

series of emperors for over a thousand years—from Charlemagne down—the Karls, Conrads, Seigfrieds, Friederichs, and many another, famous men in their day, long since turned to the dust and almost forgotten.

Among the most striking monuments of Frankfort is that of Gutenberg, Faust, and Schœffer, the German inventors of printing; with figures of Theology, Poetry, Science, and Industry sitting at its base—a noble tribute to a noble art. There are also fine monuments of Schiller, Senckenberg, and Goethe; and the birthplace of the latter, a handsome timbered house with four projecting stories.

The Roman Catholic churches are decorated in a wretchedly florid manner, and everywhere we read, “Heilige Maria, bitt fur uns”—“Holy Mary, pray for us.” Livid Christs, stained with gore, harrow the feelings and revolt the taste.

A handsome stone bridge, dating from 1342, crosses the Main. It is embellished with a statue of Charlemagne, and with a gilt cock perched on a crucifix. According to the legend, the architect vowed that the first thing that crossed the bridge should be sacrificed to the Devil, and a cock became the victim.

Of special interest was a very picturesque carved house in which Luther lodged, from whose window he preached when on his way to Worms. It bore a curious effigy of the Reformer. The quaint corner oriel was very striking.

It is an hour's ride from Frankfort to Mainz. The railway follows the winding Main, commanding fine views of the Taunus Mountains. Mainz is a strongly fortified town of 60,000 inhabitants, with a garrison of 8,000, at the junction of the Main and Rhine. Here Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, in 751, set up his See. He was the son of an English wheelwright, and assumed as his seal a pair of wheels. To this day, after twelve hundred years, these are still the arms of the city. The cathedral, a huge structure of red sandstone, 522 feet long, is of several dates, from 978. It is filled with monuments of much historic interest, from the thirteenth century.

At Mainz we took the steamer down the legend-haunted Rhine to Coblenz. This storied stream has been so fully and so frequently described by abler pens than mine, that I pass very lightly over its stirring memories.

“Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,