incessant lionizing, again accompanied me into this establishment.

In no instance of medical application of a mineral produce of the earth to the human body suffering from disease, has any particular principle been applied to it in a more direct manner, than in the case of the gas as it is applied in this place to patients. Here a tube is plunged into the ground, and gas instantly issues through it, which, being conveyed by means of a small horizontal pipe into the bathing-tub placed at a very short distance, falls in showers, at it were, upon the ailing body or part of the body exposed to it under cover,—and ultimately pervades the whole apparatus.

One of the patients alluded to was a little girl who had been long afflicted with malignant scrofulous ulcers in both legs. She was in the bath, dressed, with the exception of her stockings, which were off, and was seated on a little raised stool perforated with holes. Her head was uncovered and completely above the close lid of the *baignoire*. She felt warm all over; her pulse was quick and full; there was moisture on the skin; and she acknowledged feeling a degree of vivacity which she only experienced while in the bath. On inspecting the limbs I found all the ulcers, except one, cicatrized,—evidently as if they had become so very recently. The remaining sore looked as if it would skin over in a day or two. The mother of the patient was present, whom I interrogated, and from whom I learned that the girl had been afflicted with these sores for more than a year, during which time internal as well as external remedies had been resorted to in vain. She had taken only eight gas-baths, and no other external application had been used at the same time. Dr.

Koestler considers the *Gas-bath* as a specific in scrofulous ulcers, and many other disorders, particularly of the skin.

The second patient, whom I saw using the gas, was a gentleman, about the middle time of life, who had been drinking the *Franzensquelle* for some weeks, for the improvement of his general health, and with success. He was likewise afflicted with considerable deafness of the right ear, caused by frequent colds, for which every possible external application had been used in vain, including leeches, blisters, vapour-baths, &c. By means of the curved pipes he made experiments with the gas, which was conveyed immediately into the ear. He had done this once and twice a day for some time; and he was able, when I saw him, to hear plainly words spoken at the distance of three or four feet. A case equally striking, of deafness cured by the gas, is also related by Dr. Heidler of Marienbad, in his able work "Uber die Gas-Bäder," &c.

Both Dr. Heidler and Dr. Koestler recommend great caution in using the gas-baths; and in this they are right. The gas employed at Marienbad is a mixture of carbonic and sulphuretted hydrogen gas, in different proportions. At Franzensbad the existence of the latter gas with the carbonic acid is not quite clear. Professor Trommsdorff thinks, after repeated trials, that the gas is nearly pure carbonic acid.

I placed the end of the pipe into my mouth, and tasted the carbonic gas very distinctly, with a *soupçon* of sulphuretted hydrogen. The sensation produced was by no means pleasant. That which the gas produced on the eye, to which I also applied it, and to the skin of the cheek, is not easily described. In general I found my head to ache for some time, not only after all such experiments with the insulated gas, but likewise whenever I stood over any of the carbonated mineral springs in Germany, watching the movement of the water, or taking notes. This headache, accompanied by confusion, was generally followed by increased warmth under the skin, and a condition of excitement which subsided in an hour or two, unless I had to visit and examine another spring under similar circumstances.

Unquestionably the art of medicine on the continent has made an important conquest, in having added to the various curative means already in its power, this most energetic agent; and from

what I have witnessed of its effects on some of the most rebellious disorders, I should not hesitate to promise a cure in many of those which, at present, baffle all ordinary treatments. May the German physicians study attentively and impartially the nature of this new blessing sent by Providence to suffering humanity, and give to the world the result of their experience! So profusely is gas distributed about Franzensbad,—that one may see it—feel it—and disengage it, in every part of the town and surrounding country. Within the gas bathing-establishment it issues from what has been called the bath-spring, at the rate of five thousand seven hundred and sixty cubic feet in an hour.

With all these advantages, Franzensbad, simply on account of its locality, is not a well-frequented Spa; and it has been of late years even less so than it was twenty years ago. The number of visiters has never yet reached eight hundred; although there is good accommodation for twice that number. In proportion as Marienbad rose in fame, Franzensbad saw the number of its visiters diminish. Some years ago it was the custom, I will say fashion, to consider a course of the Franzensbad water necessary after a season at Carlsbad; and most of the principal and more important patients used to frequent both places. Fashion has now turned the other way:—Marienbad follows Carlsbad, and Franzensbad is forgotten. Yet much that is not to be found at either of the two first places is to be obtained in the third; and I consider the mud-baths to be genuine and efficacious only at the latter Spa. There is unfortunately such a monotony, and the aspect of so much dreariness, about Franzensbad—where nature seems sanative without being smiling,—that so long as the picturesque, inspiring, and enchanting scenery of the neighbouring Spas shall attract visiters and invalids, Franzensbad will stand but a poor chance of coping with such rivals. The last season at this Spa, however, was much more cheering and brilliant, though it did not last long.

The police regulations, and the taxes concerning strangers, are exactly the same as at Carlsbad, and at all the other Bohemian Spas placed under the Austrian government. They are scarcely to be felt. The rents and price of living are lower than at Carlsbad. Here also it is the fashion to breakfast in the open air, before the house, in the *Kaiserstrasse*, under the shade of the chestnut trees.

The tables d'hôte are in general dull and deserted, almost every one preferring to dine at home. The evenings hang heavy. There is a *réunion* in the great saloon twice a week, to which all visiters, for the moderate sum of three florins, get admission during the season; and nearly everybody subscribes to it. Dancing is the principal amusement at these *soirées;* but how to dance without young men? And there is a general complaint at all the Austrian Spas, where gambling is not allowed, of a great dearth of those necessary appendages to a ball-room. The *Salon*, when lighted up, and decked with flowers and other ornaments, is equal in brilliancy to the salons of any of the other Spas in Bohemia.

In spite of the unfavourable situation of Franzensbad, there are, at some little distance from it, several exceedingly pretty spots, to one or two of which visiters may proceed on foot, and to the others in a carriage. The government, anxious to promote the amusement of the strangers *en masse*, has so arranged these excursions, that on each day in the week a different one will offer, for a few hours, a source of pleasing occupation to the greater number of them. The *Schonberg*, the *Kammer Park*, *Liebenstein*, and the mineral spring of *Alexanderbad*,—so interesting to geologists,—are some of the principal points of *rendezvous* for the company. But if the summer should happen to be a rainy one, nothing, I should think, could be duller than Franzensbad.

The mineral water of this Spa has been exported to several parts of Europe, from time immemorial, under the name of "Acidulous water of Egra." At one time the water of the *Franzensquelle* was much sought after; but ferruginous mineral waters having gone out of fashion in a great measure, those of the *Salzequelle* and the *Kalte Sprudel* have since been in greater request. About two hundred thousand *cruches*, made of a particular stone called *Hyalith*, are annually exported. A gentleman named Hecht farms this exportation, for which he pays a *bonus* of sixteen thousand florins to the civil authorities of Egra. It is he who has invented that very ingenious mode of filling and corking the bottles by one and the same operation, through a neat machinery or apparatus, which has been adopted in the bottling of the natural waters at almost all the Bohemian Spas, and in the manufactories of artificial water according to Struve's method. By this operation, which is particularly expeditious, the contact

of the mineral water with the atmospheric air is completely avoided, in consequence of which no decomposition can take place, and the water keeps good for a great length of time.

Mr. Hecht was kind enough to allow me to visit and examine his vast establishment, which is placed in that large building near the *Franzensquelle*, to which I alluded when I first mentioned that spring, at the beginning of the present chapter. The operation of filling the bottles and corking them was performed before me, with a rapidity and precision truly surprising. It was Mr. Hecht, also, who substituted the hyalith for the common clay, as a material for making the *cruches;* it being less porous than the latter, and stronger. The price of the waters is the same in the case of all the springs; namely, a florin and thirty-six kreutzers a dozen for the large, and one florin and twenty-four kreutzers for the smaller *cruches.* Exported in hyalith bottles, the same water costs nearly three-fourths of the price more.

And now, if my readers will promise not to betray me, I will whisper into their ears a secret, which I found out at the "Dépôt des Eaux," of mine Herr Joseph August Hecht, and which, curiously enough, will solve a riddle propounded by myself more than nine years ago. Speaking of the enormous quantity of champagne drunk in Russia, in the second volume of my "Travels to St. Petersburgh," I stated, that "I felt confident there must be another *Champagne* country, somewhat nearer to Russia than the French Champagne, to supply what is consumed of that wine." That country, then, I think, must be this very district of Franzensbad, and the manufactory of the wine is Herr Hecht's establishment. How many hundred thousand bottles of *Champagne* that gentlemen exports from Franzensbad yearly, I will not undertake to say, though I might very easily do so: but this I will say, in justice to his honesty, that he never sends forth a single bottle without a label designating it as *Champagne* de Franzensbad. If, therefore, dishonest dealers, having once removed the original label, impose upon pretended connoisseurs; and if stupid and eager bidders choose to be taken in by the tinfoil, and the wire, and the pouting cork, and the exact size and shape of the bottle, in imitation of the real; and if they will quaff the sparkling liquid with a smack and a "how excellent!" at their own or their friends' tables,—as well as at the clubs and the leading taverns,—the fraud and sin lie not at the door of mine *Herr* Hecht.

It is true this wine is excellent, though a little too acid; and, as to sparkling, the real *Mousseux* is a baby to it. How this imitation is accomplished may be told in a few lines. A large quantity of very light, cheap Hungarian wine, both pink and white, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," is to be had at Egra for asking. The *Kalte Sprudel*, supplying out of its spring five thousand four hundred and seventy-two cubic inches of pure and free carbonic acid gas per minute, lies close at hand. The wine, with the addition of a little sugar, being put into a twelve gallon cask, placed on the machine invented by Mr. HECHT; and the gas being conducted through pipes from the said Sprudel to a forcing pump connected with that machine, five atmospheres of the gas are forced into the juice of the Hungarian grape, and the turbulent mixture is let out into bottles, without contact with the atmosphere, and corked. They are wired at one and the same time, and with the greatest rapidity, and afterwards deposited in another part of the premises, there to wait for the finishing stroke—the putting on of the *silvery cap*—which, with so many quaffers of champagne, is the *sine qua* mark of its being a genuine wine!

# CHAPTER VII.

## PULLNA, SEIDSCHUTZ, SEIDLITZ.

### ROAD TO TOEPLITZ.

Road from Carlsbad to Toeplitz—*Saatz*—Contrast—Beauty in proportion to food—The Carlsbadian husbands and their mates—*Brux*—Insulated hills—The *Borzenberg*—The Ore-mountains—The Giant mountains—*Dux*—The ill-fated Wallenstein—Diminution of level—Smiling valley of Toeplitz—An old friend—PULLNA—*Bitterwasser*—Character and composition—Its excellent qualities—Nature's chemistry in forming the Pullna waters—Struve's imitation—Striking virtues of the Pullna experienced by the author—Taste—Mode of using it—SEIDSCHUTZ—Springs of mineral water—Curious composition—Its chemical and medical properties—SEIDLITZ—Locality—Real Seidlitz and London Seidlitz—Composition of both contrasted—Medicinal effects—Temperature of the three springs—Exportation of the waters.

ONE hundred and seventy-seven are the mineral waters publicly known and resorted to, within a circuit of about eight hundred and twelve miles, constituting that part of the Austrian territory which is generally designated by the name of Bohemia. TOEPLITZ is of the number, and to that name are attached a thousand historical recollections. Thither we bent our way on leaving Carlsbad, as the reader will probably recollect, who left us, on that occasion, on the great and new *Chaussée* of Kaiser Francis, winding in zigzag lines to the summit of the perpendicular hill which frowns over the Sovereign Spa, on the south side of its valley. Once fairly ascended to the plateau, we drove at a tediously slow rate along the hilly road through Buchau and Liebkowitz, the two first post-towns, distant about ten English miles from each other, and the second of which we reached in six hours from the time of leaving Carlsbad. Fortunately the pace at which we were proceeding allowed me leisure to make several interesting observations, on the state of the country through which we passed, and to examine the agricultural as well as the geological condition of the Ellbogen district.

The road first takes a south direction, making an immense *détour*, owing to the intervening chain of hills which the great mountain-range, called the *Erzgebirge* or Ore-mountains, throws

off nearly at right angles, and which prevents a more direct communication between Carlsbad and Toeplitz. Were it not for this interruption, or forced deviation, the distance between those two celebrated Spas, which is now six German *postes* and three quarters, or sixty English miles, would be little more than the half. A road established between Carlsbad and *Tuppau*, and thence to *Saatz*, would accomplish this object; nor is such a road impracticable. But although longer, the present road is in excellent condition and much frequented. On this occasion, we felt all the inconvenience of its being common to those who were travelling from Carlsbad to Prague, inasmuch as the ceremony of the *Sacre* of Ferdinand of Austria, about to take place (1836) in that capital, was attracting thither all the fashionables from Carlsbad, by whom every quadruped that the post-houses could produce, to forward them on their eager excursion, was completely monopolized. A little beyond Liebkowitz, the road divides; and ours, after quitting the high *chaussée*, bent nearly northwards, to reach, after two more posts, the town of SAATZ.

This miserable-looking place stands on an eminence—one of many which here follow, one after the other, in constant succession, but which are wholly destitute of interest or beauty. They are, in fact, the deposits of sand and coarse gravel, fragments, and *detritus*, from the surrounding primitive mountains, which can be just perceived in the distance, and form the only attractive features around. Nothing can be more barren or dismal-looking than the country in the immediate neighbourhood of *Saatz*. Yet a spirited individual has bestowed, much to his credit, a sum of money to erect a handsome suspension-bridge over the Eger, where that river sweeps around the foot of the hill on which the town is situated.

I find in this district of Bohemia a fresh illustration of my theory respecting the relation which exists, not between situation and the favourable appearance of the inhabitants, abstractedly speaking, but between situation coupled with produce, and the appearance in question. Here we have a cluster of hills as numerous as those of Carlsbad, many of them belonging to the same order of mountains, and grouped nearly in a similar manner. But here half the district is barren. It is destitute of verdure, and for miles around scarcely a vestige of trees is to be seen. And what are the looks of the women, the children, and even of the male branch of the population? Just as unfavourable as

those of the Carlsbadians are the reverse. In fact, the women, as I before remarked, are good-looking, lively, well shaped, and have most pleasing physiognomies, at Carlsbad. They are here withered, sallow, wrinkled before old age, with a half-senile and half-idiotic countenance. As to the men, most of them are frightful and ill-favoured by nature; while many of their *fair* partners have swelled throats, though not quite a *goître*. And yet the distance between the two localities is only forty-five English miles! I saw at Carlsbad the *Marktplatz* full of the neighbouring *paysannes*, on a Saturday morning. I saw it equally crowded by similar classes of people at Saatz, on the following Tuesday. On comparing the personal appearance of the two female throngs, it seemed to me as if I had been suddenly transported from Otaheite to the Esquimaux land—from the island of Calypso to that of Lemnos.

Yet the Carlsbadian husbands, and the peasants of that district, are wont to condemn such agreeable mates to the grossest and the coarsest of the out-door labours, while they themselves remain comparatively inactive. I have seen, more than once, a couple of lubberly fellows, after they had done their light daily work in a shop, or in a field, or on the *chaussée* near the town, return home smoking leisurely their pipes, their coats carelessly thrown across one shoulder, their feet covered with good stout boots, followed by a wife or a daughter, or both, young, good-looking, well made, and graceful in their gait, carrying a heavy load on their back, in which I recognised even the working-tools of their unfeeling husbands or parents, and under which they seemed to bend at times nearly double;—and they were barefooted too!

The interest of this road begins after leaving Brux, a deserted town, in most of the streets of which the grass is growing. A vast plain of several miles of ploughed fields, destitute of trees, and without a single hedge, terminates under the very wall of that place; whence the road plunges among the thickest of the inferior ranges of the Ore-mountains on the north, and of the Giant mountains in front, one of which, the *Mittel-Gebirge*, descends as low down as the plain of Brux. In that plain a totally insulated hill is a frequent feature. There they stand, naked, arid, and rounded at their summits, like regular sugar-loaf cones, holding no connexion with one another, and presenting the character of those volcanic groups of central France which are seen to rise

abruptly from the general level of the surrounding country. Here their number is countless. A remarkable one of these, and the highest, consisting of clinkstone, is the *Borzenberg*, near Billin, which we perceived on our right, and soon left behind. As we advanced we penetrated farther and farther into the interior of a most romantic part of Bohemia—the mountain district of the Elbe—where at every league new objects of interest rise to view. Luckily, the *chaussée* is in most excellent order, and very hard, owing to the fragments of gneiss rock which are used in its construction.

Ossegg, a small town at the foot of the Ore-mountains (*Erzgebirge*), placed in a very agreeable glen on our left, is one of the more distant points of attraction, which the invalids at Toeplitz are recommended to visit; not only on account of its ancient abbey, the beautiful interior of which, as well as its library and gardens, are worthy of attention; but also for the purpose of starting from thence, with a guide, to mount the Riesenburg, or Giant's Fort; one of the boldest specimens of castellated structure, placed on the summit of a perpendicular hill, of which the ninth century can boast.

The more important town of Dux lies in our road, at the bottom of a steep hill, which leads us from one plateau of this mountain district to another. Dux is considered as a place worthy of attention, for its extensive gardens, as well as on account of the palace, in which many of the objects remind us of the tragical fate of that unfortunate and betrayed chieftain, Wallenstein.

The gradual diminution of the level on which we were travelling became more and more apparent, as we proceeded, in the reappearance of a livelier vegetation, and of numerous tender plants and frailer trees, which were seen everywhere, intermixed with the red-tiled houses of the villages, numerously scattered about the country. Beyond Dux the country is everywhere lovely. We were now closely encompassed by hills, wooded to their very tops. The space around us had become more and more contracted, until at last, as we approached more closely to the great Saxon mountains, we found ourselves travelling through a smiling valley, where every object within the scan of the human eye assumes that peculiar character of amenity by which nature seems to have marked the seat of salutary springs, except in the case of Egra. From a plateau, elevated upwards of thirteen

hundred feet above the level of the sea when we left Carlsbad, we had now descended into a level of seven hundred and twenty feet; that being the altitude of the valley of TOEPLITZ, in which are found the celebrated hot springs.

But, before we treat of these and of Toeplitz itself, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the country from which we have just emerged, in order to notice three other important cold mineral springs, which are met with between the western slope of the *Mittlegebirge* and *Brux*, on the road to Toeplitz, in one part of that plateau to which I have alluded, as being strewed with round and insulated hills, like gigantic sandhills on a desert sea-shore.

On the verge of the verdant and fertile district called Leimeritz Kreis, and at the termination of the dull, uninteresting road from Saatz, are the springs in question, clustered nearly together,—each pregnant with health, and each bearing a name familiarly known in Europe;—*Pullna*, *Seidschütz*, and *Seidlitz*. I visited with satisfaction these springs, to the former of which I owe the renovation of my constitution, previously damaged by an arduous and ill-requited service in the navy of Great Britain; as well as by subsequent years of hard professional duties in the metropolis. Who could refrain, being nigh at hand, from once more saluting the spot to whose salutary *bitterwasser* he owed years of comfort and immunity from disease?

## PULLNA.

PULLNA is a miserable-looking village, standing in the midst of some extensive fields. The wells, from which the mineral water is obtained, are not a natural occurrence, but are dug by the peasants, who drink no other water except what is obtained from them. In years of drought the number of wells is increased. I saw as many as thirty of these. At first the water which appears in these wells or pits, from ten to twelve feet deep, is not at all bitter; but after a few weeks it becomes so; and it then acquires those specific qualities for which it has gained a well-merited celebrity, under the name of *Bitterwasser*, or PULLNA water. Large quantities of it are exported to every part of Germany in wide, short-necked stone bottles, bearing either of those names,—more generally the *first*; and sometimes the name of the place, differently spelt from the one just mentioned, such as *Bilna*, *Pilna*, or *Pülna*.

The transition of a natural water to the state of a mineral water, is a phenomenon which deserves the attention of the chemist and the physiologist. When the water in a newly-dug well is examined, it is found to contain scarcely any sensible or well-defined salt. Professor Pleischl of Prague, and my friend Professor Struve of Dresden, examined the water after it had remained for some time in the well, and found in a pint of it not less than 188½ grains of solid ingredients, among which are three salts not usually found in other mineral waters—at least not in such large proportions: I allude to the carbonate and the muriate of magnesia, and the sulphate of potash. To the combination of these three ingredients, more than to the presence of Epsom and Glauber salts, which it also contains in considerable quantities, I ascribe the peculiar sanative and alterative effect of this mineral water. The two last-mentioned salts are evidently the primitive agents of its purgative property; but the three former are the specific agents of its invaluable virtues, in restoring the various secretions to their natural standard. The Pullna water, moreover, is entirely free from iron, and contains only a very small proportion of free carbonic acid gas.

The manner in which the water acquires these salts is curious. The wells are dug out of a transition soil, which consists principally of basalt and *Klingstein*, or phonolith. By remaining a week or two in these wells, the water is enabled to dissolve the constituent principles of those volcanic remains, and becomes bitter in consequence. That such is nature's process is proved by the success with which Struve has imitated the Pullna water. He collected some of the earth from the fields of Pullna, and passed distilled water over it, which became bitter only after some days had elapsed. This single experiment proves the correctness of his theory, respecting the simple process of solution, employed by nature in the formation of mineral waters—which process he has adopted in his imitations. In his experiment respecting the Pullna water, he placed the volcanic earth from the plain of Pullna, and distilled water, in a glass hermetically sealed; and when he opened it, he was surprised to find some carbonic gas. He was puzzled to account for the origin of it; but, on further inquiry, he found that among the constituents of this volcanic earth, *silicate* of *alumine* and carbonate of lime were present; and as the *silicionic* acid has a greater affinity for the

lime than for alumine, the carbonate was decomposed, and the acid gas set at liberty.

Of the several successful imitations of mineral waters by Struve,* I hold that of Pullna to be the most remarkable in many respects. At all events, I can state from long personal experience, that it is uniformly successful, and that it challenges the minutest chemical scrutiny.

About ten years ago, on passing through the neighbourhood of Pullna, heated from a journey of two thousand miles, performed without stoppage by night or by day; and suffering from that habitual state of the body for which I had, like many more of the inhabitants of London, taken bushels of aperient pills in the preceding years,—I was induced, on principle, to try the effect of the *Bitterwasser*. The result of that trial was, that I recovered my health—conquered my habitual difficulty of digestion—abandoned all pills—have never taken any since—and find it necessary only to drink about two ounces of the Pullna water to keep all straight. But as the real Pullna is not to be had easily in England, and is not very good when one gets it, I had recourse to the artificial one prepared at Brighton, without detecting, either in taste or in its effects, at first, or at any time since, the slightest difference between the natural and the artificial water. The latter I have therefore been in the habit of recommending, with the greatest success, in many cases analogous to my own; and I will be bold to say that, were its virtues better known, and its use more general, we should not hear of half the complaints against those endless pills and draughts for cleansing the bowels, with which most of the medical visits conclude in England.†

* I intend writing on this subject at considerable length on some future occasion, when I shall also describe the several institutions established abroad, as well as in England, for the preparation and administration of these waters.

† The period of time which has elapsed since these observations were first published, has supplied me with a number of instances of indigestion, and of troublesome disease of the abdominal viscera, perfectly cured through the use of the Pullna alone, taken under proper direction. I could burthen this volume with cases of this kind if the present were a medical work. An opinion may be formed of the favour in which, at my recommendation, Pullna water has got in London, when the statement made to me by Mr. Schweitzer, director of the German Spa at Brighton, is taken into consideration. That gentleman informed me in April last, that "the sale of the Pullna has been double what it was before the publication of the "Spas of Germany." This refers to 1837; and the sale for this year has increased in the same proportion."

The taste of the Pullna water is *bitter*, and reminds one, very slightly, of that of Epsom salts; it is, however, peculiar, and evidently not in accordance with the intensity of its ingredients. This induced me to think that the application of heat might probably develope more effectually the latter, and render it necessary to take so much less of the water in order to produce a purgative effect. But as the direct application of heat to the mineral water, besides driving off the little free carbonic acid present, might decompose some of its saline ingredients, I preferred warming the Pullna by means of the addition of an equal quantity of boiling water; and the result has answered my most sanguine expectations. On my mentioning this fact last year to Struve at Dresden, he thought it an exceedingly curious coincidence, that the peasants at Pullna, in answer to a question he had put to them the spring before, when he visited the district for the third time, "whether, as they had no other water to drink, they did not find that of the wells to affect their bowels," told him, "that in its natural state the water had no such effect on their constitution, but that when necessary they could produce that effect, by heating the water before they drank it."

## SEIDSCHUTZ.

SEIDSCHUTZ lies in a plain of the same geological character as that of Pullna, and not far from it; having from ten to twelve springs of mineral water, which is even more intensely bitter than that of Pullna, and is distinguished from it, as well as from all the other mineral waters mentioned in these volumes, by the presence of a considerable proportion of *nitrate* of magnesia. Upon analyzing the earth around the springs of Seidschütz, Struve found all those ingredients in it which are also found in the water; but he could not, for some time, detect the source of that one peculiar mineral salt, the nitrate of magnesia, which was contained in the water. At last, by examining more minutely the localities, he discovered that there were three or four extensive marshes or lagoons, higher up, and above the level of the springs,—which lagoons I saw on my way to Toeplitz,—and in which plants as well as animalcules were abundant. Struve suspected that these, during the process of their decomposition, might supply the nitric acid. Accordingly, he proceeded to analyze the water of the lagoons, and sure enough he detected in it *nitrate* of magnesia, with nothing else. It was evident, there-

fore, that this water, so charged with the salt, made its way, by percolation, to the lower level, as far as the springs in the neighbourhood; dissolving as it proceeded other ingredients from the contiguous minerals, and thus forming the Seidschütz water.

This water is an effectual purgative, and in the hands of a judicious practitioner, well acquainted with its properties, may be substituted with effect for many *messes* and *compounds* from the apothecary's shop, in cases of obstruction, and slight attacks of hepatic disorders. It contains the smallest indication possible of iron, and the solid contents in a pint amount to one hundred and thirty grains. Struve has imitated this water with equal success.

## SEIDLITZ.

Seidlitz. Who has not become acquainted with this name, through the gentle and pleasing aperient salt, so called, sold to the public in this country, as being either an imitation of, or the real salt itself, from the celebrated springs found in the village of *Seidlitz*, immediately adjoining to that of Seidschütz? And yet the two things are as different as possible; and the nature, proportion, and qualities of their respective ingredients are equally different. The taste of the real Seidlitz is bitter; which is due to the presence of not less than a drachm and two-thirds of Epsom salts in a pint of the water. That of the London Seidlitz is acid, there being not a particle of the Epsom in it! In the real, the presence of carbonic acid is exceedingly small. In the London Seidlitz it is excessive, and renders the water effervescent! In the real there is muriate of magnesia, which the London sellers of Seidlitz salts have not even attempted to introduce; but in lieu of it they have forced into the combination a quantity of tartrate of soda, which is not present, either in the real Seidlitz or in any other mineral water on earth! In fact, the pretended Seidlitz salts sold in England, have nothing in common with the chemical component parts of the genuine Seidlitz water of Bohemia, except their assumed name; and yet to this very day one reads in the printed papers which accompany the boxes of the London Seidlitz salts, that they possess "all the medicinal properties of the much-esteemed Seidlitz spring in Germany!"* At the same

* Something more than this has been done since the publication of "the Spas" by some venders of Seidlitz powders. They have actually appealed to that book for a testimony of the faithfulness of their imitation of the natural salts!

time I do not deny, that a solution of the London Seidlitz salts in spring water is a tolerably pleasant and easy purgative.

The real Seidlitz water is valuable as a cooling, antiphlogistic, diuretic, and aperient medicine. In fevers, given in small doses, it stands well as a substitute for the *saline draught*, and the more drastic purgatives, particularly where the patient has been previously exhausted by the action of powerful remedies, or the successive paroxysms of the disease.

The temperature of the three springs just described is the same—58° of Fahrenheit; and it never varies, even in the hottest summers. No patient frequents these springs,—the locality of which would be unfavourable for the establishment of a watering-place;—but, from the wells, the water is carefully put in stone-bottles, and sent to different parts of Germany. Dr. Struve's imitations of them may be taken with the fullest confidence, as identical in their effects with the natural waters.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## TOEPLITZ.

## SCHÖNAU.

Approach to Toeplitz—*Les paysannes*—Hotel de la Poste—*Langestrasse*—*Schlossplatz*—Chateau de Clary—Sleeping in royal beds—German tardiness and German honesty—Visit to the principal physician—The Stadtbad—Its three springs—The *Hauptquelle*—Public and private baths—Fürstliche—*Frauenzimmerbad*—*Fürstenbad*—*Girdlenbad*—*Baade Platz*—Visit to the public baths of both sexes—Singular scene—Il Purgatorio—Temperature of the springs—The Herrnhaus—Distribution of the waters—Number of baths—Price of bathing—*Kurtax*—Register—Effect of a tepid bath on the author, and of one much warmer—Singular feeling on the skin—Mud-baths imitated—Cold mineral spring for the eyes—The ladies' garden—The *beau monde* drinking cold mineral waters—Schönau—Its four different springs and buildings—General medical effects of the Toeplitz mineral water—Diseases cured—Its power in proportion to its ingredients—Analysis of the water—A sealed book—Geology of the *Hauptquelle*—The Prince De Clary—His zeal for Toeplitz—Physicians—Dr. Bischof—His character—Climate and air of Toeplitz—Principal hotels and their localities—Cheap living—A repast and its charges—The streets—Amusements—Daily occupation—The haut-ton—Theatre—Memorable 1813—The Schlossberg—A narrative—The Great Congress.

In approaching Toeplitz, situated in the midst of a rich country, smiling all round with nature's bountiful gifts, and strewed with villas and chateaux, the surest indication of individual wealth, we noticed again a corresponding change in the appearance of the inhabitants. The men as well as women are of a superior cast, taller, better made, and better looking, than those of the more elevated plateau of Saatz. I was struck, in particular, by the neatness of their costume, and the smart style in which the women dress their hair. Some of the humblest class, who wear nothing on their heads, and walk barefooted, displayed the most elegant coiffures.

I had been recommended to put up at the *Post-hof*, which is also the principal hotel in the place; and thither I repaired, on our arrival about noon. The Poste is situated about the middle of a long and wide street, called *Langestrasse*, which is open and airy with some good-looking houses, and several first-rate hotels in it.

At its northern extremity it is terminated by the Markt-platz, and at the opposite or upper end by the Schloss-platz. Some of the remarkable features of the latter are, the great chateau of the Prince de Clary, with its neat chapel, the theatre, and the Stadt-kirke, whose towers are a mixture of the Gothic and Lombard style of architecture. In this square there is also a large fountain, the centrepiece of which is an obelisk of stone, rising fifty feet, charged in every possible direction, both on its angles and its sides, with statues of saints, angels, and other emblems, by which the artist, BRAUN, has endeavoured to represent the great mystery of the Holy Trinity.

Our landlord of the Poste, chatty, lively, and speaking French, ushered us at once into a suite of rooms (an *enfilade* of at least ten) which had been vacated that very morning by the King and Queen of Saxony, and their suite, who had set off on their way to Prague, to assist at the *Sacre* of the Austrian emperor. So that, by loitering on the road from Carlsbad, through motives of curiosity and instruction, we arrived just in time to select two excellent rooms, out of a whole suite on the principal floor, in which Royalty had lodged, and to occupy the very chamber in which one of the royal consorts had only the previous night reposed.

Before proceeding to any other occupation, I called for a bottle of the real Pullna, or as I heard it pronounced here, *Billna Wasser*—an old acquaintance of nearly ten years standing—one of those oddly-shaped, squeezed, square, rough-made *cruchons de terre*, corked *comme il faut*, and duly stamped at the well, which I had seen before. I quaffed, with a *gusto* proportioned to my expectation of deriving benefit from it, two goblets in succession of its deliciously nasty contents, mixed with hot water; and soon after, having made our respective toilettes, we sat down to a most capital *déjeúner à la fourchette*—capital, though tediously served; for here, again, we suffered from the excessive slowness in the movements of this nation. It is Germany all over. The Bavarian and the Suabian are not slower than the Bohemian and the Saxon. At the inns, above all, they are provokingly so in their attendance. At these establishments the only show of quick movement is in welcoming a traveller on his first arrival. Beyond this first *empressement*, all is again nature—eternal tardiness. But what of that? *Chacun a sa manière*; and so have

nations; and if the Germans have the peculiarity just alluded to, which distinguishes them from the mercurial Frenchman, and the impatient Italian, they have also many redeeming qualities, among which two are truly precious—honesty of purpose, and an unsophisticated heart.

One of these honest, straightforward, and good-natured Germans, I found in the principal physician of the place, Dr. Bischof, a name well known in the medical literature of his country. To him I went to pay my respects the moment I left the hotel. In the course of two hours conversation, the learned doctor made me master of the *carte du pays;* immediately after which we proceeded together, to examine the several springs and bathing-establishments.



The principal baths are distributed in four distinct buildings. In the building called the Stadtbad, represented in the vignette, are the three chief hot springs of Toeplitz, belonging to the town, the first of which is called the *Hauptquelle.* The water from them, besides supplying three public baths, and twenty-four private ones in the house, is distributed to other private baths as well as to those which belong to Prince Clary, who has a claim to the supply.

To the right of the Stadtbad is a second building, containing the private baths for the ladies of rank, (*Fürstliche Frauenzimmerbaad,*) and next to it a third neat edifice, with private baths

for gentlemen, called *Die Fürstenbader*. The two latter buildings form the western side of the Baade-platz, with a smaller bathing-establishment intervening, which belongs to a private individual. He is the only citizen who enjoys that privilege, and to whom the mineral spring of the Stadtbad supplies the necessary water, without any charge. It is called the *Girdlerbad*, from the circumstance of the person who first obtained the privilege having professed the art of a girdle-maker.

The north or principal side of the Baade-platz, which is a fine open space, is entirely occupied by the seignorial house of the Prince de Clary, denominated the *Fürstliche Herrnhaus*, and the two remaining sides of the square are formed by several hotels. I have introduced a little farther on (page 236) a general view of this great *foyer* of Toeplitz—the grand rendezvous of all the invalids, visiters, and idlers at that political Spa.

I visited the three public baths in the Stadtbad: namely, that for the men (*Menschenbad*)—for the wives and daughters of citizens (*Frauenbad*)—and for the wives of the common people (*Weiberbad*). The first and last are under ground, and vaulted over. They may be compared to large cellars that have been inundated. The roof is supported by pillars; and light is admitted through small windows from the street.

The scene that presented itself on entering the bath of the men, as well as the separate one of the women, under the guidance of Dr. Bischof,—who insisted on my doing so, and who quieted the incipient alarm of the ladies, by exclaiming that I was *only* a doctor,—beggars description. Both these baths were *quite full* of bathers. The heat of them was 113°, and the steam almost prevented a distinct view of the objects. Still I could perceive that both the men and the women who were bathing had been recently cupped, or had had leeches applied to their backs, their shoulders, or their chests, and that blood was streaming from the wounds, fresh and free, into the water. These poor creatures, who have all an equal right to use these baths gratuitously, cannot enter the water, on account of its great heat, without first losing blood, or they would expose themselves to serious accidents. Some were lying down in the water; others standing up; a few were playing and gamboling about; while many were engaged in rubbing one another. In both the baths, the greater number of the men and the women were stripped of

all clothes; but a few wore a small handkerchief round their waists. The whole spectacle reminded me strongly of those fiery pictures of "*le anime nel purgatorio*," which one meets at the door of almost every church in Italy, over the begging or alms-box.

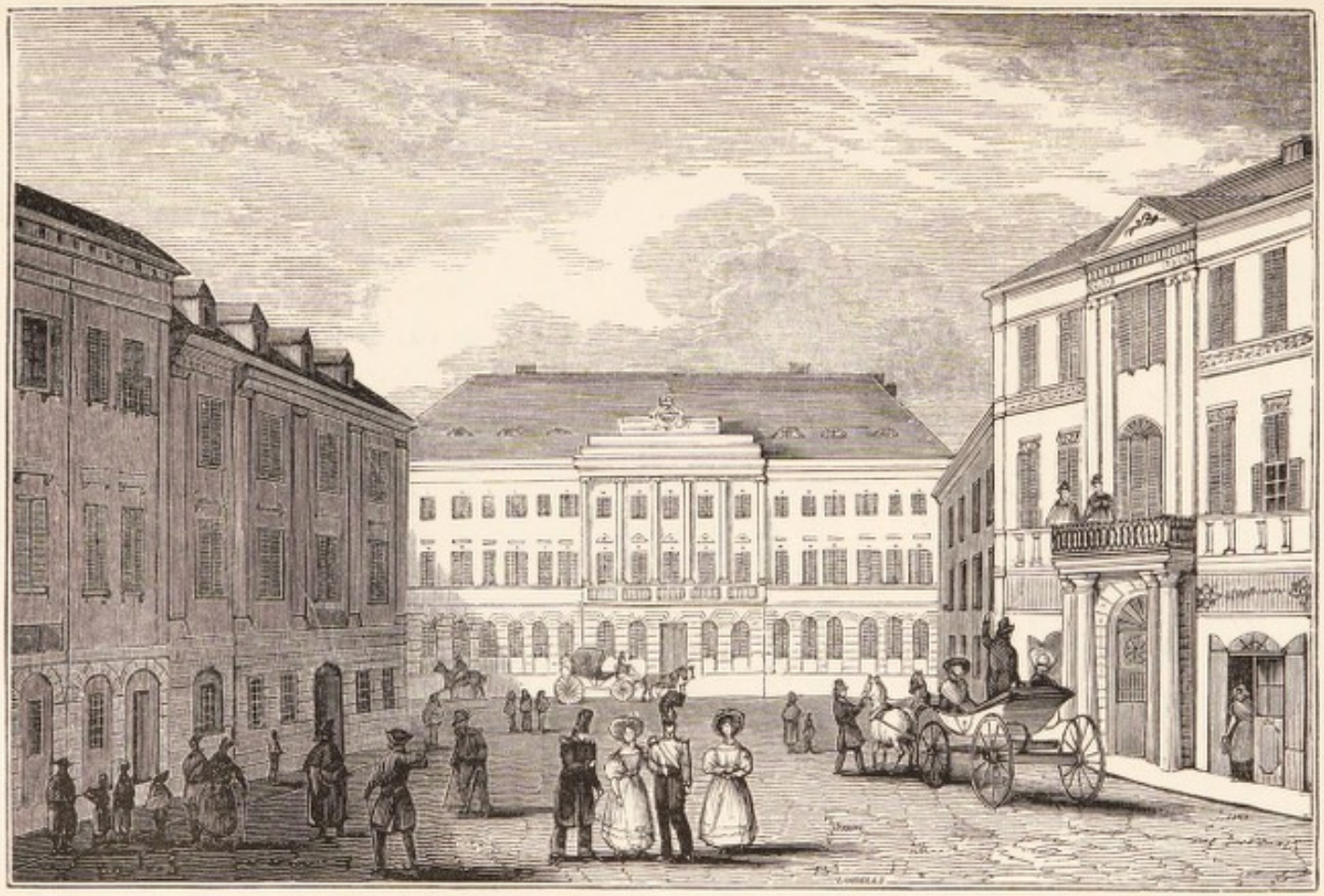
The colour of the water in the principal baths is opalescent, and on its surface almost green. In its natural state, however, and after it has cooled in two large square reservoirs of stone, erected on purpose in the courts of the building, the water loses some of its gases, deposits oxyde of iron, and becomes clear. In the baths just described, the hot water was of all colours.

The principal spring of the Stadtbad supplies also three baths, called the Jews' baths. The quantity of water which the chief spring in the Stadtbad yields, is truly marvellous—being not less than one million one hundred and eighty-nine thousand six hundred and seventy cubic feet an hour.

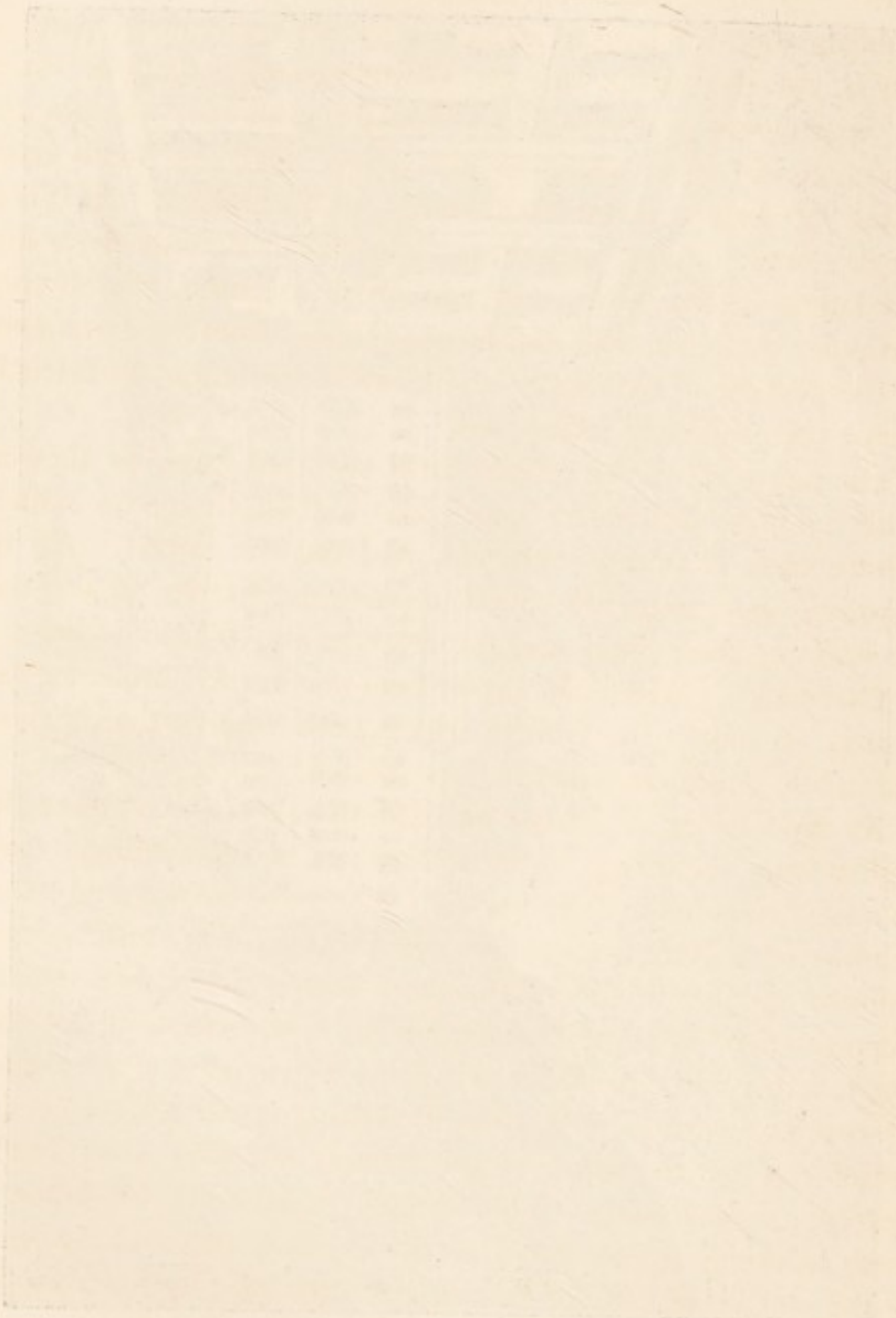
If we may rely on the accuracy of former observers, the temperature of these springs has, in the course of forty years, increased from 117° Fahrenheit to 122°. The latter is the present temperature of the principal spring, as ascertained by myself. It is only 120° at the mouth of the pipe, and from 113° to 114° in the private as well as public baths, unless purposely cooled down, by the addition of mineral water from the cooling reservoir—an operation which is often had recourse to. The difference, therefore, between the highest known temperature of the mineral spring at Toeplitz, and that of Carlsbad, is not less than 20° of Reaumur; that is to say, that the *Sprudel* is 45° of Fahrenheit hotter than the *Hauptquelle* at Toeplitz.

The Herrnhaus is a smart building, with fine suites of apartments, and six baths for the convenience of persons lodging in the house. This establishment, of which Dr. Bischof is the superintending physician, has, in addition to the hot water which the princely landlord has a right to receive from the principal spring in the Stadtbad, a spring of its own. From this spring the principal ladies' private bath-house is entirely supplied. Its temperature is somewhat lower than that of the springs in the Stadtbad.

The general supply from the spring is regulated in such a manner, that the water is never used or interfered with at the source itself; and pipes of distribution proceed from it to the



HERRN HAUS, TOEPLITZ



different establishments, as at Baden, independently of each other. In this manner, all chances of the water which has been used for one bath, such as the public baths for example, (which are immediately in contact with the spring,) being made to serve for any other, are effectually avoided.

Although there are accommodations for lodgers in some of the establishments for bathing which I have enumerated, (particularly in the Herrnhaus and the Girdlerhouse, in both of which the apartments are excellent,) Toeplitz does not possess the advantage of Baden, where so many large and fine hotels have, within themselves, extensive bathing establishments. At Toeplitz the larger number of visiters, who live at the numerous inns and hotels in the town, must, in order to bathe, choose their particular establishment, and proceed thither from their residence, for the purpose of bathing:—an inconvenience often much felt by such as are seriously indisposed.

The prices of all the private baths are fixed here, as they are at all the other Bohemian Spas. The highest charge for a single private bath is twenty kreutzers, and ten the lowest. All the *kurgäste*, or visiters, are bound to pay a mere trifle, in addition, for warming their linen, and for attendance. There is here, as at Carlsbad, a government tax of from one to two florins, for each visiter, or head of a family; which goes towards the repairs of the public buildings, and the improvement of Toeplitz.

As the number of basins for bathing amount to no more than eighty-four, including those situated in a small village called Schönau, adjoining Toeplitz, (of which more anon,) and as the number of visiters is very often considerable, it became indispensable to regulate the hours of bathing for every individual. For this purpose there is, at each establishment, a very respectable person and his wife placed in charge of it, who keep registers of the patients of both sexes who are desirous of bathing at particular hours, in which register the name of the bather, and the chosen hour of bathing, are set down. This formality once arranged—either on each morning, or once for all at the commencement of the season—the movements of the bathers are regulated by the ringing of a bell, as at Wildbad in the Black Forest; and it becomes very important to pay attention to these manœuvres, in order not to lose one's turn.

I must now be allowed to "take a leaf" out of my note-book,

just as I penned it, in order to describe the effect of a Toeplitz bath on the human body. "Just returned from having a dip (of nearly an hour) in one of the private basins at the *Fürsten*, or Prince's baths, for which I paid twenty-four kreutzers, and six to the attendant, because I gave him a little more trouble than usual. The room is most elegantly fitted up with white curtains blinds, and outside *jalousies*, to keep out the sun. The floor is divided into an upper and a lower portion. In the latter, a sunken basin, of an oval shape, occupies the centre. On the former, which is always warm, from being placed immediately over the *Hauptquelle*, there is a carpet, a sofa, a toilet-table, and the convenience for hanging up clothes, &c. A warm sheet and a towel are deposited on a table, at the time of entering the bath. The basin, which is large, is lined all round and at the bottom with tiles of porcelain, which are often corroded or stained yellow by the iron. You descend into the bath by three steps. This gives to the immersion of the body a graduation which is pleasant. The two cocks, of hot and of cooled mineral water, lie close at hand. At the farthest end of the basin a waste pipe, constantly open, carries off the superfluous water which in my case it was necessary to discharge; as I suffered the pipe supplying the hot mineral spring water from the source, to run all the while I was in the bath, after the first fifteen minutes.

"The atmosphere of the room was 73° by my thermometer. I found on trial the temperature of the water in the basin to be only 90°, although I had ordered it at 96°. But this mistake is generally made at all the hot baths, where I should recommend invalids never to trust the statement of the bath-master, but to depend on the thermometer only. I put the bulb of that instrument to the mouth of the hot pipe, while I let the hot steam out. The mercury rose to 115°, and would not stir a fraction from that point. By this accession of hot water, the bath having attained a temperature of 96°, I went in and felt the water pleasant, and generally cooler near to the skin than a few inches from it, or on the surface. This latter fact I had also noticed at Baden and Gastein, but not at Wildbad, where the temperature of 97° is permanent.

"When I entered the bath my pulse was quiet, rather slow, and moderate in strength. The water in the bath was perfectly limpid. In a few seconds the skin, previously smooth and satiny

became ruvid; all the loose parts of it corrugated and became firm, even to the muscles, which felt harder than before. Presently the skin had become so coarse, that the hand with difficulty could glide over its surface. The hand itself was wrinkled, and two fingers rubbed against each other felt rough, and made a marked noise, as if two rough surfaces were rubbed against each other. This condition of the skin lasted for some time, even after I had come out of the water. Big drops stood on the surface of the body, after quitting the bath, with more tenacity than I have remarked in the case of other warm baths; and these remained immovable, in spite of a good deal of action in walking to the upper end of the room, stooping to get the linen, and so forth. The water did not produce any other sensible effect, such as tingling or otherwise, on the skin, nor any sensation whatever in the head. The breathing was slightly oppressed when I lay at full length in the basin, and the heart intermitted a little. The pulse became somewhat quicker and rounder, and beat a little more strongly. On the whole I should not consider such a moderate degree of heat in any way dangerous to persons affected with a tendency of blood to the head; which would be my case, were I not to take every care to prevent it.

"On a second trial I prepared the water in the bath at 100°, and after a quarter of an hour suffered the hot-water pipe to flow incessantly into the basin; so that at last my thermometer marked 112°. The effect on the skin at first was not so marked as in the previous experiment; but on the circulation the impression seemed very distinct. Before ten minutes had elapsed, my head felt heavy, the blood-vessels beat sonorously, the pulse rose to 100, the heart was unsteady, but the breathing remained quite natural; nay I thought it more ethereal. A sensation of general vigour throughout the system, at the same time, pervaded my whole frame, which was, however, followed by one of exhaustion, half an hour after I had quitted the bath. It was no easy task to wipe the body dry after coming out of the water; so incessantly did the big drops of perspiration force themselves through the pores of the skin, on every part of the body. Comparing these sensations with those I experienced the first time I went into a Russian vapour-bath* at a temperature of 120 de-

* See "St. Petersburg," vol. i. p. 491—494, for a full description of a Russian bath.

grees, when at St. Petersburg, in 1827, I am surprised that a lower degree of heat at Toeplitz, on using water, should have produced effects so different from those which were caused by a higher temperature from the use of steam and hot air."

The six private baths in the Herrnhaus, which I examined, are very elegantly fitted up in every respect, and the best of the kind I have seen anywhere. I must in justice make the same remark, in reference to all the other private baths,—which are, at Toeplitz, unquestionably superior to those of any other Spa in Germany.

I have hinted, elsewhere, that the mania of having mud-baths is raging just now, at all the German Spas, even where nature has not yielded the necessary materials for them: and this, because those at Franzensbad are known to be so potent and effective. Here, at Toeplitz, Dr. Bischof and his colleagues have been striving to establish such baths; and that gentleman showed me the stone reservoir in the garden of the Herrnhaus, in which a man under his direction was preparing the *schlamm* or mud for that purpose. I could not help shrugging my shoulders at the sight, and telling him, that his manufactory of dirt would never be a good substitute for the *real schlamm*.

Toeplitz is essentially a bathing-place. Of late years, however, the establishment of a public garden behind the Herrnhaus, called the Ladies' Garden, with a colonnade and a portico in the centre, where a band plays at an early hour every morning, has brought much into vogue the drinking of the mineral water,—not from the hot spring, but from another spring which is situated in a new pump-room within the said garden. Here also a second and equally deep spring is found, which is used only for external application, in cases of sore eyes. The temperature of this spring is 75°; that of the former, the water of which is drunk, is 77°. Carbonic gas and azote escape from both springs. Schmaltz, a celebrated oculist of Pirna, near Dresden, recommends strongly this species of eyewash in scrofulous disorders of the eyes, dry eyelids, obstructed lachrymal passages, &c. The case of the son of Lord H—— was cited to me, as having been greatly benefited by this application. Both springs are open to the public generally, except during the hours already mentioned.

Besides the water already referred to, the invalids who assemble in the garden have an opportunity of drinking also the

Marienbad and the Franzensbad waters, the Ragozi, Pullna, and Seidschütz, which are imported purposely from those Spas. The influx of invalids to this place is both numerous and brilliant; and the garden is one of the rendezvous for the best company in Toeplitz, during upwards of two hours every morning.

I learned afterwards, that one or two physicians have recommended the internal use of the hot mineral spring of Toeplitz, as they consider it equal in its effects to some of the springs in Carlsbad.

At SCHÖNAU, a village close to Toeplitz, to which an excellent road leads between two elevated granite hills—the *Spitzi-geberg* and the *Spital-berg*—there is the *Steinbad*, or stone bath, a very pretty building with a rotundo, containing a large spring, from the bottom of which bubbles of gas are constantly escaping. The *Steinbad* has three public and fourteen private baths. In a neat round temple not far from the *Steinbad* there are six triangular tepid baths, from a natural spring, with a temperature of about 90°, which issues through a sandy bottom on which the bather sits. This is the case, also, with the baths in another large building called the *Schlangenbad*. Independently of these three bathing-houses there is a hot sulphurous spring (*Schwefelbad*) at Schönau, which is much used in cutaneous complaints. The building over it is *mesquin*. The baths at Schönau are much frequented, and some of the handsomest and best hotels are to be found, either on the road from Toeplitz to Schönau, or in Schönau itself. Dr. Bischof, who is greatly advanced in years, having become indisposed in consequence of his incessant exertions in my behalf the day before, was unable to accompany me to Schönau, where I examined minutely every establishment.

The medicinal effects of the hot springs of Toeplitz have been admitted, by all physicians acquainted with them, to be very striking in all cases of suppressed gout, chronic rheumatism, diseases of the articulations, paralytic affections, contracted limbs, old wounds, night pains in the bones, particularly of the legs, and in many other diseases in which the hot springs of Baden and Weisbaden have been equally recommended. But from experience I may state, that the specific virtue of these baths lies in the power they possess of restoring a cripple—it matters little from what cause—to perfect motion and elasticity. I have sent

thither men with sundry chalk-stones on the hands and feet; others, whose knee-joints were stiff from repeated attacks of rheumatism; a lady, who had had the *swelled* leg after her confinement, and had felt the bad effects of it for some months, so as nearly to take away the entire use of the affected limb. I sent thither an army officer who had been wounded in the leg at Waterloo, and suffered from dreadful pains in the part, every night when in bed. All these patients, except one, returned quite recovered, after the first or second season of using the baths; and the individual excepted recovered also, though not till after four courses of bathing.

There can be no doubt that a hot bath at Toeplitz is a most powerful agent, in the hands of a judicious and observant practitioner. Independently of the influence which such a bath must have on the human body, in common with that exercised by the hot mineral water of Wildbad and Gastein, where *heat* alone seems to be the active principle,—we have here, as at Baden, (but with a higher temperature,) a large association of active ingredients in the water, amounting to seven times as much as is to be found in the springs of the two before-mentioned places. Toeplitz, it should be remarked, contains a larger quantity of carbonate of soda than any other hot spring that is used generally as a bath; and to the absorption of this ingredient by the skin during bathing, I am inclined to ascribe, from positive observation, the most striking effects in gouty patients. In this respect, Toeplitz is superior to Weisbaden. With proper management I should not despair of recovering from all his ailments, the most pitiable object of gouty tryanny. Nor must we lose sight of the fact, that there is, in the Toeplitz water, a great deposition of iron; all the *baignoires* being discoloured and somewhat damaged by it. Two such active substances in the bath cannot but exert considerable influence on the constitution.

It is curious that the analysis of the mineral water of Toeplitz, though executed by Ambrozzi, and after him by Berzelius, in 1822, has never given satisfaction. A professor from Prague, with his assistant, having been commissioned since to undertake a new analysis of all the springs of Toeplitz and Schönau, performed his task, and deposited the results of his inquiries in the hands of the magistrates of the town, after having waited in vain for some time in hopes of being remunerated for his trouble and

journey. There, to this day, those analyses lie useless—their seal as yet unbroken—because the three parties who are proprietors, in different degrees, of all the baths—namely, the Prince de Clary, the Town authorities of Toeplitz, and those of Schönau—have not yet settled among themselves how the expenses, amounting to about 50*l.*, are to be paid! However, it is pretty well ascertained, that in about a pint of water there are not more than 15½ grains of solid ingredients, the principal of which is carbonate of soda. It contains, also, as I before stated, carbonate of iron.

The hottest spring water, the *Hauptquelle*, emerges from a crevice in a porphyry rock. The place is kept under lock and key, and is not to be seen except with the permission either of the magistrates or of the prince, who have the custody of it, and watch it with great jealousy. In 1730 the channel of this spring was obstructed, and one day it threw up, to the height of several feet, a square piece of rock, of considerable dimensions, and thus made to itself a free exit.

Toeplitz lies amidst moderately elevated hills of granitic porphyry, to which particular names have been given. A stone bass-relief, placed on the outside of the Stadtbad, records the traditionary story of the first discovery of its hot mineral springs. Here it was not a stag or a dog falling into the scorching stream, which by its cries called the attention of man to the existence of a new blessing; but they were pigs, which, having fallen into hot water before their time, proclaimed, by their grunting, the existence of what has given Toeplitz a celebrity of eleven centuries, and a seniority over every other mineral Spa in Germany.

The Prince de Clary—of whose patrimony Toeplitz forms a part—being anxious to improve and embellish the place, has spared neither pains nor money to render it worthy of the patronage of all those crowned heads who seem to delight in sojourning in it, and some of whom have even erected palaces for themselves, as well as public hospitals (with the assent of the Austrian government) for their invalid soldiers. Every season hundreds of the latter from Prussia and from Russia are comfortably lodged and boarded in appropriate buildings, and have professional attendance, with the use of the baths; and they return to their homes with restored health, which they could not have re-

covered elsewhere. The imperial government, also, has established an hospital at Schönau, for Austrian and Bohemian soldiers.

I had no time to seek, nor the good fortune to meet with by chance, any other medical practitioner, during my short stay at Toeplitz; but not a few are to be found there, who, like Dr. Bischof, enjoy considerable reputation. I have heard mentioned with respect the names of Dr. Stolz, and of Dr. John, who is at the head of a well-conducted asylum for poor invalids visiting Toeplitz for the benefit of the waters. There are several other physicians who settle at Toeplitz during the season, most of them from Prague and Vienna, among whom my good friend Dr. Bischof is the patriarch. He is far advanced in years; yet many of the patients he attends are quite pleased with his almost youthful activity. His erudition is considerable, as well as his knowledge of modern languages; in particular he speaks English with a facility and purity which are surprising, considering that he never visited England, and that his opportunities of speaking the language are not many. Dr. Bischof, who is also a medical counsellor, lives, as I before observed, in the Herrnhaus, and is honorary physician to the illustrious princely family of Clary. He there superintends the management of the baths belonging to the establishment, and is consulted each morning, by such patients as drink the mineral water, in the little temple at one of the extremities of the colonnade, in the Clary garden.

The Chevalier de P——, who has resided six successive seasons at Toeplitz, and Dr. Bischof, extol much the purity of the air of the place throughout the year; but especially while the profuse and rich vegetation of its environs is at its height. The hills and the many woods which surround the town protect it from high winds, and the climate is considered one of the healthiest in Bohemia.

The brief and unvarnished description I gave of the hotel we occupied, may be taken as a fair specimen of what may be said of that class of establishments at Toeplitz. Indeed, many of them are decidedly superior to the one I have alluded to. The principal hotels are in the *Langestrasse;* but on the *Markt-platz*, as well as the *Schlossplatz*, there are some of the finest hotels in Bohemia. I made it my duty to investigate this point particularly, and I may mention, for the benefit of my readers who may wish to

visit Toeplitz, the names of a few, which are placed in the three favourable situations I have just alluded to, and which will be found in every respect eligible. These are Le Prince de Ligne, La Croix d'Or, L'Archiduc Charles, La Ville de St. Petersbourg, and Le Cerf d'Or. In the new street called the *Graupner Gasse*, facing and opening on the *Juden Berg*, there are La Ville de Paris and La Ville de Frankfort; and in the *Mühl Strasse*, which winds at the foot of the *Spital Berg* and leads to Schönau, several really magnificent hotels have been of late years erected. Among these, the hotel called Le Roi de Prusse is equal to the best hotels in Germany, save and excepting always Klinger's at Marienbad. Lodgings, either in single apartments or a whole house, are numerous and excellent in Toeplitz, as well as at Schönau.

The living at Toeplitz is, beyond comparison, cheaper than in any other watering-place I have visited. A dinner at a table d'hôte, at one and at two o'clock, without wine, will cost *one hundred* kreutzers of the bad Bohemian money—as travellers are wont to call the current coin of the country—or, to speak more intelligibly, two Vienna zwantzigers, which are equal to fifteen-pence. Three of us sat down to dine, *à la carte*, one day, in order to see how good a repast we could procure with a little money. We were served, not expeditiously, yet neatly; with the brightest linen, and *en argenterie*. During this repast I had the good fortune to meet with an old acquaintance, the chancellor of the Grand Duke of Weimar, to whom I had been introduced at Weimar, on my return from Russia in 1828. He was an *habitué* of Toeplitz, from the waters of which he had derived considerable benefit, and he gave me much of that valuable information which travellers cannot hope to obtain, except from private and highly favourable sources like his. However, to return to our dinner. We found placed successively on the table three basins of an excellent *bouillon*, *au pain* and *au jaune d'œuf*—three good-sized trouts, *à la sauce de vinaigre*—two *portions de chevreuil piqué au lard*—ditto of roast veal, with a delicious salad peculiar to the country—ditto *côtelettes aux épinards—trois bécassines*—two *portions de compôte de fruit*—two bottles of *bierre du pays*, (which, by the by, next to the Bavarian, is the best out of England,) and *pain à discrétion*. Charges: four florins and fifty-four kreutzers of Bohemian money,

*alias* three shillings and tenpence, for three people; or fifteenpence farthing a head! Contrasted with the dinners *à la carte* at the *Ecu d'Or* in Carlsbad, and at other places which are much recommended, the superiority of Toeplitz is manifest. Rent, however, and that cheating charge, "*les bougies*," are not so moderate, though still cheap enough, as far as the former is concerned—which is, after all, the only thing a stranger can care for who goes to Toeplitz in order to bathe, and not to burn wax lights. Apartments may be retained at one of the best hotels, consisting of a bed-room and sitting-room, for one florin and a half a night, or ten florins a week (not quite a guinea).

I was surprised, on visiting the market and principal shops, to find them provided with every article of food and comfort that one could expect to meet with in large towns. The bread is particularly good, and game is in abundance.

The streets in Toeplitz, as in almost all the Bohemian Spas which have been frequented by the English, have undergone an alteration within the last five years, with regard to their pavement, which before was much wanted. Trottoirs have been raised in most of them, covered with flag-stones, and wide in proportion to the width of the street. This innovation has added greatly to the comfort of the inhabitants, as well as of the visiters. Fountains of clear and delightful water are also to be found in many of the principal streets of the Bohemian Spas; and the system of lighting the latter at night is superior to that of many of the larger towns of Germany.

Toeplitz, during the season, offers none of the striking amusements which are to be met with at Baden-baden and Ems, Aix-la-Chapelle and Weisbaden. It is even less *bruyant* than Carlsbad; and the routine of occupations is nearly the same every day. The operation of bathing once performed, those of the invalids who are not altogether cripples take a short walk in either of the two gardens, or proceed to Turn, or some other hill, to breakfast, and enjoy the fresh breezes of morning. Such as prefer breakfasting at home, assemble before twelve o'clock, in crowds, in the Jardin du Chateau de Clary, where a full band of musicians enliven the sylvan scene. This place is to Toeplitz what the *Wiese* is to Carlsbad. The *haut ton* may be seen every day clustered in the shaded alleys, or on the borders of the lakes, of this delightful park. Those who are absent from it

are engaged in paying and receiving visits *d'amitié* or *d'étiquette*, and not unfrequently *d'intrigue politique*,—for which latter Toeplitz is not a little celebrated. There is no great opportunity for the display of equipages; still the appearance of light caléches, and of fair ladies on horseback, graces daily some of the public and more distant promenades.

The usual dinner hour is one o'clock; but some of the diplomatists prefer to dine at two. The afternoon is taken up with excursions; and, while all the surrounding hills become covered with company, the streets of Toeplitz for a while seem deserted. To the summit of one of these hills, called the *Shönauberg*, and afterwards to that, still higher, of the *Schlossberg*, I ascended by a winding and difficult path. These hills, which consist principally of *Klingstein* porphyry, offer the finest panorama of Toeplitz and its environs that can be desired. Below is the village of Schönau, on the threshold of which springs up a cone of porphyry, called *La Ligne*, completely insulated, and about two hundred feet high. Having been cut into terraces, and a stone pavilion, or kiosk, having been erected on its summit, this hill affords to the visiters many interesting views of the surrounding country.

From the summit of the *Schlossberg* the whole population of Toeplitz witnessed, in August, 1813, that ever-memorable carnage, in which, after two days of hard fighting, Ostermann took Vandamme prisoner. We met a man on the top of this hill, who, on being asked a question or two of local interest, entered at once into a full explanation of that great fight, describing the field of battle, which lay stretched before us, and pointing out the previous positions of the allied armies, and that of Napoleon, nearly opposite to where we stood.* Evidently quite full of his subject, this person entered into a sort of recapitulation of all the military manœuvres and their results; when, all at once, he stopped short, and looking us stedfastly in the face, as if to ascertain the effect which the narrative was producing on our countenances, he asked whether we were *von England*. Upon

* This is one of the many blunders into which pretended eye-witnesses of important events not unfrequently fall, out of pure party feeling. Napoleon was not present at the battle of Kulm here alluded to: an attack of severe indisposition, caused by the fatigues of the ever-memorable fight of Dresden—in which the French eagle soared victorious—retained the emperor in that capital, while his lieutenant was confronting the Russian leader in the valley of Toeplitz.

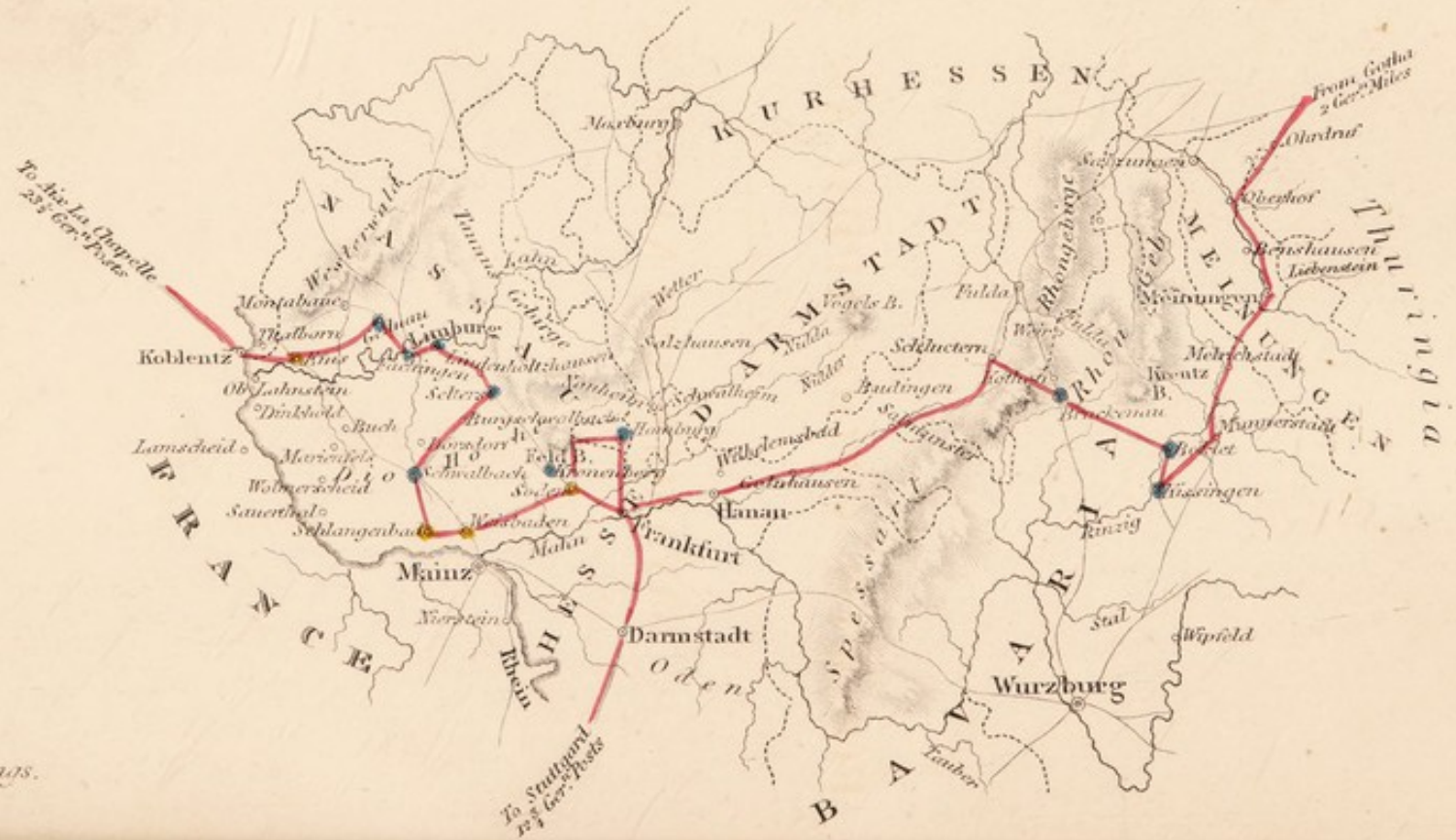
our replying in the affirmative, our volunteer *cicerone* broke forth into all the exulting exclamations of a victor over the fallen Frenchmen. He added something about *Milor* Aberdeen, and a *wagen* (a coach) with eight *pferde*, and a handful of ducats which his lordship had given him on that occasion; but wherefore, or to what purpose, I could not well make out, owing to his half-Bohemian dialect.

There is a theatre adjoining to the palace or chateau, which is open at eight, and tolerably well frequented. But the principal company prefer assembling, after eight o'clock in the evening, in the grand *Salon* of the pavilion of Prince de Clary;—where music, both vocal and instrumental, the German newspapers, with *one* from France and *none* from England, chatting, dancing, and many other incidental amusements, occupy the few hours of the night devoted to recreation by the invalids at Toeplitz. Except on ball nights, and on the occasion of some great concert, the town is buried in dead silence by ten o'clock.

Toeplitz was never so brilliant as during the celebrated Congress of 1813; when two Emperors and a King; a prince-royal and a reigning grand duke; many ordinary dukes and princes, landgraves and landgravines, margraves and margravines; with diplomatists, of all ranks and degrees of acuteness; twenty general officers, who thought themselves lucky to have escaped the heavy talons of Napoleon's eagles; two hundred staff officers; and numberless people of all classes in the suite of sovereigns and grandees;—assembled to weigh and settle the balance of European power!

# BAVARIAN & NASSAU

## Spas




*Blue Cold Springs.*
*Yellow Thermal Springs.*
*Red Authors Route*

# FOURTH GEOGRAPHICAL GROUP.

## BAVARIAN AND NASSAU SPAS.

## BAVARIAN.

1. LIEBENSTEIN.
2. KISSINGEN.
3. BOCKLET.
4. BRUCKENAU.

## NASSAU.

1. HOMBOURG.
2. SODEN.
3. SELTZER.
4. GEILNAU.
5. FACHINGEN.
6. SCHLANGENBAD.
7. SCHWALBACH.
8. WEISBADEN.
9. EMS.

# BAVARIAN AND NASSAU SPAS.

## CHAPTER I.

### ROAD TO THE BAVARIAN SPAS.

### DRESDEN.

Geography of mineral springs—Line of communication between the Bohemian, Bavarian, and Nassau Spas—KULM—*Nollendorf*—Road into Saxony—Obelisk, 1813—Watercourse to DRESDEN—The Author's former account of Germany—Injustice—Borrowing and not acknowledging—Modern tourists—Writers and Reviewers—Happy forgetfulness of the latter—St. PETERSBURG and the Quarterly—Artificial mineral waters—Brighton German Spa—Use and effect of the mineral waters at Brighton—Testimony in their favour—Lord LYNDHURST and Lord BROUGHAM—STRUVE—Establishment at Dresden—Dresden "on the move"—Improvements since 1828—Royal Academy of Sciences—Professor SEILER—Dr. VON AMMON—Supply of water—Iron and stone pipes—Hint to water companies at home—THE THAMES—Filth-drainage and filth-drinking—MARTIN'S plan—Artificial minerals—Catholic church and Roman Catholic religion—Sabbath abroad and Sabbath in Dublin—*Tricotage* and *Tripotage*—Dr. KREYSIG, the Patriarch of German Physicians—*Hahnemannism*—FARCE—Mineral waters better than Hahnemann—Homœopathic cure for corns—BERLIN—Museum—LEIPZIG—Railroad to the Elbe—JENA—Grand meeting of the German Philosophers.

IT is a geographical fact, but whether worth recording or not I leave to better physical geographers than I am to determine, that the three great groups of the Bohemian, Bavarian, and Nassau Spas, are placed, as nearly as possible, on the same parallel, namely, about the 50th degree of latitude; with an intervening space of five degrees (from the 8° to the 13°) of longitude between the first and third group; the Bavarian group occupying the middle. If two parallel lines be drawn through the central part of Germany, between the two above-mentioned meridians, and of the length of three hundred and twenty English miles east and west, the one line resting on the fiftieth parallel, and the

other fifteen miles above it, the inquirer will find at once all the several Spas I have included in the three last groups of my geographical arrangement,—embracing the principal and most frequented mineral springs in Germany. They will also immediately remark, that each group is placed either among, or upon, or at the foot of, celebrated ranges of mountains,—such as the Bohemian, and the Franconian, the Thüringhian, and that of the Taunus. Lastly, they will find that, in point of elevation above the level of the sea, the Spas at the extreme east of the line are the highest (being from 790 to 1200 feet high); next, those of the centre (from 600 to 900 feet); lastly, those of the western extremity of the line (from 300 to 800 feet;) the *maximum* difference being nearly 900 feet of altitude.

A communication between the Bohemian and the Bavarian Spas exists, at the foot and to the south of the great mountain range which divides Saxony from Bavaria, through high roads and cross roads, many of which are only passable with a carriage during a short period of the year. The same remark, though not to the full extent, applies to the line of road which places the Bavarian and the Nassau Spas in direct communication with each other. Of the latter road I shall have an opportunity of giving a detailed account when I come to speak of BRUCKENAU, the favourite Spa of the King of Bavaria, situated among the Franconian mountains; as necessity compelled me to follow it, in order to reach the region of the Nassau mineral springs. But of the former road I omit giving at present any details, as they would be of little service to the reader,—who must naturally prefer the line of the great cities, whether through Saxony, or Bavaria, to that of the mountains, (so full of difficulties,) if he wishes to proceed from the Bohemian to the principal Bavarian Spas.

My own route, however, lay, for a while, wide apart from the Bavarian Spas. Being obliged to visit first Dresden, Leipzig, and Berlin; and feeling desirous, also, to find myself at Jena at the time of the great annual meeting of the *Gesselschaft deutscher Naturforscher und arzte*—where I expected the satisfaction of meeting with a number of distinguished *savans* of Germany, and not a few of them old friends—I was compelled to postpone my visit to those Spas.

To all who wish to enjoy one of the most enchanting spectacles that nature can offer in the attractive characters of mountain

scenery, free from the *horrendum* of the older Alps, I would recommend that they take the ascending road from Toeplitz to Kulm, and thence to the Church of Nollendorf, seated on one of the summits of the last range of the Bohemian mountains. From Nollendorf,—with his back to the porch of the humble and rustic house of God, which marks that spot, and his face turned towards Toeplitz, which lies in the bosom of the fair and hollow valley he left but three hours before,—let the traveller survey the many indescribable beauties which offer themselves to his view, throughout a most extensive and smiling panorama. From thence the road leads straight into Saxony, and to the capital of it, placed at the distance of not quite five German posts, or ten German miles. Its ascent from Toeplitz is gradual, as far as the second post, called Peterswalde, six English miles beyond Nollendorf; after which the road descends through the fertile and highly-cultivated territory of Saxony, as far as Pirna, from whence the communication with Dresden, along the left bank of the Elbe, is straight and easy. Owing to the slow pace at which the carriage is dragged up the mountain from Kulm to Nollendorf, upwards of six hours are employed in performing the whole distance to Pirna. I walked with one of my sons, during the first half of the journey, through paths and by-roads; while the other remained in the britzschka,—to which, according to regulation, four horses were tacked at Arbesau, the first post-station from Toeplitz.

While this latter operation was being performed at the *poste* of Arbesau, we occupied our time in contemplating and scanning the monument erected to the memory of the conqueror of Vandamme, at the battle of Kulm, in 1813. A bold obelisk of cast iron rises on a well-proportioned square pedestal, and bears on its truncated summit the single-headed eagle, holding in its beak the wreath of victory. Sleeping lions crouch at the basis of the obelisk,—on one side of which, within a medallion, is sculptured the portrait of the hero, Ostermann. The whole monument stands on three large steps, surrounded by massive chains, hanging in festoons from short granite columns. An old veteran soldier dwells close by, in a neat lodge, to guard and take care of this handsome structure.

To the geologist, and to the botanist also, a walk from this very spot, through the enchanting forest which clothes the entire acclivity of the mountain, will prove a perpetual source of

interest. As I proceeded along, I had several opportunities of giving to my young travelling companion, who is destined for the career of an architect, a few practical illustrations on the geognostical character of many of the materials with which he will have to become thoroughly acquainted in after life.

Such travellers as prefer water conveyance, may proceed from Toeplitz to Aussig, by a cross road, over a curious and interesting hill called Bihana Anhöhe, and there embark on the Elbe; or they may prolong their land excursion from Toeplitz, through Kulm, and up the forest of Peterwalde, and thence direct their course to Teschen, where also they may take boat and glide down the river to Dresden. In either case they will pass through that scene of enchantment and romance, called Saxon Switzerland; a region of columnar mountain limestone which has been too well described to need any further mention in this place.

This part of Saxony, as well as the capital and most of the other regions of that small but interesting kingdom, I fully described in my work on St. Petersburg; in which, taking advantage of the circumstance of my route to the north lying through the most interesting parts of Germany, I gave a circumstantial, minute, and amply detailed account of that country.*

* I venture to invite the attention of my readers to the two thick octavo volumes of which the work just alluded to consists, in order to prove the accuracy of the assertion I have just made. In those volumes they will find that I gave an extended description of the regions of the Rhine, right and left of that famed river, beginning at Aix-la-Chapelle, and ending at Frankfort, accompanied by many original observations and anecdotes, most of which have been copied, without any acknowledgment, in many subsequent works published in England. It is a common thing, indeed, to see, for example, my account of the celebrated fragrant water of Cologne, and the original receipt for making it, (proposed by myself, and since used by some of the principal chemists and druggists in London,) transferred to works of general information, without mentioning the source from whence the account and the receipt have been borrowed. The same remark applies to my theoretical explanation of the "Echo of Lurley," at St. Goar, which had never been given before, and which I illustrated with a diagram equally original. Both these, and a great many other passages of my work, have been copied in magazines, cyclopædias, guides, and hand-books, as well as by tourists and writers of "Illustrations of the Rhine," without the smallest acknowledgment. My description of the region just alluded to occupies one hundred closely-printed octavo pages, containing every necessary direction for travellers, and is illustrated by a plan of the city of Frankfort, of which there is a most minute description for every practical purpose, with eight views, or vignettes.

Proceeding from Frankfort, and ending at Memel, close to the frontier of Russia, a distance of nearly a thousand English miles, the reader of "St. Petersburg" will

With Dresden, therefore, with Berlin, Leipzig, Weimar, and Jena,—all of which places I again visited on the present occasion, find as many as one hundred and seventy-five pages descriptive of all the Confederated States of Germany, of the south, west, and north-west of Prussia, and, above all, of the capital of that country; besides a description of many other important cities or towns, such as Erfurt, Gotha, Weimar, Leipzig, and Königsberg. This part, also, of my account of Germany I have illustrated with plans of the cities of Weimar and Berlin, and with twelve views of important buildings. But it is of the account I have given of Berlin itself, which embraces every possible object and institution of interest contained in that city—not superficially but extensively and minutely given—that I would fain venture to speak with some feeling of pride; as it called forth the autograph expression of approval from the sovereign of the country, who conferred on me the gold medal of civil merit in consequence; and as I know that my account has not only met with the general approbation of those who are the most competent judges, but has been translated into German and French, and now serves, in a great measure, as a guide for strangers who visit that city. There are, in my travels through Germany, not fewer than eighty closely-printed pages devoted to this latter description; and many of the public institutions—particularly the theatre, the university, the Egyptian museum, the hospitals, and the public collections of Berlin,—had not been described before; nor have they been described since with anything like the same minuteness; although not a small portion of my own descriptions has been used by subsequent writers.

Again, turning to that part of the volumes in question which gives an account of my return from St. Petersburg, through Poland and another part of Germany; and passing over in silence my description of the former country, and of its capital in particular, of which I gave such a detailed panorama, together with a plan of the city, and views of its principal edifices, as would enable any stranger to view it in all its extent without a cicerone; I may refer to the circumstantial account, from original notes, given in one hundred pages, of a tract of country which is, perhaps, one of the most interesting in Germany, namely, Saxony. In that account I described Breslau, Saxon Switzerland, and Halle, and other parts of Germany which I had not mentioned before; but, above all, I entered fully into the character of every important object to be seen and admired in the capital of Saxony—of which I gave a ground-plan, besides several graphic illustrations of its buildings.

In fine, the tour through Germany, as given in the work entitled St. Petersburg, &c. in 1827-8, leaves no part of that country undescribed, except that which is fully described in the present volumes, and the capital of Austria. It consists, altogether, of not fewer than three hundred and seventy-five closely-printed pages. These, I am informed by my intelligent publisher, when compared with the ordinary octavo pages of modern tourists, would have easily admitted of an expansion into two goodly volumes, which might with justice have been entitled "A Descriptive Tour through Germany."

Yet, with all this evidence looking them in the face, will the reader believe that there have been two or three recent writers on Germany, who have stated that that country had seldom been visited or described of late years, and that, in consequence of such a deficiency, they deemed it necessary to proceed to give their own description of the several places I have just mentioned?—as if that had never been done, or as if the English public had never heard of them before! This, too, they have done, without making the slightest allusion to the account I had so recently given of all those places!

with the additional satisfaction of a hearty welcome from former acquaintances, and that of receiving fresh literary and academical

But there is something still more amusing to come. One of the numbers of a well-known review, published in 1837, contains, among others, an article on Germany. In its introduction, the writer of that article would wish us to understand that, between the publication of Mr. Russell's "Germany," in 1822, and the appearance of "Germany and the Germans," in 1836, a chasm of fourteen years exists, during which years no other account of that country has been published! And yet this very identical review, in 1828, actually gave a lengthened account of the work written by the author of the present volume, which contains materials enough upon Germany to form of themselves a separate work, at least as large, if not larger, than that of Russell! Through gallantry alone, I presume, the reviewer makes a slight exception in favour of Mrs. Jameson, (Mrs. Trollope's "Western Germany" is not even hinted at,) whom he considers deserving of praise, for having described the gallery of Dresden, "*which had not been described before!*" But how stands the truth? That some years before the period referred to, the author of "St. Petersburg" had actually given a much fuller description of that gallery, together with an enumeration of all the pictures, classed according to painters, and a particular account of some of the *chefs-d'œuvres* it contained. That description was, furthermore, made useful by the addition of a view of the exterior, and a ground-plan of the interior of the gallery, which might serve as a guide to the visiter, and which no other tourist had given before, or has given since. Is this to be attributed to ignorance? or to a determination to keep particular authors in the back-ground, unless they can be dragged out to be abused?

This digression, which, in justice to myself, I have been compelled to introduce in this place, reminds me of another equally candid act towards me, as a writer, on the part of the author of a small volume entitled "Excursions to the North of Europe," which appeared in 1833. The author of that book actually undertakes, five years only after the appearance of "St. Petersburg," to give a fresh description of that city, in a few short pages; and begins by stating, that, as the Russian government would not have permitted him to take on shore Captain Jones's travels, which he had brought from England, and *as there was no other work on Russia which he knew, so useful for the information of the traveller*, he had contented himself with the assistance of the "Modern Traveller;" and this the author of the "Excursion" states in the teeth of a grandiloquent review of the identical "St. Petersburg," attributed to the pen of one intimately connected with him, in which there is the following passage, or concession, from a determined and persevering enemy: "We have said that Petersburg is the theatre for the display of Dr. Granville's descriptive powers and graphical illustrations. Here he was for at least five (seven) weeks, and had the best opportunities for collecting materials, and comparing how far their accuracy corresponded with his own observations; and we do not hesitate to say that his 'Picture of St. Petersburg' contains the most copious and detailed description of the gigantic edifices of that extraordinary city, which has hitherto been laid before the public."*

Now, as I wish to think honestly of every body, I will take it for granted that the author of the "Excursion in the North" had seen neither the above review nor the work it commends; else he would have procured the latter for his own information, on proceeding to St. Petersburg, where he would have found, on his arrival, that

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxxix., page 14.

distinctions,—I shall not again occupy the time of my readers. I must refer such of them as may be desirous for the first time of becoming acquainted with those places, to the pages I have alluded to below; confident that they will meet there with all the information they may require.

There are two or three subjects, however, respecting which I should be happy to be allowed the indulgence of a little digression. Indeed, two of them are not altogether unconnected with the nature and intention of the present work, and may justly find a place in this part of my volume. I allude, first, to the manufacture and use of artificial mineral waters; and secondly, to that singular system of theoretical and practical medicine, which has been called Homœopathism and Hahnemannism;* but to which I should be inclined rather to apply the appellative *Infinitesimophysicalism*, unless some should prefer that of *Ninny-ism*. Against the adoption of the latter title, however, there is the staring objection of the *infinite* mischief which, in the hands of its proselytes, the system has been and is still producing.

The introduction of artificial mineral waters into the practice of medicine, as prepared by Struve, has now received the sanction of several years' experience. In speaking of that scientific physician and chemist, in my account of the capital of Saxony, which he inhabits, I stated, in 1828, that much was to be expected from the result of his labours,—the benefit of which was about to be extended to England, by the formation of an establishment at Brighton, which has since received the name of "The German Spa." The realization of those anticipations has been most complete; and nothing could be more satisfactory than the investigation of the value and importance of that establishment, which took place before the Privy Council in November, 1836; when

there was no difficulty in landing a work which "contains the most copious and detailed description," &c. &c. The Rev. Mr. Elliot, who about the same time published also his travels in the north of Europe, with much more candour observed, that the minute and correct "Picture of St. Petersburg" in Dr. Granville's volumes made it quite unnecessary for him to enter into a fresh description of that city.

* Here again I preceded every other writer on Germany, in introducing to the notice of the English public an account of this medical sect, the principles and practice of which were nearly unknown in this country in 1828: when I gave my description of it, together with the history of some cases of miraculous cure performed by it, at pages 601—604 of the second volume of "St. Petersburg."

Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, who had examined the writer of these pages at great length, respecting the novelty as well as utility of Struve's process, decided, on his evidence, that the institution was deserving of the enlargement of the time of the patent, to the full extent of the original grant.

Into the merits of the mode of preparing the artificial mineral waters, (which is due to the sagacity, penetration, and chemical skill of Struve,) it is not my purpose to enter at present. I alluded to his process in a former work, and shall probably have occasion, at some future opportunity, to give a fuller account and description of it. Neither is it my intention to say a word in praise of the establishment of Brighton; although, as a "German Spa," I might very fairly have pressed it into my service. That establishment is prosperous, and from four to five hundred patients of note find yearly at it a pleasant and easy mode of recovering their health. I have myself used and prescribed largely, and with great success, the several waters prepared at that establishment; and the time will come when some of those mineral waters will take the place of the perpetual drugging so injuriously prevalent in London.

The artificial waters in question are found to contain all the qualities and properties, in the most minute degree, of their corresponding mineral springs, as well in regard to the effect which they produce on the human body, as in their chemical composition, taste, and intensity of union. To produce *all* the effects of the real or natural mineral water, of which they are the closest imitation possible, they only need the auxiliaries to which I have so often referred in the present volume, and which are so eminently calculated to facilitate and hasten the recovery of patients. The testimony of the most celebrated physicians in Germany,—at the head of which I may place Kreysig, Clarus, Ammon, and many more,—strongly corroborates my opinion of those waters; and I was happy to find, during my last visit to Germany, that that opinion has been and is gaining ground all over that country; where establishments, similar to that at Brighton, have been formed, at Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and Königsberg, besides those at Moscow and Warsaw.

In order to satisfy myself of much of the truth of what I have here advanced, I took advantage of Struve's kind hospitality towards myself, while at Dresden in September last, to inspect

minutely every part of his own establishment for the preparation and administration of the artificial mineral waters. I need not say that I was delighted with every part of it, together with all the arrangements he has made, both in his residence and the adjoining gardens, for the accommodation of the many patients who resort to it every summer, and many of whom reside with him during the cure. The number of those who attended at Struve's establishment to drink the mineral waters last year amounted to about six hundred.*

At the house of Dr. Struve, and at his festive board, I met with several distinguished scientific men and physicians, whose conversation served to enlighten me on many subjects on which I had gone to Dresden to inquire into and examine. The capital of Saxony is an improving city. In most of the streets *trottoirs* have been established since my previous visit to it; and the illumination by gas, which has also been introduced since, is conducted by an ingenious native, upon a very scientific and economical plan, which would do credit to the more experienced gas companies of England. A single example will prove the fact, so far as relates to economy. An argand burner, one and a half inch square, with sixteen holes, to burn 1,300 hours in the year, is charged to the consumer at Dresden thirteen thalers a year. In Berlin the same burner is charged by the Continental Gas Company twenty-three thalers, and in Amsterdam something dearer.

New buildings (such as the post-office, a very handsome structure) are rising in every direction, particularly on the site of the old fortifications, and in the environs,—where barren land has been fertilized, and converted into a series of gardens. The removal of the many incumbrances which obstructed the markets, and *Markplatz* in particular, is also one of the great improvements of a recent date. On the Bruhl terrace many ameliorations have been introduced in the pretty walk which commands a view of the Elbe and of the best parts of the city. The great public building of the Royal Academy of Sciences, situated on this spot, is undergoing a thorough repair, and is to be placed on a splendid footing.

* Arrangements have been some time in progress, agreeably to an original suggestion I submitted years ago to the proprietors, for establishing a German Spa in the Regent's Park; a speculation which would well repay a small association of spirited and scientific individuals.

In a house adjoining to this building resides the great anatomist and physiologist, SEILER, with whom I had more than one long and highly interesting interview. This well-known writer and acute observer is at this moment engaged in a new work, of great research, which will be received with satisfaction by the medical faculty in this country.

The mention of one illustrious author naturally suggests the name of another, who equally does honour to Dresden and to his profession. I allude to Dr. Frederick VON AMMON, a popular writer, especially on mineral waters, respecting which he has published two highly esteemed works, which have gone through repeated editions. Dr. Von Ammon is, moreover, the most eminent and scientific oculist in Dresden, as well as surgeon and physiologist. For some years he has been engaged in writing a treatise on the various maladies of the eyes, illustrated by seven hundred beautifully-coloured drawings, which he was kind enough to show me, and which, when published, will unquestionably form one of the most striking productions of its class that has ever appeared in medical literature.

In wandering about the streets of Dresden one day, I witnessed the putting down of the new stone pipes, for the conveyance of pure water from a small river, three English miles distant, to the houses of the inhabitants, who never touch a drop of the Elbe water. These pipes are to be substituted for the wooden pipes hitherto used for the same purpose, and the length of which, throughout the city, equals twenty-eight and a half German miles. The latter pipes having, after a lapse of several years, been found to be in a decayed state, iron ones were about to be substituted, when, fortunately, Struve remarked that an iron pipe which had been laid down about twenty years before, gave no more than the sixth part of the supply of water it had given at first. On examination, it was found that a hard deposition had formed all around the inside of the pipe, which had thus closed up the three-fourths of its bore.

Berzelius, some short time since, having examined the hard mass in question, (which in Paris and at Grenoble had also been observed to have choked up the iron water-pipes of those cities,) discovered a new and highly corrosive principle, which seems to act as a decomposing agent when placed in contact with the iron, in the same manner as an acid does in a galvanic arrangement.

This agent throws down all the saline ingredients of the water, and the latter coalesce in a dry state, to form the incrustation before mentioned. If a similar observation has not been made before by the water companies at home, the hint here given will not be thrown away, particularly by such of them as are at this moment engaged in remedying (as far as they can remedy such a crying evil) the just complaint of those who are supplied, throughout the London district, with filthy water from the Thames. The remedy, it is understood, will consist in drawing the water from a higher part of that river, and conveying it to London through huge iron pipes, some of which are even now being laid down. The substitution of stone pipes, bored by steam, for iron pipes, as now effecting in Dresden, would prove, in the end, to be cheaper, and in every way a superior mode, for the intended object. But no complete remedy can ever be applied in this way to the great plague-sore of the metropolis—the polluted and disgusting water which it receives into its houses—until the river itself shall have been emancipated from the filth which daily pours into it by millions of gallons, just before the water is pumped back into the dwellings of the citizens. The mode of effecting so important an object, proposed by the Thames Improvement Company, on the plan of Mr. Martin, the celebrated artist, promises to be not only effectual, but productive also of the most beneficial results.

Among the various subjects of a scientific nature which were discussed at the meetings in Struve's hospitable mansion, that of artificial minerals having been introduced, the professor showed me a few specimens of them, which could not fail to interest one attached for many years to the study of geology, and who was, at the time, investigating the subject of the mineralizing principles of water. Among the specimens was one of kneiss, with its hornblend crystals as usual, which had been fused at the bottom of a furnace for smelting iron near Dresden, and had produced fresh crystallizations, very minute and beautiful, which were declared by Mitscherlich to the feldspar. In another portion of the same rock, with titanic ore, subjected to the same heat, the titanium was reduced and found attached to the half-fused mass of kneiss. In a third specimen iron was fused; a vesication ensued, within which were found many petty crystals of oligistic iron. I understand that the last-mentioned celebrated

crystallographer of Berlin has in his possession twenty-four specimens of similar artificial minerals.

The recollection of a former treat enjoyed on a Sunday at the great Catholic church of Dresden, where the royal orchestra performs, during high mass, some of the most exquisite pieces of sacred music, induced me to visit it this time on a similar occasion. The first thing that strikes a stranger on entering this beautiful edifice, which possesses the *chef-d'œuvre* of Raphael Mengs over its principal altar, is the strict separation of the two sexes in the centre aisle,—which is insisted upon, and rigorously maintained by the liveried court servants, who parade the church for that purpose In the side aisles this separation is not observed. I wish I could say that, by such a measure, an appearance of greater decorum, and more reverential attention to the service, were obtained among the *twofold* congregation. It were also desirable that the number of those who enter the church during the service, as idlers to promenade up and down, and often to change places in order the better to catch the sound of the music, as well as a peep at the performers placed in a high organ-loft, were not so great. The contrary is unfortunately the case, and the consequence is, that the interior of this, like that of many other great Catholic churches which I have visited on the continent, presents more of a theatrical than a religious aspect.

It is evident that the Roman Catholic religion on the continent of Europe has not yet recovered, and probably never will again recover, from the rude shock it received during the French Revolution of 1789. It is now no longer the Roman Catholic religion of the earlier part of the 18th century. In France, not only is the reality, but the very outward signs and tokens of this religion are falling into neglect. In Germany the relaxed discipline is not so evident as in France and Belgium; but its exercise is more than ever confined to the lower classes and to *the poor*. The churches are certainly open all day, as heretofore; but with the exception of the great festivals, and during high mass at mid-day on Sundays, the better, and still less the higher classes, are seldom to be found in the house of God. Of the many times I entered the principal churches or cathedrals at Nancy, Chalons, Strasburg, Baden-baden, Stuttgardt, Munich, Saltzburg, Regensburg, Dresden, Cologne, Brussels, and Paris, on the ordi-

nary days of the week, and at all hours when the churches were open, and either masses were performing or vespers sung, I never once chanced to meet with any grandee, or person of any distinction, at their devotions. In England, and still more so in Ireland, the superior classes among the Roman Catholics behave far differently; and during my visit to the capital of the latter country, in 1835, I was quite struck with the constant attendance of the superior classes of people in their churches, on Sundays in particular. The Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, in its public and private exercise, is just what it was on the continent a century ago; and I have heard a very acute, sensible, and conscientious Roman Catholic lady from Italy, who was resident in England, and had occasionally conversed with a pious and learned Irish Catholic priest on the subject of their common religion,—observe, that she felt she was a heretic, when she compared her own religious sentiments and church discipline with those of her clerical acquaintance.

The disregard of former strictness in the observance of religious institutions among continental Catholic nations, is also manifested by the almost universal practice, at present prevailing, of keeping the shops open during Sundays, and of working even within the churches on that day! There, any one may see, during the hours that elapse between the morning ceremonies and vespers, the poorer women sitting in corners of the church, and knitting stockings. This was the case at Dresden.

The practice of knitting, by the way, seems to be universal throughout Germany, even among the ladies of the superior classes of society, who knit woollen garments, during the visits of their friends, as commonly as the ladies in England, now-a-days, employ themselves on carpet work or frame embroidery. I cannot fancy either occupation to be an indication of industry. It seems rather a symbol of idleness. Certain it is that, in the south of Germany, *tricotage* leads to *tripotage* as well as *bavardage*.

Since the death of Hufeland, Dr. Kreysig, of Dresden, whom I introduced to the especial notice of English readers on a former occasion, as one of the best practitioners in Europe, is become the patriarch of German physicians. He is now upwards of seventy years of age, and never ails anything. He is active and strong, and walks and works like a young man. His intimate

acquaintance with almost all the mineral springs of Germany has made him the oracle whom Germans, Russians, Poles, and foreigners of every class consult, when they wish to have recourse to any mineral water for the recovery of their health. Kreysig pays a yearly visit himself to some one or other of the springs of his native country. Those which he visited last season were the Nassau Springs, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Kissingen, in Bavaria. I took advantage of this circumstance to obtain much valuable information from him respecting them, which I recorded in my note-book in his presence. I also accepted, most thankfully, his proffered letters of introduction to the respective physicians of the remaining German Spas which it was my intention to visit; and I need not add that I found them particularly useful. This very successful physician, whose reputation was indelibly stamped, many years ago, by his work on the diseases of the heart, has realised a large fortune, which he employs, partly in promoting the science of practical botany and floriculture, and partly in assisting his nephews and relations, as he has no family of his own.

" Cher confrère. Bien heureux de vous savoir dans nos murs. Venez vîte me voir.*

" DR. KREYSIG."

This kind and pressing, though laconic invitation, to renew an old acquaintance, addressed to me a few hours after my arrival at Dresden, had partly been the cause of the first interview I had with him on this occasion, and to which I have alluded; but I required no further invitation to repeat my visits.

In the course of one of these, the system of HAHNEMANN became again† the subject of a long conversation. I happened one morning to see, at the public exhibition of the modern works of art, on the Bruhl, a small bust, executed in bronze, by the French sculptor DAVID, of that renowned character. The mentioning of that circumstance to Kreysig led to the subject of that singular medical sect, which is now completing the grand tour of Europe before it is quite forgotten. *Hahnemannism* is now

* The reader will recollect that this is written in French by a German.

† See for an account of a former conversation with Kreysig on this subject, and for my explanation of Hahnemann's principles when they were yet unknown in this country, the second volume of " St. Petersburg," page 601.

nearly extinct in Germany, after a struggle of upwards of thirty years, made in hopes of establishing it in that country. As a proof of the present disfavour of that sect in Germany, I need only allude to the striking fact, that its chief has thought it prudent and necessary to shift his head-quarters; and that, at the age of eighty years, he has quitted his native country, in order to establish himself in the capital of France;—attracted thither, principally, by the contiguity to that nation which produces the wealthiest, as well as the most credulous, though inconstant *customers*. He is not consulted there by one of his own countrymen, who seem to feel no inclination to trust him,—being acquainted, through public report, and, still more so, through the writings of Dr. Sticklitz of Hanover, Gmelin of Tübingen, Eble of Vienna, Werneck of Strasburgh, Friedman of Berlin, and Zitterland of Aix-la-Chapelle, with the unsteadiness of Hahnemann's own notions respecting his own system, the glaring contradictions of it, and the many and *singular* adventures of his professional life from which the system itself arose.

Hahnemann himself, it appears from the preface to one of his recent Latin volumes on chronic diseases, has admitted that, with his system, he had hitherto found that the greatest number of the patients did not get well, that a few were cured, and that the rest died. But he adds, "Since I have discovered that diseases are the product of three evil principles only, *qui deturpant sanguinem*, namely, the psoric," (*vulgo*, itch,) the syphilitic, and the scrofulous, I cure a much larger proportion of them." In a letter, dated Paris, written last autumn to a former patient of his at Dresden, Hahnemann said, "I recommend you, above all, to consult Dr. Wolff, for he is a *Homœopathist*, and, at the same time, an *Allopathist*."—I made inquiries respecting this Dr. Wolff, and I found that such a practitioner, of the Jewish persuasion I believe, did actually exercise his art at Dresden, on Homœopathic principles,—he being the only individual remaining of those who acknowledge them in that city; but that, finding his trade grow very slack of late years, he had adopted a *mezzo termine*, and now offers, at first sight, when a patient consults him, to treat him either according to Dr. Hahnemann's doctrine, or according to the ancient and more ordinary method, as "both are equally good!"

But why waste so much paper, and, what is of still more use,

so much time, in exposing as self-evident a farce as was ever enacted in medicine; since a little more time will, and must, open the eyes of the few hundreds who have been caught by its apparent speciousness, and by the trumpeting of its pretended efficacy in many printed works published for the occasion? Nor will the few professional men who have adopted the system, and practised it from *conscientious* motives, be a much longer period in perceiving that they cannot, without inconsistency, adhere to their *conscientious* errors.

Dr. Bigel, one of the most learned and skilful physicians settled at Warsaw,—whose own case of calculus, cured by surgical art and the *waters at Carlsbad*, I before mentioned,—is of the class of practitioners I here allude to—an honest, conscientious and independent man, I truly believe. Well, then,—last year this very sensible practitioner published a pithy manual, or medical guide for families, entitled "*Homœopathie Domestique*," in which, among all the other complaints to which human flesh is heir, and all of which are to be cured by homœopathic doses, he treats of corns. Now, as *similia similibus* is the corner-stone of Hahnemannism, and as I read in Dr. Bigel that "corns are the produce of tight shoes," I expected to find, further on in his book, that the cure of them consisted in applying a *millionth* or a *billionth* part of the pressure of a shoe to those excrescences:—"For," says Hahnemann, the apostle of the sect, "if, being in perfect health, I take a certain quantity of bark, I am sure to produce the symptoms of intermittent fever—*ergo*, when I suffer from intermittent fever, I take bark to cure it:"—(a pretty logic this, truly!) Such is, unquestionably, Hahnemann's reasoning.*

* The thing may appear so very ridiculous to such of my readers as are totally unacquainted with this *jonglerie*, that, fearful lest I should be accused of irony or misrepresentation, I must beg leave to quote, in toto, the statement given of this question by Dr. Bigel himself, (who is considered in Europe as a second Hahnemann), in his introduction to the work referred to, page 3. After stating that the old systems of physic neither explain the mode in which diseases arise, nor the reason why they are cured, and that those problems remained hitherto unresolved, Dr. Bigel proceeds thus: 'La solution en fut offerte par le quinquina qu'avala Hahnemann au sein de la plus parfaite santé, et qui ne tarda pas à éprouver tous les symptômes de la fièvre intermittente. Il était naturel d'en conclure que le quinquina *né guerit cette espèce de fièvre que parce qu'il jouit de la propriété de la donner.* (!) La similitude de la maladie que produit le médicament, avec la maladie à guérir, est donc la condition indispensable de la guérison. Cette conséquence rigoureuse, brillante de lumière (!) et de succès (!) devint le flambeau à la clarté du quel ce

But no such principle, it seems, is good for corns, and Dr. Bigel, to my great surprise, is compelled to recommend patients to begin their treatment by discarding the tight shoes at once; just as we poor old allopathists have been in the habit of telling them to do from time immemorial! Yet, according to the above reasoning, "brillant de lumière," the homœopathic syllogism on corns ought to run thus: If I use a tight shoe when my toes are in perfect health, I am sure to produce a corn or corns upon them—*ergo*, now that I am suffering from corns, I must begin by using a tight shoe in order to cure them.

This is all ridiculous enough; still it is genuine *Homœopathism;* respecting which I might descant till doomsday—so fully have these Germans, in the course of my last travels, imbued my head, and crowded my note-book, with the absurdities of that system, now at last exploded among them.

I proceeded from Dresden to Berlin, in which city I passed some days, principally engaged in the inquiries for which I had undertaken a journey thither. I need not say that I beheld once more with satisfaction a capital in which I had met with every species of civility and kindness on a former occasion, and which offers so many resources to the inquisitive and scientific traveller. My acquaintances being numerous, I found no difficulty in obtaining all the information I required; in doing which I was kindly assisted by the British chargé d'affaires, and the ministers of police and of the home department.

Having entered so fully into a description of Berlin in a former publication, and that capital having been likewise described by one or two subsequent tourists, I need not detain my readers with any further details respecting it. Yet one can scarcely forbear saying a word or two, in commendation of that exquisite collection of paintings which is found, arranged most skilfully and systematically, on the principal story of the great Museum,

grande homme fit l'investigation de toutes nos substances médicinales. Elle ne repondit que pour confirmer la nécessité de la similitude des symptômes du médicament, avec les symptômes de la maladie naturelle, comme condition rigoureuse de sa curation. Voilà ce que l'homœopathie a le droit d'appeler la certitude succédant à la conjecture; l'évidence remplaçant les ténèbres. (!) Elle en fait le fondement de sa doctrine, qu'elle renferme dans ces trois mots:

*Similia similibus curantur.*

Les semblables se guérissent par les semblables."

opened since my last visit to Berlin. A view of this gallery, or MUSEUM as it is called, alone amply repays a journey to Berlin; and the mode in which the several pictures are classed and exhibited, is unique and deserving of imitation. The exterior of the edifice is imposing, but not tasteful; at least the manner in which the long colonnade in front is disposed, and the position of the two nearly upright side-flights of stairs under it, leading to the picture gallery, are decidedly not in good taste. Something of the same remark, I am sorry to add, applies also to the unfortunate clustering of blue and red columns, within the sculptural gallery on the *Rez-de-Chaussée*, which impede the proper and correct view of many of the statues.

I found all the savans of Berlin on the move, for the grand meeting of philosophers which was about to take place at Jena. Indeed some of them, such as MITSCHERLICH and ROSE, were already gone. LICHTENSTEIN, the eminent naturalist, and conservator of those beautiful collections of zoology to which I paid a just tribute of praise in a previous work, was in the act of quitting Berlin for the same purpose. The great HUMBOLDT, who has honoured me with his friendship since 1814, having, on the present occasion, called on me at the Hôtel de St. Petersbourg, on the Linden Walk, and expressed his intention of being also at Jena about the middle of the week of the great meeting, I could not resist the temptation of following their example. Accordingly I set off for Wittenberg and Leipzig, where I was detained by business for two days, but respecting which city I shall not make a single observation, as I fully described it on a former occasion.

One of the great improvements which will materially benefit Leipzig, is the establishment of a railroad communication with Dresden. This railroad, which was projected in 1835, and is now constructing, leaves the town at its north-east angle, near the *Georgen Vorkwerk;* follows the Parthe river for a short distance; then enters the Schönfeld prairies, and soon crosses two roads passing between Paunsdorf and Sitterhausen. Near Reisa it will join that portion of the railroad which begins at Dresden. At the time of my visit, six leagues of the road were begun, and were to be completed in two months. It would then reach as far as Wurtzen.*

* Nearly the whole has since been completed.

When the whole railroad shall be finished, the journey to Dresden from Leipzig, which now requires twelve hours, will be accomplished in the fourth part of that time. Baron Sternburg (Mons. de Speck)—at whose extensive and beautiful chateau, called LUTZSCHENA, we dined one day, and went over his fine gallery of pictures, his gardens, the several model farms, *bergeries*, *brasserie*, and I know not what else, which bespeak the activity, acute intelligence, and thorough knowledge of agriculture, of the noble proprietor,—assured me that the establishment of a railroad communication between Leipzig and the Elbe, and, consequently, between Leipzig and Hamburg, will benefit the district of this second capital of Saxony, to an extent scarcely calculable.

From Leipzig, passing over the memorable field of Lutzen, I reached Jena, through Weissenfels and Naumburg. There being no regular *chaussée* to Jena, but only a heavy, muddy sort of by-road, we were compelled to take four horses, although the carriage was now somewhat lighter, from the absence of one of my young travelling companions, who had set off from Berlin to England, *via* Hamburgh, in order to keep his term at Cambridge. But the road is really so bad that one did not grudge this additional moving power, or the expense incurred for it. It was, for the first half of the way, like travelling through a ploughed field; —a circumstance which, in a great measure, took from the satisfaction we might otherwise have felt, at the view of the highly interesting mountain district through which our course lay, after leaving Weissenfels, but especially between Naumburg and Jena. The road runs along the bank of the Saale, in the valley of that river. To us, who had been ploughing through interminable plains, principally of sand, from the time we had left behind us the Bohemian mountains, the scenery of this road was quite refreshing. Many parts are picturesque; especially the view of Dornburg, with the chateau inhabited by the Grand Duchess-Dowage of Weimar, the sister of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia,—which is truly striking. The chateau stands perched on the very brink of a lofty limestone hill, half hewed down by the joint action of time and water, and at the foot of which sweeps the rapid Saale. From the heights of Zwäzen we caught a glimpse of the cathedral of Jena, and in ten minutes more we entered that little city, through its narrow and crooked streets.

The situation of Jena is beautiful, and to the geologist particularly interesting. For a seat of learning, the spot could not have been more appropriately selected. The town itself is primitive in the extreme, and little resembles those more courtly Saxon cities which are so numerous in the neighbourhood. We took up our residence at the Sun, a very decent and commodious inn, on the Platz, or large square. The Rose, at which the great dinners of the savans were held, is another good hotel, perhaps superior to the former.

I arrived precisely at the hour when the first assembly in the great hall of the university was about to be opened. Having received, as a member, the pink "Eintritt's Karte," which admitted me to all the meetings, I attended the opening of the session (Versammlung) of this celebrated society, which, under the name of *Gesselschaft deutscher Naturforscher und Aerzte*, has led to the establishment of an analogous institution in Great Britain. The labours of the latter have already become popularly known to the scientific world. The forms, ceremonies, arrangements, subdivisions of committees, and manner of working, I found to be much the same in both societies, even to the dinners, the noise thereof, and the interminable speeches that follow. Of the two, the German savans are the most noisy on such occasions; but, *en revanche*, they seem also more industrious and laborious in the morning.

The opening of the meeting took place under the presidency of Hof-rath Dr. Kieser. The Grand Duke of Weimar, sovereign of the country, was present, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Prince Edward, and most of the Staat-Ministerium of the Duchy of Weimar. The sovereign and sovereign princes of Germany love to honour their savans; and in this instance the Grand Duke, besides attending their first meeting, invited, three days after, all the members over to Weimar, where he entertained them with a sumptuous banquet, and a succession of fêtes, in the ducal palace and gardens, during the whole of the day, agreeably to a printed prospectus and invitation which had been previously distributed among the members.

Strange rememberings fleeted across the mind of the stern philosopher on that occasion. In that very palace, and in the very same banqueting-room, a scene as gay, but with far different actors, had been represented exactly twenty-two years before;

and that scene was reported by Napoleon himself thus, in a letter to his first empress:

"J'ai assisté au bal de Weimar. L'Empereur Alexandre danse; mais moi, non; quarante ans sont quarante ans. Adieu, mon amie. Tout à toi.—NAPOLEON."

It was at the opening of the general assembly that Dr. MADLER, the astronomer of Berlin, first read and explained his and Professor BEER's joint discoveries of many of the appearances on the surface of the moon, which had escaped former observers. A large map of that planet, with all those appearances, was exhibited on that occasion, and has since been published and circulated throughout Europe. I met this learned astronomer in the evening, at the residence of Baron DE ZICHESA, the chancellor and curator of the University of Jena. The baron is a most amiable and well-informed person. With the baronne and one of his daughters, an intelligent and highly-educated young lady, he did the honours of the university, and received the most select among the savans then at Jena. I remarked that, with the exception of two or three young men, all these philosophers had orders of knighthood, or were titled persons, and that many among the latter were individuals who enjoyed a high reputation as men of science. Thus we had the Count Gaspar Von Sternburg, from Prague, who possesses a very extensive and unique collection of fossil plants, and has published a *flora subterranea*. There was Count Münster, a well-known geologist, residing at Baireuth, where he exercises the functions of Regieruns-Rath, or *Conseiller de Gouvernement*. Also the Prussian ambassador, Von Struve, resident at Hamburgh, a great mineralogist; Baron de Muller, (Gutsbesitzer,) who is considered a very able chemist; and lastly Baron Von Bünau, a captain of cavalry, who possesses immense landed estates, and is a great agriculturist. To all of these and several others I had the pleasure of being introduced, and of conversing with them, so as to form a correct idea of the purport and intention of this great national parliament of science. It must be added, that either at the several sectional committees, or at the house of the chancellor, one was certain of meeting the *élite* of the professors from most of the principal cities and universities in Germany. I shall always remember with satisfaction the acquaintance I formed, on that occasion, with some of those truly scientific men; particularly Professor VON LITTROW, Director of

the Observatory of Vienna; Dr. MAGNUS, Lecturer on Technological Chemistry at Berlin; Dr. SCHMIDT, the editor of one of the best medical journals published in Leipzig; and others. To my old friend, Dr. FRORIEP, who was the life and soul of the meeting, I am indebted, as usual, for much kindness and information. From England there were only two individuals besides myself present.

At the evening assemblies of Baron Zichesa, the ladies seemed to take an equal interest with the philosophers in what was going on, and evidently listened with attention to the more familiar expositions and illustrations of the morning lectures, given by competent persons, as mere subjects of conversation. There were refreshments in profusion; and I could not help noticing the ease and amiability which prevailed in the unreserved intercourse among all the guests, after they had been personally introduced to each other. To a stranger all this was exceedingly delightful. It was impossible for me not to feel the difference between such an intercourse in a scientific assembly, and that which takes place in a certain other country.

I did not remain longer than two days and a half at Jena, and shaped my new course back to Weimar, whence I proceeded to Gotha, which place I made the starting-point for my excursion to the Bavarian Spas.

# CHAPTER II.

## KISSINGEN.

GOTHA—Pleasing *séjour*—Ducal chateau—Rich and interesting collections—Valuable paintings—New *chaussée* across the Thüringian mountains—Pedestrian excursions—Post station in the clouds—Mountain scenery—The Thüringerwald—MEININGEN—Count D'ELCHING—Ducal palace—Nursery of the best of queens—Mineral baths of LIEBENSTEIN—Effects of them—KISSINGEN—Favourable position—Origin of its reputation—Professor SIEBOLD—Dr. MAAS—A visit—Confraternal urbanity—The three SPRINGS—The *Maxbrunnen*—Taste and physical characters—Better than gin—The *Ragozi*—Taste and physical properties—Chemical composition—The *Pandur*—Its use as a bath—MEDICAL EFFECTS of the *Ragozi*—Its virtues in certain diseases—Its power as a mild and safe deobstruent—Its efficacy in sterility—Hard livers—Striking cure—Gout and rheumatism find no quarter at Kissingen—Royal bathing-establishment—The KUR-HAUS—Apartments—Prices of lodgings—*Salle de Reception*—The QUEEN of Bavaria—Improvements in progress—Taste and liberality of the KING of Bavaria—New and superb conversation-saal—Hotels and inns—Hotel de Bavière—Hotel de Saxe—*Wittelbacherhof*—Table d'hôte—Living cheap—Number of visiters—Russian travellers—Spa on the Caucasus—A ROYAL ALBUM—Potentates and others—*Terra incog.* to the English—Society—KISSINGEN on the ascendant—Exportation of its mineral waters.

WERE I to choose a spot in Germany in which I wished to spend the few remaining years of my life peaceably, agreeably, and intellectually, I should fix on Gotha. Nature and art have made of that city as fair a capital, in miniature, as can well be imagined. The situation is beautiful—the climate unexceptionable—the air excellent—the scenery around it varied, pleasing, romantic, and, on more accounts than one, interesting. Within it are to be found all the literary and scientific institutions, and all the amusements, which distinguish larger cities; all the arrangements for convenience and comfort, and for cheapness of living, which are generally found only in cities of the first order. In addition to which, society is on the most pleasant footing at Gotha, and the presence of the sovereign duke, during a part of the year, brings with it all those advantages which a permanent court is known to confer on the towns where it exists.

Short as the time was which I could devote to the further examination of a place I had visited twice before, and in which I had to transact business that occupied much of my time, I could not resist the wish of once more viewing and admiring the ducal chateau, its gardens, and lovely position, as well as those choice, and, in one respect, unique collections, which that extensive edifice contains. I believe that there is not in Europe such a Chinese collection as that which exists in this chateau; neither is the numismatic cabinet less interesting, though not so considerable in the number of its objects, nor so unique and popular, on account of their nature and aggregation. There is, in the second room alone of the Chinese collection, a series of 713 Chinese figures, wrought in Pechstein, and beautifully arranged, such as are not to be met with in any other part of the world. From the windows, in this part of the chateau, the most enchanting view is obtained, not only of Gotha, but likewise of the distant country, which is particularly attractive.

The chateau possesses also some excellent Italian and German paintings, a few of which are by the very first artists. I ought not to omit mentioning, in an especial manner, when alluding to the *Gemalde Gallerie*, that a few of the paintings by Saxon artists of the last century deserve the highest encomium. For example, Fried. Löber, in 1742, painted two subjects of still life—the one a cock of the natural size, the other a fox,—which are superior to any performances of the same kind I have ever beheld. Some views of Rome, and general landscapes, together with a few historical paintings, all from the pencil of artists, natives of Gotha, who were sent to Italy a century ago to learn their profession, are designed and coloured in a style that has scarcely been equalled by more modern artists. Grassi is one of those who ought to be especially singled out. In the large room, containing the Flemish and Dutch collections, after paying my respects to the celebrated Rubens of this gallery, I hastened to admire a portrait of Rembrandt's mother, painted by F. Bol, in which the hand that is resting on the Bible boasts of all the beauty with which that exquisitely delicate colourist knew so well how to invest that part of his portraits. To those who have seen Bol in his true glory—namely, at Amsterdam—it will not appear strange that I should proclaim him one of the

very first portrait-painters of any age or school. There is, in the same room, an exquisite cabinet picture by P. Potter, with four cows, which is justly considered at Gotha as a jewel of that master.

But my enthusiasm regarding objects of art is detaining me too long from the more immediate purpose of my journey. Let us, therefore, hasten without further delay towards the Bavarian Spas, taking, as I was recommended, the new *chaussée* across the Thüringian chain, by Oberhof, instead of the more difficult and ancient road through Schmalkalden, further west, in the same mountain region.

The new *chaussée* is shorter, and was first opened for posting in 1835. Leaving Gotha, it ascends to a vast plain of corn-fields, surrounded by several ranges of the Thüringian mountains. The See-bergen was the first seen on our left, beyond which are the Dreykleiss, or three hills, curiously grouped, with a castle on the summit of one of them. In front, and to the right, the hills are more imposing. The road is perfect, hard, macadamized, and lined with fruit-trees. The succession of luxuriant fields and pleasure-grounds, smart villas, and palaces, give to the country a most rich and charming aspect. The villages are numerous; the race of people which inhabit them is hardy, good-looking, and well dressed. In some parts the orchards are hedged in, as in England. Ohrdruf, the first post-station, and many other smaller towns through which we passed, appeared to be neat, cleanly, well paved, and the seat of comfort. Beyond the last-mentioned place, a valley of the most picturesque character opens near Schwarzwald, watered by a narrow stream, but on which arrangements are made to swell its bed at pleasure, in order to float the timber cut from the forested sides of the adjoining hills. The road, as a work of art, is equal to any of the most admired roads of modern days, and highly creditable to the state. I should have much regretted having missed so lovely a drive.

Perceiving, from the elevation of the mountain which rose before me, and by the direction of the road, that the carriage could not reach the summit except at a dragging pace; and having ascertained from the postilion that a nearer way for travellers on foot lay on our left, along a tortuous and narrow path, through the forest; I quitted the vehicle with my son, armed with our bag and geological hammer, and began ascending

in the direction pointed out to us. We stopped by the way to examine rocks, or to look into the highly cultivated bits of land which the inhabitants had rescued from among the bare crags,—until,—after, a long walk, we reached a projecting ledge, on which a rustic seat, made of basket-work, and placed all around a rudely-fashioned table, invited us to rest. From this platform, the path by which we had ascended, winding up the acclivity of the hill, as well as the bolder spirals of the wider *chaussée* we had left an hour before, appeared developed below us; and upon it the carriage was seen, but at a considerable distance, dragging its heavy way to rejoin us. The postilion's voice could just be heard, as he kept encouraging his jaded cattle to their arduous task. This, and the echoed strokes of the wood-cutters' hatchets, three of whom we could perceive, perched upon an opposite hill, in the act of felling the lofty trees of the forest, formed the only interruption to the deep stillness of the atmosphere. After the repeated storms of the preceding night and early morning, the temperature had fallen to 44°; and although, imbosomed as we were in the forest, the gale reached us not, we could yet see the clouds above us scudding with violent impetuosity, driven by the still raging tempest.

As soon as the postilion was within reach of hearing, observing us stationary round our rustic table, — where I remained, not only to contemplate and describe the aspect of the country in my note-book, but to enjoy also a short period of rest,—he called to us to look straight up to our right, and with his extended finger pointing to a white showy house high in the air, apparently on the brink of a precipice, exclaimed, "*Station!*" We took the hint, and perceiving, in the direction he pointed out, a tortuous footpath along the nearly perpendicular side, and through the thickset wood, we prepared to follow it, in order to reach the post-station. A flight of two minutes upwards, from the spot whence we started, would have taken us thither; while, by the windings of the beautiful *chaussée*, that goal of our present expedition was, as yet, an hour distant!

Having reached the post-station long before the carriage, we profited by the delay to take some refreshments. These were most politely offered us by a smart, lively lass, the daughter of the postmaster, from her own board, at which she was seated

with the rest of her family—the picture of contentment. Close by the post-house stands the celebrated hunting-chateau of the Duke of Cobourg, decorated at all the windows with stag-horns. Having resumed our seats in the britzschka, we reached, a few hundred yards beyond the chateau, the highest summit of this mountain range; to mark which, a lofty square Gothic obelisk has been erected, upon a square platform, having three steps and a neat railing all round.

The panorama which, from this position, suddenly unrolled itself before us, of the country we had left, and of that, still more romantic, which we were about to enter, beyond the chain of hills on which we stood, was indescribably beautiful. As we began our descent, the succession of wooded hills on all sides reminded us of the rival Schwarzwald, in Würtemberg. It is impossible to paint in words the various aspects in which mountain and forest, with every variety of landscape accident of the most striking character, present themselves at every turn. While admiring and feeling the pleasure with which beauties of nature like these, rapidly succeeding each other, are calculated to inspire the spectator,—he is lost in amazement, and can find no words sufficiently rapid and expressive to convey to others his impressions of the reality.

As we approached, in our descent, the third post-station, and after sweeping a sharp winding of the road around the Spitzberg, which rises 2790 feet high, and the still loftier Schneekopf, the pretty little town of Zella, stretched in a smiling hollow, came suddenly upon us in the valley beneath. The wide prairie which surrounds it was being mowed; and the green carpet, studded with neat and well-built houses, and traversed by the finest and smoothest road imaginable, as level as a billiard-table, formed a very charming picture. Zella is as lovely as its name.—Mehlis, an important village, succeeded near at hand, also in the flat valley over which we were travelling at a speedy rate. The whole rich pasturage was strewed with horned cattle, and here and there a flock of sheep appeared. We had now left behind us the Thüringerwald; and although still hemmed in by hills, it was easy to distinguish that they were mere youthful swellings, by the side of the antique and eternal mountains of that celebrated range, covered with forest-trees.

On this part of the road, whole caravans of neatly-arranged

and lofty waggons met us, conveying merchandise from Frankfort to the distant fair of Leipzig. We reached at last the third station, Benhausen, which may be considered as the commencement of the south termination of the Thuringian mountain-chain, just as Ohrdruf is looked upon as the beginning of it on the Gotha, or north side. The transit, therefore, of this famed mountain district, which has none of the grave characters of the Alpine ranges, is only four German or about twenty English miles long, in the direction of the present new *chaussée;* and a more lovely excursion of the same extent a traveller cannot find elsewhere. The road is, throughout, made with the compact red stone of which the hills are principally composed, with occasional traces of other less simple rocks, and sometimes of slate and pudding-stone. I have never travelled on a finer road in any country, and it reflects much credit on the prince by whose command it was executed.

We reached MEININGEN in good time, not only to see the several new buildings by which that small capital of a sovereign state has been of late years embellished, but also to wander through the Thiergarten, or Park. At Meiningen, I had the good fortune to meet with and form the acquaintance of Count D'ELCHING, a nobleman well versed in the English language, who has travelled through most parts of Europe, and who possesses extensive property near the Lake of Constanz, and some, also, in the neighbourhood of the Thuringian district. With a degree of urbanity which one seldom meets at the hands of a total stranger, except on the continent, the count volunteered to be our *cicerone*, while our dinner was getting ready; and he actually escorted us everywhere, particularly into the ducal palace.

To one dwelling in Great Britain, the view of the paternal home of England's former queen—of the roof under which she first drew her breath, and passed her youthful days—of the very apartment in which she first learned, and afterwards practised, all those social and domestic virtues which have endeared her to English subjects, and have made her a bright example of what a queen-consort should be—could not but excite the most lively interest. Accordingly, I accepted the kind invitation of the count, and under his guidance we penetrated into the castle, passed through the royal suite of rooms on the principal story, and ascended to

the second floor, where we gained admission into the apartments in which Queen Adelaide spent many happy years, as Princess of Meiningen. The apartments were, at that time, assigned to the young Princes of Weimar, who were then on a visit to the ducal family of Meiningen; but happening to be just then absent, our object of seeing the interior was accomplished.

There is but one feeling entertained in this happy little community—from high to low—respecting their cherished and never-forgotten princess. Many inquired after her health, and some expressed a hope that she might be induced to revisit her native place, and once more make use of the baths of *Liebenstein*, where her majesty resided three or four years ago, for a few weeks, and, as it is asserted, with considerable benefit to her health.

The LIEBENSTEIN springs are to be found at a very short distance from Meiningen, nearly at the foot of the Thüringerwald, in a very romantic country, partaking of the character of that which I described near Zella. They belong to the ducal government of Saxe-Meiningen, and the baths are under the superintendence of that government. Every means has been employed to render the spot inviting. A showy building called the *Fürstenhaus*,—which contains, like the conversation-house at Baden-baden, a ball-room and gaming-rooms, and a theatre too,—is one among the fashionable attractions. Nature has afforded still greater points of attraction, in the many objects of interest which the surrounding country offers to the visiters. The castle of Allenstein, and two caverns, one of which bears the name of Glücksbrunnen, or sweet water, are not the least important.

The mineral water of Liebenstein contains by far the largest quantity of iron of any other mineral spring described in the present volume. It amounts to not less than the seventh of the whole of the solid ingredients held in solution by the water. The quantity of those ingredients, in a pint of the water, is fourteen grains and a half, *two* of which are carbonate of iron, with but a scanty supply of an aperient salt. Although I have reason to doubt the accuracy of the proportion of iron assigned to this spring, I admit that the proportion would be larger than in any other chalybeate mentioned in these pages, even after some deduction. Such a mineral water, taken internally, can suit

but very few constitutions. It is heating to excess, over-exciting and binding, and likely to produce eruptions. Were I to hazard a comparison of its power with that of any ordinary medicine prescribed to patients from the chemist's shop, I should say that it resembles in its effect that heterogeneous compound commonly called *Griffith's Mixture.*

In indolent constitutions, sluggish natures, and a powerless or half-paralyzed condition of the digestive organs, a moderate quantity of this water may prove of service. When a female patient is properly prepared for its use, in the *pâles couleurs*, the Liebenstein spring will be highly advantageous. The physicians at Gotha, and Dr. Froriep, of Weimar, assured me that, in cases of hypochondriasis, unaccompanied by the slightest appearance of inflammation, or irritability the efficacy of this water is unquestionable. There are many other peculiar classes of disease which need not be enumerated very particularly in a work of this kind, but which I should expect would be materially benefited by the Liebenstein springs.

The water, however, is more generally employed as a bath; and as the natural temperature of it is only 49° of Fahrenheit, some mineral water which has been previously heated is mixed with it, so as to raise it to the proper degree of heat. During the operation of warming it, however, the mineral water loses a certain proportion of two important ingredients, namely, of the carbonate of iron, and the carbonic acid.

One may live very cheaply and agreeably at Liebenstein, for a few weeks during the summer; but I know few mineral springs that require more caution or medical skill in directing the use of them.

Early on the following day, after quitting Meiningen, I reached KISSINGEN, a Spa which has acquired, of late years, a surprising reputation on the continent; although it is totally unknown to the faculty in this country, who have probably never heard of the place.

KISSINGEN is the name given to what was once a small village, but which now begins to assume the appearance of a small town, situated in a part of the kingdom of Bavaria, called the Circle, or department of the Lower Main. It is distant forty-three German miles from Munich, nine from Würzburg, and seventeen from Frankfort; from all which cities there are regular

posting-roads to it. From the places in its more immediate neighbourhood,—Meiningen, Bruckenau, and Bocklet,—its distance is five, three, and one German mile respectively.

Kissingen is placed in the centre of a valley running north and south, through which rapidly dashes the river *Saale*. Green and flowery meadows, fruitful corn-fields somewhat more in the distance,—and lastly, gentle acclivities, and steeper hills and mountains receding into the back-ground, whose sunny sides are planted with luxuriant vines,—form the triple and magic circle of this Spa.

Lest any of my readers should be puzzled to find the place in the German maps, I may state that it has been known and designated under several appellations, four of which are *Kizziche*, *Kizzicha*, *Chizzichheim*, and *Kiesech*, beside the more modern name it now bears. The village forms part of the church domain of the Bishop of Würzburg; and it contains at present about a thousand inhabitants.

In consequence of the frequent inquiries that have been made of me by patients whom I have directed to spend the season at Kissingen, as to the best and most expeditious mode of reaching that Spa, I add in the present edition a few and more explicit directions on that subject. Two roads lead from Frankfort to Kissingen. The one (a new but a bad one) is by Aschaffenberg and Lork—the other by Aschaffenberg and Würzburg, a good and a very cheerful road, about fifty miles in length. Esselbach is at two thirds of the way to Würzburg. The road is pretty and forest-like. A *voiturier* will engage to take a party of four from Frankfort in two days to Kissingen for fifty florins, (4*l*. 3*s*. 4*d*.) He expects three florins for himself as a drinkgeld. The travellers by such a mode of conveyance generally sleep at Esselbach and reach Kissingen through Würzburg the following evening. But, in posting, Kissingen may be reached in eleven hours, if no stoppage is made at Würzburgh—a city worth a night and a day's séjour on account of its architectural beauty, and above all, the splendid palace of the archbishops, once the lords of that place.

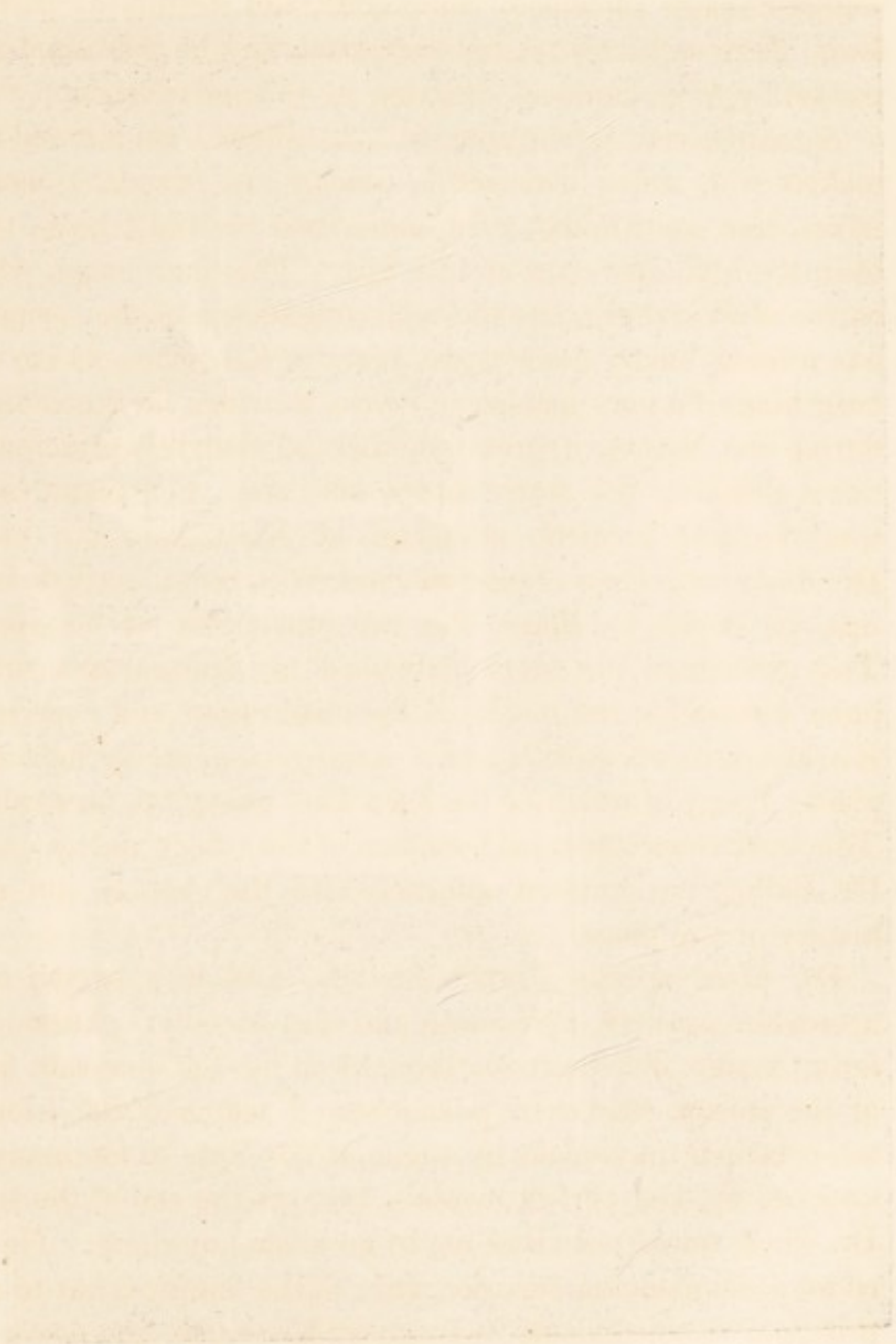
There is no published record of the springs at Kissingen of earlier date than the end of the 16th century. At that time the physician of one of the princely bishops of Würzburg persuaded the prelate, for the benefit of his health, to drink the water which

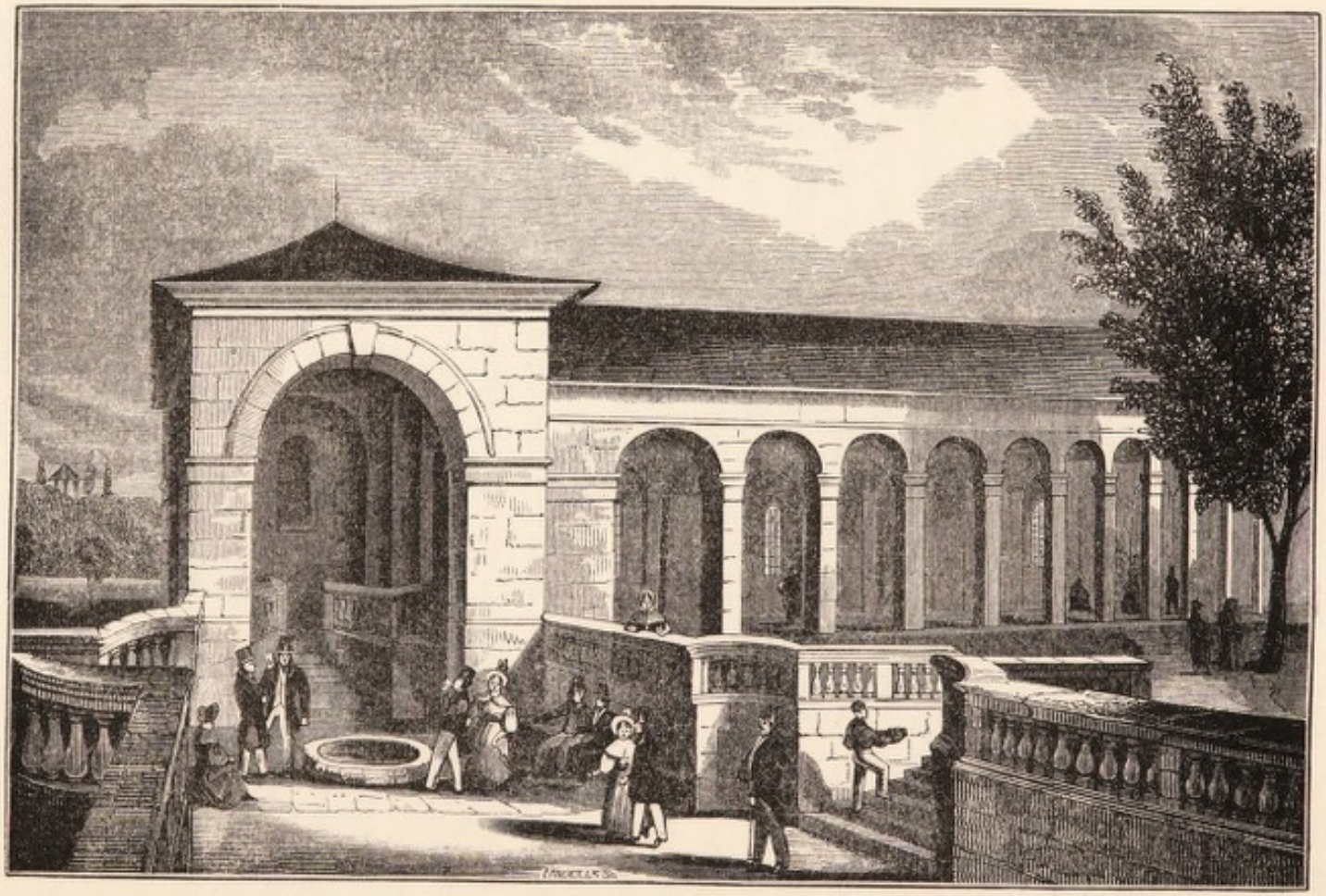
he had till then used only as a bath. The worthy bishop got well, and the Spa made its first step to the reputation it now enjoys. But the greatest lift to these waters was given by Professor SIEBOLD, of Berlin, a practitioner of great celebrity as an accoucheur in that city, who having had occasion to prescribe the waters in cases of female complaints, and sterility in particular, found them so beneficial and successful, that he published a work purposely to recommend their use in all similar cases.

A more recent publication, by one whom I am allowed now to reckon with much satisfaction among my friends, I mean Dr. MAAS, has contributed, even more than Siebold's book, to establish the high character of this Spa. This gentleman, who is a native of Würzburg, has the superintendence of the springs, and has resided nearly twenty-two years in Kissingen, where he has built himself a very handsome house, in which he accommodates, during the season, a great number of visiters—principally patients drinking the water under his care. For many years he was the sole medical attendant at Kissingen; but in 1836 Dr. BALLING, from Neustadt and Würzburg, settled in that Spa, in hopes to share the toil and profit of his *confrère*. This gentleman has since published at Stuttgardt a small volume containing the result of his observation and experience at Kissingen, together with a new description of the springs and the place; a copy of which he has been kind enough to forward to me. This work is accompanied by a plan of the village and its environs. Dr. Balling has entered minutely into the geology and natural history of the place.

Dr. Maas speaks French fluently, and is a person of very agreeable manners, *prévenant*, and very friendly. Although suffering under indisposition, brought on by the incessant fatigues of the season, (and *entre parentheses* I may add that I found all the principal physicians in vogue at the Spas in Germany quite knocked up, and perfect invalids, towards the end of the season,) Dr. Maas would not allow me to go alone anywhere. He insisted on accompanying me, not only to the springs, but to all the principal establishments in and near Kissingen, and drove me in his own carriage to see the famous *Salines* in the neighbourhood. Later in the day he likewise escorted me to BOCKLET, another Spa, of which I shall have to give an account presently.

The celebrity of Kissingen, which at first depended on the virtues of a single spring, called the *Pandur* or *Badebrunnen*,





RAGOZI AT KISSINGEN.

rests now on three springs,* one of which, and the most famed of them, called the *Ragozi*, was discovered by the apothecary of the place, *Roxberger*, not many years ago, in the old bed of the river Saale. The name of the third spring is the *Maxbrunnen*, or *Sauerbrunnen*. The three springs lie close together, not far from the left bank of the Saale, and are surrounded by a species of public garden, or rather a square plantation of trees, in straight lines, placed between a large edifice, called the "Royal Kur-haus," and a very handsome arcade, which the King has ordered to be erected, and which I saw progressing, in continuation of the one built of red sandstone, which is represented in the view I have here given of the place.

In that view the balustrade which surrounds the *Pandur* and the *Ragozi* is seen to advantage; but one only of the springs is delineated, the other being placed somewhat nearer to the foreground. The descent from the garden into the sunken terrace in which the two springs in question are situated, is by four lateral flights of steps, and also by another flight at the farthest end, which communicates with the arcade. Pleasing, and even beautiful, as this architectural arrangement must be admitted to be, it will be surpassed in every way by the structure now rapidly rising from the ground. In that structure, the design of which has been, as usual, chosen and approved of by the King, Kissingen will gain one of its most striking features.

The *Maxbrunnen*, or Acidulous Spring, is the nearest to the town; indeed, owing to the extension of the latter, it may be said to form part of the town. It lies at the termination of the principal street, a little to the right, opposite the Kur-haus, and at the entrance of the garden to which I have alluded, called the Bath-garden. The spring flows out of a crevice in the red sandstone, at a temperature of $8\frac{3}{4}^{0}$ of R. It is not covered or protected by any edifice or pavilion; a circumstance much complained of, as inconvenient in every way. But the King of Bavaria, who has otherwise evinced his solicitude in behalf of Kissingen, has hitherto declined doing anything to remedy that inconvenience, on the ground that he has been advised to con-

* I say nothing of two other springs found out of the village, and nearer to the banks of the river, called the Theresienbrunnen and the Soolensprudel—as very little use is made of them. The latter contains too much muriate of soda to be palatable; the other is too simple in its composition to be beneficial, compared either to the Ragozi or the Pandur.

sider the water of the *Max* as likely to be more efficacious, if completely exposed to the rays of the sun.

This water, when freshly taken up in a glass, appears almost as clear as crystal, and colourless; but coming in contact with the warm air, it is disturbed by innumerable gas-bubbles, which rise to the surface, and break with a sort of hissing noise. I found its taste less pleasingly acidulous than I had been led to expect. It has not the sharpness of Seltzer water, to which it has been compared, but, on the contrary, it is rather flat. The muriates of soda, magnesia, and potash, are the prevailing ingredients; and thirty cubic inches of carbonic acid gas are also contained in a pint of the water. There are no traces of iron according to some, and faint traces of it according to other chemists; I detected none. I should compare the taste of this water to that of one of the springs at Cannstadt.

I stood, at noon, for half an hour leaning over this spring, which I understood to be the favourite with the common people of the country. The applications for it appeared incessant; so numerous, indeed, at that hour of the *mittag* meal, that many of those who came to fetch their supply for home consumption, had to wait their turn. Labourers, after eating their black bread and small bit of goats cheese, went down in succession to quaff, out of broken pitchers, this pleasing beverage. Happy they who possess so primitive a mode of slaking thirst, instead of broiling their entrails with gin! One of the excellent effects of this practice is, that worms are not known among children at Kissingen, and scrofulous disorders never make their appearance among the inhabitants.

But it is at the *Pandur* and *Ragozi*, and still more so at the latter, that the throng of gentle blood clusters around, during the season, at the usual early hour of the morning, drinking between four and five glasses of water, and seldom more. The *Ragozi* enjoys already an European reputation. It emerges from a depth of twelve feet, through rounded pebbles and basaltic stones, at a temperature one degree higher than that of the *Maxbrunnen*. Its taste is sharp, strongly saline, and acidulous, with a smack also of a bitter and rough vitriolic nature. It reminded me of the stronger chalybeate water near Rosenstein, at Stuttgardt. Nor is it surprising that it should so taste, seeing that it contains nearly three quarters of a grain of carbonate of iron in sixteen ounces. When the *Ragozi* is found to affect the head,

the glass filled with it is previously immersed into hot water, so as to allow the greater part of the gas to escape. If, after this, the *Ragozi* should still be found to affect the head, then the *Pandur* is to be substituted for it. But to the prolonged use of the latter spring Dr. Maas objects that it weakens the stomach.

Although limpid and clear at first in the glass, the water of the *Ragozi* soon becomes turbid, and deposits a reddish yellow sediment. This happens likewise to the *Pandur*, when it is boiled for the use of the bath; that being the principal purpose to which that water is applied. The muriates of soda, magnesia, and potash, are here, again, the prevailing ingredients; as will be seen on inspecting the chemical table at the end of the volume. The free gas amounts to from twenty-seven to thirty cubic inches in the pint. Of both these springs, also, the inhabitants have the right (reserved in their behalf by the crown, when it surrendered the seignorage over the sources to the town authorities) to partake as often as they please; and not a little do they avail themselves of their privilege during the summer.

In referring to the effects of the Kissingen waters on the human constitution, when used internally, we must dismiss from our consideration those of the *Maxbrunnen*, as it contains but slender portions of the ingredients which impart power to the two other springs. Of the latter, the *Ragozi* contains not less than 85⅓ grains, and the *Pandur* 76 grains, of solid ingredients, in a pint of the water, whereas the *Max* holds not more than 27 grains.

Again, as the *Pandur* is principally used for bathing, my remarks respecting the virtues of the Kissingen waters must be considered as principally applicable to the *Ragozi*, which has become almost synonymous, among physicians and invalids, with the name of the town.

According to the testimony of the best authorities—those, I mean, on whose skill, candour, and veracity, one may safely rely —and I will mention at once, besides Siebold, the patriarch Dr. Kreysig, with whom I have conversed at great length on this subject, as well as Dr. Maas and Dr. Balling—the *Ragozi* is, *par excellence*, the remedy against chronic diseases. In acute or febrile disorders its virtues are null. It is not easy to imagine a more happy combination than is found in the *Ragozi*, of gently purgative, depurative, and alterative salts. Judging, *primâ facie*,

from such a circumstance alone, I should expect the very best effects from the use of the *Ragozi*, in every possible modification of complaints of the stomach,—from the mere want of appetite, and oppression after eating, to the most complicated derangement of the various abdominal processes which constitute digestion. I will only instance, as an example, the nausea and retching (first indications of forthcoming disease) which salute the overnight tippler when he first wakes in the morning. Half a glass of the *Ragozi*, taken immediately on waking, will arrest those symptoms.

When impurities have collected in the intestines or principal passages, the *Ragozi* removes them with astonishing quickness,—stimulating at the same time, by its large proportions of gas, and moderate quantity of steel, the nervous and muscular energies of the stomach and its dependencies. Dr. Maas asserts that this water is a safer and more certain remedy for *obstipatio intestinorum* than almost any other. The intestinal functions are rendered regular by its use, and their regularity continues after the patient has ceased to drink the water.

In local fulness of blood in the principal viscera of the abdomen,—the liver, for instance, the spleen, the mesenteric veins, and in cases of incorrect distribution of that fluid to those organs which characterize the female constitution,—the *Ragozi* has acquired great reputation. The last-mentioned circumstance has led practitioners of celebrity to apply it in cases where anomalies exist in that one particular function which is the source of so much suffering to females; and, by a natural induction, in cases also of sterility.

It becomes me not, as the writer of a work avowedly intended for general readers, to enter into further particulars on a subject which has lately engaged the attention of several practitioners on the continent, and my own. But to have passed wholly unnoticed the circumstance which, perhaps, more than any other, renders this Spa so truly valuable, would have argued either ignorance or neglect. The causes of sterility are various. The larger number of them, which have been well studied by those who have inquired into this question, and into the powers of this mineral spring, are as certainly removed by it as any other obstruction; and, so far, the problem would be one of easy solution. But there are also causes of that singular state of the

female constitution which are likely to be aggravated by the *Ragozi*; and, therefore, the question is one that requires deliberation. Dr. Maas and Dr. Kreysig have put me in possession of cases of disordered female constitutions, which, even in a purely medical book, I should forbear quoting, but which, with some similar cases that have fallen under my own knowledge, go to confirm whatever has been said before by Siebold, respecting the virtues of the *Ragozi*.

There is another class of invalids who derive undoubted benefit from the Kissingen waters; and these are your "hard livers;"—I mean such as have a hard liver, from having lived hard. Instances were quoted to me, of persons bearing about with them considerable swellings of that organ, which could be felt through the skin, as hard as a stone, but which were softened, diminished, and at last wholly removed, by the dissolvent powers of the *Ragozi*. "As long," says Dr. Maas, "as the reproductive forces are not too far sunk, and no considerable emaciation or insidious fever has shown itself, we have still great hopes of saving the patient by the use of the *Ragozi*."

An individual was pointed out to me, between forty and fifty years of age, who, through a natural tendency to diseases of the abdomen, and protracted sedentary habits, owing to constant study, had gradually contracted a remarkable swelling of the liver, which showed itself by a perceptible prominence in the right side. It is said that his whole countenance, when he arrived at Kissingen, exhibited that peculiar appearance which, at our own Cheltenham, is supposed to denote your newly disembarked Nabobs. His secretions were scanty, of rare occurrence, and discoloured. He had become an *anatomie*, and the night perspirations were hastening the loss of his strength. Having previously taken for his complaint loads of medicines, including the English panacea, yclept blue pill, with manifest deterioration, instead of amelioration, of his health, he came to the *Ragozi*. It was melancholy to see him (I was told) when he arrived at Kissingen; and for some time it was doubted whether he should begin at all the use of the water, as there appeared to be no hope of his recovery. However, he began a course both of drinking and bathing, under the direction of the physician; at the same time observing a proper diet, and taking a moderate share of exercise, proportioned to the little strength he

had left. In the course of six weeks the tightness in the region of the liver was removed, the swelling first became soft, it afterwards diminished in size, and lastly disappeared. The appetite returned; the cheeks, formerly tallowish and saffrony, became ruddy; and after two months the patient was about to return home in perfect health, although at the time of beginning the course it was thought that he had not two months more to live. During his treatment this individual passed two gall-stones, of the size of a bean.

As the present is not meant to be a medical treatise, the little I have already stated of the medicinal effects of the *Ragozi* must suffice. There are a great many more diseases, of a lingering and chronic character, for which the *Ragozi* is justly recommended; but I have said enough to establish its reputation in a country in which its existence even is scarcely known; and that is all that I can be expected to do on the present occasion. When the water produces its proper effect, in a week or ten days, the patient feels low and miserable; and if the Ragozi proves insufficient in a certain respect, a glass of the Pandur is added at eleven o'clock A.M., and again at six P.M.

With the latter exception, the *Pandur* is little used for drinking, but very much so for bathing. Baths of this water are recommended in all cases in which the *Ragozi* is used; and to the double use of two mineral sources at the same time, the physicians best acquainted with Kissingen ascribe the quick and radical cure of many diseases. Among these they reckon gout; in the treatment of which the *Pandur* baths have long been celebrated. Dr. Maas states that numerous examples of this *opprobrium medicorum* have come under his notice, which have been either effectually cured, or have experienced an extraordinary alleviation of their pains. Atonic gout is not of this class. Rheumatism, when without fever, and of a chronic form, particularly that kind which shows itself in the character of most obstinate pains in the face, head, teeth, shoulders, &c., and which resists all attempts at a cure by means of cupping, embrocations, blisters, &c., often vanishes in a very short time by the general or local use of the *Pandur* baths. Cutaneous eruptions are also cured by the same baths; and cases of this kind are said to be numerous every season at Kissingen.

For the convenience of taking the baths of the *Pandur* water,

the King of Bavaria has caused a bath establishment to be erected, in a massive building, of a pleasing style, in connexion with an older structure, since re-modernised, which owed its existence to his late majesty, called the KUR-HAUS. There are in the right wing of this bathing-establishment sixteen bath rooms, divided by a passage passing through the middle. In each room there is a copper bath fixed in the ground, with cocks for the cold and hot mineral waters. In several of the rooms are well-stuffed sofas, with elastic springs, for weak or lame patients. Two of the rooms are appropriated for the *douches*. There is also a drop-bath, where the water falls from a height of thirty-eight feet. It is the order of the day, without exception, that all who drink the *Ragozi* shall bathe in the *Pandur;* but as the water of the latter is only 9½ of R., some of it is kept boiling in large caldrons, into which it is received direct from the spring for that purpose. The attendance at these baths is very good.

Baths are to be found also at all the principal hotels, as well as in the large, handsome, and well-furnished residence of Dr. Maas; where there are several excellent suites of apartments and bed-chambers, which, besides the convenience of being near the promenade as well as the springs, enjoy a view of all that can be seen of the neighbouring country beyond that spot. The baths in Dr. Maas's house are six in number, and there are very neat cabinets or dressing-rooms connected with them, supplied with proper furniture, a looking-glass, thermometer, &c. The bathers, in very cold weather, are made to go to bed after the bath; but in the months of July and August, or when the hot weather prevails, they dress and go out.

Dr. Balling has lately been in the habit of recommending warm baths of the Ragozi's water; and he states that he has found them more efficacious, in many cases, than those of the Pandur.

The present *Königliche Kur-haus* is a long, low building, of red sandstone, of pleasing architecture. It faces the plantation, and has only one story. Behind it two wings have recently been built, at right angles, forming two sides of a square, and which possess considerable pretension to architectural beauty. They are two stories high above the *Rez-de-Chaussée*. Interiorly the arrangement is good, and the suites of apartments, with wide corridors and ample staircases, give to the whole a decided air of grandeur.

In the front or older building is placed the *Grande Salle à manger*, together with the long suite of *Conversation-rooms*, in which, among other *innocent* entertainments performed, those of the *Roulette*, *Faro*, and *Rouge et Noir* are the most prominent. Close to the further rooms (conversations and roulette-rooms) is a reading-room, kept during the season by Mr. Charles Jugel, bookseller, from Frankfort. It is well supplied with periodicals in English, French, and German, and connected with it is a circulating library, selected with great care, and containing everything, both new and interesting, in German and foreign literature. The portion of this establishment devoted to the fine arts will be found extremely interesting, and visiters may have an opportunity of being supplied at the original publication prices.

The rooms throughout this edifice are perfectly well built, fashionably set off with furniture and decorations, and have a bright polished *parquet*. The beds are excellent. In June the prices are one quarter less than in July, during which, and the following month, the throng of visiters is considerable. A large room, which may serve both as a bed and sitting-room, will cost one florin and a half a day (2*s*. 6*d*.) in June, two florins in July, and the same in August. On the second story, in which the apartments are not so good, the prices are one third less. There are also very habitable suites of rooms on the ground-floor, which, though smaller than the rest, are neat, airy, and light, and their price is from one and a quarter to one florin and a half a day during the best part of the season. Of course two such rooms, or more, would be charged in proportion. During her late *séjour* at Kissingen, the Queen of Bavaria, (who likes that Spa as much as the King likes Bruckenau,) and subsequently the Grand Duchess of Weimar, lodged in the best suite of rooms in the *Kurhaus*, which terminate in a *Grande Salle de Reception*.

All these various buildings, however, it is said to be the intention of the King to demolish, in order to erect something more in accordance with the reputation of the place, and worthy of his character as a man of taste. In the mean while the great improvement to which I have already alluded as now proceeding, in regard to the colonnade, evinces the sincerity of the King's professions in favour of Kissingen; although there are those who pretend that Louis of Bavaria, from a desire to make Bruckenau the first Spa in Bavaria, had, until the last six years, studiously

neglected Kissingen. The representations of the many titled and wealthy visiters, particularly those from Russia, who flocked yearly to Kissingen, and who called for better accommodations in return for the large sums they spent at Kissingen; but, above all, the recovery of her Majesty, obtained through the means of the waters, which received from that circumstance an additional *éclat*;—induced the King to direct the several ameliorations that have taken place since. This encouragement has had the effect of causing new houses to rise in all directions, and several new streets have been erected since in the environs of the *Kur-haus Strasse*. The latter street has itself been considerably extended in length, by the addition of some new buildings, which look very much like some of the palaces in Munich.

The erection of a new colonnade of white sand-stone, designed with much taste, and in good style, is an event that has created great sensation at Kissingen. When finished it will be far superior to anything of the sort which the other Spas in Germany can boast of; not only on account of its rich yet chaste design, but for its size, and boldness, and the solidity of its materials. It begins in a straight line from the head of the promenade nearest the town, and proceeds till it reaches the place opposite the *Maxbrunnen*,—where a superb and lofty *Conversation Saal*, lighted from above, as well as by lateral and front windows, is now completing. Beyond this the arcade pursues its straight course some hundred feet; it then takes a turn at right angles, and advances in front, so as to join the present red sandstone arcade. The latter is to be demolished, and rebuilt of the same size, elevation, and material, as the rest, with sexagonal pilasters, a semicircular arch, and a simple running frieze.

This great structure, I believe, is near its completion. It has already cost 40,000 florins, on account of the foundation, which it has been found necessary to place on piles, in consequence of the unsteady nature of the soil in the neighbourhood of the river, on the margin of which the edifice is erected. When finished the interior will be highly decorated, according to the prevailing taste in the capital, with fresco paintings, equal, if not superior, to those in the superb saloon at Bruckenau. The total estimate formed of its probable expense is 150,000 florins.*

* Not quite two years have elapsed since this was written, and I learn that this magnificent saloon is completed. The grateful inhabitants, and hundreds of occa-

Besides the *Kur-haus*, there are three or four principal hotels in Kissingen—establishments which look more like the inns of a colony in its infancy, than hotels, and which admit of considerable improvement. The *Hotel de Bavière* is at the head of the Bath-garden, and the *Hotel de Saxe* is more within the town. The one at which we were staying is still farther, yet near enough to the springs. The rooms, the beds, and the table utensils, were such as we met with at Gastein, Deinach, and other less frequented and retired Spas. The hotel is called the *Wiffelsbacher Hof*, and is kept by a little, quick, active man, who belies his own name of Kramp. He speaks French tolerably, and afforded us as good accommodation as the place can offer; although that be not of the best, compared with what we enjoyed at Baden, Marienbad, and Carlsbad.

Living is excessively cheap at Kissingen. A dinner for two persons, consisting of several dishes, and some excellent Bavarian beer, cost one shilling and eleven-pence. Every other repast was proportionately cheap. In the *Kur-haus*, kept by Pietro Bolzano,* who is a pattern of an innkeeper, and a most intelligent and civil man, the *Grand Salon* receives daily, during the season, from two to three hundred guests, who partake of his table d'hôte, formerly niggardly, but now sumptuously served. The room itself, although not quite so handsome as the one at Baden, is yet showy, and fitted up in excellent style. Music is performed during the repast; and the expense of a single dinner is a florin; but if the guest be a subscriber, 48 kreutzers (1*s.* 4*d.*) are charged. The supper in the evening is *à la carte*. There are four other tables d'hôte held in the town, at one of which the charge is only a shilling, while at the others "*on dine pour huit-pence!*" A list of the articles of forbidden diet is fixed up in the Speise-halle or great dining-room.

Great difficulty is experienced in finding lodgings at the height of the season, owing to the increasing number of visiters in every year. Kissingen is this year (1838) fuller than on any former occasion, and the publication of this book has sent thither a larger

sional visiters at Kissingen, welcomed, this season, the sovereign of Bavaria with a splendid repast within the highly decorated walls of this new building. His Majesty had purposely visited Kissingen to examine and hasten the various buildings and improvements which are in progress in virtue of his royal commands.

* I have just learned with much regret that this useful individual died very lately, after a short illness.

number of families from England than had ever appeared before in that place. But though difficult to be obtained, lodgings when got are not expensive. A very good *salon* and six bed-rooms have been secured for 190 florins a month (15*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*) Breakfast will be found in the house for 18 kreutzers (6*d.*) a head.

These facts, as well as the number of visiters who have kept increasing in each succeeding year, beginning with 1814, when only 173 attended, and ending with 1836, when 2,200 arrived at Kissingen, show the rising estimation of that Spa. It is, however, but just to remark, that until 1827, in which year the number had only slowly increased to 705, none but *bonâ fide* patients were inscribed; as there existed, at that time, an order, that none but such as drank the water at least a week should be inserted on the list. At present any one who arrives, servants and all, as I remarked at Baden-baden, and even those visiters who never drink the water at all, are entered on the register.

Of the latter class the number cannot be trifling, considering that the extensive gambling which is constantly going on during the season at Kissingen, attracts a great number of idlers, *fainéans*, *escroques*, and dupes,—among whom a vast deal of money is lost and won;—troubling, as Dr. Maas said to me, *la cure des Eaux.* All the physicians of such of the Spas in Germany as admit gambling, lament this unfortunate *mélange* of dissipation and health-seeking, as being often fatal to the principal object of the cure.

In the list of the arrivals at Kissingen for 1836, which is published with *beaucoup de luxe*, I find a considerable display of aristocracy and high-bred gentry, as well as *personnages marquans*, though not quite so sublime as at Carlsbad. The number of visiters of the higher classes has increased since the well-known and successful cure of the Queen of Bavaria. Among them it is impossible not to be struck with the many names of illustrious individuals from Russia,—that place of invalids and travellers who will peregrinate in search of health to the summits of Mount Thibet or to the Caucasus;—in which latter region, by the way, (if recent accounts be correct,) they stand a good chance of finding a new source of hygiæa, calculated to throw all other mineral springs into the shade.

No. 1 of the Kissingen list, for 1836, embraced April and

May. At that early part of the season not more than a hundred visiters had arrived, who were principally from the immediate neighbouring cities and districts of Germany. The throng began in June, it increased in July, and was at its climax in August, on the 31st of which month the last list was published. As many as fifty arrived in one day in July, consisting of almost every degree of nobility and gentility, from all parts of Europe. The English were not numerous. A stray captain of the navy, a colonel in the guards, two plain squires, and the *ci-devant* keeper of a celebrated hotel, not far from where I am writing, formed the total number of visiters from England. There is a curious album in Bolzano's house, adjoining the Kur-haus, in which a list is kept of all those visiters who have lodged at his house, and in which such as have felt satisfied with their treatment by him, and their accommodations, are requested to sign their names. The book itself is splendid, and many of the autographs are interesting. Among these I read the names, coupled in most cases with an expression of satisfaction, of the father of the future queen of the French, the Duc de Mecklenburg Schwerin; of the Duc de Mecklenburg Strelitz; of the Grand Duke of Weimar; of Prince Peter of Oldenburg; of H. R. H. the Duke of Nassau; of Prince Adam of Würtemberg; and of a whole galaxy of *Princes Russes*—among whom shone conspicuous the Grand Duke Michael,—who, besides his name, in token of approbation of Bolzano's conduct, presented him with a ring in diamonds.

I shall say but little of the promenades in the environs of Kissingen. Some of the more distant are lovely; many of them are points of great attraction; and in this species of amusement the visiter at Kissingen has no reason to be dissatisfied. He may procure a carriage and horses for the day by paying four florins and forty kreutzers to the coachman; or a donkey at the rate of one florin and twenty-one kreutzers, for a promenade, including the drinkgeld of the attendant. The climate of Kissingen is very good. The air is pure, and there is excellent water, as well as excellent wheaten bread. The village stands at an elevation of 610 feet above the level of the sea. The temperature is more uniform throughout the twenty-four hours than in many other mineral watering-places in Germany.

Society is upon an easy footing. Balls, and occasionally con-

certs, serve as so many excuses for the miscellaneous assemblages of people which take place there, and in which asperities are rubbed down, and a temporary democracy is established. An invalid, who is not wholly absorbed with the consideration of his own ailments, may pass his six weeks at Kissingen, I should think, very happily, and with as much of gaiety as is compatible with his situation. Kissingen is evidently on the ascendant, and may be considered as one of the most efficient Spas in Germany, for the recovery of health under especial circumstances.

The *Ragozi* water is largely exported. Bolzano, who farms this branch of industry, showed me the whole process. He took me through his extensive warehouses full of the *Ragozi*, and exhibited his last year's entries in his books, of the exported quantities of that water; by which it appears that 250,000 cruchons (stone bottles) of it were despatched to different parts of Germany, France, and Italy. I could not help noticing the excessive care used in testing the soundness of the bottles before they are filled, and the attention with which they are corked. To those who choose to give the real Kissingen waters a trial, I may with confidence state, that they will find that which is imported in stone bottles, stamped with the names of "Kissingen" and "Bolzano," successfully preserved. But Struve's imitation of it, which is to be obtained from the German Spa at Brighton, is found to be equally good and efficacious; and the quantity drunk both at Brighton and in London, since I have recommended that water as a substitute for black doses, and aloetic pills, I have been informed by M. Schweitzer, has been prodigious.

# CHAPTER III.

## BRUCKENAU.

### BOCKLET.

Position and environs of Kissingen—Road to Bocklet—The great SALINES of Kissingen—The intermittent SALT-SPRING—Curious phenomena—Attempted explanation—BOCKLET—Its four *Quellen*—Physical and chemical characters of the *Ludwigsquelle*—Sulphuretted spring—*Sources barometriques*—Bocklet or Bruckenau after Kissingen — Public buildings—Lodging-houses — BATH-ROOMS—Medical virtues of Bocklet—Diseases it cures—LIFE and TON—Environs—BRUCKENAU—*La Poste*—The Brunnen-Arzte—Promenade to the Spa—Valley of the SINN—Bird's-eye view of the "*Parterre Spa*"—Public edifices—The KING's dwelling—Lodging-houses—The springs—The *Sinnberger*—Its character and medical virtues—The *Wernarzer*—Its virtues—The *Sweet* Spring—The BRUCKENAUER—Its specific characters—Unique chalybeate—Contrasted with Tunbridge—Errors rectified—Diseases cured—The BATHS—Interior of the great KUR-HAUS—Magnificent taste—The first "conoscente" monarch in Europe—Living, amusement, gambling, and society—Influx of strangers—Presence of the KING—Temptations.

THE valley in which Kissingen is situated is of vast extent. The village is on the left bank of the Saale, (called Franco-Saale, to distinguish it from other rivers of that name,) upon a round elbow of flat ground, which is occupied by the public buildings. The mineral springs are placed on the very margin of this elbow, close to which (and equally near to the river) is also a newly-discovered source of the best and purest soft water, together with several other springs, yielding likewise a beautifully clear and sapid water. A wooden bridge, thrown across the river, puts the two extended portions of the valley in immediate communication. Two hills, from six to seven hundred feet in height, stand at one extremity of the village, though not very near it, and are cultivated in orchards and vineyards, with a south-east and north-east aspect. A farther ridge, also of trifling elevation, but well wooded, stretches a little more to the right, and protects

the place from the north winds. Between these the Saale follows its course. In the east a much loftier hill, terminating at the south in a smaller hillock, and having at its summit two gentle swellings, on one of which are the ruins of an ancient castle, defends Kissingen, particularly the promenade, from the winds of that quarter. At the other extremity of the village, or town, whichever we choose to call it, the valley, for miles together, offers no vestige of a single eminence. It is probable, therefore, that the mineral springs descend from the *Trimberg*, the last-mentioned hilly range. The character of its rocks is that of red sandstone; but the alluvial deposit which covers it nearly to the top is so very deep, that no evidence of that rock is externally visible.

Over and across this valley, and following the left bank of the Saale, I proceeded, after quitting Kissingen, on my way to Bocklet, whither Signor Bolzano (with whom I chatted in Venetian over old reminiscences of his native city) had preceded me. Dr. Maas, too, listening more to his own kindly feelings than to prudence, chose to accompany me to that Spa; although it was evident, from the state of fever he was in, that he ought to have remained at home and in bed. Signor Bolzano is the *fermier* of the mineral springs of Bocklet, which he holds for an annual rent from the Archbishop of Würzburg. As the season of that Spa was quite concluded, and the establishment had already been put "in winter quarters,"—had not Signor Bolzano gone thither to prepare everything, I should with difficulty, unaided by him, have been able to judge of the place or of its mineral springs.

Bocklet is distant about five English miles from Kissingen, and the road, shortly after having quitted the latter place, passes by the celebrated *Salines*, which I examined with great care, and in every one of their details. For that purpose I mounted to the highest part of one of those singularly constructed scaffoldings which serve to divest the brine-water, conducted thither from the spring, of all its earthy particles, by being dropped, *guttatim*, from a great height, over bushes of blackthorn. Seen from a distance, these very lofty wooden structures, with their wide and extensive roofs, present a curious feature in the plain. Into the description of this singular establishment I must not suffer myself to be drawn; although the process of obtaining the salt is very interesting, and the whole contrivance curious and inge-

nious. I will only just mention, that the mineral salt-water which is to undergo the process I have hinted at, before it is considered fit to be admitted into the great boiler for evaporation, is made to travel over a space of five German miles, in order that it may deposit its calcareous ingredients during that peregrination.

It is with the spring itself, from which this richly-endowed brine-fluid is obtained, that I have to deal. This spring I made it my business to examine most carefully; as it has lately acquired so much notoriety, owing to its regular ebbings and flowings, that a learned physician of Würzburg, Dr. Osann, who attended the scientific meeting at Jena last year, deemed it important to read a paper before the savans there assembled, which I happened to hear on the first day of the meeting, explanatory of the *rationale* of this very source. Another motive for examining the source itself, was the knowledge I had obtained of the fact, that the authorities at Kissingen were then engaged in devising a plan for bringing the briny fluid into Kissingen, straight from the *Salines*, with a view to establish baths of that water; an institution which, I have no doubt, will prove of great benefit in many cases of disease.

There are two salt springs, both of them close to the Saale, and a large reservoir besides. With one of the springs, (the minor one, which has lately slackened its supply,) and with the reservoir, I have nothing to do. I hastened at once to the principal and only curious source, called the *Runde Brunnen*, the shaft of which is twenty-five feet deep, and eight in diameter. It is placed within a square wooden building, covered over, of course; and in connexion with it are the aspirating pumps, which throw the brine into the lofty channels that are to convey it to the several *Graderhaus*—as those singular buildings to which I have alluded are called. This spring formerly discharged only one cubic foot of the brine in a minute; and this quantity, too, was gradually diminishing. In the year 1822, therefore, an artesian well, or hole, four inches in diameter, was bored at the bottom, which was carried to a depth of two hundred and ninety-eight feet, through the compact sandstone; and now the spring rises, and it has risen ever since, with great force, discharging forty cubic feet of brine in a minute, with a temperature of 40° F. This spring often, and at very different periods, sinks considerably. Sometimes it used to fall for half an hour, or even several hours, and

would then return with its former force. For some years past, however, there has been a great degree of regularity in these movements, which has stamped the source with the character of a positive ebbing and flowing spring.

We arrived at its border while the water was low. Upon throwing open the heavy folding trap-doors which are generally kept closed over the spring, I saw before me nothing beyond a round and, to all appearance, a deep well, the water of which could not be easily distinguished. Luckily the spring was just beginning to grumble and boil, and in three quarters of an hour the increased and almost violent tumult of the surface, and the boiling noise, announced the arrival of the water to its usual height, within a foot or so of the top of the shaft. Its arrival was preceded by an extraordinary developement of carbonic acid gas, a thick stratum of which lay over the water, so that a candle, lowered into the mouth of the shaft, was instantly put out,—its flame receding upwards. The keeper of the spring exhibited also another experiment: he dipped into the air of the shaft, while the rising water was within a short distance of its summit, an empty bucket, and removing it again immediately, apparently empty, poured its invisible contents over several lighted candles, all of which were extinguished by the heavy gas.

As the water approaches near to its highest level, the escape of gas, and the commotion it occasions, are tremendous. The scene reminds one of the Sprudel at Carlsbad. But when once the water has reached its stationary level, it becomes tranquil, and remains so for three hours. It then again descends, and the deep stratum of carbonic gas which hovered over it descends along with it; so that after the gradual downward course of the water has begun, not a vestige of that gas is to be found, where before such a profusion of it existed. In its descent, which is always preceded by noises, as if several strokes of a hammer were heard at the bottom, the water occupies twenty minutes, during which time it sinks a depth of from thirteen to fifteen feet. In ascending to the same elevation again, the spring occupies three quarters of an hour. Before the artesian boring was executed, no such phenomena were ever observed. As I stood near and over the shaft, I experienced all the effects of an exposure to the gas in question. The skin of my face, my eyes and my lips, felt a pricking sensation; the head became confused, and the breathing asthmatic. I remarked that my feet became quite heated by standing on the margin of the

spring; and when I filled my hat with the gas, and placed it on my head, that part of my body felt presently in a glow.

Now the object of Dr. Osann's memoir, read at Jena last year, to which I have referred, was to explain this phenomenon of the intermission, or ebbing and flowing, of the Kissingen salt-spring. He imagines that in the principal reservoir, placed within the bowels of the earth, from which the brine issues, an accumulation of carbonic gas gradually takes place over the surface of the water; just as we see happening in many other mineral springs which give out a large quantity of that gas. This accumulation, as it increases, presses down the surface of the water generally, and forces a portion of it upwards, through the artesian shaft or bore, until the quantity of water in the reservoir is reduced so low, that the gas can find means to escape through the various openings and fissures in the surrounding rocks that are left uncovered by the receding water. By this escape of the gas, and the consequent rarefaction of that portion which yet remains, the pressure on the surface of the salt water being either taken off or considerably diminished, the column of the latter, which had previously been forced upwards, will again fall in the shaft, and back into the reservoir under ground, there to undergo afresh the same pressure, so soon as a sufficient quantity of carbonic acid gas shall be again collected. The author, with whom I conversed on this subject, exhibited a diagram to render his explanation more intelligible; which, after all, I imagine, is the same that has always been given by those philosophers who have endeavoured to account for a similar phenomenon in other naturally intermittent springs where gas is present.

## BOCKLET.

I doubt whether Bocklet has ever been personally known to more than a dozen visiters from this country. The secluded spot in which this Spa is situated, although full of beauties, and surrounded by verdant hills covered with oaks and beeches of great age, whose dark green forms a pleasing contrast to the waving corn-fields,—is too far remote from the beaten track of English travellers, to be deemed by them worthy of a visit. Yet not only is the place deserving of one, but the springs themselves merit attention. Of this I satisfied myself on my arrival thither after leaving the *Salines*.

There are four mineral springs at Bocklet, the *Ludwigsquelle*,

the *Fredericksquelle*, the *Karlsquelle*, and the *Schwefelquelle*. They all rise very close together, out of the compact limestone superimposed on the sandstone; and they are probably branches of one and the same source; although in their chemical composition they differ not a little. They are all enclosed in round shafts of considerable depth, and a square terrace is raised around them, covered over with a large square pavilion, which is terminated by a handsome cupola, supported by two ranges of columns. Two flights of steps on each side lead from the terrace down to the springs. On the front of the building is inscribed, in golden letters, "Erected in 1787 for the benefit of suffering humanity."

The principal *Quelle* occupies the centre of this pavilion. The water in it is 28 feet deep, and the diameter of the shaft is three feet. From recent analysis, not yet published, made by KASTNER, the professor of chemistry in the University of Erlangen, it appears that not less than 39 cubic inches of free carbonic acid gas are found in a pint of water. This quantity of gas imparts a sort of perpetual motion to the surface of the water in the shaft, over which a vase has been placed to receive it.

I found, on plunging my thermometer into the water, that the temperature marked was 52°. The water received in a glass is clear and sparkling; and the same remark applies to all the springs. The taste of the *Ludwigsquelle* is pungent, sub-acid, and inky. That of the *Fredericksquelle* is less so. The *Karlsquelle* is much more agreeable to the palate; the iron being but little perceptible, and the taste of carbonic prevailing. These three springs flow together into a square basin or reservoir, in *Brunnentempel*, whence the water is conveyed by a leaden pipe to the bath-house.

The fourth spring, or *Schwefelquelle*, is distinguished from the rest by a remarkable sulphureous smell, from which circumstance it has received its name. In its composition it is much more simple than the rest; containing only five grains of solid ingredients in the pint, instead of nearly 46 grains, which the others hold in solution.

The temperature of all the springs is the same, and it never varies under any circumstances. Yet the weather has an extraordinary influence over the springs. If there has been a thunderstorm, or one be threatening, the springs throw out an unusual quantity of carbonic gas, and often with such force that the

water will rise from one to two feet higher in the shafts in consequence. The afflux of water, also, is liable to atmosphoric influence; for when the mercury in the barometer is low, the quantity of water which springs up is greater, and its motion more violent. This fact places the springs of Bocklet in the class of those called "Sources barometriques." But to speak openly, these springs partake somewhat of the singular physical property of the saline springs near Kissingen; for they ebb and flow very sensibly; a phenomenon which seems to be co-ordinate with the phases of the moon. These facts I give on the authority of Dr. Maas, of Dr. Haus, who has written an able treatise on the mineral waters of Bocklet, and of Signor Bolzano. My own testimony may be added, as far as the action of the gas is concerned, and the oscillatory motion in the water, particularly in that of the *Fredericksquelle*.

An idea may be formed of the violence with which carbonic acid will force its way out of these springs, from this circumstance, —that on enclosing one of them, the free escape of that gas having been accidentally prevented, a tremendous explosion took place, which hurled into the air the brickwork impeding the escape; and in the place where the shaft had been built, a conical cavity was seen, out of which the carbonic gas rushed with such vehemence, that the water was tossed about in waves, and seemed as if it were boiling.

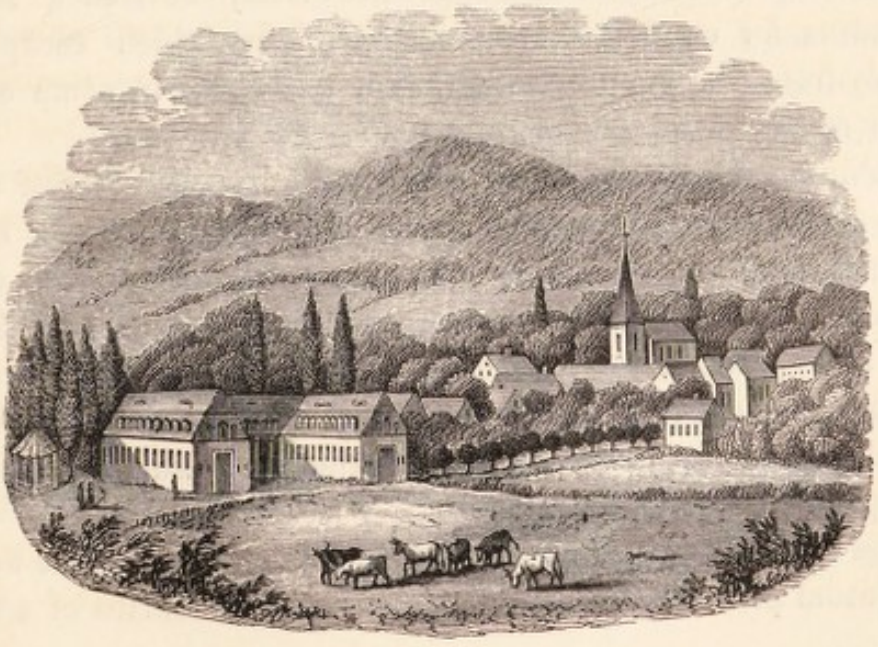
The mineral waters of Bocklet (the 4th spring always excepted) are specifically chalybeates; but they are said to be distinct from most of the other chalybeates or steel waters, for two reasons:—First, because they contain, at the same time, such a proportion of the salts of soda as serve to diminish the heating power of the iron and carbonic acid; in which particular they resemble the water of the *Franzensquelle* at Egra:—secondly, because the iron is combined in a remarkable manner, and therefore acts differently from what it does in other steel waters. For these two reasons, the Bocklet waters may be used safely in many cases of disease and constitutional peculiarity, in which ordinary chalybeates cannot be employed. Dr. Maas assured me that these waters are more tractable than any other steel-water he is acquainted with, and may be used with advantage even where there are symptoms of pectoral disease; in which case, however, he holds that the *Bruckenau* is superior. The

faculty seem to agree in this, that after a course of the depurative Kissingen, a course of the Bocklet waters, or of Bruckenau, will fortify the system, and complete the cure; just as the doctors of Ems or Wiesbaden are in the habit of recommending Schwalbach to those invalids who are about to leave their Spas.

The patients assemble round the spring early in the morning, and take from five to eight glasses of the water fasting; pacing, between each dose, the great avenue of poplars, or loitering in the public buildings, which are placed in a semicircular form around the pavilion.

Among these buildings the *Conversation-saal*,—fitted up in the Italian style, with billiards and gambling-rooms, all well arranged and neat, — deserves especial mention. Six lodging-houses, resembling little villas, stand by the side of the centre building. In the latter building there is a handsome and well-proportioned banqueting-room, loftier than that of Kissingen, and of a superior style of architecture. A suite of apartments around this, simply furnished, and much in the style of an Italian country-house, is the one which the good and venerable Archbishop of Würzburg, lord of the domain, inhabits during the season.

The bath-rooms, which are better arranged than those at Kissingen, form a part of this cluster of public edifices; between which and the pavilion there is a promenade resembling more a real forest than an artificial plantation. These various parts of the Spa are grouped in a picturesque manner, in the centre of a



circular and smiling prairie, which, seen with its gentle hillocks around, across, and on each side of the colonnade, presents a succession of very pretty landscapes.

The peculiar mode of action of these valuable steel-waters renders them highly beneficial, in a variety of disorders in which safe stimulation, and a bracing of the system, are required. I collect from Dr. Haus, that the use of the Bocklet waters is proper in all cases of weakness, either of the whole body, or of any particular organ, whether from considerable loss of blood, acute mental affections, previous and severe illness, or frequent and difficult childbed; in all which cases the loss of power is such, that it cannot be restored again by the mere assistance of medicine and nourishment. The Bocklet waters do not, like most chalybeates, produce that degree of excitement in the circulation which would lead to dangerous fulness, congestion, and other equally perilous symptoms. Dr. Haus considers that all the good effects of the Bocklet waters are secondary to the specific and primary influence, of a most beneficial kind, which it exerts upon the principal organs of digestion. Professor Spindler, and Hufeland, used to say, "Let him who does not believe in the virtues of mineral waters come and behold the effects of the springs of Bocklet."

What is here said of the virtues of the Bocklet waters, taken internally, applies equally to the baths in which these waters are used, at a temperature of 96 or 97 degrees; much in the same manner as the *Pandur* is employed at Kissingen. There is a douche-bath also; and Bolzano has lately devised a simple apparatus for employing the carbonic gas which escapes so largely from the centre spring, as a gas bath, in some of the upper rooms of the pavilion.

I think I have stated enough to show the character of these waters in a medical point of view. It would require a larger space than I can devote to this single Spa, were I to dilate further on the subject; although, through the unceasing kindness and patience of my *cicerone*, Dr. Maas, I collected a number of facts and important cases in my note-book, which would enable me to give a more extended medical history of the springs.

The season begins in June, and lasts only six or eight weeks. The usual price of a comfortable room is three-fourths of a florin

a day. All the rooms enjoy a view of the beautiful valley, or of the public garden. There is an excellent table d'hôte. This I must take on the credit of Signor Bolzano, who comes from the very country for good eating, and who looks as if he liked it himself. The price for a dinner, at one o'clock, is 40 kreutzers a head (1*s.* 1½*d.*), but one which costs only eightpence (24 kreutzers may be had at twelve o'clock.

The tone of society at Bocklet is said to be exceedingly pleasant and friendly. The guests live, as it were, *en famille*, or near together; they dine together—drive or walk out in company—and assemble together again in the evening. Every one endeavours, therefore, to live in friendship and harmony with the rest, and to banish the useless and burdensome rules of a strict etiquette. Often the societies of Kissingen and Bocklet meet together, and certain days are set apart for that purpose.

Besides this patriarchal and simple mode of killing time in this retired spot, the visiters have several interesting environs to explore, as a variety in their occupations. A hill called the *Stellberg*, not far off, offers, from its summit, an exceedingly beautiful prospect. Three romantic valleys present themselves to the eyes. The one of them, on the left, surrounded by a belt of hills, has the rustic village of Grosbrach in its centre. That on the right is the one in which Brocklet itself stands; and straight forward is a still lovelier valley, with the market town of Aschach, whose ancient castle is a great ornament to the surrounding country. There is another pleasing excursion which the visiters make, by walking to the village of Hohn, up the river, and thence to that of Windheim, to which the path leads over the Heilengeberg, through a romantic wood. But a still more beautiful promenade is that from Bocklet to Steinach, three English miles distant. Two paths lead to it. Those who prefer, to the one through the valley, the more fatiguing yet interesting path across the mountain, will be amply repaid for their trouble, by the delightful prospects which present themselves in various points of this mountain scenery.

Two high roads conduct to Bocklet, the one from the south, through Kissingen, the other from the north, through Neustadt, on the Saale, not far from Meiningen. There is no inn at Bocklet, and scarcely anybody lives in it or near it during the winter.

## BRUCKENAU.

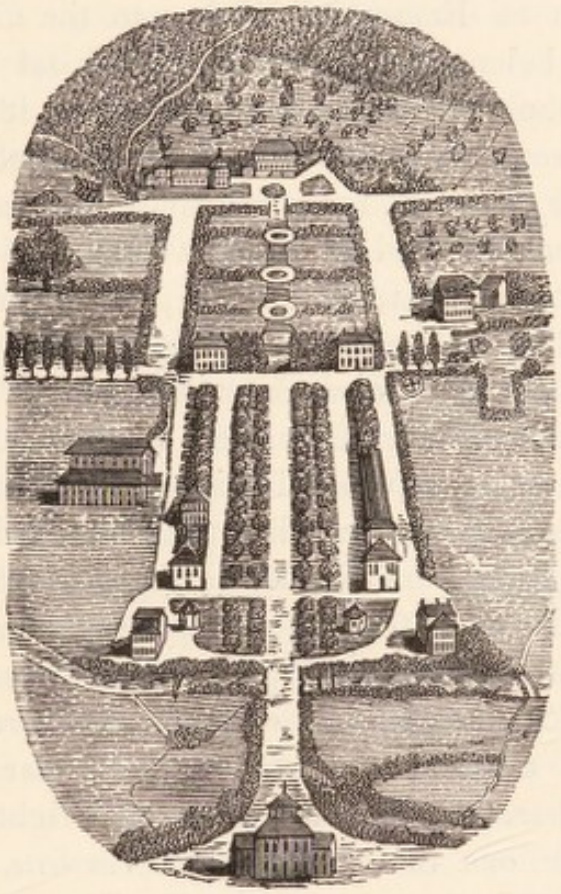
There is no high road, but a pleasant and tolerably good cross road, from Bocklet direct to BRUCKENAU. The more general course, however, is to retrace one's steps back from Bocklet to Kissingen, and thence through Hamelburg, and a most delightful drive across a smiling country, to reach Bruckenau at the distance of a post and a half. The road, as it approaches Bruckenau, passes between the lofty Kreutzberg, 3,150 feet above the level of the sea, and the Dreystelberg, 2,320 feet high, the highest pinnacle of which forms one of the striking features of the Spa.

We put up at the *Poste*, the only good inn in the little town of Bruckenau; and glad was I to enjoy a night's rest, after the two previous days of incessant occupation and active bodily exertion, spent at Kissingen and Bocklet. I have never been better or more comfortably lodged, during the whole of my excursions in Germany, than at the inn in question. The Spa, which derives its name from the little town I have just mentioned, lies at the distance of an hour's walk from it, in a south-westerly direction. As usual, having been most courteously received by the inspecting physician of the mineral springs, Dr. SCHIPPER, who resides in Bruckenau, I proceeded in his company to the "*Heilquellen*," as the Germans properly denominate all "healing" mineral springs, accompanied by my young architect.

After a romantic walk towards the entrance of the expanded and cheerful valley of the *Sinn*, we ascended and went along the lower part of the acclivity of the Sinnberg, through a most lovely forest of lofty beech-trees; from amidst which, and on our right, we often caught glimpses of the fertile prairie at the bottom, and the neat little hamlets scattered all over it. The limpid and garrulous Sinn, from which the hill borrows its name, meanders through the valley, adding much to its beauty and fertility. Besides the carriage-road on which we were then walking, and which throughout the whole distance resembles, in grandeur and breadth, an avenue leading to a royal chateau, there are retired and private walks, and many footpaths in all directions, some pointing to, others deviating from, the spot in which the mineral springs are found. The Harthwald stretches nearly east

and west, on the side of the valley opposite to us, and through the mazes of its forested acclivity, which possesses an additional character of beauty from the admixture of large oak trees, we propose to return.

On emerging, at the termination of the royal *chaussée*, out of the wald, or forest, a neat and showy building appeared before us, insulated, and standing upon an elevated terrace. From this a bird's-eye view is obtained of the Bruckenau Spa and its appurtenances, a representation of which will give a better idea of the localities than any description can.



*Kellerbau* is the name of this first dwelling, which is destined wholly for visiters. Its situation is lovely.* It stands greatly elevated above the valley of the springs, with a terrace, before alluded to, which faces all the other buildings, and is immediately opposite the *Fürstenbau*, at the farthest extremity of the

* This is the insulated building at the lowest end of the vignette. On the lower floor of it there is a good-sized saloon, with three double windows opening on a handsome terrace, five bed-rooms and a servants' room up stairs, and all the conveniences for housekeeping. Above, another and somewhat better suite of apartments is found.

Spa. In the latter resides his majesty the King of Bavaria, during his sojourn at the *Heilquellen*. The queen often accompanies him. On the left of the same building is the king's eating-room, adjoining which is the *Gartenbau*, the residence of the junior branches of the royal family. These edifices are most unassuming in their appearance. In front they have some pretty *parterres* of flowers, and interiorly they much resemble an English house, simply but neatly arranged.

Three small houses on the left, near the great or middle walk, are the only three remaining of six which originally constituted "the baths." They were built ninety years ago by the Prince Bishop AMAND DE BUSEK, of Fulda,—to the dioceses of which city the Spa belonged, until, by the political transfers which were made at the celebrated congress in 1816, it passed into the hands of the sovereign of Bavaria. On the right of the centre walk is another cluster of houses, among which are to be distinguished two smaller and a larger edifice, united in one by Prince HENRY DE BIBRA, for the purpose of forming a *Tanzsaal*. It is called the *Saal-bau*. This building, which was until lately the scene of every amusement, has changed its destination, since the King caused to be erected a much handsomer structure for that purpose, to which I shall presently allude.

As it is necessary, in giving directions from a distance for the retention of a lodging in this place, to specify the house or position required, I will, at the risk of appearing *homely* and dry in my details, mention a few other particulars on these heads, which will be useful to those who may desire to visit Bruckenau. The lodging-houses are distinguished by particular names, as at Carlsbad. Thus, the first house on the right is called the *Lamm-bau*, the one in the centre *Biever-bau*, and the third *Loev-bau*. The first on the left is the *Hirsch*, the second, or middle, is the *Widder-bau*, and the third, the *Schwan*.

The three last-mentioned lodging-houses have a north-east aspect, and are therefore pleasantly cool during the months of July and August. Behind them is a double and vast building, which serves the twofold purpose of containing the baths and everything pertaining thereto, and of affording excellent lodging-rooms for strangers,—who have the same convenience of bathing near at hand here as strangers have at Kissingen, Wildbad, Baden-baden, and at some other Spas. A little farther to the

left of the last-mentioned building, rises an edifice which I have unfortunately omitted in the vignette, and which has only been completed within the last four years. It is the celebrated KUR-SAAL, (celebrated, I say, because already Germany is full of its fame,) which, with its lateral colonnade towards the spectator who looks from the terrace of the *Kellerbau*, and with its noble front towards the centre walk of the Spa, rises in this sylvan and sequestered region of pure nature, to testify, for the hundredth time, the exquisite taste for the arts, the genuine love for the beautiful, the true and correct judgment in building, of Louis of Bavaria, the first "conoscente" monarch in Europe. If the eye stretches a little beyond this magnificent structure, it rests on the dense forest which, from the margin near the valley, to its higher summit, creeps up the side of the lofty Pfundsberg,—affording a most appropriate back-ground to the Kur-saal. Looking more to the right, the equally wooded and elevated *Harthberg* presents itself behind the modest dwellings of the royal family, and shows on its highest pinnacle the famed monastery of *Voelkersberg*.

Having now become perfect masters of the *carte du pays*, let us descend from the terrace, by a flight of steps, into this *parterre* garden, stretched on the level of the valley, and proceed to examine the mineral springs. The first of these presents itself immediately before us, under a clump of lofty trees, at the foot of the Sinnberg; from which circumstance it is denominated the *Sinnberger mineral quelle*. Its taste is like that of the purest and best manufactured soda-water, limpid, and *petillante* with gas.

It abounds in carbonates, particularly of soda. The temperature is 8 degrees of Reaumur. As it never seems to acquire the slightest degree of heat during the summer, so it has never been known to freeze during the hardest winter: although the river close by is often frozen over. This remark applies to all the other sources of mineral waters in the place.

The water of this spring exerts its primary influence on the kidneys, and on all calculous disorders, even when the former, or the bladder, are already in a state of suppuration. Drunk with warm milk, it is much recommended in chronic complaints of the lungs, in scrofulous and tubercular diseases of those organs, in chronic cough, and strumous disorders of children.

Dr. Schipper assures me of one quality of this same water,

which, in my estimation, renders it very valuable, and that is the facility of promoting and establishing a habit of cutaneous perspiration, in constitutions which resist all attempts at such a result from ordinary medicines. When drunk for a period of five or six days, in quantities of from five to nine small beakers, at given intervals, with a walk between, it is asserted to be a specific for that purpose.

About seven yards further from this source we find, in the centre, and at the bottom of a handsome polygonal excavation, the *Quelle* which bears the name of *Wernarzer*. It contains more gas than the former spring, and is equally pleasant to the taste. The temperature is $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of Reaumur. The saline ingredients are the same as those of the *Sinnberger*, though in somewhat larger proportions. Both waters contain but trifling indications of carbonate of iron, and the total quantity of solid ingredients does not amount to so much in either as one grain in sixteen ounces of the water.

A short but interesting debate now ensued between honest Dr. Schipper and myself, respecting the alleged discovery, said to have been made in this source, of a salt so singularly misplaced in any mineral spring, that I cannot yield credence to the assertion. I allude to the "acetate of potash." Not fewer than three chemists are stated to have made this discovery in the water; namely, Lieblen of Fulda, who was the first; then Pickel, of Würzburgh; and afterwards Vogel. I silenced at last my cicerone, by asking why none of those chemists, or he himself, Dr. Schipper, had introduced that singular salt among the other ingredients named in the printed analysis of the spring?

Be that as it may, the *Wernarzer* is much extolled in spasms of the stomach, dyspepsia, and heartburn. In many cases of acrimonious secretions lodging in the stomach, or in the intestinal canal, it has been found decidedly useful. When drunk with warm milk, one-fourth of the latter is generally added. In that peculiar state of the stomach which has been ascribed to morbid sensibility, and where the ganglionic or sympathetic nerves are brought into play by the disorder, this water is greatly praised for its success. On other subjects of this kind, I need not, in this place, extend my remarks.

At the distance of about thirty feet from the *Wernarzer*, and nearer to the river, a spring of fresh water rises, of so pure a

quality, that it has been compared to distilled water. It flows without interruption from the earth, and was found, upon analysis, to be identical with distilled water; so that the chemists who visited this Spa to analyze the several mineral waters, after having ascertained that fact, used it as such, in their manipulations. This is called the *Süssequelle*, or the Sweet Spring; and it is a curious and rare phenomenon in the history of springs. A still more curious one, however, awaits the stranger after he has crossed the river. He there finds, a few yards distant from the bank, and a little to the left, under a handsome pavilion, another and far different spring from the last, which seems in a constant state of ebullition, from the quantity of gas it throws out, and which deposits all round such abundance of oxyde of iron, that the sides and bottom of the basin are covered with red spots; while vessels of oaken wood, used to bale the water out, become black, and white linen or cotton cloth, dipped in it, is stained red and yellow.

This is the BRUCKENAUER—the spring *par excellence*. It is pleasant in taste, pungent, *petillant*, and exhilarating; but it leaves behind a very marked astringent sensation on the tongue. The general table at the end of the volume will exhibit its chemical composition. It contains exactly the fourth part of a grain of carbonate of iron in a pint of the water. The iron in this water is at its *maximum* of oxydation; and so intimately dissolved is it, owing to the great proportion of carbonic gas present, that the *Bruckenauer* is considered to be the clearest and most spirituous of all known carbonated chalybeate springs. Hence, in all cases in which carbonic acid and iron are deemed salutary, the *Bruckenauer* is to be preferred to any other chalybeate waters, though they may contain a larger proportion of iron.

The peculiar effects of the *Bruckenauer* are in a high degree exciting, warming, astringent, and strengthening. It increases and quickens the circulation of the blood and lymphatic system, and improves and especially augments the red particles of the blood—giving colour to the most blanched cheeks. On the other hand, although it imparts tone to the whole body, it quiets first, and lastly arrests, every symptom of irregular mobility of the nervous system. It would be out of place here to enumerate more minutely the diseases for which the water has been especially commended. They are as extensive as those which are

benefited by Tunbridge Wells, particularly in complaints of the other sex; but there is a wide difference in the mode of operation of the two springs, which renders the *Bruckenauer* infinitely superior to the Tunbridge water. According to Sir Charles Scudamore's analysis of the latter water, it is found to contain somewhat more than one-third of a grain (0.3435) of protoxide of iron in a pint of the water. With this larger proportion of iron in it than the *Bruckenauer* has, (in which there is only *one fourth* of a grain of that substance,) the Tunbridge possesses a much inferior quantity of carbonic acid gas—a deficiency almost fatal to the use of such a chalybeate. The difference between the two waters, in that respect, amounts to not less than 35⅗ cubic inches in a pint of 16 ounces:—for, according to the same respectable English authority, a pint of Tunbridge contains only 1.200, that is, 1⅕ cubic inch of that gas; whereas, there are not fewer than 36½ cubic inches of it in the same quantity of the *Bruckenauer*, according to the chemists cited in my general table.

It is necessary, for the interest of science, that I should also, in this place, briefly rectify two errors which appear in the analysis of the *Bruckenauer*, quoted in a recent English work, to which I have had occasion to allude more than once. I know not why Mr. Lee, the author of that work, in his brief account of Bruckenau, (25 lines,) has adopted a very old analysis of the *Bruckenauer* spring; according to which, that water is made to contain two grains, and nearly two-thirds of a grain, of oxide of iron, as the proportion of it in a pint of the water. The more recent analyses show how fallacious that analysis is. But with respect to the quantity of carbonic acid which Mr. Lee has also quoted from the same old authority I am convinced that, had he himself examined the spring in question, even superficially, he would have seen that the quantity he has adopted is incorrect; nor would he have quoted six and a half cubic inches of carbonic gas in each pint, when the presence of thirty more cubic inches is easily to be detected in it. Now, these two circumstances make all the difference in the world, not only in estimating the virtues of the Bavarian spring, but in forming a just comparison between it and the Tunbridge water, or even the Brighton chalybeate; to which latter also, Mr. Lee has, in some measure, compared it. To the latter, however, it bears no resemblance whatever: first, because the Brighton chalybeate spring contains sulphate instead

of carbonate of iron; secondly, because it contains sulphate instead of carbonate of lime; thirdly, because it contains muriate of lime—which the *Bruckenauer* does not contain; fourthly, because it contains muriate instead of carbonate of magnesia; fifthly, because it contains a much larger proportion of common salt; sixthly, because it does not contain either the sulphate of soda or the sulphate of magnesia, which the *Bruckenauer* contains; and, lastly, because the Brighton chalybeate has only two cubic inches of carbonic gas, according to Mr. Daniell, whereas there are 36½ cubic inches of it in the *Bruckenauer*. Invalids, therefore, who read Mr. Lee's book, must not imagine, from what that author has stated at page 222, near the end of his volume, that in going to Brighton to drink the natural chalybeate of that place, they would be taking anything resembling in the smallest degree the *Bruckenauer*.

Dr. Schipper detailed at full length some very striking instances of complaints, particularly of the stomach, and some very interesting ones of females, which were completely cured by a just application of the three springs of Bruckenau. Of a few of these he allowed me to take notes; but their details would be misplaced in the present volume.

I have already alluded to the baths. My readers may therefore conclude that the water from all the springs is used internally and externally; but in general the *Bruckenauer* is that which is used for bathing. This water is never warmed for the baths, but one or both of the other two springs being warmed by means of a proper arrangement, a mixture is made of them in the bathing-tubs, in the proportion of two parts of the chalybeate, and one of the mild saline spring, so as to raise the temperature to between 96 and 98 degrees of Fahrenheit.

Baths like these are exceedingly powerful agents. They produce a feeling of general increased activity, redness of the skin, afterwards lassitude, heaviness of the head, and occasional sinking, approaching almost to fainting, if used improperly. But in cases of a relaxed state of the skin and its functions, or of the muscular and nervous system, bathing in these waters is of essential service. None but a physician well acquainted with the case of the patient, and the real nature of the waters at Bruckenau, can determine whether bathing or drinking the water be the preferable mode of treating a disorder submitted to his consideration, or whether the two should not rather be combined. There are

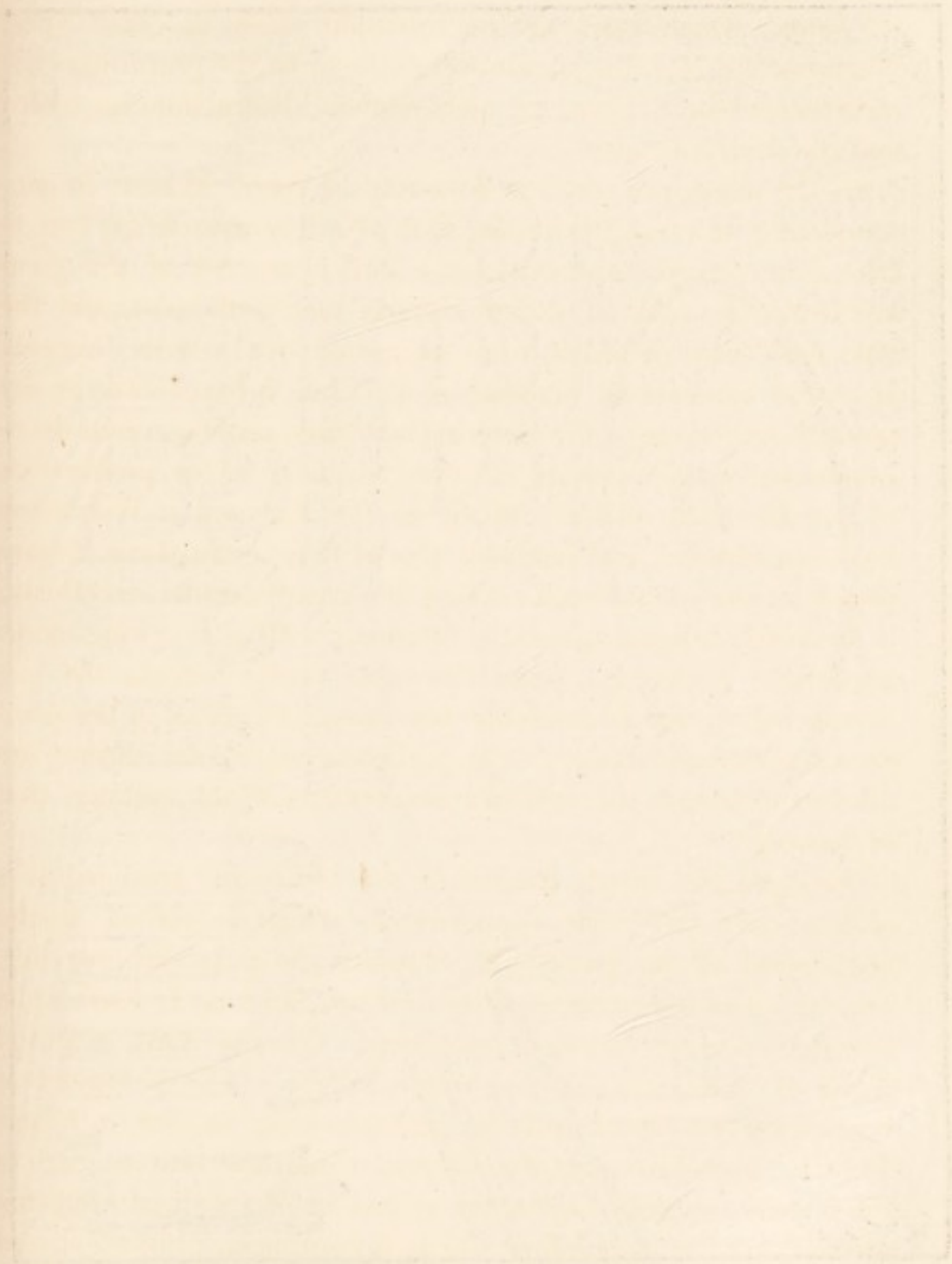
few chronic diseases in which such a combination is not beneficial.

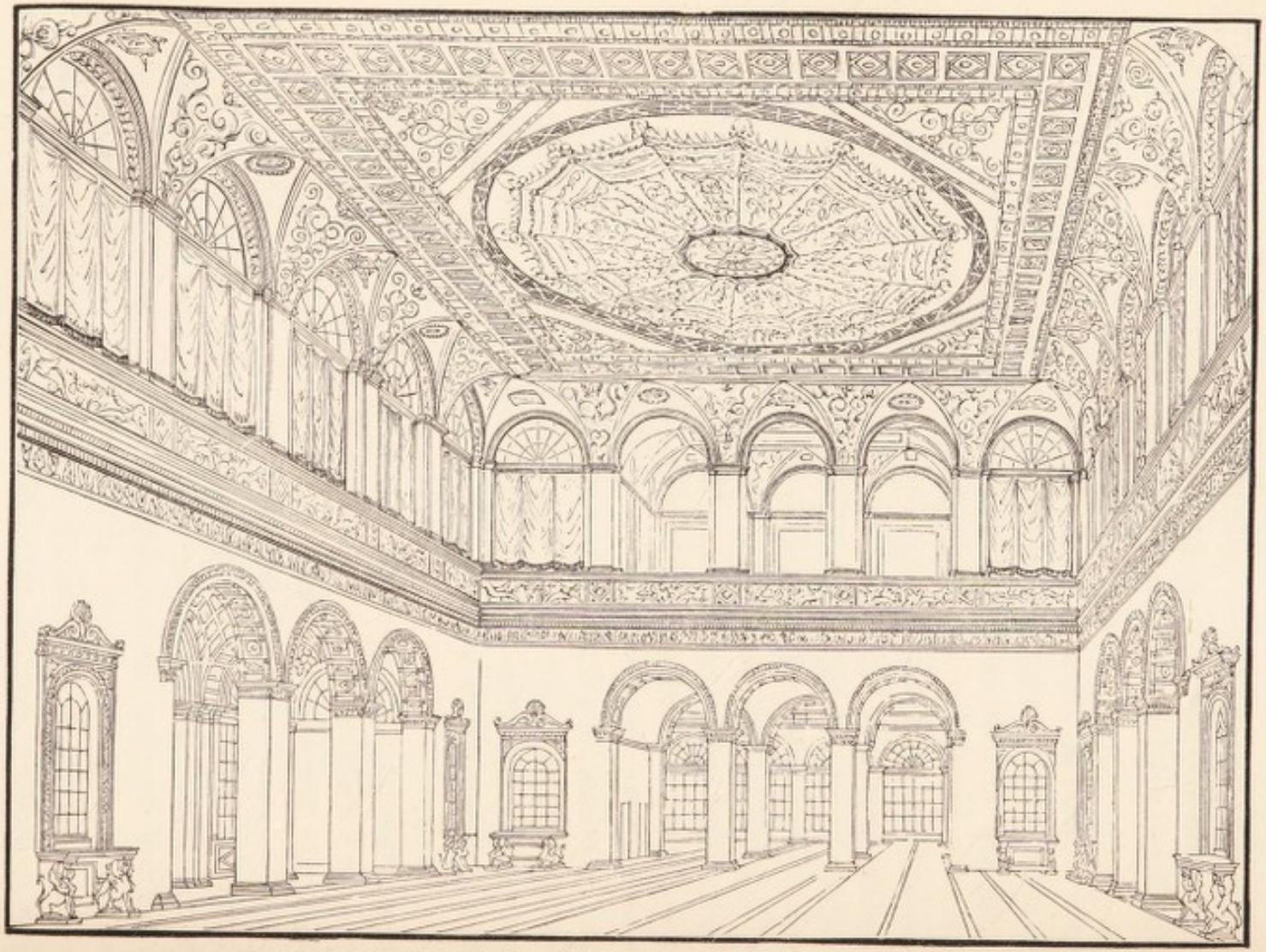
Having satisfied myself, from personal knowledge, of these several facts, I proceeded to examine the entire establishment of the baths; which more or less resembles those at other Spas. Neatness and cleanliness, however, seem to be the prevailing characteristics here. There are ascendent and lateral *douches*-baths, and the drop-bath also.

In the interior of the new KUR-HAUS I spent an hour in contemplating its various beauties; thus affording time to my son to take an architectural sketch of it. This is another of the great architectural works of which Bavaria may well boast, and the idea and design of which were suggested by the King himself. It is the handsomest building of its kind I have seen, in my general excursions to the Spas in Germany; and its various decorations are equal to any of the most exquisite of the productions of the Bavarian artists. Much as the Kur-saal at Wiesbaden has been admired, and justly so, this of Bruckenau places it completely in the second rank. Over the great entrance, interiorly, is the king's tribune, splendidly fitted up, with withdrawing rooms adjoining. From this place the royal family witness the gay throng below, which assemble here every night, as in the *Conversation-haus* at Baden. On particular nights the throng are allowed to add, to the ordinary amusements of the evening, that of dancing.*

*Vis-à-vis* the king's tribune is the orchestra, arranged in a gallery over the great supper-room, which is placed at the farther end of the grand salle, opposite the principal entrance. On the left of the latter are several rooms, fitted up in good style, devoted to every variety of gambling. On the right, a grand flight of stairs leads to the king's gallery. The pavement is beautifully tessellated, and the plafond richly painted in fresco. From it depend five gigantic lustres, which are said to give to the interior, on gala nights, the splendour of sunshine; lighting up every part of a building which, for loftiness, proportion, and dimensions, is such as English people seldom witness in their public edifices. In fine, the whole structure is grandiose, and a model of taste and beauty. It is the production of GUDENSOHN,

* This magnificent building may be had lighted up at night for a ball, if required for a party, for fourteen florins, or less than twenty-four shillings!





KURSAAL AT BRUCKENAU.

a native of Lindenau, in Switzerland. This individual having shown, when very young, and while at Munich, considerable taste for architectural drawing, the King of Bavaria sent him, at his own expense, to Italy and Greece, to learn his art and complete his studies. He is now residing in Würzburg, employed in public works on account of the crown. I did not ascertain what such a public building might have cost in Bavaria; but it would be easy to calculate what sum would come out of the exchequer in this country, were such a one to be *attempted.**

In the interior of this magnificent hall the visiters of the Spa dine, at a table d'hôte, for forty-eight kreutzers a head, and sup for twenty-four. During both repasts (and the fare is of the best) the orchestra performs, and adds to the inebriation of the moment, already excited by the loud buzzing of many voices, the sight of many fair women, the fumes of the viands, and those of the Rhenish wines. So that when the company disperses through the different parts of the hall, and many of them reach the solemn and silent receptacles of the bankers and the croupiers, at the sight of the whirling ball, and the green table heaped with gold, their purses leap from their satchels, and ruin follows.

The influx of strangers to the Spa of Bruckenau is considerable every year. The presence of the King and his family is a strong inducement with many, for preferring it to other German Spas. The society is of the very best description, as may be supposed; and the prevailing *ton* is that which high breeding gives to great *réunions*. I have conversed with more than one person of distinction who had spent a season or two at Bruckenau, and they all spoke in terms of great satisfaction at all they had seen and enjoyed. This Spa possesses all the pleasing features of Baden-baden, without its grosser mixture of the excessive noise, the *mélange* of characters and vice, and the unceasing bustle, which prevail there. Yet there is no restraint on account of the presence of the court, except what education and good taste would establish in any society, even without the presence of such exalted personages.

Another temptation to visit Bruckenau (to those at least who are fortunate enough to procure house-room in time) is the

* Since the publication of the first edition of the present work, having received from Bavaria a drawing of the interior of this Kur-saal, I am enabled to add a view of it to the other illustrations of this volume.

reasonableness of the charge for everything that constitutes life. I have already mentioned the price or charge for the best fare at dinner and supper. Nor are the best apartments a whit dearer. Their price is fixed on the door, and varies from one florin (1*s.* 8*d.*) to thirty-six kreutzers (1*s.*) a day, with a further charge for every additional bed.

A third temptation is the loveliness of the place, and the salubriousness of its climate; which latter, however, is rather too hot in the summer months. Add to all which, the energy and efficacy of its mineral springs. Mons. Parisel, the inspector, is a most civil person, granting permission to fish, sport, and shoot on the extensive royal domains, and calling on the visiters for that purpose, in order to ascertain their tastes and pleasure.

It will be borne in mind that the Spa itself lies away from the town, or any village, and is composed of no other buildings but those which I have enumerated, and which, out of the season, are shut up and left to their fate.

The King, who holds Bruckenau in especial favour, continues to improve it in all its parts, and daily meditates on the best means of increasing its accommodations and attractive features. It is to be hoped that his Majesty will add such a suitable residence for royalty, as shall become a striking and imposing object in the general plan of this delightful Spa;—to which I feel tempted to affix the distinguishing name of the "PARTERRE SPA."

# CHAPTER IV.

## THE NASSAU SPAS.

### HOMBOURG. KRONENBERG. SODEN. SELTERS. FACKINGEN. GEILNAU.

Return to Bruckenau—Dr. SCHIPPER—A learned postmaster—Road to Schlüchtern—Natural beauties and dangers—Improvements suggested—FRANKFORT—Useful reference—Excursion to the *Taunus* Spas—Their division and topographical position—Environs of Frankfort—Admirable hydraulic works—HOMBOURG—The Margravine—Mineral *quellen*—Acidulous spring newly discovered—Taste and character—Comparison with *Kissingen*—Use in the treatment of diseases—Dr. MULLER—His opinion—View of the country—A procession—KRONENBERG—Fortress of *Königstein*—SODEN—*Milk-spring*—Natural tepid salt-baths—Nauseous waters—Cure of Scrofula—Road to NIEDER-SELTERS—Seltzer-water—FACKINGEN—Its situation—Character of its water—The strongest alkaline spring in Germany—Excellent in dyspepsia—Its superiority to Schwalbach—*Brunnen* of GEILNAU—Its water compared to Seltzers—Its superiority and larger quantity of gas—Delightful position of Geilnau—Exportation of the ACIDULOUS MINERAL WATERS of Nassau.

IN returning to the little town of Bruckenau from the *Parterre Spa*, our good-natured conductor led us through many of the by-paths and artificial walks, cut through the forest of the Harthwald, on the north side of the valley, each more lovely than the preceding. They serve as promenades to the *Kurgäste*,—or visiters, who have designated a few among them by the names of the several children of the King.

Having at last regained our head-quarters at *La Poste*, and thanked most sincerely our friendly escort, who had devoted the best part of a whole day to our service, we took a hearty leave of him. Dr. SCHIPPER is one of those simple-minded, straightforward *galantuomini*, as the Italians properly style them, who use with discretion the sufficient stock of knowledge they possess, so as neither to appear ignorant, nor to affect a superiority for acquirements they do not possess. Yet Dr. Schipper is far indeed from being deficient in that species of information which renders a medical man, situated as he is, valuable to his patients and

fellow-townsmen. Throughout my inquiries, and in reply to the many hundred questions with which I assailed him, and which I admit myself guilty of pushing to extremes on occasions of this description,—the worthy doctor exhibited a facility of expression in his answers and descriptions that quite surprised me. Our conversation, which had begun in German, as Dr. Schipper does not speak the French, or any other modern language,—getting, at last somewhat limping, through my own deficiency, we adopted the Latin idiom, as the mean of communication: and in this manner I obtained all the particulars I required, respecting the mode of action of the waters on different diseases. In bidding me adieu, he placed in my hands a small German work, written by himself in 1828, on the nature and effects of the Bruckenau mineral waters, of which he requested my acceptance, in memory of our acquaintance and my visit to that Spa.

During our absence, mine host of *La Poste*, a tall young man dressed in the style of a smart *yäger*, aided by a most civil landlady, had prepared for us a sumptuous *Mittag* repast, which, as usual, as a mark of civility, he carved and served to us in person; standing, for that purpose, at the end of the table. He addressed me all the time, to my no little astonishment at first, in the purest Latin, which he spoke with great fluency, In the course of our conversation, having ascertained that he was not only very intelligent and well informed, but a proprietor also of land in the neighbourhood, the farming of which he himself superintended, I proceeded to draw from him all I could, respecting many points of the inquiry which I was desirous of instituting in this part of Bavaria. The results of my perseverance were most satisfactory. This person had studied the law, and practised at the bar in the courts at Würzburg, when an affair *de cœur* with a young lady drove him from home, and made of him, first a postmaster, and then an innkeeper; with the fair object of his attachment as a helpmate.

I consulted this gentleman innkeeper, as to my best course to Frankfort,—having determined to visit all the Spas on the Taunus mountains, before the season was quite over in that gay region of mineral watering-places. To my great surprise he proposed to send me direct to *Schlüchtern*, on the Fulda road. I knew of no such carriage communication, and none but a third-rate cross-road was marked on my especial map of the district.

On being assured, however, by the postmaster, that a proper carriage-road existed, and that although the whole distance to *Schlüchtern* was four German miles, or eight stunden, we should, with three horses only, perform the journey, with his postilion, in three hours and a half, I decided to proceed in that direction. That I acceded to his proposition, I heartily repented at every step afterwards; especially at each village through which we had to pass after crossing the frontiers of Bavaria, and which, I will take the liberty to assert, are in a state not at all creditable to the country to which they belong.

I have often, in the course of the present work, shrunk from the attempt at describing natural beauties in the midst of mountain scenery. On this occasion I experience the same inability of doing justice to my subject. It is not possible to convey, by words only, the effect produced on our minds by the beautiful tableaux and scenes which, in rapid succession, broke upon our wondering eyes, in the mountain range that divides Bavaria from Hesse. The road, after going along the lovely valley of the Sinn, as far as the baths, winds up the Volhersberg to reach a village called *Zundersbach,* crossing, at the same time, two other green hollows equally beautiful. On all sides, the peaks of other hills, richly cultivated, or crested with beech and oak forests, presented themselves; and whether going down amidst the prairies of the successive valleys, or ascending the acclivities of the numerous hills by which those valleys are surrounded, the aspect of the country was every where smiling and lovely. Yet the appearance of the few villages we saw was in no part otherwise than wretched; and the inhabitants, who are of a stunted stature, with countenances by no means agreeable, looked poor and ill-dressed: the reason of which is, that beauty of landscape, and fertility, do not always combine.

The steep descent through *Zundersbach* into the deep valley at the termination of which we were to reach *Schwarzenfels,* half way to the end of our stage, was one of the most appalling I ever witnessed. I expected, at every instant, to find the carriage falling to pieces. There were many such passes along the road; and when we had a right to expect that, on attaining the threshold of a village or small town, we should have the happiness, at all events, of travelling over some flat and smooth pavement, we found them in a worse state, if possible, than the roads,

without any pavement at all, or the semblance of a road. On the whole, to such as wish to go to Bruckenau from the Frankfort or the Fulda road, I should not recommend this line of cross communication from *Schlüchtern*, unless on horseback, or with a light, yet very strong vehicle. I state this with the more confidence, as those travellers who proceed from Frankfort, and all the way to Fulda, in order to reach afterwards Bruckenau by a regular post-road, will see all the beauties of this most lovely region, which we crossed with so much discomfort, displayed before them in the form of an extended and magnificent panorama on their right hand, from the height of the *chaussée* to Fulda, without the alloy of discomforting sensations occasioned by the detestable road we followed.

To people of stronger nerves than I could boast of at the time, the *trajet*, after all, may be nothing; and certainly I will admit, that, to such persons, what is gained of enjoyment well deserves the sacrifice made in order to obtain it. I feel convinced that if this territory through which the line of communication passes, were in the dominions of the sovereign of Bavaria, a good road from Schlüchtern to Bruckenau would not have remained so long a desideratum. But, even as things are, it is a question whether it would not be for his majesty's interest (since it is likely that Bruckenau will become a fashionable and much frequented Spa) to propose to his less wealthy and less powerful princely neighbours, to defray the whole expense of a handsome and inviting *chaussée* through their states, for the purpose of facilitating the communication between the Rhine and Bruckenau.

If this be considered impracticable or impolitic, another remedy, I should imagine, might be found, against so inconvenient a communication as the present, besides that of compelling travellers to go as far as Fulda,—which is seven stunden beyond, and nine stunden more to the north than Bruckenau. The remedy to which I allude would be to convert the present road from *Gelln-hausen*, the first post-station after Hanau, through Orb and Obersinn, into a regular macadamized *chaussée*, following the river Sinn and its valley until it reaches the baths, after skirting round the gigantic Dreistelberg. This whole line of road would lie within the Bavarian territory, immediately after leaving *Gelln-hausen*, and would be shorter than any other now existing, and more lovely than can well be imagined.

However, in spite of all the difficulties I have described, we actually performed the whole distance in the time specified by our landlord of Bruckenau; and we felt quite delighted when, after having changed horses at Schlüchtern, we found once more the britzschka rolling over a smooth *chaussée*, on our way to Saalmünster, and downward to Frankfort.

On this last important city, the emporium of all the bustle of Germany, I shall only repeat the observation I made before respecting Dresden and Berlin. If the reader be desirous to form a nearer acquaintance with its plan, its situation, and its inhabitants; or with its principal edifices, its gardens and environs; or with its various collections both of science and art, its hospitals, and its literary institutions; or with its churches, its streets, and principal hotels; or with its society, commercial importance, and places of amusements; if the reader, I say, be desirous to know enough of all these things, to afford him a correct notion of what Frankfort is, I can conscientiously refer him to the volumes so often alluded to in the present work;* in which I venture to assert that he will find everything needful touching all these points of inquiry. Nothing newer or at greater length has been stated since, by the many subsequent English tourists through Germany, no matter under what title they may have published their travels through that country.

My present was the sixth visit to Frankfort. I remained in it several days, having considerable business to transact, all of which I accomplished with the kind and effectual assistance of the British minister, Sir Thomas Cartwright, and the burgomaster. But with this part of my late continental occupations the readers of the present volume can have no concern. All that I may be expected to state with regard to my present visit to Frankfort, is the fact that I made it the convenient headquarters from whence I directed my course to the several Spas situated in the mountain region of the Taunus.

Taking the river Lahn at the north, the Nidda and the Rhine at east and west, and the Main at the south, for the confines of that mountain region to which the name of TAUNUS has been given, we find an extent of territory, marked in strong relief on

* See from page 150 to page 188 of vol. ii. of my "Travels to St. Petersburg," where a plan of the town, and several illustrative vignettes, will be found under the head of Frankfort.

the German map, measuring 2700 square miles, in which mountains rise above the level of the sea, varying in elevation from 780 to 2,600 feet. This highly interesting district contains, according to Stifft, author of a geognostic description of the duchy of Nassau, 124 springs. But although he has enumerated many, it would puzzle the keenest geologist to determine what is really a mineral spring among those mentioned by him, with the exception of about only twenty, some of which have been known from time immemorial. A few are of a more recent date, and one or two have been but very lately discovered or brought into vogue.

This mountain region of Germany, therefore, which includes the best part, if not the whole, of the Grand Duchy of Nassau, has not been so highly favoured by nature, in point of mineral waters,—whatever some recent authors may have said on the subject who have had no opportunity of comparing what they have seen, with the much more important and extensive ranges of mineral springs they had not seen, which other parts of Germany have the good fortune to possess.

In point of fact, the Taunus, or, in other words, the Grand Duchy of Nassau, may be safely said to be poor in mineral springs of a striking and efficacious character, with the exception of Wiesbaden and Ems; and the reputation which one or two other springs of a much inferior class to those two, have lately acquired in this country, must be ascribed to the humorous description given of them in a well-known volume, of which I shall have to say a few words presently. This circumstance, coupled with another, of the nearer neighbourhood of the Taunus Spas to England, accounts for that superior opinion of them which is entertained in this country; an opinion which is not subscribed to in Germany, by those who are best able to judge of these matters.

Following, as safer guides than mere playfulness and good-humour, the experience of medical men, the testimony of patients, and the indications of chemistry, in determining the relative value of the Nassau Spas, we may assign the first rank to Wiesbaden, Ems, Geilnau, and Selters, and the second rank to Schlangenbad, Schwalbach, Fackingen, Soden, and Hombourg. It would scarcely be worth while to form a third class, with a view to embrace the remaining eight or ten mineral springs; so insignificant are they in reality.

Again, looking to physical geography for a subdivision or classification of the Nassau Spas, we might arrange them, as I have done in my present geographical group of the Spas of Germany, into mineral springs of the Lower Taunus, and mineral springs of the Upper Taunus. The former stand at an elevation of not more than 400 feet, the latter at little more than 900 feet, above the level of the sea. In regard to altitude, therefore, the Nassau springs are again less favoured than those of Würtemberg, Salzburg, Bohemia, and Bavaria. According to this classification, we find among those of the Lower Taunus, Ems, Wiesbaden, Geilnau, Fackingen, and Selters, (291, 323, 337, 338, and 400 feet); and among those of the Higher Taunus, Soden, Kronenberg, Hombourg, Schlangenbad, and Schwalbach (437, 512, 700, 897, and 910 feet.) All those in the first subdivision of the Nassau group are in the valleys of the Lahn, or the Rhine. Those in the second division ascend higher, and creep up towards the plateau of the Taunus.

For travelling purposes, however, these divisions are not of much use; and to those who are desirous of visiting in succession the several springs here mentioned, either from mere curiosity, or for the sake of their health, another and a more natural order of arrangement must be adopted, so as to economize time, and save unnecessary trouble. For that purpose the proper line would be from Frankfort to Hombourg and Selters, and back to Kronenberg and Soden; thence to Wiesbaden, Schlangenbad, and Schwalbach; concluding, with Fackingen, Geilnau, and Bad-Ems. For the sake of convenience to myself, however, the reader must do me the favour of following me through this and the two next or concluding chapters of the work, without looking very closely to topographical order or succession.

I set off from Frankfort on my way to Hombourg, (a name which, from an interesting circumstance, has become so familiarly known to Englishmen,) in a carriage of the country, drawn by two horses, which was to convey me to the four mineral sources first mentioned in the last arrangement, and bring me back, at an expense of nine florins a day, besides another to the driver. It was agreed that, during the excursion, I should be at liberty to extend my visits to other spots of interest to me, and that I should be allowed to stop for an hour two, wherever occasion de-

manded my particular attention, in the investigation, principally agricultural, which I wished to combine with my other objects.

The country northward of Frankfort, for a considerable extent, is a plain variously and richly cultivated with corn, vast fields of potatoes, and every other useful herbage. The soil is little coherent and arid; but in those parts which are nearest to the town, and are highly manured, it looks oily and rich. Here the land is subdivided into many orchards and gardens, exhibiting the character of the utmost fertility; and from these the Frankfort markets are supplied.

The traveller unacquainted with their purport would be surprised at the appearance of a number of short, square, tumuli-like pyramids of stone, which, not far from Frankfort, cross the plain in a line, but at considerable distances from each other. They are the apertures into a subterranean aqueduct, of recent construction, which reflects the greatest credit on the engineer who devised and executed it, and by means of which the purest water from the hills is brought in abundance, for *home* consumption, into Frankfort. This series of admirable water-courses I one day examined, under the guidance of the burgomaster, Monsieur Stark, and the inspector of the hydraulic works; descending for that purpose into more than one of the subterranean reservoirs, at the depth of from 30 to 40 feet, and walking along two of the principal aqueducts. One of these is 1,800 feet long, from one aperture to the next, and is built of stone, six feet high, and vaulted; and the other 2,400 feet in length, likewise of stone, seven feet high, and similarly vaulted. The construction of the works, and the truly scientific principles on which all the operations are conducted—especially the meting out of the water to the consumers, which is regulated in a subterranean hydraulic chamber by one of the simplest contrivances imaginable,—deserve high praise. This great structure, which has cost three hundred thousand florins, is one of which the citizens of Frankfort may well be proud, and which will perpetuate the name of Burgomaster Starck, under whose administration it was completed.

The flat country continues as far as Bonames, a considerable market-town, two-thirds of the way to Hombourg, with the Nidda river in front of it. The place has one or two good-look-

ing country-houses, belonging to the citizens of Frankfort, who come hither to ruralize. It is surrounded by fertile fields, bearing abundant and rich crops, and covered with fruit trees. This character of the land improves more and more, the nearer we get to Hombourg. The village of Gonzenheim, by which we passed, on entering the frontiers of the sovereign prince and relative of Elizabeth, the princess-royal of England, exhibits at once the beneficial effects, as I imagine, of her presence and watchfulness; for in no other of the adjoining districts of this region did I observe the like favourable appearances. The people were all cleanly and neatly attired. The whole population were just issuing from church, with a grave, quiet demeanour; each person, even down to the children of eight or nine years of age, carrying in their hands, or under their arm, that one sacred volume which alike denoted the nature of their religious worship, and their capability of reading.

The nearer approach to the capital is by an excellent road, macadamized, and resembling one of the best English roads. The country on each side is in excellent cultivation. Here and there groups of men and women, or a whole family, in their neat Sunday-clothes, were seen taking the diversion of walking. The women, like those of Frankfort, even in the more inferior classes, have a cheerful and pleasing countenance, with fair complexion, and many of them are good-looking; but they are almost all short of stature. Close to Hombourg the country seems formed by a succession of gardens. Cross roads, in excellent order, intersect it in various directions, leading either to a village or to some delightful point on the hills. The high street, straight, clean, and cheerful, conducts nearly in a direct line to the chateau. Its white, minaret-like looking tower springs from amidst the tall trees of the surrounding forest, and becomes an object of attraction on the top of the gentle hill on which Hombourg is situated. The back-ground of the landscape is formed by a succession of many lofty hills.

Hombourg, unwilling to be behindhand with any other place in Germany in the article of mineral waters, made the most of one which, after the suppression of an old *saline*, or salt spring, started suddenly into existence. I found it in a green hollow, formed by the hill on which the town is situated, and the range of bergs which constitute the eastern frontier of the margrave's

territory. The approach to the source is by a handsome carriage-road, and likewise by many paths which cross the fields nearest to the town. The spring is in the centre of a round green dell, surrounded by a polygonal wall three feet high, which is surmounted by a railing between dwarf pilasters. A double flight of steps leads down to the spring, the water of which is contained in a shaft of red sandstone, two and a half feet in diameter. An occasional solitary bubble of gas is seen to ascend, and the water is not very limpid. It tastes slightly of carbonic acid, not unlike soda or Seltzer water from which the gas has been allowed to evaporate. The *après-goût* is alkaline, and by no means pleasant.

On the side opposite the steps a stream of very limpid water is seen, constantly flowing through a tube into a stone basin, the bottom of which is strongly stained with the deposition of oxide of iron. I tasted this water also, which I found loaded with muriate of soda, or common salt, and having the styptic taste of iron besides; but with scarcely any indication of carbonic acid. I do not recollect any mineral water falling under my notice, with a taste so peculiar as that of this second spring. The great predominance of common salt gives it more the character of the water in the intermittent salt well near Kissingen, than of any other I know.

In order to form a correct idea of the locality of the spring, and judge of the probable direction from whence it came, I ascended one of the neighbouring hills to a spot called the Belvidere. The ducal town, with its Saracenic white tower, which distinguishes it from the other villages, is on the right; and behind it rises the Great Feldberg, at an elevation of 2,600 feet, forming the extreme point of the margrave's territory to the west. In front, looking south-east, a vast and rich champaign country extends as far as Frankfort; and in the distant horizon the Main, with the Odenwald beyond it, an occasional bend of the Rhine, and the whole range of the Taunus chain, (forming a low horizon of which Ober Ursel and Königstein are the nearest and most prominent peaks,) compose the great panorama offered to our view, as we sat on the bench within the Belvidere.

In the course of last year, a new and more important spring having been discovered, not far from that which I had examined, I returned to Hombourg, in hopes of finding Dr. Muller,

*medizinal-rath*, or counsellor and physician to the margrave and margravine, in order that I might have the benefit of his assistance and information. In this I was not disappointed. My worthy *confrère*, full of good nature, and although fatigued from his rounds of visit through the country, escorted me to the newly discovered *quelle*, on the subject of which he had previously put into my hands a short printed account, written in German by Dr. Liebig.

This new source is situated a little farther, and still more in the plain, than the one I had formerly examined. It stands nearly on the site of the old and exploded *saline* to which I have alluded. The water is turbid, possesses a great quantity of carbonic acid gas, but does not *work* as much as the *Salzequelle*, or *Louisenquelle* at Franzensbad, although it is stated to contain as many as forty-eight cubic inches of carbonic acid in the pint of sixteen ounces. Dr. Muller considers it equally as efficacious as the *Ragozi* of Kissingen, to which he compares it. Judging of the solid ingredients contained in both waters, the analogy is certainly borne out, as my readers will ascertain if they look at my general analytical table. But the taste is as different as possible from that of the *Ragozi*, and I took the liberty of telling Dr. Muller so; adding, at the same time, that were it not for the greater quantity of carbonic acid gas, its taste would be very much like that of the first spring I examined, issuing through the tube, and to which, as I afterwards learned, the name of *Badequelle* is given. I subsequently made the experiment of suffering the chief portion of the gas to escape, and I then found that the taste of common salt was as strong in it as in the former source. This convinces me that the water in the two sources is derived from one and the same origin;—that of the lower or newly-discovered source having lost some of the muriate of soda, and gained an additional proportion of carbonic acid gas, in its progress through a stratum of *tourbe* somewhat similar to that at Egra.

I need not state that Dr. Muller considers the new *quelle* of Hombourg as particularly efficacious in all the same complaints in which saline acidulous mineral waters have been recommended; and that his opinion having weight with the inhabitants of Frankfort, and other neighbouring towns, a regular influx of visiters and invalids to the spring has taken place for the last two sum-

mers, and is likely to increase. The liberal-minded and anxious margravine—to whose management these and many more weighty matters, I am told, are confided—is exerting all her energies to render this newly-acquired object of attraction, in her royal relative's dominions, worthy of the patronage of strangers,—by placing it in a condition that shall leave nothing to be desired, in the way of embellishments or accommodation.

On quitting Hombourg, the road affords no point of interest until Ober-Usel is passed. This is a very old walled town, belonging to the Duke of Nassau. Beyond it, following a south-west course, the road ascends through rich orchards and corn-fields, with several pleasant valleys on each side, presenting a more cheerful and fertile region. The great hills of the Margravate of Hombourg accompanied us on our right, all the way until we reached the summit of a lofty mountain; when, turning our back to the Grosse Feldberg and the Elizabethenberg, we descended towards KRONENBERG, another acidulous saline spring.

The view of the plain through which the Main winds its course as far as Mainz, with Frankfort and the Schwartzwald mountains in the distance, remained open a little to the left of us, until we entered a young forest, through which there are many beautiful vistas. The principal of them is terminated by the mountain-top of Falkenstein, fifteen hundred feet high, surmounted by a castle. Here the country assumes a more interesting character. The graceful beech, intermingled with the fir, the cypress, and the dwarf oak, creep up and cover the sides of the lesser hills, which have in this part the soft undulations and rotundity of alluvial deposits. On approaching Kronenberg, the country assumes a wilder aspect. A forest surrounds the little town, and the lofty church peers over the trees; while the winding *chaussée*, reflecting from its glazed stone-coloured macadamized surface the rays of the sun, breaks the even monotony of the universal green tint that prevails around.

A long procession of villagers, of both sexes, in their Sunday apparel, was seen afar to wind its way towards us. They looked, at that distance, like school-children. The wind, which blew fresh from the west, had wafted to us the distant sound of their vesper hymns; and now, as they approached nearer and nearer, defiling at last on each side of the carriage, we

perceived them to consist of the principal inhabitants of the bourgh, who were proceeding in pilgrimage to a holy sanctuary, chanting various prayers, some carrying unfurled banners, and others the cross, with the crucified Saviour.

The *Sauerbrunnen* at Kronenberg detained me but a minute It may be agreeable for the poor dwellers of the neighbourhood, or in the place itself, to be able to dip their beakers in this tolerably pleasant mineral water, resembling that of Fackingen; but its importance is really not sufficient to draw any stranger to it, unless he has, like myself, some additional motive for the excursion.

At Kronenberg I again left the carriage, and, with my son, scrambled to the top of the hill of Königstein, twelve hundred feet high, to examine the old ruins of its once celebrated castle, in which the clubists of Mainz, during the earliest period of the great French revolution, expiated their political crimes; just as, a century before, many of the citizens of the same town, then under archiepiscopal dominion, had found a termination to their sufferings, after a long imprisonment in the dismal dungeons of this mountain fortress, which we had full leisure to examine.

Without returning to Kronenberg, the road—which is wide, straight, hard, and smooth, and is only just finished—leaves the foot of Königstein, and descends as far as SODEN; where I examined and tasted of three, out of seven, mineral springs of tepid water found there. It is the fashion here to number the springs, besides giving them names as elsewhere. All of them are cased in shafts, more or less wide, of sandstone, over the surface of which it is easy to detect the depositions of red and yellow oxides of iron. The general appearance both of the springs and their locality is by no means inviting; the water is turbid, and one feels a disinclination to drink it. The temperature is nearly 76°, which renders the water suitable for bathing in the summer. No. 1, or the *Milchbrunnen*, which serves for that purpose, contains but little free gas, and tastes saltish and inky. I may say the same of No. 3, or the *Germeindsbrunnen*. No. 5, or the *Sauerbrunnen*, is enclosed in wood, and is the only spring I saw which is covered by any superstructure. This is the most important spring. It discharges a larger quantity of carbonic acid gas than the rest, and its taste is weakly saltish and inky, or astrin-

gent. It is also the coldest of all the springs, being a degree and a half of Reaumur less in temperature than the rest.

The muriates prevail in all these waters—a circumstance which gives them a peculiar brackish taste, not likely to be corrected by so small a proportion of carbonic acid gas as there is present in the water. I should consider the Soden water, particularly that of No. 1, to be strikingly efficacious, if used as a bath, in scrofulous humours or cutaneous eruptions, and also in rheumatism. This same No. 1 is drunk in quantities of four or five, and even more glasses, before breakfast. Some feel no inconvenience from it; but in the majority of cases, whether used internally or externally, all the springs of Soden exert such powerful agency over the human frame, that it is necessary to be even over-cautious in their application either way.

The Germans are too fond of discovering mineral waters, where only a little dirty water, with kitchen salt, and some iron or steel, are present. I should be sorry to recommend such uninviting springs as those of Soden appeared to me to be, for diseases of any sort; or advise anybody to take the trouble of going thither in search of health. Yet new houses are building in all directions at Soden. The springs are to be cleansed and put in decent order, and pavilions will probably be erected over them. The Bad-haus, too,is to be placed on a superior footing, and it is expected that the number of visiters, which is already on the increase, will in a short time become as great as can be desired.

From Königstein the road ascends in a north-westerly direction, and in a most irregular or zigzag course, to avoid hills and precipices; until, after passing through the small town of Kamberg, it reaches the celebrated brunnen of NIEDER-SELTERS, or *Seltzer*, as it is more commonly called. As few persons think of visiting a mineral spring which, being apart from all the rest of the world, and supplying only a pleasant and virtueless water, for distant consumption, offers no attraction whatever besides, I do not introduce in this place an account of Neider-Selters, except to remind the reader that it is a source of wealth to the ducal sovereign of this country. There is not, either in the spring itself, or in the village which gives it its name, or in the environs, a single feature that can be considered as a sufficient motive for detaining my readers a single moment. No throng of visiters

arrive here from distant lands to drink at the salutary well; but a mere squad of men, women, and children, in no degree picturesque, are to be seen, from early morn to evening's gloom, employed, for a few kreutzers daily, in the ordinary operations, common at all the other acidulous effervescent springs from which water is exported, of sorting bottles, washing them, filling them with the mineral water, and testing their soundness; discarding those which fail in this essential quality; corking the sound and full ones; putting a leather cap on and sealing the latter; and hurrying them all into the magazine of the duke, for exportation.

The temperature of Seltzer water at the spring is higher than that of springs in general, of the came class; for instance, it is one-third higher than that of the Fackingen and Geilnau mineral effervescent waters; yet it contains much less carbonic acid gas than either of them. The existence of a larger quantity of the latter, therefore, cannot be admitted to be the cause of heat in mineral waters, as some authors assert. The presence of fifteen grains of carbonate of soda in the Seltzer water imparts to it its principal merit as an absorbent, in cases of acidity of the stomach; but why, even in that respect, Geilnau or Fackingen is not preferred, I confess myself unable to comprehend.

FACKINGEN, which, for beauty of situation, is far superior to Neider-Selters, lies between Nassau and Limbourg; the latter important town being on the high road from Selters to Nassau. The position, in the bosom of a smiling and romantic valley, by the side of the Lahn, encompassed all round by forested hills, is picturesque in the extreme, and offers a cool and pleasing retreat during the summer months. The village, however, affords no accommodation to those who proceed thither to drink the water at the source; but as Dietz, a small town a short distance from the spring, offers every convenience in that respect, the visiters remain there. A direct, though slightly curved walk through a beautiful country, leads from Dietz to Birlenbach, and thence to the Brunnen, which rise in a meadow, near the village of Fackingen.

The water from these mineral springs is unquestionably the strongest alkaline water in Germany; and on that account it ought to meet with greater attention than it has hitherto received from the faculty. As a medical agent in stomach complaints, and above all in decided cases of gravel and calculi of the uric or lithic kind, the highly carbonated water of Fackingen,

used with perseverance, is far superior to the Schwalbach springs. Its taste is not so pleasant as that of the Paulinen, nor does it contain so much carbonic acid gas; but as an alterative and absorbent, its virtues are of a much more decided character. These waters too are largely exported, though not to the same extent as that of Selters; and they have been very successfully imitated by Struve. Dr. Bischof, who has published a very able account, not only of Fackingen, but of Selters also, and of Geilnau, speaks highly of the powers of the former on the human constitution labouring under chronic disease.

On the opposite bank of the Lahn, and nearly within sight of Fackingen, stands the Brunnen of GEILNAU, a small village on the right side of that river. Here again, in regard to this particular mineral water, there is a puzzling problem to resolve. Why should not the Geilnau water be as much sought after, and deemed as palatable, as the Selters or Seltzer? In the first place it has a lower temperature of not less than eight degrees of Fahrenheit; which, in summer, is no trifling advantage. It is nearly the same in composition as to solid ingredients, and it effervesces much more, is more piquant and pleasant to the taste, and contains half as much again of carbonic acid. If there be any difference, it is in the quantity of common salt. But there, again, the advantage (so far as taste is concerned, at all events) ought to be on the side of the Geilnau, a pint of which contains not a fraction of a grain of that salt, whereas Seltzer water holds as many as sixteen grains and a quarter of it in solution. The carbonate of magnesia, the phosphates of soda, and the carbonate of iron, are very nearly in the same proportion in each of the waters; and with regard to the principal alkaline ingredients, namely, carbonate of soda, the difference in quantity is so trifling, that it need scarcely be taken into consideration. Still the Seltzer holds the sovereign sway as an exported water, and will continue to keep the station in that respect, until people, instead of following, *mouton*-like, what every body else does, will begin to think for themselves, and give a trial to the Geilnau as a beverage in health, and to the Fackingen as a remedy in disease.

I need hardly say that the position of Geilnau is delightful. It partakes of the character of that of Fackingen. The river enlivens both; but the former, standing at the head of a graceful bend of the Lahn, with a curtain of wooded hills in front,

beyond the river to the east and south, presents altogether a more smiling landscape. The town of Holzappel is close to Geilnau, and thence to the metropolitan city of Nassau there is but a pleasant drive.

Mineral springs have their days of vogue, and days of neglect. Geilnau has experienced both. It is now reviving under the fostering care of the grand duke, who husbands these liquid mines or treasures in his dominions with a prudence and sagacity which do him great credit. Geilnau water is now exported to a considerable extent—nearly as great as that of Fackingen. Taking these two springs and Seltzer together, as being waters particularly palatable, clear, delightful, *piquantes* and *petillantes*, the number of large and small bottles of them exported out of the *Herzog's* dominions cannot be much less than two millions yearly.

# CHAPTER V.

## WIESBADEN.

An old acquaintance—Situation of Wiesbaden—Minute description of its plan—Best situation for lodgings—*Boulevards extérieurs*—Interior of the town—Crooked, narrow, and hot streets—Position of the hotels and bathing-houses—The Eagle, or Post-hof—The KRANTZ-PLATZ—The Englische-hof—The Rose—Other Bad-hauses round the platz—Hotels simply—The Nassauer-hof—Ville de Frankfort—The Friedrichsburg—Caution to strangers—Dr. PEEZ—Interview—The springs—The KOCHBRUNNEN—Appearance and physical characters of the water—Analysis, taste, and smell—Error rectified—The SCHÜTZENHOFQUELLE—The ADLER-QUELLE—Their relative temperature and characters—Description of the baths at the Eagle Hotel—Hotel *des Quatre Saisons*—Its baths—Those of the Englische-hof—Prices of the baths and of the apartments—Private lodgings—Cuisine—Table d'hôte—Living and restaurateurs—The KUR-SAAL—Exterior—Internal appearance—A gala night—Dancing and its result—Drawing-rooms and gambling-rooms—Superb furniture—The gambler and man of pleasure—Balzac—Supper and refreshment room—The LUSTGARTEN—Night promenade—A reverie—Striking contrast—Company in the Kur-saal—The great COLONNADE—The shops—Public establishments at Wiesbaden—Environs—BATHING and drinking the thermal waters—Effect of the baths—Efficacy in certain disorders—Striking cases—The hypochondriac at Wiesbaden—RULES for bathing and drinking the water—Bathing at home and bathing abroad—DIET.

ONCE again, *me voilà en pays de connoissance.* This is my third visit to Wiesbaden; but, on the present occasion, instead of looking at it with the eyes of indifference, or, at most, with those of curiosity, my whole attention was directed to the consideration of the place—first, as the centre of all the local knowledge to be obtained on agricultural and other subjects connected with the Duchy of Nassau; and, secondly, as a Spa of great and tried efficacy, which it was my duty, as a medical man practising in the metropolis, to make better known to the English public.

In the first volume of my former book of travels, so often referred to in these pages, I introduced a slight sketch of Wiesbaden as a bathing-place. At that time the town and its situation appeared to have made a favourable impression on me. Ten years

have elapsed since, and the impression, far from having been weakened by time, seemed to be more vividly and strongly excited in favour of the place on my revisiting it, and examining every part of it with a degree of attention greater than I had bestowed upon it before.

Leaving the "free city," *par excellence*, over a wide, well-constructed, and smooth *chaussée*, our vehicle rolled onwards to Hattersheim, placed near one of the bends in the river Main; and thence, at the distance of four German miles and a half, or two stages from Frankfort, we reached the capital of the sovereign of Nassau. The near approach to Wiesbaden disposes the traveller in its favour. Nature and art have happily combined together, to stamp it with a character peculiar to itself. Placed in the bosom of a fertile valley; surrounded on almost every part by the smiling and verdant hills which form the descending range of the Taunus towards the Rhine; boasting of numerous and elegant modern buildings, which greet the stranger on his arrival, right and left; and lastly, possessing some wide and modern streets, which, during the season, are seen crowded with well-dressed people,—Wiesbaden is calculated to please the stranger at the very first sight. How such an impression is kept up, or whether it be modified by any nearer acquaintance with its interior, its accommodations, and the mode of living in it, as well as with the principal object for which a stranger decides upon making Wiesbaden a place of temporary sojourn, we shall be able to ascertain by the following description.

I allowed myself to be driven, on our arrival, to the Eagle Inn, which is also the post-house; first, on account of the convenience of having the means of quitting the place near at hand when required; and secondly, because it was, according to my knowledge of former times, considered the best hotel, with the best establishment for bathing. Things, however, have much changed since, as we shall see presently, when we come to muster the hotels and bathing-houses in the place.

Before I proceed further, I must request the permission of my readers to sketch, for the use of those who are totally unacquainted with the locality of Wiesbaden, and who may at some future period be desirous to visit that capital, a topographical outline of its plan. This is the more necessary, as, in selecting any particular situation for their residence, invalids could have no

better guide than an acquaintance with the position of the town and its principal streets, its places of public resort, and its hotels or lodging-houses. I know, from experience, that at this very moment, invalids who meditate an excursion to Wiesbaden, would be glad to know something of its topography,—which is not detailed, or, if at all, is but slightly detailed, in the recent works that have appeared in England, on the Rhine and its neighbouring districts.

Wiesbaden occupies a tract of ground nearly level, the area of which is about a mile and a quarter. Its shape, owing to the recent improvements and additions, is now a regular parallelogram, with one of its narrow ends pointed. It resembles, in fact, the side of a pointed pyramid lying down, with its greatest length north-east and south-west, the narrow end of the pyramid being towards the north-east. Here the several peaks of the Taunus mountain screen the town, and especially the promenades, the springs, and places of public resort, from the cold and cutting winds of that quarter; while, at the opposite end, a southern aspect, and the insignificant elevation of the ground, whose swelling diminishes as it approaches the confluent banks of the Rhine and Main, towards Mayence or Mainz, expose that part of the town to a warmer sun and more genial breezes, admitting, at the same time, of a thorough ventilation of air over Wiesbaden. It must not be concealed, however, that this very circumstance, which is so favourable to those who sojourn in this place during the autumn and winter, and which actually gives to Wiesbaden an anticipated spring compared to the surrounding districts, is not equally favourable during the summer, or bathing season; at which time the weather is frequently so hot as to be scarcely tolerable.

On the protected side of the town we find, first of all, the celebrated Kur-saal, with its colonnade and green lawn before it. This establishment is eccentric to the figure or shape of the town, which has a beautiful wide street called *Wilhelm Strasse* running at right angles with the Kursaal Lawn, to bound it at the north. In this strasse is situated the ducal palace, with a whole range of other showy and first-rate buildings, which terminate at the south-west end in the *Rhein Strasse*, and at the north-east end in an angle, occupied by one of the best hotels in Europe, well known under the name of the *Quatre Saisons* (Die Fier Jahreszeiten). A

series of green fields and promenades, separated from the street by a handsome railing and a wide foot-path, planted with trees, lie opposite the whole length of this range of buildings,—which may be considered as forming a species of *Rue Royale* in Wiesbaden.

Crossing, next, an open space called the *Sonnenberger Thor*, which leads into the interior of the town on the left, we find the theatre, a neat and tasteful edifice, suitable to the place, and in harmony with the surrounding buildings. Round this we enter another long street, called the *Taunus Strasse*, consisting of a row of good-looking lodging-houses on one side, and on the other of a double line of trees; following which we pass into the *Schwalbacher Strasse*, and so on until we join the west termination of the *Rhein Strasse* before mentioned.

These several streets then may be considered as the *boulevards extérieurs* of Wiesbaden, encompassing the city, which has no fortification to surround it, nor gates of any description. They are also the only regular streets built in straight lines in the place; except two others which run parallel, not far from the inside of the *Rhein Strasse*, stretching across the town from the *Wilhelm* to the *Schwalbacher* Strasse. They are called the *Friedrich* and the *Luizen Strasse*. The old and the new *chaussée* to Mainz start from the latter street; from which, also, branches off a handsome square called *Luizen-platz*, adorned by an edifice of considerable merit—the principal church in the town.

All these *quartiers*, and another place between the *Taunus Strasse* and the *Rotter Strasse*,—in which there are two other parallel short streets, with moderately-sized and neat lodging-houses for strangers, called the *Neu Strasse* and the *Stein Gasse*, —constitute the modern part of Wiesbaden, in which most of the visiters prefer and are recommended to reside during their cure. Their respective situations are airy, not far from the country, or from the most frequented places, and yet sufficiently within reach of the springs and bathing-establishments—most of the latter of which are in the heart of the town.

Nothing can be more irregularly built, more crooked, narrower, or more suffocating, than the streets in the interior; and unless imperative economy, or a desire to remain *incog.*, should induce an invalid to seek such retreats as these, I should recom-

mend them to be avoided as places of residence. From experience I know that if those persons who visit *Town Spas* (as I hold Wiesbaden to be) voluntarily deprive themselves, by the improper choice of a dwelling, of the great auxiliary to mineral waters—pure, genuine, unsophisticated air from the hills, or the plains, or the forest, whichever may happen to be around them —they might as well stay at home, and be satisfied with drinking the artificial mineral waters.

The position, for example, of the hotel to which I drove, is one of those I condemn. That hotel is situated in a street dignified by the name of *Lange Gasse*, away from all the handsome and gay-looking buildings, and with no prospect before it but that of tiled roofs above, and a narrow thoroughfare for carriages below. The street at the widest end terminates in a bit of an open space, with a dozen trees in it, called KRANZ PLATZ, in which is placed the Englische-hof, a neat and moderately large house, and the Rose, another Bad and Gast-haus, which is pleasant and smiling. The English hotel is also a Bad-haus, having several "Cabinets de Bains;" as he who runs may learn, by turning the corner and looking up to the sign. It is the fashion here, as in Baden-baden, (between which town and Wiesbaden there is the greatest resemblance in point of hotels and bathing arrangements,) that all the hotels which have the advantage of possessing sources of their own, or the right to have the mineral water direct from the mineral sources by means of pipes, should proclaim that circumstance in large golden letters over the door. The Rose has, besides, a magnificent Speise-Saal, or banqueting-room, quite detached from the hotel, and situated a little way farther towards the promenade. This latter is formed by a continuation of the Taunus Strasse, placed at the foot of the first gentle swelling of that mountain, and in it there are several good-looking houses, and among them a new hotel, of loftier bearing than any of those just mentioned, called Hôtel de la Promenade. This house is favourably and agreeably situated, enjoying the western sun; but it has no baths.

It is around the little open space just mentioned, or Kranz-platz, that the principal hotels and bathing-houses are nearly all clustered together, deriving their warm mineral water from the principal source, which lies close by them. Those to which I allude, besides the few I have already enumerated, are the

Römerbad, the White Rose, and the Weisser Schwan, the Angel, the Black Ram, and the Flower. There is here also a *Goldenen Kette*, as at Schwalbach, and it contains baths; and a Golden Crown, with the same convenience, close to the Eagle or Post-hof. To complete this necessary though dull part of my information, I will at once enumerate and name the remaining establishments, in which the double conveniences of an inn and a bathing-house are combined together. These are the Spiegel, the Parisen-hof, the Sonnenberg, the Lilie, the two Golden Rams, the Half-Moon, and two or three others of little importance. The *Quatre Saisons* has also a private source of mineral water for its baths.

Of the hotels which have no baths attached to them, I need only mention, as by far the best, the Nassauer-hof, the Ville de Francfort, the Friedrichsburg, and the *Homme Sauvage*. It is in these hotels, and never at any of those which have baths of their own, that an invalid, unacquainted with Wiesbaden, and going thither for a season, (unprovided with lodgings secured beforehand,) should get himself set down on his arrival. He then should send for one of the physicians, to whom he may have been recommended, and for whom he should, if possible, bring a brief written statement of his case, in order to consult him as to the best baths he ought to take. For it must not be concealed, that of the many sources of hot mineral water, which here, as at Baden-baden, are offered for the service of the invalids, several are of inferior and even doubtful qualities and powers. I hold, from experience, those only to be effectual and genuine *Wiesbaden baths*, which are supplied direct from the principal springs. The physician will then point out which of these, or any other, possessing a mineral source of its own, (like the Eagle or *Quatre Saisons*, for instance,) the invalid ought to select, and thither he will then proceed, and take up his abode for the season, unless he prefer private lodgings.

Here then is the PLAN of Wiesbaden, or *la carte du pays*. An invalid will, I hope, by means of it, be able to choose, even before he leaves home, the spot, the hotel, and the bath, he would prefer to the rest, and take his measures accordingly. Some of my readers may feel disposed to think that I have wasted too much space in describing streets and hotels; but as this Spa consists of nothing else, besides the springs, and a few places of

amusement; and as the information I have given is precisely of that description which best suits a stranger desirous to go to Wiesbaden; I had no alternative but to be dull in order to be useful. We shall probably have occasion, by and by, to take our *revanche* for these matters of fact, and tiresome preliminaries.

Having, *more meo*, after a wholesome breakfast, at five o'clock in the morning, peered into every corner and part of the establishment at the inn I occupied, like a certain perverse and persevering "I hope I don't intrude,"—I proceeded afterwards to present my letter of introduction from Kreysig to Dr. PEEZ, whom I found fortunately at home in the Wilhelm Strasse, where he occupies a suite of very pretty apartments on the basement story. The doctor received me with great courtesy, and was delighted at the account I gave him of his old friend, whom he seems to hold in great veneration. Dr. Peez shares, with another physician at Wiesbaden, a gentleman of great reputation, Dr. Hof-rath ROULMANN, "inspecteur des eaux," the best part of the practice in the place. He is the author of a "Treatise on the Thermal Waters of Wiesbaden,"—which, being of a more recent date than that published in 1823 by his colleague Roulmann, and being the result of twenty years' practice at Wiesbaden, forms a very valuable guide to those who wish to become acquainted with the subject on account of their own health. Dr. Roulmann was unfortunately, when I called upon him, absent from home on a distant professional engagement. From Dr. Peez, who, like Roulmann, is a *medizinal rath* of the Duke of Nassau, I obtained, in the course of two hours' interview, borne most patiently by him, every local and general information I could desire; eschewing as unnecessary all those subjects with which my two previous visits to Wiesbaden had made me acquainted. With my usual good fortune I found my *confrère* both willing and disengaged, and I therefore proposed a visit to the springs, the bathing-establishments, and the public buildings.

The principal thermal spring in Wiesbaden, which bears a distinct name, is the KOCHBRUNNEN, or boiling spring. It is situated not far from that cluster of bathing-houses which I have enumerated as being near a little open space. It is enclosed within a low polygonal wall, with an iron *grille* through which access is had to the water. Curling volumes of steam, as from a boiling caldron, constantly hover above this building, which is

quite open at the top; so that in rainy weather the spring itself is not protected, though the water-drinkers are so, by a light pavilion or tent, erected in front of the iron railing.

There is something ignoble in the whole appearance of the thing, which to one who had seen the king and queen of the German Spas, and the many noble satellites that follow, was particularly unpleasant. Moreover, the water looks yellowish, and its surface is always covered by a film, of a light, earthy, and organic substance, called "the cream" *(der Kahm)*—which gives it a dirty appearance. How different from that most noble of all mineral fountains, the Sprudel! Although here, by confining the small quantity of gas which the water throws out, within a small basin like a shell, they try to produce a feeble imitation of that fountain. *Kochbrunnen* is most decidedly a misapplied name. The spring is at most but *simmering*, and not a *boiling* spring. Its temperature is fifty-six degrees of Reaumur, (158° Fahrenheit,) according to Kastner; but in the course of repeated trials made by myself, I could not detect, by means of my own thermometer, more than fifty-five degrees of heat. It is here that the invalids assemble to drink the thermal waters, and from thence all the conduits ramify, which convey that water to the several hotels having bathing-establishments. Within the polygonal circle that imprisons the dirty-looking spring, a few glasses are kept, for such as choose to drink of its water; for which purpose the invalids descend a step or two to dip the vessel in the fountain. It requires some courage, and no queasy stomach, to confront, early in the morning, and *à jeun*, such a beverage as this.

But drinking the *Kochbrunnen* is not the special object for which invalids generally come to Wiesbaden; and in that respect the place again resembles Baden-baden,—where neither the principal spring is inviting in its appearance, (although the water is infinitely more clear and limpid,) nor is the number of water-bibbers considerable. The reader who is desirous to know all the chemical particulars of this spring will find its full analysis in my general table. Its taste, as I stated on a former occasion, —and as the "old man of the brunnen," who extended his visits to this place after having left his elysium of Schwalbach, repeated after me,—may be compared to weak chicken-broth slightly salted. There is a peculiar odour, too, belonging to this water,

resembling that of lime in the act of being slaked, and while as yet quite hot: this I omitted to notice before. The faint resemblance of such an odour to that of sulphur, has induced some people to think that the water at Wiesbaden contains that substance. Indeed, in one or two recent English authors on medical subjects, the Wiesbaden water is actually called a sulphurous water. I need hardly say that this is an error.

The other two most important springs in Wiesbaden are the *Schützen-hof*, (the Huntsman's spring,) and the *Adler-quelle*, or the spring at the Eagle, the inn in which I resided. The former supplies, among other establishments, the general public bath for the lower classes, where they can bathe for two or three kreutzers a head; its temperature is at least thirty-five degrees of Fahrenheit colder than that of the *Kochbrunnen*, and its water is the only one that is truly clear and limpid. I saw it as it issues from the rock. With regard to the natural thermal source at the Eagle, the temperature of which is also many degrees inferior to that of the principal spring, (as 140° is to 156° F.,) I must quote the pencil notes taken on the spot, and include an account of the baths in my statement; because I find that my excellent friend Dr. Peez has been somewhat poetical in his description of that establishment; whereas I profess throughout this work to bow down to no idol but stern reality, as I have no other object in view beyond that of truly informing my reader.

"There are a great many baths or bathing-rooms in our hotel, distributed in several parts of the building, and new ones are being constructed. The principal baths are placed on each side of a long room, vaulted, and having an open skylight, through which the steam escapes. Each bath or basin is deep in the ground, of about twice or three times the size of an ordinary slipper-bath. The *cabinet* or room in which it is placed is very narrow, and the partition between each is thin, and not above seven or eight feet high. Hence the slightest movement or whisper of your neighbour can be heard. The water is conveyed to each basin through a pipe, direct from the source, which is the property of the master of the inn, and lies close by, in a narrow court-yard. Here it may be seen steaming and bubbling up, almost noiseless, and always of the colour of rain water which has run through filth, or over a bed or hill of yellow

clay, after a heavy shower. The escape of many minute bubbles of carbonic acid gas gives to the water the appearance of water simmering over a fire." Dr. Peez, since the publication of his work already alluded to, has found reason to think that the water of this source, which supplies the Crown and the Bear at the same time, is in a state, more or less, of chemical decomposition—in consequence of which it is, as I have stated, turbid and dirty-looking, leaving a reddish stain on eth skin of the bather and his linen. For this same reason, the Adler-quelle, Doctor Peez imagines, is one of the least energetic in Wiesbaden.

Besides these three principal sources, there are numerous other *quellen*, of which people have taken advantage, by establishing over them a bathing-house or an hotel. The principal of these is that of the *Quatre Saisons;* the temperature of that source is about 150 degrees of Fahrenheit. The baths are here arranged with more attention to comfort and privacy. Each is placed in a separate apartment, neatly fitted up; some of them, indeed, are superbly furnished. The basins or baths are of an oval or a square shape, and deep; and access may be had to many of them direct from the bedchamber, by an *escalier dérobé*. I noticed here the corroding effects of the thermal water, on the material of which the steps leading into the basin is composed, and on the wall around the room. As yet no substance has been found, either for the inside of the bath, or to cover the wall of the room, that will resist the influence of the water. It is not improbable that pure muriatic acid exists in it. I inquired why they did not follow the practice of Toeplitz, and line the baths with tiles of porcelain? The answer was, that the patients, owing to the slippery nature of the material when covered with water, would be continually liable to falls.

The Englische-hof is another of the bathing establishments which I ought to mention, before I close this subject. It receives the water from the *Kochbrunnen*. I was much pleased with its arrangements and neat interior. It looked like a very desirable residence, and the baths are all that one could wish. Dr. Peez strongly recommends this house, and I should say with great justice. The establishment is extensive; although, judging by the front of it, one would feel inclined to think it otherwise. But, *fronti nulla fides*.

The prices of the baths vary from 48 kreutzers to a florin at

almost all the best bathing establishments. With respect to the rent of rooms, or suites of apartments in these establishments, the amount depends, first, on the locality of the hotel; secondly, on the part of the hotel occupied; and thirdly, on the particular period of the bathing season. The "Quatre Saisons" is certainly the most expensive house at Wiesbaden, in respect to charges for rooms; but, *en revanche*, one may be *en prince* in it. In the middle of the season a suite of five rooms, well furnished, on the *bel étage*, and two rooms for servants, will cost from fifteen to sixteen florins a day (1*l.* 5*s.*) Contrasted with Ems, this charge is about half the price paid for similar apartments there. Again, a single room, with a little boudoir for one person, and a private staircase leading to the bath, at Wiesbaden, will cost from five to six, and from eight to ten florins a day, in the best part of the season. At the Eagle, and at the Englische-hof, the same convenience and accommodations may be obtained for one-third less.

Of the hotels which have no convenience for bathing, I would only notice in a more especial manner the Nassauer-hof, which is placed in one of the best situations in Wiesbaden. The landlord, Götz, is a remarkably obliging person, and very reasonably inclined. For a suite of rooms well and conveniently disposed, and furnished with four beds, he has charged not more than from four to five florins a day (8*s.* 4*d.*) This circumstance has rendered his hotel very popular, and the influx of strangers is consequently very great, drawing away from the more extravagant hotel of the *Fier Jahreszeiten* many of its guests.

Lodgings are to be had, as may be supposed, on any and many terms, according to the part of the town, and the sort of house, in which they are found. I am acquainted with a most respectable family who engaged, at a very good house, the *Berliner-hof*, two sitting and five bed-rooms, with one dressing-room, and two rooms for servants, the former on the ground floor, and the latter above, for forty florins a week. The apartments were rather scantily furnished. For a little more money they might have been obtained on the principal story, which is always more desirable. The house is admirably situated, perhaps the best in the town, being a single mansion at right angles with *Wilhelm Strasse*, and with a southern aspect. Sometimes private lodgings, on the principal story in the house of some respectable inhabitant, may be had for less money, equally convenient and large, situated

either in the *Taunus*, *Rotter*, or other equally fashionable streets, for thirty or thirty-five florins a week, which will accommodate seven or eight individuals, servants included. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Nor need I go over the whole of the list of lodgings and prices. Bachelors will find means to place themselves very snugly here, and for very little money—for less indeed than half what they would have to pay at any watering or sea-bathing place in England.

As I am on the subject of accommodations and the comforts of life, I may as well dispose of all I have to say on those subjects ere I proceed to speak of the public buildings, of the virtues of the mineral waters of Wiesbaden, and of the society of visiters. It is not precisely the order of things I have hitherto observed, but it will answer the purpose just as well on the present occasion.

A table d'hôte is the order of the day at Wiesbaden. The most dashing, as a matter of course, is that which is kept in the Kur-saal. Here, at one and four o'clock P. M., the company assemble, as at Chabert's at Baden, and for the sum of one florin at the first hour, and one florin and forty-five kreutzers at the second hour, a tolerably half-and-half dinner—Gallo-Germanic—may be obtained. The attendance of strangers, however, at the most fashionable dining hour of the two, is by no means so numerous as at Baden. In the evening, from eight till ten o'clock, *soupers à la carte* are constantly going on.

The saloon in which the dinner takes place on ordinary days is a good-sized and well-proportioned room, one of a suite branching off to the left, at the upper end of the great hall, and opposite the gambling-rooms. From the circumstance of its being hung with green paper, this great eating-room is called "le salon vert." But on a Sunday the general company assemble at one o'clock, around the tables placed in the great *Saal*, as represented in the vignette, at page 440; and the *coup d'œil* on those occasions partakes of, and is even superior to, that prestige which we noticed at Baden-baden. On all such occasions a band of music plays from the upper gallery.

The *Speise-Saal*, or summer banqueting-room of the hotel I lived at, is a noble and well-proportioned building, with two galleries, one at each end, supported by four Doric columns of solid marble. A range of eight windows below, and a square attic

window over each of them, admit a splendid light into the room, in which three parallel ranges of dining-tables are in daily and full operation. I have elsewhere alluded to the banqueting-room of the Rose, the interior of which is even superior in beauty of decorations to the one just described. In fact, Wiesbaden can boast of a greater number of these establishments than any other Spa in Germany.

I occupied a large double-bedded room at the Eagle, for which I paid one florin and three quarters. I paid a florin a head for dinner, and mine host, Christian *Schlichter*, charged me nearly as much for breakfast; knowing that, when a guest rises at five o'clock A. M., bathes in the Kochbrunnen, drinks the thermal water at the Schützen-hof, and walks for two hours afterwards, he is likely to bring home an appetite capable of discussing a *déjeûner à la fourchette* stout enough to enable him to go on without murmur until the latest hour of the table d'hôte dinner.

Sometimes a family, living in lodgings, may find it convenient to procure a dinner from a restaurant. Many excellent establishments of that sort there are in Wiesbaden, from which a good homely repast may be had for a very moderate sum. Who would quarrel, for instance, with soup, a roast leg of mutton, two boiled chickens, eight veal cutlets, a large dish of potatoes, an excellent large rice-pudding, with sundry sauces, bread, table-cloths, table-napkins, &c., for a family of nine persons, at the expense of six florins altogether, or ten shillings?

The only mischief of these species of arrangements is, that the purveyor generally gets tired of his bargain in a short time, and inflicts upon you the trouble, after grumbling at several scantily provided dinners, and after many but vain remonstrances, of seeking another restaurateur who will treat you better; of going, in fact, from Rosse to Schäfer, or from Schäfer to Rosse—both good, but both troublesome.

Before taking leave of this subject I may state, that bread at Wiesbaden is very indifferent; that good spring water is not to be had on easy terms, in spite of the late improvement; and that the Rhenish wine is either bad or extravagant—I say extravagant, because it is never good; and thus ends *La Cuisine.*

What stranger arrives at Wiesbaden who will not at once, or as soon as he can, walk to the centre of attraction, in the way of nature and buildings, in that capital—I mean, to the large open



space consisting of a square lawn, headed by the KUR-SAAL, flanked on the left by a long and striking colonnade, and on the right by a garden and the neighbouring hills? Thither I proceeded with my son, in order that he might have an opportunity of contemplating the interior of a building, the form and arrangements of which could not fail to interest a young student in architecture.

The portico of the Kur-saal, consisting of six Ionic columns, would be deserving of admiration, were it not surmounted by a pediment too high, and consequently too angular, and disfigured, moreover, by a sloping dark roof, which entirely destroys the effect of the architectural design of this elevation. But the greatest failure in the general design of the front is the low wing on each side of the principal building, with columns of mean dimensions, and completely different from anything that deserves the epithet of beautiful. These wings are occupied by coffee-houses, billiard-rooms, and other similar places of public resort. How singularly these dwarf structures would contrast (if compared to them) with the massive and lofty pillars which rear their heads by the side of the Conversation-haus at Baden!

But if the exterior is liable to some criticism, the interior of this elegant building is calculated to disarm it. The ingress to it is through a corridor, and the *coup d'œil* which presents itself on passing the threshold of the inner door, either during one of

the table d'hôte dinners in the afternoon of a Sunday, or during one of the public or subscription balls in the evening, is brilliant, and, for an instant, dazzling to the senses. I have still in remembrance, as vivid as the impression of yesterday, (now that I call them up for this occasion,) my feelings of admiration when, during a great festival of the description last alluded to, I first entered this splendid building, nine years only after it had been erected.

A magnificent hall, apparently one hundred and thirty feet long, in breadth half that number of feet, and fifty feet high at least, with a covered and richly ornamented ceiling, from which depended several brilliant lustres, appeared before me animated with one great wave of human faces, moving to and fro in the vast area of that building. A gallery, projecting about ten feet from the wall, runs on each side of the hall, beginning at the upper end, and terminating at the other extremity, where it joins the ducal tribune, which is placed over the principal door of entrance. These galleries are supported by fourteen solid marble columns of the Corinthian order, of a gray and pleasing tint. The capitals, frieze, and architraves are in white and gold. In the centre of the left-hand gallery a numerous and well-assorted orchestra made the arched ceiling reflect down, upon the merry throng below, their harmonious notes, among which the flagelet and the octave seemed there on purpose to mark, with their shrill and acute sounds, the measure of the giddy dance. The ducal tribune, hung in crimson velvet, and adorned in gold, was resplendent with everything that imagination could paint to itself of gentle, noble, and royal blood, animating a select assembly of exalted personages, on whose breasts shone the dazzling star, or on whose heads waved the lofty plume.

Under the right-hand gallery, decorated, like the other on the opposite side, with statues and busts, (which Dr. Peez has since, by-the-by, and with justice, styled *obscœnæ volucres!* with the additional observation from Horace, of *hic non erat locus*,) I made my slow and often checked way towards the upper end of the hall, where I entered a splendid range of apartments, which I saw open and brilliantly lighted up on my right. The first four rooms, furnished with all the elegance of a Parisian drawing-room, and embalmed with a profusion of flowers, placed in porcelain vases that stood reflected before lofty and broad pier-glasses,

presented the usual symbols of gambling. In three of them a large roulette-table was in constant motion, and seemed to be the favourite game of the place. In the fourth, the *Rouge et Noir* displayed its variegated colours, and attracted a crowd of misguided creatures, many of whom were destined, perhaps, never to taste happiness again after that evening. A large withdrawing or conversation room, fitted up in blue, was adjoining to these four temples of ruin;—in all of which the dazzling and varied tints of the draperies, the splendid clocks that decorated the chimney-pieces, the tall and rich candelabras which lighted up every angle of the apartment, the magnificent and pendent lustres which were a hundred times repeated in the many mirrors cunningly arranged around the rooms, and the highly-polished and slippery *parquet*, of the finest wood, offered to the eye a scene of luxury that I have nowhere witnessed since, among the rest of the Spas of Germany—not even at Bruckenau, whose Kur-saal, as a building, is so much superior to that of Wiesbaden.

These scenes existed then as I found them to exist now, and the insanity which then hurried people towards them, from an early hour in the afternoon until after the rising of the next morning sun, continues even now to people the same haunts, as often, and as long, during the season. The gratification of gaming at high hazard, so full of danger, is quite inexplicable. As in the case of many other unlawful pleasures, its votaries are to be found in the same, and perhaps in increasing numbers, equally deaf to reason and religion, during every season that passes away at these gay and fashionable Spas;—as if no awful example of its exterminating tendency had ever opened their eyes to the imminent risk of their situation. The unlawful gratification once tasted, it seems as if nothing but *épuisement* or death can arrest the career of the guilty transgressor. "Le plaisir," says the mistaken and misunderstood chief of the modern romantic school of France, "est comme certaines substances médicales; pour obtenir constamment les mêmes effets, il faut doubler les doses; et LA MORT, ou l'abrutissement, est contenu dans la dernière." How many illustrative examples of the truth of this well-expressed fact fall under the yearly cognisance of the physician!

I soon quitted this abode of alluring vice to cross the hall, over the platform, which rises three steps above the floor. In

doing that, I passed by the lofty windows and glass door, which, in the daytime, serve to light the upper part of the hall, and entered a suite of rooms corresponding to those I had just left, and which are placed immediately opposite. Here I found a different scene before me. The banqueting or green room, to which I have already made allusion, fitted up as a *buffet*, served for the distribution of all the most choice refreshments: and the remaining rooms were thronged with people who preferred supper and ices to dancing and gambling.*

As neither my appetite, my inclination, nor my disposition, suggested to me the idea of the slightest participation in any one of these amusements, I escaped from the refreshment-rooms as soon as I had surveyed with a curious, a critical, and a professional eye, many of the groups whom I saw gaily preparing for themselves an indigestion and the nightmare. Finding the centre glass door which leads into the *Lust Garten* open, I stole away through it, and wandered over a considerable extent of those pleasure-grounds, which are adorned with a variety of devices and contrivances, due to the power and skill of those who know how to torture art into grotesque imitations of nature, by means of parterres, shady glades, vanishing vistas, murmuring brooks, rocky grottoes, and still lakes.



* The same process, precisely, is gone through in present times, whenever a grand ball or festival is celebrated in the Kur-saal. The several rooms also are in the same condition.

The moon shone doubtfully across my path, which was by no means so solitary as I had anticipated, considering the intense interest which seemed to rivet the company within the building. Perhaps the vignette I have here presented to my readers will afford them some notion of the interior of the edifice, and the various parts of the hall itself, which I have endeavoured to describe.

After my walk among these still and rural scenes, I returned to the hall as the nearest clock of the town struck one, and sat myself in the recess of one of the windows, half concealed by its sweeping, silken drapery; when, casting a glance now at the moving throng within, and anon at the garden without, I fell into one of those contemplative reveries which will often obtrude, even in the midst of the most tumultuous scenes of gaiety. The trees, and some ill-defined white buildings with a dark back-ground, imperfectly seen by the pale moonlight through the window, presented a vague and fantastic resemblance to colossal spectres enveloped in their shadowy grave-clothes, like the nuns in "Robert le Diable." At times they reminded me of the gigantic images of Holbein's famed "Dance of Death." Then, by a mere turn of the head, I beheld in the splendid Kur-saal, dazzling with the streams of light that descended from the many tapered lustres of gold, the "Dance of the Living."

There were assembled, as I before observed, on that particular occasion of festivity, the loveliest and the noblest of the company then at Wiesbaden, from many lands, and of many nations, agitated by deep emotions, or intent only on the frivolous joys of the moment. But all seemed happy and gay; the fair ones glittering with diamonds, and some wearing flowers in their tresses, or within the tight zone that encircled their waist; while others displayed them fastened in garlands on their light robes, down to their very feet. Many a heart, perhaps, beat on that occasion beneath the lace and the blond, in tones little accordant with the inspiriting music from the gallery; while the quick and light step of others who waltzed near them, free from the thoughts of to-morrow, made the gossamer tissues float in aerial clouds around the slender forms of the dancers. Then came the shouts and exclamations of the gamblers in the contiguous rooms, at some unexpected stroke of good or bad fortune; or the solemn warning from the bankers reached my ears, of "Faites votre jeux, mes-

sieurs," followed by the awful proclamation, which must have sounded like a knell to many, of "Rouge perd et couleur,—"and the jingling of the gold, which changed masters in consequence,—and the buzz and unintelligible murmur of general conversation. All these things I saw and contemplated during the short half hour I remained musing at my post; not, I trust, without deriving benefit from the reflections they excited. How many of the performers in that scene have probably passed away since, who would have been far happier had they, like myself, been contemplative spectators, rather than actors, on the occasion!

In the Kur-saal one is sure of meeting, at all hours of the day, crowds of people engaged in a variety of occupations, either of breakfast, dinner, or supper, or of conversation, or on business, as in a large and well-frequented club. Balls take place in it every Sunday and Wednesday during the season. In the evening of the other days of the week, the company assemble in and wander about the garden already alluded to, in the rear of the building; and in the morning, early, many are seen, either parading up and down, or sipping their coffee or tea, under the great colonnade, where a band of instruments attend to perform during the breakfast hour.

The colonnade at present is one of the largest in Germany; but it will yield in extent and beauty to that now erecting, of solid stone, at Kissingen. Here the pillars of Grecian-Doric, of which there are forty-six, are stuccoed over, and their proportions are not without fault. But the most objectionable part of the colonnade is its roof. The length of this building, which is raised on a low sub-basement, and which was erected only ten years ago, is five hundred feet, and it is twenty feet wide. Under it there are about sixty shops, filled with every description of merchandise, objects of luxury and of fancy. At each end the colonnade is terminated by a handsome square corps de logis, converted into a superb magasin de nouveautés, librairie, &c. One of these establishments merits to be mentioned in particular; it is that of the book and printseller Charles Jugel, of Frankfort, who, during the bathing season, has a similar one at Kissingen. His shop at Wiesbaden is equally well supplied with all new publications whether German, French, or English, and the best prints executed in Paris or London. This arrangement for a

circulating library, composed of the most recent publications only, must be highly acceptable to all who wish to be kept *au courant*. A few foreign papers are taken in for the perusal of his customers. It is intended, at no distant period, to erect a similar colonnade on the opposite side of the great lawn.

Wiesbaden possesses, besides these striking establishments for the convenience and amusement of strangers, other institutions; a public library, from which books may be borrowed under certain restrictions; a cabinet of antiquities; a museum of paintings; a casino; a well-managed hospital; and a theatre, to which I have already made allusion. To none of these places shall I refer in detail; a description of them not being called for by the design of my present volume. Neither shall I digress from my principal object, by attempting to enumerate the several points of attraction which Wiesbaden possesses in its environs. Most of them, indeed, I have already alluded to in my account of the journey thither from Frankfort; and others I shall have to mention or describe, in giving an account of the road to Schlangenbad and Schwalbach; both of which places, by the way, are reckoned among the most attractive excursions for the guests at Wiesbaden.

Having now cleared the ground of everything essential to be known to my readers in respect to living, let us consider the medical virtues and efficacy of the thermal springs of Wiesbaden. In referring to the hot mineral water of that Spa, I must be understood to allude principally, and indeed almost entirely, to the *Kochbrunnen*, and to the practice of bathing in it. My knowledge on these two points is of many years standing, has been personally acquired, and has since been considerably augmented by my recent visit, and the interesting conversations I had with Dr. Peez.

One of the principal effects to be noticed in using the mineral water at Wiesbaden, is the great change that supervenes in the state of the skin. From being dry and ruvid, it becomes moist and soft. Sometimes only a little redness of the skin, at other times slight eruption ensues, in the course of bathing; and through this series of simple phenomena alone, many chronic disorders have been cured.

If a patient bathes for old gouty and rheumatic pains, he will often find them increase at first, and become more intense: his

walk will be more difficult, the joints more stiff, the muscles exceedingly sore. In eight or ten days these symptoms will disappear, and recovery will follow after the full course of the waters.

The appetite and functions of the stomach are generally augmented after a few baths. The action of the intestines is sufficiently promoted by the proper and internal use of the water. The Wiesbaden water is held, with some justice, to be of a purgative quality. When the baths have not been injudiciously recommended, sleep is generally improved by them; it becomes uniform and regular, and is not disturbed by dreams. The result of such a regularity is an augmentation of vital energy in the patient. It is, however, of the utmost importance not to allow sleep to overcome the patient while in the bath. When it does so, further bathing would be a source of danger, without properly consulting a physician upon that point. Such a sleep, to say the least, is suspicious, and is generally accompanied by a heavy and full pulse, as well as by a tendency to giddiness.

In cases of paralysis I found the baths of Wiesbaden of an efficacy nearly equal to that possessed by Toeplitz. A very remarkable case of recovery from a total suspension of the faculty of moving the limbs, unconnected with any rheumatic affection, came under my notice three years ago; and Dr. Peez related to me several other diseases of a similar kind.

The internal use of the *Kochbrunnen*, or of the *Schützenhof*, will be found very successful—much more so than Cheltenham or Leamington—in all cases of congestion, fulness, and obstruction in any of the abdominal viscera of both sexes. The baths must in all these cases be combined with the internal use of the water; and if the subject be a female, the necessity for bathing is still more urgent.

I saw some patients, one of them a lady and from England, who were about to leave Wiesbaden perfectly cured from the most agonising torture of tic douloureux, which Dr. Peez had succeeded in removing, by directing the power of the *Kochbrunnen*, both internally and externally, to the re-establishment of certain hemorrhoidal secretions which had been suddenly checked. Another species of complaints benefited by the use of this water in that peculiar form of head-ache, (migraine,) which depends on indigestion or hepatic affection. Dr. Peez mentioned some cases of this kind. He likewise took me to see a young gentleman at

a school, who was both deaf and dumb when placed under his care, and who recovered both senses, by the use of the mineral water.

A case of gout that had left the patient, Mrs. ——, a perfect cripple, was also shown to me, in which the internal use of the *Kochbrunnen* and the baths had restored health most completely. In this case, however, Dr. Peez had found it necessary to use, more than once, some slight doses of calomel.

Wiesbaden, like most of the thermal springs, enjoys a distinct reputation for the cure of that singular malady, the subjects of which are much to be commiserated, styled *hypochondriacism*. What a dreadful picture of human wretchedness the hypochondriac at Wiesbaden presents! He is sombre, thoughtful, or absent, in the midst of a laughing world. For ever brooding over his fate, his disease absorbs the whole of his attention. He disdains even the most trifling conversation with his fellow creatures, and flies from those ephemeral acquaintances which are so easily formed at watering-places, precisely because one cares little how soon afterwards they are forgotten. In fact, he would feel himself alone in the world, and never concern himself about those around him, did he not envy their healthy looks, their firmer muscles, and their sounder stomachs, which can sustain an indigestion with impunity. Such a character one meets at Wiesbaden, as I found it at Gastein, at Carlsbad, and again at Toeplitz.

I should always recommend patients to begin to drink the *Schützenhof*, which, though charged with the same ingredients contained in the two other sources, has them in smaller proportions, particularly the iron. This water, which possesses, moreover, the *agrément* of being pure and clear, is more readily digested, and seldom produces that peculiar reaction which is generally remarked after a few times of using the *Kochbrunnen* and the *Adlerquelle*.

After about three weeks the stronger water may be used, either externally or internally.

The water is generally drunk early in the morning, on an empty stomach, and before the bath. The quantity is from four to six beakers, each of four ounces; with an interval of about a quarter of an hour between each glass. Those who find it difficult to perspire, should drink the water as hot as they can;

others, on the contrary, can only support it when in a tepid state.

Breakfast follows half an hour after drinking the water, and precedes bathing by about double that time. This meal should be of the lightest description. A cup of coffee or chocolate with milk, or a basin of soup with the yolk of an egg in it, will be sufficient.

The baths should seldom exceed 98° in temperature, and half an hour in duration. Some people extend the time to three quarters of an hour. A repetition of the bath on the same day is not to be recommended in general; but where it is deemed essential to bathe twice a day, four hours at least should elapse between dinner and the evening bath.

There is at Wiesbaden the same convenience which one finds at Baden-baden: in both places an invalid who prefers living in lodgings, and is unwilling to attend any of the bathing establishments, may bathe every day in his own house, in a large wooden tub or bath, which he hires for forty-eight kreutzers a week, and gets it filled with the water from the *Kochbrunnen* overnight, so that the temperature may come down by morning to the proper degree. Women bring the necessary quantity of water from the spring, at an expense of about tenpence, or half a florin, for each bath. Where this method is deemed to be the most convenient, it will be as well to have a small quantity of the water brought direct from the spring in the morning, in order to add it to that which has been kept to cool from overnight, and which would become too cold, while the patient is bathing in it, without such an addition.

I have known a patient who followed this method, and was much gratified with the result. He had been recommended to get out of bed and into the bath, which was placed for that purpose in the dressing-room, and to return to bed for half an hour after the bath. This gentleman was obliged to breakfast while dressing, nature requiring that restorative with as little delay as possible.

The drinking of some of the cold acidulous mineral waters at the same time with bathing, instead of drinking the *Schützenhof*, was at one time much more the practice at Wiesbaden than at present. Dr. Roulmann, however, who is somewhat of the old school, keeps up that practice, and I know a patient of his who,

at eleven o'clock, drank a small cruche of the *Paulinen* water in four draughts, at intervals of ten minutes.

The large bottles of the mineral waters of Schwalbach may be readily procured at Wiesbaden for ten kreutzers each, and for seven kreutzers the small bottles. All the bottles bear the seal of Schwalbach.

When I reflect on the very miserable condition of some of the baths in many of the bathing establishments, I am not at all sure that the plan of bathing at home is not the best. The Earl of ——, who was at Wiesbaden in 1836, a perfect cripple from spinal paralysis, (since dead,) before he took up his abode in the sumptuous *Hotel de la Promenade,* was living, for the convenience of bathing, at a most uncomfortable place, in which the baths were of the worst description.

Wiesbaden has lately got again into fashion with the English, who now frequent it in considerable numbers. During my last visit but one to that Spa, very few invalids of that nation were to be seen there.

This bathing place is one of the few in Germany, the springs of which are so much frequented during winter. This arises from the conveniences of every sort, particularly of house-room and living, to be found in the place; and also from the climate being milder in the winter season than elsewhere in the neighbourhood, the town being completely sheltered from north and east winds.

The number of strangers of all nations who visited Wiesbaden in 1836 amounted to 9,400; a number inferior, as we have seen, to that of the visiters of Baden-baden in the course of the same season, but greater than the number of those who visited the Bohemian or Bavarian Spas.

# CHAPTER VI.

## SCHLANGENBAD.

"Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany—"Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau"—Room for something more *solid*—Road from Wiesbaden to Schlangenbad—Distant views—The Rheingau—the country—*Neudorf* and *Rauenthal*—Valley of Schlangenbad—Richness of soil, and beggary of labourers—Schlangenbad—First impressions—Disappointment—Tiny hills and tiny woods—The monument—*Inscribo-mania*—A repast—*Episode bachique*, or an essay on Rhenish wines—The Rauenthaler, or the rival of *Schlangen-vasser*—Caution to bibbers of Rhenish sack—The beautifying Spring, no beauty—Appearances—Quantity of water—Scanty supply—Temperature—The *derrière du rideau* at Schlangenbad—The Baths—The hotels and the hofs—Physical and chemical characters of the mineral water—How to imitate its cosmetic power—The Snakes—The mineral virtues of the Schlangenbad water—A wonderful cure.

To attempt to enter the same field after two such gatherers as "the Old Man of the Brunnens," and the clever author of "Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany," would bespeak rashness on my part, were it not that English readers, much as they have been amused by the perusal of the "Bubbles" and the "Souvenirs," have yet to learn, *du fond au comble*, what are the real virtues and condition of Schwalbach and Schlangenbad as medicinal springs, stripped of the borrowed charms which lively and humorous writers can impart to them. In that sense the Spas in question are perfectly unknown in this country; as much so, indeed, as any of those far more important mineral springs which it has been the main object of the present volume to describe; and although hundreds of people from the chalk cliffs of Dover, or the banks of old Thames, have flocked to Schwalbach and Schlangenbad since the appearance of the "Bubbles,"—to dip in the *beauty-bath* of the latter, and sip the *saurewasser* of the former, either from curiosity or in search of health,—they have done so blindfolded, without a true guide, and without knowing beforehand whether they had not better have remained at home,

or proceeded elsewhere, as far as their health was concerned. The task I have imposed upon myself, therefore, is to supply, professionally, these various desiderata.

It was after a long and interesting visit to the baths and springs of Wiesbaden that we set off from that town on our way to the "Serpentsbath," or Schlangenbad. One of those lovely days, at the conclusion of the summer, in which nature seems redolent of fragrance and beauty, as well as heavily laden with her bounties, shone upon us. But to see and enjoy these luxuries in the present instance, the traveller must wait until he has reached some of the elevated points of the road, after passing through sundry matter-of-fact cabbage and turnip fields around, and at some distance from, Wiesbaden. From the first summit which we reached, the windings of the Rhine as it descends before the city of Mayence, the back view of the ducal gardens of Biebrich, and part of the Main, are seen to great advantage. The enjoyment of these objects, however, is of short duration; for the road (which by-the-by is rutty and heavy) suddenly dips, and all is again reduced to the monotonous reality of arable fields, at that time partly stripped of their crops. A few insignificant hillocks continue in sight for some time on the right, of the magnitude perhaps of Shooter's-hill.

In the absence of everything that is picturesque in this extensive plateau, over which we were then travelling, one could not help admiring the condition and great fertility of the country, and the very creditable state of its cultivation. The trees, however, are scantily distributed over the plain, and are principally stunted plum and apple trees. On turning our backs to Wiesbaden, we had certainly turned from the only striking region of interest and landscape-effect in this part of the Taunus. Presently a second hill, or high ground, once more offers to the spectator a pleasing tranformation of objects. The mighty Rhine stretched before us, and at our very feet, is now seen expanding in double and nearly parallel lines, forming those many and pretty islands which render its navigation so intricate between Bingen and Mayence. The tudesque domes, and the connecting bridge of the latter city, appeared from the top of this second hill as if we could touch both, by merely stretching our hands forward.

Our faces turned to the Elysium of wine, "Der Rheingau," we descended rapidly along the rough cross road, to the very

margin of the Rhine, where, at the small village of *Schierstein*, we joined the beautiful macadamized *chaussée*, which, coming from Biebrich, keeps ascending in the direction of Schlangenbad, skirting, in part, the inland confines of the Rheingau. The *détour* or elbow in the road from Wiesbaden to Schlangenbad, which the post insists on making, is an inconvenience to which such travellers as proceed direct from the former place to Langen-Schwalbach are not subjected; for the road to the last-mentioned Spa, from Wiesbaden, lies directly across the Taunus, leaving Schlangenbad to the left, and passing between two interesting hills, the *Hohe Wurzel*, and the *Rothe Kreuz*, beyond which it joins the great *chaussée*.

The country is everywhere fertile, the soil deep, *gras*, and rich. Every inch of it is in cultivation, and the plain at the foot of the hills, between which the road passes, may be said to represent a succession of gardens. In the mean time, as post-horses never stand still, though in Germany they proceed but slowly, the land around us kept assuming more and more character as we kept moving forwards, especially on the right side of the road, where one great hill succeeded another. Villages and villas dot their long undulating line, and with the masses of dark forests or insulated clumps of trees which frequently occur, and the occasional peering of the naked rocks out of the soil, assist in imparting a peculiar and interesting aspect to the scene. The road is hard and good throughout. A line of young fruit trees skirts it on either side, and under the lower and loaded boughs of those on our left we caught, ever and anon, a glimpse at the broad and tranquil stream,—our eye resting, at the same time, on the lofty shores of the opposite bank.

In half an hour we were insensibly transported into a paradise, rich beyond conception, traversing, all the time, dense and formal vineyards, the juice of which is destined, perhaps, to gladden the heart of gourmands yet unborn. After a gentle sweep round to the right, the road reaches the humble village of *Neudorf*, placed at the opening of a small defile, and between two hills of moderate elevation, clad with vine; while on the left, and higher up, peers the church-tower of *Rauenthal*, the two emporiums of the true East Rheingau juice. This is a lovely spot, gilded and warmed by the south and south-east rays of the sun; and I should be tempted to place within it the invalids to whom I recommend

*la Cure des Raisins.* But alas! my admission into the hamlets quickly destroyed all illusion; for everything I saw in them betokens misery among the inhabitants. Such will always be found to be the case, as I observed in another publication, in all vine countries.

We had now fairly entered the valley of Schlangenbad,—a narrow prairie of not more than a few hundred yards in breadth. The hills on each side are low and round, and where the rock does not pierce through, they are covered with underwood. It is not easy to divine why these very hills, which have a most favourable aspect, situated between *Neudorf* and *Klost-Tiefenthal*, are not, like the rest, planted with vine. The soil and the situation seem to be particularly suited to such a cultivation. Before reaching the last-mentioned little village, the valley expands to about twice its original breadth, the hills all round become loftier, and some portions of their sides are converted into arable land. The sun warms this little amphitheatre with shadowless splendour in every direction; yet underwood alone is suffered to occupy the ground which vines, rivalling those a little way farther towards the Rhine, might occupy with certain success. Nor is the height of the hills such as to render the cultivation in question impracticable. It is money and hands that are alone wanting.

The higher we ascended, the grander became the features of the surrounding landscape. The lovely and the soothing succeeded to the wild and the alpine. A small group of two or three huts alone was seen here and there, in the bosom of the valley, which the ascending road, in its capricious windings, enables us progressively to sketch out more and more; until at last, after a gentle sweep round to the left, our peregrination terminated in front of the old Bad-haus of Schlangenbad.

The sudden turning from what appeared lovely and smiling, to a small sequestered spot resembling an open *marktplatz*, in a village of the second order, was a change for which I was not prepared, and my first impression was one of disappointment. To a traveller who had seen in succession all the principal baths and mineral springs of Germany, placed in situations in which grandeur of scenery was blended with the greatest profusion of natural beauties, the sight of such a spot as this was not calculated to excite feelings of admiration. A narrow circle of hills,



the loftiest of which, reckoning from the level of the terrace near the Gast-hof, is about a quarter of an hour's ascent, surrounds a small cup or hollow, in which three or four huge barrack-looking edifices spoil the effect of what might otherwise be looked upon as a tranquil and rural retreat. Since the "Bubbles" first burst on the admiring public of England, many are the dwellings which have reared their roofed and ugly heads within this narrow compass, putting their blanched faces in violent contrast with the gentle green of the hills that rise behind them. On the acclivities of these hills, and through the tiny forests with which they are clothed to their very tops, innumerable winding paths have been cut, much in the same manner as through similar woods in other places; which paths, snakes and vipers are said to be particularly fond of frequenting. In none of my rambles, however, did I chance to meet with one of those graceful reptiles.

I looked for the "great forest" which the "old man" had entered, in order to escape the artificial hedges and the parade; but I looked in vain. There is a hill certainly at the back of the old Badhaus, and there is a wood upon the hill; but the latter has not a single large or majestic tree in it; and the former I ascended in five minutes exactly; reaching in that time a rustic pavilion, which is erected not quite on the summit, but on a ledge very near it. This ledge juts out, like a small rounded promontory, into the valley, with a perpendicular height of perhaps 300 feet, and no more, from the level of the great *chaussée* which is seen

to ascend opposite to it, looking something like a continuous broad sheet of white linen laid down to bleach on a grassy field. On each side the hills dwindle gradually into trifling eminences, until a full view is permitted of the distant horizon, embracing the greater part of the vine-bearing Rheingau in the direction of *Eltville* and *Hattenheim*, as well as of the road we had just left.

The broken shaft of the dwarf pillar, which records in golden accents the gratitude of two loving and EMBELLISHED *sposi*, (so runs the story,) is still standing where the "old man" first beheld it. But it is now disfigured with ill-carved, mis-shapen, and jaw-torturing names of many individuals, who have probably visited this monument in consequence of the feeling description given of it by the "old gentleman," and who love to go down to posterity on other people's backs, or by riding another man's hobby. The column has been shorn of a portion of its top by some malicious or ill-intentioned person; or, perchance, by such as wished to carry to their distant homes a fragment of this votive tribute to the powers of the Serpents-bath, as a talisman to preserve the *satin* beauty of their skin.

Seats are placed under the rustic pavilion, and a table, equally roughed on its surface by the inscribing mania of visiters, is added to the accommodations of the spot, to tantalize you with the notion of refreshments and pic-nics. The pavilion is erected on a rock, which, near to the DE GRUNNE monument, still peers above the ground, and protects the pillar placed close to its edge from the precipice beneath it.

On our arrival several groups of people were sipping their *post-mittag* beverage under the trees, on the small terrace-walk belonging to, and adjoining, the old Bad-haus, which the reader will notice on his right, on inspecting the vignette. The scene looked quite primitive, and the actors were happy, no doubt. The softest breeze was wafting to and fro, with gentle murmur, the tiny foliage all about, and the sun, as if glorying to rest on such a theatre, shone most splendidly. A civil French-speaking kellner received us at the door of the Gast-hof, or hotel, and promised to regale us with a good repast, as soon as the guests should have cleared the table d'hôte, which was then quite full. In the mean while we followed his advice, and rambled in all directions, first hurrying, as a matter of course, to the top of the rock just mentioned.

On re-entering the eating-room of the Nassau-hof, placed in one of the angles of that building, we sat down to a neat and cleanly-decked table, furnished with a repast which our long walk, and a still longer previous fast, (since a very early and mere coffee-breakfast at Wiesbaden,) rendered more delightful. The kellner was not slow in presenting me with a long and sumptuous list of what he called "du vray," and, with great simplicity, asked us, "Trinken Sie wein?"

Indeed I was not come all this distance, into the very heart of the Rheingau, to drink the *Schlangenwasser;* still less to ask for a *cruche de bierre* (my ordinary beverage); and so we ordered the *Damen Wein* RAUENTHALER from the Berg Ausbruck, a favourite hill in these parts. This wine was emphatically marked on the list "1834," and lower down in the scale of prices we found the same wine of 1813 much cheaper, yet that of 1831 again dearer. The *Johannisberg* of 1831 stands next in monetary value; but the very best of it, as compared to the Rauenthaler *damen wein*, was as one florin and forty-five kreutzers are to two florins and forty-two kreutzers *la bouteille*. There were Rauenthalers of 1819 and 1826, at one florin the one, and forty-eight kreutzers only the other; showing, that the opinion of my old friend, the Russian minister at Frankfort, to whose Lucullian repasts I introduced the readers of my travels to Russia in 1828, was accurate,—namely, that old Rhenish is not worth the glass bottle which holds it. The *Hattenheim* wine was in the same predicament on our list. The *Hocheinner* "de la comète (1822)" might be drunk for two florins; the *Rudesheim* of 1806 for one quarter less; and the *Markobrunnen* of 1783 for one fourth more of that money. The most extravagant of these wines was a Rhein-wein *mousseux*, which was marked three florins and a half, but of which I took care not to partake, *pour raisons*. The reader will bear in mind the secret divulged at Egra.

I do not think that I ever tasted so delicious or so fragrant a wine as this Rauenthaler. As yet, I know not how soft and softening the *Schlangenwasser* may be; but if it be one tithe as soft, pleasant, and pliant as this wine of the country, the beauty of the exterior, which is said to be produced by the one, may indeed rival the beauty of the interior, which must result from the quaffing of a *chopine* of the other. The two fluids are the rival idols of the place, and the wine may probably be the reason

why many *invalids* prolong their *séjour de santé* in this place, under the plea of cosmetizing their skin with the water, when in reality they think of nothing else but filling it with *Rauenthaler*. Be this as it may, the juice is delicate; it has a body which warms and cheers the very heart, it runs as smooth as oil, and acid temperament it has none. The colour of it is that of the richest gold, and the fragrance that of a flowery grove. *Vive le Rauenthaler damen wein!*

We next tried the *Johannisberg* of 1831: *car il faut savoir se sacrifier quand on fait des recherches.* Alas, what a sad change was there! I complained to our lively kellner of the inferiority of this wine, which he admitted—observing, at the same time, that the *Rauenthaler* was perfection, and that everybody, indeed, preferred it. As he had before stated that a great many Russians, and a still greater number of Englishmen, had visited Schlangenbad in the summer, I naturally inquired whether they had all admired the *Rauen-wein.* Ah! (exclaimed the unsophisticated libeller of those nations, raising his hands to heaven) *sehr viel, sehr viel.*—I need not translate this.

To be serious—(for a medical author, on occasions like these, should check rather than encourage a bibbing propensity)—there are few of the Rhenish wines so innocent, light, and harmless, as some people are wont to imagine and declare. I am no wine-drinker myself, and I have only introduced the foregoing little *épisode bachique* to break the monotony of my description, and *égayer* the reader if possible. On the occasion in question, and twice or thrice afterwards, I ventured, while travelling along the Rhine, to take as much as half a pint of different wines, the genuine growth of the country; and on every occasion I found that their treacherous coolness, and pleasing smoothness, changed, in about two hours, into an agitating formation of acid in the stomach, and a feverish heat of the system. The *Rauenthaler Damen Wein* is the only one I cannot accuse of such mischievous propensities.

Things are seldom so pretty or so fine in reality as they appear in print. I am, no doubt, just as much liable to the retort on this point as any other author. But my disappointment at the examination of Schlangenbad, in regard to its mineral water, was as great as my expectation of its general beauty and loveliness had been considerable. After the perusal of my brother tourist's

description,—after reading of the "celebrated water which rises milk-warm from the rock," and of the "delightful element,"—and after the impression sent abroad among the people of England of this much extolled Schlangenbad,—who would not have expected to find a limpid natural spring, or brook, collecting, in a sparkling basin, its beautifying water, so that Narcissus might mirror himself in it, or Orcus emerge from its bosom, changed into a Narcissus? But no such brook, no such basin, is to be found near at hand. Bad-hauses (indeed bad houses) there are unquestionably, and one is the new, and another is the old, and so forth; and both have bathing-rooms under ground, (or, as the old man of the bubbles properly calls it, "on the cellar-floor,") in narrow and dark corridors, the sight of which is enough to give one the horrors. But as for the brunnen itself, one must scramble somewhere behind the Neu-bad-haus, or the old one, to find it; not as an Heliconian spring, but—as what, think you, gentle reader?

There is a *derrière du rideau* in most things; and that of Schlangenbad is not very pleasing to explore. Better to continue to enjoy the notion of the delightful and cosmetic properties of the water, than to go behind the scenes, in a nasty narrow little bit of a yard at the Old House, to peep into the small reservoir under ground, of the three sources which supply that celebrated bath, and which are generally kept carefully locked up. The illusion would then, indeed, vanish quite. In the New House the source is larger and deeper, and gives a better idea of its real character; still it is but a square reservoir of a few feet each way, with no depth, and nothing about it to recommend the spot. The whole quantity of water which these various sources yield amounts only to 150 *ohms*, or 3,375 gallons in one hour; which is but a scanty supply, compared to the prodigal outpourings of the springs at Wildbad, Gastein, and other thermal sources. I much fear that the sick heifer, to which the discovery of the springs has been ascribed, could only have got her hoofs wetted in a source so shallow.

Tested with my thermometer at the mouth of the pipes which supply the natural water in the old Bad-haus, I found its temperature to be 86°. In the Neu-bad, on the contrary, being nearer to the real source just described, the water was a degree warmer. There is, as may be imagined, a degree of rivalry in the two establishments, although belonging to the same chief.

The attendants at the newer spring take good care to tell you of the fractional superiority of heat in their bath-water over that of the older establishment; both of which, by the way, are so far young and old, that the one is a *centenaire*, and the other a *bi-centenaire*.

This inferior natural degree of heat of the Schlangenbad water renders it necessary that hot water should be added to it in preparing the baths. In this operation the natural water itself, which has been previously heated, is often used; but occasionally, as the attendants admitted, some common hot water is added to the baths, in consequence of the scanty supply from the natural source. The generality of the bathers, however, know nothing about this, and about many other *secrets du métier*, which a ferreting doctor alone is permitted to find out; and they dip into the bath-tub, or vase, with the fullest confidence that they are bathing in the real snake-water.

Of these bathing-tubs, or basins, there are twelve, in as many rooms in the old Bad-haus, and one of them is of marble. The water is admitted into the basins from two cocks. Immediate access is had to the bath-rooms from the bedchambers above, by an *escalier dérobé*, which leads to the dark, damp, and dismal bath-corridors I have already mentioned. In the Neu-bad the marble basins are five in number, and six others are composed of different materials. The water is deep in the basins, and admitted at pleasure. Some of the bath-rooms are comfortable, and well fitted up.

I have already mentioned as an hotel the *Nassau-hof*, contiguous to which is the *Kur-haus*, with the *Restoration* next to it. The whole of this establishment, with the Alten-bad and the Neu-bad-haus, is the property of the Sovereign Duke, whose officers fix and regulate the price of lodgings, and everything else, with the exception of the eating and drinking. The new buildings which have risen up in this sequestered spot since the visit of my brother tourist, are the *Russische-haus*, in which the préfet resides, the *Englische Hof*, the *Stadt Wiesbaden*, and the *Shöne Ansicht;* one or two of which the reader will find indicated on the left of the vignette. The visiters, therefore, are sure of meeting with adequate accommodation on their arrival.

At almost all these hotels a bedroom, with just furniture enough to say that it is not unfurnished, costs about a florin a day.

Some rooms are rated lower; and there are prettier apartments also, for which the higher charge of a florin and twenty kreutzers is made. In the Nassau-hof the visiter must provide his own bedding. With regard to food, every article is as cheap as at any other better frequented Spa. The dinner at the table d'hôte costs one shilling and eight-pence, or a florin; and I found that the expenses of all my repasts, refreshment to the postilion, baiting of the horses, (as there is no post in the place,) baths, wine, *pourboires*, &c., had amounted to about seven florins, or three florins and a half a head, as we were *two* consumers.

The Schlangenbad water is said to soften the skin. It does so only like any water in which the larger proportion of its saline ingredients consists of carbonate of soda and magnesia. Such is the case with the Schlangenbad. The notion that this peculiar quality of the water is due to the animal matter derived from the snakes, or say rather little vipers, (for they are nothing else,) is absurd; for, after the most scrupulous analysis, no traces of animal matter can be detected in the water. These reptiles are by no means uncommon in deep, shaded, and rocky groves or dells, particularly near water. They are to be seen, for instance, at Burscheid, close to Aix-la-Chapelle, under the trees, and near the spring, contiguous to the Rose hotel, in abundance. I found, one day, the ground in that situation strewed with them; some of them evidently quite young, and many of them dead. They are also frequent visiters at Wildbad, not far from the edges of the forest, and within it; but no one ever dreamt of ascribing any of the virtues of those respective mineral waters to the presence of these creatures? At Schlangenbad, however, they keep up this notion by a farce which is exhibited to all new comers, and which seems to have made a great impression on the "old man."

The kellner who had waited upon us at table, having put the question to me, whether in our walks we had met with any of the *schlangen*, and having received a negative answer, immediately said, *Vous en verrez;* and up he called a little boy, who (much in the way of those poor young creatures from Como or Lucca, whom one sees wandering in tatters through the streets of London with white mice in a cage) was in the habit of running from hotel to hotel, with a deal box under his arm, containing two or three of the said *schlangen* or common vipers. The little

fellow produced and opened his little exhibition, and we caused the sleek and graceful twiners to be placed on the table, where they began to exhibit their elegant evolutions and convolutions, darted out their little thread-like bifurcated tongues to catch ants if there had been any, and were again consigned to their nest of hay.

It is curious also that the *schleim* and bitumen which are found in the thermal waters of Gastein and Wildbad, and to which some people are inclined to ascribe a portion at least of *their* beautifying faculty, are not present in the Schlangenbad. This water contains in every pint three grains of carbonate of soda. If we suppose, therefore, a bath to consist of seventy gallons, or 560 pints of the water, (taking it for granted that all the water supplied is genuine,) it will hold in solution exactly three ounces and a half of carbonate of soda; besides which, it will contain nearly an ounce of carbonate of magnesia. Now let my fair readers cause an equal proportion of those two saline combinations to be dissolved in their ordinary tepid baths, and I will answer for the consequences, as far as the lubrification and satinization of their skin are concerned. But with regard to the promised delight from the baths at Schlangenbad, neither their natural temperature, nor their composition, could be expected to induce any such feeling. The sensations experienced in them appear to me to amount to no more than the natural sense of comfort, generally felt in summer, upon entering a tepid bath. In conclusion, when I set myself to compare Schlangenbad with other thermal springs, and especially with Wildbad, I frankly confess that I felt great disappointment at the result of my inquiries.

The medicinal virtues of the *Schlangenwasser* are somewhat less problematical, though not very striking. Their action on the system is not very evident; it is slow, and it will prove effectual if the use of the water be continued with perseverance, but not otherwise. As a sodaic beverage in slight cases of dyspepsia, it will be found useful. It soothes, unquestionably, certain degrees of morbid irritability of the intestines; but the amount of benefit is not very considerable. The Schlangenbad water may be drunk in quantities of from five to eight beakers every morning, without inconvenience. In my conversation with some patients, I learned that its internal use had proved successful in scrofulous

disorders, and cases in which a tendency to gravel and acidity in the stomach existed. I am not acquainted with more than two or three cases of disease cured by the internal use of this water. People, however, seldom go to Schlangenbad to drink the water. The chief object there is bathing; and many hundred invalids, after taking the Ems waters for six weeks, repair to Schlangenbad for that purpose.

It is incredible how greatly the number of visiters to that Spa has increased, since the writer of "The Bubbles" has proclaimed, in his merry mood, the beautifying property of its bath. To the "old man" himself the descriptive volume of the bath, if not the bath itself, has proved beyond doubt a *sovereign* beautifier. It has made a young man of him, a knight, an assistant poor-law commissioner, a lieutenant-governor of a colony, and lastly a baronet:

> "The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
> *But* these are *none* of them."

Authors are not always so lucky.

# CHAPTER VII.

## SCHWALBACH.

Road to Schwalbach—The Taunus hills—The plateau—A surprise—Langen-Schwalbach—Wrong position—Tracing the springs—Leavings of the "old man of the bubbles"—True *local* of Schwalbach—Comparisons at home—Poetry and reality—Pompous descriptions—Dr. Fenner de Fenneberg—Visit to him—A scene—A disappointment—The Springs—The *Paulinen*—The *Weinbrunnen*—The *Stahlbrunnen*—Their taste and physical characters—Presence of steel in all of them—Errors rectified—Dr. Fenner's pocket volume—An incorrect guide—Effect of the *Paulinen*—Medical powers of the *Wein* and *Stahlbrunnen*—Baths—Their efficacy—Bad-Haus—Description of the apartments—Description and prices of the baths—A medical character—Hotels—The *Post-Hof*—New buildings—Favourable situation—Coup d'œil—Influx of strangers at Schwalbach—The French cannot make "Head" against the English—Amusements—Environs—Climate—Living—Church service.

Adieu to Schlangenbad, and on to the next Spa, Langen-Schwalbach, over a continuation of that same beautiful and smooth *chaussée* by which we had come, after leaving the border of the Rhine. We followed the direction of the narrow valley, ascending it at every step, while an insignificant mountain-stream, differing but little from a gutter after a shower of rain, keeps murmuring down it. One mile only of the valley of *La Mourg*, near Forbach, is worth more than the whole of this drive, in point of natural beauties. The alluvial hills, when we had reached at last the summit of the road, presented exactly the same geological characters which I had noticed in other districts of the Taunus chain. In one particular spot, a rock jutting out of the barren acclivity, on the left of the valley, and a corresponding one of the same kind on the opposite acclivity, showed, by their surfaces, the spot where a violent separation must have taken place

in times far gone,—when, perhaps, the very humble streamlet of to-day was a mighty torrent, occupying the whole of the narrow valley as its channel. This feature occurs just before the village of *Wambach*, by the side of the Red Cross Hill, to which is attached a dismal story, that has escaped even the keen-eyed inquisitiveness of the "old man of the brunnens."

Beyond the Wambach, farewell to all the beauties of the humble valley of Schlangenbad. The scenery then becomes one of the most ordinary character. A little further on we joined the high *chaussée* which comes direct from Wiesbaden, ever the same, broad, fine, hard, and smooth, which traverses henceforward that singular plateau of the Taunus on which the ducal hunting-schloss, called Die Platte, and the Trompeterberg, rear their peaked heads, with many others, not far away to the north-east. The nearer hills, among the very summits of which the road has found its level course, are most of them highly cultivated, and some clothed with dwarf forests. Altogether, however, the scene is by no means inspiriting, and the wide expanse all around us appeared for a moment desolate.

Presently we found ourselves rattling down at a rapid pace, with wheels unshackled, into the vale in which Langen-Schwalbach is seated. When we had reached about the half of our downward course, our eye caught the deep hollow, or head of the valley, wooded all round on the sides of the hills, and down to the very edge of the prairie which formed the bottom of the valley. It was to us a beautiful and unexpected surprise, and I took it for granted that, in this little heaven of verdure, which contrasted singularly and pleasingly with the dull ploughed fields we had just traversed, I should find planted the much-extolled paradise of the "bubble" man. *Pas du tout.* Excepting a neat white house on the crest of the opposite bank, no vestige of town or village appeared as yet in sight; but in due time, as the road, after having nearly reached its level, suddenly whirled round to the right, the cream and pink-coloured bad-haus, with its heavy arcade of square pilasters, (resembling the sombre porticos of Bologna,) and the various buildings which constitute, as I afterwards found, the upper part of Schwalbach, burst upon us at once. Beyond this scene the round hills looked barren; so that, in seeking this much-extolled watering-place, we had to leave, at a rapid pace, a

lovely though brief region of enchantment, to sink into a hollow range, nearly destitute of natural beauties.

In fact, Langen-Schwalbach has the disadvantage of being placed at the wrong end of its valley. There is no comparison between the romantic and secluded charms of the head of this deep hollow, which you discover only when about half way down the precipitous road that leads into the village, and those of the opposite end of the valley, in which the new town partly lies, and the old town altogether. This glaring truth becomes even more evident when we consider the position of the mineral sources, which, for the convenience of nearness to the town, have been tapped and made to spring up, in times not far remote, (and, in the case of one of them, very recently,) too far away from what nature intended should be their appropriate locality.

There are three springs of mineral water in this place. One of them is called the *Paulinen.* Its existence dates only since 1828. It was discovered not far from the other two sources, which have been known a little more than half a century. The desire to unite, within one and the same circle, three such fountains, induced the good people of Schwalbach to establish the newly-discovered one precisely where its water was first detected. Had a little reflection been summoned to their councils on the occasion, these wise people would have perceived that the scantiness of the supply, and the relative position of the newly discovered spring, pointed out the necessity of tracing the real source much higher up, towards the head of the vale, and away from the village. This, however, was not done, and the spring was opened, with great glee and ceremony, close to the upper end of the village, an illustrious princess of Nassau giving to it her own name. But the water has since been playing the truant. At first it became scanty and unwilling, and at last it threatened a dearth which was alarming. Then, and not till then, some one wiser than the rest suggested the propriety of tracking the healing spring to a higher source up the valley, where it was actually found in the greatest abundance, purer and more limpid, and with a profusion of gas. Here, then, it was determined at once to erect the necessary shafts, seats, and pavilions,—which operations were in full execution when I visited the spot—a spot that will henceforth be designated the *Neu-Quelle.* All this has

taken place since the publication of Sir Francis Head's description.

On examination of the geognostic locality of this Neu-Quelle, in which the Grauwake prevails, I feel a sort of conviction that near it, and, therefore, in the very region I before alluded to, as being the most romantic, and as likely to be the seat selected by nature for her salutary springs, would be found, if persevering search were made for them, the fountain-heads of the two other springs which give to Schwalbach its reputation. It is not unlikely, therefore, that at no distant time the *bourg* or village of Schwalbach will migrate away from its present position, higher up into the valley, leaving the present or modern, and the older position also, to become old together;—just as the former left the latter not many years since, when the springs now frequented, and first discovered in 1780, were found to be superior to two others, which for centuries before had been the only springs in *Old* Schwalbach, lower down the valley, but which are now completely deserted.

The gifted writer who has been before me in describing the situation of this Spa, has confined his graphic touches to the building materials and the streets of Old and New Schwalbach. He did not glance at that part of the locality which, in a Spa, forms a great leading feature—the natural situation of the springs, and the scenery around them. This (besides everything that is chemical, medical, and physical) he has left for others to do; and if I am not led away into the poetical and imaginative, like my predecessor, while I endeavour to convey an accurate notion of reality to my readers, it is because I describe "things as they are," and from notes pencilled on the spot. What is homely is homely; and if nature has denied to Schwalbach those beauties which form a halo round most of the other Spas I have described, the pen of imagination should not supply their place.

Fancy two of the Surrey hills, near London, placed opposite each other, with an oblong slip of pasture land at the bottom between them, through which a stream *one foot* wide (except after heavy storms) worms its way down the middle of it. Place, half way on the acclivity of one of the hills, a handsome *chaussée*, or macadamized road, with a descent of some feet to the mile, until it reaches the very gate of a large building called the Post-hof

hotel. Plant on the summit of the other, or opposite hill, an insulated house or villa, such as one sees every day on Tulse Hill, and call it—as the poetical FENNER de Fenneberg, "Docteur en Médecine, Conseiller intime de S. A. le Duc de Nassau, et Chevalier de l'Ordre de l'Aigle Rouge de Prusse," styles it,—*Une couronne resplendissante qui semble planer au-dessus de la vallée;* and, above all, let the said house belong to Monsieur GRANDPIERRE, and a proper idea will then be formed of the "heavenly retreat" of Langen-Schwalbach,—as I have heard the *conseiller intime* himself call that village. Where the green part of the valley terminates, and the buildings which constitute the modern or upper end of the village begin, a species of parterre marks the spot in which, surrounded by balustrades, are the three mineral springs, at no very great distance from each other. The Bad-haus, to which I have already made allusion, stands on one side of this open and favoured place; while, on the other side, or that which is in a line with, and is, in fact, a continuation of, the great *chaussée*,—the Post-hof hotel, and many other buildings of the like destination, facing each other, form the entrance or beginning of a long and crescent-like range of variously-shaped dwellings, (placed on high ground, and backed by a ridge of moderately sized hills,) constituting the modern part of the village—the court end of the Spa. The vignette I here introduce will serve to convey a correct idea of this locality.



From the windows of my apartment at the Hôtel de la Poste, a showy and palace-like building, I surveyed, at leisure, these several localities, which lie all within the space of a single *coup d'œil*, and among which I must not omit to mention also the promenade. The latter runs along the margin of the opposite hill, beginning at the springs and ascending the valley, at the upper part of which it crosses the fields towards the new Paulinen, where it joins a returning path through the valley, parallel to the great *chaussée*, which stands at a considerable elevation over it. In all this panorama nothing presents itself but what is of the most ordinary description of rural features. The hill nearest to the springs is not so high as Hampstead Hill, seen from the top of Albany road. It boasts of no trees of any magnitude, but only of a few patches of underwood; and the said white house of Monsieur de Grandpierre is the only object which breaks the monotony of its acclivity,—along which the narrow and zigzag walk before described, planted on each side with young acacias, may be seen ascending.

Such is the *local* of the Schwalbach Spa. The situation is pretty, but the natural beauties of it are of a secondary order. They are beauties, (to speak again of homely landscapes,) the like of which one may expect to find in many parts of Derbyshire or Yorkshire, and such as I have seen eclipsed a hundred times on the charming road from the Menai Bridge to Penryn Castle. The wood to which "the man of the bubbles" alludes in his description, containing oak and beech trees, with "abundance of slugs, red snails, and immense black beetles," and to which he ascended by "zigzag paths cut in various directions," is part of that identical sylvan and romantic scenery which forms the head of the valley away from Schwalbach,—to which I referred while descending the road from Schlangenbad, and which is almost too distant a feature of real beauty to be pressed within the panoramic circle I have described nearer the village.

After this matter-of-fact account of the place, I will not trouble my readers with the inflated and pompous description of the very same locality by the chevalier *de l'aigle rouge*. It will be sufficient, in order that they may judge of the degree of credit which is due to that writer, (who, after forty years residence in Schwalbach, has produced at last a 24mo. pocket volume of sixty pages, descriptive of the Spa and its efficacy,) that I give a speci-

men of the French vocabulary he has employed on the occasion. The little vale is "un profond vallon entouré de collines bien boisées." The slip of grass land at the bottom of it, and the stream, one foot broad, scarcely visible, are "une nappe de la verdure la plus fraiche qui forme le fond du tableau, entrecoupée par l'azur d'un ruisseau limpide, dont on admire les ondes" (!), &c. &c. The little parterre between the *Paulinen* and its next door neighbour the *Weinbrunnen*, which I have marked in the vignette, is represented by "milles fleurs variées, cultivées par des mains habiles, qui repandent le parfum le plus suave dans la vallée." Lastly, the first view of the buildings, such as I have described, is expressed by "une rangée de maisons resplendissantes, de mille couleurs, dont les unes sont fort élevées, adossées au pied d'une côte couverte des plus beaux épis, surprend, on ne peut plus agréablement, le voyageur." The doctor has hit upon the veritable art of describing things *couleur de rose!*

To this inspired *confrère*, as soon as I had surveyed the field of action, and taken my notes and bearings, I hastened to pay my respects, preceded by a boy whom the master of the hotel had directed to show me the way. Evening was advancing when I entered a straggling barn-like dwelling, which, somehow or other, has escaped the pencil (or *la plume caustique*, as the doctor himself has called it) of the "old man," and in which Dr. Fenner de Fenneberg resides. My conductor having, with a familiarity which amounted almost to rudeness, thrown open a folding door, I perceived the doctor in his favourite costume, a *robe de chambre*, seated at a small table in the middle of a room, the arrangement of which, owing to the doubtful light of an ill-burning argand lamp, I could not readily distinguish. Before him stood three or four smoking-hot dishes, principally of vegetables, including potatoes, which a son and daughter, as I took them to be, were about to share with him. I offered to withdraw, but the chevalier, snatching up the ponderous lamp, and seizing fast hold of my hand, as he approached the door on the threshold of which I stood cap in hand, would not hear of a retreat. Politely deaf to my entreaties, he insisted on leading me, while he lighted the way with the identical lamp into another room. "Vous venez sans doute de l'Angleterre?" said he; and I bowed. "Apparemment que vous êtes pressé, puisque vous venez si tard: nous allons dépêcher vôtre affaire bientôt;"

and, still keeping possession of my hand, down he sat me on an iron spring safe, once elastic, no doubt, but now, alas! as uncomfortable as if I had suddenly sat me down on the top of a set of "nine pins." But here a suitable explanation on my part took place, and my humble self being thereby converted into a *cher collègue*, instead of a still more *cher malade*, I soon felt the grasp of the hand relax, and the symbol of the "Union fire-office" was presently dissolved. Earnestness no longer resisted the entreaty which urbanity dictated, that the host should return to his supper; and in five minutes more the "chevalier médecin, inspecteur des eaux de Schwalbach," and myself, were as far apart as if we had never been together. Still he most readily acceded to my request of being allowed to visit the several springs and the bath-rooms, in his company, at eight o'clock the next morning. I proposed six, that being my general hour of doing business ever since I had left England; but he seemed shocked at this, and I agreed to his own time.

I believe I have already mentioned the names of the three mineral springs at Schwalbach: they are the *Weinbrunnen*, the *Stahlbrunnen*, and the *Paulinenbrunnen*. The water is in all of them as clear as crystal, and slightly bubbling. The taste of the latter, particularly at the newly-discovered source higher up in the valley, where it contains more carbonic acid, is simply pleasant. That of the first spring differs from it in having the usual *après goût* which partly saline and partly chalybeate waters have; yet the predominant taste is that of carbonic acid. The *Weinbrunnen* offers to the taste the same sensation which one experiences on applying the tongue to a bar of iron; and with it there is mixed the acidulated taste of Seltzer water. This spring is also emphatically called "the chalybeate water." It lies heavy and very cold on the stomach, as I found to my cost; much more so than either the *Weinbrunnen* or the *Paulinenbrun*.

The quantity of carbonic acid gas is greater in the *Paulinen* than in either the *Wein* or the *Stahlbrunnen*. The relative proportion in a pint of the latter is twenty-three cubic inches, that of the *Paulinen* being twenty-nine.

There is steel or carbonate of iron in all the springs. The *Paulinen* contains the least of it. With regard to the other two, the question, as represented by the worthy doctor in his little

manual, is a perfect puzzle. According to the analysis of KASTNER, which is the most recent, the reader will find in my general table, that the *Stahlbrunnen* holds in solution three quarters of a grain of the carbonate of iron in a pint of the water, while the *Weinbrunnen* is represented to hold as much as eighty-five out of a hundred parts, into which a grain is divided, and, consequently, to contain thirteen one-hundredth parts of a grain more than the *Stahlbrunnen*. Yet the latter is, as I before observed, emphatically called by Dr. Fenner the *Steel Spring;* and the writer of the "Bubbles" repeats the appellation, calling it by the two names of the *Strong Stahl*, or the *Steelbrunnen*. But the good doctor, I fear, is not much of a chemist, and still less of a calculator; for I find that although he quotes and adopts the statement of Kastner, who analyzed the waters of Schwalbach, and who has assigned to the said Steel spring, or *Stahlbrunnen*, twenty-three cubic inches of free gas, whereas the *Weinbrunner* has twenty-six,—yet, in describing the properties of the former, he says, "l'acide carbonique s'y rencontre dans une *proportion plus grande !*" Another striking deficiency in the chevalier's little work, which, I am sorry to say, renders it altogether useless, is this,—that in the analyses said to be quoted from the chemist before mentioned, the number of grains assigned to some of the ingredients is wrong; and the sum-total is still more so, when compared with the numbers placed against each individual ingredient. I have not been able to find the original publication (if any) in which Kastner has given to the world his analyses of these waters; so that I cannot compare it with the quotation of Fenner; but as I find that all the former chemists who have from time to time analyzed the *Stahlbrunnen* and the *Weinbrunnen* assign to the latter, and not to the former, the largest proportion of steel, I must conclude that Dr. Fenner's quotation from Kastner, which also ascribes a greater quantity of steel to the *Weinbrunnen*, must be correct. If so, what becomes of the propriety of calling the *Stahlbrunnen* "the Steel spring," or "the Strong Stahl," or, in fine, "l'eau chalybée?" It is thus that errors are perpetuated, until somebody takes the trouble to inquire into them.

I am ready to admit that the taste of the *Stahlbrunnen* would warrant the appellation of "eau chalybée," which chemistry denies to it; and I should say also, in my capacity of a physi-

cian, who has tried both waters more than once, that medicine would likewise warrant that appellation, judging from the effects it produces. If so, the explanation of the phenomenon, with regard to the *Stahlbrunnen*, that with less steel there is a greater effect produced by it on the organs of taste, and on the stomach, must be sought in the circumstance of a smaller proportion of free carbonic acid gas being present in that spring. In such a case the flourishing statement of the "Chevalier de l'Aigle Rouge" about a "commotion électrique," and "force enivrante," ascribed by him to the *Stahlbrunnen*, from erroneously supposing it to contain more carbonic acid gas than it actually holds, becomes good for nothing. Indeed I fear that, medically speaking, we must regard his little book, not only as an imperfect, but as an unsafe guide; and I have entered into all the preceding technical details (for the first time in my present volume) purposely to warn such of my readers as may choose to set off for Schwalbach, impelled by the lively account of it from the pen of Sir Francis, not to rely too much on the printed pages of the baronet's monocular physician.

Dr. Fenner is as enamoured of the *Paulinen* as Dr. Heidler at Marienbad is of the *Kreutzbrunnen*. But the latter physician finds tangible reasons, in the water itself, for his predilection. The *Paulinen*, on the contrary, is not remarkable for any very salient physical or medical character. It is a pleasing, light, carbonated, and aerated chalybeate, with too little of any alterative or purgative ingredients to produce any very decided effect. Still the *Paulinen* is in great vogue, especially with the ladies, who surround the spring every morning with eager steps. The water of it does not lie so heavy and uncomfortable on the stomach, when first drunk, as that of the other springs.

The other two springs are agents of greater power; and whenever atony, without irritability or any inflammatory tendency, exists, either the *Weinbrunnen* or the *Stahlbrunnen* will be found of essential service. Of these facts I have a full and personal conviction, from observations which have fallen under my own notice. Having examined these waters many years ago, I have been in the habit of occasionally recommending the Weinbrunnen for cases of weakness of constitution, sluggish circulation, and want of energy in the muscular system of the body. Female indispositions there are, also, which have been relieved,

and many of them cured, by these pleasant chalybeates. I recollect at this moment a young lady who, in one season passed at Schwalbach at my suggestion, recovered her health, which no treatment in London had seemed likely to restore. On the other hand, experience distinctly authorises me to declare, that the worthy *inspecteur des eaux* has carried the list of ailments which the Schwalbach waters are said to cure, beyond the limits even of credulity. That list reminds one of the printed envelopes put around that celebrated cosmetic water which owes its birth to the filthiest and most offensively smelling city in Europe.

Bathing in the mineral waters has been much introduced here, and my means of obtaining information on this head have been considerable. Its efficacy in some disorders is undoubted. The present *Maison des bains*, which stands conveniently at hand, near the *quellen*, is a new establishment, due to the liberality of the Duke of Nassau. It has two stories; the ground as well as the first story being arranged on each side of the passage below, and landing-place at the top of the stairs, in long corridors, with several bath-rooms regularly numbered. The baths on the left of the first story are supplied with water from the *Paulinen ;* those on the right with water from the *Stahlbrunnen*. Below there is the *Weinbrunnen* on the left, and the *Stahlbrunnen* on the right. A printed paper, containing the regulations of the establishment, hangs up at the entrance-door, where tickets of admission are bought as at a playhouse. Over the front arcade extends a saloon, or covered promenade, for such as have bathed, of the same length and breadth as the arcade below.

The bath-rooms on the ground floor contain stone basins to receive the water, which are much stained with the iron, and corroded, as at Wiesbaden. The price of the baths, here, is forty-eight kreutzers, or four-fifths of a florin. Up stairs the *Paulinen* baths are more economical. The rooms are divided into an inner chamber, with sofa, &c.., and an anterior one, in which the bath or basin, lined with lead, of a neat form, and two feet deep, is placed. There are on this floor, as well as below it, double bath-rooms, or *bains de famille*, the charge for which is one florin.

The great covered gallery alluded to, or " Salon de Promenade," is very neat, and 136 feet long. At one end is placed a table covered with German and French newspapers, for the convenience of the bathers, and for the reading of which nothing is

paid. The aspect of this apartment is south-east, and the numerous windows of the front have been ingeniously multiplied within, by placing opposite to each a long mirror, so as to reflect the image of the hills opposite, and the houses which constitute the modern part of the village. In very cold or rainy weather this saloon is warmed by steam.

In addition to water and vapour bathing, and the *douches* as usual, they have been trying of late to introduce the gas and mud baths. About these I need not waste a word. The position of the building being at the lowest point of the level of the upper valley, the water from the three mineral sources is easily conveyed by pipes to the baths, and to certain reservoirs as well, from which latter a portion of the water goes to supply the caldrons that are kept constantly heated, for the purpose of raising the temperature of the cold mineral water already in the baths to 26° of Reaumur, agreeably to Dr. Fenner's directions. Here the same objection obtains, which I make against all such processes for heating gaseous chalybeate waters. By that operation, the gas is driven off, and much of the iron precipitated, and thus the natural water is stripped of much of its virtues.

Bathing is generally recommended to take place simultaneously with the drinking of either of the springs: but a few of the invalids confine themselves to one only of those operations.

Hitherto I had gone my rounds accompanied by my guide, Dr. Fenner. At last I found him either unwilling to impart knowledge, or fearful of doing it, or possessing none to give. Sharp, short, and laconic, he strove to save himself the trouble of showing that the French language was not very familiar to him; so I presently took my humble leave of him, to pursue, unassisted, my own inquiries, and sketch down my own descriptions.

I stated that the *Post-Hof* was the hotel I selected. It is quite new, and the best-looking in the place;—and its interior is answerable in every respect. The master of the house is a very civil person, and the appurtenances of the establishment are highly creditable. Following the same side of the village, we find, half way down it, two houses very recently erected, away from the long street of the village, and by the side of the old-established *Hôtel de la Promenade.*

These edifices, which are of solid stone, are built in the style

of the best modern houses at Stuttgardt or Munich. Both are intended to be let as chambers, or lodgings. The situation of one of them, which belongs to the master of the *Allée* Hotel, is very well managed. While the front balcony over the large gate commands the view of the upper valley, which is all smiles and verdure, the windows at the back look down upon the old, or, as it will ere long be called by the inhabitants themselves, the *Unter* Schwalbach, sunk deep amid dark and barren hills. The contrast thus offered to the spectator, through a mere turn of the head, is both pleasing and striking, owing to the great dissimilarity in the two views. The apartments, which I visited *de haut en bas*, are fitted up very simply, without ostentation, and with some taste. The rooms are well proportioned and airy. The rent for a suite of rooms in this house will be from six to eight florins per day, in the height of the season. These hotel-keepers, *aux eaux*, make rapid fortunes: not so the doctors, I suspect.

Besides the hotels I have mentioned, and the *Goldenen Brunnen*, the *Kaiser-saal*, the *Russischer-kaiser*, and the never-to-be-forgotten *Golden Kette*, there are other Gast-houses and Gast-hofs without end; and thus no well-grounded fear can exist that accommodation for the visiter will at any time be wanting.

The number of these houses is greatly on the increase. According to the report of the master of the *Post-hof*, and post-master to boot, who has inhabited Schwalbach for forty years, it would appear that the English have only been known to frequent this Spa since 1832. That individual attributes this beneficial influx to "Captain Head," and blesses him for it. Before the appearance of that work, French families without number, as well as Germans from all parts of the country, used to visit Schwalbach. At present, however, hardly one individual of the French nation shows his face at the Spa during the season: while very few of the Germans make their appearance in it. *A quoi cela tient*, mine host could not make out.

The general visiters of last year amounted to about two thousand four hundred. As yet, this Spa has not been sufficiently aristocraticised. It will take long, very long, before it becomes what Toeplitz, Carlsbad, or Marienbad, have long been in that respect.

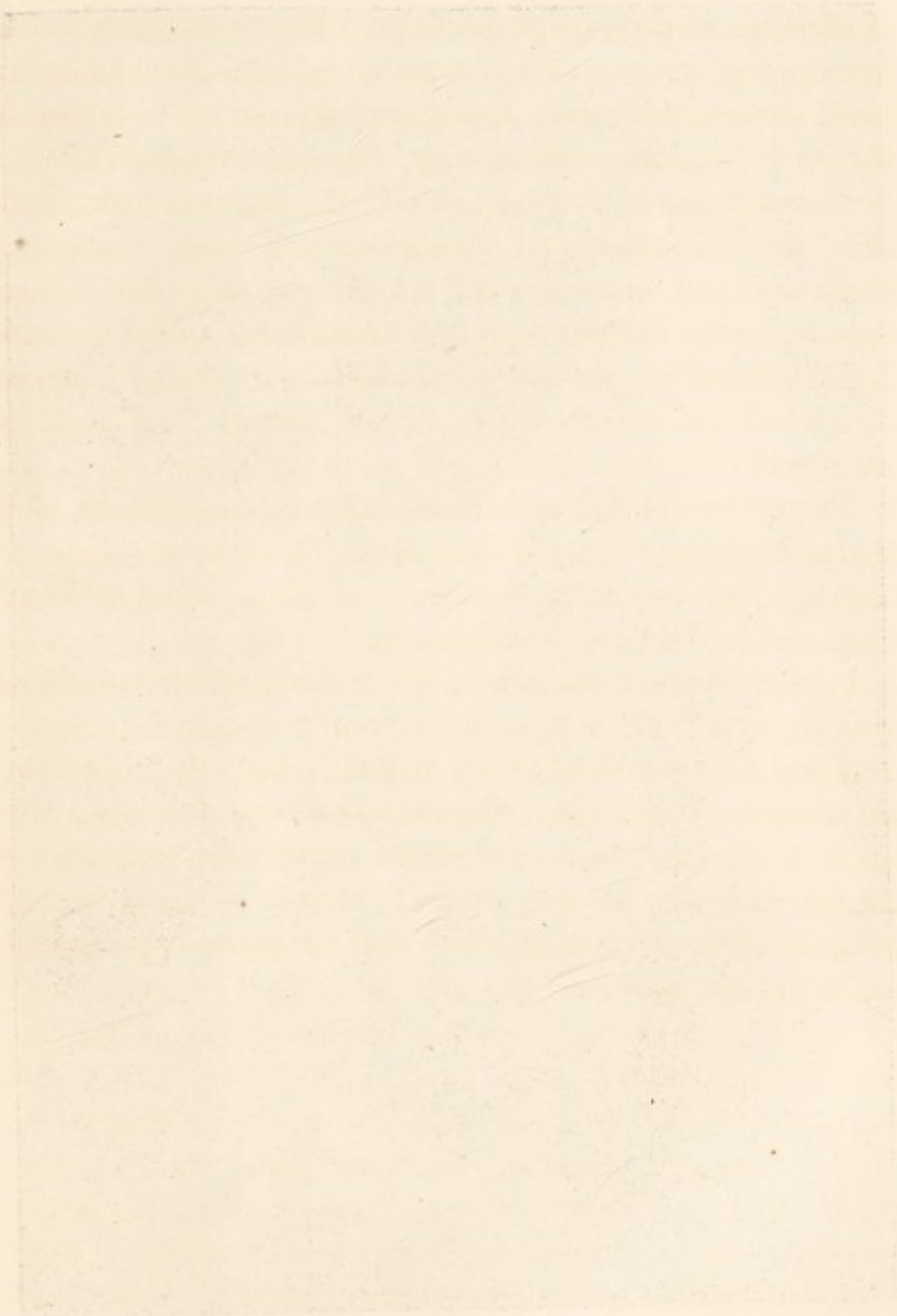
The amusements at Schwalbach are of the same routine de-

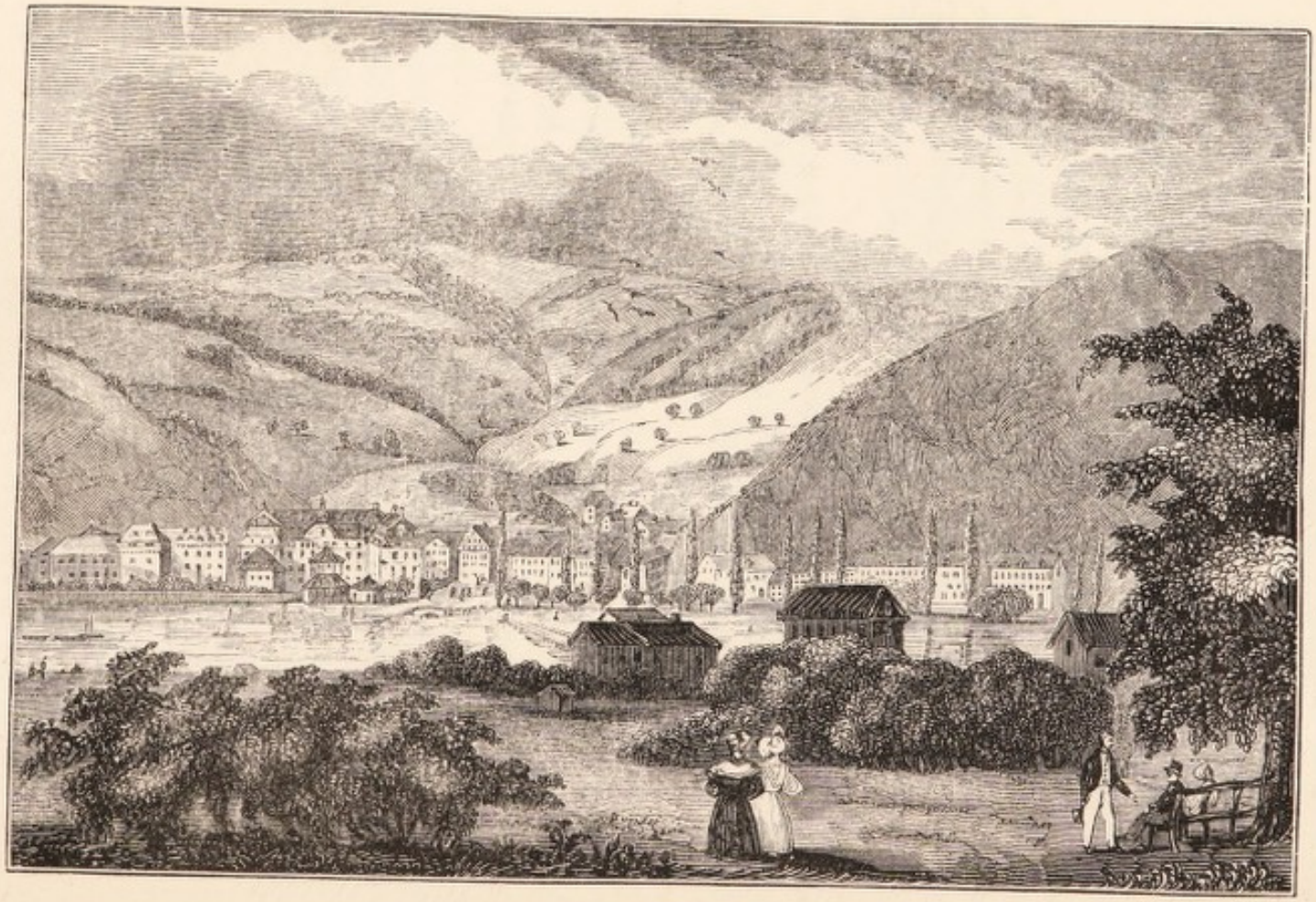
scription which one meets at all the other Spas where gambling is permitted. The accommodations for any public amusements are scanty. There is an ALLEE-SAAL, so called because it is near an avenue or range of trees planted upon a raised terrace, which serves as a sheltered promenade during the hours of noon-tide; and there is a table d'hôte in the *Allée-Saal* for a florin a head, as well as a number of *petites dîners à la carte* at all hours of the day, (a recent innovation,) at which eating and drinking are both on very reasonable terms. Sometimes dancing takes place in the *Saal;* but the latter is an old-fashioned building, very low, and, in its interior, *mesquin* to a degree.

The environs of Schwalbach offer, in one or two directions besides the Wiesbaden and Ems *chaussées*, some interesting excursions. But these I shall not stop to describe; although I deemed it my duty to visit the *Aldophseck* the *Eisenhammer*, and *Hohenstein*, as well as the schistous quarries among the hills which I found nearest to the old part of the village, on my way back.

The climate of Schwalbach is rather trying, and the air keen, sharp, and apt to vary in the day. There is excellent water; and most of the ordinary articles of diet, including bread, are good also. Wine too is very cheap.

In a place like Schwalbach, which during three months of the year receives from a thousand to twelve hundred persons from England, it is a pleasing fact to know, that they can have the satisfaction of attending church service on Sundays. By permission, the Protestant or reformed church near the school serves for that purpose; the prayers being read in it, either by a Dutch or an English clergyman, which ever happens to be among the visiters at the Spa.





BAD-EMS.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## EMS, OR BAD-EMS.

Loose notions—Renewal of acquaintance—Farewell view to Schwalbach—The "old man asleep"—Road to Nassau—The berg, the suspension-bridge, and the town—Arrival at Ems—Locality of the town—Number of Springs at Ems—Quantity of water supplied—Inferior to Wiesbaden—Dr. Voegler—A pedestrian and domiciliary inquisition—General view of Ems—Its extent—The Baus—The Landbau—Marmorbad—Beautiful suite of rooms—The Mittelbau—*Source des garçons*—What will Miss Martineau say?—The *Fürstenbäder*—The Neu-bau—The Orange-bau—The Kur-haus—The Flugel-bau—The Rondel—Baths and lodging-houses—Charges—*Salle à manger*, and *Salle de Recréation*, in the Kur-haus—Ems behind every other Spa—Drinking springs—The Kraenchen-brunnen; and the Kessel-brunnen—Their temperature, taste, characters, and composition—Effects of the Ems baths—Medical properties of the Ems waters—Diseases cured—Physic-loving nation—General opinion of the author, of the Ems waters—Cases in which they disagree—Hotels, living and prices—A *calb*-côtelette—Markets—Excursions—A word on Nassau donkeys—Evening amusements—Ems in the wrong position—Superior mineral springs on the left bank of the river—Important suggestion—Neu-Ems—Old Ems on the decline—Reasons and proofs—A word to the wise—Re-edification of Ems—Conclusion.

If there be a Spa in Germany, the name of which is more familiar to English ears than any other, it is Ems; although it would puzzle more than one of my readers, and their medical friends, to explain the reason of so much popularity. I may state freely, and at once, before I proceed further, that two-thirds of those who go, or are sent hence, every year, to that Spa, to drink the waters, or to bathe in them, do so because the other third of the total number had gone before them; and for no better reason. I have asked many, Why do you go to Ems? and the answer has been, "To drink the waters."—"But which, and with what expectation?"—"As to the which, I have not been told; and as to the expectation, why, to get well, to be sure." With no more information than this, a great many individuals

have even ascended the Rhine to reach Bad-Ems, on the banks of the Lahn.

With Ems I have long been personally acquainted. I have had more than one occasion to study its locality, the nature, and, above all, the origin and course, of its mineral sources, and the effect of the water, used either internally or externally, in cases of disease. I have had many and serious conversations respecting all these points, with those physicians in foreign parts who are the best acquainted with those particulars. Lastly, I took the opportunity, in the course of my very recent visit to the same Spa, to examine, more minutely than I had done before, the distribution of the springs, and of the baths, in order to see if any new arrangements or improvements had been made during the last few years;—and the result is, that I have come to certain conclusions, which differ in many respects from those of the physicians who reside and practise at Ems.

The highly-wrought eulogiums which those learned persons bestow on the paradise they inhabit, and the panacea they wield, have been the cause of that general yet undefined opinion by which people have often been led to undertake a pilgrimage to Ems. It is of no mean importance, therefore, that we should have the plain and unvarnished truth before us; that we should see "things as they are," and should judge from positive evidence of the nature and efficacy of Ems in all its bearings, instead of being led away by the testimony of interested persons, or the humorous imaginings of some gay layman and tourist.

I always thought, and I think so still, (the more I see of the place,) that Ems, as a Spa, is in the wrong position. It is so as a place of residence during the summer; and it is so as regards the true point at which the mineral sources ought to have been converted to use. These are startling assertions, no doubt; but ere I have concluded my chapter on Ems, I trust that I shall have made their truth and accuracy fully apparent.

When we drove from the Post-hof at Schwalbach to gain the high road to Ems, we found ourselves ascending, at a very slow pace, to a summit of considerable elevation on the opposite side of the valley, after having crossed the village. From the height we had gained, a full view of Schwalbach opened before us, and we perceived, at once, how truly the epithet of *Langhen* had been tacked to it. The *chaussée* to Wiesbaden, ascending along the hills on the side of the valley we had left, and losing itself in

the woods above the *Neu-quelle;* and the carriage promenade to the same wood over the mountain which, beginning at the Bad-haus, passes behind the house of Mons. de Grandpierre, on the side of the valley we were now upon; distinctly mark the two opposite limits of the upper end of the village. The Reformed Church, which stood precisely facing us, (as our heads were turned for a moment to study this panorama,) with the old monastery on the left, and the Catholic Church on the right, pointed to the centre of the Spa. Beyond it, and farther still, a double and lengthened line of miserable-looking houses, terminated by a green plot of ground, which seemed to be imprisoned within an ugly, undulating, dull-looking line of barren schistous hills, proclaimed the farthest confines and termination of Schwalbach.

The "old man of the brunnen" must have been slumbering when, having reached, on his way from Ems, this very summit ere he descended into the village, he could not perceive any part of the extended view I have just detailed, until "the magnetical dip of the German driver's whip had pointed perpendicularly downwards into a ravine, from which peeped up a couple of church steeples." The very first indication of the village, from the point of the *chaussée* in question, (and I studied the effect on purpose,) is the sudden appearance of all the modern buildings which surround the great centre of attraction, namely, the springs; nor can the old church, or the older part of Schwalbach —that is, the east end of it—deeply buried in the lowest part of the valley, be seen, until the entire amphitheatre of those green and flesh-coloured edifices have been some minutes, at least, in sight. The description of such a view as this would have been equally worthy of the graphic pen of the "old man," and would, moreover, have been true. It is impossible to catch a glimpse of the "couple of steeples," without having long before perceived the best part of the village, which presents the appearance of town-like bustle, and nothing very picturesque.

It is beyond doubt that the most favourable approach to Schwalbach is by the *chaussée* from Wiesbaden and Schlangenbad. Arriving from Ems, you have nothing to greet you first but the barren schistous rocks which close the valley at its eastern termination; whereas, coming from Wiesbaden, as I before observed, you descend through the only captivating part of the neighbourhood of Schwalbach, and salute the springs and new

village, ere the old and little-inviting congregation of miserable huts appears in view.

The reader who may feel tempted to visit the southern and western Spas of Nassau, as a tour of pleasure, may rest assured that the most attractive and picturesque line of direction is precisely the reverse of that which is described in lively colours by the author of "the Bubbles." Instead of beginning at Ems and ending at Wiesbaden, they should begin at Wiesbaden and end at Ems. By the former direction (as they must have noticed in reading the amusing pages of that writer) they march away from what is truly exquisite in point of natural beauties, to a formal spot, which borrows from art all its attractions; by the second they journey on *de beauté en beauté*, until they reach the region of Nassau, Dausenau, and Bad-Ems, where nothing is attractive but what Nature has spread around her with a lavish hand.

Some persons will feel inclined to think that I bestow too much importance on these distinctions in travelling. But to such I answer thus: An invalid who is in search of health while travelling, will find it in his interest always to select (when a choice of directions, or more than one road, exists) that which offers the largest amount of gratification in the way of lovely and picturesque scenery, striking elevations, progressive improvement in the surrounding landscape, and a cheering aspect of the country through which he is recommended to travel. *Experte crede.*

Returning now to the spot which led to this digression, we found that the road, after quitting it, ascends all the way to Kemel; a small, miserable village, placed on an eminence, from which the *Wisperbach*, an insignificant brook, takes its source. After receiving several tributary streams from the hills near Schwalbach, and swelling into a river, the Wisperbach throws itself into the Rhine, between the hill on which the ruins of Sonneck stand, and Lorch.

At every step, new and striking features of the Taunus map unfold themselves; but the forests are all of small growth, and far from being majestic. They serve to dot, pleasingly enough, a vast extent of territory within the circle of vision; but they fail to inspire the spectators with that awe and feeling of solemnity which the almost impenetrable and soaring forests of Thuringia and the Schwartzwald excite. Everything is *en petit*; and I

should call this region of Germany a miniature epitome of almost all the grandest features so bountifully and largely scattered over the broad surface of that empire.

From Kemel to Holzhausen, the *chaussée*, always excellent, traverses a wood, formed here again of stunted trees, of the pine tribe; and no hills appeared to rise around us, from the level on which we were travelling. It seemed, indeed, as if we had attained the highest region, and were skipping from peak to peak, descending and ascending but slightly, and then only in the softest undulating manner possible, from one to the other. At Holzhausen, a village consisting of four or five houses only, the postilion halted to give his tired cattle a little black bread, which the poor animals devoured greedily. Even in this lonely and deserted spot, an "Hôtel de Russie" displayed its golden letters inscribed on azure ground. The temptation to visit such an establishment, and in such a place, must be, I presume, the extensive view of the country, or vast plateau of the western Taunus, which may be enjoyed from it.

From hence the road descends by gentle undulations all the way to Sing-hofer, the post-station,—to reach which we had employed upwards of two hours and a half from the time of leaving Schwalbach, although the distance is only three German miles. "Das ist Sing-hofer?" demanded I of the drowsy driver, as I noticed a small village in a hollow, upon the clearing of a transitory but smart shower, after a storm. "Ja wohl," answered the fellow, very complacently,—as if he had performed wonders in approaching it in so short a space of time; mentally looking, no doubt, for a remunerating *trinkgeld*. As the clouds passed away, glimpses of the landscape, of various degrees of beauty, were caught here and there, and a freshness in the breeze swept over them, which made us look upon our journey and descent into the lower level, where Sing-hofer lay stretched before us, as the conclusion of a pleasant airing, rather than as the termination of a long stage over mountain land.

From this station the road traverses an enchanting country. The valley and the hills assume a larger and more important aspect. Nature is everywhere more grand, vegetation luxuriant, and the rocks are more imposing in their form and character than in that part of the Taunus we had just left. The eye wanders from one magnificent view and striking point to another.

The forest has a nobler aspect, the trees are denser, and the early autumnal tints that played on their tops seemed to invest nature around us with a variegated clothing, which was general, except where interrupted by the colour of the descending road. The latter, not yet fully constructed, bent its course so as to gain, by easy spirals, the hollow of a vast valley, through the upper region of which a gentle breeze, even then, was driving before it the last airy vestige of the recent storm.

The exquisitely beautiful little valley of the Mühlbach, which appeared before us at a depth of some hundred feet from where we rode down a steep descent, offered, in graceful winding strips, a rich carpet of vegetation and culture, which soon expanded into a magnificent and gigantic, but garden-like lawn. By the side of it is Berg-Nassau, with the schistous hill towering above it, and in front of us—we being then level with its ruined castle. No words can paint this delicious spot, particularly when viewed from the highest eminence upon our road, ere we gained the level of its little burgh. Unluckily the interior of this village destroys all illusion. But we went quickly through it, as if the driver himself had been anxious to prevent our feelings of admiration from being damped, by the dark and lowering aspect of such miserable dwellings; and the placid Lahn, with its single-spanned iron suspension-bridge, and the unassuming town of Nassau, on the other side of that river, soon broke out on our enchanted eyes. The bridge is suspended from four square solid pyramids of red sandstone. It is simple in its structure, about one hundred feet long, and paved with cross timber. The clock-tower chimed two of the afternoon as we entered the little capital, between the church and the public school; thus completing three hours and a half travelling since we had left Schwalbach.

Soon after quitting Nassau, the road, taking a westerly direction, follows the tortuous meanderings of the Lahn, ascending the hills which, before we had reached Nassau, had stood before us beyond that river. The direction of the passage through this chain of wooded hills is marked by the course of the Lahn, which makes its way among them, in its course towards Bad-Ems. In many parts this valley resembles that of La Mourg, of several points of which we were strongly reminded. On the right we found the dwarf vine creeping out of the schistous soil, while the opposite shore was densely covered with short but tufted trees,

which concealed among them some important quarries of slate. These latter are worked in some parts, and the slates piled by the road-side, where we saw them ready to be embarked for the Rhine. The road is level afterwards, and passes through Dausenau, where the public school is again the most prominent building. An edifice of the same description exists, at present, in every little town in Nassau, and, indeed, almost everywhere in Germany,—where the education of *all* the inferior classes is made compulsory. This universality in the system of imparting knowledge in Germany must materially influence its institutions, and, in the course of twenty years, may change the constitution of the country.

At the end of a pleasant drive, after quitting Dausenau, and still following the margin of the Lahn and its stream, now made green by the reflected colours of the lofty wooded hills which accompany it on both banks throughout its course,—the long range of buildings, looking like the extended quay of a large city, appeared in view, and we presently entered BAD-EMS, and swept cheerily into the wide gateway of the Russische-Hof, at which we purposed to take our mittag repast.

The situation of this hotel differs little from that of the rest. They are all placed in a row, with one or two exceptions. They are all backed by either a naked rock or vine-clad hills, which in many cases come close home to the back windows of the house. They have all the noiseless and canal-looking Lahn before them, and they are fronted by the sloping sides of several hills on the opposite side of that river. These, and the few other dwelling-houses, which are either let out in lodgings, or occupied by the principal inhabitants, and intervene between the hotels, resembling a long line of buildings erected on a great quay, are thus boxed up, as it were, between two hilly ranges, in many points very lofty. The quay, like the river of which it forms the right bank, runs, east to west, towards the *embouchure* of the Lahn into the Rhine. A shaded promenade is before the Hôtel de Russie, and from its windows the eye, turned to the south-east, descries the entrance into the town, and enjoys a view of the upper or eastern valley, which expands into a region better cultivated, more fertile, and more extensive, than that which lies immediately before the house, in the narrow part of the valley.

I can easily understand how lovely, for a brief period at least, during the sultry months of July and August, such a position must appear to the beholder. The exposure of all the principal buildings to a south sun during those two months may be inconvenient at noon; but it may be stated, in extenuation of that circumstance, that the glaring and uncomfortable effect of a bright sun, elsewhere so injurious, is here considerably neutralised by the general and very intense verdant colour that prevails in every direction.

Two effects I should, however, expect from this peculiarity in the position of Bad-Ems,—which is unique among the most frequented mineral springs of Germany,—a perpetual agitation in the nervous system, and a feeling of constantly wanting a more elastic atmosphere.

We will now, agreeably to the plan I have hitherto followed, look methodically, first to the mineral springs of this place, and every circumstance connected with them; secondly, to their virtues and effects in disease; and, lastly, to the accommodation offered by Ems to invalids.

Ems is "a place of many springs." It boasts, indeed, of not less than fifteen, all of which are found within an area of 109,680 square feet; and they yield, in the course of twenty-four hours, twelve thousand four hundred cubic feet of water, at a temperature varying (according to each particular source) from 19° to 44° of Reaumur. I have not met with these statistical particulars in the works I have had the means of consulting upon Ems, but I deduce and calculate them from the inspection of an old and accurate ground-plan of the sources, and their distributions, dimensions, and produce, entitled *Grundiss der Quellen, Vasserleitungen, und Baeder zu Bad-Ems*,—which my old correspondent and brother practitioner, Dr. Voegler, was kind enough to present to me, although it is now become a scarce print.

In point of quantity, the supply of hot mineral water yielded by nature at Ems is very inferior to that obtained in the same period of time at Wiesbaden, where eighty-four thousand and ninety cubic feet of thermal water are obtained every four-and-twenty hours, from all the sources together.

In regard to temperature, also, the water at Ems is much inferior to that of Wiesbaden. Taking even the highest degree of heat known at Ems, namely, 44° of Reaumur, which is that of the

water of the twelfth source, called *die quelle bey dem Rondel*, we find a difference, between it and the highest temperature of the springs at Wiesbaden, of not less than 14° of Reaumur.

Dr. VOEGLER, whose name I have just introduced to the notice of my readers, is the oldest and principal physician in the place, residing in it all the year round, and occupying a house within two or three doors of our hotel, where he accommodates patients with board and lodging during the season. With Dr. Voegler I have been in the habit of frequently corresponding on account of the several patients whom I had either sent to Ems, or who chose to go thither from the report of their friends. In the course of the last few years several such patients had gone to Ems, the bearer of letters from me to Dr. Voegler: and I was happy in the opportunity of meeting him personally, to talk over those cases; hoping at the same time to gain as much local information as he could give me, and to visit all the bathing establishments, and the principal springs, in his company.

In the latter expectation I was not disappointed. My *confrère*, whom I found in his little study, six feet by two, having just deposited his postmittag pipe to dress and go out, received me with every demonstration of good-will and cordiality, and sallied forth with me, without hesitation, to range along the several establishments I wished to examine. The simple narrative of this pedestrian and domiciliary inquisition, as I noted it in my travelling diary on the spot, and in the presence of my patient guide, I shall (according to my wonted custom) transfer to this and the following pages, for the benefit of such of my readers as possess no information respecting Ems, either medical or otherwise, and may be desirous to obtain it.

In the general view I have given of Ems at the head of this chapter, the range of buildings embraced by the following narrative is fully sketched, as it naturally stands on the bank of the Lahn. There are omitted in it a few dwelling-house, at the entrance of the town, on the right, and a once far-famed edifice called *les Quatre Tours*, which occupies a situation too far to the west, and away from the rest of the town, to be included in my design. Of that building and its destination I shall have occasion to say a few words before I conclude.

The space of ground to which I have alluded, and in which are found the fifteen springs, is occupied by a series of large and

small buildings, some a little more modern than others, but all of them presenting a grotesque Dutch-like appearance, rather than a modernized architectural aspect. These buildings, one or two of which (the *Steine-Haus*, or stone building, for instance) were formerly private property, belong now wholly to the Duke of Nassau; he having acquired them by purchase. They bear a generic name of "Bau," (building,) with an epithet prefixed, indicative either of their locality, date, or origin.

Thus, beginning at the west end, we have the LAHN-BAU, a large and old-fashioned building, one hundred and forty-five feet long, beginning close and parallel to the margin of the Lahn. This Bau contains thirteen baths on the *Réz-de-Chaussée*, out of the eighty-one principal baths, situated on that level, that are to be found collectively in all the "Baus" at Ems,—besides a great many more placed at higher levels in the same buildings. One of those thirteen baths is the "Marmorbad," placed in the centre of a large room, beautifully fitted up. This and the apartments adjoining to it, looking to the river, and forming the angle of the building, are furnished in a style of magnificence and comfort that would satisfy the most fastidious *richard*, no matter from what country. They possess the advantage of an *escalier dérobé*, leading from the bed-chamber to the bath-rooms. A small garden, situated between the Lahn-bau and the river, from which it is separated by a handrail, belongs to this house, and is for the use of the lodgers. In all the "Baus" there are what are called cheap bath-rooms, which are situated in the lowest and almost cellar-like story—gloomy, narrow, unfurnished, with no other decoration but walls whitewashed. The Lahn-bau has them also.

Behind this building, placed at an acute angle with it, stretches the MITTEL-BAU, in a slanting direction to the north-east. It communicates with the Lahn-bau by an arch thrown over the High-street, or *Strasse nach Coblenz*. This building extends eighty feet in front, and contains those celebrated baths, six in number, which I shall only venture to designate by the local name of *Bubenquellebäder*,—lest the fair authoress of the *preventive* system (who has just returned from America) should visit me with her wrath, for proclaiming more palpably the existence of a mineral source which is said to produce results so different from those, the necessity of which she has strongly in-

culcated in her political economy. Besides these curious baths, there are two principal baths in the same Bau, called, from their size and appurtenances, *Fürstenbäder*. These two classes of baths in the Mittel-bau are supplied with water from sources peculiarly their own; one of which, that of the *Fürstenbäder*, has a temperature of 28° to 30° of R., and that of the *Bubenquellebäder* a temperature of 38°. The latter source supplies the water also to the baths in the Lahn-bau; but whether or not the water retains its *objectionable* faculty when it gets there, I am unable to decipher.

The NEUER-BAU follows next, and is connected, at an obtuse angle, with the preceding Bau, measuring in extent of frontage 120 feet. Here we have eight baths called the *Kraenchensbader*, and in a low, angular, cellar-looking place, fitted up with fluted muslin, is found one of the special springs which gives a character to Ems as a drinking Spa, and which is called the *Kraenchensbrunnen*.

Proceeding onwards we come to the ORANGE-BAU, extending 150 feet in front, which is reached through a low and long arcade from the last "Bau," and contains within itself all the attractions of Ems: the Kur-haus, the Obers-kur-haus, the Neu-bäder, various sources peculiar to this situation, several reservoirs, and, lastly, the famous *Kesselbrunnen*. This spring is placed in the centre of the semi-oval part of a low and dark vestibule, supported by square columns, which resembles very much the vestibule of some of the old-fashioned theatres in Italy. Close to the *Kesselbrunnen* there is a spring, which I examined particularly, whence a large escape of carbonic gas takes place, without any water.

The termination of the Orange-bau will be connected almost immediately, by order of the Duke, with the Steine-hof, which he has bought; and with another, and the last building of the range, called the FLUGEL-BAU. This latter edifice, which contains a great number of baths, is placed at right angles to the river, towards which it advances, and from which it is separated by the *Strasse nach Nassau*. All these "Baus" in succession form a sort of irregular square or open space, facing the Lahn; the Kur-haus occupying nearly the centre.

In front of the Orange-bau, or, in other words, the Oberes-kur-haus, there is a deep source, which springs from a crevice in a

solid rock, and is covered over and all round by a polygonal building, called the *Rondel.* The temperature of the water is 44° R., and its vapour is sufficiently powerful to move a machine, by which the water of the spring is raised to the necessary level of the baths belonging to the building.

On the first floor of the Kur-haus there are twelve superior bathing-rooms, fitted up like Turkish tents. The baths are lined with a volcanic rock, called *Strass*, and have an oval shape, and two steps to reach them. These are supplied with one sort of water only, at a fixed temperature. The baths on the *Réz-de-Chaussée* are, as in the case of all the other Baus, very gloomy, damp, and disagreeable. Of these there are six, which serve for four or five sets of bathers every day: the price of them is 36 kreutzers; that of the baths on the first story is a florin (or 1*s.* 10*d.*) The same prices are asked at almost all the other baths, with the exception of the "Marmorbad," and a few more, which are charged somewhat higher.

At all these "Baus," lodgings or apartments, large and small, may be engaged by the week or for the season. There is a vast difference amongst them. Generally speaking, house-room is dear at Ems; although the charge for lodgings in those establishments is fixed by a tariff. The Kur-haus can accommodate upward of 150 visiters on its different floors, and in different parts, and when the Steine-hof shall be united to it, 268 visiters will find apartments in the building. On each room-door the price is marked, from one florin and twenty kreutzers to two florins a day. There is here an exceedingly pretty and sumptuously furnished suite of rooms on the first floor, which resemble the interior of some of the best houses in Paris, at twenty florins a day, with a private bath adjoining. On the same floor are several apartments at two florins a day, very well furnished for the season.

The Oberes-kur-haus, under which, as I have already stated, there is a vestibule or covered gallery, communicating with the arcade leading to the drinking source of the *Kraenchenbrunnen* —and in which there are a few shops, to attract the attention and amuse the *kurgäste* when they drink the water—has a *bel-étage*, which is divided into an oblong "salle à manger," and a long covered gallery parallel to it, fronting the building, and lighted by a great range of windows. Outside this building, a

great terrace, over which an awning is spread during the summer months, affords to those who parade up and down the long gallery, or to those who have dined in the great *saal*, the opportunity of breathing a little fresh air.

The " salle à manger" is capable of accommodating about two hundred and sixty guests at the table d'hôte. It is an oblong room, with a bow in the centre. The ceiling is low, and the ornaments and furniture are truly insignificant, after the appearance of the celebrated buildings of Baden, Wiesbaden, Bruckenau, and other Spas. But the worst feature of the room is its near contiguity to the lofty rock which rises immediately at the back of the house. It is not easy to conceive how it can be possible to eat and breathe in such a locality during the dog-days, —that being the period usually chosen by invalids for visiting Ems. The Kur-garten lies in front of the Orange-bau; but, like every other public establishment of this Spa, it is small and indifferent, and can serve but little to *égayer* the invalids who are allowed to promenade in it.

In fact, I may state, at once and openly, that Ems is half a century behind every one of the Spas of the first class that I have seen in Germany, and described in the present volume. There is a great talk of improvements; and a few of the younger and more lively inhabitants, who affect to be " in the movement," and to belong to *la jeune Allemagne*, are loud in their complaints, that such a Gothic watering-place has not long ago been made to feel the benefit of reform. Without listening to their remonstrances, it is to be presumed that the duke, having an eye to his own interest, will deem it necessary to lay out some of the funds he so amply collects, through his agents, as the landlord-general of Ems; else he may rest assured that his Spa will dwindle into insignificance. But the improvements required at Ems are of a class and importance far different, as I shall show presently, from such as have been hinted at to me.

I have said that the drinking springs are the KRAENCHENBRUNNEN and the KESSELBRUNNEN, and I have described their locality. The first of these has a temperature of 24° of Reaumur, and yields but a small quantity of water; not more than seventy-two cubic feet in twenty-four hours. In consequence of this deficiency, no bath is allowed to be supplied with water from this source; yet the duke contrives to bottle and export in the

course of the year (waiting till the season is over to begin that operation) one hundred and ten thousand cruches, each holding about three pints. The water is clear, and has no smell. A considerable quantity of gas escapes on taking up the water with a glass. According to Struve, a pint of sixteen ounces contains fifteen and a half cubic inches of free carbonic acid. The taste, which is gently sub-acid, and milk-warm at first, is succeeded in the mouth by one of an alkaline and soapy nature, which arises from a large proportion of carbonate of soda being left behind, quite insulated, by the evaporation of the gas. The place in which the water is drunk is not calculated to inspire the patients with any cheering thought of future recovery. It is, moreover, so confined, that no more than three or four persons can approach it conveniently at the same time.

Passing under the vaulted arcade into the great vestibule, or enclosed portico, of the Orange-bau, and approaching the KESSELBRUNNEN, or, as it is also called, the *Kurbrunnen*, we find a source of clear water, yielding a much larger supply than the former, giving out more carbonic acid, and having a temperature which is quoted at 118° of Fahrenheit, as I have stated in my analytical table, but which my thermometer, repeatedly immersed into the spring by Dr. Voegler and myself, marked only at 117° of Fahrenheit. The taste is sub-acid, like that of the former source. Of the other two or three distinct sources found under the arcade, the taste is much more pleasant, and resembles tepid weak milk and water, slightly sweetened with sugar.

I am inclined to think that were the gas source to which I have before alluded, in speaking of this same locality, to be effectually closed up,—the gas, now lost and wasted, would find its way to the *Kesselbrunnen*, and thus add much to the power of that spring, by increasing the quantity of its free carbonic acid gas. The *Kesselbrunnen* yields four thousand three hundred and fifty-six cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours, and supplies the baths in the Flügel-bau, the Felzenbäder, and the six Neuer-bäder; as well as the handsome Porcellan-bad on the principal story above.

The attendance of the water-bibbers every morning at both the *Kesselbrunnen* and the *Kraenchenbrunnen*, is very great—particularly at the latter: the reason of which probably is, that as there is but little water, and that little is difficult to be got at, everybody desires to have it. The doctors at Ems, however, who

evidently know very well what they are about, take care never to order more than one or two beakers of this latter water. What a contrast with the recommendation of the physicians at Carlsbad! The *Kesselbrunnen*, however, is also very generally drunk, and in much larger quantities.

I must refer my readers once more, and for the last time, to the analytical table at the end of the present volume, for an account of the chemical composition of these two springs There is a discrepancy between the analysis inserted in that table, and that published by some other authors. I obtained mine from Dr. Voegler, who transcribed it for me in my presence, from the copy communicated to him by the government —by whom Kastner, who had recently re-analyzed the water, had been employed. It is not yet published, and it differs from that given by Struve himself, and still more so from that which Mr. Lee has given in his volumes as being that of Struve. By the latter analysis, it would appear as if the German chemist had assigned a total amount of 19·6194 grains of solid ingredients to a pint of sixteen ounces of the *Kraenchenbrunnen;* whereas I find that, in the only analysis of the Ems waters published by Struve himself, the solid ingredients in the pint, avoirdupois, amount to not less than 21·400 grains.

I have observed, elsewhere, that the water from the two drinking springs had no sensible smell. It is not so with regard to the large body of hot mineral water which is kept in reservoirs for use, (a practice universally adopted in all the Baus,) or which is transmitted at once to the baths themselves. There it emits a smell faintly sulphureous, or rather, one resembling that of slaking lime,—as I noticed in the thermal water of Wiesbaden.

The first sensible effect of the baths at Ems, used at a temperature of from 90° to 96° of Fahrenheit, is a feeling of lassitude, and a disposition to fall asleep in the water. The next effect is a relaxation of the pores of the skin, so as to make the patient very liable to catch cold. Then there comes on, generally, a species of red efflorescence, accompanied by itching—produced unquestionably, by the quantity of carbonate of soda deposited and remaining on the skin after the bath. Here they have given to this eruption the name of the *bath-itch;* but if any person were to bathe or wash all over in strong alkaline, or common soap and water, and not rinse the surface of the body in clear

tepid water afterwards, itching, and a red eruption over the whole surface, but especially over the limbs, would inevitably ensue. There has been at all times, at the several Spas both at home and abroad, I am sorry to admit, too great a disposition to mystify and complicate the action of the mineral waters on the human constitution. In order to obviate the sleepy feelings, it becomes necessary to keep moving the body in the water; after which the patient is recommended generally to lie down for an hour before breakfast, but not to read while so doing.

The regulations as to hours of bathing, duration of the baths, and precautions to be taken before and after, are here exactly what they are at other thermal springs already described.

The water of the *Kesselbrunnen*, which is usually recommended to be taken internally at the same time with the baths, may be drunk in quantities of from one to four, five, or six beakers, of four ounces each, taking the usual walking exercise between the glasses. The stomach, at first, resents both the one and the other of the two drinking waters at Ems, and some people never get accustomed to them; but, in general, after a few days, they appear to digest readily.

The Ems waters, taken internally, do not act very sensibly as aperients; on the contrary, it is generally found necessary to adopt some additional means to obviate constipation. The Spa doctors, and Dr. Voegler among them, recommend, on such occasions, such inept doses, that few of the patients they may have from this country will attend to their counsels, but fly at once to calomel, or something analogous. "We are a commercial nation," answered in my hearing an Englishman, who was asked by one of the German physicians why, like all his countrymen, he kept tormenting his poor inside with calomel, and a whole catalogue of patent pills, to remove constipation? "We are a commercial nation; we must be *quick* in all operations, and cannot afford to wait for your *médecine expectante*."

This habit of taking aperient medicines, so prevalent among English people, astonishes all foreigners on the continent; and they are still more astonished when they visit England, and see, or are told of, the basketsful of drugs which enter, almost daily, a gentleman's house in London. One of these foreign visiters asked me one day the reason of such a practice, and of the difference which existed in that respect between the English and the conti-

nental nations. In answer I pointed, as we were walking along, to the juicy barons of beef on the butchers' shambles; to the white square loaves of the bakers, with alum and lime in them; to the scantiness and high prices of the *legumes* in the markets; to the fiery port and sherry proclaimed at the door of wine vaults; to the XXX and Burton ales; to the Whitbread entire and Guinness stout; lastly, to the smoke and atmosphere of London; adding, that the fashion of taking pills and draughts in England, after all, was of the upper and better classes of society only, and by no means prevalent among the multitude.

Dr. Kreysig, who is a great authority in regard to the Ems waters, states that they have effected remarkable cures; first, in cases of pulmonary complaints; secondly, in general or partial debility of the nerves; thirdly, in certain complaints peculiar to the other sex. I may add, fourthly, that of late years they have been considered as valuable remedial agents in the treatment of indigestion.

When used in complaints of the chest, it is usual to mix them with a third or fourth part of fresh milk. The treatment generally lasts six weeks, and the season of the year in which the waters appear to be most effectual, are the months of July and August.

It would require another volume, were I to enter at all into the consideration of the many disorders—such as gout, rheumatism, scrofula, glandular obstruction, indigestion, sexual disturbances, sterility, &c.—for which the Ems waters have been recommended; or were I even to limit myself to the citation of a few of the many cases that have been treated by those waters under my directions. I will, however, state it as my general opinion of the Ems waters —an opinion founded upon considerable experience, and I might appeal at once to many who will probably read this passage, and who will admit the truth of what I am about to say, and have said to them when they were proceeding to that Spa—that, taken internally, they are what I call "disturbing waters;" not in the way of purgatives, but in the way of *alteratives*, to a degree which is scarcibly producible by means of ordinary medicine, and which, although very beneficial to some, is injurious to many, and requires, under any circumstances, great circumspection in the lengthened use of them. So great is the disturbance produced in the system while the waters are drunk, that I am acquainted with very few patients who have got well of their complaints

during the treatment, or before they came away from Ems. Of the rest who recovered long after they left the Spa, the major part had judiciously enough been prevailed upon to go and finish their cure at some other place—generally a *cold* Spa.

The nervous system is the first and most seriously disturbed by these waters; and I attribute the fact in a great measure, first, to the large quantities of carbonate of soda taken daily into the system along with them; (nine beakers of the *Kesselbrunnen*, of six ounces each, for example, holding in solution sixty grains of that alkaline salt;) and secondly, to the additional bad influence which the air of a narrow confined valley, and the contiguity of the lofty hilly ranges of silicious grauwake slate, produce on individuals already prone to nervous agitation or irritability. Hence Ems can never suit an hypochondriac, no matter from what functional disorder his unhappy state may arise. It never can suit persons labouring under any modification whatever of disease of the heart, whether structural or merely functional. It never can suit such females as have been suffering from repeated losses, have become blanched, weak, and shaky, and whose head feels heavy yet light, confused yet empty, always on the *qui vive*, yet oppressed;—an anomalous condition, inexplicable on any known physiological principle, yet nevertheless too true—as those who have exercised for twenty years the particular branch of the profession I exercised in London, until within the last four years, can readily testify.

Having disposed of the professional part of my subject, we will now proceed to the consideration of some of the auxiliaries. The hotels are plentiful at Ems; most of them excellent, and as extravagant as they are excellent. The Hôtel de Russie, formerly kept by Herr Ph. Düringer, I found delightful in every respect, as to accommodation, rooms, furniture &c.; but a charge of five florins for a dinner for two, with a *bouteille de Bordeaux*, was more than double what I paid in the very *ne plus* of the Spa hotels in Germany, for the same repast. Compared to the rest of them, the Spa of Ems stands aloof and alone; as much, I think, in consequence of its having become an almost English colony, as from any other circumstance whatever. Most assuredly, neither the French, the Dutch, nor the German visiters would countenance the high charges made at the hotels on the banks of the Lahn, and they would soon bring the hof-keepers to their senses.

The table d'hôte at the Hôtel de Russie may be taken as a specimen of those at the other houses. It begins at one o'clock, costs one florin, and consists in a very scanty and ill-dressed series of dishes, which, before they reach a poor hungry guest at the bottom of the table, are cold, torn to pieces, messed, and anything but appétissant. A table d'hôte dinner in Bavaria or Bohemia costs just two-thirds of the money, and is ten times better. I have seen the note-book of more than one patient who has resided in this and other hotels of Ems,—persons with ample knowledge of the world and its ways,—in which I uniformly found the same complaints recorded. At the Englische-hof the price of the table d'hôte dinner at one o'clock is forty-eight kreutzers; at the Kur-haus the one o'clock dinner is one florin and twelve kreutzers, and that at four o'clock, one florin and forty-five kreutzers,—an extravagant price for what one gets, independently of being annoyed by swarms of flies. A private dinner at each of these places will cost at least one-third more.

Whenever I find myself between the Scylla and Charybdis of German manducation—between such table d'hôte dinners as those at Ems are represented on all hands to be, and a private dinner not much better, yet much dearer—I betake myself to a hearty breakfast, decorated with one, two, or three *calb-côtelettes*, and taste no other food until tea-time. We talk sneeringly of German cookery; but let one of those delicious *côtelettes* be put hissing hot on your plate, with a cup of fragrant coffee in the morning, a new laid egg, and a couple of warm *brioches* without butter, after a walk of an hour and a half,—and let us see who of the most fastidious "Athenæists," "Travellers," or "Carltonians," would quarrel with such a breakfast,—that is, provided he has previously drenched his stomach with six large goblets of the *Kesselbrunnen*, or any other brunnen, and has been on his legs since half-past five o'clock in the morning. Commend me, I say,—(though I am no *friand*, except for my readers' sake)—commend me to such a cutlet. It is tender, it melts in the mouth, it is just *pannée* enough to conceal the texture of the meat, (a great secret in cookery,) and just moist enough not to make you complain that it is too greasy. In no part of the world can one get such an exquisite *morceau* but in Germany.—A *calb-côtelette* is to Germany what an inn-cooked beefsteak is to England—a national and characteristic *bonne bouche*. —But this dietetic difference exists between them; that

whereas the most delicate stomach, particularly at a Spa, can digest the former,—it is only such stomachs as have got out of the clutches of my old friends, Dr. Paris and Dr. James Johnson, that can hope to dispose of the latter without an indigestion.

I ought just to state that the hotels at Ems, besides the two first mentioned, and the one kept at the Kur-haus, are La Nouvelle Poste, La Vieille Poste, L'Hôtel de Prusse, L'Hôtel de Nassau, L'Hôtel du Duc de Nassau, L'Hôtel des Quatre Saisons, and, lastly, La Maison des Quatre Tours—which, as I before observed, stands away to the farthest end of the town, and is said to possess some hot mineral springs of its own, discovered not along ago.

From the evidence, which seems to me a very unbiassed one, of some of the invalids to whom I have just alluded in speaking of table d'hôtes, I also collect that the best mode of living at Ems *en famille* is to secure apartments in some private house, which may be had for twenty-five or thirty florins a week, consisting of six bed-rooms, two salons, and a sitting-room. The lodgers may contract for the several meals they wish to have supplied by the landlord, (taking care to enumerate and specify what is expected for the money,) or they may secure a kitchen, engage a sort of German factotum domestic, who will arrange the rooms, go to market, cook, wait at table, and be satisfied with moderate wages.

Dr. Voegel, whose house is too large for his economical habits, generally receives boarders under his roof, on moderate terms, during the season; or he will receive them as lodgers only, and allow them to *faire la cuisine* on their own account. His establishment is particularly clean.

The markets and shops at Ems are but indifferently supplied with materials, except those of the bakers,—who sell capital white wheaten bread, and delightful milk-rolls. Whenever something of a better description of *mangeaille*, or other article, is required, it is usual to send to Coblentz for it. Trusty women carriers go early every morning, and return before midday, performing their commission faithfully (a walk of fifteen miles) at a charge of about ten-pence for the carriage. Sometimes the neighbouring peasants call at the private lodgings with game, butter, fruit, vegetables, and meat, for sale.

Provisions are not the only commodities that come from Coblentz; for I learn that a physician also, a Dr. Sorez, comes over

weekly to Ems, to be consulted by such patients as place not the firmest reliance on any of the three physicians usually resident at that Spa. Those good-natured persons, I take it, do not benefit much in the way of fees. My correspondent, Dr. Voegler, for example, quite simpers with satisfaction if he gets from Mr. —— three *Fredericks d'or* at the end of a four weeks' season; and even as little as two dollars only, for the same period of attendance on Sir ——, did not make him stare. This is very different from the learned Irish judge's treatment of De Carro at Carlsbad. When, for the honour of the cloth, I took upon myself to remonstrate with the former of the two gentlemen I have just alluded to, on so very *mesquine* a pay for a physician, the exclamation in reply was, "Oh, it's as much as the advice is worth!"

It is now nearly fifteen years since I paid a former visit to Ems, and the amusements which the place then offered were precisely the same as now. Walking exercise is adopted generally. Excursions, either to Coblentz and the great fortress opposite, or to Nassau, Geilnau, and Fackingen, in a carriage, on horseback, or on foot, are of almost daily occurrence. There are very few of the invalids, however, who can explore the neighbourhood on foot, owing to the peculiar character of the country. That useful animal, the donkey, therefore, is pressed into their service, and of these there are several for hire every day. They are all numbered, and being, like most other things in this world, good, bad, and indifferent, a stranger should get "a character" from a former master (i. e. rider) before he engages any particular number in his permanent, or even temporary, service.

Whatever you do, when a good number has been recommended to you, never, by any chance, attempt to go yourself to the donkey-shed, but send for the animal; else you will be assailed, and tossed to and fro for an hour, by the red-capped, blue-bloused attendant, pushed and jostled, and stunned with their exclamations and attempts to address you in English, until a police officer comes to your rescue. The tax for an hour is forty kreutzers, with ten more as a *trinkgeld* to the attendant.

The donkeys at Ems are of a kind, one would imagine, peculiar to Nassau, as respects their moral qualities. Some people may think them egregious asses for having resigned, to all appearance, every will of their own,—the very contrary practice being that in which a donkey generally excels. No kicking here, rearing,

biting, backing, stopping short, head down, heels up: no, none of these peccadillos. Once mounted, the "allez" or "fahrtzu," and two merciless thumps *a tergo*, are the steam power that puts them and you in motion, *nach Coblenz*, or *nach Nassau*, or any *nach*, and at the rate of German posting, viz. four or five miles an hour. No fear, during this double-quick-time sort of a walk, of the jument falling either on its knees, or down a precipice. The beast is too sure-footed for anything of that sort. At the smallest relaxation of its pace, whack, whack goes the stick, and away goes the donkey; but as to stopping it when you desire to enjoy any particular view, that is quite another thing. The poor hard-mouthed quadruped, the despised of the creation, does not choose to comprehend your desires, or your love of the beautiful, and you might as well attempt to haul, single-handed, at the anchor of a first-rate man-of-war, as try to make your *carrier* halt, by pulling at the rein. You have engaged it for the purpose of taking air and *exercise*, and not air alone; and the beast takes care that you shall stick to your prescription. In this manner some hundreds of the invalids, especially ladies, enjoy the two last-mentioned requisites at Ems.

As to indoor amusements, there is the eternal gambling *roulette*, and so on all day and all night; there is the *bal paré*, and the *bal prié;* there are the concerts, or the *soirées musicales* of some stray "artiste de premier bord;" there are, in fine, the Bohemian or Tyrolean minstrels, the trickers, and tossers, the ventriloquists, and the funambulists, together with many etceteras. There is, in fact, no lack of amusement at Ems; yet time hangs sadly and heavily on hand, and not one invalid or visiter but is very, very glad to depart from Ems when his turn comes:—the reason of which lies in the single circumstance to which I referred in the outset of the present chapter, viz. that Ems is in the wrong position.

Ems *ought* to be on the left instead of the right bank of the Lahn; and the houses should stand in the open and green valley which stretches aslant, on that side, exactly opposite the Hôtel de Russie, and the other hotels, between two cheerful lines of verdant hills. They should not lie in a row, as they now do, with a hot south aspect; but in every direction, and upon some of the little eminences, ledges, or hillocks, wherever an exposure to the most favourable aspects, and protection from particular winds, can be

secured. But in such an arrangement, the greatest improvement would be the existence of a sufficient expanse, or circle of unencumbered ground, for the dwellers to breathe in; an operation this, which can scarcely be performed at present on the right bank, and in the long or little cross-streets of Ems.

So much for the dwellings of NEU-EMS,—as the place would then be called if my suggestions were adopted; and now for the springs. The reader who has been so much accustomed to hear of this brunnen, and that brunnen, at *Old* Ems,—in the Kur-haus, and out of the Kur-haus,—will be surprised to learn that there are better springs, physically and professionally speaking, on the left bank of the river. After Dr. Voegler had favoured me with a view of the ground-plan of the various springs described in this chapter, and which I have followed as a guide in my descriptions, it occurred to me, that as the level of the valley, on the other side of the river, was lower than that of the area on which all the springs at Ems had either been bored or discovered accidentally,—and as the Lahn is a shallow river, the thermal sources would probably be found on that side as well. On questioning the doctor, he admitted their existence, and forthwith offered to accompany me to the spot, to prove the fact.

We crossed, in consequence, the narrow river, on the low bridge of boats, which serves to keep up the communication between the two sides of the Lahn; and on the shingly shore of its left bank, in all directions, and close to the very edge of the cold river-stream, I found mineral water surging, at a temperature of upwards of 100 degrees of F., which formed pools of various sizes. Many of these I examined, and put my hands deep into them, through the shingle, until I reached a lower stratum of soft sand, where the heat felt genial and delightful. That this is the same water which flows from the sources higher up, on the opposite side of the river, I have no doubt; and that it has lost, in its further trajet under the river, a few degrees of temperature, I think both a natural and a fortunate circumstance. It is here, therefore,—over these natural baths of thermal mineral water, rising from the lowest rock, through sand, as at Wildbad—that Badhauses, such as exist there, should be erected, and arranged in a line, each having the supply direct from the source itself, formed into basins of various dimensions, and each getting rid of its su-

perfluous or refuse water, as often as it has served for a bath, by some easy contrivance, into the river.

What nature has placed at their very door the Emsians have overlooked. So have many other people who possess naturally hot springs. They pervert nature into art, and so spoil all; instead of merely shaping or accommodating nature to the wants of the invalids. What could be more delightful—supposing that a neat *bad-haus* had been raised over the largest of the pools of clear and limpid water, at 100° Fahrenheit, found on the left margin of the Lahn, and that you bathed in it—than to know that you were lying on the very sand through which the salutary hot stream found its way, unpolluted, undisguised, unobstructed by hydraulic contrivances of every kind, pipes, pumps, fly-wheels, &c., and that the supply was constantly renewed? Would not such an arrangement be tenfold more useful and delectable than to descend, enveloped in your dressing-robes, from a smart bed-room into a dark, damp, whitewashed cave, there to deposit your body in a stained metallic tub, or a corroded stone one, in which the mineral water is probably either too hot or too cold, in which no renewal of the water can take place while you are bathing in it, and in which, in fine, everything becomes of necessity artificial? To do all these things where no other means of availing yourself of a thermal spring exist, owing to the peculiar character of the situation, is excusable; but where, as at Ems, the springs are situated so very *à-propos*, to overlook or neglect the circumstance is unpardonable.

I have already stated that Ems is not an improving place. With the exception of a few new private buildings, or an hotel or two, the town is as it was fifteen years ago, and, for ought I know, as it was a century ago. There is some, but very little, movement onwards. The air of antiquity of the Kur-haus, with its motley assembly of four or five different "Baus;" the labyrinth-like disposition of their interior, with the twenty different levels, recesses innumerable, dark corners, and little staircases, that lead to still darker and more gloomy corridors, on each side of which the bath-rooms are ranged in files; the difficulty of finding your way through such incongruous masses of wood and stone work; all these are circumstances ill suited to the grand and modern style of the present age, in regard to watering-places on the continent.

His Royal Highness of Nassau must do much to the place, and hasten to do it too, if he wishes to keep up the ancient renown of this, the second best of the valuable water *mines* in his dominions. The reputation of Ems will else escape from his hand, and be transferred to those watering-places, or Spas, further into the interior of Germany, where every effort is continually being made to raise them to the highest grade of perfection. It would be a pity (and none would grieve at the circumstance more than the humble individual who endites these lines) to witness the decadence of Ems in the estimation of the world. One has so long been accustomed to look upon Old Ems as the parent of almost all the German baths, with which a thousand recollections are interwoven, that it would be impossible, without pain, to see it dwindle into that state, when the inquiring traveller might be told, "This was at one time, and for many years, a celebrated bathing and watering place."

That such is not an improbable occurrence, every circumstance tends to show, and none more than the very small number of invalids who visit Ems compared to Wiesbaden. Last year, for example, while the latter boasted of having had nearly ten thousand visiters, Ems could not reckon in its list many more than three thousand. But several other grounds may be enumerated, for apprehending the fatal issue I anticipate. The peculiar position of the present town; the want of space to breathe in, without going far off into the wild scenery of the neighbourhood; the confined space behind the principal houses, where in some parts the solid rock has actually been cut away, to admit daylight through the windows; the want of gardens, public promenades, a grand Kur-saal and other modern public buildings, for the convenience of visiters; the very shabby appearance of the springs themselves, and the rooms in which their contents are drunk; the objectionable vicinity of a prairie-river without a rocky bed, which emits dampness in the evening, and attracts moisture from around; the exposure of the principal front of all the houses to the south and scorching sun, while scarcely a ray of it ever enters the back openings of those dwellings; the absence of that uniform and inviting arrangement for the baths which exists in all the principal modern Spas of Germany,—as at Schwalbach, for instance, without going farther; and, lastly, the unsightly and ill-kept condition of the opposite

shore of the river—the very shore which is even now, and has always been, pregnant with blessings to infirm humanity, and which offers the means of resuscitating Ems: all these objections to the place as it now stands, are so many grounds of apprehension that they will act (now that movement has been imparted to so many other analogous places) as agents of gradual decline, and that Ems will fall.

A great change is loudly demanded. The accomplishment of it presents no insurmountable difficulties, and the very locality now neglected, but which I have commended, seems to point out where the change should begin. Let but the Duke erect an uniform line of bath-houses, in the situation I have described, over the temperate hot sand-springs on the left bank of the Lahn; let him erect, with a western or north-western aspect, as magnificent a Kur-saal as the King of Bavaria has built at Bruckenau; as grand a colonnade as the same sovereign is now erecting at Kissingen; as handsome a ball-room as Wiesbaden possesses; —and let all these edifices be situated at convenient distances, in the fine open space south-east and at the foot of the *Winterberg* and *Kirchkeimersborn;* and his royal highness will then have established so powerful and so novel a centre of attraction—possessed, too, of far superior merit in respect to the eligibility and efficacy of the springs—that not only will speculators and proprietors hasten to purchase land and build houses around it, but an increasing number of visiters to Ems will testify to the necessity, the prudence, and the propriety of a re-edification of that "Gothic Spa."

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I here take leave of my readers, who, after having followed me through the great tour of "the Spas of Germany," (a tour which I should recommend to all idlers, as a summer diversion, instead of broiling at double the expense at Brighton,) from west to east, and from south to north, must now be abruptly quitted at Ems. Other occupations point my way down the Rhine and Meuse, on board the Agrippina Damp-schiffe, as far as Rotterdam, (after visiting Aix-la-Chapelle;) and thence by canal and carriage-way, by boating, railroad, and posting, to La Hague, Leyden, and Haarlem; Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Dordrecht; Antwerp, and Brussels; and lastly home by way of Paris.

Perhaps the delightful tour through Holland, just alluded to, which I accomplished, with an account of the Prussian Spas of Aix-la-Chapelle and Burtschied, and of the Westphalian Spas of Pyrmont and Driburg—together with a description of the Elf-region of the Hartz—may tempt me, at some future period, to appear again before the public, should their kindness be extended to the present volume.

# TABLE OF EQUIVALENTS OF DISTANCE IN

| German Postes. | German Miles. | English Miles. |
|---|---|---|
| A Stunde, or $\frac{1}{4}$ | equal $\frac{1}{2}$ | or 2.30 |
| Post $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 | 4.60 |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | 6.90 |
| 1 | 2 | 9.20 |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | 11.50 |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 | 13.80 |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$ | $3\frac{1}{2}$ | 16.10 |
| 2 | 4 | 18.40 |
| $2\frac{1}{4}$ | $4\frac{1}{2}$ | 20.70 |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 | 23.00 |
| $2\frac{3}{4}$ | $5\frac{1}{2}$ | 25.30 |
| 3 | 6 | 27.60 |

| G. M. | E. M. | G. M. | E. M. | G. M. | E. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7 | 32.20 | 26 | 119.60 | 45 | 207 |
| 8 | 36.80 | 27 | 124.20 | 46 | 211.60 |
| 9 | 41.40 | 28 | 128.80 | 47 | 216.20 |
| 10 | 46 | 29 | 133.40 | 48 | 220.80 |
| 11 | 50.60 | 30 | 138 | 49 | 225.40 |
| 12 | 55.20 | 31 | 142.60 | 50 | 230 |
| 13 | 59.80 | 32 | 147.20 | 51 | 234.60 |
| 14 | 64.40 | 33 | 151.80 | 52 | 239.20 |
| 15 | 69 | 34 | 156.40 | 53 | 243.80 |
| 16 | 73.60 | 35 | 161 | 54 | 248.40 |
| 17 | 78.20 | 36 | 165.60 | 55 | 253 |
| 18 | 82.80 | 37 | 170.20 | 56 | 257.60 |
| 19 | 87.40 | 38 | 174.80 | 57 | 262.20 |
| 20 | 92 | 39 | 179.40 | 58 | 266.80 |
| 21 | 96.60 | 40 | 184 | 59 | 271.40 |
| 22 | 101.20 | 41 | 188.60 | 60 | 276 |
| 23 | 105.80 | 42 | 193.20 | 61 | 280.60 |
| 24 | 110.40 | 43 | 197.80 | 62 | 285.20 |
| 25 | 115 | 44 | 202.40 | 63 | 289.80 |

N.B.—A *Stunde* is considered as equivalent to an hour's walk, and is used as a travelling measure of distance in the South of Germany.

☞ Strictly speaking, the German mile is not exactly of the same length in every part of Germany, but has been assumed to be uniform in this table, for the sake of convenience in calculating the corresponding length in English miles; the difference is but trifling.

# TABLE OF CORRESPONDENCE

## BETWEEN THE REAUMUR AND FAHRENHEIT THERMOMETERS.

| R. | F. | R. | F. | R. | F. | R. | F. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| +0.88 | 34 | 18.66 | 74 | 36.44 | 114 | 54.22 | 154 |
| 1.33 | 35 | 19.11 | 75 | 36.88 | 115 | 54.66 | 155 |
| 1.77 | 36 | 19.55 | 76 | 37.33 | 116 | 55.11 | 156 |
| 2.22 | 37 | 20.00 | 77 | 37.77 | 117 | 55.55 | 157 |
| 2.66 | 38 | 20.44 | 78 | 38.22 | 118 | 56.00 | 158 |
| 3.11 | 39 | 20.88 | 79 | 38.66 | 119 | 56 44 | 159 |
| 3.55 | 40 | 21.33 | 80 | 39.11 | 120 | 56.88 | 160 |
| 4.00 | 41 | 21.77 | 81 | 39.55 | 121 | 57.33 | 161 |
| 4.44 | 42 | 22.22 | 82 | 40.00 | 122 | 57.77 | 162 |
| 4.88 | 43 | 22.66 | 83 | 40.44 | 123 | 58.22 | 163 |
| 5.33 | 44 | 23.11 | 84 | 40.48 | 124 | 58.66 | 164 |
| 5.77 | 45 | 23.55 | 85 | 41.33 | 125 | 59.11 | 165 |
| 6.22 | 46 | 24.00 | 86 | 41.77 | 126 | 59.55 | 166 |
| 6.66 | 47 | 24.44 | 87 | 42.22 | 127 | 60.0 | 167 |
| 7.11 | 48 | 24 88 | 88 | 42.66 | 128 | 60.44 | 168 |
| 7.55 | 49 | 25.33 | 89 | 43.11 | 129 | 60.88 | 169 |
| 8.00 | 50 | 25.77 | 90 | 43.55 | 130 | 61.33 | 170 |
| 8.44 | 51 | 26.22 | 91 | 44.00 | 131 | 61.77 | 171 |
| 8.88 | 52 | 26.66 | 92 | 44.44 | 132 | 62.22 | 172 |
| 9.33 | 53 | 27.11 | 93 | 44 88 | 133 | 62.66 | 173 |
| 9.77 | 54 | 27.55 | 94 | 45.33 | 134 | 62.11 | 174 |
| 10.22 | 55 | 28.00 | 95 | 45.77 | 135 | 63.55 | 175 |
| 10.66 | 56 | 28.44 | 96 | 46.22 | 136 | 64.00 | 176 |
| 11.11 | 57 | 28.88 | 97 | 46.66 | 137 | | |
| 11.55 | 58 | 29.33 | 98 | 47.11 | 138 | | |
| 12.00 | 59 | 29.77 | 99 | 47.55 | 139 | | |
| 12.44 | 60 | 30.22 | 100 | 48.00 | 140 | | |
| 12.88 | 61 | 30.66 | 101 | 48.44 | 141 | | |
| 13.33 | 62 | 31.31 | 102 | 48.88 | 142 | | |
| 13.77 | 63 | 31.55 | 103 | 49.33 | 143 | | |
| 14.22 | 64 | 32.00 | 104 | 49.77 | 144 | | |
| 14.66 | 65 | 32.44 | 105 | 50.22 | 145 | | |
| 15.11 | 66 | 32.88 | 106 | 50.66 | 146 | | |
| 15.55 | 67 | 33.33 | 107 | 51.11 | 147 | | |
| 16.00 | 68 | 33.77 | 108 | 51.55 | 148 | | |
| 16.44 | 69 | 34.22 | 109 | 52.00 | 149 | | |
| 16.88 | 70 | 36.66 | 110 | 52.44 | 150 | | |
| 17.33 | 71 | 35.11 | 111 | 52.88 | 151 | | |
| 17.77 | 72 | 35.55 | 112 | 53.33 | 152 | | |
| 18.22 | 73 | 36.00 | 113 | 53.77 | 153 | | |

N.B. The corresponding Scales begin above the freezing point, and are made to terminate just above the highest degree of heat found in the mineral Springs mentioned in the volume.

R. F. R. F. R. F. R. F.

# POSTING ITINERARY

TO

# THE SPAS IN GERMANY,

DESCRIBED IN THE PRESENT VOLUME;

FOR TWO TRAVELLERS AND A SERVANT IN A LIGHT OPEN CARRIAGE DRAWN BY TWO HORSES WITH ONE POSTILION.

## FIRST ROUTE.

*From Strasbourg to Baden-Baden.*

| | Fre. Posts |
|---|---|
| Strasbourg to Kehl | 1 |
| | Ger. Posts |
| K. to Bishopsheim | 1 |
| B. to Stollhoffen | 1 |
| S. to BADEN-BADEN | 1¼ |
| 4 Stages. Expenses, 9 francs 5 sous + 12 florins 2 kreutzers | 1½+ 3¼ |

## SECOND ROUTE.

*Baden-Baden to Stuttgardt, (along the Valley of the Mourg.)*

| | |
|---|---|
| Baden to Gernsbach | ¾ |
| G. to Schönmünzach | 1½ |
| S. to Freudenstadt | 1¼ |
| F. to Pfalzgrafenweiler | 1 |
| P. to Nagold | 1 |
| N. to Herrenberg | ¾ |
| H. to Boblingen | ¾ |
| B. to STUTTGARDT | 1 |
| 7 Stages. Exp. 43 flor. 56 k. Posts | 8 |

## THIRD ROUTE.

*Stuttgardt to Wildbad and back by Liebenzell and Deinach.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Stuttgardt to Boblingen | 1 |
| B. to Calw | 1¼ |
| C. to WILDBAD | 1¼ |
| W. to Liebenzell | ½ |
| L. to Deinach | ½ |
| D. to Calw | 1 |
| C. to STUTTGARDT | 2¼ |
| 7 Stages. Exp. 43 flor. 56 k. Posts | 8 |

## FOURTH ROUTE.

*From Stuttgardt to Boll.*

| | Ger. Posts |
|---|---|
| Stuttgardt to Plockingen | 1½ |
| P. to Goppingen | 1 |
| G. to BOLL | ½ |
| 3 Stages. Exp. 12 flor. 19 k. Posts | 3 |

## FIFTH ROUTE.

*From Boll to Munich.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Boll to Geislingen | 1 |
| G. to Luizhausen | 1 |
| L. to ULM | 1 |
| U. to Gunsbourg | 1½ |
| G. to Burgau | ¾ |
| B. to Zusmarshausen | 1½ |
| Z. to AUGSBURG | 1¼ |
| A. to Eurasburg | 1¼ |
| E. to Schwalhausen | 1½ |
| S. to MUNICH | 1½ |
| 9 Stages. Exp. 53 flor. 46 k. Posts | 12¼ |

## SIXTH ROUTE.

*From Munich to Saltzburg.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Munich to Zorneding | 1¼ |
| Z. to Steinhoring | 1¼ |
| S. to Wasserburg | 1 |
| W. to Frabertsheim | 1 |
| F. to Stein | 1 |
| S. to Waging | 1 |
| W. to Shonram | ¾ |
| S. to SALTSBURG | 1¼ |
| 8 Stages. Exp. 31 flor. 26. k. Posts | 8½ |

## SEVENTH ROUTE.

*From Saltzburg to Gastein.*

| | Ger. Posts |
|---|---|
| Saltzburg to HALLEIN | 1 |
| H. to Golling | 1 |
| G. to Werfen | 1½ |
| W. to St. Johan | 1½ |
| J. to Lend | 1 |
| (*Passage of la Klamme.*) | |
| L. to Hof-GASTEIN | 1½ |
| H. to GASTEIN | ¾ |
| 7 Stages. Exp. 22 flor. 54 k. Posts *Austrian Money.* | 8¼ |

## EIGHTH ROUTE.

*From Saltzburg to Ratisbon.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Saltzburg to Laufen | 1¼ |
| L. to Tittmanning | 1½ |
| T. to Burghausen | 1 |
| B. to Alt-Oetting | 1 |
| A. to Neumarkt | 1½ |
| N. to Vilsbiburg | 1 |
| V. to LANDSHUT | 1¼ |
| L. to Ergoldsbach | 1¼ |
| E. to Buchhause | 1 |
| B. to Eglofsheim | 1 |
| E. to RATISBON or REGENSBURG | 1 |
| 11 Stages. Exp. 43 flor. 13 k. Posts | 12¾ |

## NINTH ROUTE.

*From Ratisbon to Egra.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Ratisbon to Burglengenfeldt | 1½ |
| B. to Schwandorf | 1 |
| S. to Schwarzenfeld | ¾ |
| S. to Wernberg | 1¼ |
| W. to Weiden | 1 |
| W. to Tirschenreuth | 2 |
| T. to EGRA or EGER | 1¾ |
| 7 Stages. Exp. 29 flor. 4 k. Posts | 9¼ |
| N.B. To the Spar of FRANZENBAD, (*performed in a caleche of the country.*) | ½ |

## TENTH ROUTE.

*From Tirschenreuth to Marienbad.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Tirschenreuth to Mähring | 1 |
| M. to Kuttenplan | 1 |
| K. to MARIENBAD | 1 |
| 3 Stages. Exp. 9 flor. 45 k. Posts *Austrian Money.* | 3 |

## ELEVENTH ROUTE.

*From Marienbad to Egra.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Marienbad to Sandau | 1½ |
| S. to EGER or EGRA | 1½ |
| 2 Stages. Exp. 9 flor. 45 k. Posts *Austrian Money.* | 3 |

## TWELFTH ROUTE.

*From Egra to Carlsbad.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Egra to Falkenau | 1½ |
| F. to CARLSBAD | 1½ |
| 2 Stages. Exp. 9 flor. 45 k. Posts *Austrian Money.* | 3 |

## THIRTEENTH ROUTE.

*From Carlsbad to Toeplitz.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Carlsbad to Buchau | 1 |
| B. to Libkowitz | 1 |
| L. to Poodhersam | 1 |
| P. to Saats | 1 |
| PULLNA, SEIDTSCHUTZ, SEIDLITZ. | |
| S. to Brix | 1½ |
| B. to TOEPLITZ | 1¼ |
| 6 Stages. Exp. 20 flor. 40 k. Posts *Austrian Money.* | 6¾ |

** I omit the road from Toeplitz to Dresden, and thence to Berlin, and again back to Leipzig, as not being connected with the objects of the present work, and also because I gave it at full length in a former publication.

## FOURTEENTH ROUTE.

*From Gotha to Kissingen, Bocklet and Bruckenau, (by the New Road and through Meiningen.)*

| | |
|---|---|
| GOTHA to Ohrdruf | 1 |
| O. to Oberhof | 1 |
| O. to Benshausen | 1 |
| B. to MEININGEN | 1⅛ |
| M. to Metrichstadt | 1¼ |
| M. to Munnerstadt | 1½ |
| M. to KISSINGEN | ¾ |
| | 7⅝ |
| Kissingen to BOCKLET and to Bruckenau | 2½ |
| 8 Stages. Exp. 43 flor. 52 k. Posts | 10⅛ |

## FIFTEENTH ROUTE.

*From Bruckenau to Frankfort.*

| | Ger. Posts |
|---|---|
| Bruckenau to Schlüctern | 2 |
| S. to Saalmunster | 1 |
| S. to Gelnhausen | 1 |
| G. to Hanau | 1½ |
| H. to FRANKFORT | 1 |
| 5 Stages. Exp, 29 flor. 6 k. Posts. | 6½ |

## SIXTEENTH ROUTE.

*From Frankfort to Hombourg, and all the* NASSAU SPAS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Frankfort to Hombourg | 1¼ |
| H. to Soden | 1¼ |
| S. to WIESBADEN | 1½ |
| W. to SCHLANGENBAD | 1 |
| S. to SCHWALBACH | 1 |
| S. to Singhofen | 1½ |
| S. to Nassau | ½ |
| N. to Fackingen | 1 |
| F. to Nieder-Selters | 1¼ |
| S. to Limburg | ¾ |
| L. to Geilnau | ¾ |
| G. to EMS | ½ |
| 12 Stages. Exp. 58 flor. 6 k. Posts | 12¼ |

## *SEVENTEENTH ROUTE.

*From Frankfort to Wildbad.*

By DARMSTADT,
HEIDELBERG,
CARLSRUHE or
Bretten by Bruchsal,
Pforzheim,
WILDBAD.

## EIGHTEENTH ROUTE.

*From Manheim to Wildbad.*

By Heidelberg,
Heilbronn and Stuttgardt,
Calw,
WILDBAD.

## NINETEENTH ROUTE.

*From Stuttgardt to Kissingen.*

By Ludwigsburg,
Heilbronn,
Moosbach,
Bischofsheim,
WÜRZBURG,
Karlstadt,
Hamelberg,
KISSINGEN.

## TWENTIETH ROUTE.

*From Frankfort to Gastein.*

By Würzburg,
Nüremberg,
Ratisbon,
Landshut,
Saltzburg,
GASTEIN.

## TWENTY-FIRST ROUTE.

*From Frankfort to the Bohemian Spas.*

By Würzburg,
Bamberg,
Bayreuth,
ALEXANDERBAD,
EGRA,
MARIENBAD,
CARLSBAD,
TOEPLITZ.

## REMARKS.

N.B. I have reduced the amount of the expenses to the common coin of florins, although in some parts Prussian dollars be used = 1 florin 45 kr.

In some of the minor states of Saxony, the distances are reckoned in miles ; but I have preferred using only one denomination, that of Posts, in order to prevent confusion.

* I give the five following other lines of communication to the Spas described in the present volume, as likely to be of service to travellers setting off from this country ; but I must leave the details to be sought for in the guide-books.

# CHEMICO-PNEUMATIC AND THERMOMETRICAL
## TABLE
OF
## THIRTY-SIX MINERAL SPRINGS,
### VISITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPAS OF GERMANY."

EXHIBITING AT ONE VIEW THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE WATERS; THEIR DIFFERENT DEGREES OF HEAT, AND QUANTITY OF FREE CARBONIC ACID GAS.

N.B. The Springs are arranged in the order in which the Author visited them, for the sake of convenience in referring to the text.
The Hot, Thermal, or Tepid Springs are printed in Egyptian letters, and the rest in Roman capitals.
When **S** is prefixed to the Spring, it denotes that the Sodaic Salts and their character predominate; **M**, that the Salts of Magnesia predominate; **L**, the Salts of Lime; **F**, denotes the Steel or Chalybeate Springs.

When $^{S1}$ is prefixed to the name, the Carbonate of Soda, or Carbonic Gas prevails — The Taste is Alkaline, flat, and soapy; or sharp and brisk, if an excess of Carbonic Acid be present also
$^{M2}$ is prefixed to the name, the Sulphate of Magnesia prevails — The Taste is Bitter,
$^{S3}$ is prefixed to the name, the Muriate of Soda prevails — The Taste is Saltish.
$^{F4}$ is prefixed to the name, the Chalybeate character prevails — The Taste is Styptic.
When $^{0}$ is prefixed, it signifies that the water has no marked taste.

| No. of Springs. | Degrees of Temperature in Two Thermometers R. | F. | NAMES OF THE SPRINGS. | Soda with M. | S. | C. | P. | Lime with M. | S. | C. | P. | F. | Magnesia with M. | S. | C. | P. | N. | Potassa with M. | S. | C. | Alumine with Pure. | P. | Silica Pure. | Oil of Iron Pure. | with C. | Oil of Manganese Pure. | with C. | Free Carbonic Gas in Cubic Inches. | Authority for the Analysis. | Dates. | REMARKS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 34 | 135½ | (S$^{0}$) **BADEN-BADEN** | 16.000 | | | | 1.750 | 3.000 | 1.670 | | | 0.230 | | | | | | | | | | 0.330 | | 0.900 | | | ¼ | Kölreuter | 1822 | Solid extractive matter of an animal nature, 0.200. |
| 2 | 7⅞ | 48 | (S$^{01}$) RIPPOLDSAU | 0.120 | 13.660 | | 0.240 | | 0.460 | 9.460 | | | 0.240 | | 0.160 | | | Traces | | | | 0.190 | 1.890 | | 0.740 | | 0.570 | 47 | Reimann | 1830 | Extractive matter, 0.120. |
| 3 | 23½ | 98 | (S$^{0}$) **WILDBAD** | 1.810 | 0.400 | 0.350 | | | | 0.540 | | | | | 0.070 | | | | 0.020 | | | | 0.390 | | 0.020 | | 0.020 | See Text | Schwart | 1831 | Sticky bituminous matter, a trace. |
| 4 | 19½ | 76 | (S$^{0}$) LIEBENZELL | 3.610 | 0.230 | 0.360 | | | | 0.400 | | | | | | | | | | | | | 0.120 | | Traces | | Traces | See Text | Schwart | 1831 | Sticky bituminous matter, soluble in alcohol. |
| | | | DEINACH | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 5 | 7½ | 48 | (L$^{02}$) { Sauerquelle | 0.200 | 0.650 | 2.250 | | | | 3.450 | | | | | | | | | | | | | 0.250 | | Traces | | Traces | 45 | Fehrmann | 1819 | |
| 6 | 3½ | 45 | (F$^{04}$) { Deutschquelle | 1.070 | 2.590 | 2.370 | | | Traces | | | | Traces | | | | | | | | | | | | 0.760 | | Traces | ½ | Fehrmann | 1819 | |
| 7 | 15½ | 66 | S$^{0103}$) CANNSTADT | 13.500 | 7.750 | | | 0.140 | 11.200 | 7.140 | | | 0.030 | | 0.140 | | | | | | | | | | 0.140 | | | 39 | Mossatt | 1815 | |
| 8 | 9½ | 53 | BOLL (Sulph.) | 0.210 | 3.340 | 1.050 | | | | 1.400 | | | | | 0.030 | | | | | 0.030 | | | 0.030 | | Traces | | Traces | 5 | Gmelin | 1820 | { Bitumen. Sulphuretted Hyd. Gas, 0.0056, vol. |
| 9 | 30½ | 120 | (S$^{0}$) **GASTEIN** | 0.185 | 1.433 | 0.693 | | | | 0.539 | | Traces | | | 0.010 | | | 0.140 | | | | 0.022 | 0.535 | 0.048 | | 0.015 | | See Text | Hochfeld | 1828 | { Sulphuret of Sodium, 0.009. Bitumen. |
| | | | MARIENBAD | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 10 | 9½ | 53 | (S$^{01}$) { Kreutzbrunnen | 13.564 | 38.116 | 10.257 | | | | 3.034 | | | | | 2.719 | | | | | | | 0.005 | 0.586 | | 0.176 | | 0.038 | 34½ | Berzelius | 1822 | { Carbonate of Strontia, 0.004. |
| 11 | 7½ | 49 | (S$^{01}$) { Ferdinandsbrunnen | 4.036 | 22.536 | 3.349 | | | | 4.014 | | | | | 3.049 | | | | | | | 0.003 | 0.679 | | 0.400 | | 0.092 | 40 | Stiesman | 1819 | { Carbonate of Lithia, 0.068. |
| | | | EGRA | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 12 | 9½ | 53 | (S$^{02}$) { Franzensquelle | 0.333 | 25.427 | Bicar. 5.556 | | | | 1.600 | 2.022 | | | | 0.333 | 0.013 | | | | | | | 0.567 | | 0.068 | | 0.004 | 27½ | Berzelius | 1822 | and Trommsdorf { Traces of Lithia and Strontia. |
| 13 | 9 | 52½ | (S$^{02}$) { Salzquelle | 0.216 | 17.933 | Bicar. 9.320 | | | | 1.601 | 0.004 | | | | 0.132 | | | | | | | | 0.333 | | 0.044 | | 0.004 | 30½ | Berzelius | 1822 | |
| 14 | 60 | 167 | (S$^{012}$) **CARLSBAD** | 7.375 | 19.869 | 9.625 | | | | 10.030 | Sub. 0.001 | 0.014 | | | 1.370 | | | | | | | Sub. 0.002 | 0.577 | | 0.028 | | 0.007 | 11½ | Berzelius | 1822 | { Carbonate of Lithia, 0.020. Carbonate of Strontia, 0.007. |
| 15 | 11½ | 56 | (M$^{02}$) FULLNA | | 11.890 | | | | 2.600 | 0.770 | Sub. 0.003 | | 19.666 | 25.330 | 6.406 | | | | 4.600 | | | | 0.176 | | | | | ½ | Struve | 1830 | |
| 16 | 11½ | 56 | (M$^{02}$) SEIDSCHÜTZ | | 25.496 | | | | 1.304 | 6.805 | Sub. 0.015 | | 1.650 | 35.138 | 1.101 | | 7.937 | | 4.894 | | | Sub. 0.051 | 0.120 | | 0.012 | | 0.042 | 8 | Struve | 1830 | Sulphate of Strontia, 0.045. |
| 17 | 12 | 59 | (M$^{02}$) SEIDLITZ | | | | | | 8.000 | 8.000 | | | 3.000 | 100.000 | 3.000 | | | | | | | | | | | | | 0 | Naumann | 1828 | { The Seidlitz Salts, sold in London, bear no resemblance whatever to this water |
| 18 | 40 | 122 | (S$^{0}$) **TOEPLITZ** | 0.374 | 1.496 | 12.240 | | | | 0.540 | | | | | | | | | | | | | 0.420 | | 0.056 | | | 23 | Ambrozzi | 1829 | Animal extractive matter. |
| 19 | 5½ | 44 | (L$^{04}$) LIEBENSTEIN | 2.500 | 1.400 | | | 1.111 | 0.300 | 5.925 | | | 3.030 | | | | | | | | | | | | 2.000 | | | 26 | Trommsdorf | 1829 | { I have some reasons for doubting the accuracy of the proportion of iron in this analysis. |
| | | | KISSINGEN | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 20 | 9½ | 53 | (S$^{0102}$) { Ragoczi | 10.000 | 2.000 | 0.020 | 0.170 | | 2.500 | 3.350 | | | 6.850 | | 2.500 | | | 0.910 | | | 0.180 | | 2.230 | | 0.680 | | Traces | 70½ | Kastner | 1830 | { Hydrochlorate of Magnesia, 0.700. |
| 21 | 9½ | 50½ | (S$^{0102}$) { Pandur | 17.000 | 1.750 | 0.030 | 0.090 | | 0.750 | 3.850 | | | 3.850 | | 1.620 | | | 0.250 | | | 0.050 | | 1.350 | | 0.450 | | Traces | 29 | Kastner | 1829 | { Muriate of Ammonia, 0.030. Organic Extractive 0.150, and traces of Iodine, Strontia, and Lithia. |
| | | | BOCKLET | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 22 | 9 | 52½ | (S$^{04}$) { Ludwigsquelle | 7.500 | 6.250 | | | | 0.500 | 7.250 | | | 0.750 | | 1.750 | | | 1.250 | | | | | 0.500 | | 0.650 | | | 31 | Vogel | 1823 | Humus extractive. |
| 23 | 9½ | 52½ | L Sulph.) { Schwefelquelle | 0.250 | 0.250 | 0.500 | | | | 2.500 | | | | | 0.500 | | | 0.500 | | | | | 0.160 | | 0.400 | | | 21½ | Vogel | 1823 | { The Silica is with humus extractive, Sulphuretted Hydr. Gas ½ of a cubic inch. |
| | | | BRUCKENAU | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 24 | 8½ | 51 | F$^{0402}$) { Brückenauer | 0.021 | 1.171 | | | | | 0.898 | | | | 0.002 | 0.010 | | | | | | | | 0.836 | | 0.233 | | | 50½ | Pickel and Maier | 1818 | |
| 25 | 7½ | 49 | (L$^{02}$) { Sinnberger | 0.021 | 0.046 | | | | | 0.264 | | | | Traces | 0.082 | | | | | | | | 0.161 | | 0.011 | | | 26 | Maier | 1818 | |
| 26 | 9½ | 53 | (S$^{0103}$) HOMBOURG | 7.844 | 0.276 | | | 7.756 | | 9.988 | | | 7.707 | | 1.993 | | | | | | | | 0.543 | | 0.460 | | | 46½ | Liebig | 1836 | |
| 27 | 19 | 75 | (S$^{03}$) **SODEN** | 17.500 | | | | | 0.199 | 9.756 | | | | | 0.500 | | | 0.176 | | | 0.015 | | 0.168 | | 0.160 | | | See Text | Schwinkhard | 1831 | |
| 28 | 56 | 158 | (S$^{03}$) **WISBADEN** | 44.325 | 0.760 | | | 5.816 | 0.040 | 1.650 | | | 0.730 | | | | | 1.200 | | | | | 0.600 | | 0.078 | | | 6 | Kastner | 1823 | { The Silica is combined with Magnesia. There are traces of Bromine also. The notion of any Sulphur being present in this water is absurd. |
| 29 | 24 | 86 | (S$^{010}$) **SCHLANGENBAD** | 1.000 | | 3.000 | | 0.193 | | 1.000 | | | 0.065 | | 0.750 | | | | | | | | | | | | | 4½ | Kastner | 1823 | |
| | | | SCHWALBACH | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 30 | 7 | 46 | F$^{0104}$) { Weinbrunnen | 0.166 | 0.660 | 0.375 | Traces | | | 2.110 | | | | | 3.125 | | | Traces | | | Traces | | Traces | | 0.833 | | Traces | 26 | Kastner | 1828 | { Traces of Strontia, Iodine, Iodate of Potash, Sodium, Lithia, and Vegetable extractive matter. |
| 31 | 7½ | 49 | M$^{01}$) { Paulinen | 0.030 | 0.025 | 0.450 | | | | 2.055 | | | | | 2.750 | | | 0.021 | | | Traces | | Traces | 0.630 | | 0.009 | Traces | 30 | Kastner | 1829 | |
| 32 | 12 | 59 | (S$^{01}$) SELTZER | 16.000 | 0.365 | 15.609 | 0.723 | | | 1.667 | | | | | 1.093 | | | | | | | | 0.219 | Iron and Manganese | | | 0.131 | 18½ | Bischof | 1826 | EXPLANATION |
| 33 | 8 | 50 | (S$^{01}$) FACHINGEN | 4.311 | 0.303 | 13.257 | 0.916 | | | 2.426 | | | | | 2.731 | | | | | | | | 0.687 | | 0.067 | | | 19½ | Bischof | 1826 | OF THE INITIALS AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMNS. |
| 34 | 8½ | 51 | (S$^{01}$) GEILNAU | 0.237 | 0.204 | 12.040 | 0.739 | | | 1.916 | | | | | 2.133 | | | | | | | | 0.310 | Iron and Manganese | | | 0.160 | 25½ | Bischof | 1826 | M. stands for Muriatic Acid. S. Sulphuric Acid. C. Carbonic Acid. P. Phosphoric Acid. F. Fluoric Acid. N. Nitric Acid. |
| | | | EMS | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 35 | 58 | 158 | (S$^{0102}$) { Kesselbrunnen | 8.000 | 1.000 | 20.000 | | 0.500 | | 2.000 | | | 0.250 | | 2.000 | | | | | | | | Traces | | Traces | | 0.125 | 17 | Kastner | 1830 | |
| 36 | 23 | 84 | (S$^{01}$) { Kranchenbrunnen | 7.124 | | 10.750 | | | | 1.140 | | | | | 0.750 | | | 0.044 | 0.540 | | | | 0.413 | | 0.026 | | Traces | See Text | Struve | 1830 | |

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THE END.

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# A LIST

## OF FORMER PUBLICATIONS

## BY DR. GRANVILLE.

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I.

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BARON GUYTON DE MORVEAU, F.R.S.,

Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. &c.; drawn up from the Papers and Documents committed to the care of the Author by the late Baroness de Morveau. 8vo. London, 1817.

*** This is the only biographical account, founded on authentic documents, that has ever been published of this truly celebrated man. Having been one among the *Regicides*—the Royal Institute of France scarcely recorded his death, and no one of that body was found bold enough, in the days of the Restoration, to raise his voice in commendation of their departed and illustrious fellow-member. That grateful yet melancholy task was committed to the hands of a foreigner —a friend of Morveau, and of his surviving widow,—who had nothing to fear from the frowns of the restored Bourbons in performing the duty of a faithful biographer.

II.

### A REPORT OF THE PRACTICE OF MIDWIFERY AT THE WESTMINSTER GENERAL DISPENSARY DURING 1818;

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lives of individuals, or on the probability of the lives of their existing or expected progeny. We recommend them to the attention of our readers."—*The London Medical and Physical Journal*, vol. xliv., 1820.

III.

## OBSERVATIONS, PRACTICAL AND POLITICAL, ON THE PLAGUE, AND ON CONTAGION,

With Reference to the Quarantine Laws, including the History of the Plague, lately existing in five European Ports of the Mediterraneum. 8vo. 1 Plate. London, 1819. pp. 122.

IV.

## A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. HUSKISSON, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE,

On the Danger of altering the Quarantine Laws of this Country, in reference to Plague. 8vo. May, 1825.

"The vast opportunities which Dr. Granville has had in early life to witness and study the Levant plague in the East, qualify him to give an opinion on the question now mooted in the House of Commons, respecting the *Quarantine Laws*; and we are not surprised at the firm language in which he has addressed the President of the Board of Trade on the subject; warning him of the danger that must attend, in a political point of view, any change in those laws. The author of this letter, by his evidence before the Plague Committee, in 1819, and his 'Practical and Political Treatise on the Plague,' published in the same year, has shown himself a perfect master of the subject on which he has written."—*Times*, 1825.

V.

## AN HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE

On the Internal use of the Hydrocyanic (Prussic acid) in Pulmonary Consumption and other Diseases of the Chest. 2nd Edition. Large 12mo. 418 pp. London, 1820.

"We are clearly of opinion that the profession are under deep obligations to Dr. Granville, of whose talents we entertain a very high opinion, for introducing, and perseveringly bringing a medicine before the public in this country which promises to hold some rank among our potent medicinal preparations."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review*, vol. i., 1820.

"The number of interesting facts which this book presents, the assiduity with which they have been collected, and the perspicuous and methodic manner in which they are related, need only be contemplated, in order that they may obtain that tribute which is due to the author, and an acknowledgment of the claims of the work to the attention of medical practitioners."—*Medical and Physical Journal*, vol. xlv., 1821.

VI.

## AN ESSAY ON EGYPTIAN MUMMIES;

With Observations on the Art of Embalming among the Egyptians 4to. London, 1825. Six Plates, one coloured. (Phil. Trans., and separately.)

*** The opening of a female mummy in the presence of most of the leading men of science in the metropolis, and the demonstration of its high state of preservation made by the author before the Royal Society, the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, have served to establish, for the first time, the fact, that in the most perfect process of embalming, the Egyptians employed *wax* as the principal ingredients. There are very few specimens extant in Europe of mummies so embalmed, and the one which is still in the author's possession is, probably, an unique example of that class.

VII.

## ST. PETERSBURGH.

A Journal of Travels to and from that Capital, through Flanders, Prussia, Russia, Poland, Silesia, Saxony, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1342 pp. Maps, and 72 Plates. Three Editions. London, 1828.

"Petersburg is the theatre for the display of Doctor Granville's descriptive powers and graphical illustrations; and we do not hesitate to say, that his 'Picture of St. Petersburg' contains the most copious and detailed description of the gigantic edifices of this extraordinary city which has hitherto been laid before the public."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxix., page 14.

"The greater portion of the work consists of accounts of St. Petersburg and the manners and customs of its inhabitants, entered into minutely, and, we may add, satisfactorily. He has been enabled to present us some spirited and doubtless accurate sketches of its appearance and its peculiarities, and he will certainly impress upon the reader's mind a high idea of the greatness and importance of the 'City of Palaces.'"—*New Times*, Sept. 17, 1828.

"We appreciate this work for being what travels ought to be, a collection of valuable facts and the result of diligent research and scientific scrutiny."—*Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 29, 1828.

"Dr. Granville's work entitled 'St. Petersburg,' is one of the books of travels, at the present day, of rare occurrence. Its characteristic is its abundance of facts. The author is evidently an active and a methodical person. He spares no pains in making inquiries and flinches from no labour in recording them. His note book is always in his hand; and prepared with all the contrivances for recording, methodizing, and condensing his information; it is not surprising that in four month's absence he should produce two stupendous volumes of intelligence. It is impossible to follow a collector of this kind without gathering instruction."—*Spectator*, Sept. 13, 1828.

"Dr. Granville is a gentleman who seems to be admirably calculated for the general purpose of travel; nothing escapes him. It would be idle to deny that there is much important and useful information contained in his

splendid volumes; and, on the whole it may be stated that we are not in possession of any work that exhibits such a painstaking desire to place before Englishmen all matters (political excepted) that can be considered interesting in relation to Russia. In justice to his labours we have to observe in conclusion, that he has produced two volumes whose principal fault lies in excess and not in omission.—*Atlas*, Sept. 14, 1828.

"St. Petersburg is by far the most graphic, intelligent and well informed work on the marvellous capital of Peter the Great. After having gone through three editions it has the rank of a standard book, and possesses all the accuracy without the dulness of a guide."—*New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1837.

VIII.

## THE CATECHISM OF HEALTH;

Or, Simple Rules for the Preservation of Health and the Attainment of a long Life, &c. 16mo. 348 pp. London, 1831. Four Editions.

"The catechetical form adopted by Dr. Granville in this very opportune little volume, is best suited to convey information to the middle and lower orders. In it we have every topic connected with health and sickness, with medicine, diet, exercise, &c., treated in a very useful and familiar manner. Dr. Granville has had much experience in various quarters of Europe as well as at home; and his opinions, addressed in plain terms to every capacity, are entitled to due consideration."—*Literary Gazette*, Sept. 1831.

*** This is the work which an anonymous libeller of the GENUS OBSTETRICORUM, ventured to misrepresent by the most barefaced and unfounded assertions, contained in an article which found admission into the *Quarterly Review*, to the surprise and mortification of the respectable part of the individuals connected with that publication. As the article was merely intended to injure the author of the Catechism, and not the work itself, it only made its appearance at the end of a twelvemonth after the first publication of the Catechism, and after the *bonâ fide* sale of four editions of that book, which was then out of print. The article accused the author of imitating an old German work without acknowledging it—than which no greater falsehood was ever uttered by reviewer. Had the scribbler either read the preface, or been honest, he must have seen it declared by the author, that the idea of the work, and some entire parts of it, were taken from a book of foreign importation, though not a German one. But this did not suit the purpose of the maligner.

IX.

## GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF ABORTION, &c.;

With Prolegomena of the Development and Metamorphoses of the Human Ovum. Large quarto, with 14 coloured Plates and 45 figures. London, 1833.

*** The author was engaged seven years on this work, which was published by subscription to the extent of 500 copies, and the plates were afterwards destroyed. It had cost the Author 400*l*.

"The principal part of this splendid work, as we have already hinted, and as the title-page declares, is *graphic*. The plates, which are twelve in

number, are most accurate and beautiful; in truth, it would be in vain to attempt to describe what these plates so well represent. It becomes the duty of every man who loves study, and to encourage the labours of others in the higher walks of the profession, to examine the book itself. Every point in the text which could be advantageously illustrated by original drawings, is made the subject of a beautiful reference to nature, as she may be seen in the bright mirror of pictorial art. The work is admirably executed, and proves, most indisputably, that Dr. Granville, as an investigator in the field of medical science, is endowed with high mental capabilities and attainments."—*The Lancet*, Nov. 2, 1833.

"The anatomical preparations in every case were placed before the artist by Dr. Granville, and explained and demonstrated to him. The result is, that in the course of seven years, twelve plates containing forty-five anatomical figures, have been produced, lithographed, and coloured, by Mr. Perry, rivalling the most successful efforts of French, German, and Italian artists. That such a series of representations must be highly useful to the profession at large, admits of no cavil or doubt; and we can only say, that the moment we saw the work we subscribed to it from a sense of duty to industrious merit. We cannot too earnestly advise every practitioner who desires to make himself master of the subject of this volume, to possess himself of the work."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review. New Series.* July, 1833.

"This is really a splendid volume, and one which in an especial manner deserves the patronage of the public. As we have been under the necessity of frequently differing from Dr. Granville, it affords us pleasure, on this occasion, to speak in terms of unmingled commendation."—*Medical Gazette*, May, 1833.

## X.

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Being a Statistical Summary of its Labours during the last 35 years, with Tables, &c. 8vo. London, 1830.

"Doctor Granville passes under notice in this important volume every topic connected with the history, statistical and scientific, of the Royal Society, since 1800. The work contains an almost incalculable number of facts. In it the author replies with many strong arguments to Mr. Babbage's allegations concerning the great decline of science in England, and hits somewhat hard at Sir James South. That the Royal Society is at a low plight he agrees; but contends that this is owing to internal cabals—the reform not having gone far enough. He shows how much may be done with mere parts and divisions of science, when cultivated under judicious management. Dr. Granville's volume, if rightly taken, ought to produce good effect."—*Literary Gazette*, March, 1836.

*** Instead of the book being "rightly taken" it was, on the contrary, made an excuse, by a handful of "fellows" who thought that the cap fitted them too well, for affronting the author, through an infringement of the statutes, and a series of highly irregular proceedings sanctioned by the Rulers. The truth contained in the volume commended by the Literary Gazette was too strong to be palatable; and accordingly a motion was ushered in with speeches by a "fellow" three years old, at an ordinary meeting of the society (although at all such meetings both motions and speeches are held by the statutes to be illegal) to the effect, that the author of "The Royal Society in the Nineteenth Century," who had presented a copy of his work to the society,

ought not be thanked for it. Such an act of discourtesy as well as illegality, perpetrated by about thirty, out of seven hundred fellows, was perfectly in keeping with the many abuses dissected and laid bare by the author of the work. To add to this amusing display of spite, the people who were this year employed in issuing to the fellows generally, cards of invitation to the Royal Soirées, at Kensington Palace, omitted for the first time (doubtless without the knowledge of the Royal President) the name of the author of the only existing genuine history of the Royal Society during the first thirty-five years of the nineteenth century!

XI.

## THE SPAS OF GERMANY.

2 vols. 8vo. 998 pp. London, 1837.

"Doctor Granville's work does him honour: his volumes will be a remarkable acquisition to the invalid, to the traveller, and to his professional brethren in this country. They are animated, intelligent, and instructive."—*New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1837.

"These royal-looking volumes may be regarded in two distinct aspects; first, as containing a scientific analysis of the several Spas of Germany, which they describe minutely; second, as an itinerary over a very pleasant route, in which the companionable qualities of the writer make no slight recommendation. In both respects they fulfil their purpose so satisfactorily, that we should select them in preference to any other work of the kind which we know of, as a guide to the places visited by the author."—*Atlas*, August 20, 1837.

"The matter which Dr. Granville has collected in these volumes, proves that however high his reputation as a scholar, a gentleman, and a physician, he has an ample claim to every particle of it. We affirm that this very book is a medicinal prescription of sovereign virtue and efficacy, more especially in affections of the spirits of all kinds and degrees. To one who purposes to visit the *German Spas*, this book is as necessary as his portmanteau, or his travelling-bag, or a purse to pay the way. We sum up by saying that Dr. Granville will prove a pleasant companion as well as skilful medical adviser to the traveller in Germany."—*The Bath Herald*, Friday evening, 11th of August, 1837.

"Doctor Granville has produced a useful and most amusing book, of a kind in which his peculiar talents, position in society and previous experience and connexions give him mastery. It is written by an accomplished man of the world for the benefit and entertainment of the people of the world; with good taste and in that fluent and unaffected style which renders the small talk and chit-chat of medical literature so generally acceptable. We must do the author the justice to say, that his copious admixture of gay and light matter does not lead him, in any instance, to sacrifice utility to amusement. His work is a genuine well-informed guide, as well as a pleasant companion and sensible medical adviser."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, Sept. 1837.

"Many of Dr. Granville's details may vie in interest and novelty with those given in Head's well-known "Bubbles;" but indeed the whole work is replete with entertainment, for the author is an observant inquisitive traveller, who possesses considerable descriptive ability and tact in the discrimination of characters. Nothing, however trifling it may appear, escapes his vigilant scrutiny, and, as his volumes wear the appearance of adhering rigidly to truth, we have little doubt that they will meet with the approbation they deserve."—*The Sun*, 15th of August, 1837.

"This work takes the universally pleasing and popular form of a book of travels, the author having chosen it as the happy medium of conveying the

great mass of novel and important information which he has to lay before the reader. In the next place, he has described with sufficient minuteness to be at once instructive and amusing, the best routes by which to reach the various Spas; the best modes of following those routes; the most judicious and available plan for the visitor to pursue in regard to living, &c., and every other non-professional information that may be desired; in this evincing a most rare and praiseworthy departure from that professional mock dignity which is one of the besetting weaknesses of his brother practitioners, as a body. In this department of his work he has introduced a large and entertaining store of anecdotes, personal sketches, &c., which will be read with as much amusement as curiosity. Finally, and more important than all, Dr. Granville has furnished the English public with a most lucid and simple sketch, divested of all professional jargon and mystification, of the real nature, qualities, composition, powers and results, which belong, severally and respectively, to these truly wonder-working agents of beneficent nature."—*The Naval and Military Gazette*, July 22, 1837.

XII.

## COUNTER-IRRITATION:

### Its Principles and Practice, illustrated by One Hundred Cases of the most painful and important Diseases, effectually cured by External Applications.

"We have no hesitation in announcing this new work of Dr. Granville, as one of the most important and interesting that has ever issued from the medical press. Its subject is one, the principle of which is as old as Hippocrates; yet one that, to this day, is as little understood among the non-professional world, and (although well enough understood) as little practised by "the profession," as if it were a new device just dropped from the cloudy brain of some mere theorist. It is the excellent and important aim and attainment of Dr. Granville's book to make this subject level to the knowledge and capacity of the general public, and to throw open to the world all the vast advantages which it promises. The array of cases which this volume lays before the world, and the clear, and simple, and popular manner in which the details are given, must put an end to all doubt or cavil on the question, as to the importance and practical utility of the new therapeutic agent thus fairly, frankly, and ably brought forward by Dr. Granville."

"In conclusion we have to notice the admirable clearness, with which Dr. Granville expounds all his views, and details all his facts, and to thank him cordially for venturing to address himself direct to that public whose interest his work so vitally concerns."—*Naval and Military Gazette, August* 11, 1838.

"We rejoice for the sake of the author, as well as for that of the public, at the appearance of this volume, which, as the preface states, contains 'the result of nine years' experience and meditation, on the subject of *counter-irritation*,' respecting which, Dr. Granville had so long ago as the year 1832 promised to publish, the result of his practice. Dr. Granville has now fully redeemed his pledge. His work is written in that clear and perspicuous style, and with that methodical and well-arranged system of distribution of its subjects, which characterize all his former publications addressed, like the present one, to the general reader.' The most uninformed in matters of physic will understand, and will peruse with pleasure and interest the valuable con-

tents of this volume : while the overwhelming evidence it contains in support of the author's practice, cannot fail to carry conviction to the mind of every one, and perpetuate a method of cure which has innumerable advantages in its favour besides its success."

"We again repeat that the work is deserving of the most serious and immediate attention of those who suffer from painful diseases, and feel discouraged in their pursuit of health through the ordinary means."—*Morning Post, August*, 1838.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

