THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

THE LORD OF CASTLE CRAZY. From All the Year Round. I dwell in Castle Crazy, And am its King and Lord, Tis furnished well for all my needs – Cellar and bed and board. And up in the topmost attic, The farthest from the earth, I keep my choicest treasures And gems of greatest worth. A nobly stocked museum Of all that's rare and bright With plans-ah, many a thousand ! For setting the wrong world right. Plans for destroying evil And poverty and pain. And stretching life to a hundred years Of vigorous heart and brain. I've books in Castle Crazy That solve the riddles of time, And make old histories easy With all their sorrow and crime. Books that divulge all secrets That science has ever thought, And might lead us back to Eden If men could ever be taught.

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I've plans for converting the heathen-Plans for converting ourselves --Perhaps the greatest of heathen !--All in a row on my shelves. I've plans for transmuting pebbles Into the minted gold, And fixing dew into diamonds

As bright as were ever sold. Though Castle Crazy's open

To all who wish to see, Very few people care to come

And explore its wealth with me. I very well know the reason-Prithee! don't miss the point!

I am the centre of wisdom-The world is out of joint !



The following sketch of an old German building of historic interest, which we have translated from a recent number of a German periodical, will be found to be pleasant summer reading:-

The loiterer along the quiet Hauptstrasse in Augsburg, soon after passing the Hercules Fountain, will observe a remarkable old house with imposing facade and an iron balcony. Three or four servants lounge at the door, a huge omnibus comes thundering up, and an Englishman with his wife stands in the roadway, as if with deliberate desire to be run over.

That is the Hotel of the Three Moors-a historical point in this historical city. It is not long since the last owner died; and we cannot pay a more fitting tribute to his memory than by briefly sketching the history of his house. For his was one of those true German natures which finds its pride in the house of their fathers, and which heartily rejoices in the prosperity and glory of the family name and home

The dignified host of the Three Moors had seen many a modern traveller alight at his door. He himself had travelled much through Enrope-to London and Paris, to the far North and to the Levant-yet wherever he went he came back always with joy and pride to his "'Moors" in the old street. George Deuringer-for this was the honored old citizen's name-had in his establishment nothing of the expensive machinery which is usually modern hotels. He never disap peared behind an army of retainers in dresscoats, such as fill the halls and staircases of many a hotel now-a-days. On the contrary, he cared personally for the comfort of his guests, and liked nothing better than to sit down and chat with them on all sorts of subjects. According to his ideas, the guests in a really good hotel should be made to feel entirely at home, and the furnishing of the rooms in his house carried out this principle. There was none of that gilt and tinsel decoration which the frivolous taste of modern times has sanctioned. All the rooms had solid, old-fashioned furniture, inviting to family use and family comfort. The walls were adorned with frescoes representing scenes from the old Persian wars and deeds of the Trojan heroes. The Hotel of the Three Moors was already in existence in 1344, and included also at that time the ground now covered by the small house on the right. When the gay knight with his troop of followers passed through the town, he stopped here to drink and carouse, until some feud or fray called him to more stirring life; and when the quiet scholar came that way, he too paused to fill his tankard and to gaze at the fair maiden spinning behind the balcony. These were the earliest days of the "Three Moors." In 1492-96 Antonius Fugger built the present large house. The time of Charles V was at hand, and the old Roman town had become the pearl of Germany. Within its walls was assembled the famous Reichstag of 1530: thousands of strangers flocked thither, and the streets were gay with bright dresses and noble forms. Knights and their retainers occupied many of the high, quaint houses, with their narrow windows and lofty gables, but the Emperor himself had his quarters in the house of which we are writing. He was the guest of the Fugger family, and lived in the great saloon, whose wood-panelled ceiling even at this day excites admiration. But these days of magnificence passed away, and more serious times succeeded them. The early storms of the Reformation and the calamities of the Thirty Years' War affected this proud house also. Then came the eighteenth century, with its lavish taste and lawless ideas, and in 1722 the house passed into the hands of a Senator, Andreas Wahl by name, who altered the facade to suit the taste of the day. The Gothic towers which stood on each side were taken away, and the older and newer parts of the house nnited. In 1804 the father of the late owner, so recently deceased, came into possession of it. During the troublous times of Napoleon I Augsburg was frequently the scene of stirring events, and in 1801 the knighthood who represented the kingdom, then fading away, held their last meeting here in Augsburg, in this ancient house. A year later Napoleon I dwelt within its walls. It was cold October weather: thousands of soldiers lay in the wide plain towards Ulm, of which General Mack held possession. The Emperor's whole staff was quartered in the "Moors;" Talleyrand came there, and Metternich, and a deputation from Paris brought to the Emperor constant communications from the Senate. On December 4, 1805, two days after the fearful battle of Austerlitz, Josephine was in this house with her son Engene Beauharnais. Messengers hastened to and fro, exhausted soldiers and fresh troops passed through the crowded city, and Marshals Lefevre and Soult took up their quarters in this same old "Three Moors." For a short season there was again quiet in the old streets, until, in 1809, the grand army took up its march towards Vienna and passed through Augsburg. From April 16 to 18 Napoleon occupied for the second time as his headquarters the same noble rooms which he

had used in 1805, and with him now came Oadi- | The Abad Romano dates from 1754, Muscadel not and Bernadotte. Like a raging stream the French army poured into Austria, and a hun-dred thousand soldiers' hearts beat in one onward movement of victory and exultation. Before the "Three Moors" walked the guard of honor; above, at the window, stood the Emperor in his grey coat and small hat. Large maps lay spread out before him, while his eye looked into the future, and in imagination he stood already on the Danube and fought the decisive battle.

Two thousand square miles were torn by the French eagle at one grasp of his mighty talons out of Austria's fair domains, and the Emperor Francis and his State were crushed. This was in 1809. In 1810 another noble guest knocked at the door of the "Three Moors"-Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis, and chosen bride of Napoleon. Many a joy-ous and many a tearful bride had tarried here in the course of the years that were past, but never one more timid or more full of fears than this imperial bride on her way to Paris as the price for which Napoleon had granted peace.

Four years later all was changed. The French eagle was prostrate; Napoleon was overthrown, and the German standard was lifted from the dust and borne aloft again. Other guests now flocked to the "Three Moors"-princes, ambassadors, and deputies going to the Congress at Vienna. Among them were Montgelas and Count Munster, Castlereagh and Cathcart, Ompteda and Car-dinal Gonsalvi, to whom the German States owed that apple of discord, the Concordat. And now a new storm broke over Europe, and fresh armies appeared, with the sudden return of Napoleon from Elba. We find among the strangers who visited our ancient house in these days the names of Wellington, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia. All the powers of Europe were now turning towards Belgium, where the victorious course of the conqueror was to be opposed, and where he was to meet his fate. During these days couriers passed and repassed continually through our old town, and Walpole and Wrede, the future European Nicholas, and the dethroned King of Sweden, all visited the "Three Moors."

After the battle of Waterloo, the German body politic was clothed in a new garment, and the Napoleonic appearances which had flashed upon it like a comet disappeared from its horizon. Jerome, the ex-King of Westphalia, however, seemed to rise above the depressing circumstances of his time, and came to the "Three Moors" on the 7th of August, 1816, to console himself with French champagne for the adverse fate of the French crown. In 1819 the ambassadors to the congress at Aix-la-Chapelle visited the old house, and with this the active political life of this epoch ended.

Insensibly the character of Augsburg changed after this, and became less connected with politics, and more with industrial life. The former kingdom was long since dead and buried, but its sacred candle had burnt pretty freely for a thousand years, until the west wind had come and extinguished it. A new light had arisen upon the people, however, which was so gentle in its shining that no eye was blinded by it; and this was the German Confederation. For fifty years had Germania sat like a vestal virgin, and guarded in Frankfort the sacred flame, the political life of the German people.

At last there came another strong windthis time not warm from the west, as in tions of autographs in Germany, for, accord-1866-and the decaying political building tot-tered and fell, because men had quite forgotten to keep it in repair. The terrified spirit of the confederation took flight and dropped down in the "Three Moors" at Augsburg. Here, where the leader of half a million men had lodged, where the Emperors of the Holy Alliance had met, the guardians of the dying confederation now came to say their last words and to make their last moan. The hope which the confederation was to realize had withered like a green branch, and 18 its dead leaves were scattered to the winds. Quietly and peacefully as it had lived so it died, for it never had the heart of the German prople. 18 But again in the following year the "Three Moors" had a royal guest. When Napoleon III was going to Salzburg, to the Conference of Powers, he wished to show his Empress the city where he had been a scholar in the Gymnasium, and he therefore stopped with his suite in Augsburg. And there, in the same rooms where once the "uncle" had sat, before he went to Aspern and Wagram, to destroy Austria, sat the "nephew" before he went to Salzburg to win Austria's friendship. Strange thoughts must have pressed upon that cold, calculating heart as he, believing so strongly in destiny, looked upon the streets where, as a school-boy, he dreamed perchance of a crown for himself. The stranger who wishes to see this ancient house is of course first conducted to the Imperial room. The lofty bed is carefully shut in with curtains, the candelabras before the tall mirrors look as if no light had burned in them for scores of years, and histories are pictured in the antique frescoes on the walls. Involuntarily the visitor treads softly, as if he might perhaps catch something of what had once been spoken here. In the second story is the favorite chapel, adorned with old paintings of the school of Lucas Cranach, while some Italian pictures hang over the altar and door. The carved prie-dicu which stands in the middle is nearly four hundred years old. The walls were formerly covered with silk tapestry, but they are now plastered and finished off in modern style. Ascending higher, the staircases are steeper, and the numerous angles and corners of the curious old house become more perplexing. Only travellers who desire cheap lodgings climb into those regions, and the little waiter 43 who conducts them to their rooms reminds one of a will-o'-the-wisp with his lantern flashing in and out of the dark turns. The historical treasures of the house are above ground, but in the cool, dark subferranean rooms there are also treasures of untold value, for there is the world-renowned winecellar of the "Three Moors." Whoever goes through the catalogue of this collection can thereby advance his geographical studies, for there are wines here from every part of the world, and the labels date one hun-dred and twenty years back. I should far rather dwell upon this wine-list with my tongue than with my pen, and would gladly change my inkstand at this moment into a bottle of Malvoisie. Among the German wines (and their list stands at the head). we find first of all the Oubinet und Auslese com Rhein. These are ten, eleven and fifteen gulden (a gulden is about fifty cents, silver) a bottle. Since a German scholar as general thing gets his dinner for fifteen kretzers (about ten cents, silver) it is evident that this wine is not grown for his table, or his table is not grown for this wine. The French list shows champagne and the heavy wines of the South, which make our heads spin so speedily. One of these contained a warning in its label: it was called *nuit*, while another was creme de la tete. The Spanish names are more high-sound-ing, generally being linked to a Don or Donna.

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de Granada from 1776; while from the Canary Islands comes Palmen wine a hundred years old. Portugal and Madeira yield also their treasures, and the Tokay wines come next. Among the Italian names we hear sounds familiar to us from the odes of Horace. Here are the Massic and the Falernian, which once flowed at the table of Mæcenas, with which Catullus cooled his fevered lips, and for which the exile of Tomos (Ovid) longed when the pain of his banishment pressed sore upon his heart.

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Even Syria and Persia have thirteen kinds of wine on the list, and the Cape of Good Hope has six. It cannot be denied that such a list as this has a cosmopolitan, almost a historical character, not only that of business enterprise. Enjoyment, that has been the master passion of the world for thousands of years, and the vine was the magic plant, the sweet treasure, which was concealed in the earth to be discovered by man for his need and for his pleasure. He cast his cares and his gloomy thoughts into the bottom of the cup where he found his comfort and delight. And the people of to-day, too, lift the cup to their lips, but they drink no more as did those of former times. genius of enjoyment, the Olympic The in their pleasure, has gone with the old days, and out of the ancient reveller has come the modern gourmand. The Frenchman sips his champagne while he dines with fair ladies, the Italian drinks his Marsala and reads the Opinione, and the German lifts his goblet of Rhine wine, and sings one of Ernst Moriz Arndt's songs. But as they drank in the days of Augustus none drink now: the eating and drinking has become a means to an end only. The ancient carouser is a dramatic, the modern bon-vivant a comic figure. How can one call it otherwise when in the hall of the "Three Moors' a travelling tradesman dealing in wagon grease drinks Falernian wine? Does not such a case Horace's ode become a in satire?

In no hostelry in all Germany is the contrast between past and present so forced upon one as in the "Three Moors.' It meets you on every stair and in every room, and in the great saloon, where the annual ball is always held, the ladies wear as masks the same tasteful dress which, three hundred years ago, the patrician daughters of the time were used to wear. When the dance is over the gentlemen sit in the room above and smoke their cigars with their nightly glass, and they sit in the same room and by the same fireplace where the old Count Fugger sat when he threw the bond of Charles V into the fire.

Passing through the passage-ways in the morning, we often meet young couples who keep close together, as if the narrowness of the stairs compelled it, and the little wife is as closely veiled as if she were in Turkey instead of Augsburg. Who might they be? The young man's entry yesterday in the book was "Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ and wife." He wrote it as if he had done it a hundred times, and yet this was the very first occasion. "The bride and groom" have become a very common type in the travelling community, and the typical hotel for this type is the "Three Moors" in Augsburg.

But besides this visitors' book, in which is inscribed "Mr. ---- and wife," there is another, where the names of all the great ones above-mentioned are written. It is, perhaps, one of the most valuable collecing to the estin matters, it would readily bring 20,000 gulden There are some, however, who desire to procure them more cheaply, judging from the frequent defacing of the book done by English and Americans. Many names have, in consequence, been inserted by other hands, and now the book is scarcely ever exhibited to strangers.



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