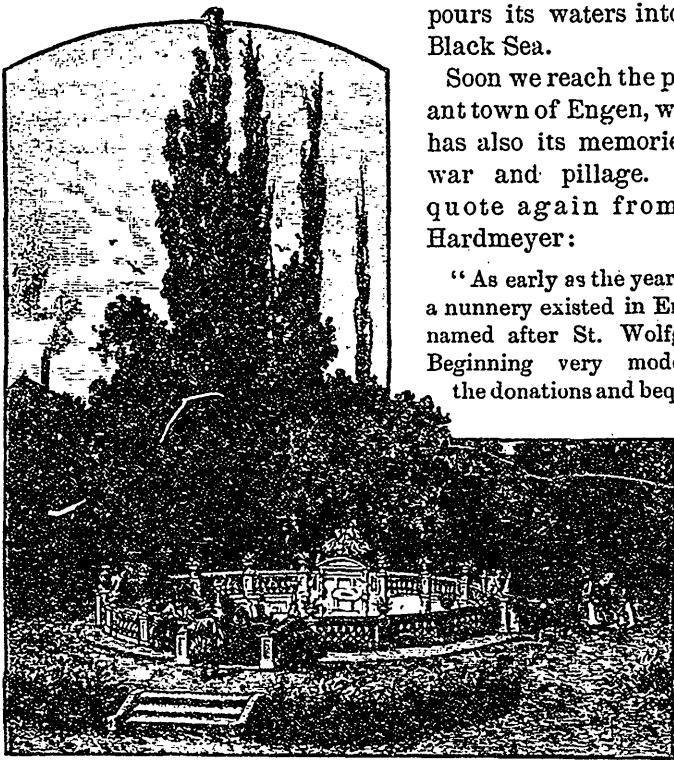


glade is seen. The spiked helmets and black eagles of Germany are everywhere seen, and German gutturals are everywhere heard. The villages are crowded collections of rude stone houses, with crow-stepped gables or timbered walls, and the churches have queer bulbous spires. I asked the name of a pretty stream, and was told it was the Donau—the “beautiful blue Danube,” which strings like pearls upon its silver thread the ancient cities of Ulm, Vienna, Presburg, Buda-Pesth and Belgrade, and, after a course of 1780 miles, pours its waters into the Black Sea.

Soon we reach the pleasant town of Engen, which has also its memories of war and pillage. We quote again from Dr. Hardmeyer:

“As early as the year 1333 a nunnery existed in Engen, named after St. Wolfgang. Beginning very modestly, the donations and bequests



SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

it received soon rendered it wealthy. One of the nuns of this convent, a certain Sister Verena, has left behind her, in the form of a diary, an evidently faithful account of the dreadful calamities which befell Engen at the time of the Thirty Years' War. The pious sister recounts all the brutalities perpetrated by the troops of Wurtemberg, Sweden and France, and devoutly thanks God that none of the inmates of the convent suffered harm. But at length they were obliged to flee across the Rhine into Switzerland. The diary describes in a very spirited manner the appearance presented by the convent on their return—how they found all the apartments empty, and everything plundered and destroyed. ‘But there was six acres of ripe corn in the fields, and the Lady Prioress could get no one