

## The Pittsburgh Gazette.

NATURE AND ART IN EUROPE.

(Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.)

PAEGUE, February 1, 1869.

Partings are never pleasant things to linger over, and I shall say little of our's in Dresden, of the calls of friends or the hearty farewells from the waiters or house-maids, who had learned to consider us as friends in our three months' stay. At the door of the "Curtsinger House" stood a smiling and bowing group, stout but handsome hostesses, shrill maiden sisters, rosy waists; and, in a perfect storm of good-byes, hand-kissing, and some tears from the easily moved kindly German hearts, we drove off, and our winter in Dresden was ended. Not quite—for as the train moved into the flat plains behind the city, the well-known dome of the "Frauen Kirche," the well-spired of the "Sophien Kirche," and many other well-known landmarks rose above the trees, giving us one more unpeated view.

Sprung deep in among the grand rocks and wilds of "The Saxon Switzerland." What a sight it is people should name one beautiful place after another, especially where it provokes comparison! Seeing these lovely views for the first time, under a name of their own, I could at once have been full of delight and admiration, but, as it was, I kept uttering little contemptuous expressions over every scene. "Yes, that is pretty, but what do they call it? Solderland for it, is not that at all?" Finally I forgot the name and thought only of the beauty. Great walls of rock rising from the river, every now and then a solitary one, crowned by a gray rim and a cavity inhabited, wild ravines opening back from the river, with a picturesque hamlet clinging to the narrow strip of ground between rock and stream, rolling hills covered with vineyards, the loose soil in many places only held from slipping into the river, lying far below the low fences of wicker work. All these varied beauties succeeding one another until the day light faded, and then showing the dark beauty under the soft white moonlight.

The city looked modern with its wide streets and bright shops, as we drove to our hotel, but the morning light showed it quaint and foreign enough. In the cars, whenever a stretch of flat country allowed us to look away from the windows, we studied faithfully our invaluable "Baedeker's Guide Book," which a friend had given us, and which will go with us to America, and will post us where we are until we are home again, after another, until we shook hands off and went our way unmetaled.

We found without difficulty the old Justin Church, with its two square towers of old grey stone. The front is cut up by many shop doors, and a very humble shop, a poor, narrow uneven passage, with many a poor, beggar, telling his beads and begging between his prayers, sitting on stone seats near his church door. The interior was very lofty, with five simple Gothic arches, but spoiled by the many shrines stuck all about. Its conversion to Catholicism had lost much of its beauty.

On again into the town before the old Town Hall; there dwelt the Protestant nobles lost their heads after the last battle in which the Reformation in Bohemia was crushed. Then up the steep hill, towards the "Hradischin," or citadel, stopping to look at many queer churches, houses and statues.

You notice at once the contrast between North and South Germans, the many dark skins, the greater poverty and more frequent beggary among the former, and everywhere along side of the German signs and notices, the strange Slavonic tongues with its utterly unknown accents and letters. After a steep climb we reached the "Hradischin." It is a collection of palaces, citadel and a cathedral, crowning a high rocky hill, overlooking the town. Its deep moat is now a pleasure-garden, and green grass and beautiful trees clothe its steep sides.

The palaces, like most I have seen, look dreary enough. Whatever they may have been when knights in bright armor were servants and hangers-on of all kinds made the great courts gay with life; now desolate, and comfortless enough, and I actually feel sorry for the poor mortals condemned to live in such long, dismal piles of brick and stone.

The cathedral is but a fragment; only the choir and great tower ever having been finished. The choir is rich in carvings, with great flying buttresses like those at Cologne, while the tower, still rises to the height of three hundred feet. Its very ruined, fragmentary state seemed to add to its beauty. It is undergoing a thorough restoration, and a placard on the door informed that strangers were not admitted. It is convenient sometimes not to understand German; so we walked in and were repaid by glimpses of noble arches, and tantalized by a scaffolding that completely hid the roof of the choir.

Our guide told us he had seen a fine monasteries near by, the richest in Austria, from which a great view was, to be obtained; and after a long search we found it, and in answer to our modest ring and request for admittance were informed, "gentlemen could enter, but ladies not!" As we plodded our way through the dry court yard, with our first sight, we supposed led to a stable, could not help attributing the dirt to some rigid exclusion of ladies, even a few, as occasional visitors would have dropped in that might have led to reform! Disappointed to lose our view, we followed a narrow path skirted round the monastery, and here passed an archway, when out rushed a brother with such looks of alarm, he must have suspected us of being spies, bent upon the destruction of the Austrian Empire. "You can come in here!" he shouted, but quieting us, our polite answer, he told us only soldiers were admitted there; so between monk and soldier we were cheered of our view. But after a hasty walk to the Belvedere Villa, built some three hundred years ago, we did get a view after all, beautiful enough to compensate for dear loss. The villa stands on the side of the deep most opposite the Hradischin, and from the roof of its piazza you have a magnificent view. The city lies far below you, circled by the

the Moldau, and shut out by hills, crowded by the Hradischin, the steep, green slope, crowned by gray old walls, with red-roofed turrets, showing long lines of palaces, and the beautiful cathedral, with its noble tower, a fitting crown to the whole. You could see the slender suspension bridge, spanning the Moldau, and the old stone bridge, with its many towers and two great towers at each end.

The villa consists of two large, long rooms, the lower one having once been filled with statues, the upper with its walls still bright with frescoes, illustrating the history of Bavaria; it is ungratefully dilapidated now. Our guide—an old Hungarian soldier, with bottle nose and skin so weather-beaten that it looked like anything but flesh and blood, was quite mournful over the condition of things, shrugging his shoulders, and shrugging his head, and pointing out here and there, places where he used to stand. He let him equally satisfied with a few and compliments to his God, which was more civilized than the Bohemian jargon which we had in vain tried to comprehend.

Then followed a long winding path through the Veltin Garden, we came to Wallenstein's Palace, a huge, ugly building. Hearing some one call as we crossed the court, I was alarmed to see a silver, long coat touching the ground, lined with black fur, and turning over at the collar, and cuffs so deep and long and big, that he looked like a grisley bear on his hind legs. This alarming vision beckoned us to come to him, and we with difficulty learned that we were to walk there till some one came. There "some one" appeared in the shape of a young woman, who led us along a chilly dark hall and ushered us into Wallenstein's bath-room, surely the dismalst place I ever saw, designed to represent a castle with stalactites pendant from roof and sides, they looked like dirty sponges and Ishamites dressed as sepulchres, "douche" passing through it, a door led to a summer-dining-room, on a kind of porch, entirely open on one side, looking into the garden, the walls and roof covered with faded frescoes. It was shockingly dirty, but one could fancy a bright picture of knight and ladies feasting there. Just beyond was a room with Wallenstein's horse, which he rode at the battle of Luetzen, a poor animal was rather the worse for wear, having very little hair on his body, and a very new head added lately to the old, well-worn body. Here were two miserably-painted portraits of Wallenstein and his wife, and a small portrait of his son. The place is still in the possession of his descendants.

Again across a old bridge, with its queer stonework. One receives the release of souls from Purgatory, the wretches are tied together and making a jury of us, judging from their faces we were to guard the door on one side and a snowball. Turk on the other; from above a hole in the floor a sliver through a hole in the roof, the wretches sit the Devil to whom another. Satan is presenting broken hand-cuffs and chains. In the middle of the bridge is a great gilt cross, with two draped statues on either side, on one side an inscription tells that this was made new for reviling the Cross in the year 1600. Every man as he passes salutes, though the wretches do not look up or cease their talk or occupations, all about. The place is still in the possession of his descendants.

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## POLITICAL.

## FOR LIBERTY.

WILLIAM A. BIRKIN.

Will be a candidate for the office of Sheriff, under the decision of the Union Republican County Committee.

THE CITIZENS OF ALLEGHENY CO., NEW YORK,

Announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, under the decision of the Union Republican County Committee.

I ask that the office be FOR THE MILLION.

SMITHSON'S EMPORIUM,

65 AND 67 FIFTH AVENUE.

MESSRS. H. B. SMITHSON &amp; CO., proprietors

of the well-known Auction Houses at

Creating an excellent opportunity for

making a large sum of money.

which are being sold at re-

moral rates, the most reasonably

and conveniently situated.

to the citizens of the county.

for their support. J. E. PHILLIPS.

Late 10/24 (old 13th), and 6th PA. Vol. Regt.

mch24

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR CONTRACTORS.

Pittsburgh &amp; Connellsville Railroad.

Promises will be received up to SATURDAY,

MARCH 31, inclusive, for the

GRADUATION, MASONRY AND BALLASTING

OF THE REMAINING 47 Sections of this Road,

situated between the 90 miles between Con-

nellsville and Cumberland, Ohio, for the

Distribution of the Pittsburgh and Camb-

berland Offices, on Phil-

lipsburg, and the

Order of the President and Directors.

B. C. BOYLE, Chief Engineer.

OFFICE PITTSBURG &amp; CONNELLSVILLE RAILROAD CO.

Pittsburgh, March 18, 1869.

mch24

FOR WORKHOUSE.—Proposed

4th FLOOR, POWER HOUSE,

STEAM ENGINE, including

COTTON WEAVER, AT THE ALLEGHENY

WORKHOUSE.

COTTON WEAVER, AT THE ALLEGHENY

WORKHOUSE.

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 30, 1869.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

W. B. BIRKIN, Auctioneer.

FOR EPILEPSY CAN BE CURED

—Those who are afflicted with epilepsy are earnestly invited to apply to Dr. J. H. BIRKIN, 103 Franklin Street, New York, for a cure.

MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY

—An Essay by a young man on the crime

of Solitudo, or Celibacy, and the

Dangers of celibacy.

A. C. BOYLE, Vice President.

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