

and recreation, indicating the natural bent of the inhabitants of Würzburg. But among these "Vereins" is a large number of the "Wohlthätig" nature, and, therefore, the poor and sick are carefully looked after. The work of the civic authorities in an official way is consequently much reduced in this direction.

With 3,200 men—artillery and infantry—quartered in the two immense garrisons here the lover of arbitration as the means of settling all international disputes is forcibly reminded that his wishes remain as yet ungratified. The boom of cannon heard one night recently was explained in the following morning's paper by the fact that the artillery regiment had been resisting an imaginary attack by an imaginary foe, which was advancing on the quiet city. The magnificent bands of these two regiments furnish delectable music weekly the year through in the Imperial Gardens. These free, open-air Sunday concerts are invariably well patronized and enjoyed by the residents.

The most imposing spectacle that has been witnessed here during the last twenty years—according to a local journal—was a military funeral on a recent date of a late army general. The battalions of infantry and artillery extended a distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile in front of the hearse on which rested the dead general's sword and helmet. The brass-mounted helmets of the infantry seen from a slightly elevated position looked like a sea of gold, and the presence of many officers from various parts of the realm added to the gorgeousness of the spectacle.

There can be no doubt, however, that the very rapid increase in the ranks of the Socialists in Germany can be attributed in part to the military system of the country. Already there are forty-six representatives of Socialism in the Reichstag. It is while serving his two years that the young man becomes imbued with socialistic ideas from comrades of longer residence in garrison, who also received theirs from predecessors, and returns to the village or farm, or city work-bench, to further sow the seed of this new plant of already luxurious and widespread growth.

Perhaps to this also as much as any other source can be attributed the seemingly inexcusably large amount of woman labour. With so many able bodied men withdrawn from work we are no longer surprised but still disgusted to see women sawing and splitting wood on the streets, carrying brick and mortar, employed on corporation work in building and in cleaning the streets, in drawing and shoving carts and small wagons heavily loaded, and, in some cases, pulling a vehicle alongside of and with the assistance of a dog. In other capacities—menial but less disgusting—the duties are discharged *de bonne grace*, and as a matter of course; but in the above mentioned, and where women carry such monstrous burdens on their backs, the step is not so blithe nor does the face always look so fresh and cheerful, but a tired and weary look and gait, and more or less disfigurement of body, is all too patent to the most casual observer.

An ancient and peculiar but quite rational custom with regard to burial still obtains here to a considerable extent. It is peculiar to this district, I believe. I shall endeavor to describe it under the circumstances in which I first witnessed it. It was a few Sundays after arriving here. A few figures in white were to be seen coming down the street: a little nearer and the two in front are seen to be bearing aloft a large black wooden cross with crape attached and floating in the breeze; still nearer and priests in official robes are seen following, and these accompanied by incense bearers. The other half of the small procession is clothed in black, and the whole, followed by the hearse, is slowly wending its way toward the "Friedhof," for it is a funeral procession. Curiosity is aroused, and so at a respectful distance we follow. A soldier is hurriedly making his way to the barracks, but he slackens his pace, gives his salute, and remains with hand upraised to his forehead till the last of the procession has slowly passed. A professor and a business man are returning from a walk, but the hat is respectfully removed on meeting the sorrowing band and not again donned till the carriage containing the dead has passed. Little children stop and view the procession with sympathetic gaze and uncovered head, and though the day is cold, the sire with the white and scanty locks bares himself while the mournful company passes. The entrance to the walled "city of the dead" is passed and the hearse stops in front of a cottage-

shaped building with broad covered terrace in front. The coffin is removed and placed as a dividing line on the terrace between the officiating priests and the mourners and friends. The short service terminates with a thrice-repeated "Vater Unser," and then the priests and mourners retire. After taking the coffin inside this building it is placed against the wall, the lid removed, the head raised, and the whole surrounded by plants and flowers. The hands of the deceased, previously tied together, are connected to a string suspender from an aperture in the ceiling, and the attendants move away to leave this new guest with the others already arrived. The sight, though weird, is beautiful.

But what means the attachment of the string to the hands? Reading about some of the customs of Southern Germany many years ago brought the solution to my mind at once. It is hardly necessary to give the explanation that this piece of twine communicates with another part of the building where an attendant is always on hand; and while the coffin and its occupant remain during the few succeeding days, if by any possibility the spark of life still burns that awful horror, the burial of the living may be avoided.

A reference to one more custom regarding which you will expect something in these lines—that is, the beer and wine drinking of the people here. I had heard quite frequently about this before coming here, and also the statement that there is no such thing as drunkenness in the countries where beer and light wines are the cheapest and most plentiful, and their sale and use the least restricted. My observations are limited to this city and its vicinity, and to the winter residence, and to that extent I can vouch for the falsity of the report. The light wines produced and consumed in such large quantities throughout this section, it would appear, produce the same state of mind in very many instances which the Rabbi Ben Israel, of "Golden Legend" fame, experienced.

"The wine it so elateth me  
That I no difference can see  
Between 'Accursed Haman be  
And 'Blessed be Mordecai'"

This would read quite as true with "beer" as with "wine." Even though the percentage of alcohol is much lower than in the product of American breweries the excessively large increase in the quantity consumed here produces results which give the lie to the above-mentioned and widely credited statement. I have before me the latest statistics showing the beer consumption for the various portions of Germany. While Prussia consumed 92 liters per head for the twelve months this State shows the average of 222 liters per head for each man, woman and child (a liter is a little more than a quart). On the face of it this means excess for a large percentage of the population; and plenty of examples of it are to be seen here.

A festival held some time ago in Munich was attended by 800 guests, and during the evening some 600 gallons of beer passed down their throats. Every restaurant supplies the liquid, and at nearly all German concerts beer figures as a *sine qua non* in order to "wash the music into one's soul." Even at the rendering of Handel's "Messiah," recently in Leipzig, hundreds of large beer-glasses (they are all large here!) were emptied in the corridors of the "Kry-stallpalast" during the ten minute intermission. Enquiries made here amongst several of the English and American students of longer residence and wider travel than the writer as to the truth of the statement that there is little or no drunkenness here elicits the unanimous verdict that it is a delusion and a snare. From several Würzburgers of good standing whose opinions were desired, the response came to the effect that the "Wirthschaften" are more of a curse to the country than a blessing. These places are filled nightly by the middle and poorer classes, and as a rule are ill-furnished, low-ceilinged, none-too-healthy places and present scarcely one redeeming feature.

The beer gardens in summer present, on the other hand, much to attract and less to repel. It is from these latter, I imagine, that travellers have formed their impressions regarding the drinking customs of this section. The agitation which has started in some quarters, towards a betterment of the existing order of things, will, no doubt, be seen some day in practical results. Much to be regretted, however, would be the day that Toronto should see such an innovation.

W. H. SEYMOUR.

Würzburg, Germany.