

Rambles in Southern Bavaria

(By B., O.S.B.)

It was a disagreeable September afternoon in 1898. All day long the weather had been threatening and as my confrere and myself arrived at the station in Munich the first raindrops were falling. Undoubtedly we had selected a poor time to begin our journey to the famous Ammersee (Lake Ammer). A postponement of the trip was, however, not feasible as the Prior of Andechs had invited us to accompany him on his homeward way.

As our train slowly moved by Passing, Pfäfers and Gauting, the heavy rain effectually shut out the view of the landscape, which, however, did not mar our enjoyment of the trip, for we were engaged in conversation with our learned companion, who made no less an impression upon us by his venerable appearance than by his learning and unfeigned piety. Gigantic in stature, a worthy descendant of the old Alemanni, with a snow-white beard flowing down to his girdle, Father Magnus Sattler, presented a singularly venerable appearance, which has been deemed worthy by artists of serving as a model for their pictures of St. Benedict.

When the train passed through Muehlthal, the venerable Prior told us that here a beautiful view could be had of the picturesque valley of the Wuerm in clear weather, but of this view we could see nothing on account of the falling rain.

The next station was Starnberg, on the northern end of lake Wuerm, a favorite summer resort for the inhabitants of Munich. The lake forms a beautiful sheet of water about thirteen miles long and two or three miles wide, whose shores are covered with villas and gardens, gilding the region the appearance of an immense park. On the south a splendid background is formed by distant mountains which rise to a height of 3,000 to 4,000 feet.

The train now followed the western shore of the lake till we reached Feldafing. Here we, together with a few other passengers, were handed over to the tender mercies of an old-fashioned stage coach, which jolted us about for a couple of hours till we reached Erling. To make our position more uncomfortable, the windows had to be closed on account of the streaming rain. Not much later, this antiquated conveyance was superseded by the more up-to-date automobile.

When we arrived at Erling, the rain had ceased to fall. Here and there a lonely star peeped through a rift in the clouds, soon again to disappear behind a somber curtain. Under the guidance of Father Prior we wended our way through the dark streets of the village and ascended the summit of the "Holy Mount Andechs" which is crowned by the celebrated old monastery of Andechs with its much frequented pilgrims' shrine.

The clock had struck nine ere we arrived at the entrance of the monastery, and all were in bed. In response to the ring of the door-bell, the porter came after a short delay and we were admitted. Father Prior, upon entering, welcomed us as his dear confreres and offered us the hospitality of his monastery. None of us had as yet supped, whence he himself laid before us a frugal meal, the cook having already retired.

After partaking of the repast, we were shown to the cells we were to occupy for the night. On this first evening we noticed that Andechs, like many other European monasteries, was furnished with electric light, a fact which proves the absurdity of the oft-asserted allegation that monks are hostile to modern progress and consequently slow to utilize the benefits of modern inventions.

Being tired, I soon fell into a profound sleep. I dreamt that Andechs was still in its ancient splendor. Numerous were the monks that silently hurried along the dark corridors towards the church, for the sign for matins had just been given. I hastened after them, for I also wished to attend. Just as I wanted to enter the church, the door closed, and I heard a sonorous voice intone: "Deus in adiutorium meum intende." At this moment I felt someone touch my arm. I turned to see who it was and awoke.

The room was pitch dark but there was a rustling near my bed. My first thought was that the inhabitant of a neighboring room had entered my cell by mistake. Perhaps somebody was in the place who was subject to somnambulism. These thoughts shone through my brain as I lay there trying to penetrate the darkness with my sight. I coughed gently to give my casual visitor a sign that the room was occupied. Everything remained silent.

"Who is here?" I asked after a pause.
"No answer. I waited a few moments, thinking that my nocturnal visitor would either vouchsafe to give an explanation or to leave the room. Neither event took place.

Finally I reached over to turn on the electric light, wondering what sight would meet my gaze. In a moment light, gentle light, cast its illuminating rays through the room and revealed that there was not a soul there besides myself.

What should I think? Was it all but a dream? This could not be. I certainly was wide awake now, and had been touched, for I had awakened with a start. Furthermore, had I not heard a noise in the room after my awakening? What had become of my visitor? I was certain that he could not have left the room without being heard by me, for I should have heard him open and close the door. I got up and looked beneath the bed. There was nobody there.

The puzzle became more difficult to solve the longer I tried to solve it.

Suddenly a solemn sound pierced the stillness of the night. The clock on the church tower struck one. The midnight hour was past. Indeed, why did I not think of this before? It was the hour when the phantoms of the past return to visit their former haunts and to disturb those who have the temerity to invade their precincts.

Indeed, I must have been visited by a ghost! What an interesting adventure! Too bad that I had not got a glimpse of him in the darkness! Well, now the hour was past, and the chances were that, for this night at least, I need not expect to meet with another ghost. Hence I concluded that it was best to make up for lost sleep and, ere long, I was again in the land of Nod.

How long I slept, I am unable to say. Suddenly I was awakened by a great noise in the corridor. It was the hand-bell

which aroused the sleeping inmates of the old monastery and called them to the church for matins. It called to me in vain, for I was determined to indemnify myself for the midnight interruption of my slumbers. I turned my face towards the wall and soon again fell asleep.

After breakfast I told the good old Prior that I had been awakened during the night by being touched on the arm and that afterwards I had heard a noise near my bed, but that, upon turning on the light, I could discover nobody in the room.

"I regret very much," he answered, "that you were disturbed. We have tried everything to get rid of the mice, but in such old buildings they find so many hiding-places that it is next to impossible to exterminate them entirely."

Here was the explanation. My poetical adventure with a midnight phantom resolved itself into a most prosaic nocturnal visit of a mouse! Somewhat crestfallen, I resolved that I should take all future ghosts, who would honor me with a call, for mice until they would unmistakably prove their identity.

Early in the forenoon we began our wanderings in the old monastery buildings, accompanied by one of the good Fathers, who kindly gave us much information concerning the monastery and its history. From him we learned that Andechs is situated on one of the great highways which were built by the ancient Romans from the Roman Forum to their northern provinces. Various military posts of the Romans were situated near by, and the very site of the monastery was probably occupied by some Roman villa.

After the dismemberment of the old Roman Empire, the counts of Diessen, afterwards called counts of Andechs, built their castle on the summit of the mountain. We find that this family was already rich and powerful at the time of Charlemagne, and became more so in the course of time. The counts of Andechs were among the most influential nobles in the German empire, and were related by marriage even with kings. Thus the mother of St. Elizabeth of Thuringia was a daughter of a count of Andechs and wife of King Andrew of Hungary.

The male line of this powerful family became extinct with the death of Berchtold, Patriarch of Aquileia in 1251. Already previously the castle of Andechs had been converted into a monastery, and Berchtold, at his death, bequeathed to the new foundation all property which he possessed in the neighborhood; the remainder being inherited by his cousin the count of Tyrol. Not long afterwards, the monastery was destroyed in a war and lay in ruins for many years.

In the year 1438, both church and monastery were rebuilt by Duke Ernest of Bavaria, who gave them to the Canons Regular. Twenty years later, in 1458, Andechs was handed over to the Benedictines and soon became an Abbey, which was for a long time renowned for the learning and piety of its inhabitants. In 1803, Andechs, like all other Bavarian monasteries, was secularized by the state, i.e., the government drove away the monks and confiscated the property, which was sold to the highest bidder, the rightful owners receiving just enough of an annual life pension to keep them from starving.

King Louis I. of Bavaria, in 1856, purchased Andechs and presented it to the recently founded Benedictine abbey of St. Boniface in Munich, of which it was, at the time of our visit, still a dependent priory.

The buildings, as they now exist, are not as extensive as one would expect. Neither are they very ancient, for a great fire destroyed the old buildings entirely in 1669. The larger portion of them is occupied by a college and by an industrial school for homeless boys, which both are flourishing under the sole management of the Benedictine Fathers.

Quite a collection of antiquities, especially such as regard the history of Andechs, has been made during the last half century. A brewery is conducted by the Brothers, the product of which is regarded by connoisseurs as being superior even to that of the Munich breweries.

The pride of Andechs, however, is the church with the treasures it contains. On account of these, Andechs has received the appellation of the "Holy Mountain." During the warlike incursions of the Huns and Avars in the middle ages, important relics were brought to Andechs from all parts of Bavaria for safe keeping. The enemy, however, did not spare this place, and the relics had to be buried to prevent their abduction and desecration. For centuries their hiding-place was forgotten until it was accidentally discovered in 1388. Immediately, pilgrims flocked to the place in great numbers to venerate the holy relics. These pilgrimages are, even at the present time, very numerous, although many relics were dispersed during the time of the secularization in the first half of the nineteenth century.

The church is a beautiful edifice erected in the style of the Renaissance. Over the high altar there is a celebrated painting of the Madonna. The walls are ornamented by a series of medallion paintings which represent the history of St. Rasso, count of Andechs, and of the holy relics. Within the church are the tombs of several dukes of Bavaria and members of their families.

A magnificent view of the surrounding country can be had from the tower of the church. As was mentioned before, Andechs is situated on the summit of a good-sized mountain. The additional elevation gained by climbing the 200 steps which lead to the lookout on the tower enables the tourist to take in at a glance a large portion of the interesting and picturesque scenery of Upper Bavaria, a region remarkable for the great number of monasteries which flourished here before the violent secularization of 1803.

At the foot of Mount Andechs towards the west lies the large basin of the Ammersee, whose hilly sides are picturesquely studded with small villages, somber forests and verdant pastures. Beyond the basin of the lake is seen a romantic view for many miles, which extends from St. Ottilien on the north to the distant Alps on the south. The lake itself is about twelve miles long and from two to four miles wide. The basin of the lake, however, extends for many miles towards the south, forming a large expanse of lowlands which reach as far as Weilheim and Polling on the south. Evidently Lake Ammer formerly had nearly twice its present length, but its shallow southern portions have gradually been filled up by the silt carried down from the wildest parts of the Bavarian Alps by the turbulent waters of the Ammer, which enter this great basin near the former Augustinian monastery of Polling.

Spring is Coming!
WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF PAINT
 House paint - Implement paint - Floor paint - Wall paint -
 Kalsomine - Floor Varnish - Linoleum Varnish - Floor Wax
 and all colours of Automobile Paint and Varnish
 in fact everything to brighten things up and make
 them look like new. Call and see, and get colour cards.
FORMALIN at right prices. Garden Seeds, Grass Seeds,
 Gopher Poisons, all known makes.
A full line of Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines.
 Marlatt's Gall Stone Cure always on hand, also Ad-ler-i-ka.
School Books and School Supplies in any Quantity.
 Send us a trial order! Mail orders a speciality.
 Write us in your own language.
W. F. Hargarten
Pharmac. Chemist & Bruno, Sask.

For Gifts in Gold and Silver
 see
E. Thornberg
Watchmaker and Jeweller
 Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Main St., HUMBOLDT, SASK.

Fullness of Tone! Adaptability! Beauty!
 Let us explain, why these three outstanding qualities produce new and increased pleasure when you listen to the
MELOTONE
 With the Melotone, the music of any Record is expressed most harmoniously. Delicate upper tones which formerly were lost, are now made audible by the sounding-chamber, which is constructed of wood on the principle of the violin. The Melotone is able to play all kinds of Records BETTER than other Phonographs. The Melotone Factory in Winnipeg is the only one in Western Canada. This Instrument is fast taking the lead over all other phonographs, and, as to construction, durability and low price, it is now excelled by none. It offers the largest selection of Records in Western Canada, at from 20 cts. upward. All instruments are guaranteed, and you get your money back if not everything is as represented.
M. J. MEYERS Jeweller and Optician HUMBOLDT

You are safe in a threefold way, if you bring your prescription to us: 1) We use for the prescription exactly what the doctor prescribed, every article being of standard strength, fresh and pure; 2) We examine and reexamine the prescription, whereby every error as to drug or quantity is excluded; 3) We are satisfied with a reasonable profit and charge the lowest prices for the best quality. These are three reasons why you should buy from us.
G. R. WATSON, HUMBOLDT, SASK.
DRUGGIST The Rexall Store STATIONER

Let us figure on that New Building!
 Our Stock of **NAILS and HARDWARE** is complete and we can give you figures that will beat Mail-Order Competition.
Genuine Peter Wright Anvils, 22c per lb.
Genuine Tapico Sweat Pads, all sizes, 80c each.
Sharples Suction Feed Separators
 Call and see them
We carry a large assortment of AUTO TIRES
 in the following makes: **DUNLOP, GOODYEAR, MALTESE CROSS,** and the famous hand made "BRIAR CLIFF" tires,
AUTO ACCESSORIES, OILS and GASOLINE.
E. FLETCHER CO.
 The Store with the Red Front, opp. Post Office, Humboldt, Sask.

Advertise in the St. Peters Bote.
Humboldt Tailoring Comp., Practical Tailors
 Suits made to order. Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing and Repairing garments of every description. Send goods per parcel post, and we quote a minimum price, after examining goods received.
Humboldt Tailoring Co., Humboldt, Sask.
When looking for LAND
 see me. I can sell you land at all prices and on the terms you want.
A. J. RIES, ST. GREGOR.

VOL. 16 No. 1
 An old Roman...
 ed Partenkirch...
 ancient lake n...
 ern shore, con...
 Near the pres...
 been a ferry t...
 other which f...
 teresting rema...
 and large por...
 Looking f...
 water surround...
 See, besides...
 east could be...
 Wuerm.
 Having r...
 scenery of th...
 more importa...
 from Andechs...
 Early on...
 Fathers at An...
 east shore of...
 St. Elizabeth...
 is especially v...
 preserved am...
 steep path th...
 valley of the...
 of the mount...
 portions of th...
 leys of Switz...
 After a b...
 teresting vill...
 castle. The vi...
 of the steam...
 two miles ea...
 considerable...
 wide expans...
 Hersching.
 Shortly...
 arrived and s...
 ed Muehlfeld...
 the monaste...
 directly for...
 hour later...
 ing high abo...
 greater part...
 belonged to...
 ernment afte...
 way between...
 the forest w...
 fished under...
 last buildin...
 government...
 Similar...
 monks in th...
 of the fores...
 lead a life w...
 into forests...
 tants to see...
 but too ofte...
 of the bute...
 As our...
 park at the...
 habitants o...
 summer res...
 visiting the...
 Our tir...
 very limite...
 the most in...
 the ancient...
 Roman em...
 Andechs w...
 Shortl...
 founded a...
 of St. Geor...
 the incur...
 of the twe...
 the monas...
 time a con...
 the death...
 II. of And...
 monastery...
 to them a...
 whole tow...
 Up to the...
 always an...
 shown by...
 A small p...
 for Sister...
 parish chu...
 mediately...
 being use...
 been torn...
 St. Si...
 beautiful...
 was erect...
 troyed by...
 thus inju...
 decorated...
 who belo...
 bodies of...
 A magni...
 Bavaria...
 which se...
 After...
 situated...
 beautiful...
 short wa...
 try of St...
 rounding...
 to the to...
 landing...
 to bring