

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

MUNICH, BAVARIA,

Sept., 14th, 1877.

DEAR STUDENT:

According to promise, I will proceed to give you a short sketch of my travels, and will take for the subject of this letter, Salzburg and its surroundings.

This city is situated on the border between Austria and Prussia, on the edge of the Salzburgland Alps. It is one of the oldest cities in Germany; for its history extends back into the dark shades of tradition, when it was the stronghold of the warlike Celts. The first authentic history we have of it, is after the Roman Conquest, when it became a province of that great empire, under the name of Noricum. At the influx of the Barbarians, Noricum fell into their hands, with the rest of the Roman possessions, and they made slaves of, or drove off the inhabitants, so that for a long time all that remained of the city was a few roving shepherds, who visited it occasionally, and made it a sort of headquarters. About the close of the seventh century, a bishop located a colony on the site of the old city, and built a small church. Ever since then it has figured in German politics. But in later years it has been most noted for its fine scenery, and thousands of tourists visit it annually, to spend a week climbing mountains, visiting parks, lakes, etc. The population of the city at present is about twenty thousand. The people are entirely catholic, and the city contains twenty six catholic churches, which are not among the least interesting of the many things the traveler finds to admire, as many of them were built two or three centuries ago, and the least expensive of them cost more than all the churches of Lincoln combined. The cathedral is the largest. It is three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and fifty wide, and two hundred and twenty high. It has two towers and a central dome, and is built in the style of St. Peter's at Rome. The walls are hung with paintings, prin-

cipally scenes taken from the crucifixion, but they are all from inferior artists, except the one over the main altar, which represents the crucifixion, and was painted by Muller, of Prange. This is a fine picture. There are eight small chapels, four on each side of the church, and all are decorated in a very elaborate manner; the frescoing is very fine, and the polished marble pillars give the inside a very expensive appearance. The visitor finds worshipers in attendance at all hours of the day. Whenever a good catholic passes near a church, he drops in to say his prayers and count his beads. They are not so particular about their attire as our people; a market woman will drop in with her market basket on her arm, and a handkerchief tied over her head, that has not been in the wash-tub for a week at least. The mechanic takes advantage of a few spare moments that he may have in passing, to pay his respects to the virgin, with his apron still on, and his brow bearing traces that he has been earning his daily bread.

An indispensable ornament, or at least one that is never absent from the German church, is the beggar; sometimes three or four in one church, and all very devout, but near the door, and when a stranger passes in and out they distort their bodies into all imaginable forms and between their prayers ask for alms in the name of the Good Master. If their request is not granted, they use a form of prayer entirely different from the one with which they first greeted the stranger. It appears odd to Americans, to wander around a church looking at, and admiring its architectural beauty, with worshipers all around him.

Another place of great interest is the castle, situated on Monchsberg, a mountain of stone several hundred feet high, half a mile long, and about six to eight hundred feet wide. The sides have been cut out perpendicularly, to get material to build the city. In places, the houses are built against the perpendicular wall, which forms the back of the buildings.