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THE LAND OF TECK
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

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THE LAND OF TECK
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HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY
(Princess Victoria Mary of Teck).

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THE LAND OF TECK

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

BY S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

WITH 5 PLATES IN COLOUR AND

48 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS TO-

GETHER WITH A MAP ☞ ☞ ☞

Germany.

G

Uns ist in alten Mären Wunders viel gesait
Von Helden, werth der Ehren, von grosser Kühnheit ;
Von Freuden und Hochzeiten, von Weinen und von Klagen,
Von Kühner Recken Streiten mögt Ihr nun Wudder hören sagen.

Der Nibelungen Noth.



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PREFACE

THE Swabian Alb, the cradle of many great families that have made an imperishable name in history, is very little visited by English tourists ; yet it is full of interest. It does not present scenery of stupendous majesty, but, for all that, scenery that is delightful. It is not always the large that is most beautiful. Hermia the “puppet” is as lovable as Helena the “maypole.” For richness of vegetation the valleys of the north-west of the Alb are unsurpassed. The red-tiled, timber-and-plaster villages are always picturesque, the monuments of architecture and sculpture are admirable, the geology especially interesting, and the botany varied. I have confined myself to a very small part of the Alb, the ancient Duchy of Teck and its immediate surroundings, as being the portion from which the family derives its title, and especially dear to English hearts for having given us our present Queen. But the land of

Preface

Hohenzollern, the cradle of the German Imperial family, has been included.

A chapter has also been added on the history of the royal and ducal family of Würtemberg and Teck from the beginning to the present time, so as, in a brief space, to give the ancestry of Her Majesty the Queen.

S. B.-G.

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MAP OF THE SWABIAN ALB	<i>at end of volume</i>

THE LAND OF TECK
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

THE LAND OF TECK

CHAPTER I

THE SWABIAN ALB

A SILVER belt, connected by a thread with the Swiss and French Jura, expands at Schaffhausen, runs north-east—parallel for some way with the Neckar and bounded on the south by the Danube—into Würtemberg, and then turning northward in Bavaria constitutes there the Franconian Jura. Its expansion in Würtemberg is the Swabian Alb. It is composed of Jurassic limestone, and presents to the eyes of those approaching from the Neckar a white wall, broken by gaps through which rivers stream, and with curious conical fore-posts, each crowned by a castle or the remains of one. Its length in Swabia is one hundred miles, and it is twenty-five miles broad. Although from the plain it bears a saw-like contour, it is actually a plateau tilted up from the Danube, and presenting at its ragged edge to the north-west its greatest elevation, which is over 3000 feet.

The Land of Teck

Although this plateau is one in its constitution, it falls into compartments, as it is traversed by streams; some of which discharge into the Danube and thus carry their waters into the Black Sea; whereas others decant into the Neckar, which flows into the Rhine, and on into the German Ocean. What is more, is that in the same depression, at its highest level, arise sources that elect to flow in opposite directions. It follows, therefore, that this great plateau is divided into sections, and through the valleys constituted by perverse streams aiming differently highways have run from time immemorial, and in these latter days railways have been carried.

The Jura limestone is sedimentary, and was all deposited in the deep sea. It consists of several beds, and forms the topmost series, the cap of the Alb.¹ Below the upper white beds is the oolite, also a Jurassic formation, but it is brown or reddish brown, being here strongly impregnated with iron. This is made up of small round calcareous particles, which formerly were mistaken for fossilised fishes' roe. Beneath the oolite, lying as a mat at a bedside, at the foot of the Alb cliffs, but actually underlying them, is the dark lias crowded with remains of shells

¹ For a thorough study of the geology of the Alb, an admirable work is that of Dr. Th. Engel: *Die Schwabenalb und ihr geologischer Aufbau*. (Tübingen, Verlag d. Schwäbischen Albvereins. 2 marks.)

The Swabian Alb

and of saurians; the fat of these latter has so saturated the mud in which they perished that it yields a mineral oil.

To the south-east, towards the Danube, the Alb is not so lofty as at its north-west face, and the valleys that debouch on that river are less picturesque, on the whole, than those that look towards the Neckar. These latter are exceptionally beautiful. Everywhere the white, or grey, or tawny crags rise above a sea of foliage, mainly beech, that clothes the slopes. The rich valley bottoms are filled with orchards of cherry, plum and apple trees. The villages are prosperous in the valleys, and nearly every one has its factory, which, though not conducive to beauty, contributes to the well-being of the people.

On the tableland, a notable feature is the white stones laboriously collected and employed by the peasants to enclose their fields. The surface was at one time strewn with them, and these walls represent the toil of centuries, that has succeeded in transforming a desert into fertile corn-land. In addition to the fields given up to cereals, there are sheep pastures, and the lowland farmers send their flocks up to them in summer. Various portions of the Alb receive particular names, as the Albuch, the Kaiser-, and the Rechgebirge; but the main portion, the Rauhe Alb, comprises two-thirds of the whole, and is that part of Württemberg which is least

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known. Visitors seek the towns on the Neckar, and whisk through the Fils Thal and Lone Thal to Ulm, but few explore the upper valleys, least of all the plateau. The very name of the Rauhe Alb is deterrent; it is a "rough" Alb, where rough weather may be expected to buffet the visitor; wild though not bold scenery may be encountered; possibly the name of Heidenheim may make him suppose a rude heathenism may linger there. But—visit any one of the towns below on a market day in autumn, see the laden wains piled up with golden corn, and learn that the rough Alb is a treasure-house of cereals.

As the clay lies far beneath the limestone, and the latter is porous and full of faults, every drop of rain that falls is sucked in, unless artificially caught and conducted to cisterns and clay-lined pools, and the water escapes below only where it encounters impervious beds. So full of caves and subterranean watercourses is the Alb that, not infrequently, the crust suddenly gives way and reveals a funnel-like abyss. On 5 December, 1680, during bitter winter weather, such an event occurred, and an eye-witness describes how steam rose out of the chasm, and he could hear below the rush of an invisible river. Moreover, the maps show portions of the surface pock-marked with circular depressions. Caverns containing many halls, stalactites and stalagmites, subterranean lakes and streams, are numerous.

The Swabian Alb

Some have been the haunts of extinct animals, some of early man, and some have been the refuges of the inhabitants in historic times, when the flood of war rolled over the country.

A writer on the Alb says of the native, "He lives usually in a one-storey house, thatched with straw in old-fashioned simplicity. Emphatically has the Alb-dweller through two thousand years resisted all intermixture with foreign elements. Rough land, hard soil, dearth of water, have been the reason why no conquerors have cared to settle there. If one can speak of the Suevic race as still surviving pure and unadulterated, it is here. Here one sees the flaxen-headed children with blue eyes and dolichocephalic skulls. Old German costume and manner prevail here above anywhere else in Swabia. Here on Palm Sunday old and young gather the twigs of catkins; here on Ascension Day the wreaths of pink milkwort are woven and hung up to ward off the lightning; here at Easter the eggs are sought that the hare has laid, and at Pentecost the Whitsun clown is rigged up; here the may is set up on May Day, and the horse-shoe is nailed to the stable door to keep the evil spirits away. The position of the Bauer (peasant-farmer) is supreme, the title is held in high honour, and is conferred only on the man who owns at least four horses. He who possesses but three is a Söldner (a hireling), one on a lower stage is a

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Half-Söldner, then comes a Quarter-Söldner, then the cowherd, and so on. All life revolves about the farm. The year of the Albler is spent in ploughing, sowing, reaping, thrashing; and his mind is engaged but rarely on anything save the change of crops, the fallow land, the cattle, the manure, and the price of corn."

It was perhaps natural that, although water is an essential of life, the peasant should have opposed the artificial conveyance of it to the plateau. When it is known that his drinking-water—for family or cattle—was supplied by the drip of his decaying thatch, the drainage of the stables and cow-stalls was allowed to percolate into his reservoirs, and when these rude receptacles failed in time of drought, he had to fetch water from the spring far below in the valley—it might be assumed, as a matter of course, that he would have hailed a proposal to bring a supply of pure water to his door. But not so. In 1866, a councillor, Ehmann of Stuttgart, recommended that by means of a high-pressure engine the fluid from below should be forced on to the plateau above, then the Alblers were up in arms and strongly opposed the carrying out of the proposal. Then the king was constrained to interfere and override their resistance, and insist that the experiment should be made in three places, Justingen, Mysterden, and Hausen. On 17 February, 1871, fresh water poured in a sparkling jet out of the

The Swabian Alb

iron pipes in the midst of these three villages, to the amazement of the people. At first they shrank from drinking it—it was not straw-coloured like that in their tanks ; it was tasteless and had not a smack of the cowshed about it, and it did not possess the familiar odour of the cesspool.

At length, falteringly, they were induced to try it, and finally even to prefer it. In due course other villages petitioned to have water brought to them also ; and with the pure water supply typhoid and other fevers diminished on the Alb.

The water falling on the plateau, as already said, flows out in springs at the base of the cliffs. One of the finest of these sources is the Blautopf (Bluepot) of Blaubeuren. This is a pool in a deep basin that runs in under the rock, the colour is an intense blue. Chemical analysis has not revealed any substance in the water that can explain the phenomenon. In fact the stream that flows from it retains its colour till it mingles with the Danube ; nor, indeed, does it wholly lose it then, but flows down for some distance in a blue streak in the turbid waters of this river. The Bluepot is about one hundred and thirty feet in diameter, and its extreme depth is seventy-one feet in the middle. Usually the surface is glassy ; but after a storm on the Alb, or a rapid thaw, several upward columns of somewhat clouded

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water are seen to form bells on the surface. When the water is thus rising it gives forth a sound like the boiling of a kettle. So confident are the people that it is a bottomless pit, and that the water is in actual ebullition, that they assert that the lead dropped in at the end of a plumb-line is melted below. From the heights magnificent prospects are obtained: to the north, the plain and hilly land of Würtemberg; to the west, the dark profile of the Black Forest; and to the south the gleaming chain of the Swiss Alps.

The climate of the Uplands is rigorous. Winter reigns there for from five to six months, and the summer comes in with a bound, without an intervening spring. Scarcely a month passes without the stove being lighted in the dwelling-room in the morning. Autumn also comes on with equal abruptness. The plateau has a somewhat monotonous appearance; and it is in the valleys that beauty and variety will be found, where the meadows are lush and the russet-roofed, timber-and-plaster houses are sunk in a bed of foliage—in May an efflorescence of pink and white. The visitor is hardly likely to make excursions over the elevated tableland. The beautiful scenery is to be found in the valleys, and it will be but here and there that he will ascend a height to obtain a distant prospect, or to cut across a saddle from one valley to another.

One of the peculiar features of the Alb is the

The Swabian Alb

series of outstanding cones along the margin, each crowned with the ruins of a castle, forming a chain of fortresses, dynastic strongholds. These conical hills have been formed by water, in the manner indicated below.

In the Kaiser and Rechberg continuation of the Alb these cones are planted on high ground



FORMATION OF OUTLYING CONES.
(After Dr. Engel.)

—Stuifen, Rechberg, Hohenstaufen; for this portion of the plateau has been denuded of its upper crust, which remains only as caps to these heights.

From a geological point of view, one of the interesting features of the Alb is the evidence it presents of volcanic action. The crust in more than a hundred places has been perforated by intrusive columns of lava. There are three especial centres of activity. The first is at the south-west of the Alb, in the Höhgäu, a plain



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lying between the western arm of the Lake of Constance, the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and the Danube at Tuttlingen, where there are fifteen conical masses of igneous matter, of which the highest is the Hohentwiel (2253 ft.) consisting of clink stone or phonolite. The second outbreak



GEOLOGIC SECTION. THE BLACK VEINS ARE VOLCANIC DYKES.
(After Dr. Engel.)

is thirty-three miles north-east of the first, in the midst of the Alb, and extends from fifteen to eighteen miles, with Urach as the centre, and this seems to have been the principal seat of volcanic activity, furnishing thirty domes of basalt forming a disjointed ring. Some of these are on the plateau, some on the north-west slope. The third irruption is thirty-three miles north of Urach, between Bopfingen and Nördlingen, but this is insignificant compared with the others.

The flora of the Alb is rich—it comprises all the usual plants that love the limestone, but it has also some that are special to it. One of the most

The Swabian Alb

favoured spots for a botanist is the Rosenstein by Heubach.¹

The original population of the Alb lived, as Tacitus tells us was usual among the Germans, in pits sunk in the soil, covered over with dung to keep the inmates warm. A number of these pit-dwellings have been found on the Alb, with traces about them of enclosures. The graves of these people have also been discovered under mounds or cairns. They lived apart in solitary farm homesteads, as again Tacitus assures us was general.

Then came the Romans, who ran highways straight as a bowline through the country, and established forts and markets at intervals. The *Limes trans-rhenanus* was a boundary wall thrown up by Domitian, Marcus Aurelius, and Probus, which was carried from the Rhine at Linz to Ratisbon on the Danube, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, and took in the Alb. On the south side was the civilized world, north of it barbarism. It was customary for the Romans to transport bodies of people from one country to another and plant them on the confines of the land under their control, and so here near the Alb some such settlements were effected, mainly of Gauls.

¹ There is an excellent book on the botany of the Alb by Dr. R. Tradmann: *Das Pflanzenleben der Schwäbischen Alb*, 2 vols., with coloured plates. (Tübingen, Verlag d. Schwäb. Albvereins. 9 marks.)

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With the break up of the Roman Empire, the Alemanni passed over the wall and occupied the Swabian land to the Alps. We can tell what were their settlements by the termination *ingen*, the dative plural of *ing* attached to a personal name; the followers and clansmen of an Ingolf founded Ingolfingen, those of Geisl settled at Geislingen. A chieftain settled down in a certain chosen spot and called it after his name. Lands were granted by him to offshoots of the clan, which formed separate settlements, and these were designated after him who planted himself in a subsidiary hamlet, with the termination *heim* after his name. Kirchheim is not necessarily the Church-home, but the plantation of a Christian who had as his baptismal name Cyriacus. In 960 the place was called Chiriheim.

In 496, the Alemanni were defeated and subjected by the Franks. Vast numbers of graves of the Alemanni have been found. They settled in close villages, and buried their dead in rows underground, without grave mounds above them. Their plantations were very often near the old Roman roads, sometimes among the ruins of Roman stations. Although nominally subject to the Franks, yet the Alemanni retained their own laws, and were governed by their own dukes, of whom the names of several are recorded, but we do not know whether the title and authority were hereditary. In 746, Carloman, eldest son of

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Charles Martel, Mayor of the Palace, resolving on the destruction of Alemannic independence, treacherously summoned the principal nobles of Swabia to meet him at Cannstadt. There he surrounded them with his Frankish soldiers and massacred several thousand of them. Stung by his conscience, Carloman retired to a monastery in Italy, and died the following year. In 748, an Alemannic duke, Lantfried II, rose against the Frankish overlordship, but was defeated, deposed, and died in 751. And with him ceased the Alemannic dukedom for a long period.

Then followed the counts of Swabia, nominated by the Frankish kings. Charlemagne in 771 married Hildegard, the sister of the Swabian Count Gerold, of the ancient ducal family. She was but thirteen when he married her, and bore him nine children, four sons and five daughters; of the sons Ludwig the Pious succeeded his father. Hildegard was greatly loved for her piety and charity to the poor and sick. She died in 783, at the age of twenty-six, and her monument bore a Latin inscription descriptive of her beauty, intellectual gifts, and kindly nature. After the death of her successor Fastrada, Charlemagne again married a Swabian, Liutgard, who died early in 800 without issue.

In 917 Swabia was again a duchy, and the first duke was Burkhardt, son of Burkhardt, Margrave of Upper Alemannia. There were in

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succession fifteen dukes, the last of whom was Rudolf, who was set up by Pope Gregory VII against his legitimate king, Henry V. This Henry had been instigated by the Pope to rebel against his father Henry IV, whom Gregory had excommunicated. But when Henry came to the throne the Pope found that the son, whom he had encouraged to revolt against his natural father, was not in the least degree disposed to be humble and submissive to his spiritual father. He let Gregory understand that he would have none of his interference beyond the Alps, and bade him mind his own affairs. The Pope in fury excommunicated him, and released all his subjects from their allegiance. He went further, and set up Rudolf of Swabia as opposition king. At the same time he ventured on a prophecy that the same year the false king should perish. A battle was fought on the Elster on 15 October, 1080, in which Rudolf was wounded in the groin and had his right hand cut off. Holding up his bleeding stump, Rudolf turned to the bishops who surrounded him and said, "Consider this hand, with which I took oath of allegiance to Henry my king. Now I quit realm and life. You who persuaded me to rebellion look well to it, whether you have done right." He died the same night. All Germany recognised this as the judgment of God. And now rises to the foremost place the great dynasty of the Hohenstaufen, that gave to Germany her

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grandest emperors and kings. It began with Frederick of Büren, whom Henry IV had invested with the dukedom of Swabia. About this family I shall have more to say in the sequel.

The following are useful guides to the Alb:—

Frölich (H.): *Die Schwäbische Alb*. (Stuttgart, Levy and Müller, 1872. 1 mark 50.)

Wais (Julius): *Alb führer*. (Stuttgart, Deutsche Verlags Gesellschaft, 3rd ed., 1908. 3 marks.) This has maps, but it is essentially for pedestrians, and the former is the more useful book generally.

There was another, a capital book, used extensively by Frölich, Vogt (Fr.): *Die Schwäbische Alp* (Stuttgart, J. B. Metzler, 1854); but this is antiquated and now quite out of print.

Schwab (Gustav): *Die Schwäbische Alb*, 2nd ed., enlarged by Dr. G. Paulus. (Stuttgart, 1878.)

Hochstetter (L. F.): *Die Teck u. seine Umgebung*. (Kirchheim u. T., 1864.)

CHAPTER II

KIRCHHEIM UNDER TECK

KIRCHHEIM is a pleasant, industrial town of 8193 inhabitants. To say it is industrial is to say what is common of every town, village and hamlet in Germany. It has its factory chimneys, so has every village in the Alb—so has not every village in England. And the Swabian factories, as other factories throughout Germany, are pouring their goods into England, whilst English operatives look on with hands in their pockets and bemoan that they have no work—the foreigners have taken it from them. Kirchheim commands a view of the Alb, with the tower of Teck rising in the centre of the prospect; and it was the capital of the duchy.

And now something about that duchy. In the old pagan days of the Alemanni the ducal residence was at Limburg, near Weilheim. The story told by an old writer in 1535 is that there existed a tradition that the chieftain who lived in Teck was a determined pagan; but Rumelius, the Alemannic duke, was a Christian; and a great battle was fought in the Fils valley,



KIRCHEIM UNTER TECK
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Kirchheim under Teck

in which the Alemanni were victorious, whereupon the chieftain of Teck was constrained to submit to baptism, and required to erect a church in the sacred grove of Lindenheim that had been consecrated to the gods. A noble lime tree at the point where the roads diverge to Dettingen and Nabern is pointed out as the last representative of the sacred grove—at all events, a seedling. Moreover, so said the legend, Christians settled about the church, and those who stubbornly remained pagans occupied the further bank of the river, to this day designated the Heidenschaft.

Teck was not originally a duchy, but a county pertaining to the Zähringen family that had possessions in Switzerland and in Baden. It traced back to a Berthold, Duke of Swabia in 700; but the first historical ancestor known was a Berthold of Zähringen, Duke of Carinthia, and Margrave of Verona, in 1050. He had been a friend and supporter of the Emperor Henry IV, but, misled by papal intrigue, he turned against him, and died insane in his castle at Limburg in 1078, after seeing his possessions ravaged and his strongholds given over to the flames by his offended sovereign. Besides Teck, the dukes owned many fortresses in the Lenninger Thal, in Kirchheim, and in the Fils Thal. In fact, all the surrounding castles, bristling on every projecting crag, were held in fief from the dukes: Sperbereck, Wielandstein, Sulzburg, Schlossberg,

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Mansberg, Bohl, Lichteneck, Randeck, Hahnenkamm, Diepoldsburg and Wiesensteig, and the Fils valley down to Geislingen.

Berthold had two sons: Berthold II, Duke of Zähringen and Teck, and Hermann, Margrave of Verona, who founded the still flourishing House of Baden. Berthold II succeeded to Zähringen and Teck, and had a grandson, Berthold III. At this period the possessions of the Zähringers extended from the middle of the present Grand-duchy of Baden to the Great S. Bernard. Adalbert II had two sons, Conrad I and Berthold. This latter, when quite young, was appointed to the bishopric of Strasburg. He was a worthy, large-hearted prelate, but warlike. Possibly he could not help himself. The German bishops had wide possessions, and on these the secular princes encroached. In the Middle Ages not even a bishop, if slapped on one cheek, turned the other to his adversary, but doubled his fist and hit back again. Berthold was engaged during three years in war with the Count of Pfirt, and did not give over till he had brought his opponent to his knees.

The grandsons of Conrad I divided their inheritance. The eldest, Hermann, took one half of the Castle of Teck and its belongings and one half of the town of Kirchheim. His branch withered, and sold its share of Teck and Kirchheim to the Duke of Austria in 1303, and Austria pawned this half to Württemberg in 1325. Con-

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ceive a castle with commanders in it pertaining to two powers, and a town divided between two potentates. What elements for strife were there ! In 1329, on the death of the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg, when the Electors met to choose a successor, Conrad of Teck is said to have been elected emperor, but died immediately, not without suspicions of poison. And since then the eagle's head as crest has been girt about with a crown. But no contemporary historian mentions this election.

The story is told of Elizabeth, Duchess of Teck, the wife of Duke Lutzmann, who lived in the first half of the fourteenth century, that it had been prophesied to her as a girl that she would die by lightning. In order to defeat this prophecy she had recourse to one necromancer after another, but all in vain, till a "wandering scholar" gave her a charm that she was to recite whenever a storm came on, when it would infallibly dissipate the clouds and protect her. Accordingly, whenever thunderclouds appeared in the sky she repeated the charm, and always with conspicuous success—the black vapours parted overhead and sailed away to explode elsewhere. In Teck, or any other castle that stood high, she had a waiting-woman on the look out to warn her should danger approach. However, one day, when she was in the castle of Wasseneck, of which now not a stone remains on another, the woman saw a little silvery

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cloud sail over the blue ; but it was so small, and looked so innocuous, that she did not deem it necessary to caution her mistress. As the cloudlet came over the castle the Duchess chanced to go to the window, when suddenly the lightning flashed and in an instant she was a corpse, charred to a cinder ; she was buried in the church of the Augustinian Monastery at Oberndorf, that is now turned into a gun factory.

The declension of the family was rapid. Frederick IV, in 1381, disposed of his share of Teck and Kirchheim to the possessor of the other half, and two years later pawned the rest of his possessions to the Count of Würtemberg. He was so embarrassed that Leopold of Austria had to send round the hat for him, and Frederick of Bavaria and Eberhard of Würtemberg dropped in their contributions. Ulrich, his son, was given a position under the Emperor Sigismund to keep him afloat. He died in Italy in 1432, and was succeeded in the title by his brother, Ludwig IX, who had become a monk and had been appointed to the barren honour of the patriarchate of Aquileja. His time was taken up in fighting with the Venetian Republic, which refused to allow him to enter his see. He was appointed papal protonotary to the Council of Basle, where he died of the plague in 1439, and was buried there in the Charterhouse with shield, helmet and sword, and as the body was lowered into the



TOMB OF THE DUKES OF TECK, OWEN

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vault his coat of arms was broken over it, as the last of the ancient Dukes of Teck. His sister Irmgard had, however, married Veit, Count of Rechberg, and carried the blood of the ancient Swabian ducal house into that family.

In the meantime the Württemberg house had entered into the place of headship of the Swabian race, had acquired vast possessions in the land, and was waxing strong and influential. It owned Teck since the purchase in 1381. In 1493 the Emperor Maximilian I accorded the title and arms of the Dukes of Teck to the Duke of Württemberg. Thenceforth they were Dukes of Teck and of Württemberg, and on the arms, quartered with the three stags' horns *sable* on a field *or*, are the lozenges *or* and *sable* of Teck. An alteration was, however, made with regard to the crest. In place of the crowned eagle's head was assumed that of a dog. But the family of Württemberg has entered on another inheritance of historic importance—that of the Hohenstaufen, Dukes of Swabia—and now bears the Hohenstaufen three lions passant, impaled with the coat of Württemberg.

The bones of the first dynasty lie at Owen, under the castle. Thirteen of the first ducal house, male and female, were buried there, some in the parish church, others in the church of S. Peter, which has been pulled down. In 1579 the tomb in the parish church was opened by Duke Ludwig of Württemberg. It was quite plain save that on

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the huge covering slab were the arms, helmet, and crest of Teck. Within nothing was found save a Frankfort coin, some crumbling wood of a coffin, silk that had once covered it, and four skulls and the bones of three persons only. One of the skulls had a hole in it as big as a hen's egg.¹ The bones showed that they had belonged to men tall and well built. The Duke had the tomb closed again, and on it the inscription cut: "Sub hoc saxo illustrissimorum Alemannorum ducum de Teck ossa recondita sunt et sepulta." The bones of those in the church destroyed at the Reformation have not been recovered.

Duke Frederick of Würtemberg was created king by Napoleon, and thenceforth was accounted first King of Würtemberg, and wrote himself Frederick I. It is to be regretted that the title of the kingdom of Swabia was not taken in place of that of a small and ruinous castle.

Kirchheim has suffered severely from fire. In 1690 it was burnt down—the castle and the church being alone left—every house was reduced to ashes. Happily the good folk rebuilt their dwellings on the old lines, with high-pitched tiled roofs and the gables toward the street, so that there is not the lack of picturesqueness that might have been expected from the period of rebuilding; and the Rathhaus is a delightful

¹ This was probably the head of Conrad III, who was assassinated at Munich in 1348.



KIRCHHEIM

S.B.G.

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structure of timber and plaster, surmounted by a tower and bulbous cap. The castle is not beautiful—very much the reverse—surrounded by a moat full of stagnant water, a breeding-place for mosquitoes. The church was built in 1268, but the tower is bad; the old one was pulled down to repair the walls of the town, and that which replaces it is characterless. For the fortification of Kirchheim, in 1539, not only was the parish church tower demolished, but also the whole church of S. Calixtus at Weilheim, as well as two churches in Kirchheim, one in Otlingen, and another in Dettingen. There was plenty of excellent building stone hard by, but it saved a little trouble—that of squaring blocks—to use such as had been already shaped. In the Alb it would seem to have been a prevailing custom from the date of the Reformation to pull down both churches, monasteries, and castles whenever a little building stone was wanted. Thus the historic Hohenstaufen was levelled with the dust, to serve as a quarry for Duke Christopher, in 1562, when he desired to build a castle at Göppingen; and Duke Charles must needs destroy Hohen Urach, the ancestral seat of his race, and draw the stones over the Alb to Grafeneck to build there a trumpery Versailles and an opera house in 1760. The opera house was only for his court, not to instil a love of music and the drama into the minds of the rude Ablers, and it has since

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been in its turn demolished. It is this passion for destroying, out of a poor economy, that has robbed the Alb of nearly all its ancient castles, and many a town of its churches and defensive towers. In the Lenninger Thal were thirteen castles occupied by feudal tenants of Teck. Hardly any now show above their foundation stones.

The parish church of Kirchheim belongs to the late Gothic period, when Perpendicular flourished in England, Flamboyant in France, and the Broken Twig style in Germany. Of all three—Gothic in decadence—the last is supremely the best. It is delightful in the play of imagination it allowed. In Middle Pointed, the compass was supreme; in German late Gothic, the mind of man. Moreover, Middle Pointed, that lasted from 1300 to 1375, was an importation from France. The finest specimen is Cologne Cathedral, and that has been supposed to have been inspired by Amiens. But the Third Pointed in Germany is purely national; it lasted from 1375 to 1525. Capitals were often omitted from the pillars, these latter, as bundles of reeds spread and interlaced in the vaulting, forming a complete network of ribs; the flowing tracery in windows it frequently snapped off, leaving broken ends, and avoiding thereby the somewhat nauseating undulations of lines that is found in French Flamboyant tracery. Mouldings interpenetrate each other, in a manner hardly justifiable, but having a quaint-



CHURCH, KIRCHHEIM

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ness of its own. Sometimes, as at Ulm, there are pillars that resemble trunks of trees with the boughs cut off, leaving the stumps. The foliage is superb, far surpassing the achievements of the former period, and infinitely richer than the poor withered leafage of our Perpendicular work.

The church of Kirchheim was only completed in 1576, after that it had been robbed of its tower. The fire of 1690 damaged the nave, but the beautiful choir, with its net-vaulting, was uninjured. The stone Communion Table, as is usual in Evangelical churches, is in the nave, and is surrounded with ironwork as a cage; the date is 1780. The font, as is also customary in Protestant churches, is in front of the Table. The place of the high altar is occupied by a radiating stove, and the choir is converted into a receptacle for grave-stones. In it are two paintings of the Swabian school on gold grounds, brought from the cemetery chapel when that was pulled down. The church is locked at all times save during the two hours of service on Sunday, and the sacristan has to be hunted up to obtain admission. At Reutlingen for a fee of twopence one receives a ticket of admission to the church. All these sacred buildings that have fallen into Protestant hands look and smell like disused drawing-rooms. In Lutheran churches the old furniture remains untouched, but is fusty and worm-eaten. In Zwinglian and Calvinist churches everything pertaining to

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Catholic times has been removed and destroyed. Unhappily a wave of iconoclasm passed over Swabia before Lutheranism became the established religion. Most of the Evangelical churches in Swabia have been restored, whitewashed and varnished. In Württemberg Lutheranism was for three centuries the accepted religion, but since King William III of Prussia devised his scheme for the union of Lutheranism and Calvinism his fusion has been accepted in Württemberg, as it has also in Baden.

In 1839 the King of Prussia abolished the name of Protestant Church, and out of the amalgam produced a so-called Evangelical Church, without any definite doctrine and with a liturgy of his own composition. The union into one creedless church was not effected in the spirit of Paul, but in that of Gallio. There could exist no controversy on dogma when nothing was taught. It was not on the platform of definite belief that the union was effected, but in the vacuity of common negation. No new doctrine was imported into the teaching of the Church; her dogmas were simply extracted from her, and laid aside, as cooks draw woodcock and serve its entrails apart on toast.

In 896 there existed a convent in Kirchheim, and in 1235 Conrad of Teck gave to it an endowment. In 1376 it contained seventy nuns. Ulrich the Well-beloved, Count of Württemberg,

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had two sons, Eberhard and Henry. In 1476 the young Eberhard with a party of his followers burst into the convent, demanded food and wine, and cleared the refectory for a dance. The sisters, will they, nil they—probably the former—were called out to dance, and no refusal was taken. Soon they were whisking round in their white woollen habits, rosaries and black scapulas flying; and the Reverend Mother sitting in the corner held her hands before her face, but peeped between the fingers. Eberhard's father heard of this, and wrote to him: "You were recently at Kirchheim and had a dance in the convent two hours before midnight, to the great offence of God and the scandal of all sober men. Moreover, your lads invade the convent at night . . . as if the sinful conduct of you and your fellows were not enough, you brought in your brother as well, and there ensued such dancing and such an uproar that it made the house as one of disrepute."

Ten years later, when his father was dead, Count Eberhard, being distressed for money through his extravagance, appeared in Kirchheim again before the convent; on this occasion not to lead out the nuns in dance, but to exact of them a considerable sum of money. They kept the doors fast against him this time, and refused to pay the contribution. He sat down under the walls, laid siege to the house, and hoped to starve the sisters into submission. An account

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of what took place was written by a nun, a contemporary, in the convent: "A hundred men in armour of the company of Count Eberhard the Younger kept watch daily about the convent to cut off all communication with those outside. The poor women held out bravely and prudently as heroes. They ate their bread, covered with blue mould, as though it were holy. Pious folk contrived surreptitiously to smuggle some food within the walls. Count Eberhard wi' the Beard (cousin of Eberhard the Younger) sent a waggon laden with bread, dried fish, and eggs, attended by so large and well-armed a force that the besieger was unable to prevent its introduction into the convent. However, as soon as the convoy had withdrawn the blockade became closer than before." The elder Eberhard promised assistance, but he was in a difficult position and shrank from attacking his cousin. "The nuns," continues the contemporary, "placed all their confidence in God; whereas the theologian, Holzinger (counsellor to the younger Count), scoffed and declared that God knew and cared nothing about their sufferings. They still retained some amount of victuals, but lacked, above all, wood in the bitter winter weather. Then the women cut down the old tree stumps, broke up the summer-house of the convent for fuel, and would have hewn down the great lime tree, but used their choir-stalls first, and had the siege lasted much longer would

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have heated their stoves with the church pictures. Their victuals were at last nearly expended, and the nuns were meditating flight to Weil, when happily arrived the hour of their relief. During the night of Saturday, 9 February, the women heard an uproar in the town. All the sisters fled to the refectory. In the infirmary lay the sick eighty-year-old Magdalena von Lichteneck and another old nun. The gates of the convent were burst in, and then the nuns hastened to carry all their little goods, in the utmost alarm, into the cold choir of the church. A dilatory sister came to the door and screamed, 'Let me in, the convent is full of men!' But when they attempted to open the door for her, the men thrust in as well; and now ensued a vigorous tussle between the women and the men. Thrice did the latter break open the door, and thrice did the sisters succeed in forcing them out, and finally they succeeded in bolting it. The men shouted, 'Open! we will do you no harm.' Conrad Thumb called to them that they had come to rescue them. But the women believed that these fellows belonged to the company of Eberhard the Younger. Between two and three o'clock Conrad Thumb succeeded in cutting through the bolt with his sword, and then he forced his way in, brandishing his sword and shouting, 'Come out! Come out!' for he supposed the nuns had been attacked by the enemy. He found them all on their knees before the



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altar, pictures and crucifixes in their hands. The chaplain had placed the Host on the altar. Praying and singing, the poor women expected immediate death, but some of the young nuns entreated for life. What a surprise was theirs when they found that these intruders were actually their deliverers. The revulsion from fear to joy was almost too much for the women. Eberhard wi' the Beard himself appeared at the hour of vespers and explained to the nuns that he was come to their assistance, and he praised their courage. Then he informed the Prioress that Kirchheim was in his hands, and that no blood had or would be shed. The warm, cordial words, which on Monday morning after Mass he addressed to the nuns, just as if he were a cleric, a learned father of their Order, let the nuns have an insight into the noble heart and the pious spirit of their sovereign. In parting he promised to send them shortly his wife, and the nuns might try to make a *religiouse* of her." In fact, on 19 February the Countess Barbara of Mantua arrived and gave the poor half-starved nuns a right royal banquet. Before Eberhard the Elder at the head of a force of 4000 men, his scape-grace cousin had deemed it prudent to decamp.

On the death of Duke Eberhard, this younger Eberhard was acknowledged as his successor, and in May, 1496, was invested with the duchies of Württemberg and Teck. He was then aged

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forty-nine ; but he had learned nothing by past experience. With some men experience is like the lantern in the tail of a glow-worm—it illumines the wreckage in their rear, but casts no light on the way before their eyes. He continued in his violence and defiance of the rights of the people. At a Diet held at Stuttgart on 25 March, 1498, he was required to observe the Constitution as established by Eberhard wi' the Beard. Deserted by all, he fled from Kirchheim on All-Fools' Day, 1498, carrying off with him such plate and treasures as he could amass, and was then formally deposed.

The convent was dissolved in 1559, and was converted into a granary and store-house for fruit for the Duke. In the year 1626 there was famine, and Duke John Frederick sent orders to his steward to dispose of its contents to the poor at a nominal price. The fellow, however, did not obey, and refused to sell. Then a thunderstorm broke over Kirchheim, and lightning fell on the corn store-house, set it on fire, and as the steward was escaping a tile from the roof fell on his head and killed him. The chapel of the convent, that contained some tombs of the family of the Dukes of Teck, was consumed with the rest of the building.¹

¹ Those buried there were Dukes Conrad, Frederick, Sigismund, and Hermann of Teck and their duchesses. Also Barbara of Mantua, widow of Duke Eberhard wi' the Beard. In 1818, when the ground where stood the chapel was being turned into asparagus beds, numerous grave slabs were found, but no examination and identification were made.

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Towards the close of the seventeenth century, when the persecution of witches was in full swing, a boy of six years old in Kirchheim was brought before the magistrates to testify against his own mother. He belonged to a family that had already suffered for the cause of witchcraft. His grandparents had been horribly lacerated with iron hooks, and finally decapitated on this charge in 1619. A fellow-scholar declared that the little lad had told him that his mother and he every night rode up the chimney on the back of a black dog to the Three Lime Trees, where a swarthy man blew a horn and rode about on a goat, and the assembly danced with cats as their partners, or galloped round astride on fire-irons. The poor little fellow was hard pressed to admit that he had said as much ; but he denied so stoutly and so persistently that the judges were reluctantly obliged to dismiss the case. The child's resolution and courage saved his mother from a cruel death.

In the church is buried Francisca, who died in 1810, the wife of Duke Charles Eugene. Charles Eugene was, like his father, Charles Alexander, a Catholic, and he had married Elizabeth Frederica, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Bayreuth. She died in 1780. There was a beautiful girl, Francisca, daughter of a poor baron with a large family—William von Bernardin. She was born in 1748, and had been married very young



CARL EUGENE HERZOG VON WÜRTEMBERG AND TECK.
BORN 1728, DIED 1793
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(seventeen) to the rich, ugly, and stupid Baron Frederick von Lentrum. Duke Charles saw her in 1770 at Pforzheim, where the nobility had assembled to meet him on his way through. He was twenty years older than she. Struck with her face, he at once appointed Herr von Lentrum his marshal, and, whilst the husband was executing a commission given him, Duke Charles took the lady into his carriage and drove off with her to Ludwigsburg. To cut off all reclamation of his wife on the part of the baron, the Duke induced a subservient consistory to dissolve the marriage. Duke Charles had galloped through the pleasures of life; now only was he arrested by a master passion and reined in to a sober trot. For a while Francisca was accorded the modest title of "Friend," but after the death of the Duchess the Duke resolved on marrying the lady. The Emperor Joseph II, at his request, created her Countess of Hohenheim. The Houses of Assembly of Würtemberg were willing to agree to the Duke's proposal, and promised him a yearly subvention of fifty thousand gulden, so afraid were they lest he should marry a Catholic princess. The Pope, indeed, demurred to his contracting an alliance with a divorced Protestant, but with the distribution of some bakshish this difficulty was removed, and in 1785 Charles was able to announce to his Estates that he was married to the Countess. She was not only

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beautiful, but also clever enough to maintain her ascendancy over her husband, and although she used her influence to enrich her family, she exercised it largely for the good of the land, and in restraining the Duke from acts of violence or indiscretion. She had no issue by him. He died in 1793, and she survived him nineteen years, residing in the castle at Kirchheim. She witnessed the eventful years of Napoleon's career unroll before her, and died in 1812, precisely as his star began to wane.

In the church is also the monument of Conrad Widerhold and his wife. He died in 1667, a brave man, who defended Hohentwiel during the Thirty Years' War against the Imperialists. He spent the remainder of his days as Governor of Kirchheim. His epitaph runs thus :—

The Commandant of Hohentwiel,
As firm as rock, as true as steel,
The prince's shield, the foeman's dread,
To poor he alms distributed.
A hero, Christian, good and bold,
Here slumbers Conrad Widerhold.
This tomb as well, the poor remains
Of Anna Irmgard Burkhartsch retains,
From Delmenhorst her stock she drew,
Of faith substantial, virtue true.
May God preserve the worthy twain,
And blessings on their ashes rain.

During the Thirty Years' War Kirchheim saw its citizens reduced from 3170 to 1079 ; of private

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houses 1533 had been destroyed. The vineyards lay neglected, and the corn-fields were untilled. In remembrance of this terrible time, at sunset till long after the bells tolled, the people prayed, "From Turks and Swedes, Good Lord, deliver us!" The Turks were the Croats in the Imperial service, and the Swedes served on the Protestant side. There was not a pin of difference between them. Each ravaged and robbed and maltreated the unhappy people indiscriminately.

Kirchheim owed much to Widerhold. Appointed Governor by the Duke, he and his wife lived in the castle during the winter, but spent the summer in the country. There was no money in the treasury, in the houses were few men, and such as were there were work-shy. The protracted war had taken out of them energy and hope. Troops of vagabonds roved about the country, begging and stealing. Widerhold instituted a police. The tramps were held up and compelled to work. Children attracted the special attention of the worthy pair. They were themselves childless. The orphans left by the ravages of the war were collected by Widerhold and placed out in respectable families. Some he employed in his own fields and gardens or household. He reopened the schools, that had been long closed, appointed teachers, visited them repeatedly, and rewarded the best scholars. His activity was

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exerted in every direction, and he was warmly seconded by his wife. She possessed an eagle eye and a sharp tongue. From a lofty window she watched the workmen—builders on their scaffolds, tillers of the soil, needlewomen sitting before their doors—and, if they exhibited the least slackness, downstairs she came and gave them the lash of her tongue. Under Widerhold Kirchheim presented a new aspect. As was said in the country :—

Houses he builded for townsmen and farmers,
Stout and substantial, lasting for ever,
Churches and schools, barns also and stables ;
Gardens he stocked too, wells he provided,
Inns he established, storehouses also,
Watermills, windmills, everything needed.

Verily a noble life, and Widerhold has left a memory ever green.

The Woolstaplers' Hall was formerly the residence of a noble family, but was purchased in the sixteenth century by Duke Frederick. At this time arrived an alchemist from Zurich, named Neuscheler ; he appeared in Stuttgart with a trumpeter blowing before him, and proclaiming that Neuscheler could cure all diseases, expel devils, lay spirits, and transmute base metals into gold. The son of Duke Frederick had been bitten by a dog, and hydrophobia was feared. Neuscheler was called in, and the youth recovered. Then the Duke was lured on to try the powers

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of the rogue in alchemy. He paid the man 20,000 gulden as wage, sent him to the house that is now the Wool-hall, and bade him there set up his workshop. A furnace was erected, the bellows set in motion, and metals dissolved. He was to begin with the transmutation of lead into silver, and then proceed to change copper into gold. True enough, silver was produced in the crucible, but it had been introduced by means of a tube, unobserved.

When Duke Frederick went to Italy he sent a trusty servant to Kirchheim to be in attendance on the alchemist. On his return he inquired how much silver and gold had been made. The servant said that, so far as he could learn, nothing had been effected. The Duke ordered the "Freihof" (the hall) to be surrounded to prevent the escape of the swindler, and to retain him for punishment. Neuscheler hid all his valuables in a cask in the cellar. Next day he was imprisoned, and his trial was begun. The rogue was condemned to death, and was hanged at Stuttgart on the iron gallows there erected, from which later swung Süß Oppenheim in his cage. Seventy years afterwards the cask was found, and on being opened disclosed the sum of 20,000 gulden in silver and gold.

Undeterred by experience, Duke Frederick, two years after the execution of Neuscheler, employed a couple of brothers on the same business,

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and lodged them also in the Freihof. Not only so, but he granted them 20,000 gulden and the castle and village of Neidlingen. Furnaces were established at both places, but with as little result as before. Both of these charlatans were arrested, their savings, amounting to 300,000 gulden, confiscated, and, after having been barbarously tortured, both were swung from the iron gallows.

The castle at Kirchheim was erected in or about 1530 by Duke Ulrich, who pulled down an earlier building to erect the present uninteresting residence. When the plague raged in Stuttgart, in 1594, the Duke transferred hither his court. It is smothered in trees, the garden is dank and overgrown, and the moat smells. Here princes have been born, dukes have died, and princesses have been married.

It was occupied from 1811 to 1857 by the Duchess Henriette, daughter of Prince Charles of Nassau-Weilburg, and widow of Duke Ludwig. She lost her husband early, and retired, with four daughters and a son, to the castle of Kirchheim, that was assigned to her as a residence. One of her daughters, Pauline, became the wife of King William I. The son, Alexander, a general in the Austrian service, born 9 September, 1804, married Claudine, Countess von Rhédey, of a Hungarian family. She was created Countess of Hohenstein by diploma dated Vienna, 16 May, 1835. Our late King Edward VII had a marble



PRINCESS HENRIETTA OF NASSAU-WEILBURG, WHO MARRIED DUKE
LUDWIG OF WÜRTEMBERG, 1797.

BORN 1770, DIED 1857

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Kirchheim under Teck

tablet with an inscription in Hungarian and English affixed to her monument.

The Duchess Henriette made herself greatly beloved in Kirchheim. She founded an institution for the education and establishment in life of waifs and strays, and another for the care of the poor and sick. She was wont to walk about the little town with small ceremony, everywhere showing kindnesses. Once she saw a poor man from the country hobbling in the mud with soleless shoes. She immediately took him into the nearest cobbler's shop and provided him with a pair of new boots. It was a pretty sight to see her at Christmas with a basket full of toys going to her school, or to the homes of the very poor, distributing little presents to the children. She died on 2 January, 1857, at the age of seventy-seven, deeply regretted in Kirchheim, and was buried at Stuttgart.

An interesting sight at Kirchheim is the annual wool market, held during the six days from 21 June to 27 June, when waggons piled up with fleeces arrive, and are ranged, forming a woollen wall, along the street. On top of each sits a stolid peasant, with expressionless face, waiting with apparent indifference for Heaven to send a purchaser. But when the purchaser does arrive his face becomes animated, as he haggles over the price with the dealer. In the land these bauers are designated "Sheeps'-heads." At the

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opening of the fair a sermon is preached in the church by the pastor.

It is interesting also to observe on a market day the peasants, male and female, from the Alb. The old style of costume has almost wholly disappeared, but the type of face remains, with its unchangeable stolidity.

Formerly the men wore three-cornered hats, dark blue jackets and scarlet vests adorned with silver buttons, leather breeches, and tall boots. The girls had black bodices and skirts, white stockings, a kerchief of many colours, and a hood adorned with ribbons that hung down the back. But all this is a thing of the past. Nowadays the worst style of ready-made garment from the towns has displaced the beautiful old costume. One is disposed to think that man reverses the Darwinian theory, and that he labours to revert to the ape.

A damsel came to a photographer in Kirchheim from one of the Alb villages to have her portrait taken, to send to her sweetheart, then doing duty in the army, at Ludwigsburg. "Shall I take your bust, Fräulein?" asked the artist. "Yes—please—but throw in a bit of head as well."



ALEXANDER, DUKE OF WÜRTEMBERG, AS A BOY
BORN 1800, DIED 1885
Reproduced by the permission of H.S.H. the Duke of Teck

CHAPTER III

TECK

A LEISURELY branch railway from Kirchheim saunters up the Lenninger Thal as far as Ober Lenningen, ringing a bell as it proceeds, to wake up any persons who may be taking a nap on the road, so that they may step out of its way. It ascends the river Lauter, a confluent of the Neckar; and passes Dettingen under Teck, with a storks' nest on the nave roof of the church.

Owen is the name of the town under the dominating heights of Teck, and whence the remains of that castle may be most conveniently visited. Owen has nothing Welsh about it. The *ow* is pronounced as in the English *cow*, and the name should be Auen, signifying meadows. It was at one time a walled town, with gates and towers, two churches and a chapel. Now it has neither walls nor gates, and but a single church. In the church of S. Mary and that of S. Peter were the hereditary burial places of the Dukes of Teck. Thirteen of that family were laid there—an unlucky number—and only, as already said, do the bones of four remain under their tumulary stone.

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As a cathedral town is a hotbed of Dissent and Radicalism, so Owen, pertaining to Teck and with the castle of the dukes commanding it, was persistently and perversely hostile, and threw in its lot with the Swabian Bund. This Confederation comprised the Free Imperial cities of Swabia, Ulm, Gmünd, Esslingen, Reutlingen, etc. As the disturbance of traffic by the petty robber-knights was grown intolerable, and as the great nobles were perpetually interfering with the rights of the towns, and endeavouring to curtail their privileges, they combined for mutual protection, and whenever a castle became a nest of plunderers, proceeded against it, took and burnt it, and accommodated the knight and his followers with halters and tree branches. When the greater nobles were troublesome they declared war against them. Twice did the Bund succeed in driving the counts and dukes of Würtemberg into exile, and destroying their strongholds. The power of the Emperor was gone. The popes had succeeded in destroying the great House of Saxony, they destroyed next the still more powerful House of Hohenstaufen, and the power, as Menzel says, "was scattered among the princes and cities of the Empire. The princes possessed but mediocre authority; they had no ambition beyond the concentration of their petty states, and the attainment of individual independence. Equally indifferent to the downfall of the Hohenstaufen and to the



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Reproduced by the permission of H.S.H. the Duke of Teck from a painting

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creation of the mock sovereigns placed over them by the Pope, they merely sought the advancement of their petty interests by the usurpation of every prerogative hitherto enjoyed by the Crown within their states. Not satisfied with releasing themselves from their allegiance to their sovereign, they also strove to crush civil liberty by carrying on a disastrous warfare against the cities, in which they were warmly supported by the Pope, whom they had assisted in exterminating the Imperial house."

Berthold IV, Duke of Teck, was an adherent of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. He concluded an agreement with him, whereby he was to receive Western Burgundy and Provence in feoff from the Emperor, in return for a body of five hundred fully armed horsemen and fifty crossbowmen he undertook to supply and maintain in the service of the Redbeard. As a pledge of fulfilment Berthold surrendered the Castle of Teck, in 1152, to the Emperor. But he was woefully disappointed in his expectations; for Frederick married Beatrix, the heiress of Provence, and kept her territories for himself. He indemnified Berthold for his disappointment by a grant of East Burgundy. The Duke remained loyal notwithstanding. He was the founder of the present reigning family in Baden.

Ludwig I, Duke of Teck, was a cautious man. He lived at a time of anarchy, when papal

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puppet emperors were set up in opposition to the legitimate Hohenstaufen Kaiser. So as not to commit himself by the recognition of either, he was wont to date his diplomas, "regnante domino Jesu Christo." He looked serenely on at the rival parties, devouring each other like the Kilkenny cats, from his eyrie at Teck, and smiled complacently to himself that he was able to keep out of the turmoil. He managed to restrain his four sons from taking part in the Civil War, and his wife and daughters as well from interference. They were doubtless keen politicians.

Duke Ludwig III was loyal to his namesake, King Ludwig, and treated with indifference the excommunication hurled at the King by John XXII. In 1331, when the Emperor and the Duke appeared at Landshut, the monks declined to hold divine service, because of the interdict laid on the land by the Pope. "Very well, then," said Duke Ludwig, "take the consequences." He lit a torch, stalked into the monastery, and threatened to fire it unless they immediately took their places in the choir and sang the service as though no interdict had been served, and before the Emperor, as though he were not under ban. They submitted.

Count Eberhard I of Würtemberg with fifteen nobles entered into league against the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg in 1286; but the Emperor had on his side the Duke of Teck and the support



EBERHARD II, DUKE OF WÜRTEMBERG
1496-1498, DEPOSED. D. 1504
Reproduced by the permission of H.S.H. the Duke of Teck

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of the cities. The Count was defeated in battle, and again in the following year. Rudolf died in 1291, and Eberhard took the side of Adolfus of Nassau as candidate for the throne against Albert, son of the late Emperor. But he deserted him in 1297, and went over to the party of his rival; for which he was well paid. However when Albert began to reclaim castles and lands and feoffs that had been annexed unwarrantably during the years of anarchy, Eberhard abandoned him and, bribed by a large sum of money, supported the claim of the Bohemian Wenceslas.

On 1 May, 1308, King Albert was assassinated, and Henry VII, of Luxemburg, ascended the vacant throne. He called Eberhard to task for his violences, his oppression of the subjects of the empire, and his interference with the liberties of the free cities. Eberhard defied him, and was placed under the ban of the empire. Henry summoned the Bund to execute the sentence against him. They sprang to arms, took from the Count castle after castle, feoff after feoff. The Duke of Teck, the Counts of Tübingen, Zollern, Helfenstein, and the Margrave of Baden sided with the King and the cities. Eberhard, friendless and abandoned by all, fled from place to place. Out of eighty fortresses but two castles and two walled towns acknowledged him. But all at once the aspect of affairs changed. In September, 1313, news reached Germany that Henry had

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died in Italy. At once Eberhard took the field and won back all that he had lost. The cities, stupefied by the loss of the King, and having no head, offered but a feeble resistance.

In the contest for the throne waged between Ludwig the Bavarian and Frederick of Austria, he took the side of the latter, but after the battle of Mühldorf, went over to Ludwig, seeing that his was the winning side. His grandson, Eberhard the Quarrelsome, further extended his territories, and administered to the Bund a crushing defeat at Döffingen on 25 August, 1388.

The part played by Eberhard the Illustrious, as well as by his father Ulrich the Founder, had been neither loyal nor honourable. They had sought their private interests at the expense of the realm, the welfare of the people, and the liberties of the cities. But we must not measure their conduct by the strict scale of right. The very foundations of common morality were out of course; the popes, as the vicegerents of God, had released subjects from their allegiance, taught men to break their solemn vows, sons to rebel against their fathers, and had winked at assassination. Small wonder if laymen could see no course clear before them save that of self-interest, and had come to regard vows, loyalty, and duty as empty words.

In 1519 the Swabian Bund was again in arms, and again against a Würtemberg prince, Duke

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Ulrich, who was also Lord of Teck. The little town of Owen, though not a free city, threw in its lot with the Bund, although a catapult from the walls of Teck could throw a stone into the midst of the town. Duke Ulrich sent a body of men from Kirchheim to reduce the insolent little place. It closed its gates against them, and when they attempted to escalate the walls found them manned by the women of Owen armed with pitchforks. As a soldier's head was protruded above the battlements, it was caught between the prongs of the hayfork that served as a catchpole; the soldier for a moment was suspended dangling in the air and then dropped at the foot of the walls. After having lost two men with broken necks and others with fractured arms and legs, the troops of Duke Ulrich resolved on retreat. Thereupon the gate was thrown open and out swarmed the men and women of Owen, brandishing flails and hayforks, and the troopers incontinently took to their heels and did not tarry till they reached Kirchheim, where they attributed their discomfiture not to the prongs of the forks, but to the tongues of the women. Nearly, if not quite, all the inhabitants of Owen are peasants. Before every house is a dung-heap, and a look down the High Street exhibits a perspective on each side of tall iron pumps, for discharging the drainage of the dung-heaps—collected in underground tanks—into barrels that will convey the precious liquid to

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the meadows. The arms of Owen are a sable O on a field argent. Its walls and towers have been levelled with the dust, all military ardour is subdued, if not annihilated, by the prevailing eagerness for manure.

The church, which is beside the Lauter in the suburb, has a Romanesque nave with lofty tiled roof, above which is planted a wheel horizontally to sustain a storks' nest, and has a tall apsidal choir rebuilt in 1385, with windows of the purest Middle Pointed style. Internally this choir is empty, save for grave-stones and the tomb of the Dukes of Teck already described. Against the east wall above it is an early winged altar picture of the Swabian school, representing the Descent from the Cross, and on the wings, Saints, Oswald of Northumbria—how comes he *en cette galère*?—Barbara, Bartholomew, and Lucy; all on a gold ground. The vaulting of the choir is of stone. The keystones bear: (1) The arms of Würtemberg, three stags'-horns; and those of Teck, the lozenges. (2) The Imperial banner, and the fish *dos à dos*, of Montbéliard. (3) Those of Kirchheim, a broach and a stags'-horn, (4) The O of Owen. The nave has a flat ceiling. As is usual in Evangelical churches, the Communion Table is of stone in the nave below the step into the chancel. The Teck tombstone, turned wrongly north and south, occupies the place of the high altar.

In the chancel are two curious paintings. One

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of these represents the town of Owen in the background, and was painted, in 1542, in memory of the plague which decimated the place in that year. It was renovated in 1675, and again in 1893. Beneath it are the words: "Father Abraham, send Lazarus to dip his finger in water that he may cool my tongue." In the foreground is the Lady Bountiful of Teck distributing alms to cripples. A little in the rear is a man in bed under an enormous *Federdeck*, looking wistfully on, desiring to partake in the bounty, but hesitating out of decorum to leave his bed and approach the lady, as he is not invested in a nightshirt. The other painting is of the seventeenth century, and represents the Castle of Teck. It was restored in 1806; and is the prototype of many pictures of the castle in its former state. But it is a fraud. The artist simply reproduced the picture of Owen in its fortifications, and planted it on a mountain-top. That it is *not* Teck is obvious, for it is clearly Owen elevated on high. And it is also impossible to reconcile it with the existing foundations and plan of the castle on the height.

A tragic incident once occurred in the church. After the battle of Nördlingen, 1634, the Evangelical preacher Wölflin took refuge in the church from the Spanish soldiers who were plundering the town. A soldier entered and found him reading the Bible. He ran him through with his

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sword, that also pierced the book and stained it with his blood at the words (2 Tim. iv. 7): "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course."

Teck probably derives its name from the fact that it is a corner, or projecting angle of the Alb; the hill on which it stands is called the Eckberg. Some will have it that Teck is derived from a Celtic or other pre-German word; but the simple derivation is quite expressive of its position. The ascent is either from Owen, or, if preferred, from Dettingen by the rounded basaltic hill of the Hohe Bol. The castle stands 1200 feet above the river bed. At one time it must have been extensive. The bases of round towers remain built into the limestone precipice, and it may be observed that the rock has been artificially smoothed of all projections to obviate an attempt at an escalade. The court enclosed within the walls measures 140 paces by 50. It is entered from the north; within the court were a chapel and the Herrenhaus, or Residence, this latter of timber and plaster on a basis of stone. Both have disappeared. The height is now crowned by a small tower, a restaurant, and a shelter-house in case of visitors being overtaken by rain.

The following account of Teck is from the pen of Martin Crusius, professor of Greek and Latin at Tübingen at the end of the sixteenth century:—

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“The mountain of Teck is as high as the highest Alp—(point of the Alb). It is seen from afar, and from east and south seems to cling to the Alb, and therefore not to accord a very secure situation for a fortress. But when one has climbed to it, one perceives that it is cut off from the Alb by a broad and deep valley, so that a cannon ball discharged thence could hardly reach it, and certainly could not harm it. This mountain is accordingly like an island, or a completely insulated mountain in the open plain. Moreover, it does not look to be as high as it actually is, till one is close upon it, on account of the dependent hills, the Greater and Lesser Bols. These lower hillocks cause the circumference to be about eight miles. The valley and the plain are very fertile in ploughed land, meadows, vineyards, and forests. In and about it are many little towns, villages and castles. To the south is the Lenninger Thal, across which it is said that one seated on a calf of one year old came with a bound. He was a warlock who had said, ‘What think you of this for a leap of a one-year’s calf? Is it enough?’ Hence the proverb, ‘Let me make a jump like that of a one-year-old calf.’

“Through the valley flows a clear stream, called the Lauter. Good trout are caught in it. Beneath the mountain of Teck lies the town of Owen in a very cheerful position. The Lauter flows through it. It was the noblest town of the

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duchy of Teck, and in it are many old houses, in which lived the gentlemen of the Court of the Dukes of Teck, but are now occupied by ordinary burghers. The tomb of these princes is in the choir of the parish church. The tombstone is not remarkable except for its size, and it rests on four smaller stones, beneath which is the vault. On the slab nothing is sculptured save the coat of arms of Teck surmounted by the crowned head of an eagle. . . . Certainly the mountain of Teck is very remarkable. On top it is level, and wide enough to support sixty head of cattle that belong to our prince, which pasture there, as it bears much and good grass. The soil is black and it is supposed that, if tilled, it would bear a plentiful crop. Here to the east is a spring of pure water, that issues from the rock in three places. Schenz has related that in 1565, when the stone tank was repaired, and which is four square, 20 feet by 10 feet, the water was the depth of a man ; this he saw himself. It is a singular fact that, on so high a mountain separated from all others, so much water should rise as to supply sixty head of cattle and more. A man, aged a hundred, and other old persons have declared that in the year 1540, which was one of drought, and the Lauter ran so shallow that any countryman in his boots could wade across it, this spring on the Teckberg gave forth as much water as before."

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As already said, the Teck Castle and Duchy belonged originally to the Zähringen family. In 1152, Berthold of Zähringen pawned it to the Emperor Frederick I, but recovered it four years later. In 1519, on 3 April, whilst the garrison was holding parley with the officers of the Swabian Bund, it was treacherously captured by the soldiers of the Confederates swarming over the wall and taking the commandant in rear.

On 3 May, 1525, the castle was burnt by the peasants. Matern Feuerbach was the commander of the Würtemberg peasants, and he had entered and occupied Kirchheim. He was a man of moderation ; what the peasants demanded were their just rights, and protection against the intolerable exactions of the petty nobles. Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg, who was an exile from his land, driven from it by the Swabian Bund and the Kaiser, was intriguing with them, and Feuerbach had received a letter from him on 1 May. He issued strict orders that the Castle of Teck, being the possession of the Duke, should not be molested, that only three pieces of ordnance should be taken from it. But his captain, Henry Metzger, against his commands set fire to it. In 1557 the chapel was still standing adorned with paintings, and in 1661 Widerhold maintained in it a small garrison. In 1736 Duke Charles Alexander determined on repairing and refortifying the castle, but died before his purpose was

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carried into effect. In 1741 the guard-house was pulled down.

It is unhappily the case that in the Alb district the castles resemble stumps of teeth broken down to the gums. There are none of the tall towers that form so picturesque a feature in the Rhenish castles. The reason is that these had a mere basement or lower storey of stonework, and that the whole superstructure was of timber and plaster. Nothing can have been more delightful to the eye than one of these castles when complete; nothing more disappointing when reduced to a basement. In fact, splendid timber—beams of oak of great thickness and length—abounded, lime was to be had for the burning; so that the natural conditions encouraged this sort of structure. But the poor fragments of castles that remain no more resemble the castles in their integrity than would the lower part of a man cut off at the knees give one a pleasing conception of the entire man.

The view from Teck is very extensive. To the south or south-west is seen the richly wooded and smiling Lenninger Thal. The Hohenneufen is visible with its stump of castle, the Rossberg and the Achalm. To the north-east is visible Hohenstaufen, like a cup turned upside down on a table; the still higher Stuifen and the Rechberg with its pilgrimage chapel. Far and wide there are villages snuggling among orchards and walnut

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trees, their red roofs in every shade from scarlet to nut-brown.

In the face of the cliff, surmounted by the ruins of Teck, is a black spot. It is a cave that runs about fifty feet into the rock. It is called the Sibyllenloch, and was, so it is said, at one time occupied by Sibylla, the mother of three sons, ever at feud with one another, who built three castles on the Wielandstein above Ober Lenningen. The strife among them became so intolerable that she left them and settled in this cavern, deprived of all her goods by her unnatural sons. Popular tradition, however, will have it that she carried off with her a vast treasure, which she buried in the recesses of the cave. During the Thirty Years' War the Swedish soldiers dug therein in quest of the treasure, but found naught, and since then many peasants have searched there with pick or spade with like result. Recently another exploration has been made, and the soil has given up, not gold and precious stones, but the bones of the cave bear and cave lion of prehistoric times. The peasantry have confounded Sibylla with the old goddess Freya, who drove through the clouds in a car drawn by wild cats, and they say that Sibylla thus travelled from her retreat in a golden chariot to Dettingen. The track of her wheels may still be seen. It is a remarkable fact, and fact it is, that in spring when the corn is sprouting two

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lines, that are parallel, go from Teck to Dettingen through the fields, distinguishable by the vigorous growth of the corn, and in autumn by its early ripening there. The explanation of the phenomenon is still to seek.

Crusius, in his description of Teck, speaks somewhat vaguely of a one-year-old calf that leaped across the Lenninger Thal. The story in its completeness is given by Hermann von Sachsenheim in his rhymed romance "Mörin," in 1453. A count of Württemberg desired in all haste to send a message from Urach to the Emperor Charles IV, at Prague. Then an old woman smeared a calf at Urach with a magic salve and seated her husband on it, and in one night it carried him to Prague, having cleared the valley at a bound. She had strictly forbidden the man to speak during the ride. However, on his way back, as the calf made the same leap, he exclaimed, "What think you of this for a bound of a one-year-old calf?" Whereupon the calf vanished.

If Sibylla—a noble lady—occupied a cave under Teck, so also did a poor woman take up her quarters in another under the Yellow Rock, a crag of the same mountain. The entrance is narrow; it has a hole that admits light into the interior, and another that served as chimney. Here for some years lived a woman named Verena Beutlin, who was the mistress of a married

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peasant in Beuren. She bore him two sons in the cave. When she needed his presence she hung out a bit of red cloth, but the people of Owen paid no attention to this, supposing it to be a rag caught in the bushes and fluttering in the wind. Nor did they know that it was smoke that issued from her cave, they regarded it as vapour clinging to the mountain-side. Only after some years was her presence discovered by the children being observed playing about before the rock. The place was visited, the cave entered, and found to be well furnished with all that was needful. Then ensued an outcry. Verena had to conduct her children to the church to be baptized, one old enough to walk at her side holding her hand. After that she was burnt alive as a witch who had charmed the peasant away from his wife and home. As to the bauer himself, it was considered sufficient punishment to send him home to his shrewish wife. This was in the sixteenth century. Crusius casually mentions the incident, but does not say that Verena was burnt.

On the main mass of the Alb, connected with Teck by a saddle or *col*, stood Diepoldsburg, but it has now almost disappeared. In the castle that occupied this place Bishop Solomon of Constance was confined by the Exchequer lord, Erchanger, in 914. The story is this: In the days of the Emperor Conrad I, there sat on the episcopal throne of Constance, Bishop Solomon, learned,

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pious, of blameless morals, and one of the ablest men of his day. He was of noble birth, and of majestic carriage, and with a singularly handsome face. We know a good deal about the private life of Solomon before he became bishop, from the "Life of Notker the Stammerer," author of the antiphon, "In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord, etc." It is one of the most delightful of mediæval biographies, and was compiled by Eckhardt, dean of S. Gall, in 1220, from existing material.

The Swabians had become impatient at the abolition of their dukedom; and an ineffectual rising had taken place in 910, under Burkhard, the Margrave in upper Alemannia, who as a descendant of the ancient dukes claimed to be recognised as Duke of Swabia. But he was defeated and killed in 911, and his son Burkhard was driven into banishment. The Exchequer lord, or Palatine Erchanger, had a brother Berchtold, who assisted Erchanger in his government. The brothers were united in their resentment against the encroachments of the clergy, and especially of Bishop Solomon, who, however pious he might be, was an ambitious and avaricious man. The hatred of the two was deepened by their own revenues being curtailed by the king, who made over certain privileges and fiscal rights to the grasping prelate. It was true

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that Solomon occasionally visited an abness whom he had loved as a youth, when she was a girl in her father's castle, and this the brothers laid hold of as a crying scandal. The friends of Solomon, however, pointed out that both were elderly persons and old friends, and that no cause for scandal existed if they did renew ancient acquaintanceship.

Solomon stood high in the favour of Kings Arnulf and Conrad I. The latter so greatly esteemed him that he not only conferred on him several estates in Swabia, but also appointed him to six abbeys. Already, under Arnulf, the brothers had ventured on an attack upon the pluralist prelate, and they would have met with severe punishment but for the intervention of their enemy. They then swore no longer to do injury to the Bishop and his estates. Moreover, at an assembly at Ulm in 912, a reconciliation was effected, and this was strengthened by Conrad marrying Kunigund, the sister of Erchanger and Berchtold.

However, the spark of resentment glowed under the ashes of a feigned peace, and the brothers allowed their nephew, Liutfried, to insult Solomon to his face. The Bishop retaliated in a very undignified manner, by dressing up a cowherd in armour and despatching him as a messenger to the brothers in their castle of Diepoldsburg. These received the man with courtesy as a knight,



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invited him to their table, and dismissed him with a largess. The Bishop published the affair, and made great mock of the Swabian lords—descendants of dukes as they pretended—hobnobbing with a cowherd.

The Palatine flew to arms, and the nephew, a hot-blooded youth, was especially zealous in ravaging the estates of the Church of Constance. The prelate was not slow to retaliate. He stormed the castle of Berchtold, captured him, and threw him into prison in Hohentwiel. The hostility was fanned to fury when the Emperor presented Solomon with the Castle of Stammheim in Thurgau, which was the ancestral home of the brothers held in feoff from the Crown.

At an accidental meeting of the Bishop and Erchanger, when the former complained of the violence committed by the Palatine, Liutfried, the nephew, drew his sword, and with the words, "Does this monk, the most crazy of the brood, brag and demand satisfaction after all his acts of rapacity? And, uncle, you endure it!" he would have cut Solomon down had not Erchanger restrained him. The attendants now came to blows, but the party of the Bishop was defeated, and he himself taken and conveyed to Diepoldsburg, where Erchanger committed him to the custody of his wife Bertha, to be kept secure. This was in 914. Bertha treated the prelate with the utmost respect and kindness. How long he

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was kept in prison we are not told, nor how he escaped ; whether Bertha allowed him to leave, or whether Erchanger released him, being alarmed at the approach of Conrad, we do not know. The King managed to get hold of the person of the Palatine, and he exiled him. But now the fire of revolt broke out throughout Swabia. All the discontented assembled around Berchtold, Erchanger's brother, who had obtained the mastery of Hohentwiel, and the young Burkhard, son of the Pretender slain in 911, returned out of banishment and gathered forces about him. The King laid siege to Hohentwiel, but receiving news that the Saxon duke had invaded Franconia, hastily broke up his camp and went north (915). No sooner was he gone than the exiled Erchanger returned and proclaimed himself Duke of Swabia. Berchtold and Burkhard joined forces with him. In a battle fought near Stockach, the Confederates defeated the troops of the King and the Bishop. Then Arnulf, Duke of Bavaria, joined them.

Deserted by the nobles and princes, who desired above all things the weakening of the central authority, Conrad could not hope to make way against the widespread revolt. As soon as he was secure against the Saxon duke, he summoned all the bishops in the land to a synod at Hohenaltheim for the autumn of 916. The Pope sent his legate, Bishop Peter of Ortona, that he might assist "to root out all the hellish

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seeds of strife that had sprung up in the land, and appease the bitterness and wickedness of unworthy men"—odd words for a Pope to use, whose successors for centuries would be engaged in sowing broadcast in Germany these very seeds of bitterness and rebellion. A message was sent to Erchanger, Berchtold, and Arnulf, inviting them to attend the synod and lay their complaints before it, with promise of safe conduct. Erchanger and his brother accepted the promise and answered the summons. He relied on the word of the King, that King being his own brother-in-law. But he was as cruelly undeceived as was later John Huss at Constance. The bishops, with Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, at their head, declared that the promise of the Emperor did not hold good with one who was excommunicate, and they unanimously sentenced him and Arnulf, who had not appeared, and Liutfried to be imprisoned for life within the walls of a monastery. But Conrad was not satisfied that such turbulent spirits should remain in a cloister, and on 21 January, 917, Erchanger, Berchtold, and their nephew Liutfried were executed with the sword.

Thus ended the second Swabian noble who aimed for the ducal title. The conduct of the King was treacherous and false, and the old chroniclers who mention the affair reproach him for it. What is more, this bloody act did not succeed. That against which he strove was the

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restoration of the duchy of Swabia, and, in the very same year in which the crime was committed, unanimously the Swabian princes elected Burkhard, Burkhard's son, who had raised the standard of revolt along with Erchanger, to be Duke of Swabia. The King dared not oppose the will of the people, and yielded. Thus the year 917 marks the revival of the duchy one hundred and seventeen years after its suppression by Pepin.

The botanist will find a good many plants to interest him about Teck. In April, the blue *Scilla bifolia*, and the small-leaved Lungwort with its purple and pink flowers (*Pulmonaria angustifolia*); in April and May, the White Coltsfoot (*Tussilago alba*), the Mountain Alice (*Alyssum montanum*); in May and June, the Purple Gromwell (*Lithospermum purpureo cæruleum*), the *Lunaria rediviva*, the Spring Gentian (*Gentiana verna*); in June and July, the Burnet-leaved Rose (*Rosa spinosissima*), Yellow Meadow-rue (*Thalictrum flavum*) and *aquilegifolium*, the Broomrape (*Orobanche minor*), *Coronilla montana*, the beautiful Pyramidal Orchis (*Orchis pyramidalis*); in July and August, the Yellow Gentian (*Gentiana lutea*) and the Yellow Foxglove (*Digitalis lutea*).

CHAPTER IV

THE LENNINGER THAL

WE are wont, we Englishmen, to grumble at Red-tapeism; but with us this does not go beyond Government offices. In Germany it is everywhere. I had an instance of it between Ober Lenningen and Owen. I had asked at the former place for a third-class ticket to Owen, and had stepped into a third-class carriage. On these branch lines nearly every one travels fourth. I counted twelve compartments fourth, nine third, and three second; there was no first-class compartment. Before reaching the next station—in fact, a mile from Ober Lenningen—the inspector came round. “Hah! you have a fourth-class ticket, and are in a third-class compartment. The fine is six marks.” I explained, and offered at once to pass into an inferior carriage or pay the difference. “That will not do. You have infringed the law and must pay six marks.” “I get out at Owen, and will explain matters to the station-master.” I did so. “The fine is six marks,” said this latter peremptorily. “But,” said I, “I demanded a third-class ticket, and was given one for which I



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had not asked. This was an oversight of the clerk." "You should have examined your ticket." The train was delayed five minutes whilst the matter was threshed out on the platform, the travellers craning their necks out of the windows of their respective carriages, looking on and listening with lively interest. At last, reluctantly, the station-master yielded. I must pay the difference. "What is it?" "One penny (ten pfennige)."

The foreigner complains of, or at least remarks on, the stiffness of the English traveller. He sits in his compartment of the railway carriage, in his place at *table d'hôte*, mute, like a figure of stone. It is not altogether his own fault that he acquires a reputation for taciturnity and rigidity; it is due to his difficulty in speaking the language of the country in which he is travelling, and to his fear of making himself ridiculous by lapsing into some fault. And as the travelling Englishman does not talk, not being fluent in a foreign language, the foreigner comes to England to learn our tongue so as to be able to facilitate the movements of the British traveller. It is really marvellous how the travelling Englishman gets on at all—how, for instance, he discovers on what platform he is to stand for his particular train, what to order out of a menu brought to him written in the current German hand. If it were not for the waiter and official who have learned

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our language he would be careering to Stuttgart when he wanted to go to Hanover, or ordering a succession of soups as they stand on the card when he is craving for something solid.

Below the Diepoldsburg, buried in trees, are the remains of Der Rauber ; this is supposed to have been built by the youngest of the quarrelsome brothers of Wielandstein, whom his two elder brothers thrust out of the tower he had built for himself on one of the prongs of rock within a bowshot of their castles. And from the Rauber, constructed out of the ruins of Diepoldsburg, as he could no longer worry his brothers, he worried his mother in the Sibyllenloch. The Rauber acquired an unpleasant notoriety at a later period.

Once upon a time, the Count of Calw stole a horse from the Herr von Enzingen. This latter crept secretly into the stables of the Count, got hold of his horse, seated himself firmly on its back, and sought to gallop out at the gateway. But the Count of Calw perceived him, blew his horn, and bade the portcullis be lowered and the drawbridge raised. Undauntedly rode Enzingen at the wall of the parapet of the castle terrace, shouting, "Ross, wag's!" (My horse, venture it!). The gallant steed leaped, and was dashed to pieces below ; but the rider escaped unhurt. Thenceforth the descendants of Herr von Enzingen bore the surname of Rosswags. The

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Count of Calw attacked the castle of Enzingen and destroyed it, so the Rosswagers retired to the Hasenberg by Stuttgart, where they defiantly built for themselves a castle. The family became notorious as one of freebooters. In 1287 the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg destroyed the robber nests in Swabia, and at the same time committed the castle of the Rosswagers to the flames. The family then retired to the Lenninger Thal. At this juncture the lord of Sulzburg, the ruins of which stand on a low hill above Unter Lenningen, was impecunious and wanted to sell his land. A Rosswager bought it. But although he ostentatiously occupied the Sulzburg, he filled the Rauber with lawless men. He had not been long there before the highways between the great towns ceased to be safe for travellers. Rosswager and his merry men took care not to commit any depredations in their immediate neighbourhood. They rode far afield, and for fifty years carried on their course of plunder, unsuspected. His horses were shod with shoes reversed; merchant waggons were arrested and all the wares taken from them; the pedlar was relieved of his pack: the abbot of his purse. The citizens of Gmünd, Nürtingen, Reutlingen, and Esslingen suffered most; those of Kirchheim were unmolested near at home. At last suspicion was raised, and the Gmünders sent a large force to the Rauber, completely buried in beech woods,

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which was Rosswager's store-house. This was taken whilst the gang were away, the walls demolished, and the stored-up spoil removed. From Sulzburg they took the wife and two sons of the freebooter.

On the return of the robber-knight he learned what had happened. He hastened after the Gmünders, and was sent back with a bloody cockscorn. Some weeks later he appeared under the walls of Gmünd in a suppliant attitude, and implored to be allowed to settle in the town as a citizen with his aged wife and children. He undertook to live an orderly life and to assist the townsmen in military affairs. His request was granted, he took up his abode there, and was known as Rosswager, Noble of Rauber. He entered the service of the town and became captain of the guard. He was buried under the wall of the church of S. John at Gmünd.

One of his sons, a hunchback, was a student, and early in life became town scrivener, and after many years chief magistrate. The other son, a proud, vigorous man, could not endure to be under obedience to the burghers, threw up his appointment with the guard and departed, having taken oath never to harm any Gmünders or their goods.

Four-and-twenty years elapsed, when a sturdy man with grey hair was brought in chains to Gmünd. He had been captured in the Schur-

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wald, where for years he had lived as a highway robber. He stoutly refused to give his name, and on 6 August, 1399, he was brought out into the market-place, his right hand was chopped off, and he was then hung. Not till he was dead was it discovered, by a tattoo mark in red on his right arm, that he was a Rosswager, and that his own brother had been his judge and had sentenced him. This brother was so overcome by what had happened that he sank into depression, and died in the following year on the day of the Feast of the Assumption. His monument was in the church of the Dominicans, which was desecrated and turned into a barrack when the convent was suppressed. The stone bore the arms of the Rosswagers, a horseman leaping his steed over a wall. Below, a naked man was represented, with his armour scattered about. The inscription ran: "Here, after long suffering, lies the praiseworthy Enzing; he was weak in body but strong in spirit; the last of the race of the Rosswagers. His lot it was to pronounce death-sentence on his own brother, whose life had been spent in robbery. This nobleman so grieved over what had befallen him, that a year later he bowed his head to a peaceful end. His name in full was John Anthony Max von Rauber. He was guiltless of any wrongdoing. Wherefore this monument has been erected to him by the free citizens of Gmünd, and these lines have been composed by his friend Xavier

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Hamerstädter, monk, in the year 1400, and in the month of May.”

The Sulzburg, as already said, stands on a little hill above the village of Unter Lenningen, and is in somewhat better condition than most of the castles in this valley. The gateway and keep remain, but the peasants have picked out the squared stones for the construction of pigstyes and cow-sheds. Like the Diepoldsburg and all others here about it, this was held by *ministrates* of the Dukes of Teck. The Diepoldsburg is mentioned as early as 1210; in 1297 it belonged to Teck. Sulzburg fell to Würtemberg in the fourteenth century, and was occupied by the family of Speth till that died out in 1640.

On leaving the station at Ober Lenningen one faces a large, clean paper factory with garden and fountain before it. It is a factory of European fame, and, I was informed, sent much of its product to England. Although the population of the village is only 875, it possesses a drawing school. High hills and abrupt limestone precipices are on each side of the valley; conspicuous are the spires of Wielandstein, with the scanty remains of the three castles of the contentious brothers. In 1532 they belonged to the family of Schilling, who sold them to the village, which proceeded at once to pull them down.

A curious feature on the opposite side of the



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valley is the Conradsfels, a bare needle of trap. Everywhere else one of these volcanic dykes is surrounded by the lime rock through which it was forced, and just shows itself at the surface, but here its casing has given way and exposed the dyke itself.

The church is of the twelfth century, nave and side aisles, with clerestory windows; the piers of the nave have very rude capitals. According to an inscription above the west door, the church was repaired in 1326. The late Gothic choir with apse, and with a vaulting that is intricate, and the bold tower with its saddle roof, date from 1495. Carved choir stalls are in the chancel, the work of George Fieglin of Blaubeuren, 1513. A little girl of seven is given a monument with four shields with coats of arms, the heraldic bearings of this mite.

Ober Lenningen is the present terminus of the line, and thence one must drive or walk to the head of the valley at Gutenberg, a distance of four miles. A good deal of the sensitive, wild balsam grows here (*Impatiens noli-me-tangere*), that spits at you spitefully if you touch it. Actually the seed-vessel curls up its valves spirally at the slightest touch, jerking its contents into the face of him who bends over it. On the way is passed, on the right, a gloomy valley, in which lies the village of Schlattstall, the poorest hamlet in the district, so closed in by mountains that the sun

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is not seen from Martinmas (11 November) to Candlemas (2 February). It derives its name from the rushes that abound in the swampy bottom. *Slâte* is the old German for reed, and the latter part of the name stands for *thal*. The Black Lauter flows through this glen, receiving as one of its tributaries a stream that issues from the Goldloch. Usually the water rushes out with so full a current that it is not easy to enter the cave.

Many years ago an old shepherd was feeding his flock on the slopes of the Urach valley. One day he noticed a small hole in the rock. He crept in and reached a great hall, but as he had no candle went no further. Next day, however, he provided himself with a light, traversed the hall, and reached an underground lake. Above, glowering at him through its moon-like eyes, was a great bird; and he was so frightened that he fled and never had courage to return. However, he informed a miller's man of what he had seen, and this fellow penetrated the cave. Regardless of the mysterious bird, he crept round the lake, and after an hour's march reached a second hall, the walls of which shone like pure gold. But as he was without hammer and chisel he was unable to carry any off. On the following day he revisited the cave and cut out a bar of gold. He could hear distinctly the clapper of the Schlattstall mill, so that he believed that the water flowed out in that direction, and he en-

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deavoured to make his way from the cave through the aperture now called the Goldloch, but failed. So he returned by the way he came. In his home at Seeburg he was no longer content, and he left, taking his bar of gold with him, and was heard of no more. Before leaving he had confided his secret to another miller's man, and this fellow ventured into the cave, but was so frightened by the bird with the big eyes that he fled, became ill, and died without telling where was the entrance. But it is well known that the golden hall is to be reached through the Goldloch, by which the subterranean lake discharges its waters. Many have tried to penetrate to it by this way, but hitherto without success. There was once a castle in this dismal valley, occupied by the family of Schwenzlin, feoffees under Teck. The castle is gone, but the family is still represented, and lives in Stuttgart.

Gutenberg is the last village—once a walled town—in the Lenninger Thal, whence radiate short valleys like fingers. The road here ascends to the plateau by many a loop for six miles. A postboy coming from Blaubeuren over the Alb cracks his whip at the verge of the plateau, the publican of the *Lion* at Gutenberg puts out his head and draws it in again to order his wife to break the egg-shells for an omelette, and to put on the leathery beef to make a bouillon and

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bouilli, and by the time the carriage has reached the bottom dinner is ready.

There is not much to be seen in the village itself. The church is a modern erection in bad Gothic; but the scenery around is delightful. At the upper end of the place, on a height, stood the Castle of Hohen Gutenberg, which was wrecked by an earthquake in 1348, but was speedily rebuilt. A branch of the Teck family occupied it, and called themselves Herren von Gutenberg. To the right of the castle rises the Heiligenberg, once dedicated to Wuotan, the Odin of the Northmen, who has given his name to Gutenberg, and gave a lasting sanctity to the height on which he was worshipped. In early Christian times hermits lived on the hill, and finally Franciscans built a convent there. It was destroyed at the Reformation, and the stones were rolled down to be employed in building a parsonage for the Evangelical preacher.

During the Thirty Years' War the site was employed as a burial ground, as there was no room in the churchyard for all who died. The soldiers had introduced an infectious fever, and all the inhabitants except seven and the sexton succumbed. The ass of the latter daily trudged up to the convent height laden with a corpse, slung across its back. The grave-digger eyed the survivors with resentment. Why could not they follow the rest and leave Gutenberg to him?



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ABOVE GUTENBERG

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Formerly there were two blue lakes above the town, not extensive, but picturesque, overhung by the white limestone crags; but they were drained away in the eighteenth century. There was a castle hard by, Sperbereck (Hawks' Corner), the seat of a family holding the feoff under Teck, but scarce a trace of it remains—castle gone, family gone, only the hawks remain. As I have said elsewhere, there were thirteen castles dependent on Teck in this valley, and but enough of them now remains to build a *Bierhalle*.

High aloft, on top of a precipice, glimmer the white walls and glow the red roofs of Kребstein, a high-placed hamlet. The first lesson there impressed by a mother on her infants is not to look down upon the people of Gutenberg, lest they should lose their heads and fall.

In 1889 the pastor Gussmann discovered a cavern in the neighbourhood. It does not give much difficulty to find a cave in the Alb; caves are as numerous and as easily picked out as holes in a neighbour's coat. But this one is considered the finest in the Alb, not having had its stalactites and stalagmites wantonly mutilated. The entrance grotto had always been open. Herr Gussmann had an examination to pass, and wanted quiet; so, as the weather was warm, he packed up his books, took some food with him, and naturally some beer, and retired to the cave for a few weeks. But a man cannot study all

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day—theology least of all—without wishing to stretch his legs and exercise his arms. When Herr Gussmann's brain got thick over moot points of theology, he took a pick and pecked at the interior of the rocky chamber—and lo! he discovered that he was at the entrance to a veritable palace of gnomes. The exploration of the floor has revealed relics of the rhinoceros, the urochs, the cave bear, and actually of an ape.

In Gutenberg the first potatoes in the Alb were grown. Some tubers had been sent to a miller's wife in 1760. She planted them in her garden. In due course they produced lilac flowers, then berries, green at first, later purple. They were not large, but might be luscious. She tasted one and speedily spit it out. Clearly they needed cooking. So she called her friends and her neighbours together to taste the new American berries. They were served up piping hot. No one could eat them, and the hostess angrily ordered her man to pull up the plants, throw them on a heap, and burn them along with the weeds and rubbish. The pile smoked, and the potatoes, when baked, burst, exposing a rich, floury meal. The man sniffed, ventured to taste, and rushed into the house with his mouth full and overflowing with it, to show that by accident he had discovered how to treat potatoes.

From Gutenberg a visit may be made to the Heiden Graben. A tract of plateau, over six miles long and four broad, that is attached to

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the main mass of the Alb by a neck a mile across, has had the neck cut through so as to insulate this portion of tableland to serve as a place of refuge in war time for the population, along with their flocks and herds. It is indubitably earlier than the Roman Conquest, but the conquerors of the world saw the importance of the position and made use of it.

A ravine runs up from the valley of the Lauter, and another from the opposite side, down which flows the Elsach to Urach. Between these a deep cutting has been made through the rock, and a high bank thrown up to the north of it. As the portion of the elevated plain thus insulated is bounded on all sides by precipitous rocks or by steep slopes, it furnished an impregnable *oppidum*. To this the natives removed their wives and children and cattle, and only the wall needed watching and defending. The plateau yielded pasture, but was deficient in water. The Alb dwellers, however, must always have managed to live upon the minimum. There may, however, have been hollows giving access to underground streams; and, indeed, one such does exist—the Falkenstein Höhle.

Throughout the Alb there are other such places of refuge, for it lends itself to the purpose. The peasants, devoid of historic perspective, call these Swedish forts or Frenchmen's embankments, as though they dated from the Thirty Years' or

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from the European War. Sometimes a hill-top has been fortified in a similar manner by a *ring-wall*, and many of the mediæval castles occupy the sites of prehistoric fortifications. Such is the Ipf, near Bopfingen; but these could never have held out for any length of time; whereas that near Gutenberg would support a considerable population for many months.

From Dettingen to Gutenberg the Lenninger Thal is one great orchard of cherry trees. A miller who died in 1795 taught the people to crush the kernels for the extraction thence of an inflammable oil, and this was employed in their lamps till the introduction of American petroleum. Twice in the year the Thal is in its highest beauty. When the cherry trees are in flower the valley is a creek of white, flushed pink here and there with apple blossom. It is in its bridal attire and modesty.

Then ensues the period of fertility. And, just as a woman becomes dressy when her youthful charms have faded, so does the Lenninger Thal before winter sets in array itself in gorgeous colours: the cherry leaves turn carmine, the maple gamboge, the oak and the beech all shades of copper; the pines are dark green.

“What a display of colour!” I exclaimed to my driver one sunny day at Michaelmas.

“True, indeed,” was his reply. “Our mountains are fossil rainbows.”

CHAPTER V

THE NEIDLINGER THAL

A NUMBER of rivers converge at Kirchheim, so that on the map the streams seem to radiate from the town like the spokes of a fan. Next to the Lauter, that waters the Lenninger Thal, is the Lindach, that flows through the Neidlinger valley. The town upon it is Weilheim-an-der-Teck, dominated by the conical basaltic hill of Limburg, which was formerly surmounted by a castle, the ancient seat of the dukes, and which rises 700 feet above the town. Weilheim is five miles south-east of Kirchheim, and is reached by a branch line. In a crescent about the town on the south rise, at some distance, the Teck, the Breitenstein, Erkenburg, Bosler, and the Aichelberg. Of the town walls, gates, and towers nothing remains. They have been pulled down. Even the castle of the Count of Aichelberg, that had degenerated into an inn, was demolished as late as 1895. One wonders when this craze for destroying all picturesque features and memorials of the past will come to an end.

The church was founded in 1089 by Berchtold,

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Duke of Zähringen, but was burnt down in 1461, and rebuilt, under the auspices of the famous architect Peter of Coblenz, between 1489 and 1527. The rich net-vaulting of the porch is noticeable. It dates from 1495-1517. In 1765 the top of the tower that was gabled was altered to suit the taste of the time. It was heightened forty-six feet, and surmounted with a cupola that sustains in turn an octagonal lantern crowned by a smaller cupola. In the choir are sixteen life-sized paintings representing the Princes of Würtemberg, from Duke Eberhard wi' the Beard to the late King William. This is how chancels here are treated. It is the same at Stuttgart; they are converted into mausoleums, given over to the dead in effigy, if not in person. After the Reformation they would seem to have been regarded as otherwise useless. What is most remarkable in the church is the profusion of fresco decoration, begun in 1499, carried on in Renaissance times, and finished in the rococo period of flourish and shell-work. Over the chancel arch is a Last Judgment. On the north wall, a Holy Family and the Mysteries of the Rosary are of artistic merit.

There was a monastery of Benedictines here, founded by Duke Berchtold; but there were, as in the Lenninger valley, also thirteen castles, occupied by petty tyrants whom even the Duke could not restrain from molesting the brothers. He

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accordingly transferred it to S. Peter's, in the Black Forest, on high ground in a bleak situation, where there is now a church in the most outrageous rococo style of that debased period, crowded by figures of dukes and saints, curling their arms, contorting their legs, twisting their backs, and screwing their heads on one side, as if the dukes and saints were posturing to make themselves look like Merry-Andrews, and all ablaze in tinsel and gold. In Weilheim only a prior, with five brethren, was left ; and when the Reformation was introduced they departed to the mother house in the Schwarzwald.

The Zähringen family is very ancient. How and why it came to the Alb from the Breisgau in the Rhine valley is not clear. It had its headquarters in the Limburg. Berchtold I, Count of Zähringen and Duke of Carinthia, lived there. He turned traitor to Henry IV. He had been created Duke of Swabia by Henry III, but on the death of that emperor his widow Agnes, who was regent during the minority of her son, transferred the title to the Hohenstaufen Frederick. This wounded his pride ; and later he occupied all the passes of the Alps to keep open communication between the Pope and the discontented in the empire, whom the pontiff was urging to revolt. Because the bishops of Coire, Lausanne, Sion, and Basle were loyal to the Crown he ravaged these sees with relentless ferocity. But

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he was defeated in a battle at Veltheim by Count Cuno of Oettingen, and retired to the Limburg, where he went mad with vexation at his humiliation and self-reproach for his disloyalty, and died in 1077.

His great-grandson, Adalbert I, became first Duke of Teck in 1187. The elder branch, represented by a series of Berchtolds or Bertholds to the fifth, died out in the male line in 1218, when the Count of Aichelberg, who died in 1270, married Anna, daughter of Duke Conrad of Teck, and received Limburg and Weilheim as her dower. A century later they passed to Würtemberg. Limburg is really Lintburg, the Lindentree castle, just as the river is Lintach, the Lindentree stream; but the popular tradition is that the hill was the habitation of a dragon, that was slain by a knight of Erkenburg. The bones of huge extinct saurians in the lias gave occasion here to a fable about a dragon. The castle crumbled away, and in its place in 1535 stood a chapel dedicated to S. Michael; it was intact in 1650, but since then its stones have been carried off for profane purposes. The Count of Aichelberg did not reside in Limburg, but in a mansion in the town; it was more lively there, though Weilheim cannot have afforded much social entertainment; in 1733 it numbered within its walls but forty citizen families.

It may not be amiss here to give the legendary

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story of the origin of the Zähringers. I need hardly say that it is destitute of historic basis. The cradle of the family was at Zähringen, near Freiburg, in Breisgau, where their ruined castle still stands. There lived on the skirts of the Black Forest a collier. He heaped earth and stone over the wood he was reducing to charcoal, and one day found among the ashes a mass of silver. He repeated the experiment till he had obtained a vast accumulation of the precious metal. Now it fell out that a German king and kaiser was driven from his throne and took refuge on the range of mountains rising out of the valley of the Rhine, since called the Kaiserstuhl. Thence he issued a proclamation that he would give his daughter in marriage to the man who would help him to recover his throne. Then the collier put panniers on an ass, filled them with silver, and presented himself before the king. He poured out the treasure at his feet, and assured him that he could supply him with the precious metal to an unlimited amount. The emperor accepted the offer, gave him his daughter to wife, and created him Duke of Zähringen.

There is no story that hangs in the memory of the people without some origin in fact. Now, the source of this tale is as follows: In the Schwarzwald are veins of silver, which were the great source of the revenue of the Zähringers; with this silver they were able to assist the Emperor

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Henry VI, whom they favoured ; and because of their wealth, through mines, they assumed as their crest a miner or a collier with a ball of silver in his hand. Out of this crest the story was hatched. No Zähringer married an emperor's daughter.

From Weilheim a road corkscrews up past Hepsisau to the top of the Alb, to the Randecker Maar, the only perfect crater on the Alb, the structure of which can be studied.

Originally the surface of white Jura limestone extended to the Vosges, and even beyond. Then came the sinking of the crust of the earth between Basle and Mayence, forming the Rhine valley, and the plateau was fractured and splintered in every part. If the enamel of a tooth be pierced, the soft core speedily decays and the entire tooth collapses. It was so with the enamel of white Jura. It overlay soft oolite, and when cracked and broken up rapid erosion took place. After a time all save a few fragments remained over the wide stretch between the Vosges and the Alb. But that it did exist there anciently admits of no doubt. At Scharnhausen, some twenty miles away from the present steep edge of the Alb, is an outburst of volcanic matter that contains angular masses of the Jurassic limestone through which it passed. Little by little that wall of white has retreated. Just as the Falls of Niagara are slowly but surely breaking away the lip over

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which the water plunges, so has the crust of limestone given way in past ages, and is still shrinking back. There are a hundred and thirty volcanic vents. But they were only embryo volcanoes. The force of the explosion exhausted itself when the lava reached the surface, and about the rising column of liquefied stone was a splutter of ash and a broth of semi-fluid matter containing half-chewed lumps of granite, schist, and sandstone, athwart which beds the rising lava had forced its way. Very often this froth of mumbled stone and igneous matter has been washed away, leaving the basalt or clinkstone behind. Sometimes it remains, burying the hardened column; if cleared away, this latter is surely found below.

Now, the Randecker Maar was a crater neatly formed about a vent, a ring 4500 feet in diameter, and, like the craters in the Eifel and in Auvergne, was converted into a lake in late Miocene days, its banks clothed in rich vegetation, when the climate was that of the Canary Isles. As the enamel of the Upper Jura yielded, through the giving way of the softer subjacent beds, a valley of erosion ate its way up to the lake, tapped that, and the water deserted the crater to pour down the newly formed ravine as the Zipfelbach. However, the crater has been left, and not it alone, but also the remains of the leaves shed into the placid tarn, the trees that fell in and were water-logged, and the relics of the fauna harboured by the woods.

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The Schopfloch, above Gutenberg, met with a different fate. That also was a crater; it also contained a lake, but no opportunity was given to the water to escape, and it gradually filled up with sphagnum and weed of all sorts, till it became one great peat bed. The same process is going on in the Meerfelder Maar, in the Eifel.

At Hepsisau may be noticed the process of retreat of the broken face of the Alb. There falls of the rock occur frequently, as water sinking through the upper limestone reaches the lower beds and dissolves them, undermining the crust, or else because they are corroded by wind and rain.

Six miles from Weilheim, up the Neidlinger valley, is the village from which it takes its name. Here the bold crags were formerly surmounted by five castles. Widerhold was granted the manor of Neidlingen, and in the castle he spent his summers. This building has shared the fate of many another. It was demolished in 1825. The structure was quadrangular, enclosing a courtyard; at each angle was a tower, and it was entered by a drawbridge. This was originally the residence of a feudal tenant of the Dukes of Teck.

North-east of Neidlingen the Erkenberg rises high above the adjoining mountains, standing by itself. On the summit are some fragments of a castle, occupied once by the Zähringen. From them it passed to the Counts of Aichelberg. A

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ravine leads to a fall of forty-five feet, very pretty "when there is water in it to fall," as a peasant said. The rocks here become very bold. One, the Heimenstein, was supposed to be the abode of a giant. There is a cave that runs through it, and which can be entered from the rear and leads to the abrupt face of the crag. This cave has served as a refuge in time of war. Several families of Neidlingen hid in it along with their goods from the violence of the Swedes. Though nominally allies and friendly, they pillaged unscrupulously, and to this day nurses sing to the children:—

The Swede in the land
Upon all lays his hand,
The window panes breaks
The lead from them takes,
Bullets to make.
All things will take.

In the year 1796, after defeat by the French, many of the Austrian soldiers concealed themselves in this cave.

Opposite to the Heimenstein is Reussenstein, perhaps the most picturesque ruin of the Northern Alb. On three sides the crag falls away precipitously; on the fourth side is a deep artificial moat. The square tower occupies the easternmost angle of the fortress. The residential portion was of three storeys, mostly of timber and plaster, and that has gone. A curious feature

The Land of Teck

was that the only entrance into the castle was through a doorway forty feet up, and this could only be reached from an outbuilding on the further side of the moat by a drawbridge, but this outbuilding has disappeared. Sixty years ago access to the interior was obtained by a hole dug through the walls for twenty-five feet and by crawling. Since then a more convenient mode of entrance has been made. The outer structures probably comprised stables and stalls for cattle, and an inclined way by which the inhabitants of the castle could mount to the level of the drawbridge. This ruin was originally the cradle of the family of Reuss of Reussenstein, whose coat was a white bear standing up on his hind legs on a red field. The castle came early to Würtemberg, and was granted by Count Eberhard to a Hans von Lichtenstein in 1390, who married his daughter; then it passed to the Count of Helfenstein. The commandant cowardly surrendered the castle to the insurgent peasants in 1525, without striking a blow in its defence.

According to the popular legend, the giant Heim took it into his head that he would build a castle on the rock opposite his abode. But, being clumsy and unskilled, as soon as he piled up the walls they tumbled down. So he laid himself down on the Beuren rock and shouted for masons, and his voice rang through all Swabia. As he promised large rewards to those who



REUSSENSTEIN

The Neidlinger Thal

should build him a castle, masons came to him in abundance; he elected one as chief builder with apprentices under him, and assured the man a bag of gold when Reussenstein was completed.

So the masons worked and the giant looked on, till at length the master-builder came to him to say that the work was accomplished. But Heim noticed that one nail outside had not been knocked home, and he refused to pay till that was done. The apprentices looked; the projecting nail was by the topmost window, and none would venture forth to hammer it in. Then a young workman approached the master-mason, who was despairing of the reward, and offered to do the job if the master would give him his daughter in marriage.

The agreement was made, and the youth crept out of the window. A frightful abyss was below, and he looked for a projection on which he might plant his toe, and another to which he could cling with his left hand whilst he struck the nail. But there were none. Then Heim, the giant, pitied the young apprentice, and, taking him by the scruff of his neck between finger and thumb, held him in place till he could hammer in the nail. That accomplished, the giant paid the wage, bade the master give his daughter to the 'prentice boy, and made over to the youth the castle to be his residence all the days of his life. And that was the origin of the castle and of the family von Reussenstein.

The Land of Teck

A sad episode in the history of this ruined mass is that the Count of Helfenstein in the sixteenth century shut up in it twenty poor old women, accused of witchcraft, and brought them forth in batches to burn them alive in the market-place of Wiesensteig. In 1704 the Helfenstein estates were annexed by Würtemberg.

Aichelberg is north of Weilheim. The hill on which the castle stood is of basalt. The race of the Counts of Aichelberg goes back into cloudland. They were loyal to the Hohenstaufen. In or about 1243 an Eginon von Aichelberg married Agnes, daughter and heiress of Conrad, Duke of Teck. According to tradition,—Gustav Schwab has written a ballad on the subject—a Count of Aichelberg, with his retinue, was riding forth one day when a poor old woman in rags cried to him, “My son! My dear son! God bless thee!” The Count reined in his steed. “My good woman,” said he, “my mother died shortly after I was born.” “True,” she replied; “but I fostered thee, thou didst rest in my bosom, and I have sung thee to sleep and nourished thee at my breast.” The Count swung himself from his horse and kissed the old woman as tears came into his eyes. “Look round, dear mother mine,” said he. “All this land about shall be thine for ever.” And the stately House of Aichelberg came to an end. The castle was destroyed by the peasants in 1525; but the peasant descendants of the foster-mother

The Neidlinger Thal

live on, and the cottage of her who nourished the Count is still standing. The peasant, like the poor, is ever with us.

Under the Aichelberg stands the village of Zell. Here and in some of the neighbouring villages a sort of popular court of judgment sits on quarrelsome couples. When it becomes known that in a cottage or farm husband and wife are on bad terms, and become mutually abusive, the young men assemble at night around it, cracking whips, and then making a horrible din by roaring and bellowing into pitchers, which are afterwards dashed to pieces and the fragments strewn about the door.

The lias beds here are peculiarly coloured, being burnt red; they are also fragile. This is due to a conflagration in 1650. So profuse was the number of wading and swimming monsters in the lias period that their fat saturated the mud in which they were embedded. The beds are so bituminous that when struck by a hammer they emit an unpleasant odour, and are accordingly called stinkstone. Moreover, the slate burns as coal. Some soldiers encamping near Zell allowed their bivouac fires to smoulder and ignite the oily rock on which they were placed. It was a long time before the fire exhausted itself; smoke issued from fissures, and petroleum dripped from the heated beds. Now all the bitumen is gone, and the belemnites have been burnt white. Again, during the

The Land of Teck

Napoleonic wars the rock caught fire, and obstinately resisted being extinguished.

The Posidonian beds of Boll derive their name from a tiny shell, *Posidonia Bronnii*, that exists in countless myriads in the stone. It might be taken for a diminutive bivalve, but this it is not ; it pertained to a single-valved creature. Another, a bivalve, *Moceramus dubius*, also is found as numerous ; in fact, the roads are metalled with lumps of lias—every lump is a mausoleum. Was it waste of life that thus made the very earth we tread on, the stones we built with, the lime that cements them together, the grave of countless beings ? A thousand lives, happy in their way, extinguished to make one lump that the steam-roller crushes into the road.

Gigantic water-lizards, the remains of which are found about Boll and furnish the finest examples in museums, may be seen here lying in their beds, so numerous that the quarrymen can calculate on finding one at intervals occasionally so perfect that even the impression of their skin remains. Together with the saurians are fossil sea-lilies, *pencrinites*, that had long stalks waving in the water, and sustaining blossoms a foot across. Who saw these beautiful floral specimens in their glory ? Was beauty, as well as life, wasted ? Now, turned to stone, they have a coating of pyrites, glittering as gold, and are perfect to the smallest fibre. In the same

The Neidlinger Thal

way, of the saurians not a bone is lost, not one out of place, showing that flora and fauna throve in very still water, a waveless lagoon, or a quiet bight of the sea, brackish with inflowing fresh water. That land was not far off is certain, as embedded in the petrified slime are found twigs of conifers, and the bodies of flying lizards, *ptero-dactyls*.

The lower beds of the Posidonian formation furnish black slate that is much used, along with a white slate from the Upper Jura ; this also a fresh-water deposit of marl from the Dolomite, for facing houses, fancifully arranged in patterns ; also for roofs ; but the former is dingy, and looks like sticking-plaster. The sulphuretted hydrogen springs that occur in the Alb valleys all rise out of the lias, even though they make their way athwart the brown oolite that is superposed.

CHAPTER VI

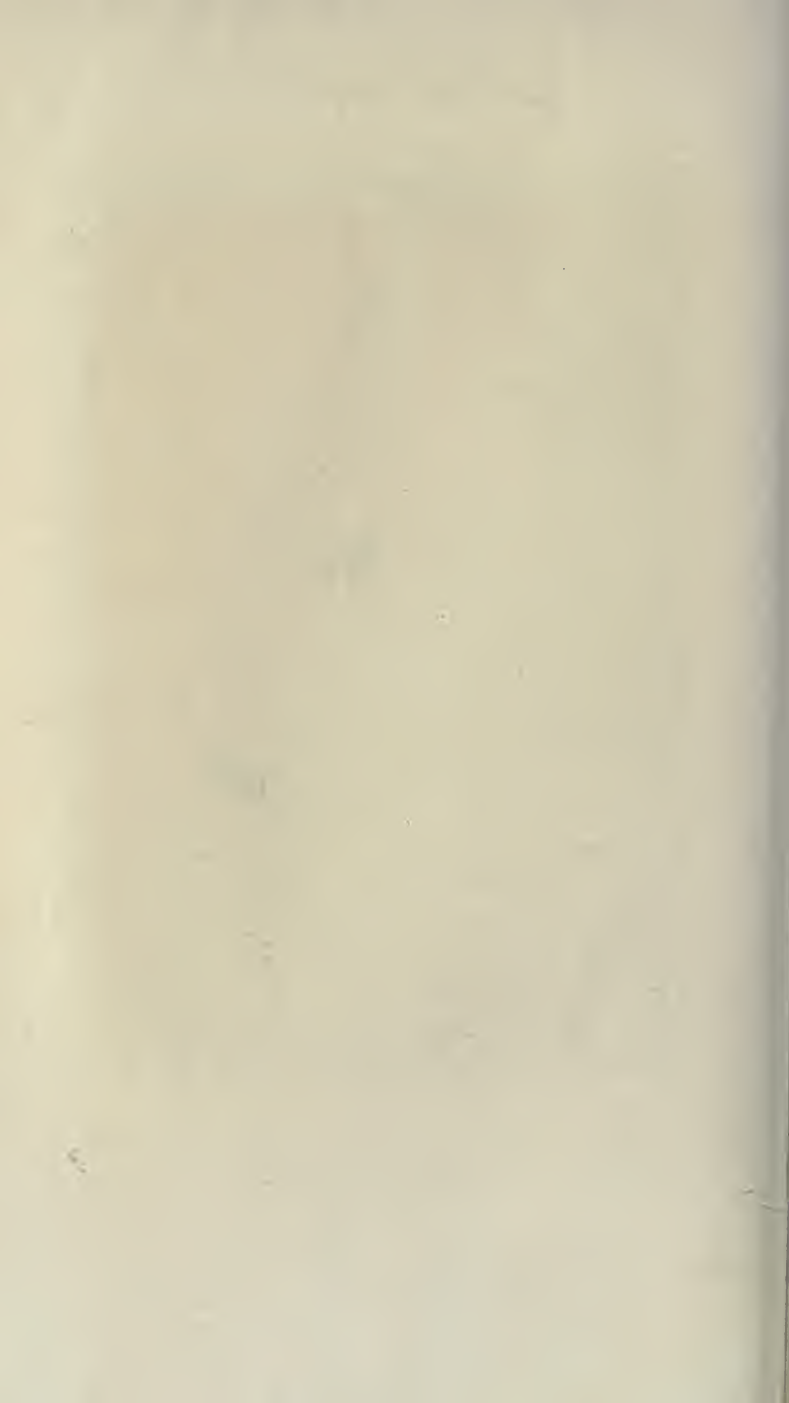
HOHENSTAUFEN

ONE pouring wet day I started in a post-omnibus from Gmünd over the Alb to meet the train at Süssen. We were three in the small wooden box on wheels drawn by one horse—myself, a friend, and a typical German student in spectacles. At Sassdorf, where the horse paused to take breath and envelop itself in a cloud of steam, a stout peasantess of middle age, also drenched and steaming, and laden with a basket charged with plucked poultry, got in, and squeezed the student into a corner, so that the rain her garments had absorbed dripped on to him. A smile of satisfaction broke out on his face. “Ach!” he exclaimed, “Jetzt fehlt es nicht an Liebe” (Now we do not lack love). But it was love-in-a-mist.

The road strains upward, continually upward, till it reaches the highest point, where is the village of Rechberg, whence Hohenstaufen can be reached on foot, or in a conveyance obtainable at the inn. But, on the whole, I think that the best way of visiting Hohenstaufen is to start from



HOHENSTAUFEN



Hohenstaufen

Göppingen, two hours distant from Stuttgart on the main line to Ulm.

Göppingen has suffered thrice from fires; the timber-and-plaster houses of the Swabian towns are peculiarly liable to them. Nothing ancient was spared in the last outbreak save the church and the castle. The last fire took place in 1782, when five hundred houses were laid in ashes. A curious circumstance is connected with this conflagration. Twin sisters lived at the time in the house of one of the principal merchants of the town. The same night both dreamt that fire broke out and consumed the whole of Göppingen whilst the inhabitants were in the church. Next morning they related their dream, but were laughed at. However, they determined not to go to church. Actually, during divine service, lightning struck a house and set it on fire; as there was a strong wind, and lack of water, the flames spread rapidly. The sisters insisted that the house should be cleared of all its contents; but as the conflagration was in a remote part of the town, the merchant's wife, who was at home, protested that there was no need to do so. The sisters, however, persisted, and against her wishes cleared the premises of all the furniture, wares, and everything of value. The master of the house was absent. When he returned, he found that his dwelling was in ashes, but that all his goods were safe. In return for what the sisters

The Land of Teck

had done he made them a present which provided for them during life.

The royal castle was erected in 1562 by Duke Christopher, and, as already said, for the purpose he pulled down the Castle of Hohenstaufen. The House of Würtemberg rose on the ruins of that Imperial line, and the building of its castle out of the ruins of Hohenstaufen was significant of the manner in which it had entered on the headship of the Swabian race after the extinction of the other illustrious family. It is a three-storeyed structure with corner towers, and is surrounded by a moat. In it is a wondrous winding staircase of stone called the Traubenschnecke (the grape snail). It resembles a twisted vine hung with grape clusters, and preyed on by snails and creeping creatures. At the entrance of the tower that contains it are two lions supposed to be of Greek sculpture, and these and two windows came from Hohenstaufen.

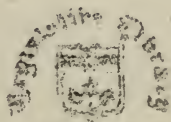
The Sauerbrunnen is a spring of effervescing water much used by the inhabitants. It is quite wholesome and agreeable to the taste. Duke Christopher supposed that it had cured him of the effects of poison administered to him in Italy, but what he suffered from was probably only low fever that was expelled by the bracing air of the Alb. The spring was formerly supposed to have the most marvellous effects. "In 1492 a certain citizen of Ueberlingen, named Peter

Hohenstaufen

Breimolder, had inside him such a host of voracious worms so that in two and a half years he devoured 520 bushels of corn. He was entirely cleared of his trouble by the use of this water."

It did not, however, heal Count Eberhard the Mild, according to Crusius, who tells the following story, which he had, he assures us, on the very best authority. You shall have it in his own words :—

"Eberhard when nearly sixty years old was out of health, but not, to all appearance, in any danger of death. In order to restore himself he came to the bath at Göppingen, and felt himself much better and quite lively from the use of it. Then said his physician to him one day : ' Gracious, sir ! set your house in order and care for your soul, for within five hours you will be done for.' The Count replied : ' Nonsense, I neither feel myself, nor can you see in me, any tokens of approaching death. Moreover, it has been foretold to me that there is a woman here in Göppingen who will die the same hour as myself, and, as I understand, she is in rude health.' The doctor instituted inquiries, and announced to the Count that she was actually dying and the last Sacraments were being administered to her. ' Pshaw ! ' said the Count, ' there was another token given me that I should not die till a certain tree (which he then described) should fall. I sat under it yesterday, and it had put forth fresh



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leaves.' The physician replied: 'That tree has fallen to-day. Send a servant, and see whether I do not speak the truth.' Then the Count knew that death was really at hand; he prepared himself and died" (16 May, 1417). He lies in the church at Stuttgart.

As already intimated, the portion of the Alb north of the Fils and between that and the Rems differs from the rest. The upper, protect-



SECTION OF HOHENSTAUFEN.

ing crust of white Jura limestone has been removed, and the lower beds, soft and easily corroded, have become exposed, so that this part has given way and has been ploughed by torrents and become undulating, with only the high cones of Stuifen, Rechberg, and Hohenstaufen rising above it. These points have kept their caps on and defied erosion.

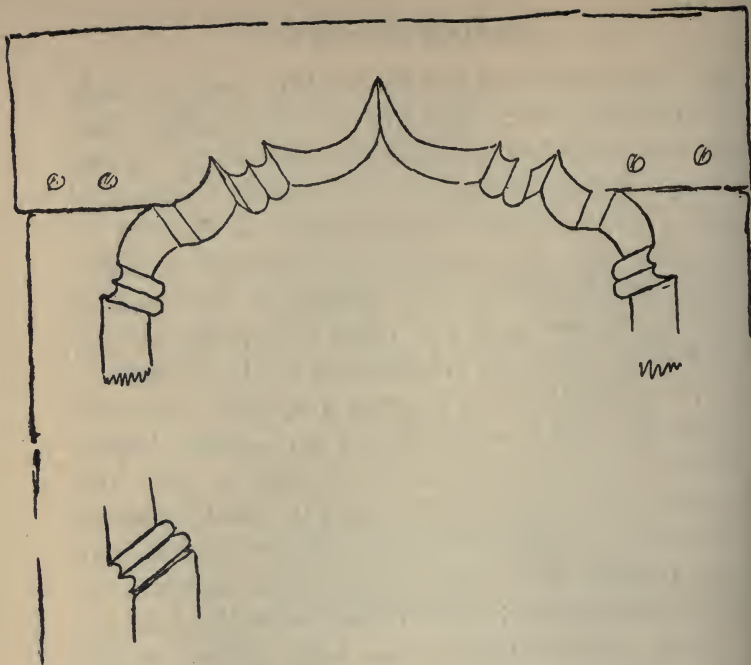
Hohenstaufen is 1977 feet high, and its structure is geologically peculiar. The exposed and fretted portion of this part of the Alb is the Brown Jurassic formation, or oolite. Above this, form-

Hohenstaufen

ing the cone, come the hard white beds in three horizontal layers. But near the bottom is a projection, called the Spielberg, below the brown oolite, and consisting of the highest stratum of white Jura. How it came there is difficult to explain, and, in fact, is an unsolved problem. This projection, in the heyday of the Hohenstaufen House, was the place for sports, tilting, and archery, of the inhabitants of the castle.

To appreciate the interest that Hohenstaufen possesses, and the hold it has on German imagination, it is necessary, very briefly, to give the glorious and yet tragic history of that splendid dynasty. And we will begin with its cradle, that has happily been preserved intact, whereas its princely castle has been levelled with the dust.

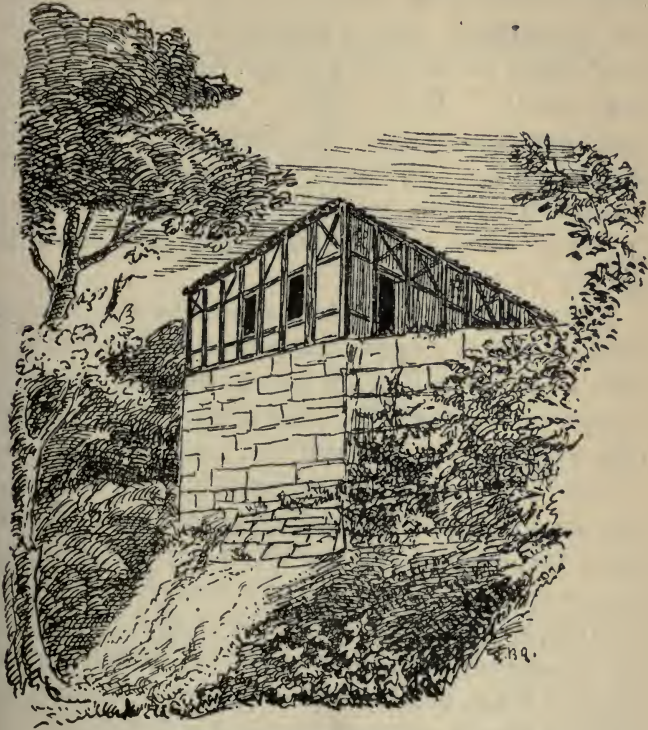
Near Wäscherbeuren, on high ground easily reached from Lorch, is a little castle on a mound above a pretty wooded glen, through which courses a sparkling stream that dances down to join the Rems between banks dense in June with large pink geraniums and tufts of blue veronica. The mound has been isolated by a moat from the nearest high ground, and on it has been built a rectangular enclosure of sandstone, every block of which retains in the centre the hole into which the crook was wedged by means of which it was heaved out of the quarry. In the walls, that are about thirty feet high, is not a single window, no opening at all except the entrance doorway



DOORWAYS. WÄSCHERSCHLÜSSCHEN.

Hohenstaufen

that was reached formerly by a drawbridge. The building is, roughly speaking, seventy-five feet square, and no trace of a tower remains ; appa-



WÄSCHERSCHLÖSSCHEN.

rently there never was one. On passing within, a courtyard is entered, with a timber-and-plaster structure occupying the side opposite the entrance, and rising one storey above the walls.

The Land of Teck

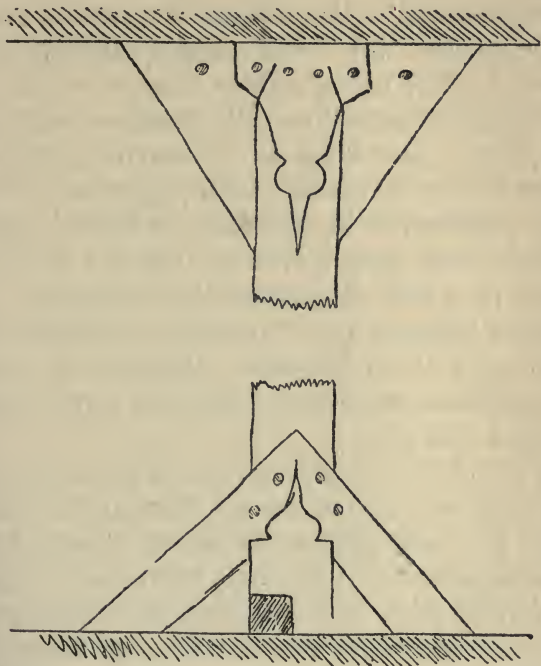
This is of the fifteenth or early sixteenth century, and replaces a similar Herrenhaus burnt in 1377. Then the walls were not broken down: only the easily combustible dwelling part of the castle was destroyed. When left by the destroyers it must have resembled a large village pound for stray cattle. It is quite a small place, now smothered in trees, and the Herrenhaus converted into a granary and fruit store. The timber-work is very interesting, and will repay a study. From the upper storey a door and steps give access to the top of the walls.

From the windows, to the south-east, is seen rising in all its majesty the cone of Hohenstaufen with a green cape about its top like the fur worn by coachmen in winter. The intermediate ground dips and rises, and is well timbered.

This little castle, Wäscherschlösschen, was the ancestral seat of Frederick von Büren, *i.e.* Bürenburg, the original name of the fort. Many a time assuredly did he look forth on the height of Staufen and think what a site it was for a castle, but a site for a bigger man than himself. He died an old man in 1094, it is supposed; and if so, then he saw his dream realised, for his son Frederick was created Duke of Swabia by the Emperor Henry IV in 1079, and he set to work to build the castle on the height which gave a name to the race that is immortal in history. One can imagine, as I did, standing on the wall, the old knight of Büren

Hohenstaufen

looking towards the conical mountain on which was rising a stately castle, to be the residence of his son—and that son married to the Emperor's



TIMBER FRAMING. WÄSCHERSCHLÖSSCHEN.

daughter. The aged knight's heart must have swelled with pride. Little dreamt he of the tragic end that awaited the dynasty and the final extinction of his race.

Frederick I of Staufen had served Henry IV

The Land of Teck

so loyally and well, in defiance of papal curses and excommunications, in prosperity and adversity, that the Emperor gladly gave him his daughter Agnes to wife, and created him Duke of Swabia and of the Alemanni. In this stormy period, when duke was ranged against duke, bishop against bishop, abbot against abbot, and king against king, Frederick had no easy time. His position was disputed by Berthold of Rheinfelden and by Berthold of Zähringen who, having large possessions in Swabia, considered himself entitled to be duke instead of the son of a petty knight in a box of a castle that would not hold a dozen fighting men. Another competitor was Duke Welf IV of Bavaria. However, in 1094 a reconciliation was effected, and for a brief period the land had rest.

At the close of the year 1104 Henry, son of the Emperor, was stirred up by Paschal II and the clergy to revolt against his father, who had been excommunicated. The young Henry had solemnly sworn fealty to the old king, and had vowed never to encourage revolt. But in defiance of his oath, supported by the papacy, he took up arms in this unnatural conflict, which was still raging when Frederick I died. In 1108 Frederick had founded the Abbey of Lorch, to be the burial place of his family. There is a fresco against one of the piers in the nave of the church of Lorch, representing him and his wife Agnes as founders,

Hohenstaufen

kneeling and sustaining the church with their hands. Agnes died in 1143.

Frederick I was succeeded by his two sons, Frederick II, who received Hohenstaufen, and Conrad, who took as his share the Franconian estates that had been granted to his father. Both brothers were loyal to Henry V, as their father had been to Henry IV. Frederick became his inseparable companion and adviser; and it was in part due to him that Henry, who had begun so ill as a rebel against his father, when he himself became king, proved a just and humane ruler. Almost invariably those whom the popes set up as their tools to effect their own political ends turned against them so soon as they had achieved their own selfish advancement. Henry V also was excommunicated, his subjects released from their allegiance and encouraged to rebel against him. Henry was, however, still faithfully supported by Frederick of Swabia and Conrad of Franconia. After the death of Henry, in 1125, when Frederick of Swabia might reasonably have expected to be elected, by the machinations of the Archbishop of Mayence he was passed over, and the crown offered to Lothair of Saxony, disposed to be a humble servant of the Pope. Indeed, he went to Italy to settle the controversy between two rival claimants to the Chair of S. Peter, Innocent II and Anacletus II; and in return for his support Innocent crowned him Emperor and

The Land of Teck

gave him in feoff the patrimony bequeathed by the Countess Mathilda. In commemoration of his submission and investiture, a painting was set up in the Vatican representing him cringing at the feet of Innocent, with the inscription beneath :—

Rex venit ante fores jurans prius urbis honores
Post homo fit papæ, recipit quo dante coronam.

That is : “ The King comes before the gates, and first swears to maintain the rights of the city. Then is he made liege-man of the Pope, and from his hand receives the crown.”

Lothair attempted to crush the haughty Hohenstaufen family. He devastated their territories in Swabia and Franconia, and brought them to submission. Lothair died in 1138, whereupon Conrad was elected King. At once Duke Welf VI of Bavaria flew to arms, but was routed in a battle at Weinsberg, 20 October, 1139. It was then that, according to tradition, Conrad summoned the town to surrender, and because of its stubborn resistance proclaimed his intention of putting all the male citizens to the sword, but suffered the women to come forth unharmed and to carry away with them what they most prized. They issued from the gates, each carrying on her back a husband, a lover, or a brother. On which Bürger wrote a ballad :—

Hohenstaufen

The monarch gave a merry ball
To please the Weinsberg women,
The trumpets peal, the fiddles squall,
All dance, and all went swimming,
The burgermaster's frau, I trow,
The besom-maker's wife also.

Now tell me where this Weinsberg lives
A sturdy town in troth, sir,
Brimful of true and trusty wives
And wenches, bless them both, sir.
I ween when it comes in my head
To marry, I'll in Weinsberg wed.

Although Conrad had been elected instead of his elder brother, no token of jealousy was seen in the latter. They were a loyal race, these Hohenstaufeners, always desiring above all things the welfare of their country. Frederick II, "the One-eyed," died in 1147, and his brother, King Conrad, in 1152. Frederick III, son of Frederick II, was at once elected to the throne, and he became, in history and legend, the famous Frederick Barbarossa. He was a man of middle height compactly built, with a fresh complexion, red hair and beard, very white teeth, delicately formed hands, and had a cheerful countenance, that always wore a smile. He was severely just, occasionally harsh, with a strength of character that subjugated alike the temporal and ecclesiastical princes of Germany and held them in wholesome awe. He ruled Germany for forty years, and raised her to a pitch of power such as she had

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never before reached, and which caused alarm to the papacy, that sought in every way to bring confusion and weakness into the land, so as to distract the attention of the Emperor from the affairs of Italy. Frederick, the darling of the people, the dreaded of competitors, perished in his seventieth year in a small river in Pisidia on his way to the East. The people would not believe that he was dead, and long expected his return to fight for his nation and kingdom in the hour of supreme necessity. He is usually supposed to be sleeping in the Kyffhäuser Berg in Thuringia, but the Swabians held that he was tarrying in the hill under his castle. He sits there, in his imperial robes with a crown on his head, on an ivory throne before a stone table, and his red beard has grown till it has grown through the slab. The entrance to his cave gapes on Easter Day. Through this entrance shepherds and cowboys are said to have penetrated to his subterranean hall. Then the Red-Beard wakes and asks: "Do the ravens still fly about the rock overhead?" "They do." "Then must I sleep another hundred years."

Barbarossa had successfully made what he deemed a master-stroke of policy, but it was one that led to the ruin of his house. He had obtained the hand of Constantia, heiress to the kingdom of Sicily, for his son and heir, Henry. Henry VI was but five-and-twenty when he was elected

Hohenstaufen

King in 1190. Of a weakly physique, with thin, pale face, and of but medium height, he possessed a commanding spirit. And his broad forehead proclaimed intellectual power. He had been a Minnesinger, and in tender lays sang the love of fair maids, as though to him that were better than to gain a king's crown. But he turned his poetic fancy into a more serious course, and sang of the creation of the world. He dearly loved hunting and hawking, and when he became King abandoned all pleasures save that, and devoted himself with energy and persistence to his great aim—the realising of the idea of empire over Italy and Germany, and even beyond their confines.

He soon provoked the jealousy of the Pope, by holding the patrimony of S. Peter as his own by right of kingship, and not as a feoff from the papacy, and by granting portions of it to his followers. Ambition was his solitary passion; what he lacked in military ability and experience he made up for by political sagacity. He was severe and remorseless against those who stood in his way, and he had no pity for treachery and rebellion. The lawless knights and barons had to yield and restrain their hands from violence, and in proportion as they hated and feared him, so did the people generally believe in him and love him. After hunting near Messina he drank a bowl of cold water, and died, in 1197, closing a brief reign

The Land of Teck

of seven years, leaving as his heir an only son, Frederick, aged three; and was succeeded as King by his brother Philip, Duke of Swabia, an amiable and accomplished prince. Philip married Irene, who in Germany was known as Mary, daughter of Isaac Angelo, Emperor of the East. She had been sent to Palermo to become the wife of Roger, son of Tancred; but he died before the nuptials, and Philip had seen her there, a forlorn, gentle princess, and had pitied her. Pity ripened into love, and she became his wife. His had been a strange career. Destined for the Church, he had been appointed Dean of Aix, and then elected to the bishopric of Würzburg at the age of fifteen—he was aged thirteen when dean—then had given up his ideas of the Church, and had become Duke of Spoleto in 1195, appointed by his brother; next, in 1196, Duke of Swabia, and to Hohenstaufen he brought his beautiful wife. He was a handsome man, gentle and courteous, and the young couple were devotedly attached to each other. He also incurred the papal anathema. In 1208 he was assassinated by Otto of Wittelsbach, and Irene fled to Hohenstaufen, where in the same year, a few months later, she died of a broken heart. She was buried at Lorch. Here, when the bones of the Hohenstaufeners were moved to a new vault, her ring was found, and is still preserved. It is of gold with the I.H.S. in the midst; on one side the

Hohenstaufen

instruments of the Passion, on the other the Virgin and Child in cloisonné enamel. Copies of it have been made, and are sold in the church of Lorch to visitors.

On the death of Philip, the papal candidate, the Guelf, Otto IV, was elected and the young son of Henry VI passed over. Otto was crowned Emperor at Rome in 1209, but at once turned against his supporter, Innocent III, who, in retaliation, excommunicated him and called on the German princes to break their oath of allegiance, and elect instead his new protégé, Frederick, son of Henry VI, then aged seventeen, and King of Sicily. He calculated on the gratitude of the boy, and believed that he could control his policy. In accordance with the wish of the Pope, who desired to see the German sovereigns—who were also kings of Italy—expend their energies and resources, and perhaps lose their lives in crusade, he undertook to bear the cross against the infidels. As he delayed putting his promise into execution, this gave the Pope a handle against him. In fact, he could not leave Germany and Italy, teeming with discontent and ready for rebellion, and suffer the realm to fall into anarchy. The Pope, who had become an implacable foe, used this as an excuse for excommunicating him, and when he did undertake the Crusade it was whilst he was still under the ban of the Church, and against the express commands of

The Land of Teck

Gregory IX. With disgust, the Pope saw that Frederick, in his unblest Crusade, had achieved what none of those that had received papal benediction had been able to do. Frederick had recaptured Jerusalem and obtained the liberation of Christian captives. He died in 1250. The news was received with indecent exultation by the Pope. "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad." If the death by poison of the sons of Frederick—Conrad and Henry—was not instigated by the Pope, it was so opportune that suspicion was aroused that he had at least connived at it. The murder was undoubtedly committed by the papal faction, the Pope and the Guelfs being alone interested in the extermination of the House of Hohenstaufen. As an opponent to the German Imperial House, Charles of Anjou, a sullen, cold-blooded prince, so cruel that he was regarded with horror by his devout brother, S. Louis, was offered the kingdom of Sicily by the Pope, who claimed to be able to give away kingdoms and to dethrone princes. Charles was the papal tool in Italy, and William of Holland, a despicable creature, was set up at papal instigation in Germany. Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen, fell by the sword on a scaffold at Naples, having been betrayed into the hands of Charles of Anjou by a Frangipani for lands and a sum of money. Conradin was not yet sixteen years old. What

Hohenstaufen

followed shall be told in the words of Dean Milman :—

“Christendom heard with horror that the royal brother of S. Louis, that the champion of the Church, after a mock trial, by the sentence of one judge, after an unanswerable pleading by Guido de Suzaria, a famous jurist, had condemned the last heir of the Swabian House—a rival king, who had fought gallantly for his hereditary throne—to be executed as a felon and a rebel on a public scaffold. So little did Conradin dread his fate that when his doom was announced he was playing chess with Frederick of Austria. ‘Slave,’ said Conradin to Robert of Bari, who read the fatal sentence, ‘do you dare to condemn as a criminal the son and heir of kings? Knows not your master that he is my equal, not my judge?’ He added, ‘I am a mortal, and must die; yet ask the kings of the earth if a prince be criminal for seeking to win back the heritage of his ancestors. But, if there be no pardon for me, at least, spare my faithful companions; or, if they must die, strike me first, that I may not behold their death.’ They died devoutly, nobly. Every circumstance aggravated the abhorrence—it was said that Robert of Flanders, the brother of Charles, struck dead the judge who presumed to read the iniquitous sentence. When Conradin knelt, with uplifted hands, awaiting the blow of the executioner, he uttered these last words: ‘O

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my mother! how deep will be thy sorrow at the news of this day!' Even the followers of Charles could hardly restrain their pity and indignation. With Conradin died his young and valiant friend, Frederick of Austria, the two Lancias, two of the noble House of Donaticcio of Pisa."

The Pope himself was accused of having counselled the atrocious act. Whether he did or not is uncertain. One thing is sure—that not by lifting a finger, not by a single word, did he interfere to save the life of the gallant boy. On 29 October, 1268, the head of Conradin fell on the scaffold; on 29 November following Clement was called to his account. How the Italians rose in 1282, and in the massacre called the Sicilian Vespers slaughtered the French whom the Pope had set over them to tyrannise and insult them, is matter of history too well known to be dwelt on here.

With the death of Conradin the papacy rejoiced to see the extinction of that splendidly endowed race which had opposed its exactions and had fearlessly maintained the independence of the Crown. No Hohenstaufener had stooped to the degradation of Canossa. The only remaining legitimate representative of the family was Margaret, daughter of Frederick II by Elizabeth, daughter of King John of England. She was married to Albert the Debauchee, Margrave of Meissen. A plan to murder her was formed by her hus-

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band, who lived in open sin with Cunegund of Eisenberg. She was forewarned in time and fled. Before flying she visited her little sons, Frederick, Henry, and Diezmann ; and in parting with the eldest, in passionate grief pressed his cheek so hard with her teeth as to scar it, and thenceforth he was known as Frederick with the Bitten Cheek. She repaired to Frankfort, where she was hospitably received, and remained there till her death in 1270.

To the east of Gmünd, near the railway, is the little chapel of Beiswang (Bite-cheek), said to have been founded by Margaret in her native land, in commemoration of that night of sorrow, when she parted with her children, whom she was to see no more.

Who can fail to look at that rock of Hohenstaufen without the past unrolling before him as a picture ? On the Spielberg the unfortunate Conradin exercised himself with crossbow ; here the ladies danced on summer evenings upon the sward. At the foot of the hill is the little church where the Red-Beard knelt. On yon height pined the bereaved Greek widow, " a rose without a thorn, a dove without gall," as the chronicler says of her. In the hour of deepest depression of Germany Kerner wrote :—

This ancient rock at darkling eve
Upreats all mossy, barren, dead.
The ravens wheel and hoarsely croak
About its grey and blasted head.

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But when the flaring moon looks out,
And glint the stars in sky serene,
The rock is lit with spectral lights,
And phantom forms on it are seen.

And harp and horn are heard to ring
By listeners, from the walls on high,
They hear the tramp of chargers' hoofs
As Barbarossa thunders by.

And Philip and Irene meek,
Move midst the ruins, hand in hand.
A bird is warbling wistful strains
Of distant sunny Grecian land.

And Conradin of noble mien
Is dimly seen in yonder bower,
A lily bursting into bloom,
But cut off as it dawns to flower.

The red cock in the vale below
Announces that the day is near,
The ancient mountain bold upstands,
The phantom figures disappear.

And where they stood are only thorns,
And briars chafed by wind and rains,
How like that solitary rock,
Alas! our Fatherland remains!

The church at the foot of the hill is still there; the doorway through which Barbarossa passed is walled up, with the inscription above it, "Hic transibat Cæsar." His portrait is painted against the wall, but is not ancient; it dates from 1723, and was restored in 1814. At the sides are the arms of Hohenstaufen and of the empire. The

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old church is damp and has been abandoned, and one new and ugly has been erected in the village for use.

To the south-west of the hill is the elevation already alluded to, the Spielberg, where the knights practised warlike exercises, and the ladies danced. On the summit are the scanty remains of the castle. In the church of S. John, at Gmünd, is a painting that represents the old castle before it was demolished. It shows us the north-east of it with three towers rising out of the walls, and two larger towers within. The principal residence was on the west side, and here also was a tower. The picture shows us what the castle was before it was burnt by the peasants on 29 April, 1525. Crusius gives us an account of its destruction from an eye-witness.

The garrison consisted of but thirty-two men, and they were badly equipped. The commandant was absent, and at the head was his cousin, a man named Reuss. The peasants who came against it were not from the neighbourhood, nor was their number great; but, arriving in the dusk of evening, they spread out and seemed to be more than they really were. For a while an attempt at defence was made; the men and the maid-servants in the castle threw down stones and poured boiling water on the peasants, as they had either no guns or no powder. The peasants, on the other hand, had brought up cannon. As the

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hearts of the besieged failed them, they threw the keys over the wall and fled by a postern. The peasants entered and flung all who had not escaped down the rocks and from the towers, and then set fire to the castle. The eye-witness declared that if the garrison had held out with a little determination, Hohenstaufen might have been saved. The inhabitants of the village and district of Hohenstaufen had nothing to complain of, and the destruction of the castle was no work of theirs, but of the Würtemberg horde. The inhabitants of the place were all freemen and freeholders; they had their own court of justice and paid no dues to the lord, only they were expected to keep the roads in repair, and in case of war to rally about the banner of their feudal seigneur. This condition of freedom was the more remarkable as the peasants elsewhere suffered from intolerable oppression. The abbey of Adelberg, for instance, had its serfs, and no man among them could marry without paying a fee of a bar of salt; and no girl without furnishing the monastery with a frying-pan sufficiently capacious for her to fill it when sitting down therein: "So gross dass sie mit dem Hintern drein sitzen kann oder mag." On a death, the abbot exacted one-third of the possessions of the deceased.

What was bitterly resented by the peasants was the introduction of Roman law in place of the ancient customary law. Moreover, both the

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secular and the ecclesiastical princes treated them as dirt beneath their feet, and disregarded even time-honoured privileges. They complained of the tithe, of the *corvée*, and of the heriot, the right of their feudal lord to take the best horse or best ox or cow of a farmer when the latter died. The exclusive right of the feudal lord to hunt, to kill birds, to fish, and to the timber in the woods was a grievance. Still greater was the exasperation against the arbitrary arrest and imprisonment of a serf, and his being capriciously subjected to torture and death. There had been several risings among the peasants, but none general and wide-extended till the autumn of 1524. Only in Bavaria, where feudal servitude had been abolished, was there no material for a conflagration, and there no serious outbreak took place. In Würtemberg it was otherwise ; so also in the Black Forest and on the shores of the Lake of Constance, in the Tauber and Rottenburg districts, and in Würzburg and Anspach. In Würtemberg the peasants under Matern Feuerbach in April, 1525, numbered 8000 men ; they had possessed themselves of cannon, and went from place to place, burning the castles of the nobles and laying the towns under contribution. Duke Ulrich, who had been driven out of his lands by the Confederacy and the forces of Charles V, was in correspondence with them, hoping by their aid to recover his territories.

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Wäscherschlösschen, the cradle of the Hohenstaufen, stands half-way between the proud height on which rose the castle, the symbol of their greatness, and Lorch, their grave. The abbey of Lorch was founded by Duke Frederick I and his wife Agnes in 1108 out of a castle that he possessed on the hill, and he placed in it twelve Benedictine monks. The ascent to the abbey is through a pleasant wood of beech and pines, and leads to the walls that surround the monastery as a fortress; some difference in the structure leads to the supposition that one portion pertains to the original castle. Outside the entrance gate is the Staufenlinde, an ancient lime tree thought to have been planted by the founder, and which has outlived his family by more than six centuries. Its head has long ago been destroyed by storm; the principal bough was broken off in a gale, 1 November, 1755, at the same hour in which Lisbon was wrecked by earthquake. In October, 1870, it lost two more branches, one of which fell on a horse drawing a cart, and killed it. The waggoner happily escaped. Again, in 1879, it lost two more boughs. The sole remaining limb is stayed up on crutches, itself as broad in girth as many an ancient tree. A board warns visitors not to tarry beneath it, as dangerous. Hard by is the Zollern lime tree, planted in 1871 in commemoration of the refounding of the German Empire. *Floreat!*

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The area within the walls is occupied by the abbey church, monastic buildings, and more recent structures. Of the domestic part of the abbey, a portion of the cloisters remains with star vaulting; the tracery of the windows has been broken away; also the refectory and the dormitory above. In the former are fresco paintings, somewhat restored of late, representing scenes of the Passion. A number of relics are preserved here—a romanesque capital from the first church, that has been employed as a grave-stone, and on it cut: “Uxori carissimæ. Me nunc torquet amor, tibi tristis cura recessit. Obiit den. IV. Jul. MDCCC” (To the beloved wife. My lot henceforth is the torture of Love. From you sad care is removed, and the date). It was the headstone to the wife of one Carl August Bühler, who died at the age of thirty-nine. Another tombstone is to a Margaret Schmidt, her canting arms a hammer and horse-shoe. Our English Smiths adopt rampant lions and lilies. In the abbot’s dormitory the wooden panelling is painted with allegorical subjects of the “Pigtail” period, 1710–1780, with inscriptions. A boy is holding a dancing bear by a cord passed through its nose: “Thus an undisciplined people may be held in control by law.” A hawk is preying on a dove, and an archer has just discharged an arrow that transfixes the throat of the hawk. At the same time an assassin leaps

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on the archer to stab him : “ Whilst the tyrant rejoices in shedding innocent blood, Nemesis attends him.” A dog is howling at the moon, and a Catholic priest is hobnobbing with a Sultan and a Rabbi. This is a post-Reformation painting, and the inscription indicates that the good folk of Lorch did not relish the change forced on them. “ The impious people resist the pious doctrines of Christ. But He that dwelleth on high laugheth them to scorn.”

The church is now used merely as a show place, and the high altar is converted into a shop-counter on which are the Visitors' Book, and photographs and copies of Irene's ring for sale. Towering above it is a crucifix carved by the elder George Syrlin of Ulm in 1440, who sculptured the magnificent choir stalls in the minster of his native town. He has left there representations of himself and his wife ; one of his son is at Blaubeuren, with the inscription : “ In the year of God 1493, were these choir stalls carved by George Syrlin of Ulm, a very skilful master in this art.” There he also sculptured a superb altarpiece, that is the treasure of the church, the finest in Swabia. The story goes that when it was completed the monks asked him if he thought he could surpass it. Confident in his ability, he said that he could. Whereupon, fearing lest he should be got hold of by some other monastery to do a masterpiece for it, they blinded him and

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kept him concealed in the abbey. Only at night was he let abroad. But, blind though he was, he carved this likeness of himself—representing a sad, broken, and blind man.

Much the same story is told of the clock of Strasburg, of the Roslyn pillar, and of many another artistic achievement, and it may be dismissed as an idle tale. The elder George Syrlin died in 1474, and his son, of the same name and profession, died in 1493, and it is possible enough that his death shortly after having achieved this splendid work helped to originate the story. The same younger Syrlin carved the kneeling pew of Duke Eberhard at Urach, and the stone fountain there in the square; the choir stalls also at Geislingen, which shall be mentioned in the sequel.

The church of Lorch consists of a nave in plain romanesque style, dating from about 1200. The piers supporting round arches are plain, without mouldings and without capitals. The side aisles have round-headed windows, but in that to the south a Middle Pointed window has been inserted. The west end is formed by a transept, the southern arm is surmounted by a tower; that to the north is of the fifteenth century. There is a transept before the choir. The Lombardic piers to it have, unhappily, had their interesting capitals recut. Choir and transepts and crossing are vaulted and are Middle

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Pointed. It was intended to erect a central tower over the crossing, but this was never done.

Against the piers in the nave are life-size paintings in fresco of the Hohenstaufens, from Duke Frederick and his wife Agnes to Conradin. They are of no value as portraits. Painted originally in or about 1531, they were badly daubed over at the beginning of the eighteenth century by an ignorant artist who altered the costume, and again repainted in 1871 by the artist Pelgram, who modernised the faces.

In the midst of the nave is a tomb on which are sculptured the Hohenstaufen arms with the inscription: "Da gloriam Deo. Anno Domini MCII jar ward diss closter gestift. Hie lit begraben herzog Friedrich von Swaben. Er und syn kind diess closter stifter sind, sin nachkimling ligent och hie by. Got in allen gnädig sy. Gemacht in 1475."

Under this, and in the choir and elsewhere, lie many members of the great family of the founder. He himself, the first Duke of Swabia, of the fresh creation (b. 1050, d. 1105), and his wife Agnes (d. 1143), daughter of the Emperor Henry IV, two brothers of the founder, and four sons of Conrad III, who died in 1152; Rumhold and Frederick, sons of King Philip; Duke Conrad of Swabia (d. 1196); Irene, the Greek princess (d. 1208); Beatrix, daughter of Irene, who d. 1212, shortly after her marriage to the Em-

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peror Otto IV ; two sons of Frederick I ; Beatrix, daughter of the Emperor Conrad ; Henry, King of the Romans, son of Conrad III (d. 1150) ; and Duke Conrad of Bavaria, the brother of Judith, wife of Frederick II.

In the year 1475 the graves of the Hohenstaufen in the nave were opened, the skulls and bones collected and placed in a sarcophagus, and the tombstone erected over it. Those in the choir, in which some of the heads were found with the hair still in a state of preservation, were left otherwise undisturbed. Verily as one paces the floor one has underfoot the dust of a right royal House.

In the north transept are the monuments of the Wöllwarth family, ten splendid full-length statues of knights in armour, dating from 1472 to 1522, and showing what a noble school of figure sculpture existed at this period in Swabia, preparing us for the monuments in Urach and in Stuttgart. We had no artists in England approaching these Swabians, and at the same period the figure sculpture in France lacked the vigour of these. Possibly the poverty of our English figure carving was due to our not possessing a stone that lent itself to being dealt with like the red sandstone of Germany—easy to cut, and hardening in the air.

The first statue on the north side is that of Ulrich von Wöllwarth. In his right hand he

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holds the arms of the family, a crescent *argent* on a golden field—bad heraldry. The story goes that this knight lost his way when hunting, and was found half devoured by wolves, with a toad and a lizard in his paunch, whilst a serpent was coiled about the body.

The fourth, that of Renwart I (d. 1492), bears no inscription. One did exist, in gilt letters. When the peasants sacked the abbey and murdered the abbot, thinking that these letters were of pure gold, they scooped them out with their poignards. In the south transept are the tombs of the Schechinger family, of very trifling artistic value. A modern tablet, very poor in style, the sort of thing turned out in scores by our ecclesiastical tailors and furnishers, has been erected to Irene.

Five steps lead from the nave to the crossing, nine to the high altar, and four more to the retrochoir. The reason for this elevation is that the cloister was formerly carried under the apse. The choir, which is apsidal, is in the pure Geometrical style of the fourteenth century. The abbey was formerly supplied with water from a well carried down to the level of the Rems. Now fresh water is conducted to a fountain in the court from a height by an iron pipe. From the platform one looks up the fertile valley to the Rechberg, which towers above it, with a pilgrimage chapel on the top.

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In the village of Lorch is a good Gothic church with apse. The graveyard wall rests on Roman substructures ; it was a castellum. The Limes Romanus came hither with a bend, and then, describing an angle, went on. This wall, begun by Hadrian (117-137) and completed by Probus (277-282), divided Rhaetia from Upper Germany. It has been traced throughout its whole course, and its camps and towers identified. The peasantry have their own way of accounting for it. The Devil once asked the Almighty to grant him a territory where he might take his ease, and not be pestered by Michael and his angels, by priests and monks. His petition was granted, and he was allowed as much land as he could mark out between sunrise and sunset. Accordingly, he transformed a set of devils into swine, and set them rooting in a direct line at intervals. But the sun went down before he could close up the gaps, and in a rage he destroyed the entire work. Hence the dyke goes by the name of the Devil's or the Swine's Wall.

Some notice must be taken of Rechberg, that is near Hohenstaufen in one way, distant in another ; for though but four and a half miles apart as the crow flies, it is widely removed in religion, as Rechberg is Catholic, whereas Hohenstaufen is Protestant. On the summit is a pilgrimage chapel, 2318 feet. There was formerly a hermitage with a wooden oratory on the top

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of the mountain ; the present church of stone was erected in the seventeenth century. The climb to the chapel is somewhat arduous, but the good priest who lives by it supplies refreshments, and is delighted to welcome a visitor and have a chat. The view from the top is magnificent ; it comprises in the near foreground the lonely Stuifen, on which no castle was ever built, Hohenstaufen, and then all the Alb away to the conical Achalm above Reutlingen. If the weather be clear, in the distance gleam the snowy crests of the Vorarlberg mountains. Nevertheless, a man cannot live on distant prospects, and life in the little parsonage on the top of the sugar-loaf would be dull indeed were it not that the chapel there is parish church to the village below. Not only have the parishioners to scramble up for their devotions, but also to carry up their dead, who are laid in the graveyard at the summit.

On a spur of Hohen Rechberg is the castle, the gap between—artificial—now spanned by a stone bridge. It is mainly ruinous, having been struck by lightning and set on fire in midwinter, 6 January, 1865. It is interesting as being still in the possession of the same family that has owned it from a grey antiquity, before the introduction of Christianity into Swabia. According to legend, Saints Gall and Columbanus came to preach the gospel in Rhaetia. At this time there lived on



RECHBERG

Hohenstaufen

the Rechberg three brothers, each of whom bore on his shield the blazon of a red lion ; and like their overlord, the Prince of Teck, they persecuted the Christians and offered them in sacrifice to Wuotan, either hanging them or precipitating them down the cliffs. To put an end to this the Christian Duke of the Alemanni marched against the lord of Teck and his assembled army of pagans and defeated them as told under Kirchheim. The brothers of Rechberg were constrained to be baptised, and to pledge themselves no longer to hang and throw down precipices such as were believers. *Ce qui nous saute aux yeux* in this story is that heraldic bearings were unknown before the tenth century at earliest. However, the family of Rechberg carry as their arms two red lions with their tails twisted, and call themselves Rechberg und Rothenlöwen. It is now a countly family, and the principal residence is at Donzdorf, near Süssen ; another castle is at Weissenstein. It has possessions in Bavaria as well as in Würtemberg. Historically, the first Rechberg known was Ulrich, in 1179, a loyal follower of Frederick I, and afterwards of King Philip. He died in 1202. A Wilhelm von Rechberg lived at the court of the Duke of Bavaria in 1489. A papal legate brought a sentence of excommunication launched by the Pope against the Duke.

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The blood boiled in each Rechberg vein,
"This must not unavenged remain,"

He cried, "as I'm a sinner."

He crushed the brief the Pontiff wrote
And rammed it down the Italian's throat,
With—"There, digest your dinner."

For this he was excommunicated, as well as his master. But the day when papal curses were seriously regarded was over, and Rechberg treated the ban with placid indifference.

They were a daring set, these Rechbergs. According to a popular story, a Rechberg slapped Satan himself in the face with his glove for having addressed him with unbecoming familiarity. The family divided into two branches: one "On the Mountain," the other "Under the Mountain." One of the former, Veit I, married Irmgard of Teck, heiress of Mindelheim, and died in 1416. The family possesses an hereditary ghost, the Rechberg Klopfer, who knocks at the door or wainscoting to announce the impending death of one of the race. Ulrich II was married to Anna von Wenningen. They were deeply attached to each other. When absent from home he wrote letters to his wife, and these he attached to the collar of a faithful dog, which he despatched to convey tidings of him to the lady. When she had read the epistle she sent the hound back again. But in 1496 for a long period neither husband nor letter arrived, and, full of distress, Anna was kneeling in the castle chapel one day

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when she was disturbed in her prayers by recurrent taps at the door. At last, irritated by the noise, she exclaimed, "Go on with your tapping, if you will, to the Last Day!" As it still continued, and prayer became impossible owing to the distraction, she sprang to her feet and opened the door to find the dog without—but no letter. In fact, Ulrich was dead. Before the destruction of the castle by fire there was a carved wooden representation in it of the dog with a letter-bag attached to the collar.

To the present day the people of Rechberg believe that at certain times a light is seen "like a burning oven" on Hohenstaufen, and that then a blue flame travels at first slowly, then fast, along the Aas—the ridge that connects the two—mounts the height of Hohen Rechberg, remains flickering there for a while, and then returns to Hohenstaufen, where it disappears as the morning bell rings. Crusius seems to allude to it, but, according to him, there were three blue flames, and when they were seen Rechberg was safe from being struck by lightning.

The castle escaped the fate that befell Hohenstaufen and Teck; the peasants in 1525 were unable to take it. It stood out for Count Ulrich of Würtemberg when he was at feud with the free cities. The Gmünders sent a large body of men against the castle. They cut down and set fire to all the woods about it, but could make no

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impression on the stronghold itself. As they were returning Ulrich von Rechberg sallied out, fell on the rearguard, killed fifty-four of the citizens, and took sixty-five prisoners. Rechberg was a virgin castle till the year 1554, when Duke Christopher sent troops against it, having been offended at some high-handed act of Ulrich of Rechberg. He and his wife, who was a Wöllwarth, were in the castle, but unable to hold it, as the Würtembergers had ascended Hohen Rechberg and could command it with their cannon. Then, says Crusius, "The noble lady led her son by the hand and held the keys in the other, and offered them to the enemy, and with tears pleaded for mercy." The Duke was content to place a garrison in the castle. It was not till the following year that the Rechbergs recovered full possession.

CHAPTER VII

GMÜND

IN the quaint old town of Schwäbisch Gmünd one is carried back in thought to the Middle Ages. It has lost its walls, but has retained its towers. Out of twelve churches it once possessed ten remain, and two of these are of extraordinary interest. The old timber-and-plaster houses project over the street, roofed with tiles the colour of sere oak leaves, and only here and there does a modern pretentious structure spoil the harmony. Gmünd is to the eye what a symphony of Beethoven is to the ear; but these discordant shop or villa residences are like the braying of a horn that is out of tune, or a patch of aniline magenta let into a superb old Persian carpet of harmonious dyes. Gmünd has been a place for the making of jewellery, gold and silver ware for many centuries. In 1186, when Henry—afterwards Henry VI—married Constantia, heiress of Sicily, the Swabian town sent him the significant wedding present of a silver filagree cradle of Gmünd manufacture, and in that was rocked Frederick II.

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Gmünd has been a nursery of art. To it belonged the family of Arler. Master Henry Arler, in 1351, began the Heiligkreuz church, next to Ulm minster the finest in Swabia, which is rich indeed in glorious churches. His son, Peter, built the cathedral of Prague, the Bartholomeus Church in Kollin-on-the-Elbe, and the church of Küttenberg in Bohemia. Another son, John, was the architect, about 1360, of the cathedrals of Basle, and Freiburg in Breisgau with its wonderful pierced spire like stone lace. A second Henry designed Milan Cathedral; but the carrying out of his plans was taken from him and given to Italians to finish, and what he designed in massive splendour was completed in gimcrack, sugar-candy work. His, however, is the noble interior. He worked between 1391 and 1392. Another of the family was Michael. The bust of Peter Arler is in the church at Prague—a beautiful, grave face; but that of the second Henry Arler might well have been that of a Roman gladiator. It is in Milan Cathedral.

The family of Baldung also pertained to Gmünd. Johan Baldung, a pupil of Albert Dürer, was a noted painter and copper-plate engraver. His greatest work was the high altarpiece at Freiburg in Breisgau, completed in 1516. In the Holy Cross Church at Gmünd is a carved wood altarpiece, winged and painted, of beautiful execution, representing S. Sebaldus and his legend,



TURM-GASSE, GMÜND

S.B.G

Gmünd

perhaps by Baldung, certainly by a disciple of Dürer.

Gmünd produced sculptors as well. Jacob Woller was he who wrought the beautiful recumbent figures of the counts and dukes of Würtemberg in the choir at Tübingen. The fine Wöllwarth monuments at Lorch were unquestion-



CARVING, S. JOHN'S, GMÜND.

ably produced at Gmünd. Erhard Barg was employed as sculptor at Freiburg in Breisgau. Kaspar Vogt (d. 1644) "was the most famous architect and sculptor of Gmünd in the seventeenth century." There is an art school at Gmünd, and artistic metal-work is turned out by it, but, to my mind, on wrong lines. If, instead of adopting the wavy, seaweed designs of which

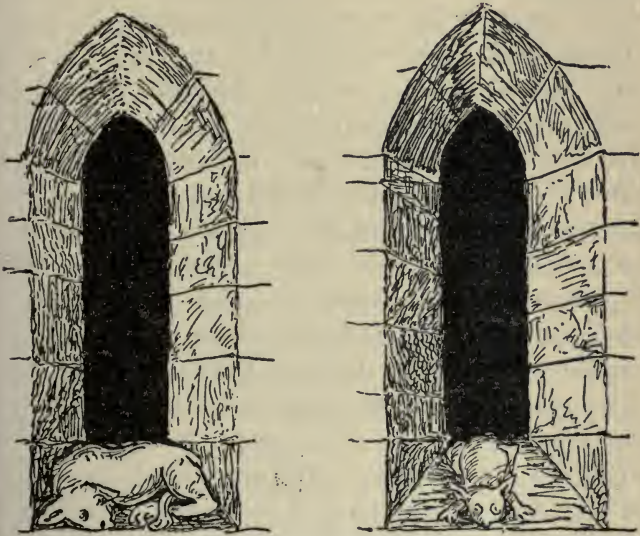
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we have grown heartily weary, the artists were to go to the masterly work of their predecessors in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance for inspiration, they would do better.

The oldest church is that of S. John, standing in the centre of the town. It dates from the end of the twelfth century, and, if tradition may be trusted, was the kernel out of which the city grew. The Duchess Agnes was passionately fond of the chase, and one day pursued the hart through the forest that then covered the valley where now stands Gmünd. Heated by the exercise, she pulled off her glove that she might wipe her face, and in so doing plucked off as well her wedding ring. Not till the party had seated themselves to partake of a meal under the greenwood tree did she notice her loss. In distress, she made her retinue throughout the afternoon retrace their steps, searching for the ring, but in vain. In the evening, sorrowfully she returned to Hohenstaufen, and ordered that the search should be continued on the morrow. That also proved fruitless. Weeks passed, when a young huntsman with his crossbow brought down a stag—and lo! on one of its tines was fixed the golden hoop. The young man was liberally rewarded, and the Duchess built the church of S. John on the spot where the ring had been recovered. It is a curious church, earlier in character than would have been one built about the same date in France or England.

Gmünd

There is a profusion of carving about it at the eaves and over the west front and on the tower : the huntsman and the hounds, the flying stag, are portrayed right across the façade. Animals are coiled up as if asleep in the splays of the



WINDOWS, ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, GMÜND.

windows, or else are crouching as if about to leap. And the splays are external, and not, as in England, invariably internal. The sculptured figures of the Virgin and Child and of the Crucifixion are archaic. Puzzle figures of interlaced work, such as is familiar in Celtic decoration, appear here, and are supposed by the people to

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represent the cake that the Duchess took with her to eat under the trees on that memorable hunt. Within, in the choir, is an oil-painting of the sixteenth century, representing the story of the origin of the church.

Unhappily, S. John's has undergone "restoration," and a pretty mess has been made of it. A fine apsidal choir had been added in the fifteenth century, and in the west end were three windows of the same period, the central of four lights, those at the side of two. The side aisles also had been heightened. Now, the wreckers have pulled down the beautiful lantern-like choir, and its place has been supplied by a fancy Lombardic apse. Such an apse may be interesting as an antiquity, but it is not beautiful—and that the added choir was. The western windows have been destroyed, and a wheel window, out of character, substituted for that of the four lights, which was graceful. The whole structure has been so tinkered that in a few years, when the stone has mellowed, it will not be possible to distinguish the new from the old, except by the *banalité* of the execution. On the north side of the church is the tower, the Schwindelthurm, octagonal and capped with a stone spire. The base is of the same date as the church, but the upper portion of the tower is later. It has not been mauled about by restorers as much as the unfortunate church itself.

The modern stained glass is bad. This is the

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more to be regretted as some German artists can do excellent work in glass. No French stained glass is tolerable ; there are in it degrees of badness, that is all. Munich started with sheer abominations of windows. There are specimens in the south aisle of Cologne Cathedral. Compare these atrocities with the lovely old glass in the north aisle. One or two Munich artists have happily become heartily ashamed of its old work, and can now produce windows excellent in colour and design.

In the new west wheel are represented S. Cecilia, King David, S. Gregory the Great, S. Ambrose, and the " Fiddler of Gmünd," the *Wahrzeichen* of the town. I have already, in another book,¹ given an account of the *Wahrzeichen* (distinctive tokens—we have no corresponding word in English) of German towns ; it must suffice here to say briefly that when apprentices travelled from place to place it did not suffice for them to produce letters of recommendation and papers of legitimation. These might be stolen and used fraudulently. Accordingly, they were questioned as to the " tokens " of the cities whence they hailed. Thus, the *Wahrzeichen* of Tübingen is a man broken on a wheel, worked into an aisle window of the principal church ; that of Reutlingen an owl with its tongue out between two pilloried

¹ *Family Names and their History*. Seeley and Co. 1910.

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women ; that of Aalen the spy, about which more presently ; and that of Gmünd the fiddler.

In the Herrgottsruh-Chapel outside the town, near the cemetery, was at one time a figure of S. Liberada, or Kummernis, a crowned crucifix in a long gown. It was a very early representation of the Saviour "reigning from the tree," at a time when men shrank from a realistic representation. But when these came in, and the figure, naked on the cross, became general, the clothed crucifixes were misunderstood, and it was said that they represented a daughter of a King of Spain. The father wanted her to marry a Portuguese prince, but she objected and prayed for deliverance ; whereupon a beard and moustache and whiskers sprouted vigorously. So angry was the father that he had her crucified. There were plenty of these figures in Mediæval Europe. There is one to this day in the chapel of Henry VII, at Westminster.

One day a needy, travelling fiddler came to Gmünd, and entering the chapel, knelt before the image and performed a strain on his instrument. The saint was so pleased that she kicked off one of her golden shoes towards him. The minstrel took this to a goldsmith in the town, who recognised it, had the man arrested, and he was tried for theft and sacrilege. No one believed his story, and he was conducted to the place of execution to be hanged. On the way to the gallows

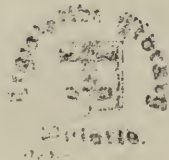
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he passed the chapel, and implored to be suffered to enter and once more fiddle to S. Kummernis. His request was granted, and, to the amazement of all, the figure kicked off towards him her second golden shoe.

Since that hour in Gmünd are welcome
Fiddlers, e'er a main delight,
Come who may, to fiddles ringing
Dance the Gmünders day and night.

Kerner composed a ballad on the story, but altered Kummernis into Saint Cecilia. There was a picture in the chapel representing the story; it is now in the museum in the Technical School. The original image was given to Kerner, the clergy being glad to be rid of it, as S. Kummernis has acquired the credit of being able to rid wives of objectionable husbands; and after every domestic ruffle in Gmünd or the neighbourhood there was to be seen a stream of women with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes walking to the Herrgottsruh-Capelle, to invoke the assistance of the saint against their husbands. According to Canon Sepp, of Munich, the saint is simply a Christianised Bearded Aphrodite. The chapel where stood this crucifix is deserving of notice, for it was built in 1622, with windows, etc., in Gothic style, but with a dome or lantern as a newly introduced classic feature.

The church of the Holy Cross was begun in



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1351, and completed in 1410. There had been two romanesque towers, one on each side, and it was purposed in 1497 to bore through them—as has been done with the Norman towers at Exeter—so as to give to the church the shape of the rood. But the supports proved inadequate, and both collapsed on Good Friday in that year. The church is now towerless. It consists of a nave with side aisles of equal height under one enormous roof, and all are richly vaulted. The choir is surrounded with radiating chapels between the buttresses. The richly moulded arcades and the vaulting ribs spring from plain round pillars, and this incongruity is perhaps an imperfection. But the design or purpose of the architect is clear enough—by means of these plain pillars to provide an effect of repose such as might have failed had they been elaborately moulded. Nevertheless, the contrast between the intricacy of the vaulting and the delicacy of the mouldings of the arches with these blank pillars is displeasing.

There is much in this beautiful church to engage attention. Against the north wall, on a bracket, is the armour of Rauchbein, the burgo-master, who defended the town against the Smalkald League. The altarpiece representing a Jesse-tree is much thought of, but, although the details are good, it is clumsy—perhaps unavoidably so on account of the subject. It is, however,



HOLY CROSS CHURCH, GMÜND

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vastly inferior to that of S. Sebaldus, already mentioned. Near the sacristy door is a dainty stone erection of spire and pinnacles sustaining a crucifix, that is very beautiful. The five entrance porches deserve notice for their sculpture. In the main entrance on the south is a beggar man, carved in stone, holding out his hat for coppers ; a slit in the crown lets the coin through into a box. The predominating feature of this church is its perfection of proportion. The structure used as a bell tower stands apart from the church and is a pyramid of roof. It probably formed a part of the royal residence when the Emperor visited Gmünd, which was a free Imperial city till united to Württemberg in 1803.

I have mentioned that the Spy of Aalen was its wahrzeichen, I will therefore tell the story here, as it is connected with Gmünd. Aalen is the easternmost of the towns pertaining to the Alb. It also was a free Imperial city, but a very little one. And small cities, like small men and small dogs, think a great deal of themselves and give themselves airs. Little Aalen, in a ruffle of self-consequence, had given great offence to the Emperor—we are not informed which—and the Kaiser marched with an army to chastise it, and arrived at Gmünd.

The citizens of Aalen now realised that they had, to use a vulgar expression, “ put their foot in it,” and they deputed the most trusted of

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their town council to go to Gmünd and spy out the condition of affairs in the Imperial army—what was its number, how it was armed and marshalled, and in what temper was the Emperor. Accordingly, the spy proceeded to Gmünd, and with the utmost confidence and self-complacency entered the camp of the Imperialists; he was traversing the lines when hands were laid on his shoulders and he was marched up to the Kaiser to be questioned. “Sire!” said he, “I am a citizen of Aalen, a high, well-born Stadtsrath; and I am deputed by the city to spy out the number of forces being brought against it, their disposition, the names of the commanders, the weight of ordnance, and so on—but, above all, I was to spy out Your Majesty’s temper.” The Kaiser and his retinue burst out laughing. “Sire,” said the spy, “I shall return to Aalen and inform my fellow-citizens that you are in the best of humours, and quite disposed to pass over any little fault we may have committed.” “Certainly,” said the Emperor, laughing. “I cannot do better than be friends with such intelligent people.” In commemoration of this incident a memorial was established at Aalen. The portrait of the spy was affixed to the town clock on the Townhall, and was so contrived that with the swing of the pendulum the head should turn about and execute grimaces.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the

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Emperor Napoleon, on his way to Ulm, passed through Aalen and spent the night at the Post Hotel. Next morning, when he had breakfasted, he went to the window to see his troops paraded, when he found them in broken order, laughing and pointing and talking. In towering indignation, he tried to open the casement, and in so doing broke a pane of glass. The pane is shown to this day. Then he bounced down the steps into the square to reprimand his soldiery. But one of the orderlies ventured to draw His Majesty's observation to the spy on the city clock, and Napoleon laughed with the rest.

To return to Gmünd. At the time of the Reformation some preachers came to the town to upset the faith of the citizens; but the town council would have none of them, and in token of their uncompromising adherence to the Catholic Church, till 1802 the city fathers attended council meetings rosary in hand. Gmünd is still a Catholic town, and very zealous. The Evangelicals have been given the use of the Church of S. Augustine, built in 1758 in the "Pigtail" style. It is adorned with stucco and fresco according to the taste of the period, and with a large oil-painting representing S. Augustine confounding heretics.

In 1546 the army of the Smalkald League approached the town. It was at Heidenheim, and sent delegates to Gmünd, imperiously demanding the confiscation of all Church property, the

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dissolution of the religious houses, and the payment of a contribution of 20,000 gold pieces. The citizens refused. The army of the League then surrounded the place, threw up earthworks, and bombarded it. After 130 discharges of heavy artillery, and the walls had given way, a parley was held, when an arrangement was effected. To save the town from the horrors of a sack, it consented to pay 7000 gulden. However, in spite of the agreement, the petty officers plundered the house of the burgomaster and extorted further contributions from the citizens by threats of firing their houses.

During the Thirty Years' War the faithful city had much to endure from soldiers quartered in it, friend as well as foe; contributions levied; famine and pestilence. An inscription in the cemetery runs :—

Ist das nicht eine harte Plag¹
Sieben und siebenzig in einem Grab. 1637.

A most interesting structure in the town is the Corn House of 1507, a wonderful mass of woodwork, the huge beams notched and grooved into each other ingeniously, and the pegs holding the timbers together standing out an inch or two, not sawn off smooth with the surface, as is usual

¹ Is not that a severe trial, to have to bury seventy-seven bodies in one grave?

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in English and all modern work, and the more effective accordingly.

A little way out of the town, across the railway, and on the right bank of the Rems, a mass of Keuper sandstone projects from the hill; this has been utilised for a calvary and a couple of chapels excavated in the rock. The ascent is by a series of stations; the figures in the chapels are life-size, and of no artistic merit, with one exception—Christ, fallen under the cross, lies with face downwards, and the left hand extended on the pavement. There is much feeling in this figure. When I was there a child had picked a little bunch of forget-me-nots and had laid it on the outspread hand. At the summit is Christ on the Cross, a good figure, between the Thieves. Hard by is a rockwork chapel adorned with shells in rococo style, and containing groups of figures: S. Hubert admiring the miraculous stag with the crucifix between its horns; S. Roch lying under a staircase; S. Jerome beating his bare body with a stone, the bruises and wounds and blood very marked; and S. Mary Magdalene, with the pot of ointment at her side, adoring a crucifix.

A little further we come to the rock that has been scooped out into a lower and an upper chapel. It is not known when these were first made, but probably in the Middle Ages were the resort of hermits. When Duke John Frederick of Würtemberg lay before Gmünd with his troops

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the churches around were all plundered and mutilated, and the crucifixes became targets to be fired at by the soldiery. Then the Salvator Church, as this assemblage of chapels and calvary is called, was wrecked. It speedily fell into neglect, and became a refuge for thieves and highway robbers, when fires blackened the vaults. After they had been driven away, it became a playground for children. But in 1654 the altars were reconsecrated, and from that time the Salvator Church became an object of resort. It has gone through much alteration, and it is not possible to say what was its original condition. The lower chapel is the most ancient; it has round-headed openings on to the terrace before the rock. Here a pulpit, cut out of the living stone, projects, and there is a Moses Spring, a trickle of water received into a basin below. The tower for bells, built on to the rock, dates from about the year 1620. A visit to the lower cave was indulgenced so late as 1896 by Leo XIII. Any one saying there five Paternosters and as many times Gloria Patri, etc., will acquire plenary indulgence for seven years, applicable to any to whom the person who has performed this act chooses to apply it, alive or dead. If the Pope could grant me an indulgence of two minutes' relief from toothache, I might believe that there was something in this outrageous undertaking. The lower chapel consists of two aisles, the rock above being sustained by three



S. SALVATOR, GMÜND

S.B.G.

Gmünd

piers. Outside, the rude face of the rock has been carved in various places : there are a vine, the Ark, and in a hole an owl peeping forth.

The upper chapel consists of two parts ; the outer contains a life-size image of Christ, crowned, riding into Jerusalem on an ass, the whole on wheels. This is the Palm Esel, and formerly it was wont to be dragged about the town on the eve and on Palm Sunday, the clergy preceding it, the Guild of the Butchers following, and the butchers' children sitting under the belly of the ass. The reason why preference was given to the butchers is that when the Swedes were in the town they carried off the Palm Esel. The butchers, in great wrath, seized their cleavers, burst out of the tower, and recaptured the cherished figure.

A pleasant excursion from Gmünd may be made to Heubach, a little town at the roots of the Rosenstein. It is a place that has its story written in characters that he who runs may read in its streets and square. Here is a poor hovel of timber with a broken-backed, tiled roof ; next to it is a smug burgher's block of a house, built last century, when everything built was ugly ; then the projecting gable and ribbed face of a mediæval house, each storey leaning a little beyond that below ; then the broad, unpretentious, hard façade of a factory ; and, lastly, a pert little villa, as vulgar as a villa can be made. The church has suffered cruelly under the hands of the " re-

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storer," who has removed the romanesque windows to substitute some of his own design. In it are suspended the helmet, breastplate, lance, and banner of the last Lord of Rosenstein. His boots, spurs, and gloves were there as well, but they have been carried off.

The Rosenstein that rises above the town is a white mass of limestone, crowned by the ruins of a castle with the blue sky gleaming through the windows. When complete, the castle must have been extensive. Crusius says that, except in situation, it resembled the ducal castle of Tübingen. If so, it is no great loss. Higher up, on another rock, stood a watch-tower. The story goes that in the time of Kaiser Rudolf the fortress was occupied by robber-knights, so he sent troops to reduce it. The situation, however, rendered it impregnable. Nevertheless, if the castle was so, the heart of the lady of Rosenstein was not. The captain remembered that she was an old flame of his—old, yes, but he trusted she would not acknowledge the lapse of years. He sent her a *billet-doux* expressive of his undying affection and his unfading remembrance of her charms. It was the old story of the fox and the crow again. The lady took his protestations as current coin, replied to his letters, gulped down all the nonsense he wrote, and finally consented to open a postern gate and admit him at night, on condition that he came alone. The signal was to be a handker-

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chief waved from a window. At the appointed hour the gate was unbarred, and in crept the captain, his squire following, holding the tail of his tabard, followed by the groom of the stables clutching the end of the squire's skirt, followed by the corporal who gripped the waistband of the groom, followed by the serjeant, followed by all the privates in order of seniority, one clinging to another ; and so the castle was taken. Ever since, a pale woman is to be seen on moonlight nights at one of the broken windows, looking down over Heubach and waving a white kerchief to the lover who never comes. Alas ! how many a poor woman thus ineffectually signals.

According to another legend, it was to Rosenstein that Satan carried the Saviour to show Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them—to wit, four dozen petty feudal castles with villages of poor serfs cringing at their feet, before each house a dung-heap and a pump : Rechberg, Lauterburg, Neresheim, Flochberg, Baldern, Kapfen—but the ink will run out before I have named them all. Peasants visited the impression of a foot in the rock, and used the water that lodged in it as a cure for sore eyes. To put a term to this, Duke Frederick Charles had gunpowder rammed into the rock, and blew it to pieces. According to Pistorius, then governor at Heubach, the reputed footprint “ was nothing more than the erosion caused by

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rainwater in a natural and accidentally formed hollow." But superstition is not killed by gunpowder, and it came to be believed that, at one stride, Christ had stepped across the valley and planted His other foot on the Scheuelberg, and had left its impress there as well.

A walk over the plateau from Lauterburg to Bartholomæ leads to the very curious Wenthal, a waterless valley full of fantastically shaped masses of Dolomitic limestone that have been weathered into shapes to which names have been given, as the Sphinx, the Seal, the Hippopotamus, the Woman of Wenthal, etc. They are not to be compared with the bewildering Montpelier le Vieux of the Causses in Aveyron, nor with the eccentric rocks of Mourèze in Hérault, but they are curious. Nothing must be expected here on a gigantic scale, but I am not convinced that size is essential to beauty. The rock is so soft that it can be broken and bruised with the fingers, and much of the decomposed dust or sand from it is carted away.

At Lauterburg was a castle of the Wöllwarths', whose monuments fill one with admiration at Lorch. It was burnt in the Peasants' War, and the existing castle was erected in 1594, but was again burnt in 1732.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FILS THAL

THE river Fils possesses the feminine quality of heading in one direction when it purposes to run in the opposite. Its source is but two and a half miles distant from that of an affluent of itself, the Lindach, that flows into the Lauter at Kirchheim. All its upper valley pertained to the duchy of Teck. It flows north-east to Geislingen, the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine, then changes its course and turns north-west at an acute angle. From Geislingen to Göppingen it winds through a broad valley, with the Kaiser mountains on its right, rising to Hohenstaufen. The Fils occupies in its upper course a furrow that cuts through the Alb and separates from it, on the north, a long and lofty ridge pierced by many a valley, down which flow little rivers; whereas on the other side there is almost no drainage.

The railway from Stuttgart to Ulm reaches Geislingen and then climbs the Steig—to scramble over the watershed, through cuttings in the limestone, that afford a geologist instructive

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lessons. The old town, Altenstadt, lies further down, and is conspicuously modern. There is not an old building in it ; whereas the new town, Geislingen, is as conspicuously ancient. It is built on the Rohrach, that enters the Fils at Altenstadt. As a centre for excursions in the Alb district it cannot be surpassed. Lofty and bare grey rocks, rising out of the beech woods that clothe the slopes, form a delightful frame to this old town. It has lost its walls, its twenty towers and four gates ; but it retains a beautiful church, built in 1424, and a wonderful high-pitched, seven-storey structure—now an *armée-dépôt*—of timber and plaster on a stone basis, each storey projecting on oak corbels above that below, and the roof broken by dormer windows. More than that, the citizens have had the good taste when they rebuilt their houses to follow the ancient tradition and gable them towards the street.

The name signifies that it was the settlement of a Geisel or Gisela. It is not mentioned before 1215 ; in 1281 it is described as an *oppidum*, in 1289 as a *civitas*. It owed its prosperity to the Counts of Helfenstein, who had a castle on the rocks high overhead, of which now barely a trace remains. The Helfensteins bore on their coat an elephant ; but the name has another origin. A Helfenstein is a rock with a crevice running athwart it, through which people crawled to relieve themselves of maladies, women to obtain



GEISLINGEN

S.B.G.

The Fils Thal

easy *accouchements* and those suspected of crimes to establish their innocence.

In the Icelandic Elder Edda, in the "Lay of Fiölsvith," is asked: "Tell me, Fiölsvith, that I will ask thee and I desire to know, what that height is called on which I see a resplendent maiden stand?" And the reply is: "Hyfiaberg is it called, and long has it been a solace to the bowed down and sorrowful. Every woman becomes healthy, though she have a year's disease, if she can ascend it." These helping stones are not uncommon in Germany. There is a Helfenstein in the Ziller Thal, one in the Fichtel Gebirge, one called the Klausnerhöhle, near Tölz, through which children are made to creep so as to become strong. There were helping stones in the Holy Land, their name Eben-ezer (1 Sam. vii. 12). In Devonshire children suffering from the thrush are passed under a bramble growing in an arch into the ground. Under Ripon minster is S. Wilfred's Needle, through which women crawl.

The genealogy of the Counts of Helfenstein goes back to Rudolf I of Sigmaringen (1135-1147); but the first to settle on the crag above Geislingen was Ulrich I (1207-1251). Ulrich IV, who died in 1326, married Agnes of Würtemberg. Frederick I (d. 1438) sold Helfenstein to the city of Ulm in 1396; and the citizens of that good town pulled the castle down to its foundations in 1552.

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The Helfensteiners were, like almost all other Swabian magnates, loyal to the House of Hohenstaufen. Count Ludwig accompanied Barbarossa in 1189 on his crusade. When the "White Company" lost heart over the difficulties of the way and their losses, the Count revived their confidence by assuring them that he had seen in vision the Blessed Virgin and S. George, who had assured him that the expedition would be successful. He offered, if any doubted his word, to submit to the ordeal of bearing red-hot irons. But as he was generally believed to be truthful, and was of such high birth and position, his assurance was accepted without his being subjected to the test. No doubt, in his heated imagination he had dreamed that he had seen and heard this, and had no intention to deceive. His brother Gottfried, Bishop of Würzburg, and Chancellor to Barbarossa, was also in the crusade, and he buried the bones of the Emperor at Antioch. He was himself carried off there by sickness in 1190.

One of the Helfensteins, Catharine, became wife of Count Ulrich IV of Würtemberg, and so carried the blood of this ancient House into the line of princes now flourishing. But the Helfensteins, although rising to great power and splendour, rapidly declined. They parted with one estate after another, till all that was left them was Wiesensteig, the upper portion of the valley, that had once pertained to Teck; and they took up

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their residence at Hiltenburg. Frederick sold Helfenstein and Geislingen to save this last portion of their broadlands. Yet, with a little judgment, they might have recovered. The toll on the main road was so considerable an asset that a peasant said to Count Frederick: "Sir! if you sat a whole year in Helfenstein, and every day chucked a ha'penny out of the window, you would still have enough to pull through out of the toll."

But the greatest disaster to the family was due to a marriage with Maria, daughter of Duke Stephen of Bosnia. She had an Oriental love of splendour, and no conception of the value of money; and the citizens of Ulm were ever ready to advance her loans at an usurious interest. At last the representative of the family entered into the service of the Counts of Würtemberg for an annual wage.

The end of Count Helfrich of Helfenstein, on Easter Monday, 1525, was tragic. He had been appointed Governor of the Castle of Weinsberg, and was married to a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. The peasants were in full revolt, and a large body marched against Weinsberg. A private message warned the Count of his danger, but he despised these country clowns, and trusted in the strong walls of the town. The leader of the peasants was the publican Rohrbach, commonly called Jäklein. A woman treacherously opened a gate, and the mob of armed peasants poured in. It was

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Easter Day, and the Count and his knights were in church when tidings reached him that the town was in the hands of the insurgents and escape to the castle was cut off. Many of the nobles and knights were cut down. The Count of Helfenstein and thirteen knights and their squires were bound and given a mock trial. The Countess threw herself on her knees before Jäklein, held up her child, and implored him to spare the life of her husband. But neither her tears nor her beauty moved the hard hearts. The peasants thrust her back with their pikes and wounded "the little lordling." She offered 30,000 gulden for the life of the Count, but Jäklein answered: "If you were to promise two tons of gold, he should still die." At their commander's order the peasants formed a street with their pikes raised. Count Helfrich was sentenced to run the gauntlet. Melchior Nonnenmacher, a piper, who had formerly been in the service of the Count, stepped forward, snatched his cap from his head, put it on, and said scoffingly: "You have worn that long enough. Now it is my turn to be a count. Often have I played for you to dance, now I will pipe to you as you dance to death." Then he strutted before his former master, playing a lively tune till he reached the terrible range of men prepared to slay. Count Helfrich was thrust forward; at the third stride he was struck down and was stabbed in a thousand places by the peasants.

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Jäklein appropriated to himself the armour of the fallen man, and standing before the Countess asked: "Woman, what do you think of me now?" She turned away, and was at once fallen upon and stripped of her ornaments and her gown. Then she and her little boy were placed on a dung-cart and sent to Heilbron, the peasants shouting after her: "You came here in a gilded coach, and you leave in a manure waggon."

Terrible and barbarous was the retribution taken for this act. A battle was fought on 12 May near Böblingen, and 3000 peasants were killed. Melchior Nonnenmacher fled and hid himself in a pigeon-house, but was betrayed by a boy. Jäklein also was captured. The commander of the forces sent against the peasants was the Truchsess of Waldburg, appointed by the Swabian Bund. He was a man without pity, without common humanity. Both Captain Jäklein and the piper Nonnenmacher were sentenced to the same death. Each was attached by a chain to a willow, so that it was possible to get two strides from the trunk. Then a pile of faggots was reared in a ring around and was ignited. The poor wretches ran about in agony within the fiery hoop. Drums beat to drown their cries. Thus by slow torture were they roasted to death. The Truchsess was not satisfied with this act of retribution. By his orders Weinsberg was burnt to the ground.

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The child of the murdered Count died, and the race was continued by his brother, Ulrich XI. The last male issue was Count Rudolf V, who died in 1627. He left three daughters, co-heiresses, each of whom received one-third of the remaining property of Wiesensteig. One sister carried her share by marriage into the family of Fürstenberg, the others sold theirs to Bavaria. In 1806 the *seigneurie* passed to Würtemberg.

The toll has been mentioned above, that was levied on those passing along the high road from Ulm to the north of the Alb, or vice versa. In the high street of Geislingen is the picturesque toll-house, as delightful as the armoury already spoken of.

The Reformation was forced on the people of Geislingen by the city of Ulm in 1531. There was a convent in the town, the sisters of which could not commit a religious somersault. They were obliged to buy permission, at a gulden each, to be allowed to walk to the neighbouring village of Eybach to attend Mass on Sundays and Holy Days. At last their patience or their purses could hold out no longer, and they retreated to Wiesensteig. The governor of the castle likewise refused to give up his faith, and was dismissed his post.

The maxim, *Cujus regio, ejus religio*, is very remarkably exemplified in the Alb. Here, in Geislingen, because the town of Ulm, its master,

The Fils Thal

would have it so, all the inhabitants were required, as was Clovis, "Bow thy head, Sicambrian; adore what thou hast burned; burn what thou hast adored." It was not a matter of conviction, but of compulsion. Protestant rulers drove out of their lands those who could not stomach the new religion, and Catholics expelled such as wanted a change. Thus Eybach, next door to Geislingen, is Catholic; and Wiesensteig, up the river, is the same.

In the year 1536 there was a priest at Rod-ander-Weil, who also held the cure of Hasselbach, and one cure was about equal in value to the other. Then came the Reformation, and the parishioners of Rod wanted to become Lutherans, but those of Hasselbach held to the ancient Church.

The rector was in difficulties. If he remained Catholic, he lost Rod and his income derived thence; if he became Protestant, he lost Hasselbach. At last he saw his way out of the difficulty. Early in the morning, in a black gown, he preached Lutheran doctrine in Rod; an hour later he said Mass in vestments at Hasselbach and preached the Catholic faith. He baptised according to Lutheran ritual at Rod, two miles off; then according to Catholic usage at Hasselbach. At the former he denounced the Pope as Antichrist, at the latter he taught obedience to the chair of S. Peter. So it went on for some time.

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At last a Protestant consistory met at Weilthal, and he was hauled up before it to give an account of himself. He explained that he considered himself the minister of the congregation, and served each as suited it: some like apples, and some like onions. And he was suffered to continue his course. A good deal of this sort of thing doubtless went on in the time of religious ferment, not quite so pronouncedly as in the case of the rector of Rod and Hasselbach; but many an incumbent allowed himself to adopt any religious opinion that suited his pocket. Moreover, he did not know exactly what he was expected to hold and teach and what to denounce, whether to throw in his lot with Luther, or with Calvin, or with Zwingli, and he looked helplessly to his parishioners or to his patron to decide for him. Then, again, there was a continual shifting of patrons. An heiress of a family that had Protestantised the churches it controlled carried the property into a Catholic family, and at once these churches were restored to Catholic worship. Rather than be dispossessed the pastor shed his negations and resumed his teaching according to the doctrines of the Church, threw aside his black gown and donned the chasuble.

The Lutherans and Calvinists hated each other with only a little less virulence than they hated the Catholics. Baron Pölnitz tells an amusing story of his meeting a Lutheran pastor in society.

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When this latter heard that Pölnitz had been a Calvinist, but had joined the Catholic Church, he threw up his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: "A worshipper of Baal! Better than that even if he had remained a d—d Calvinist."

In the Rhenish Palatinate the people were forced to change their religion *ten* times in less than a century. Wolfgang of Anhalt bought Köthen in 1546; he expelled the priests, forbade Catholic worship, and made the population Lutheran. Next year Köthen fell to Count Sigismund of Lodron, and reverted to the Catholic Church. In 1552 it was restored to Wolfgang, who reconverted his people to Lutheranism. On his death, fourteen years later, his successor made Köthen Calvinist. At Göppingen, when it fell to the Empire, the Archduchess Claudia received it by a grant, and she reintroduced Catholic worship into the parish church. But citizens are not so manageable as peasants, and she failed to convert them *en masse*. None can believe according to order; one can shed one's clothes quicker than put them on.

The "sour sauce," as Frederick William III of Prussia called the rancorous controversy that was waged between the two confessions, gradually lost its acidity. The Reformed ceased to believe in Election, and the Lutherans became aware that Free Justification was a pregnant mother of moral dissolution. Religious indifference spread,

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and when Frederick William III invented his "Evangelical Church," which was to consist of a fusion of Calvinism and Lutheranism in one body, very few cared to oppose it. The work begun in 1817 was completed by a Cabinet order in 1839; but already, in 1823, the Union had been accepted and carried out in Würtemberg. In matter of doctrine there was little to divide the two Protestant bodies; all had become profoundly indifferent as to the articles on which so fierce controversy had raged, and were quite content to belong to a creedless Church. In the gospel mention is made of the children who asked for bread and were given a stone, but in these Evangelical churches they have to content themselves with soap-bubbles, that may be iridescent, but contain no substance, where Christianity has been diluted to the thinnest possible infusion.

The only tower that now remains of the defences of Geislingen is high above it, the Oedenthurm, planted on a rock, four-square at base, and gradually rising to a circular drum. Until comparatively recently in it lived a watchman who looked out all night for tokens of fire, to be greatly apprehended where the houses were built of timber. If he perceived any he kindled a cresset, and brayed down an alarm through an enormous horn.

Geislingen was, and still is, a place where much



GEISLINGEN

The Fils Thal

turned work is produced. Murray, in his "Guide Book," says: "The traveller is here beset by a crowd of girls and old women offering for sale toys in bone, wood, and ivory, which are manufactured on the spot; they are so importunate, that it is generally necessary to buy something in order to be rid of them." This is no longer the case. Manufacture is too flourishing here and elsewhere in Germany to need touters to get rid of the wares. Some ivory sculptures produced here were of no little artistic value. One Wilhelm Knoll, who died in 1764, carved the story of the Passion, which was sold and came to England. A series of the emperors, by his son Michael, was disposed of in Vienna. The Guild book of the turners begins in 1450. In 1780 there were as many as thirty-six master workmen in ivory, bone, and wood.

Geislingen was not annexed to Württemberg till 1810. The church, built of reddish brown tufa, is in the Geometric Pointed style, nave and north and south aisles. The interior is clean and well cared for. The choir serves as a Sunday-school; the old high altar remains, but is not used; over it is a small altarpiece given by Maria of Helfenstein, Duchess of Bosnia. In the lower compartment is a representation of Purgatory that is kept closed with a shutter lest it should give ideas to the school-children contrary to Protestant teaching. The Communion Table, of

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stone, in the nave, as I saw it, had a carpet before it about which were ranged dining-room chairs, for a marriage. There is no provision made in any of these churches for kneeling, because the Evangelicals sit or stand, they never kneel. They sit to sing hymns, stand to pray. The pulpit is a very fine piece of Renaissance work, inlaid, with a sounding-board rising as a spire.

A rock standing above the town is called the Geiselstein, and is traditionally held to be the petrified founder of the place and to have given it its name. He was a count long before the Helfensteins were thought of—at least, at Geislingen. When his wife died he fell into deep depression, and his knightly pursuits pleased him no more. All he cared for was his two little boys, whom he watched as a hen does her chickens.

One day the Swabian duke was hunting in the Fils Thal, and sent word to Geisl to attend him. The Count could not refuse, but before quitting home he laid strict injunctions on his boys not to leave the house. The day was fine, the sun shone bright. Below the tower was a pond in which there lay a boat, and where carp were bred for the table. The children, unable to resist the temptation, disobeyed their father's order, stole forth, and entered the boat. In their frolics they upset it and were both drowned. The sport of the day afforded no pleasure to Count Geisl. A presentiment of evil weighed on him, and without



IN THE EYBACH THAL

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taking leave of the Duke he left his retinue and returned home, there to see the overturned boat and the bodies of his children caught on the weir. His grief turned him to stone.

There was once a musician. He had naught but his fiddle, and with that he earned his daily bread. As he was one day coming over the Steig from Ulm he saw a dying man lying in the road, wounded and drenched in his blood. Being of a compassionate nature, he knelt and raised the man's head on his breast, and asked him who had thus maltreated him. But he received no reply, and next moment the man was dead. At that instant a Geislinger rushed upon him with uplifted club. "You scoundrel! I have caught you in the act!" And he drew him away before the magistrates, and accused him of having murdered one of the citizens of the town. As the dead man was of consequence, and as the fiddler was of none, short work was made of his trial, and he was condemned to death on the spot where the crime had been committed. There, as the executioner stood by in scarlet mantle, brandishing the two-handed sword, the poor musician on his knees cried out: "O you magistrates of Geislingen! hard of heart, the very stones will weep for my fate!" Next minute his head was struck off. Then from out of a cleft in the stone flowed a little rill, crystal clear, and washed from off the grass the innocent blood that



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had been shed. The spring still flows, and the visitor who understands the language of birds, sitting by it, will hear in spring the little feathered mothers in their nests telling their fledglings the story of the origin of the Brännlein-an-der-Steige.

From 1763 to 1769 Schubart was schoolmaster and organist at Geislingen. In a letter to his father-in-law, in 1767, he wrote: "Here one has to be mighty pious, and toil like an ox, and starve like a gaol-bird. The slavery under which I groan and expiate all my sins is like that of a galley-slave . . . work, ever work. Living in the stench of dirty heads and bestial exhalations, I fling books away and teach spelling. Instead of gazing on the graces of a Greek Apollo, I see only boorish features under the stubbly heads of baboons, and the back view of monkeys. I am constrained to swallow the gall with which stupid parents bespatter my face; I have to endure the dullness of an hypocritical idiot, who conceals his donkey-ears under a wig, and his envious, spiteful heart under a long black cloak. Such is my lot." Of musical taste the Geislingers were barren. "There is so little of it here that they prefer the tootling of a goatherd to the best concert. But, when I write on this theme—*difficile est, satyram non scribere.*"

However in later years he sang another strain. In a letter of 18 November, 1787, he said of the days spent in Geislingen: "Remembrance of them

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serves to dissipate the darkest clouds in my life. As one new born I came there once more, and could hardly restrain from weeping, tears, however, of thankfulness and joy, that after long distress God has allowed me to enjoy the delight of meeting again there my unspeakably dear friends. In Geislingen, when I arrived, all the town was in commotion. Our grandfather, with locks silver white, stood beaming with happiness at the side of my carriage ; and grandmother was standing trembling with emotion at her door. I remained there three days, but slept hardly at all, so as to enjoy the love and friendship that were shown me at every moment with inexpressible Swabian true-heartedness. Schad, Wagner, and especially the town scrivener, from whose window I looked out and drank in the charms of the romantic neighbourhood, showed me hospitality. Especially touching was it when my old pupils came round me to thank me, with their eyes full of tears, for the teaching I had given them."

Schubart was a Swabian by birth, son of a deacon at Aalen. He had to leave the University of Erlangen on account of his dissipated life and heavy debts. Then he came to his father and picked up a small income by composing sermons for the pastors round about. He was next appointed teacher and organist at Geislingen, where he married. Next we find him musical director at Ludwigsburg, but he had to throw up this

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situation on account of his disorderly life. After rambling from place to place, he settled for a while at Augsburg, but was expelled the city because he had turned the burghers and clergy into ridicule. Then he went to Ulm, where, having published a statement that the Empress Maria Theresa had received a paralytic stroke, he was thrown into prison and lingered in Hohenasperg for ten years. He was only released at the intercession of the King of Prussia, in 1787, when he became musical director of the theatre at Stuttgart, and there he died in 1791. He was a poet and an historian, but his writings hardly count as classics.

One of the loveliest excursions from Geislingen is over a spur of the Alb, down the Valley of Rocks, with its dolomitic spires, to Eybach, where is the seat of Count Degenfeld. The glen, Felsen Thal, is narrow and closed at the end by cliffs. Formerly the only way down was by ladders, but now a descent can be effected by a stair cut in the rocks. Eybach derives its name from the yew trees that formerly abounded here—growing out of the rocks—but most have been cut down; one veteran alone remains in the gardens of the castle.

This schloss was built in 1768, and is in the uninteresting and unpicturesque style of the period. This estate came to the Degenfelds in 1457, and in the church are their monuments.

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William of Degenfeld was made Knight of the Golden Spurs on the bridge over the Tiber by the Emperor Frederick III ; he died, nearly a hundred years old, in 1533. Of his eight sons, seven died without issue, and the eighth, Martin II, was in priest's Orders. In order to continue the stock, he turned evangelical and married. He got into a brawl with the steward for Ulm : both drew, both were wounded. The Duke of Würtemberg demanded satisfaction of the city of Ulm, but with the remark that the unfortunate affair would not have occurred had both been drinking water instead of wine. Martin observed thereupon that he did not know what was the taste of the former fluid, and that he was too old to experimentalise on strange drinks.

One of the family, Conrad, died in 1600. He had gone to bed in a tavern in the same room with the steward of Schorndorf. This man woke up in the night, and saw a white figure meandering about the room. Thinking it was a ghost, he drew his hanger and ran the apparition through the body ; and only then discovered it was Conrad von Degenfeld walking in his sleep. The steward was tried for this, and by Enzlin, the Chancellor, who was his personal enemy, was sentenced to death and executed. As he stood on the scaffold he cried out : " I, as a Christian, forgive my enemies ; but of a surety God will exact vengeance for my innocent blood." The vengeance

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did fall on Enzlin, who, as we shall see, was himself executed at Urach in 1613.

Christopher Martin, the son of Conrad, took service under Wallenstein and Tilly, but afterwards went over to that of Gustavus Adolphus. After the battle of Nordlingen, 1634, the Imperial troops overran all Swabia, and showed no mercy to the estates of a renegade from the Imperial service. His castle at Schorndorf was burnt, and with it perished all the family treasures and archives that had been placed there for security. Then Degenfeld entered the French service, but quitted it for that of Venice. Sultan Ibrahim, who was incensed because a number of Turkish vessels had been captured by the fleet of the Republic—in one of these was his favourite and his four-year-old son—fell upon the Venetian possessions on the mainland. Christopher Martin was appointed Governor-General of Dalmatia and Albania, took the field against the Turks, and recaptured one town after another. He escaped death several times as by a miracle. On one occasion ten of the enemy had disguised themselves in the uniform of his Morlacks, and gathering round him at the same moment discharged their carbines at him. Yet he was not hit. On another occasion his tent was pitched near a tower that had been taken from the Turks. Before these latter had quitted it they had laid a train to a store of gunpowder in the vault be-

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neath. The tower blew up, and four sentinels before the tent of Christopher Martin were killed, but he escaped without a scratch.

Another time at Urania he was engaged in battle, along with his eldest seventeen-year-old son, Ferdinand. One of the officers of his staff wore a conspicuous dress with scarlet collar and silver lace. The general said to him: "You have made yourself a target for the enemy!" At the same moment a shower of balls fell about them. The dog of the general, Fidele, snapped at them as though they were flies, to the great amusement of the staff. But their laughter ceased when it was seen that a bit of scrap-iron had struck Ferdinand on the face and that he was drenched in blood. "Courage, my boy!" shouted the father. "Ranzau" (one of his officers) "was hit like this at Dôle, and was well again in a fortnight." "My dear father," answered the lad, "there is no lack of courage here—but there is of sight. My eyes are put out." And, in fact, he was blinded for life. Ferdinand had a dog named Fidelino that had been left behind with his mother in Padua. When the brute saw his master so fearfully disfigured, it howled and seemed inconsolable. "Fidelino," said the blinded lad, "henceforth I shall call you Fidelissimo." Both dogs were painted by an artist at Padua, and their portraits may be seen in the schloss at Eybach.

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The valley above Eybach, called the Roggen Thal, is deserving of a visit. On the left rises the Albansfelsen, formed like an old castle, with its towers and roofless gables, and green beech tree filling all the gaps. On the right, where the valley narrows and parts, is the Lochfelsen; the high crag pierced as with a window. Further up is the Roggenfelsen, and between the valley so called and the Magenthal stands the Gabelfelsen with two prongs. There were three, but one was struck by lightning and broken down. The entire valley is full of beauty. The road runs up the valley and over the high tableland, to descend to Weissenstein, where are a castle and brewery belonging to Count Rechberg, who has his principal residence at Donzdorf.

A branch line of railway runs up the valley of the Fils, halting at one or two fashionable baths. The train passes under the Michaelsberg, where there is a fine section of the upper beds of the Jura limestone that can be observed here perhaps better than anywhere else in the Alb.

Above Ditzenbach rises a conical hill crowned by the ruins of Hiltenburg. The ascent is by a winding road. On the platform can be seen walls standing twenty feet high, vaults and a well, also the remains of a mighty tower. But of all this nothing can be seen from below. This was the residence of the Helfenstein Counts after they had sold the castle from which they took their

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name. In 1516, when Duke Ulrich was on his way through the valley to Göppingen, the guard in the castle, for no assignable reason, fired off a cannon, and the ball fell among the Duke's officers when at table, but did no one any harm. He was furious, and made loud threats. The matter was referred to the Emperor, who decided that it was a mismanaged shot discharged in honour of his appearance. Ulrich would take no excuse. He went with a large force into the valley. The Countess, then expecting to become a mother, came down from Wiesensteig to implore him to be reconciled. The Count had been away at the time at Augsburg, and she had not been in the castle. Ulrich, however, bade his men set fire to it, on 9 November. This outrageous act was one of the grievances which caused the nobles and knights of the land to turn against him, along with the cities and the peasantry, and caused his expulsion.

Over against Hiltenburg opens, on the right, the Hardt Thal, that runs for about four miles and ends in a basin surrounded by barren hills. In the midst lies the village of Ganslosen, the Swabian Gotham, but which the inhabitants prefer to have called Auendorf, because it is "au en Dorf," as good a village as any in the land. Ganslosen is said to be a corruption of Gasslosen, i.e. without *Gäste*—guests, as lying out of the way and leading to nowhere. This, however, is not

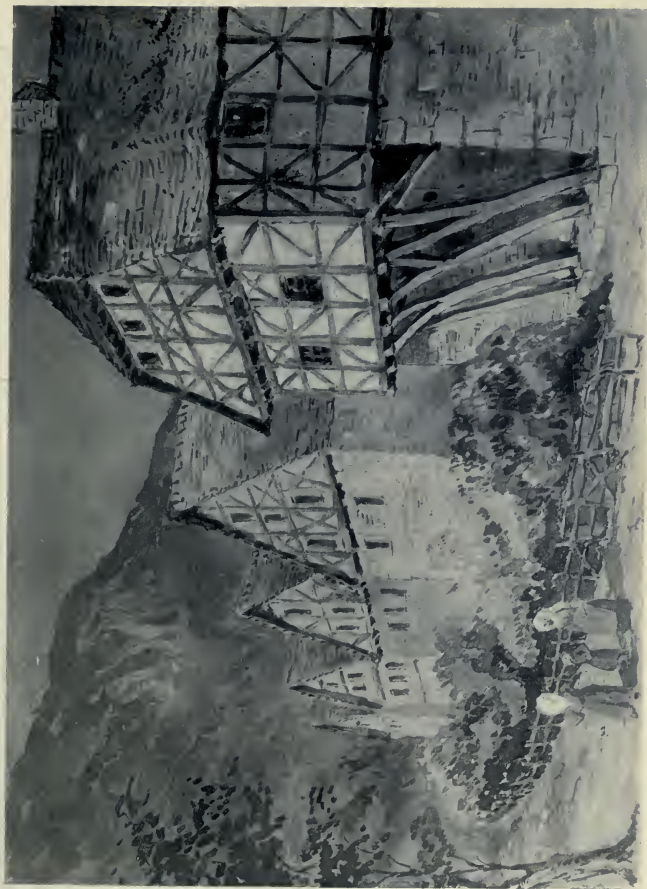
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now the case, as a good road over the mountain opens communication with Göppingen. Many are the stories told of the wiseacres of Ganslosen. They built themselves a Townhall, but forgot to make any windows in it, so they went out, some with sacks, some with shovels and wheelbarrows, to get sunshine to bring in, one even with a mouse-trap to catch a sunbeam. The villagers, so as to know the time of day, set up a sundial against the church tower, but, lest it should get injured by rain, built a shed over it.

The terminus is at Wiesensteig, that derives its name from the Wiesent, a bison, that would have disappeared wholly out of Europe had not the Czar extended his protection to it and preserved a hundred head in the forest of Bialowitz in Lithuania. It was here that the bisons from the Alb were wont to descend to drink. In like manner Urach takes its name from the Ure, or Aurochs. In the Nibelungen Lied both beasts, also the giant elk, are spoken of as not extinct when that poem was written :—

Then slew he speedily a Wisent and an Elk,
Strong Ures and a giant stag (Schelch).

Cæsar describes the ure as “ little smaller than an elephant, but in appearance like an ox, of great strength and speed ; it never suffers itself to be tamed, and spares no man it sees. To have killed an ure is held in highest honour among the



S.B.G.

WIESENSTEIG

The Fils Thal

Germans, and its horns, set in silver, serve as drinking vessels at their carouses.”

More than that, the heads with their horns covered the helmets of the early knights, and gave occasion to the many horned crests one sees in German heraldry. With the burning sun on the steel cap it was necessary to wear a puggery—the mantle over it. But to prevent this from slipping off it was given two holes, through which the horns projected, or else the helm was furnished with wings, hinged and capable of being folded to admit of the mantle being passed over them. Or, again, as in the case of the Teck crest, the eagle or the dog was provided with a sort of sleeve that was drawn over the crest like a glove. Another method of holding the mantle fast was to surround the helm with a wreath of twisted cloth of two colours. This was the only mode adopted in England.

Wiesensteig is thirteen miles from Geislingen, and the train takes an hour and twenty minutes to accomplish the journey. The town lies 1940 feet high, and is surrounded by hills that rise from six to seven hundred feet above it; but the source of the Fils is three miles further up. The little town, once surrounded with walls, and which had three gates and as many towers, is built in a crescent; its street is unpaved. In the market-place is a fountain that is decorated with the arms of Helfenstein and Fürstenberg. The

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Schloss or Residence has been for the most part demolished. The church, which is in the Baroque style and is tawdry inside, possesses two towers with caps. Nearly all the houses are ancient.

On the side of a hill, at a little distance above the town, is the Steinerne Weib, a column of dolomite that bears a faint resemblance to a woman with her arms folded over her bosom, and drapery depending from it. The story told of it is that there was a widow who was desperately desirous of being married again, and thinking her children an encumbrance, threw them down the precipice, and in punishment was turned to stone. But according to another version she was one who by her denunciations obtained the execution by fire of seventy reputed witches at Wiesensteig in the latter part of the sixteenth century. There may have been such a woman, and common abhorrence has confounded her with the earlier. The first story seems to be a localisation of that of the Countess of Orlamünde, who murdered her two children by running knitting-pins in at their ears, in the hopes of winning Albert, Burgrave of Nürnberg. But, in this latter case, the wretched woman appears as the White Lady of the House of Hohenzollern, and was not petrified.

The source of the Fils is at the side of the long furrow or valley down which at one time it flowed, and which, indeed, it excavated for itself. But, working its way underground to a lower level, it

Mürsch.



OLD URACH

The Fils Thal

deserted its old channel and broke out further down. One can see on the Alb above Wiesensteig, in the Schertelskhöhle, how the structure is that of a fossil sponge, so that water is continually sinking to form subterranean rivers.

Wiesensteig was originally a feoff of the Dukes of Teck, but when the first House failed the county became the independent property of the Helfensteiners. This proud family had possessions from the Danube to the Rems. Nothing of them remains save their white elephant on a red field upon the town fountain and their monuments in the church. Their castles have been demolished and their palace at Wiesensteig reduced to a fragment. The Duchess Maria, who by her extravagance contributed to the ruin, lies under a flat stone in the church of a village of masons, below Hiltenburg. Neither the family, which she impoverished, nor the city of Ulm, which she enriched, cared to spend a gulden on a stonecutter to trace on the blank slab her arms, her title, or even her name.

CHAPTER IX

URACH

URACH was the nursery of the Würtemberg Royal Family, and consequently also of the second series of Dukes of Teck. It is a picturesque old town, folded about by the mountains clothed in beech woods, and is reached by a branch line from Metzingen; from this latter place Hohen Neuffen may also be reached. Before proceeding up the valley of the Erms to Urach we will branch off to Neuffen, a little town under the rounded forepost of the Alb that supports the ruins of a castle. This Hohen Neuffen is one of those conical heights that form so marked a feature of the Alb-fringe, connected with the plateau by a narrow saddle, that has been artificially cut through so as to isolate the fortress. The castle belonged originally to the Counts, who called themselves after it. From 1198 one after another was an inseparable companion and adherent of the Hohenstaufen emperors. In 1211 Count Henry of Neuffen took to the youthful Frederick II the tidings that he had been elected to the German throne, and invited him from Sicily to Germany. Henry and his brother Albert were with the Emperor in his



HOHEN NEUFEN

Urach

campaigns in the Fatherland, Italy, and Palestine. Albert was also a loyal ally of Henry VIII. His second son was Gottfried, a minnesinger. One of his little lays may be thus roughly translated:—

Dearest summer, sweetest pleasure,
Joys how many bring'st thou me!
Birds are singing, blithely winging
Here and there from tree to tree.
Blossoms open, fragrance flinging,
Sullen winter far must flee.

Now, alas! the birds migrating,
I must wail my bitter woe.
No more your sweet lips partaking,
Red as cherries they, I trow.
But for me!—Thou, too, forsaking,
With the swallows from me go.

In the year 1519 Duke Ulrich was driven out of his land by the Swabian Bund and the Imperial troops. One after another of his castles yielded to the enemy, and the commandant of Hohen Neuffen, Berthold von Schilling, surrendered to the Austrians without striking a blow.

Fifteen years later the banished Duke, assisted by the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, succeeded in defeating the Imperial troops at Lauffen on the Neckar, and then he passed through the land with his host to recover all the strong places that had been lost. So he came to Hohen Neuffen. Berthold von Schilling was still there, and Duke Ulrich resolved to make an example of him. No attempt at resistance was offered, no gun was discharged,

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the gates were open, the drawbridge was down ; and when the Duke passed over the latter he saw in the entrance the commandant with a bowl of smoking stew in his hands, and tucked under his arms a couple of bottles of wine. Two attendants were by him with goblets and spoon, and knife and fork, and in the rear was a nurse dandling a baby in swaddling clothes.

The Duke's brow coloured with wrath as he saw the traitorous commandant ; at the same time his mouth watered for the steaming hash, and he longed as well for a cooling drink. " My Lord Duke," said Berthold, " you have dropped in at the right moment. To-day a son and heir has been born to me — there's the baby ! " He stepped aside, and with the bowl thrust the nurse and infant into prominence. " I invite you to be his godfather and to partake of the christening feast. I have ordered up some fiddlers and a score of pretty girls from Neuffen ; and the religious ceremony concluded, we'll make a night of it." What could the Duke say ? His wrath disappeared, and he consented to eat and drink, stand sponsor to the child, and stretch his legs in a dance. Moreover, as a christening present, he made a grant of land to the godson thus unexpectedly forced upon him.

The castle fell to Würtemberg in 1301, and has served as a state prison rather than as a residence for princes. Considerable remains crown



*VLRICVS DVX WÜRTEMBERGIAE
et Teccæ, Comes Mompelgardia, Dominus in
Heÿdenheim, Catholicæ M^{tes} Equitatus Germanicæ
Generalis in Belgia.*

DUKE ULRICH
(1498-1550)

Reproduced by the permission of H.S.H. the Duke of Teck

Urach

the rocky height, and the walls have suffered rather from the tooth of time than from the hand of man. The open gateways, the blank windows, and the mighty towers make an imposing effect. But the castle, at all events since the sixteenth century, never can have been picturesque. There remain the covered ways, the casemates of the old armoury, and the prisons. On the south side towards the Alb is an oval tower of earlier and better construction than the rest. Not a roof remains. The castle became in course of time so dilapidated that it was occupied by only a few invalids. When the commandant appeared before Duke Ludwig Eugene to make his report "that nothing during the year had fallen out at Hohen Neuffen,"—"I am thankful," replied the Duke, "that nothing has fallen in." The castle was finally abandoned in 1802, when the cannon and the contents of the armoury were removed to Ludwigsburg, and the organ of the chapel was given to the church of Neuffen.

After its abandonment the castle became the lurking place of a shepherd, Koffler of Beuren, a fellow who had already spent twelve years in prison. He lived in one of the dungeons, and prowled about the Alb stealing sheep and anything he could lay his hands on. This had been going on for some years, and none knew where the man concealed himself, till some boys observed sheep-skins extended to dry in the sun upon the

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ruined walls. He was regarded as so supernaturally strong and such a desperate character, that it required a large force of police to be brought together to capture him. He was taken in 1852. In the dungeon, which he had converted into a storehouse, were found bones of sheep, pigs, piles of potatoes and beans, dried fruit, also gold rings, and whole suits of garments. He had succeeded in evading detection by keeping a small tavern at Beuren, called the Sun, and it was only at night and in the small hours of the morning that he went about robbing the neighbourhood.

The story was told of Hohen Neuffen, that is related of many another castle, that when besieged, the garrison fed an ass full with the last of their supply of corn, and threw the beast over the walls. Those investing the castle thought that the supplies must be abundant therein, and withdrew, hopeless of compelling a surrender. In commemoration of this, an ass's hoof was affixed to the second gate, as a *Wahrzeichen*. What, however, is true is that a woman in the town below had often watched the asses toiling up the steep ascent conveying water to the garrison, as there was no well of drinking water in the castle. She so pitied the poor beasts that she bequeathed a field to them for their maintenance or solace. It is called to this day the Asses' Meadow.

The good people of Neuffen pass among their neighbours as the "Ass-eaters." A story is told

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to account for this. A miller had lost his Neddy. About the same time a report spread that a deer had appeared in the forest. All the sportsmen in Neuffen were up in excitement and went together into the woods after the deer. At last it was killed and brought back to Neuffen, where a feast was arranged, at which the sportsmen were to meet and partake of the venison. Greatly was it enjoyed, although pronounced rather tough—still, undoubtedly the meat was tasty. At the conclusion of the banquet the miller entered the room. “Gentlemen!” said he, “I want to be indemnified for my donkey which you have eaten.”

Among the many prisoners who have pined in the dungeons of Hohen Neuffen was the Chancellor Matthias Enzlin. He was accused of having violated the constitution. He had been the counsellor of Duke Frederick, who had himself trampled on the constitution, and had employed his chancellor to extort money by every possible means from the people. No sooner was Duke Frederick dead than Enzlin was arrested, obliged to refund a vast sum that he had made out of the plunder of the country, and condemned to lifelong imprisonment in Hohen Neuffen. But there he endeavoured to corrupt his jailer to allow his escape. He was then sent to Hohen Urach, and, as he carried on the same intrigues there, was executed in the market-place of Urach.

A more notorious prisoner was Suess Oppenheim.

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This man was the son of a handsome Jewess, the wife of the Rabbi Isachar Oppenheim. He was born in 1692, and was her child by the Baron George of Heydersdorf, with whom she carried on a guilty intrigue. He was taken into the firm of the wealthy Jewish family of Oppenheim in Vienna, but was dismissed for misconduct. Then he became a barber's assistant, but managing to ingratiate himself with the family of Thurn and Taxis, which had acquired vast wealth through the monopoly of the post office, he managed to get into an office of the Palatine Court at Mannheim. Having met Charles Alexander of Würtemberg at the baths of Wildbad, he lent the prince a sum of money, and when Charles Alexander became Duke he rewarded Suess by making him his confidant. Charles Alexander had been a gallant soldier and had assisted in the storming of Belgrade. On becoming Duke he swore to observe the constitution, which was more liberal than in any other German principality. But the new Duke had been accustomed to the despotic command of an army, and he resolved on upsetting the constitution and ruling as an absolute monarch. He was extravagant and in need of money. Suess assisted him in his designs. He nominated every minister and officer, and accepted bribes. If the least opposition was manifested, Suess threatened the gallows, forfeiture of goods, and imprisonment, and as the Duke subscribed every

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order Suess brought him, it was well known that his threats were not idle. He farmed the coinage with great profit to himself, and taxed the country to such an extent that the people could endure it no longer.

Suddenly the Duke died, and then Suess was lost. On 19 March, 1736, he was sent to the fortress of Hohen Neuffen ; but thence he almost succeeded in effecting his escape by bribing the guards with the diamonds he had succeeded in secreting about his person. His trial was tediously protracted for eleven months ; at length, on 4 February, 1738, he was led forth to die, to be hanged in an iron cage. The cage had been made in 1596, and stood 8 feet high, and was 4 feet in diameter. The gallows was 35 feet high. The wretched man was first strangled in the cage, hung up in it like a dead bird, and then the cage with him in it was hoisted up to the full height of the gallows-tree.¹

The valley of the Erms to Urach is very rich. It is one great orchard of fruit trees, beneath them hay is made ; there are few open meadows. The hills contract, showing here and there gleaming walls of limestone, but mostly clothed in forest. Presently it seems to be blocked by the towering height of Hohen Urach, surmounted by crumbling walls, and behind this, as behind a shield, lies the town of Urach.

¹ I have given his story in full in *Historic Oddities and Strange Events*. Methuen and Co., 1889.

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Close to the station is the Schloss, erected in 1443, partly of timber and plaster and partly of stone. In it is the Goldener Saal, a chamber supported by wooden pillars, panelled, and adorned with a profusion of gilding, painting, and sculpture. Duke Eberhard wi' the Beard did much towards its enrichment, and everywhere may be seen his achievement, a palm tree with the motto *Attempto* (I venture). Both Eberhard and Duke Christopher were born in this castle, and in it the former celebrated his marriage in 1473 with Barbara Gonzaga of Mantua, on which occasion 14,000 persons took part in the festivities, and the town fountain flowed with wine. In the hall is a life-sized statue of Count Henry, the cousin of Eberhard; a model, full size, of a monstrous boar that Duke Ulrich killed in 1507; and a cannon ball flung from Hohen Urach as a salutation to the Imperial officers who held the town and were banqueting in the Goldener Saal, when they were besieging the castle during the Thirty Years' War.

Count Ulrich the Well-beloved was one day sitting by the gate of the castle, when he saw a young man come out with the tail of a fish hanging down behind under his short cloak. "Come hither, my fine fellow," said the Count; "I will give you a bit of advice. Another time, when stealing a fish out of my kitchen, wear either a longer cloak or select a smaller fish."

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Count Ulrich liked to have his little jokes, and he had occasionally to put up with those played on him. He had in his court a Herr von Lentersheim, whose wife was renowned for her beauty. The Count more than once expressed to the husband the desire he felt to see the lady. Von Lentersheim made excuses, but as the Count became more pressing he invited his master to come to his house and see her there. On the day appointed Count Ulrich with a goodly attendance rode to Lentersheim, and found the portcullis down and the drawbridge raised. Then appeared the master with the lady on the parapet at the top of the gate-tower. Von Lentersheim thrust his wife forward, and called to the Duke: "Look at her well. Now you can see her face." Then he turned his lady round, and shouted, "Now, my lord, you can see her back. You have seen quite enough of her, so you may go your way."

The old Lords of Urach were fond of the Christian name Eginio, and they have conveyed it into the present House of Fürstenberg. The builder of Hohen Urach was a Count Eginio in the eleventh century. One of his sons, Kuno, was Cardinal-bishop of Preneste. He was with the Pope at Canossa and witnessed the shameful scene of the humiliation there of Henry IV. He was also a bitter foe to Henry V. In 1111 as Papal Legate at Jerusalem he delivered the sentence of excom-



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munication against the Emperor. He was one of the few men who, when elected Pope, declined the honour. He presided at Soissons at the trial of Abelard, along with the Archbishop of Rheims. No one ventured to cope with the irresistible logician. The prudent and friendly Bishop of Chartres demanded a fair hearing for Abelard, but the Legate and the Archbishop, who were unlettered men and weary of the debate, commanded his book, unread, unexamined, to be burnt, and the author to be punished with seclusion in a monastery for the intolerable presumption of writing without the authority of the Pope. Abelard was compelled with his own hands to throw his book into the fire, and his tears flowed at the loss of his labours, condemned by those too stupid to understand him. Another Kuno was Cardinal-bishop of Oporto and Papal Legate in France and England; he also declined the papacy.

In the Charterhouse at Güterstein, near Urach, Eberhard knelt before his "Old father" and tried friend, Prior Conrad of Münchingen, to receive his blessing on starting upon pilgrimage to the Holy Land, 1468, and there he descended on his return, bearing in his hand a branch of white thorn he had gathered at Bethlehem, the parent of many another white thorn in the land. In 1893, on the marriage of Princess May of Teck, our present gracious Queen, with George, Duke of York, I wrote the following ballad:—

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THE SPRIG OF MAY

The gallant Count Eberhard forth did ride
From Teck with a knightly band,
His good sword girded at his left side,
But a pilgrim's staff in hand.
And he said, "I will seek
Where the day doth break,
God's benison on my land."

To Bethlehem city Count Eberhard came,
Where the seraphs once did sing,
From out of a welkin in lambent flame,
"Noel!" to the new-born King.
There he stood by a thorn
Dew-spangled at morn,
And white as an angel's wing.

Then a twig from the tree Count Eberhard brake,
A twig from the thorn brake he,
As he said: "Pray God for sweet Jesus' sake
He'll be with my dear land and me.
And may this be the sign
Of the favour divine,
If the twig grows into a tree."

Six months and a day are over and passed
Then Eberhard did return,
On the deep blue sea, he sailed as fast
As a bird on pinions borne;
And ever in hand
On the water or land,
He carried the flowering thorn.

Then he planted the May from Bethlehem,
Still wet with the angel-dew,
In his Swabian garden. From twig to stem,
And from stem to trunk it grew.

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And the sun, they say,
Dancèd that day
It was planted ; the wan moon too.

The rainbow dipped her feet in gold,
And lightly the tree trod round ;
The thunder-cloud parted, and southward roll'd,
Unscathing the holy ground.
And all the night long,
There was heard, as a song
Without words, a wondrous sound.

In the Swabian land still groweth the May,
So sturdy with blossoms pale.
And Count Eberhard's line is strong to-day
And knoweth nor fault nor fail.
Through the centuries three,
And four—race and tree
Are lusty and young and hale.

To the Swabian tree cometh a princely hand
To gather a sprig of may,
In the garden of roses of Angle-land,
To root it for ever and aye.
And the bells will ring
And the maidens sing
With the lads, as in time of hay.

A flow'ret watched by angel eyes,
And white as the pearliest bloom,
And sweet as the breath of Paradise,
Is the May our Prince brings home.
In a gladsome rout
We will all turn out,
For our hearts are full to-day.
In a merry throng,
To welcome with song,
Our Prince with his fair white May.

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It was in 1486 that Count Eberhard started with a goodly retinue of twenty-four nobles, two chaplains, a physician and a surgeon, three trumpeters and two cooks. In Venice he witnessed the wedding of the Doge with the Adriatic ; then by Ragusa, Crete, and Rhodes, he travelled to Jaffa. He visited Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and was dubbed knight in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. On July 17th he set his face homewards. In Corfu he was caught up by the Count of Hohenlohe, who was also on his way home. He visited Rome, and was well received by Pope Paul II. In Rome, he reckoned up seventy-seven churches, "and," says the chronicler, "in all these churches, indulgence is granted for forty-eight years and forty-eight days ; but—where art Thou, O Christ, through Whose name the Father is to be supplicated ?" He returned over the Alps to Ulm and home with his thorn twig, to be planted in his garden at Einsiedeln. His beautifully carved stall and prayer desk are in the church of Urach, that he built.

In the Palace garden, at Stuttgart there is a group of statuary representing Count Eberhard asleep with his head in the lap of a shepherd. The story is this: In March, 1495, at a Diet held at Worms, the Emperor Maximilian raised Count Eberhard to be a Duke of Würtemberg, and it was then that at a banquet the princes and electors boasted of their lands: one claimed to have silver

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mines, another the best vineyards, a third the richest pasture land, a fourth the wealthiest cities. Then Eberhard said, "I can boast of none of these things. But this I say, that when weary with the chase, I can lay my head to sleep in the lap of the poorest of my subjects, with no watch or guard near, in absolute confidence." There ensued a silence for a moment, then :—

Und es rief der Herr von Sachsen
Der von Baiern, der vom Rhein,
Graf im Bart, Ihr seid der reichste,
Euer Land trägt Edelstein.¹

Duke Eberhard died on 24 February, 1496 ; and one of the greatest treasures of the Schloss at Urach is a contemporary portrait of the prince, mild of eye and of a pleasant countenance. He was small of stature, and was not muscular, but brave and of a tough constitution. He had a noble and kindly expression of face, was simple and modest of conduct, of frugal habits, shrewd and witty, a lover of learning and of art, and deeply pious. At his death, his friend Naucerus exclaimed, "Hoc vivo stetit, hoc cecidit Germania lapso" : With this man living Germany stood strong, he being dead, it falls. The Church of S. Amandus, at Urach, was begun in 1479, but was not completed till 1499. It has a clerestory and is

¹ Then cried the Lord of Saxony, he of Bavaria, he of the Rhine, Bearded Count, You are the richest, your land produces precious stones.



DUKE EBERHARD VI, THE BEARD
Statue at Stuttgart

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richly vaulted throughout. The aisles end apsidally. Against the buttresses outside, in niches, were figures of saints, thrown down by the iconoclasts, but they are now in process of restoration. The choir is used for school children receiving instruction, and the place of the high altar is taken by a stone teacher's desk facing west. The Communion Table in the nave is within an iron cage. The stained glass is new and bad. There are statues of Duke Eberhard and Duke Ulrich in this church; Eberhard had founded a chapter in connection with it.

The second provost was Gabriel Biel, a great favourite of Eberhard, who made him Professor of Theology in his newly erected University of Tübingen. Eberhard listened to his sermons with delight. Indeed, his sermons were popular with all classes, not on account of any eloquence shown in the delivery, but for their beautiful simplicity and sterling excellence. His style was pithy, his sentences pregnant with meaning; what he said, he said in few words. Perhaps the main difference between a sermon of Biel and one by a modern preacher is, that the former contains many thoughts in few words, whereas the latter consists of many words, but few thoughts.

In the church a disputation took place, in 1537, between the Reformers and some Catholic doctors, in the presence of Duke Ulrich; in consequence of this all the paintings, altarpieces

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and statuary were torn down and destroyed. The chapter was suppressed at the same time. In the square of Urach is a charming little fountain erected in 1551, and at the foot the sculptor has represented himself. The church, which had but the stump of a tower, has recently been provided with an octagonal spire.

Hohen Urach, the castle on a conical hill dominating the town and commanding the valley, does not promise much when seen from a distance, but a good deal more remains than appears from below. Formerly the conical hill might have been likened to a papal tiara, with its triple circuit of walls. In the centre was the *corps de logis*, a lofty and stately edifice of which now only a fragment remains. In this castle was confined for many years Duke Henry, first cousin of the Bearded Eberhard; and in it was born Ulrich, the direct ancestor of the reigning family of Würtemberg and of the Princes of Teck. The grandfather of the Bearded Eberhard was also an Eberhard, and he had married the heiress of the Count of Montbéliard in Burgundy. You can recognise the arms of Montbéliard in the later coats of Würtemberg by the two fish back to back. By his wife Count Eberhard had two sons, Ludwig, the father of the Bearded Eberhard, and Ulrich, who was nicknamed the Well-beloved. Between these two the territories pertaining to the House were divided.

Ulrich the Well-beloved died in 1480, and left two

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sons, Eberhard the Younger and Henry. Eberhard the Younger was a giddy, frivolous youth, and as he was impatient of the duties incumbent on his position, and cared only for pleasure, he handed over the sovereign rights of his share of Würtemberg to his cousin Wi' the Beard for an annual payment in money. In 1482 a conclave was held at Münsingen, in which it was resolved that thenceforth the whole of the territories of the House should be held to be indivisible; Eberhard the Younger very soon tired of this arrangement and became troublesome. We have seen what he did at Kirchheim. Henry, the second son of the Well-beloved, had been granted Montbéliard; he also gave annoyance, and showed signs of derangement. So violent did he become that when a son was born to him, and the mother died a few days later, a trusty servant carried the babe on his back in a hamper to Stuttgart and confided it to the care of the uncle, Eberhard Wi' the Beard. Charles the Bold had invaded Montbéliard, and had captured the Count. He laid siege to the castle, and so as to force the garrison to yield he brought out Count Henry, made him kneel before the walls on a black cloth, and placed an executioner in scarlet with brandished sword by his side. The governor, however, refused to be intimidated. The fright he had undergone quite unhinged the mind of the Count, who never wholly recovered from the shock.

It came to the ears of Eberhard Wi' the Beard

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that his cousin was negotiating the sale of the Burgundian territory. As this was a breach of the Convention of 1482, he was summoned to Stuttgart, where he was arrested and sent to Hohen Urach, there to be kept in easy confinement ; and his seal was taken from him and broken, to prevent misuse. His second wife, an admirable woman, Eva von Salm, accompanied him to his prison and there bore him a son on 1 September, 1498, George, who became the ancestor of the princely line of Würtemberg, after the extinction of the elder branch.

From his prison, the deranged prince could see the silver streak of the Urach waterfall up a lateral valley, and after torrents of rain even hear its roar. From it also he heard the horn of his son Ulrich, as he hunted the woods. Indeed, he survived the expulsion of his son, and died in Hohen Urach in 1519. Alas for the stately castle ! Between 1750 and 1760 it was pulled down to supply material for the ridiculous little Versailles at Grafeneck, with its summer houses and opera house. Consequently there are now only the foundations of it remaining.

For some time, like Hohen Neuffen, it served as a State prison. In it was confined Nicodemus Frischlin, who had been Professor of History and Poetry at Tübingen. He was of a restless and quarrelsome disposition ; he fell out with Crusius, Professor of Greek and author of the *Annals of Swabia*. He assailed him by word and in abusive

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pamphlets. In 1575 Frischlin read his comedy *Rebecca* before the Diet at Ratisbon, and was crowned as a poet. In his *Praise of a Country Life*, Frischlin attacked the nobility: "What a display of windy pride is found in these fellows, who respect none as noble, unless they can show a set of smoky portraits of ancestors. The most ignorant and uncouth nobles puff themselves up as superior to the most learned men; everywhere they take the first seats, everywhere Squire Jack must have the precedence, at court and in courts of law they order all as pleases them, just as if we others were only called into existence to minister to their pride or their necessities." He lashed their vices, their treatment of the peasantry, their luxury; and his satire was the more biting because it was true. But the gentry did not want to have themselves thus shown up to the world. He narrowly escaped being stabbed; he was insulted and maltreated and finally obliged to fly.

In 1582 he was appointed Rector of the School of Laibach, in Carinthia. Ever restless, and continually making enemies, he shifted his quarters from place to place, receiving honourable appointments in Prague, Wittemberg, Brunswick, and Marburg, but making himself so disliked wherever he went as to render his stay there impossible. As his attempts in a court of law to recover his wife's inheritance failed, he poured out a torrent of invective against the Duke, his Govern-

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ment, and his officials. Duke Ludwig obtained his arrest at Mayence, and he was sent to be confined at Hohen Urach. Hence he attempted to escape by tearing up his bedclothes, fastening them together, and letting himself down from the window of his prison. But they gave way, and he fell on the rocks and was killed, on the night of 25 November, 1570. It was moonlight, but instead of selecting a point whence a descent might have been effected, he chose that where the rock is most precipitous. On the spot where his broken body was found grows the Late Spider orchis, *Ophris arachnites*, that bears some resemblance to a death's-head, and the peasants suppose that it there springs as a memorial of the unfortunate man. It is found elsewhere, especially on the high pastures, but is not common. In England it is very scarce, but has been picked on the chalk cliffs of Folkestone. In 1755 an oak coffin was exhumed in the churchyard at Urach, in which was his body, incorrupt, with a roll of MS. in the hand, but all the main bones broken.

The castle is entered through a passage arched over and some forty paces long. The guardrooms remain intact, and the bases of the towers. The chapel was large and had six Gothic windows, but one alone retains its mullion and head. It was entered by two pointed arched doorways. A flight of steps descending from the chancel led to a dungeon. There were two wells in the castle court.

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The waterfall is worth visiting, especially in spring; it shoots over a lip like the spout of a milk-jug, and drops 120 feet. Another excursion is to the Falkenstein Cave. The entrance is through an arch overhung by the boughs of trees and creepers. The vault becomes low, so that one cannot stand upright. In the distance may be heard the mutter of falling water that flows out of small lakes or ponds superposed in terraces, and finally the stream issues below as the Elsach. It is asserted that black trout live in the cave. There are at least seven other caves in the district that may be explored.

The valley may be traced upwards to Seeburg, passing on the way the ruins of the castle of Hohen Wittlingen and Baldeck. The former stands on a rock precipitous on three sides. Spiral staircases cut in the cliff led to natural caverns in the heart of the rock, that were used as store chambers. It came to Würtemberg by purchase in 1251. The castle served as a prison "for scholars and preachers," and afforded a refuge to the reformer Brenz when under the protection of Duke Ulrich in 1559, and whilst there he composed his catechism that served as a textbook for the Reformation in Würtemberg, but was not completed till 1576 at Hornberg in the Black Forest. Brenz was very different from Luther. The latter was careful to leave the shell of Catholicism standing in the churches, whilst voiding it of all significance.

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Consequently a Lutheran church is a Pompeii of Mediæval Catholicism. But Brenz, Zwingli, and Calvin broke up the shell, swept away all traces of the past, cut all connection, even apparent, with the Mediæval Church, and made all things new.

Below Wittlingen Castle opens the Schillings Höhle, that enjoys some regard as having served as a place of refuge in times of war. Human remains have been exhumed in it. At a depth of thirty feet were bones of bears and lynxes and a human skull of considerable amplitude.

Baldeck was the seat of a knightly family, of which every son was named Otto. It can be traced back to 1268. Towards the end of the fourteenth century they became officials of Württemberg. The last of the race lost his life by a fall from his horse whilst hunting, in 1665. After that the castle became the haunt of a gang of robbers, who plundered and sometimes murdered the travellers on their road from Urach to Münsingen. The family arms of the von Baldecks may be seen on the south-east side of the church of Urach, surmounted by the crest, a dog.

Seeburg, seven miles above Urach, derives its name from the lakes that were there, one of which surrounded the castle. One of these went by the name of the Bottomless Lake, but Duke Frederick drained it and the rest in 1618, and the bottom is now green meadow. Seeburg and the three other castles above Urach alone held out in 1311 against

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the Emperor Henry VII, when he swept over the land of Count Eberhard.

There was a pastor at Seeburg at the close of the eighteenth century who was a prosy preacher; and his congregation, as soon as he began to address them, settled themselves comfortably into their pews and went to sleep. In the Evangelical service there is nothing congregational except the hymns, three in all. The people are preached at, prayed at, read to, exhorted, expostulated with. They do not even respond at the Amen, but leave that to the pastor. One day, finding that his congregation was snoring, the minister suddenly gave vent to a loud Amen. Up sat the audience, wide awake, and felt for their hats and umbrellas. "Ah, you rascals!" shouted the preacher, "I've done you this time. I'm but half through my discourse. My Amens are semicolons only."

The high road from Urach runs up the heights to Münsingen, the only town on the Alb plateau. It has for Würtembergers a great interest, for in it is the Schloss in which the Magna Charta of their liberties was signed—and, wonderful to relate, it has not been pulled down. Hard by is the Aldershot of their military, bringing a little life into the town, and a plentiful flow of beer down thirsty throats.

Between Münsingen and the Truppen-Uebungs-Platz is Auingen, and here rises a rounded hill called the Reichenau. On this once stood a castle

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with its towers and its well. Far down under the foundation lies an incomparable treasure, in a golden cauldron. Once every five hundred years a man is born who can secure the treasure, if he have the requisite courage. Once a shepherd had this chance. He was feeding his flock under the mound when he missed a sheep, and, following it, saw on the summit the beautiful apparition of a damsel in white, who said to him: "Young man, know that to you it is given to secure inestimable wealth. Come here a fortnight hence and bring two priests with you and do not be scared by any sights you may see. If you secure the treasure you release me." The shepherd told the story to the pastor at Münsingen, and he and his coadjutor agreed to accompany the shepherd to the hill on the appointed day. There they saw lambent flames playing about the mount and the golden cauldron on the summit waiting to be taken. As they approached a thunder-storm burst over them, but they pursued their way in spite of the lightning flashes. Next, monstrous beasts appeared—they were still of good courage and pushed forward. But as they reached within a furlong of the cauldron the earth gaped, and so horrible a stench issued from it that pastors and peasant took to flight. Fancy a German peasant bred on dung-heaps flying from a *smell!* Since then none have secured the treasure, but many a Swabian damsel has found her *Schatz* on the Exercir Platz.

CHAPTER X

REUTLINGEN

IN Merian's *Topographien*, published after his death in 1630, is an engraving representing Reutlingen, a free Imperial city as it was. It was surrounded by walls and towers of stone, these latter capped with structures of timber and plaster and with high-pitched roofs—a dream as of Albert Dürer. On two sides of the town were eight towers, quaintly diversified; as was the manner in German towns, their architects simply could not withhold from making everything they designed to be marvels of picturesqueness. In this so different from the *banal* drums with conical fools' caps of French fortification. And above all rose the Achalm, with its crown of towers. Any one arriving at Reutlingen Station, with his thoughts full of Merian's representation, is struck with dismay as before him stretches the Garten Strasse, than which anything more ugly was never devised, and he is disposed to exclaim with Touchstone, "When I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content." However, by turning aside one reaches the Wilhelm Strasse, and is in the old

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town, where there are quaint and beautiful buildings; but Reutlingen does not approach Tübingen in picturesqueness. It retains scraps of its ancient beauty, but scraps only—like a once beautiful woman who has outgrown her charms, and dresses outrageously. The fringe, the flounces, of Karls Strasse and Garten Strasse are repellent. Reutlingen, however, has suffered cruelly by fire.

On the evening of 26 September, 1726, when the streets were quiet and the citizens were betaking themselves to rest, the cry went forth, "Fire! fire!" and the bells in the tower of S. Mary's pealed forth the alarm. Fire had broken out near the gate leading to Stuttgart. A girl going to bed had let the stump of the tallow dip she held fall from her hand on to the floor. The boards did not fit, and it slipped through a gap into the chamber below that was full of hay. The shoemaker who lived underneath thought he was able himself to extinguish the flames, and did not at once summon aid. Soon it obtained complete mastery and the flames rose above the roof.

The citizens had put out many a fire before, and directly the alarm was given fire-engines were hurried to the spot. Men and women formed a cordon to the town brook, with pitchers and buckets. But these efforts were unavailing. From moment to moment the conflagration spread, and in consequence of the current of air produced

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by the fire, sparks were carried across the street and kindled the gable of the opposite house, so that an arch of flame crossed the street and drove the people back by a rain of sparks.

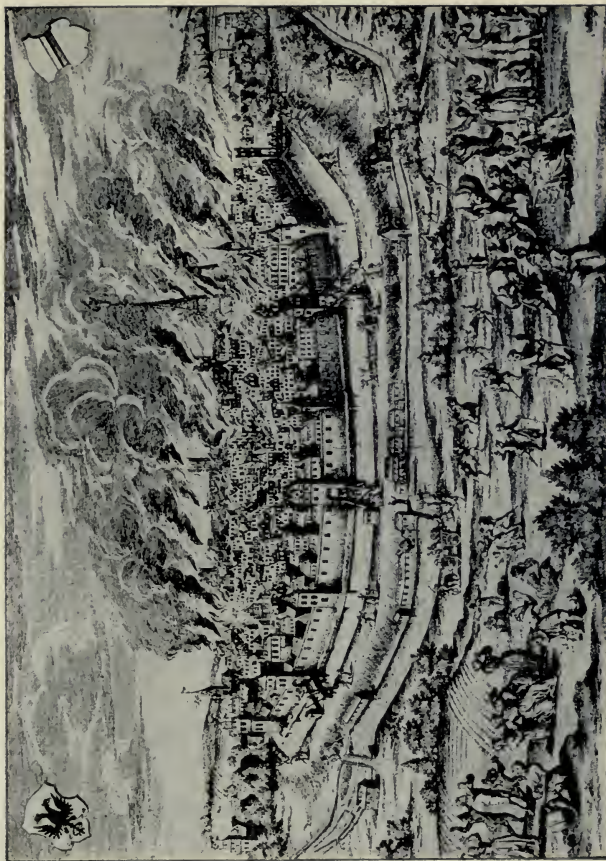
Speedily the houses behind those already burning were ignited, and the conflagration ran up the Butchers' and the Tanners' streets. These were very narrow, and the gables leaned forward so that it was almost possible for those in the top storeys to shake hands across the street. The structures were nearly all of wood, the rooms panelled, and the attics filled with the product of the year—stores of wood, hay, straw, dried fruit, nuts, etc. The fire ran on devouring and never satisfied. A light south wind was blowing, but the conflagration awoke its own currents of air, that began to blow like a storm, and drove the flames forward, so that it was no longer one house after another that was kindled, but whole rows of houses caught at a time. When one street had been reduced to ashes, the wind turned, and drove the flames in another direction. As all thoughts of extinguishing the fire were abandoned, it was sought to stop it by pulling down houses, that the progress of the flames might be cut off. But this attempt had to be given up; their advance was so rapid that even the ladders employed for the purpose caught fire.

Then despair fell on the Reutlingers. Some fled into the fields, others endeavoured to save

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some of their goods before their homes became a prey. Laden with their treasures, the inhabitants crowded out at the gates, and in their efforts to escape became so wedged together that escape was hindered. The sick were carried away in their beds and laid in the open vineyards beyond the walls. Parents wandered about seeking their children, and children screamed or sobbed in misery and terror. The night was cold and wet, and this added to the general wretchedness.

When morning broke a third part of Reutlingen was a mass of smoking ruin, and still the flames were advancing. At dawn the beautiful Rathaus caught, and the fire gleamed through its painted windows. All feared for the lovely parish church ; to save it desperate efforts were made, and the houses about it were plucked down. But the fire was ruthless. The intense heat, which made the water boil in the fountains, was unendurable in its neighbourhood, a long yellow tongue of flame shot forward and licked the top of the spire. Towards evening it was seen that sparks were wandering about in the tower, among the beams ; presently they ran together, and flames burst out of the windows. A whirlwind arose and the whole church was enveloped in a sheet of fire. The bells of their own accord tolled the church to its doom, till they fell and melted on the bed of glowing ashes below. It is said that all night long the tower gleamed as if at white



THE GREAT FIRE AT REUTLINGEN, 1726
From a contemporary print

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heat ; by morning it was a blackened wreck. On the third day the fire had ignited the upper quarter of the town. Then it overleaped the walls and the suburbs were kindled. And so it proceeded till it reached that portion of Reutlingen where it had commenced, and there it expired for lack of material to devour.

Three or four public buildings had been spared ; and the caprice of the fire was noticeable. The city fountains were uninjured, and the chapel of S. Nicolas, though it had lost its bell, was otherwise unhurt ; the Franciscan convent, now the gymnasium, was also intact. Till the town was rebuilt, there being no more bells, drummers beat to summon the people to divine worship. Help came from the other free Imperial cities, and the work of reconstruction advanced. But the time was come when the idea of beauty was dead, and moreover there were no funds available to do more than build houses that could shelter the heads of the citizens, without regard to style or decoration. And thus it comes about that Reutlingen is a disappointment. Happily, even in 1726, there was still a clinging to traditional forms and modes of construction—the Wilhelm Strasse and some of the side streets are delightful. It was in the nineteenth century that architectural brutality broke out, that despised the old and glorified only what was vulgar and ugly.

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Fortunately the parish church was not so seriously injured but that it was capable of repair. The church had been built in fulfilment of a vow made when the place was besieged by Henry Raspe of Thuringia, one of the papal pets, set up at the instigation of Innocent IV in opposition to the Emperor Frederick II. The call to rebel and assume the crown had been sent to Otto of Bavaria, to the King of Bohemia, and to the Dukes of Austria, Brabant, and Saxony; also to the Margraves of Meissen and Brandenburg, but the offer had been indignantly, even contemptuously, rejected. At last Innocent found a candidate in Henry, Landgrave of Thuringia, a man who had driven his sister-in-law, the saintly Elizabeth, from her home in the Wartburg, and compelled her to beg her bread; he had poisoned his nephew Hermann, so as to secure his inheritance. The popes were not happy in choosing champions of their cause, they selected tyrants steeped in blood, like Charles of Anjou, murderers like Henry Raspe, or feeblings such as William of Holland.

Henry of Thuringia marched to Reutlingen; but the citizens, loyal to the Emperor and to Hohenstaufen, shut their gates against him, although Innocent had issued his mandate adjuring all prelates and electors, princes and cities, to renounce allegiance to Frederick and receive his nominee Henry. This adventurer had at-



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tempted to take Ulm and had failed, and he failed also to reduce Reutlingen. When he broke up his camp and retired he left behind him a battering-ram 126 feet long and provided with seventy-four iron rings, by means of which it was slung in a frame and swung against the walls. After the church was completed this was placed in it, but was removed in 1517, and planted before the Townhall, where it became a prey to the flames in 1726. Frederick III once passed through Reutlingen. The streets were not paved, and his carriage wheels sank so deep in the mud that he laughingly exclaimed, "Our good free city loves us so dearly that it wants to retain us."

During the Middle Ages Reutlingen was incessantly engaged in feud with the princes of Würtemberg, who desired to clip away its privileges, conferred by the Hohenstaufens. In May, 1377, occurred the battle of S. Leonard's. The Reutlingers had driven off a herd of cattle from Urach, which was under the protection of the Count of Würtemberg, and had set fire to the village of Dettingen. As they returned they passed under Achalm, that commanded the approach to the city from the north, and was a castle belonging to Würtemberg. At the foot of the hill stood the chapel of S. Leonard. The young Count Ulrich of Würtemberg, who was in Achalm, incensed at the outrage and seeing the smoke rising from Dettingen, swooped down on the city troop with

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232 spearmen. But the Reutlingers in the town rushed out to the assistance of their fellows, and Count Ulrich, caught between both bodies of men, met with an ignominious defeat. As Uhland sang :—

They fell on the knights to the left, to the right,
Not one met with mercy in pitiless fight,
The tanners their hides dipped in purple flood,
The dyers their fleeces dyed red in men's blood.
No captive was taken, the knights doomed to death,
All slay, hack and slaughter, not pausing for breath.

This is an exaggeration. Actually seventy Würtembergers fell, but these were mostly nobles. The standard-bearer of the Count was killed. Ulrich was wounded and escaped with difficulty. The Würtembergers had been vastly outnumbered, for the citizens were as many as seven hundred returning from Dettingen, and those who issued from the city were at least as many. The young Count acted without judgment, and showed more pride than discretion.

Achalm is a conical hill surmounted by a castle. It had been acquired by Count Eberhard, the father of Ulrich, only the year before, and it was a thorn in the side of the free city. At a later period the commandant of Achalm, a favourite of the Duke, was dining one day in the tavern of the *Bear* in Reutlingen along with his wife and children. They had come into the town, we may presume, for a day's shopping.

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There were some citizens also sitting in the inn, and words were interchanged relative to the grievances borne by the town against the Duke. The commander retaliated by reproaching the insolence of common tradesmen. From words they came to blows, and in the scuffle the captain was killed. The tidings reached the Duke the day of the funeral of the Emperor Maximilian, which he was attending. In a fit of ungovernable fury he swore revenge, and on the following day sped with a large body of troopers to Reutlingen, without giving proclamation of war, as was the received law of chivalry. The citizens, however, heard of his approach, and defended their walls. It was the depth of winter, the land was covered with snow. On the fourth and fifth days of the siege he discharged six hundred bronze cannon balls, each weighing seventy-eight pounds, against the town, and threw fire-balls over the walls, that ignited several of the houses. As the water in the brook was frozen, the town was in imminent danger of being burnt.

At length, on the eighth day, the gates were opened to the Duke, and he was met by the clergy singing the *Te Deum*. He rode into the market-place, ordered all the cellars and store-chambers to be thrown open; all the silver and gold ware and jewelry to be collected, and sent to his castle at Tübingen. Then he broke the old coat of arms of Reutlingen and tore up its

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banner. The town was ordered to receive and maintain in it a Würtemberg garrison of three thousand men, to build a blockhouse to receive them, and to submit to a governor of ducal appointment. A greater insult could not have been offered to the Emperor and to a free city under his immediate protection. This act at once roused the indignation of the other free cities. The Swabian Bund called together its troops and placed them under the command of Duke William of Bavaria. Urach, Stuttgart, one town and castle after another submitted. Tübingen made a feeble and ineffectual resistance. The whole country lay at the feet of the Confederacy. The Duchess Sabina, who had left Ulrich, unable to endure his violence and infidelities, and had fled to Bavaria, returned with her two children to take up her residence in Urach. The first act in the life-drama of Duke Ulrich was ended. He had reaped what he had sown, and the luxury-loving prince was constrained for fifteen years, till 1534, to wander in poverty and exile.

This Duke Ulrich, the son of the crazy Duke Henry, who was confined in Hohen Urach, was the prince who introduced the Reformation into the land. He is no more to be regarded as an ideal nursing father of the Church than our Henry VIII, or than the Hessian Landgrave Philip. His extravagance, and the burdens he laid on the people to meet his extravagance, had embittered

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his subjects against him. Added to this, he reduced the weights and measures. This led to an outbreak. The Bundschuh, a confederation of peasants that had come into existence at the close of the fifteenth century, became active, and under the name of "the poor Conrad" waxed menacing. By the aid of neighbouring princes Duke Ulrich had been enabled to quell the rising. Five hundred peasants from the Remsthal fled the country; those who remained were tortured, executed, their houses levelled with the dust, or obliged to pay heavy fines. Overawed by the executions the agitation subsided, but broke out again when, on 7 May, 1515, the Duke with his own hand murdered in a wood the knight Henry von Hütten, because he had complained at Ulrich having seduced his wife. At once eighteen knights withdrew their allegiance to the Duke, and the widely connected family of the murdered man took the matter up and lodged complaint before the Emperor. He was placed under the ban of the empire. He had exasperated the peasantry by his burdensome taxation; the cities by his treatment of Reutlingen, and the nobility by the assassination of Hütten and the wanton burning of Hiltenburg. The Duke of Bavaria was offended, as his sister had been compelled, by the irregularities of her husband Ulrich, to fly to him for refuge. Against this combination the Duke was powerless and had to escape out of the land.

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Reutlingen was notorious for the sour wine produced in its vineyards. The story goes that a traveller was given a glass, but after the first sup he poured the rest into his knapsack, saying, "Let it tear that rather than my vitals." When Prince Eugene came to Reutlingen, the burgomaster and council to do him honour offered him a bowl of their wine. He drank it, whereupon a second was produced :—

With thanks and bows Prince Eugene then address'd the Mayor's train,

"Much rather, honoured councillors, I'd storm Belgrade again,
Than face another such a draught of sour Reutlingen wine.
Take my advice, if stuff like this you swallow when you dine,
Drink it, and welcome ; but to ask your luckless guests refrain,
For rather, through the smoke and flame, I'd storm Belgrade
again."

The vines, however, have been much improved, and from the rich vineyards that clothe the slopes of the Achalm and other hills a by no means unpalatable wine is now made. But if the juice of the grape was poor, the water was esteemed good, especially that flowing from the fountain surmounted by a statue of Barbarossa, near the church.

In Swabia there stood of old a town of honest fame,
A sparkling fountain in the midst had gained a wondrous name ;
For in its virtues lay a power to make the foolish wise ;
The Well of Wisdom it was called, a rare and welcome prize.

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Free access to that stream was had by all within the town,
No matter what their thirst might be, unchecked they drank it
down :

But strangers, ere they dared to taste, must first permission gain
Of the Mayor and his councillors, of such an honour vain.

A horseman once passed through the town, and saw that fountain play,

And stopped to let his thirsty steed drink of it by the way.

Meanwhile the rider gazed around on many a structure fair,

Turret and spire of olden times that pierced the quiet air.

Such boldness soon attracted round the gaze of passers-by,—

The Mayor ran in robes of state, so quick was rumour's cry,

The man and horse were at the spring, the latter drinking down

The precious gifts of Wisdom's Well, unsanctioned by the town.

How swell'd the Mayor's wrath ! how loud his tones, as thus he
spoke,—

“What's this I see? Who's this that hath our civic mandate
broke?

What wickedness mine eyes behold ! what wisdom, wasted so

Upon a brute ; as punishment, from this you shall not go,

But stop a prisoner until our Council's mind we hear !”

The rider stared ; but, wiser grown, his steed pricked up his ear,

And turning round, he left the town more quickly than he came,

While watch and ward were gone to guard his exit from the
same ;

Forgetting what the horse had drunk, they had all gone in state,

To keep their prisoners secure, by guarding the wrong gate.

The Church of S. Mary has what is an unusual feature, a square east end that contains three graceful two-light windows. The statues in the choir of saints were thrown down by iconoclasts, and their places are now being filled by Luther, Melancthon, Brenz, and other reformers. The place of the high altar is occupied by a Holy Sepulchre moved from the west end. In a side chapel is a most

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exquisite font, on which are represented the seven sacraments; the foliage is especially beautiful. There is a new and good stone pulpit, but the modern glass, with the solitary exception of one window at the west end of the north aisle, is execrable. The west front of the church is fine; there is a beautiful rose window behind tracery.



WAHRZEICHEN, REUTLINGEN.

The Garten Thor, or City Garden Gate, has sixteen large stone balls carved over the gate, eight more below on one side, and one far down on the other; this is one of the Wahrzeichen of the town; another being the owl between two crouching women already mentioned, apparently both in pillory.

One morning in August, 1420, the town of

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Tübingen was thrown into commotion. Some wood-cutters had come on the body of an apprentice not far from the place, bearing evident tokens of his having been robbed and murdered. It was soon ascertained that the corpse was that of the son of Aigler, a butcher of Tübingen. Among those who viewed the body was a taverner of Pfullingen; he at once informed the magistrates that the murdered man and another young fellow of Reutlingen had been the day before at his house and had gone off together to Reutlingen. Messengers were at once sent to this latter town to require the authorities to investigate the matter. They did so, and discovered that the companion of the dead apprentice was the son of Hans Laibling, a tanner, who had returned the day before, after having been on his wanderings for ten years. He was arrested and examined, and in his room was found the knapsack of the murdered man, containing his clothes, his pass-book, and thirty-four gulden. Young Laibling, however, accounted for this as follows: He had come over the Alb along with Aigler to Pfullingen, where they had entered a tavern and drunk together. On leaving he saw that his companion had taken too much wine and was stumbling, so he relieved him of his knapsack, which he put on his own back. On their way they met a cart going to Reutlingen, and, as he had a chance of a lift, Laibling parted from his companion and

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jumped in. Not till he had gone some distance did he remember that he had his friend's knapsack. It had been his purpose to send it to him, to Tübingen, at the first opportunity. The statement of Laibling was corroborated by the taverner and by the waggoner, and, as the young man bore an excellent character, the magistrates were satisfied that he had told the truth, and he was discharged. The people of Tübingen, however, were not content with this decision; they supposed that Laibling had been acquitted through family interest, and in resentment they would not suffer any Reutlinger to enter the gates of their town.

So little doubt was entertained in Reutlingen as to the innocence of Laibling that one of the town council allowed his beautiful daughter to become engaged to him. But it was precisely this that brought about his ruin. There was a young dyer in the town who had been attached to the damsel, and he was filled with resentment at the success of his rival. He resolved on revenge. Accordingly he sent to Tübingen and offered to betray the young man into the hands of the officials there. They fell in with his proposal, despatched a waggon laden with straw to the town, and under the straw concealed a chest. The load of straw was offered for sale in the market-place of Reutlingen, but at such a price that none would buy. At night the waggon was drawn up in front of Laibling's door.

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In the early hours of the morning the three carters and the dyer entered Laibling's house, muffled the youth, carried him down and placed him in the chest under the straw; to prevent his crying out one of the men lay upon him. The whole was conducted with such secrecy that for two days no suspicion had been aroused in Reutlingen as to what had become of the apprentice.

Arrived in Tübingen, the unfortunate man was thrown into a damp dungeon without light, till drawn forth and subjected to trial. As he protested his innocence he was put on the rack, and in his agony admitted his guilt, but the moment he was unbound retracted the confession. With the utmost precipitation Laibling was condemned to execution and to be exposed on the wheel. He was dead before the Reutlingers were aware what had become of him.

For years a bitter feud on this account existed between the towns. Long after, a man was dying in the town of Sulz, when he confessed that it was he who had murdered Aigler. He had been a soap-boiler, and during the harvest season of 1420 had gone on his way to Rottenburg to buy some tallow for his business, when he had entered a tavern, drunk and gambled with his companions and had lost all his money, more than sixty gulden. Leaving, and angry at his loss, he overtook an apprentice in a wood, and noticing that he wore a leather belt that seemed to contain money, he



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struck him down, killed, and robbed him. But the money he had thus obtained did him no good. His business declined, his health as well, and he was attacked by a loathsome disease, which rendered life intolerable. Before dying he desired to have his confession recorded, and to let it be known that Laibling had been unjustly sentenced.



WAHRZEICHEN, TÜBINGEN.

The magistrates of Sulz sent copies of the confession to Reutlingen and to Tübingen, and when the wretched man was dead, had his body exposed on a wheel to be devoured by the birds. Communications now passed between the two towns, and the Tübingen Council apologised fully to that of Reutlingen for the error they had committed. The body of Laibling was exhumed and given an

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honourable burial, and because the Reutlingers demanded as an expiation, that some public and enduring record of what had been done should be erected, and as at the time the parish church of S. George was in course of construction, it was decided to have a representation of Laibling twisted on the wheel introduced into the east window of the north aisle. And there it is to this day—the tracery in stone is made of the spokes of the wheel and the members of the executed apprentice.

But as the Tübingers did not desire that this should be the sole unusual object in their church, they had three other windows in the same aisle so contrived that sculptured figures of S. George and the Dragon, S. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar, and the Blessed Virgin Mary should serve as tracery in others as well.

Reutlingen was not annexed to Würtemberg till 1803.

The way to Achalm leads past a royal sheep farm, where Angora and Cashmere goats and Merino sheep feed in the rich meadows. The hill rises 2312 feet above the sea, 790 feet above Reutlingen. It is entirely isolated, and the castle on the top was at one time both extensive and strong, but was ruinous in 1500. It was begun to be demolished in 1644, and in fourteen years all was carried away except the poor fragments that remain. There is now a square tower standing, from which waves the Würtemberg flag, but it is

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new. The castle was erected in 1036 by the counts Eginio and Rudolf, members of the illustrious family of Unruochs (the Restless), an ancestor of which played an important part under Charles the Great. The pedigree, with some gaps, goes back to Unruoch I, whose grandson Berengarius became King of Italy and Roman Emperor; his brother Unruoch II founded the Swabian line. They had their family burying-place at Dettingen. A son of Count Eginio was Bishop Werner of Strasburg, who accompanied Henry IV to Canossa. This branch came to an end in 1058.

According to popular etymology Achalm takes its name from an interrupted exclamation of the founder Rudolf, who when dying exclaimed, "Ach Alm——," but could say no more, and finish "almächtiger Gott"; and his brother completed the castle. Actually *ach* is an early word for water, and *alm* signifies a high-placed pasture.

From Reutlingen by train the pretty valley can be threaded, watered by the Echatz, to the much-visited castle of Lichtenstein. Hauff, in 1826, thought to do for his own country what Sir Walter Scott had done for Scotland, and he published his novel *Lichtenstein*; it was received with enthusiasm, and Hauff was lauded as a second Scott. It has its merits, the descriptions of scenery and of the peasantry are good. The ancient castle was a seat of a family of the name, vassals of the Count of Württemberg. One of them

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fell at Reutlingen in 1377, and John of Lichtenstein was with Count Eberhard the Mild at the Council of Constance in 1414; but after that date the family became impoverished, and the last of the race sold his castle and possessions to the town of Reutlingen in 1430.

Attention having been drawn to the castle by Hauff's romance, it was bought by Count William of Würtemberg, who had the present gimcrack affair erected by the architect Heideloff in 1839. It is remarkable that Heideloff in Germany, Violet le Duc in France, Rickman and Blore in England, all earnest students of Gothic architecture, when set to do original work failed egregiously. It is not enough for a man to take up with a style new to him in order to achieve anything in it, he must be steeped in the spirit; so only will he not fail.

The castle was so secure, cut off by precipices from the valley and the Alb plateau, that Duke Ulrich when driven to flight was wont by day to hide in a cavern hard by, and at night to come below the rocks and shout, "Der Mann ist da!" whereupon the drawbridge was lowered to receive him. The interior of the castle contains armour, pictures, cabinets, and many articles of value.

Above Pfüllingen, that lies at the entrance to the Echatz Thal, rises on one side the basaltic cone of the Georgen Berg, planted with vines to its summit, and on the other the Ursula Berg, the

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abode of the mysterious Urschel—who goes by many other names in Germany—the Goddess of Childhood, a beautiful lady clothed in white, with whom dwell the souls of children before they are born. A kindly divinity, she who helps those in need. One day a peasant sat in his waggon on the heights, when his oxen took fright and dashed headlong down the steep side. But he reached the bottom unhurt, because the helpful Urschel protected him. Once a peasant saw her standing at the mouth of a cave, and he was invited within. She was so beautiful that she filled him with an unappeasable longing to dwell ever with her; he pined away and died. In Bavaria also is an Urschel Berg, and there children throw horn buttons or pebbles as offerings to her. At Eisenach also is the Hörsel Berg. There she is confounded with Venus. She lured Tannhäuser within, he spent with her many years. When he came forth he went on a pilgrimage to Rome and sought absolution. The Pope said, “Never shall you be forgiven, till my staff puts forth leaves!” And lo! a year after it burst forth in buds that broke into foliage. He sent into Germany after Tannhäuser to announce his pardon. But he was too late, the knight had returned within the mountain and was seen no more.

Urschel is probably the same as the Indian Usha, the Dawn. When the Germans were Christianised the missionaries were sorely perplexed what

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to do with the deeply rooted belief in Urschel. In some places they converted her into the entirely fabulous S. Ursula, gave her a chapel, and so consecrated the height in which she lived. But others of sterner stuff denounced her as a demon, who lured Christian people to destruction, and identified her with Venus. She is also called Perchta or Bertha, and as such has a home in the Berthaburg by Boll.

Another attempt to Christianise her was to identify her with Claudia Procula, the wife of Pilate, who sent to the governor to bid him have nothing to do with the condemnation of Christ, in recognition of which she was granted the privilege of taking charge of the souls of little children who die unbaptised. At Christmas she may be seen at night wandering over the Alb attended by crowds of little mites all dressed in white. One night a peasant saw the train pass by. The last was a little child who had so long a robe that, treading on it, it stumbled. So the man called to the infant, "Stay, little Wagtail, till I have tied up your skirt." Then he girded about the child's loins with his kerchief. "Thanks," said the infant ; " you have given me a name, and now I am free."

Once a mother was weeping in a cemetery, when she saw Urschel with her retinue of little darlings pass through the graveyard and over the hedge. But one staggered behind the rest carrying a

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pitcher, and its smock was drenched with the overflow. The woman recognised her own lost babe, and snatched and pressed it to her heart. Then the child said :—

How pleasantly warm
Is my dear mother's arm !
But, mammy, refrain,
Tears dropping as rain,
My pitcher they fill
And o'er me distil,
Heavy to bear
Brimming with tear.

CHAPTER XI

HOHENZOLLERN

HOHENZOLLERN should not have come within the limits I had proposed for this book, as it does not touch immediately on the confines of the Land of Teck. But to describe the Alb and its historical associations, as a nursery of great dynasties, and to leave out Hohenzollern, would be a performance of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out. The House of Würtemberg and Teck and that of Hohenzollern have been related, though their relation has not invariably been amicable, and their relations have been entirely reversed. In the middle of the sixteenth century Count Eitel Fritz swore solemnly that he and all his descendants to the last man would be true and loyal subjects to the Dukes of Würtemberg, and although his oath did not bind the Franconian branch of the Hohenzollerns, it might have been considered as restraining the incorporation of Hohenzollern into Prussia, running thereby a splinter into the heart of Würtemberg, and giving to Prussia a slice out of the Swabian cake. Hohenzollern Hechingen and Hohenzollern Sigmaringen were two independent principalities

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till the year 1850, geographically, ethnologically, historically parts of the Duchy of Swabia. But Prussia, for political reasons, desired to obtain a foothold in the south, and though the Princes of Hechingen and Sigmaringen may each have thought, like Euclio in the *Aulularia*—

In mentem venit

Te bovem esse, et me esse assinum, ubi tecum conjunctus siem,
Sibi onus nequam ferre pariter, jaceam ego assinus in luteo,

yet each had to submit to the dominant will of Prussia. Moreover, another reason for including Hohenzollern in this book is the fact that we have seen the extinction in blood of the great Hohenstaufen House, by the machinations of the papacy, and it is but meet to look upon the converse picture, another great Swabian family, rising from the Alb and reaching to the Imperial crown, independent of all blessing by the See of Rome, and certainly contrary to its wishes. Frederick the Oettinger, Count of Zollern, at the beginning of the fifteenth century had been the faithful and prudent adviser of Count Eberhard IV, and up to his time the Hohenzollerns had admitted a feudal supremacy to Würtemberg. After the death of Eberhard, Frederick revolted against the widow, but his brother, Eitel Fritz, as already said, pledged his whole race to loyalty.

The castle of Hohenzollern occupies an isolated wooded prominence of the Alb, one of the many conical outlying heights that characterise its



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Hohenzollern

fringe. It stands 2837 feet above the sea. As the blasted summit of the Hohenstaufen is a figure of the extinction of one great Swabian race, so, on the other hand, does wooded Hohenzollern, diademed with towers and battlements, and with the Imperial eagle waving above it, proclaim the rise of another Swabian race to wear the crown of Charlemagne.

From a distance the appearance of the castle is very fine, but from a distance only. Disillusion follows a near approach. In Merian's *Topography* is given a representation of the place as it was before its destruction, and it would have been wise faithfully to reproduce that rather than to break out into pretentious Cockney Gothic. Of the original castle nothing remains save the chapel. The new structure was erected by King Frederick William IV of Prussia during the years 1850-5.

The entrance or Eagle Gate bears the inscriptions :—

Zollern, Nürnberg, Brandenburg im Bund
Bauen die Burg auf festem Grund.

1454

Mich baut Preussens starke Hand
Adlerthor bin ich genant.¹

1854

Above is the Prussian Eagle, with the inscription, "From Rock to Sea." Beneath is a horseman, a representation of the Elector Frederick I.

¹ (Zollern, Nürnberg, Brandenburg, together have built the castle on a firm basis, 1454. The strong hand of Prussia built me, I am named the Eagle Gate, 1854.)

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The platform of the castle is a rude heptagon, and the castle consists of three blocks, a body with two wings, standing above the steep, rocky face of the hill. The approach is from the further side. There are five towers, of which two rise 180 feet. The castle is five storeys high. The lowest is vaulted. In the garden is a bronze statue of Frederick William IV with a fountain. In the interior, a flight of steps by the armoury is adorned with a statue of Jost (Jodocus) Frederick of Zollern, the second builder of the castle, in 1454. The chapel, which is romanesque, contains some old glass brought from the monastery of Stetten that stood at the foot of Hohenzollern.

The early history of the race that occupied the fortress is veiled in obscurity. It claims as ancestor the Swabian Count Thassilo, about 800, who is supposed to have founded the castle ; but this is more than doubtful. The most ancient mention of the Hohenzollern family is to be found in the life of S. Meinrad, born about the year 797, son of Berchtold of Zollern ; he retired from the world and took vows in the abbey of Reichenau to his great-uncle Erlebald, the superior. But desiring solitude, Meinrad left the monastery and constructed for himself a cell of wattle branches in the forest, in which he spent twenty-five years as a hermit. He had been ordained priest, and he said Mass in his cell chapel, to which many pilgrims came. Two men, sus-

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pecting that he had a store of money collected from the pilgrims, resolved on robbing him. Meinrad had two pet ravens, and when these men approached they screamed and fluttered about the hut with every sign of fear, so that, as the murderers afterwards confessed, they were startled at the evident tokens of alarm in the birds. Meinrad opened the door when they knocked, and when he denied that he had money to give them they beat him about the head with clubs till he was dead. They then searched his cell for money, but found none. Leaving, they were pursued by the ravens till they reached Wollerau, where, the birds being recognised, the men were arrested, and when taken before the magistrate confessed what they had done. This was in 861. The latter part of the story reminds us of the cranes of Ibycus.

It is possible that Berchtold, the father of S. Meinrad, gave his name to the Berchtoldsbar, an extensive country that included the sources of the Danube and the Neckar and stretched away to the Lake of Constance. In 790 Gerold was Count there; he was the brother-in-law of Charlemagne, and his viceroy in Bavaria, where he had been placed to make head against the invading hordes of Avars. Charles had himself marched against them with a mighty army made up of Franks, Swabians, and Bavarians, which assembled at Ratisbon. After having penetrated deep into the

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land occupied by the barbarians, he retired, leaving the prosecution of the campaign to his son Pepin and his trusty friend Count Gerold. After some years' conflict, the Avars were completely defeated; but the victory cost Charles dear, for he lost in it his gallant Paladin and dearest friend, who was killed by an arrow. Gerold's soldiers bore his remains from Pannonia into Germany, to lay them in the abbey of Reichenau, near Constance, an abbey richly endowed by his family. As he died without issue, his possessions passed by bequest to the abbey. According to a later tradition, Gerold had been banner-bearer to the great Emperor, and had been with him in the pass of Roncevaux, in the Pyrenees, where he had displayed prodigies of valour. On this account Charlemagne had granted that thenceforth the Swabian contingent should ever lead the way in all battles of the Empire, and that the Swabian dukes or counts should be hereditary banner-bearers in the realm.

It is because of this that the counts and dukes of Würtemberg, as actual inheritors of the headship of the Swabian stock, bore the Imperial banner quartered in their arms. The Kings of Würtemberg quarter the Imperial standard along with Teck and Hohenstaufen. We cannot say for certain that the brother of Gerold was the founder of the Hohenzollern line, but it is not improbable.



PIECE OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY STAINED-GLASS.
 THE ARMS QUARTERED ARE : 1, WÜRTEMBERG ; 2, TECK ;
 3, THE IMPERIAL BANNER ; 4, MONTBÉLIARD
Reproduced by the permission of H.S.H. the Duke of Teck

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His sister was Hildegard, who married Charles the Great in 771, when she was aged thirteen. Charles had not great good fortune with his first two wives, Himiltrud and Desiderata. The off-handed way in which the great Emperor dismissed the latter and sent her back to her father, King Desiderius, at Pavia, led to war with the Lombards. Hildegard bore Charles nine children, four boys and five girls. Of the sons, Louis and his twin brother Lothair were born whilst Charles was absent in 778 in Spain warring against the Moors. On account of her piety, Hildegard was highly esteemed by the people, who praised especially her kindness to the sick and poor. She was intimate with Lioba, a kinswoman of S. Boniface, and an Englishwoman, who was Abbess of Tauber-bischofsheim. Hildegard died at the age of twenty-six in 783, and was buried at Metz. The inscription on her monument, composed in Latin verse by Paulus Diaconus, at the King's command, commended her beauty and her goodness of heart. Popular legend has much to say about her. According to that, when Charles was absent, he left Hildegard behind in Swabia under the custody of his half-brother Talland. This man was struck with her charms, and so pestered her with his attentions that she had him locked up in a castle of the Alb. On the return of Charles, he maligned the Queen, and so convinced him of her infidelity that the King gave orders she should be drowned.

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Talland commissioned two thralls to throw her into the Rhine. This was done, but she was rescued by a faithful servant-girl named Rosina, and retired to Buchau, on the Lake of Constance, where she entered a convent. There she speedily became renowned for her skill in herbs, and many persons resorted to her to be cured of their infirmities.

Talland, in punishment for his wickedness, was smitten with leprosy. Hearing of the wonder-working woman at Buchau, he went thither, but was repelled by Hildegard till he should acknowledge some grievous crime he had committed, and for which he was chastised by Heaven. This he did, and acknowledged that he had maligned the Queen and encompassed her death. Thereupon Hildegard gave him an ointment that cured him. Charlemagne, rejoiced that his stepbrother was healed, came to Buchau to thank the wonder-working woman. In his presence she unveiled, and to his amazement he recognised his wife. All now came out, and Charles would have put Talland to death had not Hildegard pleaded that he should be pardoned. Charles gladly took her back, and loved her dearly till her death. The story further goes on to say that one day she found her boys quarrelling as to which should succeed their father in the Empire. She bade each of them bring a cock and let the birds fight the matter out, and resolve the question by this

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means. The cock of Louis obtained the mastery, and he it was who, after his father's death, ascended the throne as Louis the Pious, a weak and amiable Prince, who inherited his mother's religious character, but none of his father's masterful qualities.

Nothing certain is known of the Counts of Zollern till Burkhard I, who died in 1061. The next, supposed to have been his son, was Frederick I, who married Udilhild, daughter of the Count Egino of Urach. Of him a story is told that he was filled with overpowering desire to go on crusade. He started, and on reaching the Holy Land lost all his companions, his horses, and his goods, and was reduced to the utmost distress. Then, in the desert, the Evil One appeared to him and tried to drive the usual compact with the Count. But he was too wary to make any promise. "Well," said Satan, "I am a good fellow at bottom, and possibly maligned by priests and monks; to show you that I am really good-natured I will present you with a grey horse that will travel over land and sea, and I make absolutely no conditions with you, save that when you unsaddle her—she is a mare—you turn her head to the west." Count Frederick cheerfully accepted the offer, and was given a handsome horse. He engaged in a few skirmishes, hacking the heads off pagans, and then, desiring to see Hohenzollern again and his wife

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and bairns, rode over land and sea, nor stayed till he reached his castle in Swabia, when he leaped from the saddle and rushed to the arms of his dear Udilhild. Presently the groom came in with a blank face to announce that the horse had disappeared like a puff of smoke. The Count knew that he had forgotten to bid the groom turn the head to the west as he unsaddled and unbridled, and said composedly, "Well, it can't be helped; it is as God willed." A few hours later a White Lady appeared at the castle gate and demanded admittance. When brought into the Count's presence she said that she had been transformed into the form of a steed for some little trifle of a fault in her past history, the particulars of which she need not specify; but that now she was released through the Count having taken the loss of his grey mare so composedly, without swearing. "Mademoiselle," said the Count, pointing to his Countess, "I have a grey mare of my own." Then the White Lady vanished.

Stetten was founded as a monastery, and as the family burial-place by the Counts of Zollern. In their mortuary chapel was an altar with a winged triptych of the fifteenth century, representing the Passion on a gold ground, the Crucifixion forming the centrepiece. The wings were kept usually shut and fastened by a little bolt. Whenever, without being touched by the hand of man, the wings were seen thrown back of a

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morning, disclosing the figure of the Crucified, it was a sure token that within thrice twenty-four hours a reigning Count or Countess would die; but if the bolt only were withdrawn, that portended the approaching death of an infant of the race of Hohenzollern. The last recorded marvel of this nature was in February, 1488, when Count Jost Nicolas died unexpectedly. Shortly after, the monastery caught fire and was burnt down, and the altar and the triptych were destroyed in the conflagration.

Frederick I died in 1120. He had six sons, of whom two left issue, Frederick II (d. 1142), ancestor of the Burgraves of Nuremberg, and Burchard, ancestor of the Counts of Hohenberg, which line died out about 1482. Count Frederick III of Zollern (d. 1200) was, to his credit, one of the most staunch allies of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and of Henry VI. He became Burgrave of Nuremberg, having married the heiress of Conrad, hereditary Burgrave, of the Austrian family of Rätz. His two sons, Frederick, now reckoned as Second (d. 1218), and Conrad I (d. c. 1230), were simultaneously Counts of Zollern and Burgraves of Nuremberg. According to the custom of the time, the brothers shared authority and possessions together, in all good amity; and after the death of Frederick II Conrad lived on with his nephew, sharing equally with him. Then, in 1226, the family divided into two lines,

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the Swabian under the nephew, Frederick, who took the ancestral possessions, and Conrad, who retained the Burgravate of Nuremberg.

Count Eberhard of Würtemberg died in 1419. He had married Henriette, heiress of Montbéliard. At his court had been Frederick of Hohenzollern, commonly known as the Oettinger. Henriette had cast on him an eye of favour, and she was mightily offended when, after the death of her husband, he united with her enemies and defied her. Enraged at this breach of friendship, she swore that she would destroy his castle. "No rancorous woman shall gobble me up," said Frederick, scoffingly. "I will gobble him up, castle, lands, life, and all," exclaimed the angry woman when this was reported to her.

Frederick, it must be admitted, had not disdained to ply the trade of a highwayman. He had infested the roads, stopped convoys of merchandise, and had so irritated the cities of the Swabian Bund that they united their forces against him. Henriette seized on the occasion to advance to their aid at the head of 2000 Würtembergers, and Hohenzollern was subjected to a close blockade. For two years this siege lasted, and the Confederacy was getting tired of the task. Not so the widow Henriette; the vengeance of an insulted woman does not pass away in two years. She continued the blockade, in winter as well as summer, till Frederick had but thirty-four men

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left. Then, his stores exhausted, he opened communications with the dowager. She would make no concession, and finally he was compelled to surrender unconditionally. Thereupon, in 1422, he opened the gates, and the Countess ordered the complete demolition of the castle, by fire and pick-axe, nothing to be spared save the chapel. "The widow has gobbled up my castle," groaned the Count. She annexed all his possessions. "She has eaten up my lands," said he. Still unfor- giving, she sent him to Montbéliard, in Burgundy, to be thrown into a dungeon, where he languished for ten years till his back was bowed and his hair turned grey. "The widow has sucked the marrow out of my bones," he lamented. He was not re- leased till 1429, when Count Ludwig's minority was at an end, and his mother ceased to be regent.

Then the broken man emerged from confine- ment and resolved on going in pilgrimage to the Holy Land. His castle was a ruin, his estates devastated, he had no money in his coffers—only a few trusty retainers could be gathered together to accompany him. But he had miscalculated his strength. The journey exhausted his frame, en- feebled by long captivity, and he died on reach- ing Palestine. "The widow has gobbled me up altogether," he sighed as he expired.

Now, with regard to the siege in 1422, a curious story is told. During the bitter weather of mid- winter, whilst the blockade was in force, at

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midnight a White Lady was seen to approach the force of besiegers. The soldiers, in alarm, withdrew, opening a passage for her, and she was observed to ascend the height and disappear into the castle. On May 8, 1423, a column of fire rose from the eagle nest of Hohenzollern, the roof fell in, the towers tottered and collapsed. In a few hours the proudest of the fortresses of the Swabian Alb had been destroyed. And it was held that the apparition of the White Lady had foreshadowed its fall. There passed, however, whispers among the people that this White Lady was very far from a spectral figure—was, in fact, a substantial damsel of Steinlach, named Amaria, with whom the Oettinger Frederick had established a *liaison*, and that she had adopted this disguise so as to get into the castle without let, to solace her lover during the season of blockade.

Eitel Fritz, the brother of Count Frederick, came to terms with Würtemberg, and by surrendering some villages, and promising that the Hohenzollerns should thenceforth for ever be true subjects of the Counts of Würtemberg, he was allowed to rebuild the fortress. When Jost Nicolas, son of the Oettinger, was of age, he had wood hewed in the forests of the Alb in order to proceed with the reconstruction of the castle, but the Imperial free cities seized on the material and carried it away. Not till his princely kindred had interfered was he allowed to carry on the

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work that had been begun in 1454. But as his funds were few, he was unable to accomplish his purpose, and the castle was not finished till Count Frederick, Bishop of Augsburg, came to his assistance. He was the son of Jost Nicolas, and died in 1506.

The Hohenzollern family broke into branches, as already said. In 1227 one obtained the office of Burgrave of Nuremberg, and there came another subdivision into a Swabian and a Franconian branch. The latter, the younger line, in 1415, was raised to the title of Margraves, later Electors of Brandenburg, and in 1701, after having obtained the Duchy of Prussia in 1618, became Kings of Prussia, and finally received the Imperial crown of Germany. The elder, or Swabian line, had a more modest career. In 1576 it divided into the counties of Hechingen, Sigmaringen, and Haigerloch. The latter fell to Sigmaringen in 1634. The two branches were made princely. The Hechingen line died out in 1867, so that the Princes of Sigmaringen are now the sole representatives of the elder Swabian branch.

It will have been noticed that some faint tradition of a White Lady attaches to the Swabian House of Hohenzollern ; but it is a transfer from the Franconian House, to which it properly belongs. In France, Great Britain, and Ireland, as well as Germany, there exist traditions of a White Lady attached to certain families as a prog-

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nostication of disaster or death. In France Melusine foretold calamity to the Lusignans ; in Ireland a Banshee is attached to the O'Briens. But no tradition of this sort is so persistent as that which adheres to the Hohenzollern family.

The story told to account for it is this. Cunegund, daughter of a Count of Leuchtenberg, was married to the last Count Otto of Orlamünde. She was left by him a widow between June, 1338 and 1340, with two infant children, a son and a daughter. She was passionately attached to Albert of Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nuremberg, the handsomest man of his time. The Countess managed to send word to him that she was not an inconsolable widow and was not insensible to his charms. He replied carelessly that four eyes stood in the way of his marrying her. She, thinking that he meant the two children, with a hairpin thrust into their tender brains, killed them. But Albert did not marry her, and in bitter self-reproach she founded a convent at Himmelsthron, and became its first abbess. She died there, and there is her monument to this day, in Cistercian garb, holding a pastoral staff in one hand and a book in the other. She died in 1351. There exists also a seal of hers, as a widow in weeds, between the coat of arms of Orlamünde and of Leuchtenberg. Now, be it observed that a widow's weeds were *white*, and that her habit as a Cistercian abbess was also white. And she it is

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who appears whenever a Hohenzollern is about to die.

The first to mention the story is Bruschius, in his *Chronology of the Principal Monasteries in Germany*, published in 1522; and he calls the murderess a duchess of Meran married to Otto of Orlamünde, and living in the castle of Plassenburg in the Fichtel Gebirge. The ancestral burial-place of the Orlamünde family was Himmelkrone. There Otto was buried, and there also the writer says were laid the murdered infants. "I have seen with my eyes and touched with my hands the remains of these innocent martyrs." And he adds that in his day the bodies were incorrupt. Hoffmann, in his *Annals* in 1600, also says that he had seen the bodies. We hear that later, owing to their having been often exposed to the air to be seen, they crumbled into dust, and Albinus, the pastor of the parish, buried them in a stone sarcophagus near the altar at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

We need not quote any later versions of the story. The mistake of Bruschius in making the Countess a member of the Meran family has led to great confusion. Actually it was the great-grandmother of the last Otto who belonged to the Meran stock. Her sister had married the ancestor of Albert of Hohenzollern. It was the great-grandmother of Otto who brought Plassenburg into his family.

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We must put aside all conjectures as to the murderess being any other than Cunegund, widow of the last Otto. Several writers have laboured to establish that the whole story is a fable. This is easy enough to show with regard to the earlier countesses. But it has not been proved that the story is absolutely baseless with regard to the last. It is true that there exists no positive evidence of her guilt, but Bruschius informs us that in his time such documentary evidence did exist in the archives of Himmels-thron; but this is now lost. That, before the death of Otto, there was acquaintance with Albert of Hohenzollern is probable enough. He and they of Plassenburg were neighbours, and the two families were related by marriage. But, further, in 1338, Otto had mortgaged his castle and lands of Plassenburg to Albert of Hohenzollern, with the stipulation that in the event of his, Otto's, dying without male issue, these lands and castle should become the absolute property of Albert; but that should he leave a daughter, Albert was to dower her handsomely out of the produce of the estate. This looks much as though, in 1338, Otto had not given up hopes of issue.

We do not know the precise date of Otto's death, but we do know that he died in or before 1340. Now, supposing that he did leave two children, the words of Albert, that four eyes stood between him and the widow, may have

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been understood by her as signifying that they blocked the way to his entering into possession of the lordship of Plassenburg. And she may have thought that by removing this obstacle she had a claim on his gratitude he could not overlook. Albert, however, did not marry her. He took to wife Sophia, daughter of the Count of Henneberg.

And now comes in a significant fact. Albert of Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nuremberg, did not take immediate possession of Plassenburg and the rest of the mortgaged inheritance, as he was legally entitled to; not indeed till 1343, and then not till he had paid to Cunegund 3000 pounds weight of copper coins in a sham sale of Plassenburg. In this deed she is spoken of as "the noble lady, our dear kinswoman"; and it has been argued that Albert would not have thus described her had she been a murderess. But this wording was a mere formality, and really means nothing. Noble she was, by birth and marriage, and nothing had been proved against her. Nothing could have been proved, as there was no authority to bring her to task. Whispers of foul play may have circulated, but that was all.

The document of 1343 is puzzling, and on the face of it appears to have been drawn up to disguise the complicity of Albert in the murder. The older mortgage, making Plassenburg his, contingent on there being no male issue to Otto, is ignored, and a new deed of sale is executed.

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It has been further argued that Otto died childless, because Cunegund in her endowment of Himmelsthron gave money for masses to be said for the souls of her father and mother, her husband, and for herself, with no mention of the children. But she may well have considered that no prayers were needed for the little martyrs who died in their baptismal innocence.

The public voice alone condemned Cunegund as guilty of the murder, and did not release Albert of complicity, for from thenceforth it was fabled that whenever misfortune or death was about to befall one of his family Cunegund would appear.

In 1486 died Albert Achilles, third son of Frederick, the first Hohenzollern Elector of Brandenburg. By the death of his brother John, the principality of Baireuth fell to him, and we hear then that shortly before his death the White Lady manifested herself.

From 1488 on we have repeated notices of her appearance in the castle of Plassenburg ; but it is said that this was actually a Fräulein von Rosenau, who assumed the disguise so as to visit the Margrave Frederick IV, who was imprisoned in Plassenburg.

In 1540 she appeared again, and this time to Albert the Warlike. But this undaunted Prince, when she appeared, rushed at her, caught her by the throat, and flung her down the stone staircase. When the servants came in with lights, his

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Chancellor Strass was found at the bottom with a broken neck, and in his possession a dagger and papers betraying a plot to assassinate the Prince. Again in 1554, also in Plassenburg, a panic arose occasioned by the apparition. On investigation, it was found that a scullion boy and a quartermaster had been disguising themselves for the sake of frightening the servants. They were both severely chastised.

In 1560, when the Margrave George Frederick of Brandenburg was purposing to restore Plassenburg, which had been destroyed by the Imperial troops, and arrived there with a considerable retinue, the White Lady manifested herself, and made such a noise, slamming the doors, rattling chains, knocking down several maids, and strangling the cook and the master of the kitchen, that the Margrave fled the place and never again went near it. In this case there was certainly trickery, by interested personages, to keep the place empty. But although designing persons may have, and did, masquerade as the White Lady, it by no means follows that all the apparitions can be explained in this manner.

In 1598, eight days before the death of the Elector John George, the appearance of the White Lady prepared the family for his decease. She was seen again in 1619, twenty-three days before the death of the Elector John Sigismund. The year 1667 was one of tragic significance in the

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House of Hohenzollern. The wife of the great Elector, Louise Henriette, was lying ill in the full bloom of her age. All at once a panic spread through Berlin. The sick lady had seen the White Lady sitting at her writing-desk. The Electress was generally loved, and every one who believed the report felt confident that her end was near. A few days later the bells were tolling to announce that she was no more. The year before that, 1666, the spectre had been seen by the Master of the Horse, Von Burgsdorf; then he used some coarse expression towards the apparition, whereupon he was flung to the ground, but without material injury. At one and the same hour in 1670 the White Lady appeared in Berlin to the Margrave Christian Ernest, and to his wife Erdmuth Sophia, at Baireuth.

In 1688 she appeared before the death of the Great Elector. In 1713 King Frederick I declared that he had been forewarned by her of approaching decease. In 1677 the Margrave Erdmann Philip of Brandenburg had quitted the Austrian service. One day he saw the White Lady sitting in his arm-chair as he entered his chamber in Baireuth. He started back, and left the room in terror. Next day he mounted his horse in the castle court, when the brute reared and plunged, as though seeing something that alarmed it, and threw the Prince. He picked himself up and, unassisted, mounted to his chamber, but in two hours was dead.

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There are between 1790 and 1812 several accounts of her appearance. In 1797 she was seen by a sentinel in a gallery of the Royal palace at Berlin at midnight. When the watch came to be changed the man was found in a paroxysm of terror. He threw himself down in the guardroom, and told the captain what he had seen—the White Lady gliding towards the Royal apartment. A few hours later the King was dead. Before the decease of Queen Louise the fatal herald of evil appeared. In 1850 again a sentinel in Berlin, keeping guard in the Swiss Hall of the palace, saw the White Lady pass him. He challenged her, but receiving no reply, ran his bayonet through the apparition. It traversed the form as though he had pierced a column of smoke. This prognosticated the death of Frederick William IV.

The following account of her appearances has also been given:—¹

“ Marie de la Motte Fouqué had very delicate health, and lived at Berlin with her half-brother. One day he came home from the palace and told her that great excitement prevailed there in consequence of the apparition of the White Lady. The lady-in-waiting, in coming out of the Queen’s apartment, found the sentinel on guard in a dead faint. She immediately called the officers-in-waiting, and when the sentinel came to himself he declared he had seen the White Lady, and

¹ *Memoirs of the Baroness Bloomfield* (London, 1883, II, pp. 90-1).

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M. de Rochow told his sister the circumstance, adding that it had caused great alarm. The following Sunday a small party was given to the Royal party by Prince Albrecht of Prussia, to which M. de Rochow, in his capacity of Prime Minister, was invited. In the course of the evening the King complained of feeling ill, and told M. de Rochow that he felt so unwell he must return home, and, indeed, that he never should have come out that evening had he not been unwilling to disappoint his son, who had arranged the family gathering for him. The King took to his bed that evening, and never left it again ; he died very shortly afterwards."

A strange apparition is reported as having occurred at Baireuth in 1809, when General d'Espagne was lodging in the palace. He had gone to bed as usual, when the sentinel heard screams from his room, and on rushing in found the General lying senseless on the floor. He had been visited by the White Lady. "I know," said he the next day, "that I am doomed to die shortly." And, in fact, soon after he fell in the battle of Aspern. In 1812 Napoleon lodged in the palace, and was so disturbed in the night that he quitted "le maudit château," as he designated it, next day.

In the year 1751 appeared a curious book, entitled *Æsopus Epulans*, at Frankfort. It consisted of the discussions that took place

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among a number of clergy who met once a week to sup together and ventilate disputed questions. Among other matters brought up for discussion was that of the apparitions of the White Lady. When this subject was mooted, it proved of so much interest that it occupied six sessions. None disputed the fact, but the question turned on *why* the White Lady should appear as a prognostication of death in heretical houses, where the doctrine of Purgatory was denied, and it was thought that the White Lady was actually wasting her time in showing herself to such as had eyes, but saw not—that is to say, to Calvinists and Lutherans, who could not be convinced that there existed an intermediate condition between Heaven and Hell.

The case of the apparition in 1629 in the Electoral residence at Berlin was discussed, and the spectre is there stated to have spoken and said, "*Veni, judica vivos et mortuos!*" The priests, although quite agreed that she was seen as an omen of ill in the Prussian family of the Hohenzollerns, do not seem to have known the story of the Countess of Orlamünde; at all events, they made no reference to it, but regarded her as having been a Countess of Rosenberg, in Bohemia, who transferred her attentions from that family to the House of Hohenzollern because there existed a connection between them. The story of the apparitions at Neuhaus, in Bohemia, was given. Then the parsons discussed whether she were an evil spirit, one who

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had transgressed during life and was condemned for her misdeeds to "walk," or whether she was a good spirit; and they concluded in her favour: "It is obvious, as a matter of fact, that the White Lady persevered to the end in the love of God. Nor can she be an evil genius, nor a damned spirit . . . for she did nothing contrary to modesty, bashfulness, and was good in all her acts, nor showed otherwise in her appearance. Sometimes she has been seen to be indignant, and to frown, occasionally to have taken stones in her hand and to have pursued those who blasphemed against God or mocked at things sacred. Add to this, she has exhibited love to the poor and needy."

This clearly shows that they knew nothing about the Countess of Orlamünde and the murder of her children. They quote D. Erasmus Franciscus in his *Protheo*: "As to the certainty of this apparition, I cannot doubt it, for it is clearly shown to have manifested itself in certain electoral and princely houses of the Roman Empire, whether Reformed or Evangelical, with which the nobles of Rosenberg were related by marriage."

The relation of the Hohenzollerns to the family of Rosenberg is very questionable; moreover, the House of Rosenberg is well represented to the present day, and is princely. There is no reason why the White Lady of Neuhaus, the ancestral castle of the Rosenbergs, should be transferred to the Hohenzollerns. The legends are quite

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distinct, and the two White Ladies are also totally distinct. At Baireuth, in the palace, is shown a portrait that is supposed to be that of the Countess of Orlamünde; it is, however, nothing of the sort. It is some centuries later, and represents a court lady, whose name is not known. There have been rumours in Berlin of further appearances, since the death of Frederick William IV, but not authenticated.

The whole tract of land between the northern fringe of the Alb and the Lake of Constance, the Swabian Sea, as it is also termed, has been a cradle of mighty dynasties. About twenty-five miles south of the Danube is Weingarten-Altdorf, near the picturesque old town of Ravensburg, that was the original seat of the Guelfs, as Waiblingen was of the Ghibellines. It lies beyond the district dealt with in this volume, but deserves a passing notice. In the centre of the town, on the Martinsberg, stands the castle, converted later into an Imperial Benedictine abbey, with a church built in the atrocious style favoured by the Jesuits, erected in 1715-1728, rich with paintings and stucco ornaments, surmounted by a dome, and with a couple of towers. The abbey was founded by the Guelfs, and is now used as barracks. The church contains the tombs of the Guelfs, that were restored in 1859 by the King of Hanover, by that wretched architect Klenze, who did so much to make Munich hideous

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with his mean reproductions of Florentine palaces. In the church is preserved a pretended drop of the Saviour's blood, that occasions an annual pilgrimage, entitled the Blutritt, on the Sunday after Ascension Day. The abbey was founded in 920 as a convent for women, in 1047 it was converted into a monastery for men, and in 1053 it was established in the Castle, the ancestral home of the Guelfs. The pedigree goes back to Welf, Count of Swabia and Bavaria, who died in or about 824, who was the father of Judith, wife of King Ludwig the Pious (Louis le Débonnaire), who died in 840, and another daughter, Emma, wife of Ludwig the German, who died 876, and who was accordingly the sister of his stepmother, Judith. He had two sons, Eticho I and Conrad, who married Adelheid, daughter of Ludwig the Pious. We need not pursue the pedigree. The House of Welf, or Guelf, was that from which sprang the reigning family of Bavaria, as also that of Hanover, now represented in England by King George V. Consequently, from a land as the crow flies sixty miles across from north to south, and forty miles from east to west, rose the mighty dynasties of the Hohenstaufen, Emperors of Germany and Kings of Rome and Sicily; the Hohenzollerns, Kings of Prussia, and present Imperial house of Germany; the Guelfs, Kings of Bavaria, Kings of Hanover, Kings of England and Emperors of India, the Kings of Würtemberg

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and Dukes of Teck, and the Grand Dukes of Baden.

And now let me tell the story of the origin of the name of Guelf or Welf. There was a Count of Altdorf-Weingarten, named Isenbart, whose wife was Irmentrud. It fell out that a poor woman near Altdorf gave birth to three children at once. When the Countess heard this she declaimed against the poor peasantess, as one who deserved to be sewn up in a leather sack and drowned in the Lake of Constance as an adulteress. Next year, whilst her husband was absent, Irmgard gave birth at once to twelve little boys. Full of dismay, remembering what she had said of the poor woman, she gave eleven of the babes to a maid and ordered her to drown them in the river. As the woman was carrying the children in a hamper to the water she encountered Isenbart on his way home. He stopped her, and asked what she had in the basket. "Only eleven whelps that I am taking to be drowned," replied she. "Let me see them." The lid was raised, and disclosed eleven lovely little children. Then all came out. The Count bade the woman keep silence on the matter, and entrusted the children to a miller's wife to be reared. Six years later the Count had the children brought to the castle dressed alike in scarlet. They so closely resembled each other and their father that no doubt could exist as to their parentage. The children were introduced into the

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hall where Isenbart sat with his knights. He rose and related the story, and all cried out that the woman who would have destroyed her own infants was worthy of death. The Countess fell at her husband's feet and implored forgiveness. He pardoned her, but as a lasting memorial of the event decreed that all his generation to the end of time should be named the Whelps.

The first Welf of whom we know anything was, as already said, Count in Swabia and Bavaria, and died about the year 824. Many a Welf succeeded down to Welf VII, who died in 1167. Charlemagne married Jutta, the daughter of Welf I. In 1047 Welf III was granted the Duchy of Carinthia and the Margravate of Verona. Welf IV was created Duke of Bavaria in 1070. Henry XII, who died in 1195, married Maud, daughter of King Henry II of England, and by her had three sons—Henry, who became the husband of Agnes of Hohenstaufen, the ancestor of the present reigning family of Bavaria; Otto, who married Beatrix of Hohenstaufen, and was elected Emperor of Germany; and William (d. 1213), the ancestor of the Brunswick-Hanoverian line, that ascended the throne of Great Britain in the person of George I, October, 1714.

The Bavarian Welfs and the Swabian Hohenstaufens were at feud: the former represented the papal, anti-national party; the latter, the party for the rights and liberties of the German

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nation. Duke Frederick of Swabia, son of Conrad, defeated the Bavarians under their Duke Henry and his brother, Welf VI, in the battle of Nerresheim ; and late in the autumn of 1140 the Hohenstaufen King Conrad advanced against Weinsberg, in which was Duke Henry. In the battle for the first time rang out the cry on the side of the Bavarians, "Hie Welf!" On that of the Swabians, "Hie Gibling!" They took this name from Weiblingen, whence had come the foster-mother of Duke Frederick of Hohenstaufen, and it was said that he owed his strength and success to the milk of the peasantess by whom he had been nourished.

Who does not know of the furious, implacable party strife that divided towns, princes, and families in Germany and in Italy, fanned to fury by the popes, whenever the fire slackened, party strife that was identified with the names of Guelf and Ghibelline? And now—our gracious King represents the Guelfs through his Hanoverian descent ; and our gracious Queen may be taken to represent the Ghibellines, as of Würtemberg descent, the dukes of which entered in on the possessions, titles, and honours of the Hohenstaufen Dukes of Swabia and of Teck, and the strife is at an end.

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven find means to kill your joys with love.

Romeo and Juliet, V, 3.

CHAPTER XII

ON THE PEDIGREE OF HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

A VEIL hangs over the origin of the House of Würtemberg that cannot be dissipated owing to the lack of documents of an early age. For a moment it is lifted, and we see a Conrad of Würtemberg about the year 1090 founding a religious house at Beutelsbach to be the burial-place of his family. He was not a count, for the title was not at that time hereditary ; it was granted by the King to officials governing special districts. This Conrad died without issue between 1105 and 1110, and his sister, Liutgart, became heiress to his possessions. She married, we know not whom, it is supposed an Ulrich von Spitzenberg—but this is conjecture only. Her son, Conrad II, was created Count of Würtemberg and lived till 1127. Then the veil descends and all is dark. Names emerge—but they are only uncertainly fitted into the pedigree. A Hartmann flashes out of the obscurity, Count of Würtemberg 1194-1239 ; he certainly had a son, Conrad III, who became Count of Grüningen and founded a dynasty at



H.S.H. THE 1ST DUKE OF TECK.

*From a crayon drawing by Swinton, reproduced by the permission of
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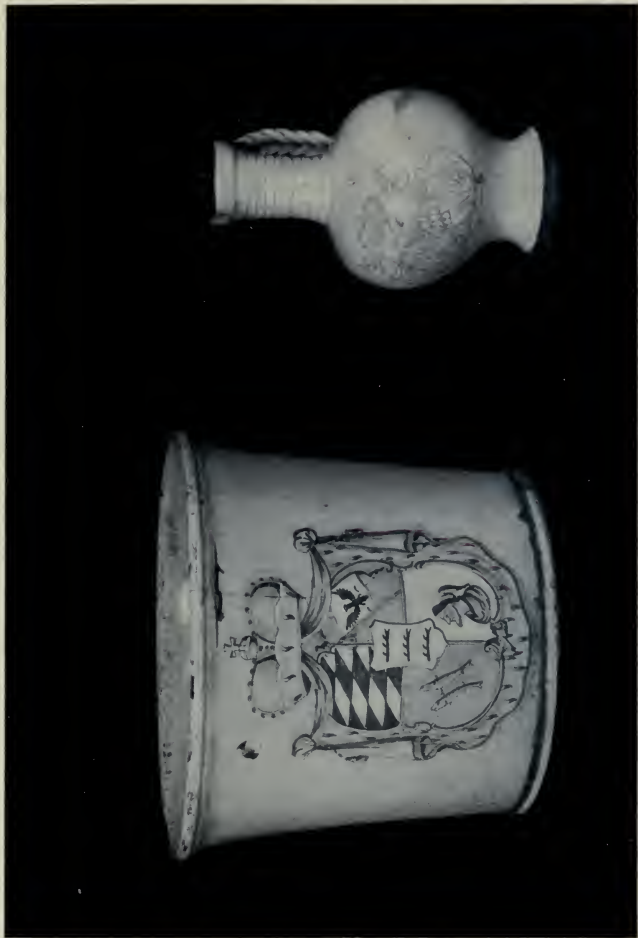
Grüningen and Landau, that died out in the middle of the fourteenth century. Hartmann is supposed to have been the father of Ulrich I. But, if history is silent, legend speaks. According to the *Zimmerische Chronicle* a Count of Würtemberg, in a fit of passion, killed his own brother. In consequence of this, he was driven out of the land along with his children, and he and they wandered over the Alb and settled at last at Landau. There they remained for some generations in poverty, but at last rose to consequence again. That "Ulrich Wi' the Thumb" was a son of Hartmann is probable, as Conrad took Grüningen and Ulrich became Count of Würtemberg, and it would appear that the brothers had divided the paternal inheritance between them. With Ulrich I the curtain rises and the rest is clear.

The ancestral castle of Würtemberg—the hill of Wirnto—is in the neighbourhood of Waiblingen, that furnished a name to the nationalist faction of Hohenstaufen, in Italian Ghibelline. The castle occupied a height above the village of Beutelsbach. In the eleventh century, at the time of the Gallo-Frank emperors, the kingdom was torn by factions, and the great nobles and even the petty freeholders were constrained to fortify their residences to secure themselves against sudden attack and destruction. Previous to this they had been content with refuges on heights surrounded by moats and palisades, where all could shelter

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themselves and their cattle ; now nobles built for themselves strong castles of stone ; cities and even villages girdled themselves with walls. To this period we owe the building of Limburg, Teck, Hohen Neuffen, Hohen Urach, Achalm, Hohenzollern, etc., every available isolated cone being laid hold of to be crested with walls. Of the original castle of Würtemberg nothing remains save one stone bearing an inscription that states how the chapel was consecrated in 1083. What now exists of the stronghold is due to its reconstruction by Duke Ulrich in 1534.

The Counts of Würtemberg had been loyal to the House of Hohenstaufen ; but with Ulrich I shiftiness set in. He was called at the time "Ulrich Wi' the Thumb," because of the unusual size of that digit on his right hand ; but since he has been known as "The Founder," for it was he who placed the House of Würtemberg in a condition to grow and extend its frontiers. It is with him that the authenticated pedigree begins—not but that he was lineally descended from the sister and heiress of Conrad I, only that the descent cannot be documentarily established. Thus he was presumably son of Hartmann, who also probably was son of Ludwig II, Count of Würtemberg, 1166–81, who was also conjecturally the son of Ludwig I, Count between 1134 and 1158, who is supposed to have been the son of Conrad II, son of the heiress Liutgart.



TWO PIECES OF OLD POTTERY CONTAINING THE ARMS OF TECK.
THE ARMS QUARTERED ARE: 1, TECK; 2, IMPERIAL BANNER; 3, MONTBÉLIARD; 4, HEIDENHEIM.
ON SCUTCHEON OF PRETENCE, THOSE OF WÜRTEMBERG
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Ulrich the Founder (1241-63) was possessed of a considerable territory in the basins of the Neckar and the Rems, and he refounded, or enriched, the Abbey of Beutelsbach with large benefactions. He played no creditable part in the troublous times of strife between the papacy and the Empire. To break away from traditional loyalty to the Hohenstaufen House, near neighbours, near in blood, the representatives of German unity, was to go against the traditions of his family, and an act of perjury. But, as already pointed out, when the Pope, the representative of God among men, released subjects from their oaths, incited to rebellion, cursed those sovereigns whom they had previously blessed, when even a bishop, Albert of Ratisbon, 1248, did not shrink from having his guest, King Conrad, a refugee from his enemies, treacherously murdered; it is no marvel that secular princes should fling to the winds all moral principle, and allow themselves to be governed by self-interest alone.

Considering that he could best advantage himself by embracing the side of the Pope, when the battle of Frankfort began on August 5, 1246, Ulrich deserted Conrad, the representative of his father, Frederick II, in Germany, like Jock of Norfolk at Bosworth, and by this means decided the day against Conrad. For this act of treachery he was paid 7000 marks of silver by the Pope. Innocent IV engaged him by large bribes to take

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the side of his nominees, Henri Raspe and William of Holland, and Ulrich took care to extort enormous concessions from these candidates for the throne. But when his own interests did not jump with the purposes of the Pope, he made no scruple to ignore the orders of the latter. After the death of Conrad IV (1254) he supported the claims of the boy Conradin, at least to the duchy of Swabia, not out of conviction, nor from self-reproach for past treasons, but because he calculated on squeezing extensive further concessions from the unfortunate prince.

When the Pope put forward Alphonso of Castille as candidate for the throne, most of the Swabian nobles accepted him, because his mother was a daughter of King Philip, and he was the only possible representative of the Hohenstaufen family ; but Ulrich took up the cause of Richard of Cornwall, as rich and able to pay best. In fact, he received from Richard not only a large sum of money, but also the town of Esslingen, a free Imperial city, and the confirmation of all the grants made to him by former emperors. With the money thus obtained Count Ulrich bought up territories right and left, and when he closed his eyes on February 25, 1265, it was with the satisfaction of knowing that he had doubled the lands subject to the Counts of Würtemberg.

The successors of Ulrich I followed his example, keeping an eye on the main chance, and making

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principle subservient to self-interest. His son Eberhard the Enlightened ruled from 1279 to 1325, and was engaged in contest with three emperors, Rudolf I, Albrecht I, and Henry VII. He also was faithless to his friends, but determined in holding fast every one of his acquisitions ; and at the end of a long life, notwithstanding his turbulence, left the principality enlarged to double its former extent. Under him Stuttgart became the capital of the county. His grandson, Eberhard II (1344-92), from his love of strife earned the nickname of "the Quarrelsome." He also extended the Würtemberg domains at the expense of the adjoining Imperial possessions and free cities, and when the Swabian Bund made head against him, he succeeded in crushing their resistance in a battle at Döffingen, August 25, 1388.

A later Count, Eberhard IV (1417-19), by marrying the heiress of Count Stephen de Montfaucon, acquired the county of Montbéliard, in German, Mömpelgard (in Burgundy). Thenceforth the Würtemberg family bore the quartering of two fish back to back, and as a crest a crowned damsel, with fish in place of arms. For four centuries Montbéliard belonged to the House of Würtemberg and was finally surrendered to France to be indemnified by large acquisitions in Germany. The land of Würtemberg was divided in 1442 between Counts Ludwig I and Ulrich V, but forty years later a union was effected by

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the Congress of Münsingen (1482), when it was decreed that thenceforth the county should be indivisible, and the right of seniority to the sole rule in Würtemberg was established.

Eberhard IV had two sons, Ludwig and Ulrich V the Well-beloved (d. 1480). We have already seen how Eberhard the Younger, turbulent and pleasure-loving, was ready to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. The second son of Ulrich, Henry, received the county of Montbéliard, became a lunatic, and died in confinement in the castle of Hohen Urach.

The Bearded Eberhard became reigning duke, an admirable prince, who removed the court from Urach to Stuttgart. He was the first duke, having received that title from the Emperor Maximilian in 1495. He founded the University of Tübingen in 1477; and was a true father to his people. He closed the line of the Urach princes, and as he left no issue, was succeeded in 1496 by Eberhard the Younger, reckoned as Eberhard II. He had learned nothing by the good example of his cousin; was deposed by the Estates of the realm, with the approval of the Emperor; was obliged to leave the country; and died in 1504 at Lindenfelt in the Odenwald, where he had been given a place of retreat—or light imprisonment—by the Palatine Philip of Hesse. He was followed by his brother Ulrich, who had been carried as an infant in a basket from Montbéliard

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to Eberhard Wi' the Beard, the uncle who could be trusted to protect him. Ulrich was proclaimed duke in 1498; he married Sabina of Bavaria, but maltreated her brutally. He admitted later to the Emperor Maximilian that he had beaten her, but "not too severely." He is said to have hounded on his big dog against her, to have trampled her under foot, and on one occasion to have made her go down on all fours, when he mounted astride on her back and dug his spurs into her sides.

He entered into an intrigue with the beautiful wife of Hans von Hütten, and because the husband objected, drew him privately into a wood, stabbed him, and hung up his body in a tree. This roused the nobles of his land against him. He drove the peasantry into revolt by debasing the coinage and reducing the weights and measures, and the towns by encroaching on their privileges. The Duchess Sabina fled from him, unable to endure his cruelty and infidelities, and although she survived him fourteen years, she never saw him again. He treated the peasants with cruelty. If any were found bearing arms in his forests he had their eyes gouged out.

The whole land rose in revolt against him, he was placed under the ban of the empire in 1516, but the sentence was withdrawn the following year, when he undertook to indemnify the family of Hütten with a sum of money, to refrain from

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rule during six years and to place the government under a commission. But, receiving pecuniary assistance and support from Francis I of France, he broke his promises, and, as we have seen, took the free city of Reutlingen and insulted the Imperial crown. He was charged with having made his soldiers use a parody of the Lord's Prayer of his own composition, beginning, "Our Father, Reutlingen is ours. Which art in heaven, and we will soon have Tübingen and Esslingen," and so on, too profane to be further quoted. The Swabian Confederacy declared war against him, and placed its forces under the command of Duke William of Bavaria.

Ulrich was driven out of the country and remained in exile for fourteen years. During this period Austria won a position in the land connecting its eastern territory with its possessions in the Breisgau and Elsass; and it placed Spanish troops in several of the towns and fortresses. Duke Ulrich in vain attempted to arrange terms with the insurgent peasantry to help him to recover his land, but they mistrusted him, and it was not till 1534 that he was able to return, having entered into compact with the Protestant princes of Germany, and especially with Philip of Hesse, who agreed to restore him, if he would introduce the Reformation into Würtemberg. The Austrians were defeated in the battle of Lauffen, and he was welcomed back by his

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people, whom the insolence of the Spanish garrisons had completely alienated from the Austrian cause. He now set vigorously to work to sweep out the Church and introduce Protestantism throughout Würtemberg, and was aided and counselled by the reformer Brenz. Brenz was not only an able, but a gentle and wise man. Luther highly respected him, and said of him: "On Brentius reposes the gentle, quiet spirit of Elias, whereas mine is all in storm and tempest." Ulrich took part in the Smalkald war against Charles V, but was brought to submission and had to pay three tons of gold and receive Spanish garrisons into Asperg, Schorndorf, and Kirchheim.

Duke Ulrich died in 1550 at the age of sixty-three. He was enthusiastic as a reformer, and had as a badge on the arms of his liveried servants, "The Word of the Lord endureth for ever." He listened to a sermon every day. He was succeeded by his son Christopher, who had been born in 1515 at Urach, whither his mother Sabina had fled from the brutalities of her husband. His early life was full of trouble; at the age of four he was placed in the Court of Charles V, who desired to retain him, so that he might keep his grip on Würtemberg. In March, 1520, taken from Ulm to be conveyed to Innsbrück, he parted in tears from his pet lamb. Practically a prisoner, he took occasion in October, 1522, when the Emperor was crossing the Styrian Alps on his way to Italy, to effect his escape, aided

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by his tutor. They reversed their horses' shoes, and when the horse of the young prince fell lame, his tutor surrendered to him the one he rode, and concealed himself in a morass. Christopher succeeded in reaching his mother at Munich. When his father was reinstated in the duchy in 1534, fresh troubles came upon him. Duke Ulrich hated his son, and refused to see him or allow him to be in the land, and for eight years he remained in the French service. As his father would allow him no money, Christopher was constrained to contract debts. Francis I even intervened, but without effect. At last he was allowed to live as stadtholder at Montbéliard, but even there his father would not grant him sufficient on which to live. He married the daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach. On his way to Anspach in bitter winter weather he injured his foot and asked leave of his father to be allowed to visit Wildbad, near Urach, to effect a cure. Duke Ulrich reluctantly permitted him, "though he is gross as a fatted pig." In 1545 he had a son born to him, but Ulrich remained as relentless as before. Christopher occupied himself at Montbéliard in theological studies, reading the works of Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin, and making up his mind which form of religion he would require his subjects to adopt when he succeeded his father. He finally decided on Lutheranism. But the churches had already been wrecked by iconoclasts

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under Duke Ulrich, so that they do not present the wealth of ancient art that is found in such as did not undergo this treatment. Ulrich died on November 6, 1550, at the age of sixty-three, and was buried at Tübingen, where he is represented in armour lying beside his wife Sabina, whom he had hated, and from whom he had been separated for thirty-five years. On the monument is inscribed in Latin, "Pale Death, thou took'st my body hence ; but had not power o'er the Prince's soul. What mortal was—that must decay. His noblest part lives on, in life." Query—had he any noble part ?

The school of misfortune in which Christopher had been reared had tended to ripen his character and endow it with strength and moderation. He proved to be one of the most admirable princes of the House of Würtemberg. Although he was unable to get rid of the Spanish garrisons, and might not at once forbid the exercise of Catholic worship, even in his capital, he did his utmost to spread the reform through the land. And he, alone, among the German Protestant princes, did not seize on Church property for his own use, but in abolishing Catholicism he retained the endowments for the sake of the new Church he founded, and transformed the abbeys into Protestant prelacies and schools. He pooled all the income over and above what was thus employed, and formed therewith a fund reserved for necessities



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in the land. His great achievement next to completing the work of reform begun by his father was the revision of the constitution, the most liberal in Germany; and this was done on so sound a basis that it withstood the attempts of later Dukes to override it and become despotic rulers. He expelled the Jews from the country as "maggots, gnawing and mischievous," preying on the people. His passion was for building, and to him is due the old castle at Stuttgart, with its beautiful Renaissance arcaded court, and that at Göppingen. Duke Christopher died in 1568. His widow, Anna Maria of Anspach, aged forty-five, fell desperately in love with the Landgrave George of Hessen-Darmstadt, just half her age, and as he did not reciprocate her passion, but proposed for her daughter, she went out of her senses and died in 1589, five days before the marriage of her daughter.

Duke Christopher, the best, after Eberhard Wi' the Beard, of all the Würtemberg princes, was succeeded by his son Ludwig (1568-93), when he was only fourteen years old. Unhappily, this prince had not only been spoiled by his mother, but he was wanting in ability, and had low tastes. He was, however, very amiable and pliant. As he knew his own intellectual deficiencies, he allowed his counsellors to manage all political affairs, especially his chancellor and factotum Melchior Jäger. As a boy he diligently read the Bible, and acquired

IOHANNES FRIDERICVS D.G.DVX WIRTEMBERG. ET TECCEN.
COMES MONTISBELIGAR. DOMINVS IN HAIDENHEIM. etc.



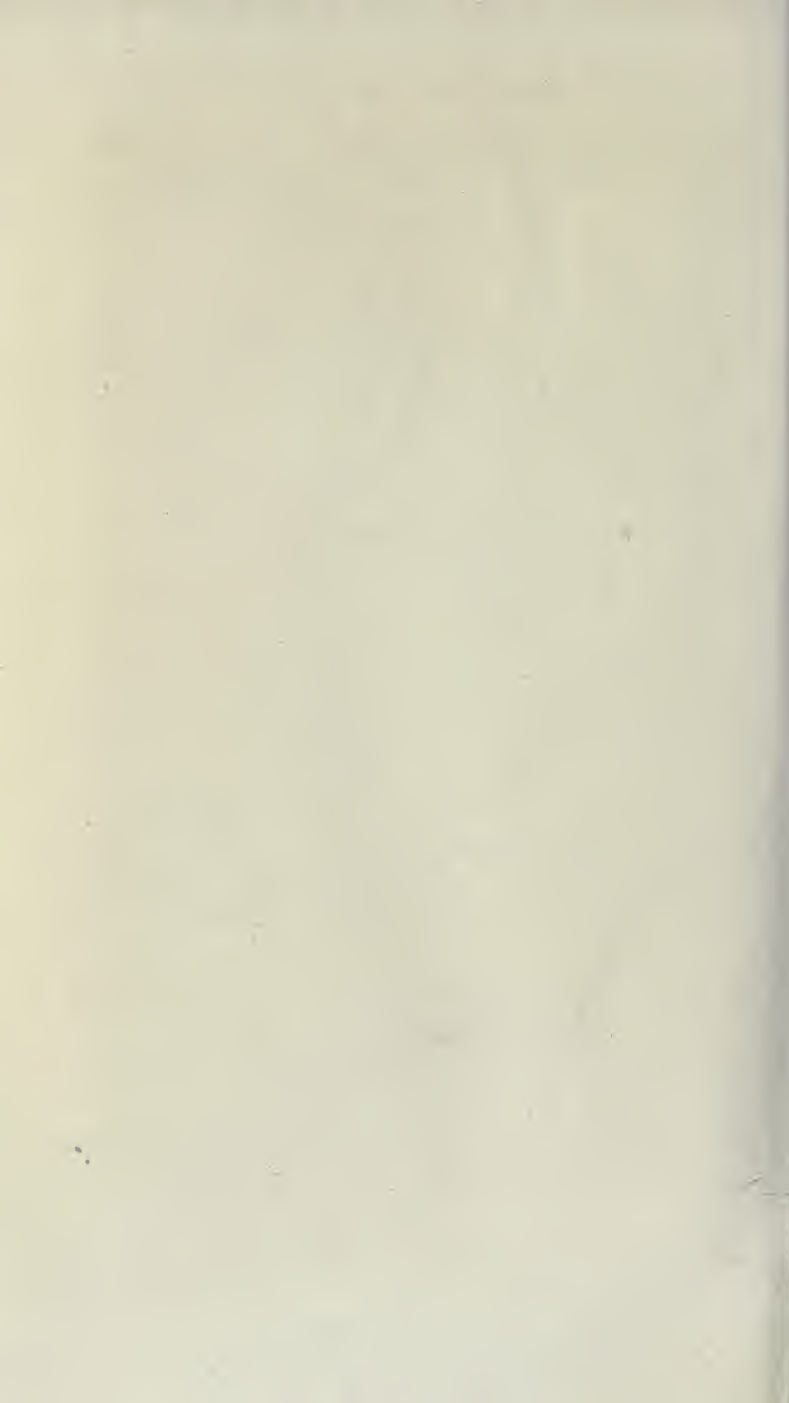
Vini feris patriæ qui iura fideliter agris
Inclite DVX reddis, IANE FRIDRICE, tuz;
Tale Dei exemplum cum sis in imagine parua:
Excelso Princeps pectore quantus eris?

Eidem illustriss: et florentiss: Principi, domino suo clementiss: hum: obsecro:
ergo dat Lucas Kilianus sculpt. et civ. Aug. vindel. A.C. 1574.

L. K. excu.

DUKE JOHN FREDERICK
BORN 1582, DIED 1628

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the designation of "the Pious." But he was drunk nearly every day, and, though he repented when sober, he never amended his ways. His great amusement was to make visitors at his court as tipsy as himself. On one occasion, when he had invited a deputation from Reutlingen to a boar hunt, he made them all intoxicated, tumbled the men in that condition into a state carriage and sent them home, with a wild boar packed behind it, the spoil of the chase.

Queen Elizabeth wrote repeatedly to him to urge him to take up arms on behalf of the Reformed in the Low Countries, but partly out of constitutional cautiousness, partly because he detested Calvinists, he would do nothing to aid them. He married Dorothea Ursula, daughter of the Margrave Charles of Baden, but had no children by her; he married, secondly, a princess of the Palatine Counts of Lützelstein. This marriage was also without issue, and the succession now passed to the Montbéliard line. The next Duke was Frederick (1593-1608), a man of very different stuff from Christopher and Ulrich, and not one who allowed himself to be surrounded and influenced by pastors and preachers. He told his court chaplain that he was not one to sit and twiddle his thumbs behind the stove. He was a man "singular enough." He had travelled in Denmark, Hungary, and England, where, in 1592, he had been introduced to Queen Elizabeth, and

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carried away with him the impression that she had promised him the Garter. In 1595 he sent an ambassador to England to remind the Queen of her promise, but she replied that she had never undertaken to give him the Garter. Not till 1603 did he receive it from James I. On that occasion a great banquet was held and a special table was spread for the King of England, as though he were present, and ninety courses were served. After the feast the Duchess opened the ball with the English ambassador, Robert Spencer. A company of English actors performed before the court.

The great object set before him by Duke Frederick was to upset the constitution, and to convert his rule into one of absolute sovereignty. He dismissed all the advisers of Duke Ulrich and chose as his creature Matthias Enzlin, an entirely unscrupulous man. In 1607, a year before his death, the Duke summoned the Diet together and required it to change the constitution in his favour. As this was refused, he dissolved it, and called together a new assembly composed of more pliable representatives ; and from it he extorted a grant of 1,100,000 gulden. He died at the age of sixty, in 1608, and was succeeded by his son John Frederick (1608-28), a weak prince, but who at once restored the constitution to what it was before it had been altered by his father, and sent Enzlin to execution.

Duke Frederick of Würtemberg and Montbéliard,

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who died in 1608, had, beside John Frederick, who succeeded him as Duke of Würtemberg, a second son, Ludwig Frederick, who was granted the county of Montbéliard, and died in 1631. His grandson George married Anne, daughter of Gaspard de Coligny, Duke of Châtillon, and by her had a son, Leopold Eberhard, born in 1670, who died in 1723,¹ without issue recognised in the Empire, and the county of Montbéliard returned to the Stuttgart branch of the Ducal family. The troubles of the Thirty Years' War began in the time of John Frederick, and simultaneously furious theological controversies raged among the Reformers. Lutherans could not and would not combine with Calvinists against a common foe. Wallenstein appeared in Würtemberg, collecting troops for the Emperor, and as many as 20,000 in Swabia returned to the Catholic faith. John Frederick was succeeded by his son, Duke Eberhard III (1628–1674), who was under age at a time when a man of consummate ability and resolution was required at the rudder. Wallenstein's troops were quartered in Würtemberg, and every town received a garrison of Imperial soldiers. In 1633 Duke Eberhard assumed the reins of government, but the battle of Nördlingen, on August 27, 1634, and the death of Gustavus Adolphus, gave

¹ His story, a very strange one, may be read in the *Memoirs of the Baroness Oberkirch*, London, 1852, III, p. 161 *et seq.* Also in Vehse; *Geschichte der deutschen Höfe*, XXV (1853), p. 200 *et seq.*

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Württemberg over as a prey completely into the hands of Austria. The young Duke had not been himself in the battle, but a contingent of Würtembergers had fought on the Protestant side. When the news of the defeat reached Eberhard at Göppingen, he fled to his mother at Strasburg, without making any attempt to come to terms with King Ferdinand. The condition of Würtemberg was now deplorable; it was parcelled up among Austrian nobles, one part was accorded to the Elector of Bavaria. In the tragic period of seven out of the Thirty Years' War (1634-1641), the population shrank from half a million to forty-eight thousand. Next to the Palatinate no country suffered as severely as did Würtemberg. At Nürtingen, where Ursula, the Dowager Duchess, was, some Croat soldiers seized the aged lady by her hair, and dragged her about, and she was only saved from death by the intervention of an officer. Meanwhile theological disputes raged with unabated force. At Tübingen the preacher, Lucas Osiander, was holding forth, when a soldier shouted, "That's not God's Word," and ran to climb into the pulpit. Osiander caught the intruder by the throat and flung him down the stairs, followed, caught him by his feet, and dragged him to the Lord's Table, where the women set on him with sticks and fists, and almost beat the life out of him!

Meanwhile the Duke lived at Strasburg, en-



DUKE EBERHARD III
(1628-1674)

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joying himself in field sports. In 1637 he married the beautiful Anna Catherine of Salm-Kyrburg, and in eighteen years became by her the happy father of fourteen children. In vain had the Swedes implored him to come to the aid of the Protestant cause, saying, "Put on an iron jacket instead of wedding breeches." The King of France offered him 12,000 men, but he declined them.

At last came the long-desired peace. The Imperial troops were withdrawn in 1648-50, and the Swedes also retired. Würtemberg was sucked dry and depopulated; but not many who had fled to Switzerland returned, and two thousand men who had been in the Swedish army settled and married in the country. Duke Eberhard III reigned in Würtemberg twenty-six years after the proclamation of peace. His wife died in 1655, and he then married Dorothea Sophia, Countess of Oettingen, and by her, in eighteen years, had eleven children, so that in all he was father of twenty-five. Duke Eberhard died in 1674, at the age of forty-six, and was succeeded by William Ludwig (1674-1677). After a very brief and unimportant reign, he was followed by his son Eberhard Ludwig (1677-1733).

Eberhard Ludwig, at the death of his father, was still in his cradle, an infant of nine months old, and the land was under regents for fifteen years. Brought up without having his education properly

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attended to, and any moral principle inculcated, he lived only for his pleasures. He became involved in the Spanish War of Succession, established the first standing army in Würtemberg, and lavished incredible sums on his fancies—one of which was the building of Ludwigsburg. As there were no Würtemberg nobility about the Court, he introduced other from abroad, especially from Mecklenburg. The Swabian nobility, indeed, were numerous, but declined to dance attendance at Court as underlings. He was married to Joanna Elizabeth, daughter of the Margrave of Baden-Durlach, but fell completely under the sway of an adventuress, Christina Wilhelmina von Grävenitz, who exercised such an influence over him for twenty years that people believed she had recourse to magic. He got a minister, Phäler, to marry him to her, and when his Chancellor, Forstner, remonstrated—"I am Pope in my own land," replied he, "and am responsible, as a Lutheran Prince, to none save my own conscience and to God."

When an Imperial Commission insisted on her being sent away, he contrived to have her married to an old Count of Würben, who was at once to retire to Vienna, and never show his face in Würtemberg. Thus, simultaneously, the Duke had two wives, and the Grävenitz two husbands. It was only in 1730, when Frederick William I of Prussia, on a visit to Stuttgart, seriously re-

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monstrated with the Duke, that he was at last induced to dismiss the woman and be reconciled with his wife. He died in 1757, and as the Crown Prince and his grandson died before him, with Eberhard Ludwig expired that line of the House of Würtemberg, and the succession devolved on Charles Alexander (1733-37), who was a Roman Catholic, and married to a Princess of Thurn and Taxis.

He had been a gallant soldier in the Imperial service, and had fought with Prince Eugene at the storming of Belgrade. Once, when in Venice, he was galled at the way in which the conceited Italian nobility despised the Germans for their bluntness. Before he left, he invited the nobility of his acquaintance to a theatrical performance. When the curtain rose, a street in Rome was seen, the stage was dark, but the Ghost of Cicero was visible, prowling about with a lamp. Then entered a stranger, who knocked at all the doors, in vain, to obtain shelter ; whereupon he pulled a watch out of his pocket to ascertain what the time was. Then, for distraction, he produced a book, and read. But, tired of study, he brought out a pistol and fired it off, hoping thereby to rouse the sleepers.

“ Sir ! ” said Cicero. “ What is the meaning of all these novelties ? What was that round article you looked at ? ”

“ A watch—a German invented it.”

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“ And that book with characters in it ? ”

“ Printing,” replied the stranger. “ A German invented printing.”

“ And what was that which detonated so surprisingly ? ”

“ Gunpowder—a German invented that—while all Italy has been asleep.”

Then appeared on the stage a Savoyard, bawling, “ Combs to sell, imported—Italians can’t even make them.”

The native nobles looked around—the German Prince had disappeared.

Charles Alexander could not endure the restrictions imposed on sovereign power by a Landtag, and he resolved on the overthrow of the Constitution. I have mentioned elsewhere how he used the Jew Sues to impoverish the nation to satisfy his insatiable need of money. The Duke entered into a compact with the Elector of Bavaria, and with the Bishops of Würzburg and Bamberg, to send him troops to assist him in his great project ; he himself was to go to Danzig, and leave a Commission to abolish the Constitution during his absence. As a price for the assistance promised, he undertook to reintroduce the Catholic religion into Würtemberg. In March, 1737, Charles Alexander started on his journey from Stuttgart, but went no further than his palace at Ludwigsburg.

Although the utmost secrecy had been main-



*a Vienne chez Artaria Comp.
Cum Priv. S.C.M.*

PRINCESS ELIZABETH WILHELMINA LOUISE OF WÜRTEMBERG,
M. FRANCIS, GRAND-DUKE OF AUSTRIA, 1788, D. 1790
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tained, it nevertheless transpired that an attempt would be made during the Duke's absence to upset the Constitution. He had given sealed orders to his general, Remchingen, to this effect.

However, he died suddenly, before his orders could be carried out.

Not a moment was lost. Duke Charles Rudolf of Würtemberg-Neuenstadt was invested with the regency. General Remchingen and Suess Oppenheim were arrested. Such was the sad end of Charles Alexander, who, as Austrian Field-marshal and Governor of Servia, had been the soul of honour, generous and beloved; who entered on his duchy not only promising good government, but heartily desiring to rule well for his people's good, and who, in less than four years, had forfeited the love of his subjects.

Charles Alexander's eldest son, Charles Eugene, succeeded (1737-1793). He was but nine years old when his father died, and he was sent with his brother to the Court of Frederick the Great of Prussia to be educated. His conduct there was so exemplary, that the King had no hesitation in recommending that he should be declared of age when seventeen. As Duke Charles left Berlin, the great Frederick gave him a paper of advice. "The finances are the strength of the land. Remember that Würtemberg is not for you, but you for the people. Seek to win their hearts. Avoid flatterers, punish intriguers."

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Unhappily, the expectations of Frederick were disappointed. The long reign of Duke Charles, of nearly fifty years, was one of cruel suffering to the people, but of great Court splendour. It was perhaps not altogether his fault that his reign was one of unmitigated evil, during the earlier portion. A boy of seventeen his own master, surrounded by unscrupulous persons courting his favour, with money apparently unlimited at his disposal, it would have been a miracle had he turned out well. As it was, from the very beginning of his reign, he cared only for festivities, balls, operas, ballets. One display of fireworks he gave alone cost half a ton of gold. For forty-three years, from 1750 to 1793, the Court of Stuttgart was the most splendid in Europe. The Chamberlain, Baron Hardenberg, to obtain money for the lavish expenditure of the Prince, had recourse to the sale of young and lusty men into foreign military service. Six thousand were sold to France in 1753. But Hardenberg was, nevertheless, hard pressed to find the money demanded. He endeavoured to cut down some of the expenditure. Once he refused to pay for a dozen dominoes ordered for a Court ball, and when, soon after, he demurred to the supply of an excessive number of wax candles, the Duke insulted him grossly before the Privy Council, and forced him to resign.

Duke Charles married Elizabeth Fredrica of Baireuth, in 1748, but his repeated infidelities,



SERENISSIMA PRINCIPIS-
 MAGDALENA SIBYLLA
 CÆSAREÆ TECCÆ COMITISSA
 MINA IN HEYDENHEIM & NA-
 SAAC DOMINA DOMINA
 PRINCESSA WÜRTEMBER-
 MONTISBELCARDIA DO-
 TAL LANDGRAVIA HASSIAE

MAGDALENA SIBYLLA, WIFE OF DUKE WILLIAM LUDWIG, M. 1673, D. 1712
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KARL HERZOG VON WÜRTEMBERG
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and his apathy to his wife, led to a separation in 1754.

Unhappily the corruption of the Court extended itself through all classes of society. During the Seven Years' War, Duke Charles attempted to undermine the Constitution. After a struggle of twenty years, in which the Emperor, Prussia, England, and France were appealed to against the arbitrary rule of the Duke, in 1770 a compromise was effected, by which the land retained its rights, and the Duke was satisfied with a large grant of money. A historian of Würtemberg wrote that after the separation from his wife "the Duke gave full range to his worst passions; he mocked at the misery of betrayed innocence, the grief of families, and was unsparing in his threats where he met with resistance. At this time Stuttgart was a scene of unmeasured display and debauchery. Balls and concerts, picnics and redoubts, lavish banquets, and extravagance in adornment and dress disturbed the well-being even of the lower classes, and the consequence was deception of all kinds, bankruptcy and utter impoverishment of families. To this corruption was united a slavish character, a cringing towards those of higher rank, pride and overbearing towards inferiors. Violent as was the Duke, so were the military and the nobles in their treatment of subjects and officials. Paid flatterers exalted the Duke as the wisest of all paternal governors;

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his festivities, on which he squandered the sweat of his subjects, his hunting parties, in which he trampled down their harvests, were exalted and sung by these parasites. All must be sacrificed to his pleasure : what cared he for the well-being of his people ? But it was at the cost of these poor victims that an appearance of comfort and happiness was maintained, by the singing of his Italian performers, the capers of his ballet-dancers, the splendour of his operas, the works of his sculptors and painters. All the while there was impoverishment and misery behind this mask. Even the companions of his pleasures were at times overcome by a sense of sadness they could not explain.”

And this was on the eve of the Revolution.

During the last five-and-twenty years of the reign of Duke Charles, he endeavoured in a measure to heal some of the wounds his misgovernment had caused. He became less headstrong and more moderate, and was much influenced for good by his second wife, Francisca von Bernardin, whose story has been already told. He interested himself in science, and founded the Karlschule, from which issued many famous learned men, artists, and authors.

Duke Charles died in 1793, without legitimate issue, and he was succeeded by his two younger brothers, Ludwig Eugene and Frederick Eugene, who reigned but for a few years. No sooner had



THE QUEEN OF WÜRTEMBERG
(Princess Pauline of Württemberg).

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the latter assumed the government, than the French invaded Würtemberg. The Duke came to terms with General Moreau, July 17, 1796, in accordance with which the Würtemberg troops seceded from the Imperial German army; and, shortly after, Montbéliard was surrendered to France. After the departure of Moreau the land was occupied by the Austrians, and had to suffer from their exactions quite as greatly as it had from the French.

The having to make common cause with the French against Austria was forced on the Duke, and he entered into the compact with repugnance.

Frederick Charles was a good and well-intentioned prince. At his accession he declared, "I will do righteousness, for, sooner or later, I shall have to stand before the throne of God." He was married to Frederica Dorothea of Brandenburg-Schwedt. At the marriage Frederick the Great insisted that by the contract the children of this union should be brought up as Protestants. He was the father of seven sons and one daughter, who survived him.

We will now turn to the Montbéliard branch of the family, that redeemed by its virtues the bad example set by the members of the elder branch. Charles Alexander, born in 1684 died in 1737, and was succeeded as we have seen by his eldest son, Charles Eugene, who reigned to 1793, and having no male issue his successor was his

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brother, Ludwig Eugene, who also died without issue, and was in turn succeeded, in 1795, by Frederick Eugene, Prince of Montbéliard, who died in 1797. He was the ancestor of the present reigning family of Würtemberg, and of the Dukes of Teck.

The Baroness Oberkirch in her Memoirs gives an account of the Court at Montbéliard under Duke Frederick Eugene of Würtemberg. "He inherited some of the genius of his mother, the Princess of Thurn und Taxis, whose powers of fascination were so generally recognised during her lifetime.¹ The lively disposition of this princess, vivacious almost to petulance, and her strong passions, were a constant subject of conversation in the German courts. She possessed the art of pleasing in an eminent degree, and was the most charming and the most captivating of women. The Prince Eugene had at first been destined by his father for the Church, and had even received at eighteen the ecclesiastical tonsure at Constance. But he soon abandoned this career to enter the service of Frederick II of Prussia, and served under his orders during the Seven Years' War. He covered himself with glory; the hero took notice of him. The Duchess profited by this occasion to negotiate at Berlin a marriage between this prince (who was her third

¹ The wife of Charles Alexander, Duke of Würtemberg, married May 1, 1727, died February 1, 1756.



DUKE WILLIAM LUDWIG
(1674-1677)

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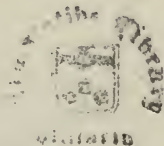
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son) and the Princess Frederica Dorothea Sophia, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Schwadt and niece of the King. As it ought to be, they fell in love on first acquaintance; never was there a happier or more suitable union. The Princess of Montbéliard was an accomplished woman, in whom virtue ennobled every grace. They had five sons and three daughters. The eldest, Prince Frederick William, born in Pomerania, where his father's regiment was in garrison, was of the same age as I, that was fifteen. His brother, Prince Ludwig was thirteen. The third, Prince Eugene, was eleven. The fourth was Prince William, who was eight, and the fifth, Prince Ferdinand, was only six.

“Of the three daughters the eldest was my dear Princess Dorothea,¹ who, though only ten, was almost as tall as I. She then gave promise of all for which she has been since distinguished—a charming disposition, an excellent heart, and the most extraordinary beauty. Although she was short-sighted, her eyes were magnificent, and their brilliancy seemed but the reflexion of her soul.

“All these princes were reared in the Lutheran religion, in accordance with the wishes of the King of Prussia, although the Prince of Montbéliard was a Catholic.

¹ Afterwards Czarina of Russia, married to the Emperor Paul I. She died March 24, 1801.



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“On the 20th of December, 1770, Charles Eugene, the reigning Duke of Würtemberg, came to Etupes (a country seat of the Prince of Montbéliard), with his brother. The Prince Charles Eugene had a fine classical head. At the birth of this prince in 1728, it was little thought that he would ascend the throne of Würtemberg, and yet, in 1737, every obstacle being removed, he became, at nine years of age, head of the ducal house.”

The Baroness then goes on to relate how, becoming of age at sixteen and independent, he launched into every sort of dissipation and extravagance. She recounts how he became attached to the Countess Hohenheim, whom he eventually married. “It was this lady who spoke to him of his errors. She represented to him what he was, what he might have been ; she painted what would be the terrible consequence of his extravagance ; she threatened to abandon him if he neglected her warning, and at length led him to acknowledge his errors, and to resolve to repair them.” Her story has been already told.

To return to the 20th December, 1770. “On the evening of this day, Charles, the reigning Duke of Würtemberg, arrived ; he was not expected. We were commencing ‘Blind-man’s-Buff,’ in which the entire Court was to take part. In the midst of the confusion, an officer all bewildered bursts suddenly into the room and announces His Royal Highness. You may easily believe that the

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masqueraders quickly laid aside their humps, horns, masks, etc. The Duke delighted in surprises, and always came unexpectedly. The Countess of Wartensleben, who was sitting next to me, was employing all her ingenuity to free me from the disguise in which I was to have represented the Devil, but the strings seemed determined not to untie ; the Princess Dorothea laughed exceedingly at my embarrassment ; I was very angry. At last we had the good fortune to accomplish our task before the Duke observed us.

“ The arrival of the reigning Duke was an excuse for fêtes as splendid as the limited resources of this retired country would allow. Standards, bearing the arms of Würtemberg, quartered with those of Montbéliard, floated from every eminence. The Montbéliard quarterings are a field *azure*, two fishes *or* embowed. Every lamp, torch, and candle in the town was lighted. The three divisions of the magistracy presented with great ceremony a list of grievances, which the Duke received graciously, and promised to consider. In the evening he said to the Prince of Montbéliard, ‘ I am very much changed, and I am very glad of it ; long ago I would have laughed at these good people, who seem more ridiculous to me than your children did the other day at Blind-man’s-Buff ; but to-day I was as grave as the honest folk themselves. Besides, they are in the right, and I must attend to their demands.’ The public

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audience lasted from nine in the morning until seven in the evening. His Highness heard all with patience, and none were refused but those who asked for something absurd. I remember one poor peasant woman, who requested that the bells should not be allowed to toll, as it caused her cream to turn sour.

“ I passed a great part of my time at Montbéliard ; I was there still on the 24th April, 1771, when the princess's seventh son was born (he was called Alexander Frederick Charles).¹ The union of the Princes of Montbéliard was certainly blessed by Heaven, and notwithstanding the number of their children, each additional one was received with as much joy as if it had been the first-born. All the principality, both poor and rich, shared in the happiness of their rulers. The residence of this family was a blessing from Heaven for this hitherto abandoned little country. The inexhaustible benevolence of these princes, their solicitude for their subjects, who had been long accustomed to misery, soon spread abundance and richness around them. This county, which had during seven centuries and a half preserved its independence, soon took the position that its importance merited. The princes assumed the title of Serene Highness, by permission of the

¹ Prince Alexander married the Princess Antoinette of Saxe-Coburg, and was father of the Duke Alexander of Würtemberg ; born 1804, married 1837 to the Princess Mary of Orleans, and died 1839.



MARIE FEODOROWNA, WIFE OF CZAR PAUL I.

BORN 1759, DIED 1828.

PRINCESS DOROTHEA, DAUGHTER OF FREDERICK EUGENE, DUKE OF
WÜRTEMBERG AND MONTBÉLIARD

*From a painting by Roslen de Suedois reproduced by the permission of
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Emperor Leopold I; they had previously been named simply 'Your Grace.' The inhabitants, who were all Protestants, adored the august family to whom they owed all their happiness."

The Baroness Oberkirch speaks of the livery and official colours in her time being yellow and black, those of both Würtemberg and Teck, and so they remained till the reign of King William, when, for some unknown reason, they were changed to black and red. These were the colours adopted for the royal order instituted in 1818. That blue and white should be the colours of Bavaria, and red and yellow those of Baden, is reasonable enough, for these are the tinctures of their arms, but why those of Würtemberg should have been capriciously changed we are at a loss to say.

As mention has been made of the Princess Dorothea, who married the Grand-duke Paul of Russia, afterwards Czar, I cannot refrain from quoting a pretty little story of her, told by the Baroness Oberkirch. Duke Frederick Eugene had conducted his daughter as far as Memel in October, 1776. "He related a thousand charming traits of our dear absent one: how one morning she saw from her window a holly tree covered with its red berries. She began to cry, thinking of one evening at Etupes when she and I had worn holly berries in our hair. There was that day a grand reception; she sent for some holly, and ordered a *coiffure* like that which we had both worn, and

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said to her father, 'Do not forget to tell my dear Lanele [the Baroness], that I have worn holly in memory of our friendship.' "

From the letters published in the Memoirs of the Baroness it would seem that Princess Dorothea was devoted to her husband, and that their married life was happy. She was but seventeen when she married him. In 1801 Paul I was fallen upon in his bedroom and strangled by conspirators. After his death, the Czarina exercised great influence over her son Alexander. According to the Memoirs of General Wolzogen, she was a woman of superior abilities, sympathetic and generous, but proud and despotic. She died in 1828.

Her sister-in-law, the wife of her brother Frederick, afterwards the first King of Württemberg, met with a mysterious and tragic fate in Russia. Frederick had married the Princess Augusta of Brunswick, when she was aged sixteen, daughter of Duke Charles William and Augusta, daughter of the Prince of Wales. Her fate was even more sad than that of her younger sister Caroline, the wife of George IV. Frederick, who had been in the Prussian service, on his sister marrying the Grand Duke Paul, resigned his commission and went to Russia in 1784. There the Empress Catherine II made him Governor-General of Livonia and Finland. At the Court of Catherine the Princess Augusta was for a while a favourite with the Empress. But she was frivolous and a



CHARLOTTE MATILDA, PRINCESS ROYAL. QUEEN OF WÜRTEMBERG.
DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
BORN 1766, DIED 1828

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coquette, and excited the jealousy of the Czarina. One day she had the temerity to address Catherine with insolence, whereupon she was arrested and the same night conveyed to a prison at Lohda, near Reval ; and for some time it was not known what had become of her. There a year later, having had a fit, she was hastily buried alive. A pastor heard her cries in the vault, but could not induce her keepers to have it opened. They were acting under orders. When, at a later date, the coffin was opened, the unhappy princess was found to have turned in it, and to be lying on her face. Frederick married secondly Maude or Matilda of England, the daughter of King George III.

In 1777 the Emperor Joseph II, on his way to Paris to visit his sister, Queen Marie Antoinette, signified to the Duke of Würtemberg his intention of passing through Stuttgart. The Duke at once wrote to place his palace at the Kaiser's disposal, but Joseph replied that he was travelling incognito, and preferred to lodge at an inn. The Duke then ordered all the hotels in Stuttgart to remove their signs, and he had a large board painted and inscribed "Hôtel de l'Empereur," affixed to the royal palace, and emblazoned with the Austrian arms. When the Emperor alighted, the Duke received him, dressed as an hotel-keeper. Everybody at the Court assumed an office as waiter, chambermaid, porter, scullion, etc., and not till the following day were the masquerading

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dresses laid aside. The joke did not end there. When the Emperor's carriage was brought to the door, one of the horses was mounted by a postillion in a very shabby jacket and dusty boots. The Emperor remarked, "A drunken boor, no doubt. However, I'll give him a *pourboire* at the end of the stage." But when the carriage stopped to change horses, it was discovered that the postillion was one of the princes in disguise, and that the post horses had actually been his own. The Emperor laughed and said, "The imitation was excellent up to one point—you did not swear enough."

The assistance of Baroness Oberkirch was invoked to reconcile the Duke and Duchess to the marriage of their second son Ludwig to Mary Anne, daughter of Prince Adam Casimir Czartorisky, Palatine of Russia, Duke of Klewan, Starosch of Podolia, a descendant of the Royal House of Jagellon. The mother of Staneslas Poniatowski was a Czartorisky, and sister of the Palatine.¹

Prince Ludwig had been travelling for amusement and information and had been received at the house of Prince Adam with great hospitality. He fell desperately in love with Mary Anne, the daughter of the Prince, then aged

¹ The late Prince Ladislas married, first, Maria Amparo, daughter of Queen Christina of Spain, and secondly, Marguerite, Princess of Bourbon-Orleans.



DUKE LUDWIG OF WÜRTEMBERG
BORN 1756, DIED 1817

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DUKE ALEXANDER OF WÜRTEMBERG, FATHER OF FRANCIS,
DUKE OF TECK, 1805-1885
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sixteen. Great embarrassment was occasioned by this love affair. The Czartorisky family was illustrious and ancient. It derived from Olgerd, Grand Duke of Lithuania, whose son Korygello, in 1381, inherited lands in Volhynia, and one of his children having acquired the territory of Czartorya gave rise to the Czartorisky family that furnished many members distinguished in civil, ecclesiastical, and military careers, and in the middle of the eighteenth century, through wealthy marriages, became powerful. *But* it was not an independent reigning family, and here was the rub. The Princess Mary Anne was cousin german to the last King of Poland; nevertheless, families that attain royalty by election were not considered to enjoy the same rank as those whose claim to the crown was hereditary. These considerations led the Prince and Princess of Würtemberg-Montbéliard to object to the marriage. They advised their son to break off his engagement. But he was much in love, and, overstepping the bounds of obedience, married without the consent of his parents. Prince Adam was offended, and with good reason, at any objection being raised against an alliance with his House. The marriage took place on October 28, 1784. Then the young people began to think of means of appeasing the resentment of the family of Montbéliard, and the Prince applied to his sister Dorothea, Grand Duchess of Russia, and she wrote to the Baroness Oberkirch

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to use her best endeavours to placate the incensed parents.

“One evening,” writes the Baroness, “when I least expected such a visit, the Prince and Princess appeared before me, very simply dressed and quite incognito. They entered the room unannounced. I was very much surprised, as may well be supposed, especially after having read the letter of the Grand Duchess, which explained the services that were expected of me.” Accordingly the Baroness visited the Princess of Montbéliard and obtained her reluctant consent to endeavour to move the Prince to yielding. “Say a great deal to him about the Jagellons,” said she. “Speak of the charms of the Princess; remind him of his own marriage; speak of his tenderness to his children.”

The Prince answered his wife: “That which renders me most uneasy is their extreme youth; even their love alarms me. These marriages made in opposition to parents are seldom happy. Young lovers do not know themselves at first, and when the time of self-revelation comes, things assume a very different aspect: they see each other in a different light; they become estranged; they quarrel; and at length they separate.” The words were prophetic. The young couple were divorced in 1792, after eight years together, and when Mary Anne had borne the Prince a son, Adam, on January 28, 1792. Prince Ludwig next



COUNTESS CLAUDINE RHÉDEY

(Afterwards Countess Hohenstein).

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married Henriette, daughter of Prince Charles of Nassau-Weilburg, and by her became the father of Alexander, grandfather of the present Duke of Teck. Prince Adam of Würtemberg became a lieutenant-general in the Russian service, and aide-de-camp to the Czar. He died unmarried in 1847.

Prince Ludwig became a Prussian general, and in 1790 a Polish general and commandant of Warsaw till 1792. He had great hopes of attaining to the crown of Poland, but the parcelling up of this unhappy kingdom frustrated his hopes, and he became Governor of Anspach and Bai-reuth in 1795, a Russian general in 1806, and finally Field-Marshal of Würtemberg. He died in 1817.

Prince Alexander of Würtemberg in 1835 married Claudine, Countess of Rhédey, of a Transylvanian noble House, but not being of royal birth she could not take the rank of her husband, nor could her children succeed to the throne of Würtemberg, otherwise the Duke of Teck would have been heir-apparent to the throne of that kingdom. The Emperor of Austria conferred on her the title of Countess of Hohenstein in 1835. She did not long survive her marriage, for she was killed whilst attending a review of the Austrian troops. Her horse ran away with her, she was thrown, and was trampled to death by a squadron of cavalry. Their son was Count Francis of Hohen-

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stein, born at Vienna, August 27, 1837. He was educated at Vienna, and entered the Austrian army; served as a lieutenant in the Imperial Gendarmerie Guard and acted as aide-de-camp to the general in the disastrous battle of Solferino, June 24, 1859. Both the Emperor and Empress were warmly attached to Count Hohenstein, and when the Kaiserin was ill, in 1860, he was deputed to attend her to Madeira. "He was very popular with his brother officers and much liked in Viennese society, where his good looks gained for him the sobriquet of *der schöne Uhlán.*"¹ In December, 1863, Count Hohenstein was created Prince of Teck, with the rank of Serene Highness.

"The Prince and Princess of Wales made his acquaintance when they were staying with the King and Queen of Hanover in the autumn of 1864, and taking a personal liking to the handsome young officer, invited him to stay with them at Sandringham in the following December. Owing, however, to some misunderstanding, he arrived in London a week sooner than was expected, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was his host till he could be received at Sandringham. Prince Teck passed several weeks in England during 1865, and made many friends in London society. He was at the garden party given at

¹ *Memoir of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck*, by C. Kinloch Cooke. London, 1900. The further quotations are from this book.



H.S.H. FRANCIS, DUKE OF TECK.

BORN 1837, DIED 1900

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H.S.H. PRINCESS CLAUDINE OF TECK,
DAUGHTER OF PRINCE ALEXANDER. BORN 1836
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H.S.H. the Duke of Teck*

On the Pedigree of the Queen

Marlborough House, and at the close of the season went to Goodwood races with the Dowager Lady Ailesbury's party, going on to Cowes at the invitation of the Prince of Wales. Later in the year he again visited Sandringham."

It was in 1866 that the Princess Mary of Cambridge met Prince Francis of Teck, at a dinner given by the Duchess of Cambridge at S. James's Palace to the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale. "The wooing was but a short affair," wrote Princess Mary; "Francis only arrived in England on the 6th March, and we met for the first time on the 7th at S. James's. One month's acquaintance settled the question, and on the 6th of April he proposed in Kew Gardens and was accepted."

The following week the engagement was announced.

"Her future husband possessed the attributes that most appealed to Princess Mary. He was high-principled, domesticated, a thorough soldier and, above all, a strong Protestant. They had, besides, many tastes in common; he was endowed with much natural talent for music and also for drawing, and had these gifts been cultivated he could scarcely have failed to attain success, either as a musician or as an artist. 'I long to tell you how happy I am,' Princess Mary writes to a friend of her early girlhood, 'and with that confiding hope I can (D.V.) look forward to a future

The Land of Teck

of bright promise, as he is not only all I could wish, but all mamma's heart could possibly desire for her child. I know I shall have your prayers and best wishes on the 12th of June, on the afternoon of which all-important day we purpose going to Ashridge, which Lord Brownlow and Lady Marian Alford have lent us for a fortnight. . . . The Duchess of Cambridge was almost as pleased as her daughter with the engagement, and in a letter written shortly before the marriage, says, 'I am happy to say I feel sure of dear Mary's future happiness. Prince Teck seems to be a most excellent young man, good principled, most religious, perfect manners—in short, I call Mary a most fortunate creature to have found such a husband.' ”

The marriage took place at Kew in 1866, on June 12.

“The scene was essentially a rural one, more like what might have been expected in the olden time before the days of telegraphs and railways. The guests, both invited and uninvited, entered fully into the spirit of the occasion, and universal kindness and tender feeling towards Princess Mary animated all classes. The Queen, who was accompanied by Prince Arthur, Princess Helena, and Princess Louise, occupied a chair on the right of the altar. Facing Her Majesty were the Duchess of Cambridge, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Crown



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK

(Princess Mary Adelaide).

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Her Majesty Queen Mary.*

On the Pedigree of the Queen

Prince of Denmark, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. . . . As soon as the royal guests had taken their seats, Prince Teck arrived, accompanied by Count Apponyi, and attended by Count Wimpffen and Baron Varnbüter. He wore the customary blue coat, with black velvet collar, and apart from his position as bridegroom, his handsome face and gallant bearing made him the cynosure of every eye.

“ By twelve o'clock all signs of rain had disappeared, and the sun shone forth brightly as the bride's procession entered the ivy-clad porch ; and Princess Mary, who appeared deeply moved, advanced to the altar leaning on her brother's arm, the choir meanwhile singing, 'How welcome was the call.' She bore herself royally, and her stately grace left an impression upon the illustrious assembly which time has not effaced. . . . The Duke of Cambridge gave his sister away, and the ceremony was impressively performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Winchester, the Vicar of Kew, and his curate. At the conclusion of the service the whole congregation knelt in silent prayer for the royal couple, and on rising from his knees Prince Teck, in good old-fashioned style, kissed his bride, who was immediately afterwards clasped in her mother's arms, and affectionately embraced by the Queen. The organ burst forth with the strains of Bee-

The Land of Teck

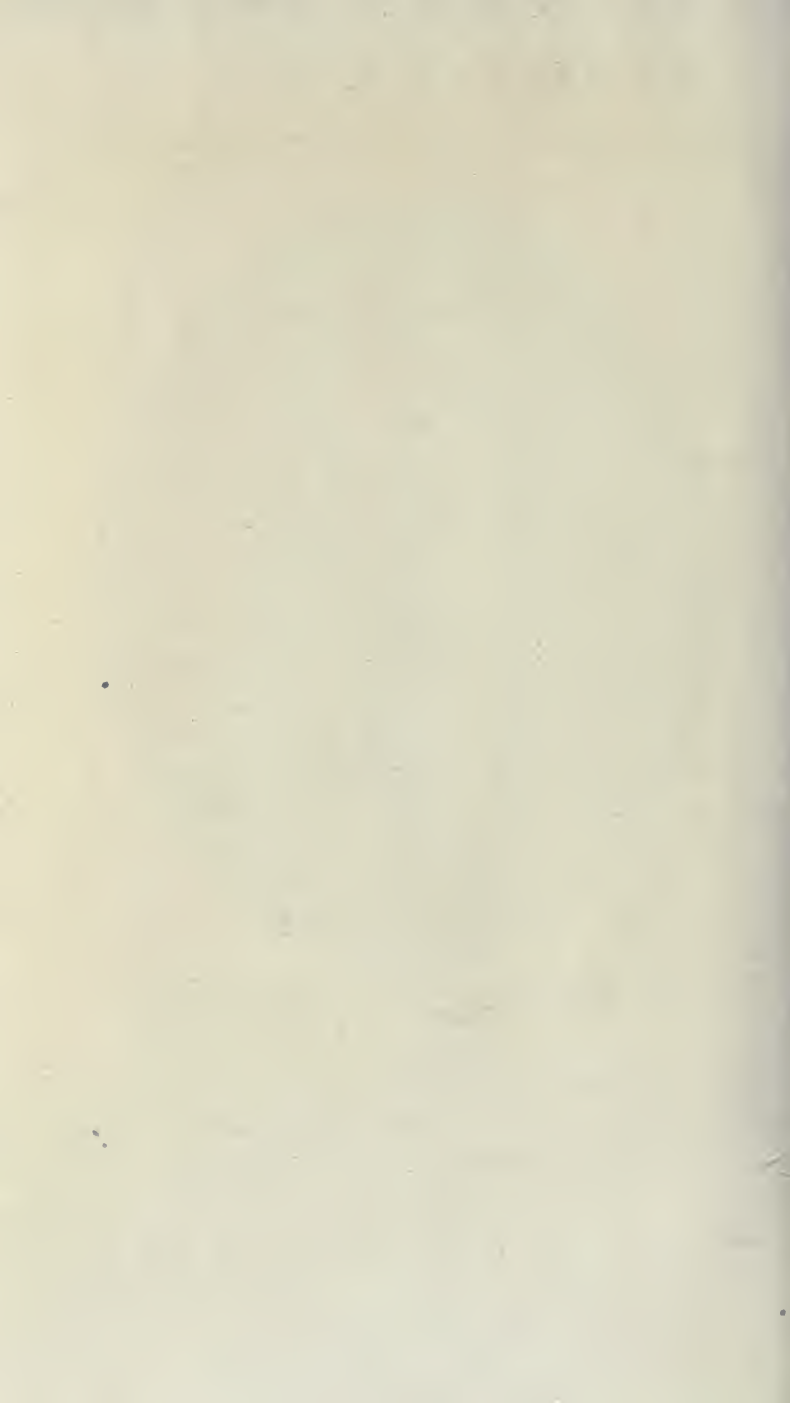
thoven's symphony, 'The Ode to Joy,' which, by Her Majesty's express desire, was substituted for Mendelssohn's wedding march, and amidst a murmur of admiration the handsome pair passed slowly down the aisle, followed immediately by the Queen and the Duke of Cambridge. The bride looked radiantly happy, and smilingly acknowledged the salutations of her more intimate friends. As she emerged from the porch on the arm of her husband the girls from the village school, attired in blue frocks, white tippetts, and straw hats to match, strewed the pathway to Cambridge Cottage with flowers."

On September 16, 1871, the King of Würtemberg conferred on the Prince of Teck the title of Duke of Teck, which had been enjoyed by the reigning family since 1495, and had been only provisionally laid aside by King Frederick. Of the kindness of heart and graceful tact of the Duke several instances are recorded. "I remember," wrote a lady, "being told by a German concert singer, a plain, dowdy woman, who was often invited to sing at great houses and not much noticed by the fine folk, that the Duke of Teck invariably addressed kind words to her, and tried to make her feel less forlorn."

One very cold Christmas Eve the Duke noticed a poor old woman hawking nuts and apples at the gates of Kensington Palace. She was shivering and pinched with cold, and seemed not to have met



H. R. H. PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK
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On the Pedigree of the Queen

with many purchasers. He hastened home with a pile of Christmas presents he had purchased, came back, bought up all her store and gave the poor old creature such liberal payment that the worn and haggard countenance shone with smiles. This was kind enough, but the consideration shown to the poor dowdy singer strikes me as the highest mark of delicate courtesy. "I never came back from a holiday," said Mme. Bricha, the governess to the Princess May—I quote from the same volume—"without finding the Duke had done something to my room during my absence; and when I used to thank him he would say, 'You know this is your home, and I want you to feel at home.'" "When Mrs. Laumann was dying, the Duchess went constantly to see her old governess. On one occasion she took a bunch of lovely flowers and placed them in the invalid's hands. Mrs. Hatchard, thinking the flowers might perhaps be too heavy for her sister to hold, was about to remove them, but Princess Mary intervened, saying, 'Do not take them away; Francis picked them on purpose for her.'"

The Duchess of Teck died on October 27, 1897. It is not my intention to write anything concerning her, as her life has been so admirably portrayed in the Memoirs by Mr. Kinloch Cooke. He says of her, "All classes felt the magnetic influence of Princess Mary; young and old were

The Land of Teck

equally attracted by her genial manner and strong personality, and her stately bearing and queenly presence commanded the admiration and respect of the entire nation. She was more widely known than any other Princess of her time, and no member of the Royal Family did more to maintain the dignity of the Throne, while her beautiful simplicity and sweetness of disposition won the affection of the English people, and gained for her a popularity that never waned. Years may come and go, but the memory of Princess Mary will live on, a bright and noble example of a life spent for others, a life of self-denial and self-sacrifice, a life of ceaseless well-doing, in which the guiding principle was charity, not alone the charity represented by the giving of alms, but charity in its higher sense of love and goodwill towards all mankind. She strove to do good unto all men, and surely a princess has never lived to more Royal purpose, in the truest sense of the word, than Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck."

Francis, Duke of Teck, died on January 21, 1900; he left issue, Princess Victoria Mary, born May 27, 1862, married in London July 6, 1893, to George Duke of York, and now their Gracious Majesties King and Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

Also, Prince Adolphus, born August 13, 1868, the present Duke, who served in the South African War, 1899-1900, married December 12, 1894, Lady Margaret Evelyn Grosvenor, fourth



Photo. W. & D. Downey

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND PRINCE ALEXANDER

On the Pedigree of the Queen

daughter of Hugh Lupus, first Duke of Westminster, and has a son, Prince George Francis Hugh, and two daughters, Princess Victoria Constance Mary and Princess Helena Frances Augusta.

The second son of Francis, Duke of Teck, was Prince Francis, who served in the Soudan expedition of 1898, and in the South African War, born January 9, 1870. He died deeply regretted on October 22, 1910, after a life spent in active beneficence.

The third son is Prince Alexander, who served in the Matabele campaign, 1896-7, and in the South African War; born April 14, 1874, married February 10, 1904, to Princess Alice of Albany.

To return now to Duke Frederick Eugene, the ancestor of the reigning family in Würtemberg, and of the Dukes of Teck. I have mentioned his eldest son, Frederick, who became King of Würtemberg in 1805, and Ludwig, grandfather of Francis, first Duke of Teck. The other sons of Duke Frederick Eugene were Eugene, born in 1758, a general in the Prussian army, and after 1794 Governor of Glogau. He commanded the reserve in the war against France in 1806, and was defeated by Bernadotte, near Halle, after the battle of Jena. He inherited estates in Silesia; and married the widow of Duke Augustus of Meiningen, Louise von Stolberg, by whom he had two sons, Eugene and Paul.

The fourth prince was William, born in 1761, a

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Danish general and Governor of Copenhagen in 1806, then Field-Marshal and Minister of War in Würtemberg. He died in 1830, after having been married for thirty years to the Burgravine von Tunderfeldt. From this marriage descend the Counts of Würtemberg, among whom Count Alexander took a high position as a poet. He was married to an Hungarian, the Countess Helena Festetics-Tolna ; and died in 1844.

The fifth prince, Ferdinand, born in 1763, was an Austrian field-marshal and Governor first of Antwerp, then of Vienna, and finally of Mainz. He was a remarkably handsome man. In 1795 he married a Princess of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, but a divorce ensued in 1801. He then married an old flame of twenty years back, a sister of Prince Metternich, Cunegund Pauline, a lady as distinguished for her amiable qualities as she was for her beauty. He died in 1834 at Wiesbaden. The sixth prince, Alexander, born in 1771, entered the Neapolitan service, then passed to that of Austria, and finally to that of Russia. In 1801 he was appointed Governor-General of Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland, then of White Russia. He died in 1833 on a journey to Gotha to attend the marriage of his daughter to the Duke Ernest of Coburg. His wife was also a Coburg Princess. His son Alexander, born in 1804, married, in 1837, Marie, daughter of King Louis Philippe, the distinguished artist, who sculptured the well-



H.S.H. THE DUKE OF TECK

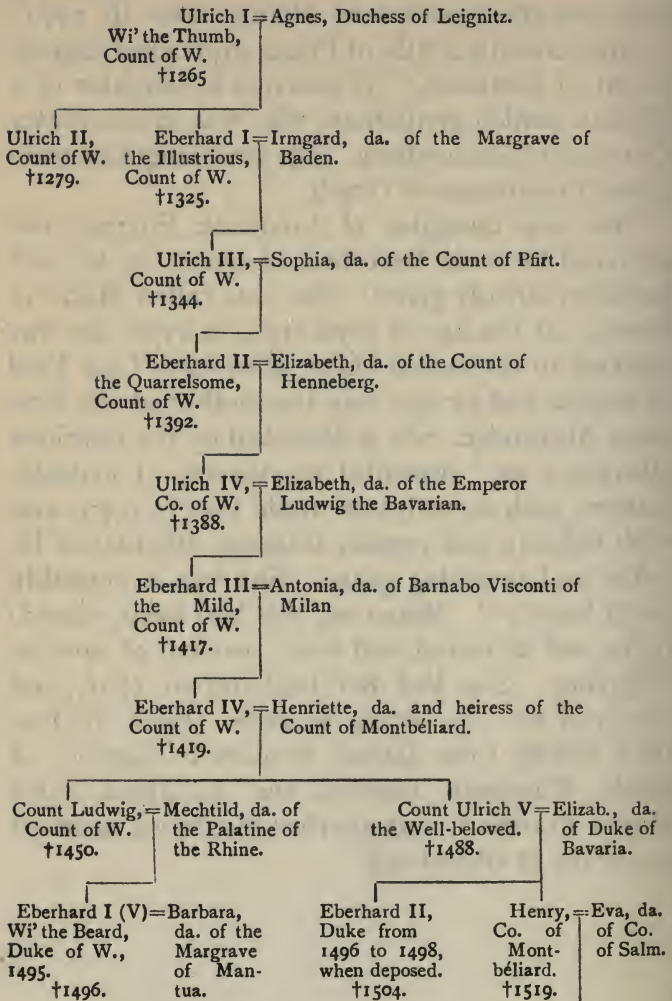
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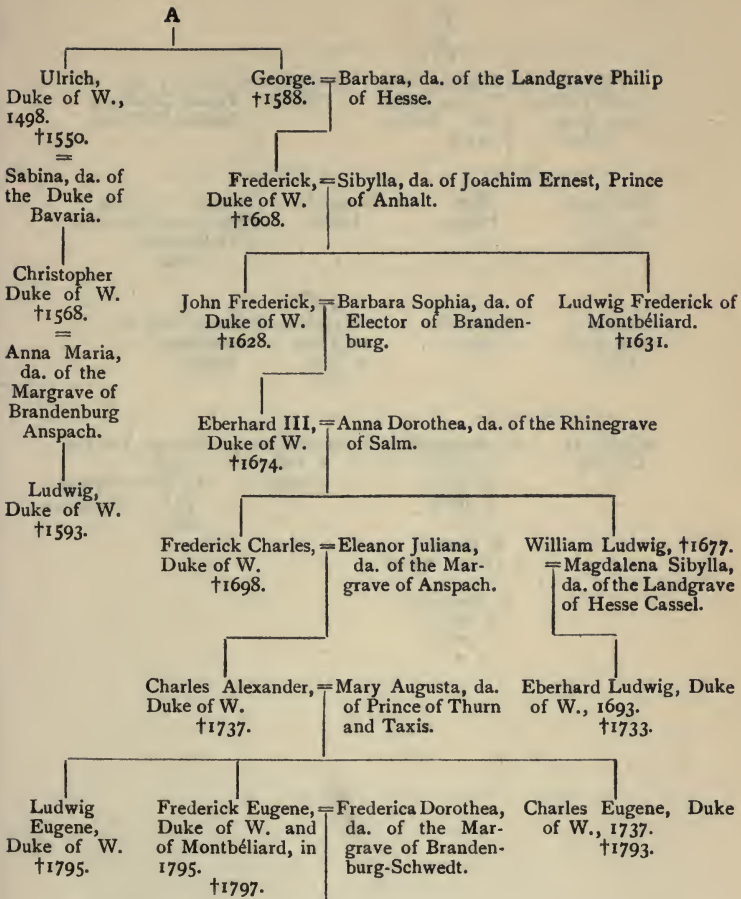
On the Pedigree of the Queen

known statue of Joan of Arc. She died in 1839. The seventh prince was Henry, born in 1772; he abandoned his title of Prince and called himself Count of Sarthem. He married a daughter of a Silesian landed gentleman, who was created later Countess of Rothenburg. His two daughters were called Countesses of Urach.

The only daughter of Frederick Eugene who survived him was Dorothea, of whom an account has been already given. She was called Maria in Russia; at the age of seventeen, in 1776, she was married to the Grand Duke, afterwards Czar Paul of Russia, and by him was the mother of the Emperor Alexander. She is described by the Baroness Oberkirch as "beautiful as Aurora, of majestic stature, such as sculptors would love to copy, and with delicate and regular features enlightened by noble and imposing grace. She was a veritably royal beauty." Moreover, she had been exceedingly well educated and was a woman of rare intelligence. She lost her husband in 1801, and survived her son, dying in 1828. Four children died before their father, Frederick Eugene; of these, Elizabeth married the Archduke, later Kaiser Francis I, and another, Frederica, married the Duke of Oldenburg.

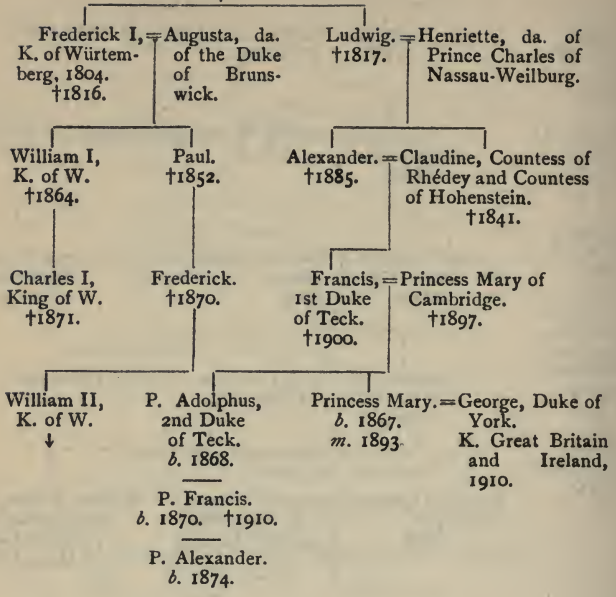
PEDIGREE OF OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN





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APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE WHITE LADY OF HOHENZOLLERN

SO as not to be tedious, and to occupy too much space, I have not given in full all the reputed appearances of the White Lady. The following account may interest. I take it from a rare book, *Nachtbilder* (Mergentheim, 1840). It will be seen by it that Queen Sophia Charlotte, second wife of King Frederick I of Prussia, had got hold of the story of the Countess of Orlamünde in a totally incorrect form.

“ I may have been a child of thirteen or fourteen. My sister Christine was one year older ; sister Lottie was the eldest, and was already grown up. Frl. von H. [probably Heidekampff], one of the Queen’s ladies-in-waiting, was much attached to my eldest sister, and took her into the palace (at Berlin) as her companion. We other two often enough visited Lottie there, and once, when our mother was away on a journey for a week, we quartered us with the Fräulein. That was a joy to me especially, for, since the day that King Frederick had patted me on the cheek and said to me, ‘ Get along with you, you impudent thing,’

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I had become very fond of the palace. The occasion of this saying by the King was as follows. It was a matter of general talk that no one could bear the sharp, piercing glance of his eyes without wincing, and we children had often heard this. In my childish audacity I ventured to test the truth of this saying ; and one day, when I was in the palace visiting Lottie, I planted myself in the midst of the hall through which the King was wont to pass on his way to parade, and I fixed my eyes on the door of his apartment, out of which he was expected to issue. And, in fact, the monarch did come forth, and, naturally enough, his glance rested on me, who stood in the middle of the hall and looked boldly at him. He looked at me with his peculiar, indescribable eyes that seemed to pierce to the very depths of the soul, looking straight into my eyes. I felt as if I must lower them, but I plucked up my courage, thinking, 'After all, he can't hurt me,' and returned his glance. We may have thus looked each other in the eyes for some seconds, when the King stepped up to me, patted me, and said the words above quoted. Since then I have held my nose higher than before.

"Sister Christine and I had been nearly a week in the palace, and lived and played like princesses. We fed from the palace kitchen, took drives in the royal carriages, as we liked. One afternoon we were with Fräulein von H. and her

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eldest sister, and we alone. We sat down to work, and chattered about the last court ball, at which we had been permitted to look on, about the fine weather, and were grumbling that we could not go out and enjoy it. Suddenly we were aroused by the sound of the vibration of strings, like those of a harp. I ran to the window, fancying that some one must be playing in the palace court; but almost immediately it occurred to me that if such had been the case we could hardly have heard it, where we were in the third storey. We all listened, and it seemed to us that the harmonious sounds issued from under the great stove which stood in a corner of the room. I said to myself, 'Now then, you were not afraid to encounter the eyes of the great Frederick, and you are not going to allow yourself to be scared by the tones of an invisible musician.' I took my measuring-yard and beat about under the stove. The music ceased, but all at once the rod was whisked out of my hand. I was frightened. Christine laughed, and said the music must proceed from the street, and that my rod and my courage together had gone down a mouse-hole. I ran forth to conceal my feelings, under the pretence that I was going to a shop to buy some riband.

“When I returned, half an hour later, the aspect of affairs had changed. My sister Christine lay unconscious, Frl. von H. and sister Lottie had

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returned from a visit, and were engaged, along with her chambermaid, in trying to bring the insensible girl round. The chambermaid had been in the third room from ours, when she had heard a piercing cry, and hurrying in, had found sister Christine in this condition. Shortly after Frl. von H. and Lottie had arrived.

“Only after much trouble was my sister brought to herself again, and she then told us that scarcely had I left before the same mysterious notes had become again audible, and this time had issued unmistakably from the corner in which stood the big stove. The sound swelled in volume, and filled the whole room with its sweet, strange vibrations. Then she became frightened, when all at once a white figure appeared, taking shape, how she could not explain, in that part of the room; it had advanced toward her, when she had fainted, and only now recovered her senses.

“Frl. von H. was very superstitious and was also avaricious. She poked about round the stove, fancying that she would find some indications that a treasure was hidden there. Singularly enough, she discovered, what we had never before observed, that the flooring was here laid in a different manner from the rest of the parquet, and probably enough this had been done for some particular purpose.

“Now Frl. von H. was quite convinced that she

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was on the eve of discovering the secret chamber of Plutus, and she bound us all over to secrecy, and sent out her chambermaid to fetch a carpenter with his tools. He arrived, was also bound to silence, and a rich reward was promised him. So he went to work, and the aforesaid bit of flooring was soon broken up, and lo! there was a second floor under it, much more solid in construction. The curiosity of Frl. von H. grew. She herself put a hand to the work, and this obstruction was also removed, and then there was disclosed before us a deep pit, out of which issued an unpleasant smell of decay. Frl. von H. sent the chambermaid for some lights, and these were let down, and showed a sort of well with iron stanchions set in the angles, on which lay quicklime. The well went down deeper than we could see—there was nothing more. We let down a weight by a string, and it seemed to us that the hole reached the entire depth of the palace from the third storey. Frl. von H. now thought it advisable to inform the Queen of the discovery. Her Majesty did not appear in the least surprised, and gave the following explanation: The apparition was that of the restless spirit of a Countess of Orlamünde, who had been walled up alive in this oubliette. She had been the mistress of a Margrave of Brandenburg, and had borne to him two children. When the Margrave became a widower she wanted him to marry her, but he

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refused under the plea that these children might put in their claims to the land and give trouble to his legitimate issue. Then the cruel mother resolved to remove this impediment, and she poisoned her children. The crime was discovered, and the Margrave, whose love had been converted into bitter hate, ordered the construction of this vault or well in the palace and the Countess to be secretly entombed in it, so as to conceal the scandal. The spirit of the Countess has no repose in this grave, and every seven years reappears, and her reappearance is usually preceded by strange sounds as of a harp, for the Countess had been a skilled harpist. It had been remarked that it was mostly children who saw the apparition. Such is the story of the White Lady.

“On that very same evening a royal master-builder was sent to examine the apartments of Frl. von H., and he pronounced them in a bad condition. She was accordingly removed to another set of rooms in the second storey, and these we occupied on the following day. My sister got it into her head that the apparition foreboded her own death, and, in fact, she died not long after.”

It will be seen that the Queen, who was daughter of Ernest Augustus of Hanover, and died in 1705, had related the story wrong in most particulars. Albert of Hohenzollern was not Margrave of Brandenburg, but Burgrave of Nuremberg. He

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was not married when Cunegund of Orlamünde fell in love with him. The children she is reputed to have murdered were not his. She was not immured at Berlin, but died a natural death as Abbess of Himmelsthron; and the palace at Berlin was not built till some centuries after their time. The Queen had picked up some few scraps of the story and confused them with some others she had heard.

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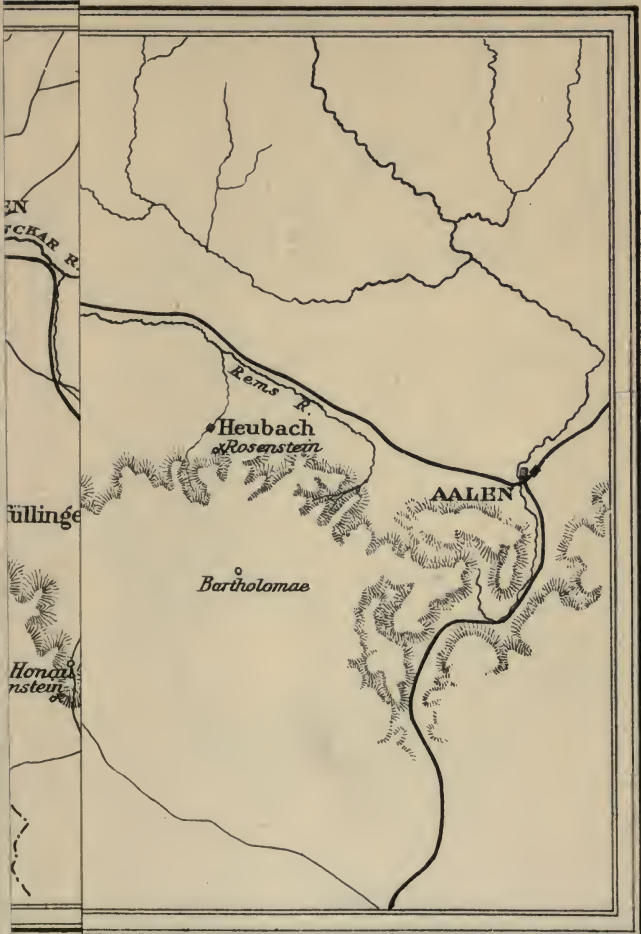
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