

A DAY IN OLD FRANKFORT—LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

BY LEILA TAYLOR.

FROM Wiesbaden to Frankfort-on-the Main is but a short distance, and after an hour's ride through brilliant red poppies and the blue corn flowers of Germany, we alighted in the large and magnificent Frankfort station. This city is, like many ancient places, divided into old and new town—the modern part built up with broad streets, handsome villas and shops, and plentifully supplied with parks and gardens.

We preferred, however, to wander off towards old Frankfort, so associated with early German history and full of recollections of their idolized poet Goethe. In the Goethe Platz—one of the fine squares of the city—is a magnificent monument to his memory, and his birthplace is not far off, in the Hirschgraben. We strolled off (happily guideless) to find it, and after traversing a few crooked streets and going around a great many corners came to the quaint looking building where the poet first saw the light. It is a square, well-built house, with a great many windows and gables, and bearing over the door this inscription,

In Diesem Hause
wurde
Johann Wolfgang Goethe
am 28 Aug. 1749
Geboren.

Directly opposite, in an old fashioned inn, we lunched under the shadow of its portals, happy in the thought that Goethe as a boy may have visited this same place.

Then we wandered off again into the oldest part of Frankfort, and lost ourselves in the labyrinth of crooked little streets, so narrow and dirty, with high odd buildings toppling over

with age; and such queer little shops, in nearly all of which are displayed the famous Frankfort sausages, or the long rolls of black bread so plentiful in Germany. Sometimes we see what looks like one of these giant loaves coming down the narrow street by itself, but on looking around it there is a curly yellow head, two bright blue eyes, and a pair of sturdy little arms belonging to some Hans or Gretchen who evidently enjoys black bread as much as we do white. Another comical sight to us Canadians is the milk carts drawn by large dogs. Sometimes they are harnessed underneath, and only do part of the work, but more often they are in front of it, while the Frau in her short blue frock and white head-dress walks beside.

A curious part of the town is the Judengasse (Jew's street) where formerly all the Jews were compelled to reside—indeed, at nights and on Sundays, the gates of this street were closed and no one allowed out. Civilization has crept in here and replaced most of the Jew's quarters with modern buildings, but Rothschild's house and old banking offices are still to be seen. The next point of interest that our wanderings brought us to was the Römerberg—the old market-place of Frankfort. It is a very quaint, interesting looking square, surrounded by some of the oldest houses in the city. Here the people used to go wild with rejoicings over the coronation of the Emperor. On such joyful occasions oxen were roasted whole in the square, and the fountain, still standing in the centre, ran with wine during the ceremony. Fronting the Römerberg is the Römer, or town hall, a curious