

BATTLES ON THE RHINE.

An Interesting Historical Sketch—Three Centuries of Fighting on the Historic Battle-grounds.

Ever since the time of the Merovingian kings, ever since the world began, probably, war has tainted the Rhine streams with human blood. The world grew wiser and saw further—produced its Galileos, its Raphaels, its Shakespeares—still the sword crossed, and the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Nations broke their chains, nations were enslaved, still the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Many a vintage of blood this fair river saw; many a wounded soldier crept among its vines to groan and then to die. Many times its cliffs echoed back the thunder of the cannon; many a time the storm of war tore through its vineyards. The proudest ornament of the Rhine, says the poet, is the crimson robe it wears when the enemies of Germany float dead upon its waters.

The wars of the middle ages are, as Milton says of early English history, the mere fights of kites and crows. Many of those men in steel who lived on the rocks of Koblenz and Falkenberg fought on the Rhine banks, and many perished in its stream. The thieves were indeed always slaying and thrusting at each other, and fighting for the plunder they stole from Nuremberg, Worms, and Spire.

The first real battles on the Rhine that are worthy of record are those by which the great Turenne won his glory. This extraordinary general, always most terrible when hardest pressed, was the son of a Duke de Bouillon, and from the earliest age showed a genius for war. Being a delicate child, he was so anxious to insure himself from the fatigues of war that he was one winter's night found by his tutor asleep on the ramparts of the town. At thirteen he went to learn arms in the camp of his uncle, Prince Maurice of Nassau, and at sixteen distinguished himself as a captain of infantry at the siege of Bois le Duc. A Marshal in 1635, he went under the orders of the Cardinal de la Valette to defend Mayence from the imperialists; and there he first began to study the Rhinish frontier. But from Mayence the French army had to retreat to Metz for want of money and food. During the splendid but dangerous retreat of thirteen days, Turenne acquired the name of "Father," from his care of the soldiers. Always in the front rank with the hungry and worn; he threw away his baggage, and gave his carriage to the sick and wounded; and he even gave up his horse to a wounded man to save him from the enemy.

La Valette, to wipe away this defeat, besieged Saverne, where Turenne was wounded in the arm, by a bullet. Scarcely recovered, he hurried to Franche Comte and won two battles. In 1637 he helped the Duke of Saxe Weimar to take Breisach, the key of Germany in the West, and a town sixteen miles from Frankfurt.

In 1641, with five thousand cavaliers and four thousand fantassins, Turenne passed the Rhine at Breisach, surprised and beat the imperialists, and relieved Freiburg. He then took Philippsbourg and Mayence, so rapid were French conquerors in those days. Left by the Duke of Enghien with only six hundred men, he took a check on the frontier near Merzy and the Duke of Lorraine, who promised to be omnipotent at that crisis. He saved Spire; he raised the siege of Baccarat; he took Kreuznach (how familiar these names seem to us just now!); he kept the enemy from uniting their severed forces, and during the winter pushed into Swabia and Franconia and marched up to the very gates of Nuremberg.

The wearied troops at last clamored for rest. Surprised in their quarters (1645) by Mercy, Turenne kept a firm front, rallied his troops, and pushed on for the Rhine, but to Hesse, where the advantage had remained, reinforcements. When Enghien returned, the great battle of Nordlingen was fought in Bavaria. The French centre was pierced, the right wing gone, when Turenne, on the left wing, with the Weimar allies, struck the Austrian army in flank, and, supported by a reserve of Hessian pikemen and musketeers, won the victory. In spite of this murderous but useless battle, the French had to retreat and trench themselves on the Rhine behind the cannon of Philippsbourg. The campaign of 1645, however, ended, to the delight of Mazarin, by Turenne chasing the Spaniards from the electorate of Treves.

The next campaign of Turenne on the Rhine (1646) was even more admirable. By a finely-planned and swift march he passed the Rhine at Wesel, traversed Westphalia and Hesse, and joined the Swedes. It was his strategy to win the game, and eye check to the Emperor in the fewest possible moves. Though inferior in force to the Archduke, Turenne tormented and baffled him, turned his position, passed into Swabia, swept through Bavaria, traversed Franconia, and finally won the game. Maximilian cried out for peace.

Turenne then prepared to swoop on Austria; for, like Lucian's Cesar, he thought nothing done while might was left to do; but Mazarin now recalled the army to the Rhine. The Weimar troops, unwilling to leave Germany, refused to pass the Vosges and serve in the low countries. At the instigation of their mutinous generals, Reinhold and Rosen, they indeed effereed into mutiny, drew their swords, and rode clattering and splashing across the Rhine at Strasburg. But Turenne was a man to tend to mutineers; alone he thrashed himself among their swords, and strove to persuade and coax, to threaten and order them to remain. He even rode with them as far as Philippsbourg, but it was no use. Then he broke out into a flame—the great powder magazine, his heart, exploded with rage. He arrested Rosen; he won over two regiments. With them he flew after the rebels, overtook them in the valley of the Tauber, drove into them headlong, put them to the rout, and laid low some hundreds of these stiff-necked troopers. Then, recrossing the Rhine, Turenne defeated Montecuculi near Sommerhausen, and slew his colleague Malandrin. All Bavaria was then at his mercy; Austria lay bare to his sword; and the victory of Sons, won by Conde over the Spaniards, happening about the same time, brought the emperor on his knees, and the result was the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, thus terminating the terrible Thirty Years' War.

During the wars of the Fronde, Turenne remained loyal, and fought for Mazarin and the young king against Conde. By the capture of Dunkirk, and those wonderful victories over the Spaniards which led to the French conquest of half the towns in the Netherlands, Turenne obtained the Treaty of the Pyrenees, for which he was made marshal-general. If he had turned Catholic, Mazarin had offered to restore the title of constable in his favor, but he hero refused. In 1672, when France made war on Holland, Turenne again rode to the Rhine, and crossed at Wesel. During three months, with consummate genius, and with, as usual, inferior forces, he baffled Montecuculi and his old adversary, the Duke of Lorraine, who wanted to pass the river at Mayence, Co-

blentz, or Strasburg, and join William of Orange. The enemy at West fell back disgusted and mortified into Lestfall. Against the King's wish Turenne kept moving all winter, and uniting his troops to those of Cologne and Munster, advanced so far on the Elbe that the Elector of Brandenburg, the Duke of Prussia, and the Duke of Pomerania, were obliged to retreat. Turenne had not men enough to prevent the junction of the imperialists and the Dutch, so returned to the Rhine to punish the Bishop of Wurzburg and the Elector of Treves for breaking faith with him. During this long and tedious campaign, Turenne endeavored himself to his soldiers, who were devoted to his person and proud of his fame. On one occasion Turenne, exhausted with fatigue, fell asleep under a bush. Heavy snow coming on, some of the soldiers cut branches and spread their cloaks over them to shield him.

"What are you doing there?" he said, awakening. "We want to preserve our father," the soldiers replied, "that is our great anxiety. If we were to lose him, who would take us back to our own country?"

In 1672, Louis XIV, who had already partly conquered Flanders, and only yielded by Franche Comte at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1668, to obtain breathing time for fresh preparations, invaded Holland with one hundred and thirty thousand men. All the wealth and genius of Europe seemed at the disposal of the young king. Fifty million francs had been spent in the organization of this great force. Thirty French vessels had joined an English fleet of a hundred sail to sweep the coast of Holland. Conde and Turenne were among the generals of Louis; Vanban, the greatest engineer of the world, was to conduct the sieges by the profoundest mathematical laws; Louvois, the great minister, was to regulate the finances; Luxembourg (afterwards the great foe of William of Orange) was one of the commanders; Martinet (his name has become proverbial, who only a year before trained several regiments to the use of the bayonet) disciplined the infantry. There was even an historian on the royal staff, to record the victories of the *flour-de-lis*. The twelve companies of the *gardes de corps* were all gentlemen; the *gendarmes* of the guard, light horse, the musketeers, and the hundred Swiss, shone with gold and silver, ruffled it in silk, or braved it in velvet.

"What a war," exclaimed Madame de Sevigne, with the prettiest horror in the world, "the most cruel, the most perilous of which we have ever heard since the march of Charles VIII into Italy. They tell the king that Yssel is defended with two hundred pieces of cannon, sixty thousand infantry, three great towns, and a large river."

To meet this host of Frenchmen the Dutch merchants had but twenty-five thousand poor soldiers, commanded by young Prince William of Orange, then only twenty-two, and of a feeble constitution. Four Dutch towns surrendered, and Louis gave his name to the Rhine. Conde, informed by the peasants that the extreme dryness of the season had made the river passable, selected a place on an arm of the Rhine. It was only guarded by an old tower, which served as a toll-house for the ferry, and by seventeen Dutch soldiers. The Count de Guiche reconnoitred the place, and found that there was only a spot about the centre, twenty paces wide, where the cavalry would have to swim. Fifteen thousand of the king's household troops, the flower of his cavalry, plumes flowing, scarfs fluttering, corselets glittering, at once crossed the river, and passed over a bridge of boats and copper pontoons, invented by the redoubtable Martinet. The king himself directed, or thought he directed, the whole march. The Dutch had only five hundred troops and two weak regiments of infantry, unsupported by artillery, to resist their assailants. A few Dutch horsemen rode into the river to attack the French, but soon retired, and the Dutch infantry, also raked by the French artillery, surrendered. Louis lost but few of his men. The Count de Negent and some other reckless riders struggled away from the ford, and were drowned. The young Duke of Longueville, living too much wine in his hot head, fired at and killed a Dutch officer, who was on his knees begging for mercy. The Dutch infantry, enraged and in despair at this cruelty, snatched up their muskets and fired a volley, which killed the duke. A Dutch cavalry officer, seeing Conde getting out of a boat and about to mount his horse, rode up and shot him in the wrist—the only wound Conde ever received in all his battles. Paris made much of this passage of the Rhine.

"The general notion," says Voltaire, sarcastically, after the war, "was that the whole army had swum the river in the face of an entrenched host, and in spite of the artillery of an impregnable fortress called the 'Tholus' (toll-house). 'It is true,' he adds, 'that, if there had been a body of good troops on the other side, the enterprise would have been perilous.'"

Boileau puffed himself out till he looked nearly as large as Homer, and wrote a poem in favor of Louis, and, fifteen years later, when Conde was a worn-out old veteran, Bossuet spoke of the passage of the Rhine as "the prodigy of our age and of the life of Louis le Grand."

Napoleon, however, always mathematically just about all battles but his own, spoke of the affair with great contempt as a fourth-class military operation, because in that place the river was fordable, weakened by the Waal, and only defended by a handful of men.

Instantly the French had crossed the river, Zulphen, Arnhem, Nimeguen, Utrecht, etc., surrendered. Indeed, such was the panic that an officer named Le Tellier, who was thinking the attack was in force, said, "If you only give me fifty horse, I could take two or three places." But Louis, flushed by success, overrode his mark. He refused the Dutch offer to surrender Maestrecht and all the frontier towns beyond the Seven Provinces. Turenne was absent. Louvois grew desperate at this, and a mob, equal in wild fear, tore to pieces the patent de Witt, and chose the Prince of Orange stadtholder. The whole country was laid under water, and the Dutch resolved to burn all the *ball in vance* to their East Indian settlements rather than become slaves of France. In 1674 Louis XIV, our great armies in the field, one in the orders of Spain, one in Germany, one in the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange fought Conde with bull-dog pertinacity at Seneffe, a village in Brabant, but with no result except the loss of six thousand men on each side. The great Turenne led the army that was to scare Germany, and, passing the Rhine near Philippsbourg, a place overlooking a region of dull morasses above Spire, defeated the old Duke of Lorraine and the Imperial General Cafraza at Sinsheim. With twenty thousand men Turenne then crossed the Rhine and swept the Palatinate, driving the confederate German princes beyond the Necker and the Main.

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the Thirty Years War called it. The frightened citizens, from the walls of Manheim, saw two cities and twenty-five towns given to the sword and flame. At the end of this campaign there was not, said Turenne, a single enemy in France who was not a prisoner. Louis XIV, during this year, had repeatedly begged Turenne to return with the troops and defend his kingdom, but he refused in a bold letter, which ended in these words:—"I know the strength of the Imperial troops, the generals who command them, the country where I am; I take all on myself, and accept the responsibility of the result."

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"I have them," he cried, and prepared to crush them between his army and the river. The battle was fought at Saltzbach. Turenne was cannonading the church and chateau, and giving directions for the erection of a fresh battery to stop a column of the enemy, when a shot struck him. The horse moved on twenty paces; then Turenne fell dead.

No general remained to carry out his undeveloped plans, and the soldiers, wearied of mistakes, all called out in irony, "Turn out our father's piebald mare, and she will lead us."

"A soldier is dead to us," said Montecuculi, "who has done honor to mankind."

The French retreated, pressed hard by the Imperialists, but Conde soon arrived to protect them; and the Germans then fell back.

In the wars of the revolution, when the Prussians defeated Alton, Hoche, who had led them to the Rhine, distinguished himself, although constantly repulsed by the Duke of Brunswick, in despatching a corps of twelve thousand men to harass Warmsor, and to join Pichegru on the Rhine. The result of this manoeuvre was the dislodging of the Austrians from the line of Wissemburg, the relief of Landau, and the liberation of Alsace. In 1794, when the Austrians were feeling secure, the French suddenly plunged across the Rhine and seized Dusseldorf. They then, under Gasline, stormed Manheim after six different assaults, and committed frightful atrocities on the inhabitants. In 1797, when Napoleon was in Italy, Hoche, with eighty thousand men, strove to establish a Rhinish republic. Having concentrated at Andernach, he at daybreak crossed the Rhine at Neuwied, and carried the Austrian redoubts at the point of the bayonet. An obelisk at Neuwied still records the bridge that Hoche threw across to the island in the middle of the river. In the mean time, before Le Fevre could seize Frankfurt, Moreau had also crossed the Rhine and fought the Austrians at Diersheim. It had been Garne's great plan, in conjunction with Napoleon and Moreau, thus to give the Austrians no breathing time. Moreau, with the army of the Sambre and Meuse, was to have pressed forward on the eastern frontier of Germany, supported on the left by Jourdan and the army of the Rhine, until Moreau should be in a position to communicate with Bonaparte through the Tyrol. The combined armies were then to advance on Vienna. Jourdan in front drove Wartensleben back, as Moreau did the Archduke Charles, notwithstanding the Austrian general showed superior military genius. Jourdan, a force to enjoy Moreau, the archduke suddenly joined Wartensleben, and with a superior force overwhelmed and routed Jourdan. The German peasantry rose and harassed his rear-guard, while Moreau, by a brilliant and daring retreat through the Black Forest, with difficulty saved his army.

Before crossing the Alps for the campaign of Marengo, Napoleon left the army of the Rhine in charge of Moreau, who was to watch the Germans and to cross the Rhine near Schaffhausen, and, marching on alone with his whole force, to place himself in the rear of the greater part of the Austrian army. But Moreau was too cautious for such a daring scheme; he crossed the Rhine, however, at the end of April, reached Augsburg by the 15th of July, and kept the Germans from interrupting Napoleon's invasion of the Milanese.

Bonaparte did not fight many battles on the Rhine. His great ambition flew with such an eagle-flight as soon to sweep beyond boundaries so puny. His great victories were far away from France—in Italy, in Egypt, on the Danube, and on the Elbe. Marengo was in Piedmont, Austerlitz in Moravia. In 1813, after that terrible defeat of his exhausted army at Leipzig, when his allies killed or captured fifty thousand Frenchmen, there was much blood again shed round the Rhine. The battle of Hanau, in Hesse, was really a fight for the road to the Rhine, for the Austrians and Prussians were pressing close on the retreating emperor. Wrede and forty-five thousand Bavarians barred the path to France. The fight began in a wood near a small river and a village called Nennhof. The French *tirailleurs* fought from tree to tree like deerstalkers, and the Bavarians, seeing two battalions of the French arriving to their aid, and thinking the attack was in force, said, "If you only give me fifty horse, I could take two or three places." But Louis, flushed by success, overrode his mark. He refused the Dutch offer to surrender Maestrecht and all the frontier towns beyond the Seven Provinces. Turenne was absent. Louvois grew desperate at this, and a mob, equal in wild fear, tore to pieces the patent de Witt, and chose the Prince of Orange stadtholder. The whole country was laid under water, and the Dutch resolved to burn all the *ball in vance* to their East Indian settlements rather than become slaves of France. In 1674 Louis XIV, our great armies in the field, one in the orders of Spain, one in Germany, one in the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange fought Conde with bull-dog pertinacity at Seneffe, a village in Brabant, but with no result except the loss of six thousand men on each side. The great Turenne led the army that was to scare Germany, and, passing the Rhine near Philippsbourg, a place overlooking a region of dull morasses above Spire, defeated the old Duke of Lorraine and the Imperial General Cafraza at Sinsheim. With twenty thousand men Turenne then crossed the Rhine and swept the Palatinate, driving the confederate German princes beyond the Necker and the Main.

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conscript of three hundred thousand men. In this retreat he had only gained two victories, Driedorf and Hanau; while at Gross Boreu, Janer on the Katzbach, and at Culm, at Dennewitz, Mocker, and Leipzig, the allies had defeated him. In the skirmishes, too, military writers showed that France had been outnumbered in light cavalry, light infantry, and sharpshooters.

On the 25th of January Napoleon left his wife and child, and departed for the frontier. Just before he departed, he exclaimed to a Senator who objected to the levy as likely to produce a alarm.

"Where should not the whole truth be told? Wellington has entered the south, the Russians menace the northern frontier, the Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians threaten the east. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen in mass to drive him back. No peace, none, till we have burned Munich. I demand of France three hundred thousand men; I will form a camp of a hundred thousand at Bordeaux, another at Metz, another at Lyons. With the present levy, and what remains of the last, I will have a million of men. But I must have grown men, not these boy-conscript who encumber the hospitals and die of fatigue on the highways. Councillors, there must be an impulse given; all must march; you, the fathers of families, the heads of the nation, it is for you to set the example. They speak of peace, and I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war."

Wishing to avoid the forty fortresses that protected the Rhine from Basel to Mayence—the Mayence to the mouth of the Scheldt—the allies violated the neutrality of Switzerland, and took Geneva. On the 22d of December Prince Schwarzenberg crossed the Rhine with the Austrian army at four points and advanced upon Langres. It surrendered, as did Dijon, but Lyons repulsed its assailants. Blicher and the army of Silesia advanced in four divisions, blockading the frontier fortresses of Metz, Sarre Louis, Thionville, and Luxembourg, while other troops passed the defiles of the Vosges and pressed forward to Joinville, Vitry, and Saint-Dizier, to be in communication with the central army, which had already penetrated as far as Bar-sur-Aube. Napoleon, finding the allies linger at Langres, prepared, with seventy thousand men, to check them with one hundred and thirty-seven thousand, and stop their march to Paris. At Chalons he made his stand, and struck his first blow at Brienne, the well-remembered scene of his school-days. The brave campaign which some writers think evinces Napoleon's highest genius, ended, as we all know, in the abdication of Fontenoy-bleau.

The history of towns on the Rhine is a record of sieges and battles. Louis XIV and Vanban built this fort; Turenne destroyed it; this village was fired by Wrede's men; this one on the opposite bank by Bonaparte's. Let us sketch a few of the Rhinish strongholds in more detail. All who have been to beautiful Coblenz have gone across to Ehrenbreitstein to see to the best advantage the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle; and the course of the first noble river from Holzenfels to Andernach. The Gibraltar of the Rhine, Ehrenbreitstein, was the old refuge and stronghold of the Electors of Treves, and in later times France. Before they lived on the other side of the river, occupied a palace at the foot of "The Broad Stone of Honor." Marshal Bontiers besieged this rock in 1688 for Louis XIV, in the wars we have described; but it laughed all efforts of his to scorn, though Vanban built the batteries, and Louis XIV, in the most flowing of wigs, strutted hither to see it surrender to his cannon. But the Republics, fiercer and less scientific, took it 1799 after a terrible siege, during which cats rose to a florin and a half each, and horseflesh to thirty francs a pound. When the French had to surrender, after the peace of Lunenburg, they spitefully blew it up. Byron's line lines—

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
Black with the miner's blast upon her height;
Yet shows of what she was when shot and dail,
Relinquishing authority, can form a
A tower of victory, from which the light
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain.
But peace destroyed what war could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain."

are no longer true. Since 1814 the Prussians devoted to the repair of this fortress the fifteen million francs which France had to pay her after the war. The government has besides expended on it one million two hundred thousand pounds. The works at Coblenz, on both sides of the Rhine, Murray's "Handbook," of 1854, says, "can form a fortified camp to hold one hundred thousand men. The magazines are capable of storing provisions for ten years for eight thousand men. The steep rock (wildly exaggerated by Turner, who makes it touch the clouds) is defended by about four hundred pieces of cannon. The weak point, the English guide-book says, is the northwest; but three lines of walls there have quite made up for Nature's defects, and are strong enough for any number of Frenchmen's heads to knock against. The ditches in the rock are able to hold a supply of water for three years, and there is besides a well sunk four hundred feet, and communicating with the Rhine."

Coblenz, with its fortifications, which took twenty years to complete, and which spread from the Rhine to the Moselle, commanding the approaches from Cologne and Treves, and the roads to Mayence and Nassau, is one of the stanchest bulwarks of the Rhinish provinces, of which it is the capital. Its lines form a fortified camp capable of containing one hundred thousand men, and they unite the two systems of fortifications of Garne and Montcalm. It has, in these times of hard fighting, for not far off at Wissemburg, the French under Hoche, in 1797, crossed the Rhine in spite of the Austrians, and a monument near the roadside bears the simple inscription, "L'armee de Sambre et Meuse a son General Hoche." Near the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, at Fort Franz, on the height of Petersburg, is the grave of the young general; and not far off is a monument to General Marceau, another young hero of the republic, who was killed at the battle of Altenkirchen, in 1796, in attempting to cover the retreat of General Jourdan. The generals of both eras attended his funeral and wept over his grave.

At no great distance is Enger, supposed by antiquaries to be the spot where Cesar effected his second passage of the Rhine by means of a bridge which he threw across the river. In our necessarily rapid survey of the Rhine we next pass on to Mayence, on the left bank, before the war to a garrisoned by ten thousand men. This town grew up from the camp which Drusus, the son-in-law of Augustus, turned into a frontier fortress of great strength. Gustavus Adolphus, the armed defender of German Protestantism, built a fort on a tongue of land here to command both rivers. The Prussians bombarded it in 1793, and half-destroyed the old red sandstone cathedral, which in 1813 the French turned into a barrack and a magazine, much to the detriment of the old elector's monuments with which it is stuffed. Napoleon had intended to throw a double stone bridge over

the Rhine at Mayence, but his reverses came, and the model alone was executed. Those who remember the scene, stroking out to see the sunset view of the vineyards of Wiesbaden, the Rheingau and the Taunus bathed in a flood of incipuous golden fire, will be glad to have such pleasant memories aroused. Close to Oppenheim, conspicuous by the grand ruins of the castle of Landskron, is Erfelden, where, in the winter of 1621, Gustavus Adolphus crossed the Rhine. The sturdy Swedes rowed over, singing a psalm, and there is a tradition that their king was ferried over on a horn door. A funeral chapel in St. Catherine's church-yard is still full of Spanish and Swedish skulls. The beautiful church at Oppenheim was half burned by the French during the war of the Palatinate.

Every Rhinish town has its sorrows to tell of. Worms, that stately old walled town, once the residence of the Frankish Carolingian Kings, was burned by Melue in 1689, by order of Louis XIV and of Louvois, and that shock it never recovered. Frankenthal, near at hand, was held in 1622-23 by a band of English under Sir Horace Vere, for the elector palatine, but Spinoia and his Spaniards besieged it, and the English surrendered. Ludwigshafen, opposite Manheim, was the scene of many revolutionary fights, and here, in 1814, the Russians, under General Sacken, forced the passage of the Rhine. No Rhinish town has been oftener fought over, bombarded, and pillaged, than "clean, pleasant, friendly Mannheim." In 1689, when the French took it, the burghers were given twenty days to evacuate their city to the ground; but, as they were slow in doing so, the French drove them out and set fire to the houses. The French bombarded it again in 1794, and in 1795 Wurmsler and the Austrians threw into it twenty-six thousand cannon-balls and seventeen hundred and eighty bombs, so that half the palace was burned and only fourteen houses remained uninjured, when the nine thousand seven hundred French soldiers surrendered.

Spire, too, has had its trials. In 1689 the French army of Louis XIV took the town, and ordered the citizens to evacuate it. Lorraine, or Burgundy within six days. The French provost-marshal and forty executioners then entered the town, laid and lighted trains of combustibles, and set the forty-seven streets of Spire in a blaze. Miners also blew up the walls, fountains, and convents, dismantled the cathedral, and burst open the graves of the emperors. The cruel conflagration lasted three days and three nights. In 1794, Custine and his troops, after six assaults, took the town by storm and repeated the cruelty of his predecessors. Before the siege of Spire, Spire boasted thirteen gates and sixty four towers defended by artillery.

Nor would any summary of battles fought upon the Rhine be complete without a mention of beautiful Heidelberg, from whose walls the great river can be seen by glittering glimpses. This fair town, the capital of the electors-palatine, has been five times bombarded, twice burned, and three times sacked. In the Thirty Years' War red-handed Tilly, after a month's bombardment, gave it up for a month's pillage. The imperialists held it for eleven years, and it was taken by Swedes with fresh extortions. In 1688 Melus, a French general, sterner even than Turenne, and more savage than Tilly, burned the town, slew all the Protestants, and committed a thousand excesses.

But there is scarcely a ruin on the Rhine but is the work of French or Swedish hands, and our space only allows us to touch on a few points of Rhinish history.

From the heights above Caub, near Oberwesel, Blicher's soldiers, about to cross the Rhine (New Year's night, 1811), to see the river open before them, fell on the French (like Xenophon's men at the sight of the sea), and shouted with one heart and voice, "The Rhine! the Rhine!" That old love for the river still continues warm in the centre of every German heart. No foe must touch the Rhine—no enemy must plant a flag upon its banks. It is pure and free, and so it must remain. This is the chief article in the creed of united Germany, and every victory the Prussians win over the French is a stronger argument that the inviolable creed it will remain.

"Flow on, fair Rhine—flow free and proud,
Or come the sun or come the cloud;
If for a time thou redder gleam,
Purer hereafter runs thy stream."

—Appleton's Journal.

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.
MASTER'S PERMITTORY SALE.
THE SUPREME COURT FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, July 1, 1870, No. 25. In pursuance of an order of the said court, made on the 24th of the above date, on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1870, will be sold at public sale, on TUESDAY, Oct. 20th, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Philadelphia Exchange, the following described property, viz:—
VERY VALUABLE
FARM,
KNOWN AS THE "TITLOW FARM,"
IN THE
TENTH WARD,
GERMANTOWN.
No. 1.—All that tract of land, with the improvements thereon erected, beginning in the middle of the first lane and middle of Michener avenue, in the Twenty-second ward; then north 47 deg. 25 min. west, about 1855 feet, more or less, to point in Michener avenue; then south 45 deg. 45 min. west, about 975 feet 9 inches, more or less, crossing Williams avenue to a stone; then south 17 deg. 45 min. west, 126 feet 1 inch, to a stone; then south 45 deg. 42 min. east, 1676 feet 7 1/2 inches, more or less, crossing Mount Pleasant avenue and Sedgwick avenue to stone in middle of Tenth lane; then 45 deg. 45 min. east, 1042 feet, more or less, to place beginning, containing about 39 acres 3 perches, more or less.

No. 2.—All that tract of land adjoining the above, beginning at a point in the middle of Cheltenham avenue or county line road and the middle of Sedgwick avenue; then 45 deg. 45 min. west, 70 feet 1 inch, more or less, to Sedgwick avenue; then south 45 deg. 42 min. west, crossing Pickering avenue to stone in middle county line road; then north 47 deg. 25 min. east, 1205 feet, more or less, to middle of Sedgwick avenue; then eastwardly along middle of Sedgwick avenue about 120 feet 3 inches, more or less, to place beginning, containing about 22 acres 1 rod 24 perches, more or less.

No. 3.—All that certain lot of ground situated on the north side of the middle of Montgomery avenue, at the distance of 190 feet 2 inches southwardly from the middle of Montgomery avenue, in right-of-way, containing in front 34 feet 4 inches, and in depth 169 feet 4 inches, to 15 foot street.

Full particulars at the office of the Master. Terms Cash. \$100 to be paid on each of the times of sale. By the Court, Jerome C. Hart, Master, 21 North Sixth Street.

M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers, 922 & 924 N. 13th St.

TRIMMINGS, PATTERNS, ETC.
NEW STORE.
MRS. F. G. V. CHAMBERS,
Fancy and Staple Trimmings,
ZEPHYR GOODS, ETC.,
No. 224 SOUTH ELEVENTH STREET.
Fonades, Soaps, Powders, Perfumeries, Hosiery,
Gloves, Ribbons, Etc. 9 1/2 tashmp

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.
NOTICE.
By virtue and in execution of the powers contained in a Mortgage executed by
THE CENTRAL PASSENGER RAILWAY COMPANY
of the city of Philadelphia, bearing date of the eighth day of April, 1863, and recorded in the office for recording deeds and mortgages for the city and county of Philadelphia, in Mortgage Book A. C. H., No. 56, page 466, etc., the undersigned Trustee named in said mortgage

WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION,
at the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, in the city of Philadelphia, by
MESSRS. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers,
at 12 o'clock M., on TUESDAY, the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1870, the property described in and covered by the said mortgage, to-wit:—
No. 1.—All those two contiguous lots or pieces of ground, with the buildings and improvements thereon erected, situate on the east side of Broad street, in the city of Philadelphia, one of them beginning at the distance of nineteen feet seven inches and five-eighths southward from the southeast corner of the lot of Penn street, and thence extending eastward at right angles with said Broad street eighty-eight feet one inch and a half to ground now or late of Daniel Miller; thence southward along said ground, as a street, angles with said Coates street, seventy-two feet to the northeast corner of an alley, two feet six inches in width, leading from the lot of Penn street, thence eastward crossing said alley and along the lot of ground hereinafter described and at right angles with said Broad street, one hundred and thirty feet to the east side of the said Broad street; and thence northward along the east line of said Broad street seventy-two feet to the place line beginning. Subject to a ground rent of \$250, silver in hand.

No. 2.—The other of them situate at the northeast corner of the said Broad street and Penn street, containing the lot of Penn street, the said Broad street, street eighteen feet, and in length or depth eastward along the north line of said Penn street seventy-two feet, and extending in front of the lot of Penn street, one hundred and thirty feet, and thence northward along the east line of said Broad street seventy-two feet to the place line beginning. Subject to a ground rent of \$250, silver in hand.

No. 3.—All that certain lot or piece of ground beginning at the S. E. corner of Coates street and Broad street, thence extending southward to the southeast corner of said Coates street, nine feet, and thence southward along the south side of said Coates street ninety feet to the place line.

No. 4.—Four Steam Denny Cars, twenty feet long by nine feet two inches wide, with all the necessary machinery, including the engine, boiler, and other equipment, operating and conducting of said road, plank road, and railway; and all the personal property of said kind and description belonging to the said company.

Together with all the streets, ways, alleys, passages, waters, water-courses, easements, franchises, rights, liberties, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances whatsoever, unto any of the above-mentioned premises and estates belonging and appertaining thereto, together with all the rents, issues, profits, and interest thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand of every kind and description, in, to, and to the same and every part and parcel thereof.

The properties will be sold in parcels as numbered. On each bid there shall be paid at the time the price is struck off Fifty Dollars, unless the price is less than that which the auctioneer shall deem proper to be paid.

W. L. SCHAFER, Trustee.
813 ELLIOTT STREET.
W. W. LONGSTRETH, Trustee.
REAL ESTATE—THOMAS & SONS' SALE.
On Tuesday, October 18, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold in parcels, at the Merchants' Exchange, the following described property, viz:—
No. 1.—Two-story brick Store and Dwelling, N. E. corner of Broad and Second streets, containing in front a two-story brick message and lot of ground situate at the N. W. corner of Seventeenth and Afton streets, Twenty-sixth ward; containing in front on Afton street 16 feet, and extending in front on Seventeenth street 52 feet 2 1/2 inches to a 4 feet wide alley, with the privilege thereof. Occupied as a grocery store. Subject to a yearly ground rent of \$40.00.

No. 2.—Modern three-story brick dwelling, No. 824 N. Twentieth street, containing in front a two-story brick message, with three-story brick building and lot of ground, situate on the west side of Twenty-third street, north of Brown street, containing in front on Twenty-third street 16 feet, and extending in depth 44 feet to a 4 feet wide alley, with the privilege thereof. Occupied as a grocery store. Subject to a yearly ground rent of \$120.00.