TRAVELS IN GERMANY.

VIEWS OF CITIES AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

Munich and its Adornments—Fine Churches, Theaters and Libraries—Augsburg, Nuremberg and Bohemia—Etc.

[For the RECORD-UNION by Prof. E. Kemen.]

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, was founded by Henry, the "Lion-hearted," and is located in a sterile and unattractive plain on the river Isar. Far in the background lie the Bavarian Alps. The handsome buildings and edifices which the artistic taste of King Louis I. has caused to be erected, as well as the priceless art treasures which Munich contains, has placed it on an equal footing with the largest cities of Europe. We shall describe some of the chief edifices. The royal residence consists of the old and the new palace. The exterior of the old palace has an indifferent appearance, but the interior is full of splendor and luxury. It contains many statues and curiosities. The new palace, or Koenigsban, is richly provided with marble figures and fresco-paintings, among which are several representations of the Nibelungen. This is the present royal abode. A new wing, called Festsaalban, built in the Venetian style, has been added to this palace. Ten massive columns supports its grand portal. On the main floor is the magnificent crown-hall, containing fourteen colossal bronze statues of Bavarian princes, cast after the models of Schwanthaler, and adjoining it are three imperial halls equally magnificent. In one of the imperial chambers stands a gala-bed, in the embroidery and adornment of which three hundred and nineteen pounds of gold were employed. Next comes

THE MAXIMILIAN PALACE

And the ducal palace of Leuchtenberg. The former has a large collection of drawings, miniatures and ivory works; the latter a fine picture gallery. The Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences has large collections of antiquities and objects of art, also a natural cabinet, including the Museum Brasilianum. The Bibliothek or library, is one of the finest buildings in Munich. It is built in the Florentine style. Before its triple portal are the statues of Aristoteles, Homer, Hippocrates and Thucydides. It contains over eight hundred thousand volumes. The Glyptothek, or statuary building, has a portico supported by twelve columns and four pillars, and on the outside there are colossal marble statues, representing historical and mythological personalities. The old and the new Pinakothek (picture galleries) have the richest collection of paintings to be found in Germany. Besides paintings they contain cabinets of Grecian and Etrurian vases, a cabinet of fossils and collections of porcelain paintings, engravings (300,000 plates) and drawings of old masters (10,000 leaves). The old Pinakothek is built in the Roman style, and its main portal has twenty-four statues of celebrated painters.

THE ROYAL THEATER

Is the largest in Germany; it has a grand portico and is built in imitation of the Theater La Scala of Milan. A remarkable erection is the Propilaen. This is a triple triumphal arch, built in the Dorian style. Of the churches of Munich I will mention a few. The Court-chapel, adjoining the royal residence, is built in the Italian-Byzantine style; its walls have a gilded ground and are laid over with colored marble and fresco-pictures of the New and Old Testament. The St. Boniface Church, in Basilic form, is an accomplished and noble work of Ziebland; its splendid roof is resting upon sixty-four marble columns. This church is also covered with fresco-paintings. The Church of St. Louis, with its fine towers and the celebrated fresco-paintings by Cornelius, among which is the "Last Judgment," is built also in the Italian-Byzantine style. The Church of St. Peter has many fine paintings from the fifteenth century, and sixteen altars. The Theatiner Church, holding the royal family vaults; the Churches of the Holy Ghost, of Our Lady and Michaelshof are also handsome structures. Munich has some very

FINE STREETS AND PUBLIC SQUARES.

Among the public monuments some deserve special mention. The gigantic bronze statue "Bavaria," cast upon a model by Schwanthaler, stands on a pedestal thirty feet high. Through a small door in the pedestal you ascend a stair-case of sixty steps to the foot of the celoss, and thence another sixty steps through the body, will bring you into its head, in which there is standing room for thirty persons. Through openings in the curls of hair of this monster, a fair view of the city and country is had. The hight of the giant from the soles of the feet to the top of the head is sixty-six feet, making ninety-six feet with the pedestal. The statues of the composers Gluck and Orlando di Lasso, those of Chancellor Kreitemayr, of Westenrieder, the historian, and between them that of Prince Max Emanuel, the conqueror of Belgrade, stand on the Promenadenplatz. There are also the statues of Maximilian I. on the Wittelbacherplatz; that of Max Joseph on the square of the same name, and the hundred feet high obelisk in bronze,

A MEMENTO OF THE 30,000 BAVARIANS

Who, in 1812, followed Napoleon into Russia, and of which not a soul ever returned. The reader will pardon my somewhat minute description of Munich, if he is told that the object is to show how little we generally know about the many interesting and instructive curiosities to be seen in hundreds of cities of the world, whose names are hardly known to us. I might describe at some length larger cities, such as Berlin or Vienna; but here is a city with less than two hundred thousand inhabitants, rivaling the greatest capitals of Europe and the famous classical cities of Italy in objects of arts and sciences. Life is pleasant and cheap in Munich. From one to two dollars a day will defray expenses in a comfortable hotel, equal in accommodations to those charging a much higher price in other countries. One thing that strikes strangers is the large beer and wine-halls. There is no comparison between them and those generally seen. With the exception of some of a certain class of those places, the beer-halls of Munich may be considered regular family resorts of a decent and proper kind. Respectable families do not disdain to visit them and enjoy a sociable evening. There are no traces of that boisterous and rough element too often seen in some countries. I have said that Bavarians

CONSUME LARGE QUANTITIES OF BEER.

This is true. But it does not imply any habits of drunkenness. The climate, the constitution of the people and the quality of the beverage permit the indulgence, which has not shown any bad effects for centuries. Strong alcoholic drinks are not taken. In Europe the customs and peculiarities of the different races are more marked than here. The French have their cafes, the Germans their beer-halls; the former to take wines and liquors, the latter beer and wine. What would seem improper to the puritanical minds of many Americans seems natural and proper in other countries, and vice versa. There are no temperance societies in those countries that I know of; and, although beer and wine are daily used in many families, there is no drunkenness perceptible even among the lower class.

THE CITY OF AUGSBURG.

The next place visited after Munich was Augsburg, an ancient town, located in a healthy and productive country. Like most old cities it has many dark and narrow streets. There are some edifices, churches and antiquities, however, which are worth seeing. The Cathedral, partly built in the sixth century, has fine paintings and picture-stained windows. The Court-house, built in 1615, is one of the finest in Germany and bears the sensible inscription: "Publico consilio, publicae saluti." Its main hall, lighted by fifty-two windows, contains a large picture gallery. Near the Court-house is the Perlachsthurm, a tower three hundred and twenty six feet high. Augsburg was once one of the free cities of Germany. Before leaving Bavaria we must mention two other places. The first is Nuremberg, a city presenting more clearly the impressions of the Middle Ages than any city in Germany. Its streets, although for the most part narrow and irregular, are lively and have an inviting appearance. The commerce and industry of Nuremberg have always been great. Its fancy articles, toys and carved goods are known all over the world. Here watches were invented by Hela. It is the birth-place of Durer, the celebrated painter and author. With its activity and industry Nuremberg would still appear to an American in many respects a backward old place. One instance will serve as an illustration. One evening I saw a fire which had originated in the upper story of a building used as a place of storage for hops. The fire at first was insignificant and could have been easily extinguished. Notwithstanding the large crowd of spectators no efforts were made for some time to check it. Upon inquiry I was informed that

NO ORDERS HAD YET BEEN GIVEN

By the authorities to the Fire Department. When that body set to work I saw a couple of old hand-pumps which seemed to feed the fire instead of subduing it. I soon had occasion to repent of my curiosity, for the police made every one near work in passing water-buckets, which was another primitive way of dealing with fire. Chains were formed to the nearest place of water and the buckets passed from hand to hand. The reader can imagine of how little effect is such a system. The United States stand ahead of the world in the way of dealing with great fires; but as every question has its two sides, we would inquire if prevention is not better than cure. If Europe is behind in that respect, it must be conceded that fires occur there much more seldom than here. The buildings are for the greater part of stone, with slate-roofs, and this may also be the reason why there are so few conflagrations. Another noteworthy place in Bavaria is Kissingen. This is a watering-place of renown, which attracts many visitors. The waters are bottled and sent all over the world on account of their curative qualities.

A GLIMPSE OF BOHEMIA.

As the Austrian frontier is close at hand, and as that country, which has still a population of ten millions of Germans, has played, until lately, a prominent part in the history of Germany, I shall in my next say something about its beautiful capital. Besides, Vienna may be considered a German city in every respect in language, manners and customs. The opinion is often expressed by travelers, who have visited the capitals of Europe, that Vienna is the finest and most pleasant city after Paris. On the way to Vienna one may travel through Bohemia, that old and strange country, the name of whose inhabitants is so generally used to indicate a roving character. Singularly enough the adoption of the name "Bohemian," used in this sense, seems unaccountable, as no roaming disposition is discernible in the Bohemians, who stick with tenacity to their native soil. Bohemia has a population of about five millions, of which two-thirds belong to the Slavic race and one-third to the German. It is bordered on all sides by mountain ranges; its valleys are not very productive, and the country in general shows but little improvements. Prague, its capital, lies on the river Moldan and in the heart of the country.

"FROM CANNES."

Whence do the lovely strangers come
To dazzle in the northern home?
O'er leagues of fair foreign lands
And tossing waves and rocky strands;
Gathered where sister blossoms shine,
And roses blend with jessamine,
And lemon groves perfume the breeze—
The brilliant red anemones!

Without, the clouds stoop gray and low,
Where, over drifts of sullied snow,
The north wind sweeps on bitter wing
Where violets crouch shuddering;
And the pale primrose scarce dare peep,
Though wearied of her winter sleep.
What should they do in scenes like these,
The glorious red anemones?

Within, by warmth and tendence wooed,
To their sweet fearless charm renewed,
Lake scarlet flames the leaves unclose,
And from our spring of wind and snows,
Their magic bears the fancy back
O'er memory's fair unbroken track,
To sunny plains and whispering seas,
And wealth of red anemones.

Where in the glowing southern light,
The tideless waves lie blue and bright,
And the warm winds all scented sweep,
And in the shade the fountains leap,
And the gray green of olives shows,
And like wrought gold the orange glows,
While from dim mountains steals the breeze
That rustles the anemones.

Oh! dream of holiday and rest,
When life, by love and calm caressed,
'Mid beauty, charm and novelty,
Laughed through a golden month for me!
Though it and all it gave is o'er,
I live its happiness once more,
Drain memory's nectar to its lees,
And—thank my red anemones.

—[All the Year Round.

THAT LAKE TAHOE FISH.—The Carson (Nev.) *Appeal* of July 12th says: Much has been said about a fish in Lake Tahoe twenty feet long, and it is looked upon as a regular midsummer fish story. Numbers of persons, however, who have been making fun of the story now gravely assert that they have seen him while out in boats. Day before yesterday several guests of the Grand Central Hotel while out in a boat avow that they had a good view of him for at least three minutes, as he swam lazily alongside the boat, and are willing to make affidavit of the fact. The parties were Rev. W. A. Beers, of Wheatland; Mrs. L. F. Meyers, of Oakland; John Meyers, her son; T. W. Fielding, of the Equitable Life Insurance Company; and Miss Alice Townsend, of San Francisco. It was about half-way between the Grand Central and Idlewild, and some three hundred yards from the shore. They describe him as being fully twenty feet long and as broad as the boat. This is the first instance where the fish has been seen by more than one person at a time, and as no one would think of questioning the veracity of the parties mentioned, people are beginning to take stock in the fish.

AN EXAMPLE FOR ELOPERS.—Young people—or old ones, for that matter—who contemplate eloping, should see to it beforehand that all their plans are as carefully laid as were those of a young farmer at La Grange, Ga., who eloped with a school girl from the seminary at that place. It was twenty miles to Franklin, where they were to be married; and so, to cut off pursuit, the young man engaged every horse and buggy in the place, with orders not to let any one have them without a written command from him. Taking the girl in his own wagon they started at a swift pace. It was fully half an hour before the Superintendent was made acquainted with the facts, and when he did learn them his first move was to hire a horse and buggy, but wherever he went the horses and buggies were engaged. He finally had to start in pursuit on horseback, but the two were then miles away, going ahead. After they had traversed ten miles they got a fresh horse and buggy, which had been prepared, and went on with renewed speed. In the meantime the Superintendent had nearly given out. They arrived at Franklin and were married, and on returning picked up the Superintendent, whom Mr. and Mrs. Abrams carried back home in one of their buggies.—[Philadelphia Press.

FREEHAND NOTES.

SOME OF THE FINE COUNTRY HOMES ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO.

One Million Dollars of Farm Comforts—The Ralston Magnificence—Enthusiasm for American Women—Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11, 1883.

Although there is very little boasting among Californians about their sumptuous homes, and while they accept with remarkable humility the patronizing descriptions given by the Eastern traveler of places on the Hudson, Long Island and in the suburbs of Boston, to say nothing of the oppressive claims of country-seats in England, they have really every right in the world to fell a reasonable pride in their possessions. After all the State is only thirty years old, and the luxurious laying out of Monterey, the magnificence of Palo Alto, the San Mateo and Menlo Park residences, and the white glories of Belmont and its ivy-covered stone stable, make a wonderful showing of wealth and taste, and, at a certain season, of enlightened hospitality. When the world—those five hundred people whom it is customary to call the world—separate after the dancing season is over and the dust begins to fly in the city, they betake themselves, in the capacity of hosts or guests, to estates as beautiful and villas as luxurious as ingenuity can devise or prodigality execute. In enumerating the

COUNTRY SEATS ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO,

The Cook farm at the foot of Mt. Diablo should have a place, by the way, a million of dollars having been expended in making it comfortable and beautiful, and neither should Captain Floyd's place at Clear Lake be forgotten, where all conventionality is banished and ease and jollity reign from May to December. The most historical of all these residences, the richest in associations, the most widely known outside of California, is undoubtedly Belmont, now the property of Mr. Sharon, and formerly that of the brilliant, restless and ill-starred Ralston; and in a farm-house across the field from her former grandeur, Mrs. Ralston lives to-day. The nucleus, so to speak, of the house as it now is was built by General Cipriani, an Italian patriot who had fought with Garibaldi, and came to California somewhat richer in money than many patriots—Italian or other nationality—and built at Belmont. It was from him that Mr. Ralston bought the property. General Cipriani fared on to Baltimore, and there married a Miss Worthington, who was so charming that when the General returned to Italy he so fired the heart of an Italian patriot friend with

ENTHUSIASM FOR AMERICAN WOMEN,

That the gentleman placed a large sum of money in the hands of his son, bidding him to go at once to America and marry an American "whose heart was filled with ideas of liberty." The son was nothing loth to seek American shores, nor yet to spend the money, but the emancipated fair one was not forthcoming. In the meantime Mr. Ralston took possession at Belmont, tore down, built up and embellished. There is but one room of the original Cipriani domicile, a large red-carpeted parlor, which opens by two draped doorways into the great ball-room. Who does not know the house by night? But it is even more beautiful by day. The sunshine sleeps on the polished floors of the long hall, where

LOUNGING CHAIRS ALLURE TO REST

Before going up stairs, and the hospitable buffet in the small inner room holds wonderful sherry and glasses worthy of it, at all hours. At the head of the stairs, overlooking the lower hall, is the balcony, with its undulating railing, like a succession of bow windows without the windows. There are some luxurious sofas and easy chairs back in the dusk of that landing. It is trite enough, yet how one wishes those walls could talk. When Mr. Ralston was master there every great man that visited San Francisco was his guest—men famous in law and letters, science and art, in sport, in society, in business enterprise; the fair dead Adelaide Neilson has graced the splendors of Belmont. There was a clique of girls, "daughters of stories that life is not wearied of yet," that he was always whirling with him from San Francisco to Belmont in his four-in-hand: Ella Maxwell, dead; Jennie McNulty, divorced; Mollie McMullin, bankrupt, and the laughter-loving "Smith girls," dark of eye, soft of accent, where?

SO GOES THE WORLD.

He used to stand them up in a row after one of these four-in-hand expeditions and proceed carefully to remove the dust from the corners of their eyes. Original Mr. Ralston. This summer Mr. Sharon induced Mrs. and Miss Gwin and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman to act as chatelaines of his domain, and the place has been the scene of uninterrupted festivity for three weeks. Last Monday was the end of Mrs. Gwin's regime, but there are rumors of a grand ball of 700 invitations, to be given at Belmont in September, when Mrs. Gwin is to receive, and the debutantes revel in bliss unspeakable in contemplating the event. They say that Mr. Sharon is willing to sell the place, but no one is so prophetic as to hazard the wildest guess at who will next control the halls, lawns, gardens, conservatories and bowling alleys of Belmont.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

A PROBLEM IN FLYING.—An interesting discussion is at present going on among scientific engineers in regard to the flight of birds, which has considerable bearing upon the flying-machine question. It is a matter of observation that birds, without any movement of their outstretched wings, and without any apparent muscular exertion, are enabled to rise in the air and to move laterally even against the wind. The modus operandi of these movements is a mystery, and scientists are trying to discover the secret. The most plausible theory is that the wings may be placed in such a position as to divert a current of air from its normal course until it represents two sides of an angle, of which the apex is the hinder portion of the bird's body. If that be the case—say the theorists—there would be really two currents of air coming into collision at the apex, the result of which would be a pressure upon the body of the bird at that point, urging it forward with force far greater than on first thought might be supposed. The smoothness of the feathers in but one direction reduces to a minimum all opposition to a forward movement. Experiments are now being carried out with mechanical contrivances to demonstrate the correctness of the theory, and it is stated that the investigators are in a fair way to a discovery of the cause of the phenomenon, and also to a solution of the flying-machine question.—[London letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.

FAIR PLAY.—A Cincinnati German in the furniture trade was accosted the other day by a New Yorker with, "Well, Mr. Schmidt, they say you have made an assignment?" "Yaw, dot ish so." "You assigned to your brother, didn't you?" "Yaw, he vhas my brudder." "Don't anybody raise objections about this family arrangement?" "Vhell, I doan' know. Vhen my brudder fails he assigns to me, und vhen I fails I assign to him. Dot makes fair play, eh? I doan' go much on some mans who goes pack on his brudder."—[Wall Street News.

"DR. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills for the cure of neuralgia are a success." Dr. G. P. Holman, Christiansburg, Va. 50 cents, at druggists.

FARM AND GARDEN.

The practice of feeding whey to cows in Herkimer county, which a friend inquires about, proved injurious to cheese and has been discontinued.

Too much attention cannot be paid to regularity in the care of stock. Any delay beyond the usual time of feeding or milking makes the animal uneasy.

Iowa expects to raise 200,000,000 bushels of corn and 22,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and the oat crop promises to be the largest known. Iowa is great on raising wheat, corn and Republicans.

The Oroville *Mercury* says that "one field of grain near Nelson Station, thrashed last week, yielded thirty-nine bushels to the acre. Evidently it was not injured to any extent by the blighting winds from the north."

N. B. Dudley, of Logan county, Ky., says an Eastern exchange, has a Holstein heifer which dropped a bull calf on the 16th of May, which at ten days old weighed 140 pounds. The cow gives forty-five pounds of milk per day.

Dr. Maxwell T. Masters writes that he has often seen the experiment tried of thinning potato tops by pulling out all the smaller stems, leaving only two or at most three of the stronger ones to the hill, and never knew an instance where the result was not larger tubers and frequently a heavier total crop.

A great deal of growling was done some years ago about foxtail grass taking the country, but foxtail is of some account, as stock will eat it when green. Now, however, a new grass has appeared in California which is too much for the foxtail and is spreading rapidly. This is called poverty grass. The Colusa *Sun* says it looks like a very rich grass, having a fine, rich-looking head, almost as large as an ordinary head of club wheat, but no kind of stock will eat it. It first appeared upon the sheep ranges in Tehama county, about three years ago, and last year a little of it appeared along the foothills in the northern part of the county. This year it is thick all over the foothill country north of Willows. It seemed to come all at once, so that many believe it to be the spontaneous production of the soil. If it has a seed at all, it is very fine, the large heads spoken of being soft and spongy.

The *Texas Wool Grower* speaking upon the subject of injury to the price of wool by the presence of tar or paint upon it, says: Of late we hear some complaints from Eastern manufacturers of the use of tar and paint for wool-branding sheep. They say it is difficult, if not impossible, to remove it all from the fleece, either by picking or scouring. If this be true would it not be well for sheepmen to consider this grievance and adopt some other plan of marking or branding? Anything that works to the disadvantage of sorting and cleaning wool is to be avoided. The wool industry of Texas is a source of too much revenue to become lessened in any way, except by natural causes, such as supply and demand. If it is necessary to wool brand all, and nothing but tar and paint will answer the desired end, how would it do to use it on the sheep's forehead instead of body? Last summer some of our sheep became mixed with a neighboring flock. When we went among them to catch ours, we were struck with the lavishness with which tar had been applied. They had the initials of the owner's name on one side, and on the other large figures. Now when this wool reached the manufacturer there must have been some little "cussing" we imagine. This is, however, an exceptional case of too much branding. As manufacturers take advantage of everything we do, and many things we do not, to reduce prices on the staple, it will be well to come as near doing things right as we can, giving them clean wool and making them pay for it. It is for our own sake that care should be taken.

We know of no labor, no recreation, no fancy, the pursuit of which is rewarded with more unalloyed pleasure than is the cultivation of a garden. The miser gloats no more over his dearest treasure than does the gardener over his choice fruits and flowers; the picture-fancier is not more proud of his wonderous works of art than is the florist of his tulips; nor does the owner of rarest gems point them out to admiring friends with more of satisfaction than does the amateur his best-named flowers. The picture-gallery may boast its Rubens, its Leonardo di Vinci, its Paul Potter, but the garden-bed will show greater wonders, and yet hold in reserve those which are still greater. A man goes not to his garden as into a picture-gallery, a museum, or a cabinet—ever to see the same thing in the same place. Every day develops some new claim to his attention. Now he finds a new visitor in the form of a flower, anon it is a fruit or a vegetable which excites remark. To-day his crocus, carnation and chrysanthemum are in glory, and to-morrow his picôtees, pinks and pansies will outshine the brightest. And so fruit, vegetable and flower, in their several varieties, fellow, in grand and ever-living, ever-changing procession—the sure reward of toil and trouble, the sweetener of cares and the refreshment after anxieties. Would he share the delight of that which his hands had produced? He needs not the society of a connoisseur. The high and low, the rich and the poor, may all be entertained. His garden delights all senses; its fragrance, its brilliance, its usefulness, speak in every tongue and in language never misunderstood.—[Thomas Miller.

A FUNGUS HAND.

The last of May, 1882, Simon Snyder, who was working in a planing-mill at Portsmouth, Ohio, had his hand so badly lacerated in the machinery that amputation was necessary. There is nothing uncommon about that, but hold your breath a minute. The hand was buried in Mr. Snyder's garden. Two weeks after, upon the mound which the little two-year-old daughter of the injured man had made over the severed hand, grew a small fungus-like plant in the exact shape of a human hand. The Portsmouth (O.) *Blade* of June 10th, called attention to the wonder, and gave a full description of it. Hundreds of citizens visited Mr. Snyder to see this freak of nature. All were interested. Those who tried to understand it were mystified, and the superstitious were sure it was some portent evil. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder removed to Conesville, Louisa county, Iowa, two months ago, and brought the fingers with them, preserved in alcohol. C. E. Harrison, of the Brady Street Pharmacy, was at Conesville last week and brought the curiosity to Davenport. Mr. Harrison tried to prevail upon Mrs. Snyder to give it to the Academy of Sciences, but she has not yet consented. The fingers are of a dark-brown color; the thumb and fingers approach nearly two exact forms, and perhaps the queerest part of it is that the forefinger is shorter than it should be. Mr. Snyder lost the forefinger of that hand two years before the amputation. The little finger was broken off by accident, and shows that the inside of the finger is white. Cases are on record where roots and vegetable growth have taken the place and shape of buried objects of a perishable nature by absorption and growth contemporaneous with decay, but this was an exterior development.—[Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.

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