

appointments and facilities for travel are superb. At Frankfort, and some other places in Germany, there are no hotel omnibuses. The sergeant of police, who, in magnificent uniform, looks like a field officer, calls for cabs, which come in rotation without the least confusion, and in a few minutes the whole party is transferred in comfort to their hotel.

I observed a great change in Frankfort since I visited it ten years ago. It has become much more modernized, and the picturesque old Judengasse—the Jews' quarter—had been renewed almost beyond recognition. Frankfort is, after Rouen, the most quaint old city we saw in Europe. It dates from the time of Charlemagne, who held here a convocation of notables of the Empire in 794. It was a rallying-place for the Crusaders, and the trade emporium of Central Europe. Here, for centuries, the German Emperors were elected and crowned. Its great fairs, in which merchants from all parts of Europe assembled, have, through the growth of the railway system, lost their importance; but it is still one of the great money-markets of the world, with a population of 100,000.

We lodged at the fine hotel Schwann, in which the final treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed by Jules Favre and Bismarck, May 10th, 1871. The city abounds in splendid streets, squares, public buildings, art galleries, and gardens. But its chief attraction is its ancient, narrow streets between the time-stained timbered houses, with their quaintly-carved fronts, each story projecting over the lower till the upper ones almost meet overhead, with grotesque figures supporting the projections and roof, the old historic churches and halls, and the mouldering gates and watch-towers of its walls.

Till the year 1806 the Jews' street was closed every night, and on Sundays and holidays all day, with lock and key, and no Jew might leave this quarter under a heavy penalty. They had to wear a patch of yellow cloth on their backs, so as to be recognized. In the Römerberg, an ancient square, was the inscription: "Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein"—"No Jews or swine admitted here." Such were the indignities with which, for centuries, the children of Abraham were pursued.

The most interesting building, historically, in Frankfort, is the Römer, or town hall, dating from 1406. It has three lofty crow-stepped gables toward the Römerberg. We visited the election room, decorated in red, where the emperors were chosen by the electors, and the Kaisersaal, in which the newly-elected emperor dined in public, and showed himself from the windows to the people in the square. On the walls are portraits of the whole