

*Baedeker* is still classic. It will always be an advantage to purchase the text in the language of the country in which you travel, if you yourself are master of it; thus you will find yourself in possession of the proper local designations for the objects of interest. A careful study of the guide-book, together with a good map, will make you independent of all assistance on the part of guides.

On reaching a city, deposit your traveling-bag with the *Portier*, who, for a fee of five cents, will become responsible for it until you return. Thus freed from all luggage, launch forth into the heart of the town. Read over the list of hotels in your book, but be sure to *avoid them all*. Never patronize hotels; they are too expensive for you. Search out a modest-looking *Gasthaus* or Inn, and apply for lodgings. Don't be frightened by its external appearance; you will generally find a neat, quiet room, a clean bed, and substantial consolation for the inner man, at *one-fourth* the usual hotel rates.

Always bargain beforehand for every thing, from a sheet of letter paper to your lodgings, and then pay for the *latter* in advance; for even a distinct bargain will avail you but little, without this latter precaution. It is amazing what poor memories these people have, and a still more remarkable psychological phenomenon, that this versatile faculty always wavers in favor of its possessor, who will demand thrice the stipulated amount, when you come to leave, with a blandness unrivaled by that celebrated heathen, Ah Sin. An incident in my own experience will illustrate this facetious humor of the average German *Wirth*. In Frankfort, recently, I applied for lodgings in a small *Gasthaus*. The terms being satisfactory, after supper I proceeded to register and pay the bill.

The ceremony of registering in a German *Gasthaus* is as formidable an ordeal now, as in the days of that sprightly Fraulein, Minna Von Barnhelm. You are expected to present an abstract of your "genealogical tree," together with a care-

ful statement of your affairs, public and private, past, present and future. No sooner did the eyes of mine host—with whom I had heretofore conversed in German—fall upon the magic word "America" in my signature, than instantly his whole being underwent a change—he had evidently made a mistake in asking a foreigner the customary price, that cruelly shocked his every principle of good economy and business integrity. With an air of apology for not sooner recognizing our dignity, he proceeded with admirable promptness to demand three times the amount agreed upon, and no amount of jogging of his memory could prevail upon it to recognize our previous conversation. It would be very unkind and ungrateful, however, to brand these idiosyncracies with such harsh epithets as "lying" or "dishonesty." Heaven forbid! It is really intended as a hospitable distinction, paid to the foreign visitor, who is supposed to be seeking relief from the burden of his superfluous gold.

The English traveler is heartily hated for his selfishness, but tolerated for his money. The euphonious title of "Golden Ass," with which the Italian has christened him, may not be altogether unmerited.

The American traveler is less hated, and also less *liked*, than his English brother. He is pronounced a "queer one," and a somewhat parsimonious customer withal. He is commonly known as the "dickering traveler."

The German traveler takes a trip for a fortnight of a hundred miles into some adjoining district, is *green* and good-natured, boasts of his generosity and openhandedness,—and is, of course, beautifully fleeced, even by his affectionate countrymen. The Yankee, on the other hand, has a constitutional antipathy to being cheated; hence he shocks and annoys people horridly by his impudent and *unconventional* interrogations. This trait is really self-respect instead of stinginess; for the American spends six-fold more for hospitality and enjoyment than his Ger-