

sculptors, was born in Stuttgart in 1758, and died in 1841. Lubke, one of the best authorities on art in Europe, assigns to him a prominent place among those sculptors of the present century who have done most to redeem the plastic art from the affected *sweetishness*—for thus the term *susslichkeit* may be rendered—into which it had sunk during the preceding hundred years. He tells us that he particularly excelled in his representations of female beauty, and in proof of the statement adduces the celebrated Ariadne. She is represented sitting in beautiful poise on the back of a panther. The contrast between the delicacy of her form and the subdued, rude force of the animal she rides attracts the admiration of every beholder. It is not wonderful that ferociousness itself should be tame in the presence of such beauty. Dannecker's skill is also finely exemplified in the colossal bust of Schiller in the Museum of Stuttgart, and in that of Lavater in the Bibliothek at Zurich; but his fame rests principally upon the Ariadne group, which must be pronounced his master-piece, and which has become a European favorite in a reduced size.

There are scores of objects in Frankfort which the tourist will find it profitable to inspect, but if want of time obliges him to pass any of them by, it should not be Dannecker's Ariadne, which is found in Bethmann's Museum, giving to that museum its principal celebrity.

But our two or three hours are up and we must hasten to the train. We choose a round-about way, however, in order to get a glimpse at the new cemetery which contains the graves of Schopenhauer, Feuerbach, and Passavant, not failing to notice the Jewish section which is walled off from the rest, and contains the remarkable tombs of the Rothschild family; and then by the old bridge over the Maine, so familiar to the readers of Goethe, on which has stood for centuries in iron crucifix surmounted by the figure of a cock, commemorating, according to tradition, the unfortunate fowl which first crossed the bridge, but which, as antiquaries as-

sert, probably marks the spot where criminals in the olden time were flung into the river.

The road from Frankfort to Leipzig is much travelled and runs through a very interesting country. About half-way between the two places is

EISENACH,

which calls up the name of the Wartburg castle, which may be seen from the car window, nearly two miles away, conspicuously crowning the summit of a high hill.

When Luther returned from the Diet of Worms in 1521 he was waylaid and taken prisoner, in order the better to ensure his safety by his friend the Elector Frederick of Saxony, and conveyed to this castle, where, in the disguise of a young nobleman he zealously devoted himself to his translation of the Bible. His chamber, which is little altered, still contains several reminiscences of the Reformer, notably among them the ink-stains on the wall caused by his throwing his ink-stand at the devil. If he did not succeed in killing the father of lies, by putting the Word of God into the vernacular of the German people he dealt a blow at his empire from which it has not yet recovered and probably never will. The town of

ERFURT,

some two hours ride farther on, is also associated with the name of the great reformer. Here may be seen the old Augustine Monastery, now an orphan asylum, which contains the cell of Luther who became a monk here in 1505, and where he found the Bible the reading of which opened his eyes to the true way of salvation.

All reminiscences of Luther belonging to the place were destroyed by a fire in 1872, but I was greatly interested in one which was shown me of Tetzl whom Luther so heroically denounced, namely, the veritable Commission with its great dangling seals which he had received from the Pope for selling indulgences in Europe.

Next comes

WEIMAR,

which derives its chief interest from the