

itself—a scene of busy life hardly to be surpassed in London or Paris. The general plan of the city is peculiar. The central part is surrounded by a series of broad, open spaces or 'rings,' often planted with trees, answering somewhat to the Parisian boulevards, but wider. These take the place of the ancient fortifications, and are lined in many parts with the most sumptuous edifices, palaces, theatres, public buildings—either complete or in the course of erection. They form a chain of



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buildings, I should think, unequalled in their style since the brightest days of Greece and Rome. In the city proper, all the main streets radiate from St. Stephen's Cathedral, which with its magnificent South Tower forms the chief architectural glory of Vienna. Nothing can well be conceived more graceful in its proportions than this tower, which rises to the height of four hundred and forty-four feet, in a series of arches and buttresses regularly retreating, and wrought with the finest elaboration."

Much more beautiful, however, is the new votive church, erected in gratitude for the escape of the Emperor Francis Joseph from an attempt upon his life in 1853. I lingered for hours studying the infinite variety of corbel and gargoyle and fretwork of this exquisite church. In Berlin, the chief public buildings are in the cold, monotonous and uninteresting classic style. In Vienna, the magnificent Rathhaus, or City Hall, and its many other buildings, are in the noble Gothic style, so admirably adapted for either ecclesiastical or civil architecture. Of it we can say, as of Cleopatra's beauty, "Age cannot wither or custom stale its infinite variety." The Imperial Museums here are more magnificently housed than any in Europe, except the South Kensington collection in London, and this, though greater in extent, cannot compare in splendour of decoration with those of Vienna. Like the King's Daughter in the Psalms, they are all glorious within in many coloured symbols, golden backgrounds, and allegorical figures, representing the different departments of science, that seemed to float in the sky-tinted vault overhead.

There is an air of bigness about Vienna that I have seen in no other place. The Ringstrasse is the finest boulevard in Europe, and is flanked by some of the most magnificent buildings. The Prater is one of the largest parks. Many of the men and women one sees in the streets are of a very large size. Huge dogs are led in leash by a chain. The dray horses are big animals, and the largest ox I ever saw was one drawing a beer-waggon in Vienna.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

—Longfellow.