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OF
OBER-AMMERGAU.

A SERIES
OF
TWENTY ETCHINGS
IN HELIOTYPE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PEN-AND-INK DRAWINGS,

TOGETHER WITH
NOTES FROM A DIARY
KEPT DURING A THREE MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN OBER-AMMERGAU,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1871,

BY
ELIZA GREATORIX.

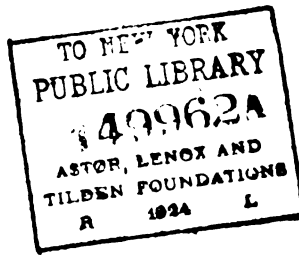
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1872.

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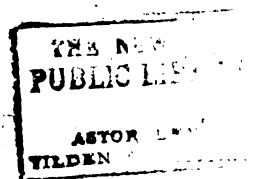
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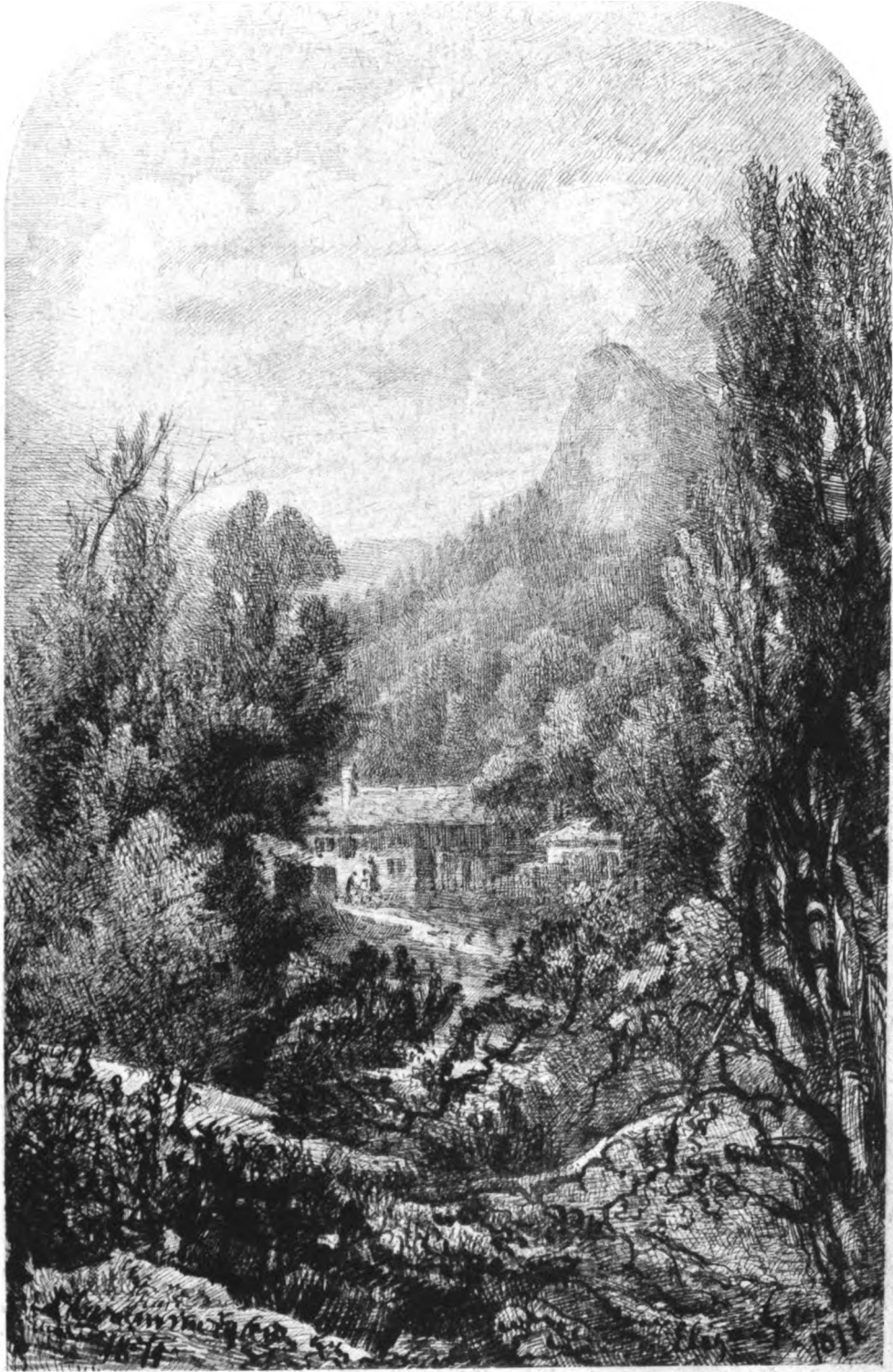
TO THE

GEISTLICHER RATH

DAISENBERGER.

Wishing to associate my work with the hearts as well as the homes of Ober-Ammergau, I ask permission to dedicate it to you, dear Pastor, who, by your great learning, constant self-sacrifice, and the deep piety of a loving and gentle heart, have guided the people whose homes I have here portrayed, during so many years of your long and successful ministry, towards that Christ-life whose story they so wonderfully personate.






EVENING: THROUGH THE TREES.

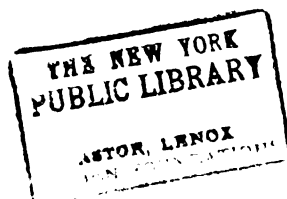
I.

THE JOURNEY TO THE PASSION PLAY.

 have promised the children that I will write something for them every day while we are separated. We have been close together ever since we left home in New York, a year and three months ago. Now I have left them standing on the platform at Munich, somewhat disconsolate, the words "I wish you would not go, mother! Do stay with us to see the return of the Bavarian troops!" ringing in my ears up to the last moment. But, leaving them in good care, I am starting off for something that I am glad to be able to see alone—the Passion Play at Oberammergau. To be sure, my eyes are a little moist, but I console myself with the thought that, if this is a thing pure and good, that I can accept for myself and them, it will be charming to write to them about it, and to bring them to see it also, after all this excitement attendant on the coming home of the troops to Munich,—so sad, so desolate the city all winter, but now half buried under flags and rich adornments, and deeply stirred, too, with emotion on the return of the few out of the many brave men who went out just this time last year. We were in old Nuremberg then; and while I see the groups of these returning ones by the side of the track, where they have been encamped all night, looking so happy and at rest, and making themselves every inch bright and clean, in order to take part in the festal entry into the gay capital, I cannot but think of the time when that sudden war-storm swept over Germany, giving them hardly a moment of time for partings from mothers and sweethearts, wives and children, under the shadows of old courtways and walls of long ago. The whole war was to me too terrible. If it is true that in yon mountain village the people are worthy to represent scenes from the Divine life of Christ, the Prince of Peace, and with simple and devout hearts to make it their chief religious service, I shall count it but small loss to have missed seeing the glittering pageantry connected with the welcoming home of the victorious soldiers.

July 14, 1871.—The grey morning and the level plain are bright with peasants in costume, trudging towards Munich, through fields of potatoe-blossom and rich spreads of corn with garniture of glowing poppies and blue corn-flower. From a copse close by, a troop of cavalry rides out. How bright, how inspiring, everything is! I feel strangely happy, although you young people are left behind. Here is lovely Starnberg, with the smiling lake, of which we catch heavenly peeps between the trees, as we pass along the shores of the green water to Weilheim. But what a crowding and fuss, a rush for seats and omnibus there is when we get there! I am to sit in the coupé of the post-diligence, and I give a little shiver, indeed, as I realize that I am all alone, without you children to help me out with my German; but speak I must to the postman who sits beside me, and as we pass the pretty villages dotting the plain I venture to ask him questions in quantities, and get along much better than I had anticipated. We approach Murnau, towards the glorious mountains, shining in the sunlight far away. As we come closer, what a delicious valley is here! O, happy people, do you know what a joy you have, or is it because I have not seen for four long summers mountain sides sloping down to deep green valleys, thick beds of blossom and little winding streams, where the rushes grow thick, that I feel mine to be so great? At Oberau a cup of coffee fought for and enjoyed, more confusion, baggage lost or left, and the start to walk up the great steep hill of Ettal, beyond which lie the valley of the Ammer and the village of Oberammergau. As we stop to rest here and there, I find many pleasant people to talk to, English, Scotch and Irish, though I think all the Americans must have remained in Munich, to see the festivities. There is certainly a happy spirit in this mountain region! The scenery reminds me of many a climb I have had among the Catskills, back of our dear old Hudson River at home. My heart warms to God's sunny world and His loving ones in it. From the bright bit of blue we catch above us, down to the mysteries of the deep ravine on our left, where the waters leap and sing, my eyes find deep delight, nature wraps my whole being in a blessed rest, and how much I want you with me to share it. It has been a huge climb.

But here we are at the top, breathing purer air than ever. In a few minutes we are in Ettal. I am conscious of a splendid pile of buildings, of a great old dome, but my eyes are straining for the village of Oberammergau. Now we are beside the Ammer, and seemingly quite near us, on our left, rises the curiously peaked Kofel, the sunlight falling on the high cross that the people of Ammergau have planted on its summit. In a little turn of the road, on our right, is a rocky cavern, where we must stop a minute, as we get our first peep of the village church, with the grey and red-roofed cottages of the village nestling around it. I know there must be lovely points of view about here; but we have only a moment, to peer into the cave in the crag above us, where we can dimly discern a crucifix and shrine, up to which there is a well-worn foot-path, and lower down is another shrine with the Madonna and Child in a frame of little round holy pictures, and scribbled all over with the names of ambitious travellers. Even the Madonna's face is not spared! What a pity it is that in Bavaria the people associate sacred things with forms that must shock every sense of the beautiful! One can but turn away and think it is their best and they believe that they do right. I hear most musical bells, and from one mountain side come the cows of the village, while from





THE CHURCHYARD GATE.

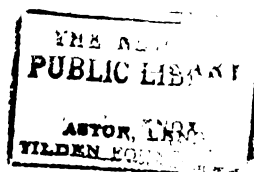
the other, across the river, a goat-herd boy drives home his flock, and we go in with them, to find our resting places, while the sun sets red behind the long straight street, closed to our view by the church, with its large cross lifted high above the crowd of lesser ones marking the houses so strongly. Yet I have no pleasure, as I stand at last in full sight of Oberammergau. All is cold, and stiff, and straight; and I give a great sigh of disappointment as I acknowledge that there is nothing picturesque! But the door of Flunger's house, one of the first in the street, opens of itself, and I find comfort after my day's journey.

There seems to be a large family of the Flungers, though I have spoken only to one young woman, who has been helping me to find my luggage, which went on to the post. As I go through the village, I feel more hopeful, though it is the oddest place I have ever seen, the street by which one enters giving no idea of what lies beyond. As we come back to the Flunger house, and while I am standing in the gateway that leads into a shady garden, I am introduced to a young countryman of mine, who has been staying some weeks in the house. I am told that there are very few strangers in the village; but I have seen three English ladies by the river side, just opposite the priest's house, painting in water colors, and making me wish that I, too, could express myself in that way, for it seems so easy in it to do good things rapidly. We have dinner in the garden. I say we; for my countryman is very pleasant, and has been here so long that I am happy to talk with him about the place and the people; and he is very enthusiastic about both. The young woman, Franziska, and her younger sister Josepha,—Francie and Sefie, as they are called for short here,—pass in and out of the garden, carrying into the kitchen large tubs of water on a pole between them, from the fountain close by the roadside. I look at their fresh and winning faces, as they bring out our dinner,—which is simple, but most eatable, in this delightful shade of linden trees, with sweet odors coming to us from the little flower beds in front of the house, and from the young hop vines stretching up long poles,—and I hear that the elder girl, this simple, sweet-faced maiden of twenty-six years, is the Virgin Mary of the Passion Play. I admire, too, her sister Sefie, who, with her dark brown hair done up tightly, and clad in short grey petticoat and coarse white linen bodice, goes about in her blue stockings and strong black slippers, carrying with her everywhere a bright and most winning smile. But her shapely hands are worn with hard work, and as I look from her to some of the older women around, and note the fearful change that toil more than age must bring to these two comely girls, I cannot bear to think of it, and wish with all my heart, that they were in a country such as my own dear one, where men do not sit still while women's shoulders strain, and their backs bend as these do here.

I write this in the garden, though now it is after six o'clock supper. The great heat is past, and we have watched the people coming in for the festival, some of them to this house. Two students from Oxford occupy the large guest-chamber, and we have a literary lady from Florence, who travelled here alone all night in a carriage from Innsbruck. As we sit and see the visitors coming freely to the family, and observe with what kindness they are made welcome, it does seem an out of the world place. The girls are now talking with ladies and gentlemen, and in honor of them wear dresses. How much better they looked in their costume! Some Americans come in, and make presents of money, a little publicly, and I am

somewhat annoyed about it, for it cannot be a good thing to do. But here comes the village band, and as it starts from the front of our garden we stand up, and join the throng. First come the firemen, then the musicians, and now they parade through the streets, to the Passion Theatre. What a lovely view!

July 16.—I have just had my first night of country air and bed in Bavarian Tyrol. I found everything clean and sweet. I have a plumeau, certainly, but also a fresh red flannel blanket, on which Sefie herself must have sewn the pure white linen sheet. Declining coffee in my own room, I go down to the family, and find three sisters and the mother in the kitchen. It is pleasant to hear their gay "Good mornings," to take from Francie my bowl of coffee, and carry it myself into the little "living room", where I am met by Tobias Flunger, with a dignified, but most friendly greeting. I will put myself and my coffee into the corner, with my back to the stove, and dare to look at this man, who is said to have made in 1850 the most beautiful "Christus" ever seen in Ammergau. Now he appears a man grave and self-possessed, of a most interesting countenance, a little pre-occupied, but ready with a pleasant smile to answer my broken sentences, and to help me out in the effort of expression. He is plaiting a crown of thorns for the "Christus" of to-morrow, cutting off those that might hurt, and as I watch him at his strange work, I ask myself, what is this I am to see?






VIEW FROM THE HOUSE OF "CALAPTIAS".

II.

SETTLING IN THE VILLAGE.

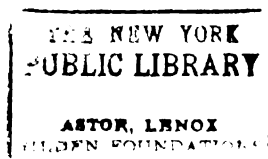
uly 16.—Dear children! We must give up all idea of our projected summer sojourn at Berchtesgaden, and you must come up here to me at once. I cannot write about what I have seen and felt to-day; but I have decided to live among these people, if possible, this summer, and see how their daily life accords with this marvellous religious service. Remember, we must live with the people, in order to do this; and I know you well enough to be sure that you will not grumble about the boiled beef, which will, no doubt, be frequent. There will be many little discomforts, but also much else to make these seem very small. To-morrow I begin to sketch, for I have found many picturesque old houses; and the church, the Kofel and the Ammer, together, give the village a character peculiarly its own. We are to stay at the house of the Flungers, where I have taken rooms for the summer. They are all so good and kind, and are always talking of when you children will come and join the house. But now to my pleasant work. Monday morning: It is but half past six, as I settle myself to work, in a bower made by the tops of beech and fir trees and young poplars, that stretch up to and shade the high entrance to the theatre. I have tied back the boughs, that I may the better see my picture, which is a gay one. The sun is making fireworks round the tall church spire and the roofs of the houses that cluster about it. Every moment gives fresh colour to the distant hills, and the Kofel is wide awake atop, and smiles down at the mists as they creep up his wooded sides. The coffee was made long ago, and men, women and children are at work in the fields. Very different was last evening, when, the great Drama over, the crowd gone, I stood here all alone, and thought of the living pictures those peasants, now making hay down there in the meadows, had painted on my inmost heart during

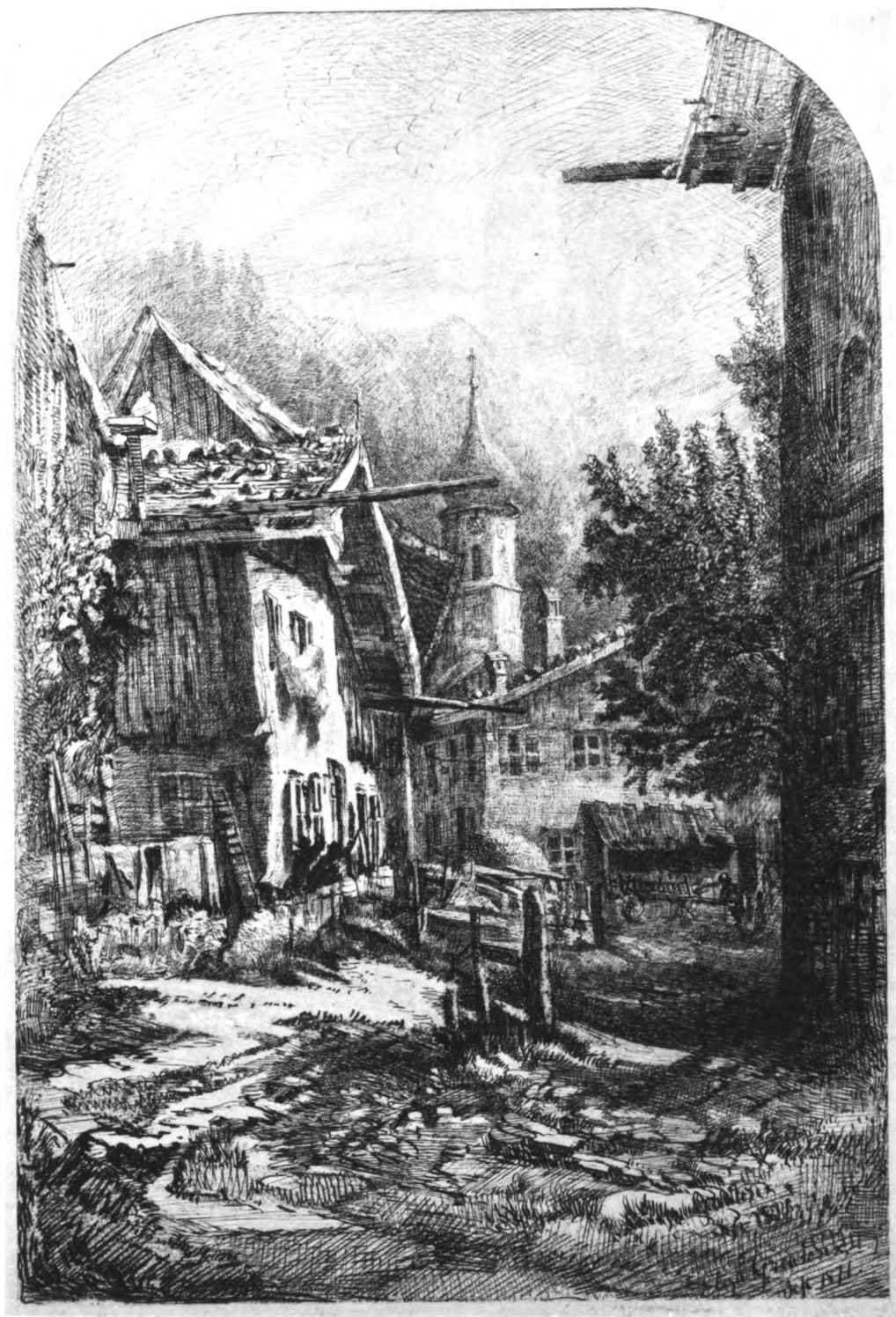
that long day of strange emotion. And while I silently prayed that the great act of devotion in which I had shared might bring me nearer to the Christ-life, the village looked in the soft twilight of the lovely valley, a place wherein to rest and to live a better, happier life.

Friday Evening.—On my way down to Ettal to meet you, I stop under the crag where the shrines are, and where one gets the first glimpse of the village. I have been thinking over the four days since I last wrote to you, and my first note is, that my great drawing that was to have been taken from the high entrance to the theatre, is a failure, and that I must not be so ambitious in future. My next note is, that although the people grow more into my heart each day I am with them, and although the garden is sweeter than ever, there is a painful feeling of something wrong creeping in. But this may be only my own foolish fears, or else it may be my bad drawing that is on my mind. There are more wild flowers than I ever saw before. It seems as if Nature had emptied her whole harmony of colour over road-side and meadow, beside this sweet river bank, and I only want your fresh young faces, to tune my spirits to the song of birds and to the laughter of the flowers and the ferns, that looking down into the clear waters, find out how beautiful they are.

I sit now in the church of Ettal with the children. There are moments in life that compensate for days of loss! We are listening to the grand old organ, played by the under-teacher from Oberammergau. Crowds of peasants make the tour of the beautiful little church, with its saintly skeletons in glass cases, gorgeously arrayed, and pictures painted by Knoller hanging above them. The peasants press close to the great treasure of the church, the Ettal Madonna, eager to kiss her hands, feet and face and the infant Jesus in her arms. There is a legend of this Madonna which I have found. The Emperor of Germany, Ludwig the Bavarian, went in the year 1327 with his army to Italy, to restore order there, and to be crowned in Rome as the German or Holy Roman Emperor. But after he was crowned, Robert, the King of Naples, threatened to cut off his retreat; and he therefore made haste to retire to Germany. The Italians were never very well satisfied with the German dominion, and soon other forces joined those of Robert's; and when Ludwig reached Milan, that city closed its gates against him, too. This was in the year 1329. Ludwig was in great distress, not knowing where to get assistance, or money wherewith to pay his men, when a remarkable event, so the story tells us, aided in his deliverance out of the difficulty. One day he entered the little chapel of the monastery of St. Victor, where he was staying, and while praying to the Virgin for aid, an aged monk appeared before him (some accounts say it was an angel), and gave him a small image of the Madonna, telling him, that if he would make a vow to build a monastery for Benedictine monks in the Valley of the Ammer, and place in it the image of the Madonna for public veneration as soon as he reached Bavaria, he would return home without further difficulty.

Ludwig promised this, and money coming into his treasury, he was enabled to pay his troops; and shortly afterwards he left Italy, and began his march homewards. The Emperor did not forget his vow, and when he arrived at Partenkirchen, he asked to be guided to this lovely valley of the Ammer; when another miraculous event determined the monarch in the selection of the place whereon to erect the monastery. After riding up the dreadfully





THE HOUSE OF GREGOR STADLER ("Annas").

steep hill of Ettal, bearing the image in his arms, he was astonished to find his horse fall upon its knees three times; and the Emperor took this event as a hint from heaven that here he should carry his vow into execution. Wicked people assert that the horse was exhausted with bearing its master up the hill, and fell down on its knees because it could not go any further. I well remember how the limbs of our poor animal trembled the other day, in merely drawing a light empty chaise up the hill! But Ludwig had great faith, and in the year 1330 he laid the foundation stone of the convent and church, and made the institution a kind of asylum for aged knights, and a residence for Benedictine monks, the latter of whom remained in Ettal until the great secularization in 1803.

Many a hard time has the Ettal Madonna passed through, and many a miraculous escape, too. The convent was repeatedly plundered by hostile soldiers, but the Madonna always escaped, with at most a few bruises. In the year 1703, when war raged in these mountains, the image was sent to Munich for preservation in one of the churches there, but it was soon brought back again to Ettal in triumph, borne on a gayly decorated wagon, accompanied by immense crowds of people, the clergy and nobles. Its reputation as possessing miraculous virtues is wide-spread, and even to this day processions of pilgrims come, mostly from Suabia, to pay their devotions to it, though not in anything like the numbers that formerly came. Two centuries ago as many as seventy thousand pilgrims are said to have visited Ettal in the course of a single year! The peculiar virtues of the image are said to consist in its being "to the pure-minded as light as a feather, to the impure and haughty weighing a hundred pounds, but quite invisible to the guilty". The pilgrims earlier believed that the stone from which the image is made came directly from heaven, and that the figure had proportions more beautiful than could be made by mortal hands; but art historians have proved that the image is an excellent work from the school of Andrea of Pisano (who died in 1345), who worked under the immediate influence of Giotto. The villagers of Ammergau perform at times a very interesting drama entitled, "the Founding of the monastery of Ettal", in which the whole legendary story of the Madonna is embodied. It was written by the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger, who was for many years priest of the village, and who still lives at Oberammergau, in the enjoyment of all his faculties, doing all he can to promote the interests of his people whom he loves, and their great play.

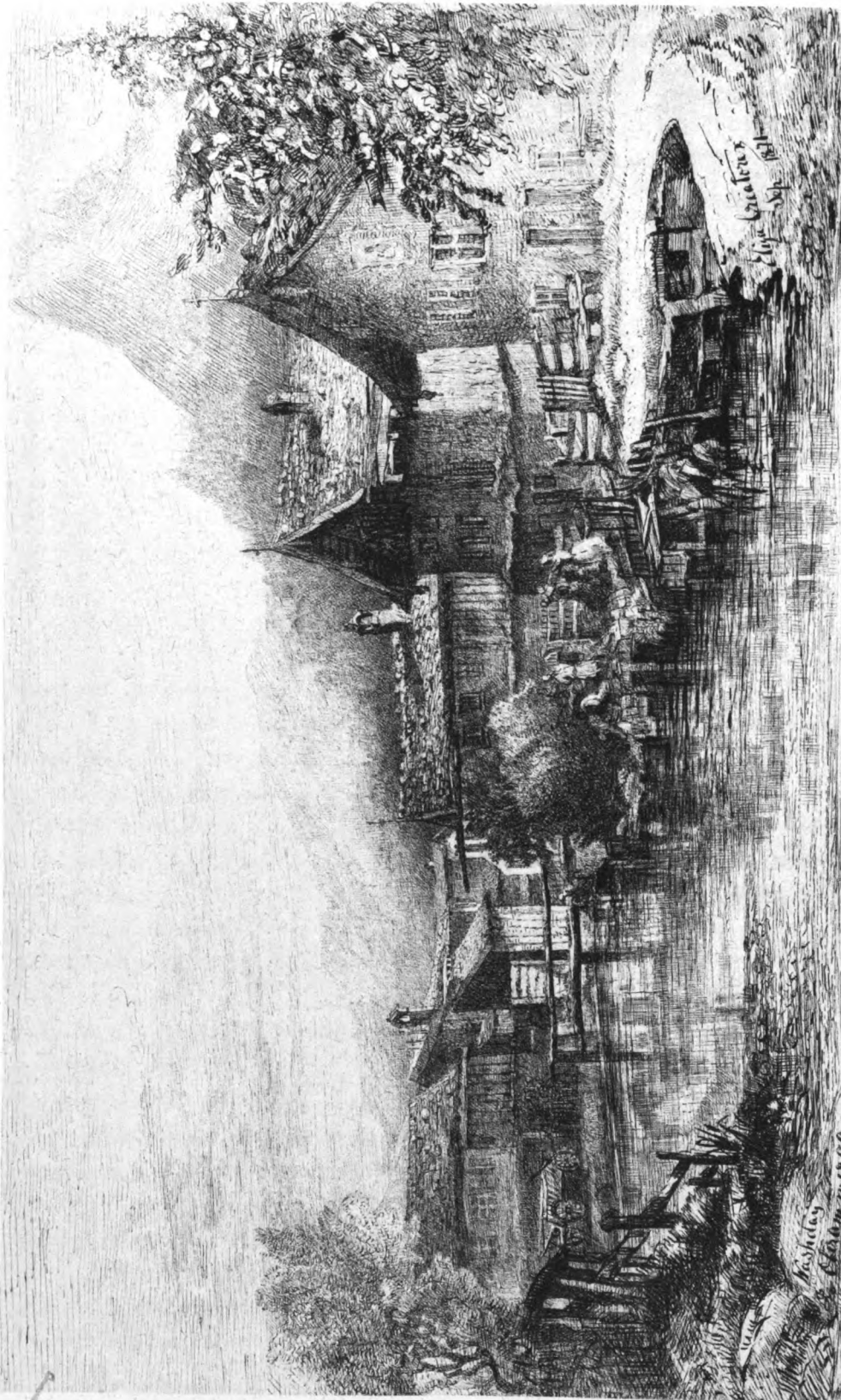
The church at Ettal is rococo, of the most decorative description. The under-teacher led us into the sacristy, where the old furniture of the church, dating from the fourteenth century, is kept. There are beautifully inlaid cabinets, containing some old vestments, and a very few relics, for this monastery, once so rich and full of art treasures, has but little left. Only yesterday Flunger showed me a large portfolio full of engravings of Albrecht Durer's, that had come from the monastery years ago. We certainly saw little of art, as we passed with the crowd into a long vaulted chamber, one end nearly filled up by an immense stove, curious paintings, proverbs and inscriptions, with maps darkened by age, hanging on the walls. All around the sides of the room were ranged narrow beds, and at one end were tables for the overplus of guests, who were busily disposing of the black bread, cheese and beer. Hungry and thirsty peasants they were, smoking, laughing and

talking on every side. Now on our way home, we stand, just within the entrance arch, arrested by the wondrous effect of light, just at this moment flashing over the mountain beyond. It has been a day of soft cloud and sunshine mingled, and now the sun's rays have caught the light mists, and for a moment one can believe that some bright spirit has stayed his heavenward steps, to bless and glorify the landscape. Of the lovely walk home, the warm welcome of the Flunger family, who came to meet us, the delight of my young people in every body, and everything, and the great "fixing up" of our two rooms to the best advantage, it would take much time to tell. Now we sit in the garden; and watch the gathering of the band just opposite,—a handsome manly group, as I see them through our hop vines, the ever-helping Kofel in the background, and the sturdy peasants crushing down our currant bushes near by.

Extract from Nora's Note Book.—Sunday Morning, July 23. Awoke this morning to hear canon and their echoes among the mountains. We had hardly left the garden last night before down came the unwelcome rain; and now the poor people going to this "living picture gathering", as mother calls it, trudge through the thick mud. We have not been able to get seats for to day's performance. The band is just starting. It is hard to keep from going, too. When all is quiet below we go down for our coffee. A sudden hush comes upon everything. Here in the living-room are the Flungers, the father, son and two young girls. The father is very attractive, and his manner is full of dignity. He has now taken down an old violin from its peg near the door, and tells me he has taken part in the Passion Play even since 1820, when he was a child, and stood in the tableaux. In 1830 he sang in the chorus; in 1840 he played in the orchestra, on the violin now in his hands; in 1850 he was the "Christus;" and in 1860, 1870 and 1871 the "Pilatus". A fine crayon portrait of him hangs on the wall. It is a little sad to look at it, so very beautiful and Christ-like, and then at the real man, so grey and worn.

Sefie, who is one of the Guardian Angels, looks very modest, and blushes a little as I wonder at the change I see in her; for last evening her hair was all tightly coiled round her pretty head; to-day it is in curls, falling down to her waist. Franzisca, the "Mary," is quietly getting our coffee, and attending to our comfort. The son, who plays in the orchestra, is rushing around for neck-tie and collar, evidently afraid of being too late. We go to the gate with them, the girls each carrying a basket with dinner for their father and some of the guests who will not come home at the "pause." It is very strange to see them so quiet and steady going, when they have such wonderful things to do before so great an audience, but Mother says that is the reason why the Sacred Drama is so beautifully given by them. They bring to it working hands held out in love, pious hearts lifted up in faith to their Divine Lord; and with their lowly peasant life has mingled the dignity of the life of Christ, whose story they have been born for generations to tell, until their common human nature has become, during the Passion-Time at least, strangely touched by the feeling of a Sublime Presence. I cannot yet understand this myself, but I write it down, hoping that I may do so after we have been in what I hardly like to call a theatre, since mother has told me how her soul worshipped, while these peasants represented the sufferings and sacrifice of Christ.


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WASHDAY UNDER THE KOFEL.

III.

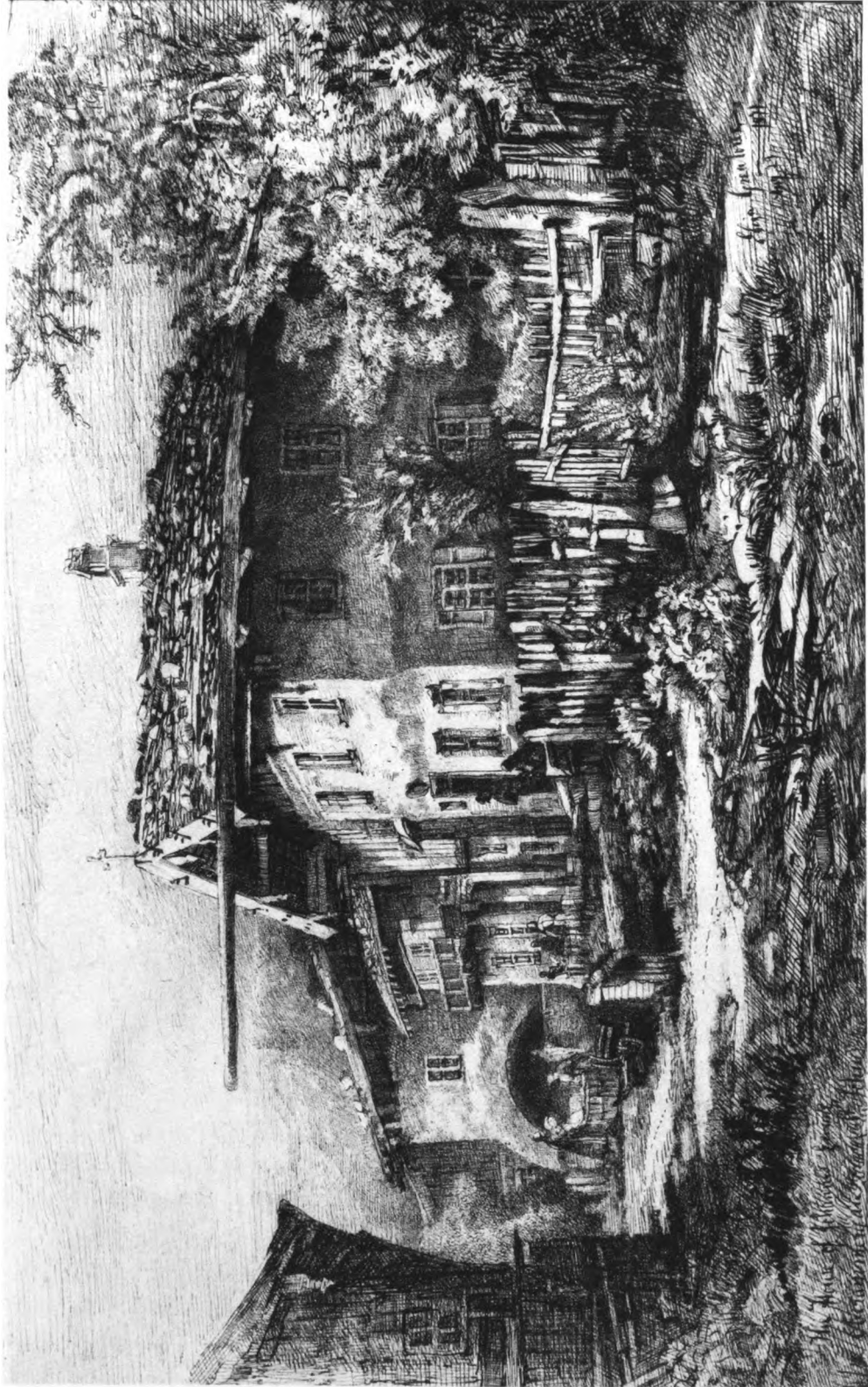
FIRST WEEK OF VILLAGE LIFE.

uly 25.—A rainy day! And since it is impossible to get to our work in the open air, we amuse ourselves, as well as we can, in exploring our home. Francie and Sefie are determined to make our sojourn in their house as agreeable as possible, and invite us to look over the family treasures of the large Guest Chamber. It is a room full of all sorts of curiosities. In one corner, is a large bookcase, curtained off with chintz, on the top of which are arranged wood-carvings, in all stages of progress, figures of Scripture characters, and, what is Flunger's special work, carved deer, in all positions, and of all sizes. Next in order comes the grand wardrobe of the family, and this being a rainy day, Frau Flunger gives permission for us to see its treasures, which Francie and Sefie show us with great pride. They begin with the gala dresses of the mother in her younger days, when she was the prettiest girl in all the country around, as her husband was the handsomest of the men. There were bodices of salmon-color, embroidered with rich flowers of all shades, and light blue ones with silver trimmings; there were handsome shawls, and silk brocaded handkerchiefs, of every hue; but the great gems of the collection were the long silver chains, which fastened the bodices cross-wise, and were held by large silver hooks. There were rosaries of silver filigree, with rich beads; one, very costly, had a turquois, which they prized much. These had belonged to their great-grandmother. As each article was exhibited, we were told to which member of the family it was to descend. I should like to see these maidens dressed in some of this finery, but I think that comes rarely to pass. After the wardrobe came the glass cupboard, with the birthday presents of china, groups of figures, shell ornaments, and flowers.

Next morning is fine, and we get out to the church. The music is even better than in the theatre. A good orchestra, composed of several violins and three violincellos, with a good number of wind instruments, well played, and the voices not being strained, as when singing in the open air, went charmingly in unison. The leader is the schoolmaster, who directs all the village music, and selects well that which is performed at church. The older priest is a most venerable looking man. The Catholic spirit is over and in all the service. It must be a proud heart, however, that cannot consent to worship here, among the happy, honest and most devout looking congregation. Both the aged and the younger priest seem to be a part of their people, and of their church. There are no ladies painting by the priest's house, for a wonder! It begins to rain again, so we give up hope of work, and go home to our great room to dinner, and then for a long walk in the grey afternoon, with Sefie. Returning, I sit down in the family room, and chat with the elder people. I find that Flunger studied art for some years in the Munich Academy under Konrad Eberhard, the sculptor, but the great life of the city did not suit him; he returned to his native village, fell in love, married, and took the position of drawing master in the village. A story is told that once, in later times, Eberhard visited the Passion Play, and seeing his former scholar, embraced him, and deeply moved, said that he had never had a scholar who had given him so much true pleasure as Flunger, by his part in the Passionsspiel. That, he said, was Art in the service of God! Flunger still likes to talk about that time at the Academy, and remembers his old teacher with great love.

Another day of rain, but the girls come and say that our neighbor Hans will bring his zither, and play us some dance music in the evening; when we have much pleasure. Nora, Nellie and Walter, with Francie, Malie (an elder sister), and Frau Karl, have a gay dance, to the pretty music made by the hard, red fingers of Hans. Frau Karl and Malie dance the peasant dance with much spirit. It was hard work for Hans, but to encourage him he had a mighty mug of beer at his elbow. Frau Karl sang some merry Tyrolese airs, with the "jodel," and Francie and Sefie sang the "Edelweiss." I find nothing out of keeping in their mirth, certainly nothing to shock one's sense of propriety; but there is a simplicity of home life and harmony through it all. In the morning we must leave our big room to be scrubbed, and set thoroughly to rights for the company, which may be here on Friday. It still rains hard, and a crowd is expected this time, as it is the height of the season. Every seat in the theatre is taken, and our house will, I fear be too full to be pleasant; but we have found a retreat in the atelier of the village school, where, by permission of Flunger, I can plant my easel, and we can all study or read in quiet. It is very late when the expected guests arrive, and in what a torrent of rain! Drenched and forlorn, they must be this wild summer's night. I hear sounds quite unlike the usual friendly greetings. Several people have arrived, and soon Sefie runs up to tell us all about the difficulty. A foreign lady, with two pet poodles, and her husband, had just arrived in a carriage, and all were quite wet through. They were immediately shown upstairs, and into the large guest chamber, where two snow-white beds had been made ready for them. The lady was very solicitous about the health of the dogs, and made a great deal of fuss about her fears that the little brutes would take cold from their exposure;

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THE HOUSE OF THE ZWINKS ("Matthew" & "John").

and drenched as they were, she insisted in placing them between the clean sheets of one of the beds, to the horror of the good Frau Flunger, who became very much exasperated at this insult to her sense of household cleanliness, and ordered the dogs to be turned unceremoniously out of the bed. Fortunately, matters were set to rights, by the dogs having couches prepared for their reception.

Now begins our first week of work, for the wet weather is happily over. This busy Saturday morning, the village is alive and full of strangers, and seems another place since yesterday. I meet few of my own people, as I pass through the crowded, noisy street to my place by the house of Joseph Mayer. I need all this fresh morning light and hope for my subject, hard and square, and utterly unpicturesque in itself. I have looked round everywhere for its best point, and now sheltered from the people by empty wagons of all ages and shapes, which have been drawn up in corner, I think I have secured it. I need shelter to day, for one quite loses Ammergau and its people among masses of tourists, some of whom are rude enough. The sun is kind! As I look resolutely at my picture, it falls full on the house, and makes most beautiful the vine which, growing thick and green, forms an arbor over the seat just outside the window, where Mayer is at work; it flashes through the stiff fruit trees of the garden, and shows bits of the cottages behind them. A young and lovely lady comes from the house, and sits in my precious little arbor, book in hand. She is soon joined by Mayer, and as they talk together—she evidently a lady of high degree, he a rare but simple peasant—he bears the contrast well. Yes! I can now make a drawing of the house as it is, with the broad sunlight shining full on its inmate.

In the afternoon I am by the theatre, which is thronged with people choosing seats for the morrow. A motley crowd, surrounds the building. There are sellers of all sorts of wares, holy toys from the Tyrol, the Madonna and Child most numerous, wax saints in glass cases, and photographs. There are pilgrims from Jerusalem, selling beads of holy wood, and crosses of mother-of-pearl, formed of twelve oblong tablets, and in the centre of each a stone, to represent the twelve stations of Christ's sufferings. They can speak only a few words in French, so they trade by writing figures on a slate. Holy pictures and charms of every kind are to be seen; and eatables there are, too, of various sorts,—cakes, cheese, ham, bread and beer. As far as one can see along the Unter Ammergau road, come the peasant fruit-dealers from South Tyrol, with great baskets, or hand barrows, carried or drawn by women, who often have babies to care for besides, while the handsome husbands, enjoying a smoke, walk leisurely along, and now and then lend a helping hand! I must draw here on Saturday, that I may see something of the life outside the theatre. What a chance for a figure artist!

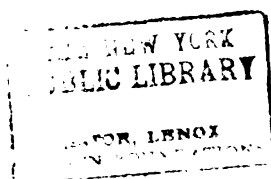
All around the little booths, under the great entrance, the peasants seem devoutly to believe in the efficacy of the charms they sell. One old fellow lauds rings of lead, with holy names inscribed thereon, as good for the cure of rheumatic joints. A lady asks the price of one of them. "Eighteen kreutzers, but they are worth eighteen guldens ten times over, gracious lady." "Now we know something, you and I," the lady answers, "and we know that the rings are not worth eighteen guldens." "You don't believe it, my dear lady? Ah! May God have mercy on you! Poor sufferers from all parts of the world send for them,

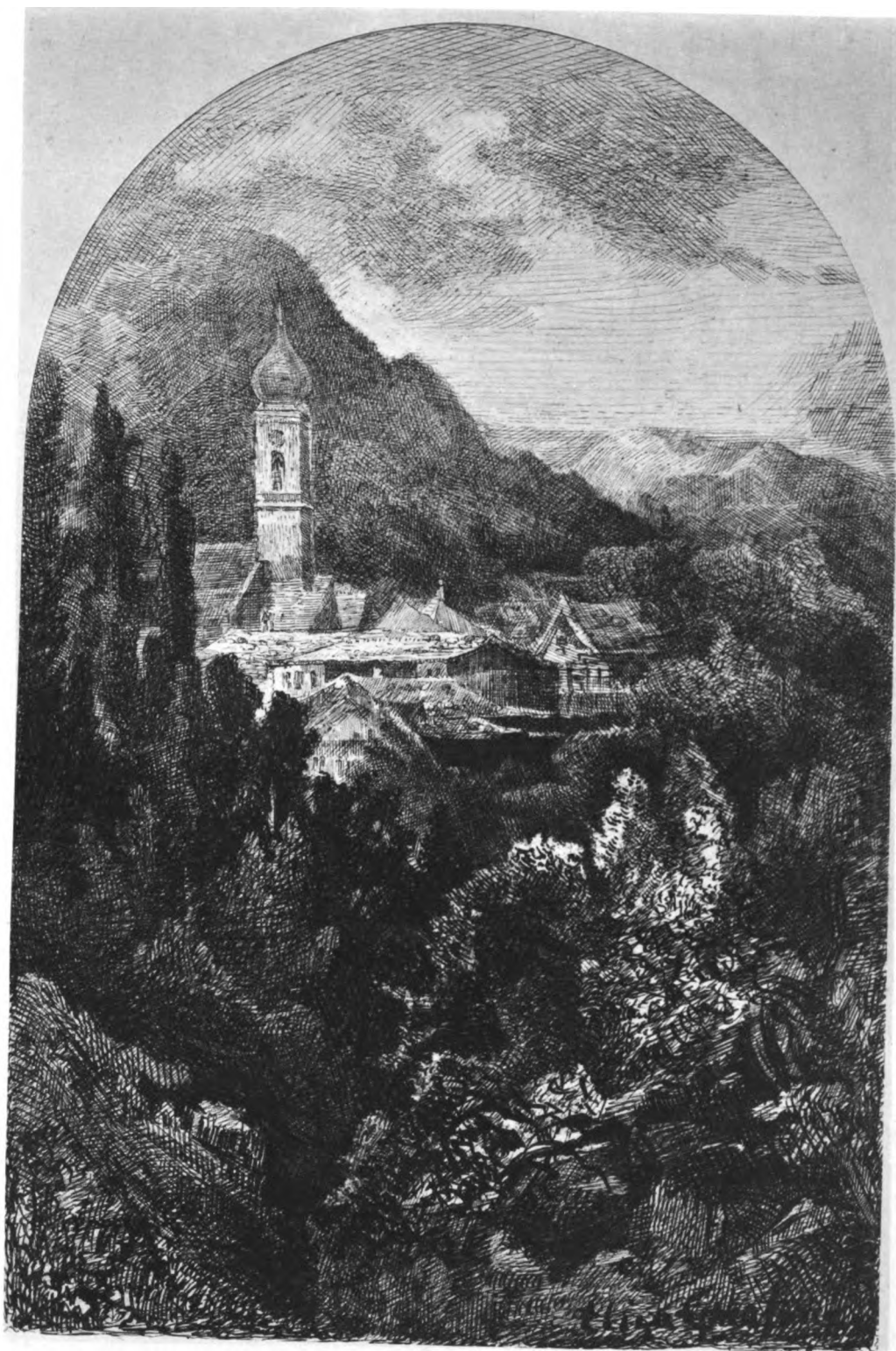
and are made well! May you never have need of them!" I look in the lady's face, and find a dear friend, parted from long ago, amidst very different surroundings. She is staying at Sebastian Lang's, one of the best wood-carvers in the village, and after we have wandered a little longer, looking at the strange surrounding sights, I go with her to hear the violin played by her host and his young sons, whom he has himself taught. One might go far before having so great a treat as to see the splendid old man and his boys, and hear them play national airs and dances. The whole family seem wonderfully intelligent, and aware of what is going on in the outside world.

Now by the evening light, how delicious my work is! Just across the bridge, with my face towards the village, and my back to the Kofel,—at this hour in deepest shade, and sending down from its heights, like a faint spiritual voice from the evening sky, the sound of hymns sung by pilgrims, as they climb to worship at the foot of the cross,—I have the merry little river telling of its happiness to the clump of willows that fringe my bit of foreground, while its ripples play over the church and homestead reflected in its bosom.

Sunday morning, bright and clear. After a solemn service in the church, the children walk with the orchestra to the theatre. I do not dare to go there a second time, so I carry my books up the mountain side, meeting on the way the cows coming home for the morning milking time. There are at least a dozen of them decked with garlands of bright flowers. My friend the herd tells me that it is the name-day of their owner, and that for each cow he receives a gift; and the creatures carry their heads proudly, as if they knew it. It is a good climb before I find a seat, in a place where the sweet summer air brings me the voices of the singers, clear and soft from the valley down there, where the hearts of thousands of people worship. I can read but little. My memory is full of the time when, in my own country, I first read of the *Passionsspiel*, in Miss Howitt's *Art Life in Munich*. I remember well how shocked I felt, that any one could witness such a spectacle; yet there was a fascination in her description of it, which kept that chapter always in my mind! Eighteen years ago that must be; and now I am living with, and loving, the people who were the chief characters in the play of that very time.

The smoke curling from many a chimney tells me that dinner time is near, and that Francie will be at home, perhaps her father also, and ready to talk to me awhile, before they go back again for the long afternoon. The children come at twelve o'clock, and say nothing to me of what they think. We eat together in silence, but I see they are touched. When I meet them, after it is all over, and we walk away into the quiet fields by the river side, I am glad to hear them say that it was a reality almost too great for them to bear, and never to be forgotten. The cattle are going out again to pasture, ringing their sweet bells. All nature appears as though wrapped in soothing peace. We talk of home, and of our beloved ones there, and tears of longing for their presence cannot be restrained.






THE VILLAGE: THROUGH THE TREES.

IV.

OUR HOME WITH THE FLUNGERS.

onday brings a new life to us. I have my work in my own room in the house of the Flungers. The fountain in front has much to do to-day. The Flunger family and three or four neighboring ones are incessant in their demands for fresh supplies; and it is a pleasure to see the response of the pure, ever-flowing water. The Flungers,—father, son, Francie, Sefie and Malie, the girl who helps so much in the fields,—have all gone to the hay meadows. It is very interesting to notice the people at their ordinary occupations, at their homes and in the fields, and think of them as they were seen only yesterday, standing before the large audiences in the Passion Theater. Yesterday, the admired of thousands; to-day, forgetting fame in their work in the hay-field or on the mountains. In the broad part of the valley, close by where the Wildbach flows, where the land is divided into many small patches, every householder of the village possesses one or more lots. Among the mowers are not only the men, but the women and maidens of the village; and Francie and Sefie swing their scythes with a grace and ease that show them to be adepts at the work.

The labor of the girls when at home is also very exhausting, especially during this busy Passion year; for having to attend to so many guests, they do not get to bed until very late. In ordinary times, too, they are by no means idle, and when there is nothing to be done in the fields, they help Herr Flunger and Friedrich to carve little picture frames, Francie sawing out the forms from the rough wood, Friedrich, the father, or Malie carving them, leaving Barbet to polish the carved frames. Malie is really a remarkable girl, plain and unassuming as she is. She can do and does the finest parts of the wood-carving; her hand has the most craft, and everything she touches goes well. She knows how to draw, and begins to

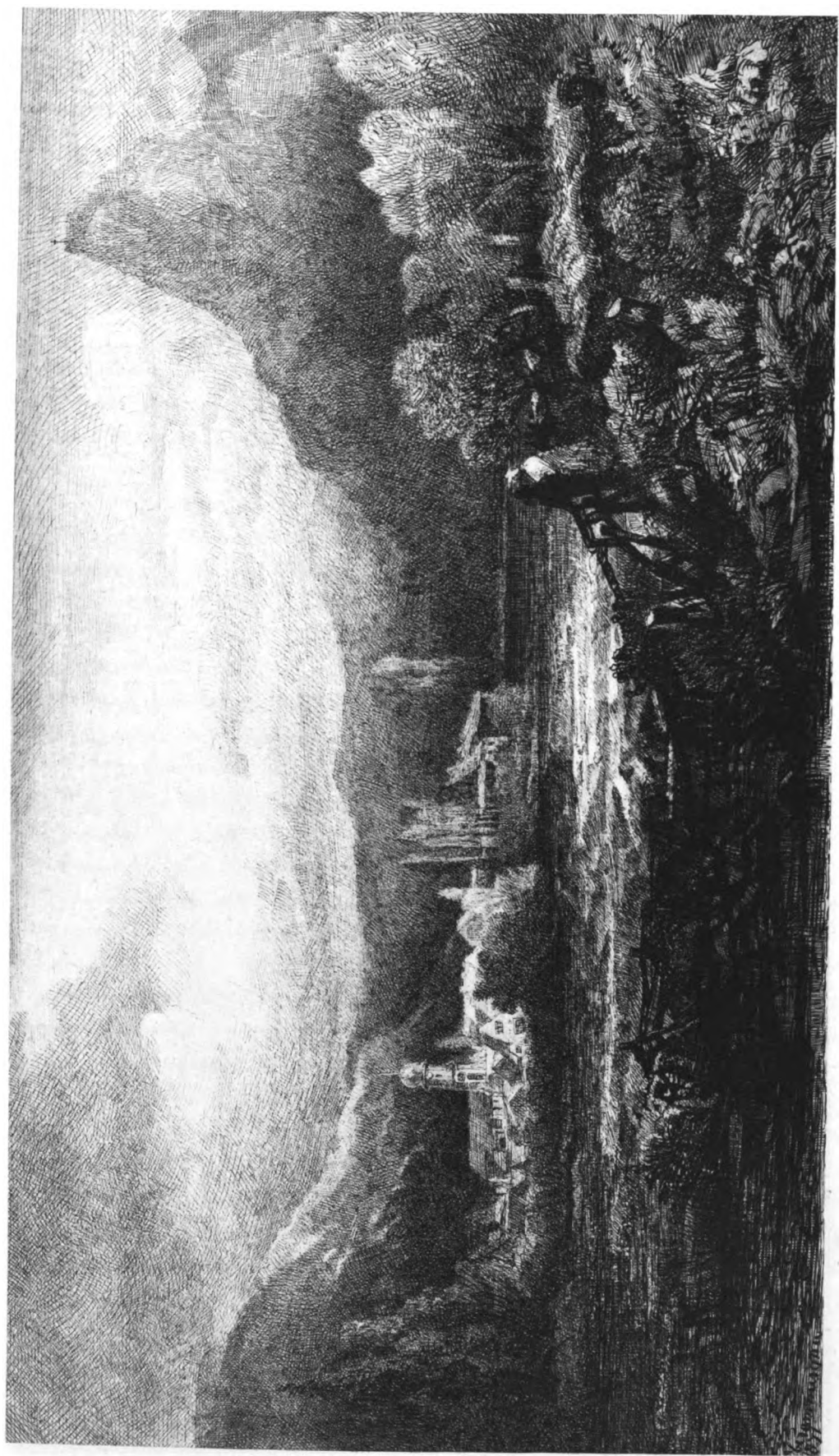
take an interest in my work, as she finds that I am trying in earnest to make my pictures like the real places. What a pity it is that hard labor has long ago deprived her of the youthful freshness and gaiety that she once possessed; for when a child she was much prettier than her sister Francie. But hard labor is woman's lot in Ammergau, as well as in so many other parts of Germany, though perhaps not to such a degree. On the Rhine you will meet her toiling up the mountain side, groaning under a burden heavy enough for a mule. In the neighborhood of the Taunus Mountains one meets gangs of half a hundred female day-laborers, who have to work from sunrise to dark, for a paltry sum of little over thirty kreuzers; and to keep them at work, a kind of slave-driver has to superintend them. The women of Ammergau have, however, not so wretched a position as the latter; but they have to do nearly all the out-door field-work; and they do it with a good will, never thinking for a moment but that God intended it to be so. The result is that feminine beauty is rarely found in the young women of the village after they have reached twenty-five; and later in life they become coarse in form and feature, in feeling and manner, and their original loveliness disappears.

Life is most interesting among these people, if one can adopt their way of living; but to fret because one has not home comforts would make a hard condition of life. The children have gone to the hay-field, with a pleasant English party, people who, like us, have adapted themselves to the ways of the family, and beautify everything by their unselfish forbearance. I draw in the afternoon by the house of Caiaphas, one of the Langs. It is the most brilliantly frescoed edifice in the village. "Caiaphas" passes in and out with stately step; his face is full of intelligence, and wears a happy, contented expression. His children are very sweet; the eldest girl, a quiet little maiden of nine or ten summers, watches over the two younger ones, and knits her stocking on the bench beside me. Herr Lang takes the part of Caiaphas with great ability, and having enjoyed a better education than most of the people of Ammergau, he is a prominent personage in the village. In the dramatical affairs his voice has great influence.

There is a fountain at a little distance from us, and a great gathering of women about it. I hear loud talking, while tubs and dishes are washed. Money is the great theme; and I hear quite enough to be sure that there is a gossip sort of conversation going on. I look around for a quieter place; but this is the spot, and here I must bide; for there are three capital bits, front, right and left of me, and the afternoon sun gives wonderful effects of light and shade. By this time I begin to find out that there is gossip in the village, and I must not try to escape the knowledge of it: so I will call the sketch in front of the house of Caiaphas — "The Gossips' Fountain."

In vain! It is impossible to do anything with the house of "Petrus!" There is not a bit of vine, nor a tree, to break its utter monotony. I talk with its owner, Jacob Hett, and he tells me that he will help me in any way he can; but there is the house, and what can one do? So I go off, and idle with the young people at home; but as it begins to rain, and grows miserably cold, we all go into the living-room, where we find the family, and some Dutch artists, who have just arrived. Our grand room is by this time occupied by two elderly ladies, who keep entirely apart, and never see nor speak to the family, unless they

THE FOUNDATIONS



THE VALLEY OF THE AMMER.

want something. But we have cheerful company, and Hans plays the zither. We talk with the Dutch artists, of the great pictures at the Hague, of the wood-carving of the village, of the monks of Ettal, who did so much for Art, especially in this direction, of former years of the Passion Play, and the various characters who had performed in it. I think of the party up stairs, and how much they miss by bringing their city conventionalities with them so far into the mountains.

We had a time of real pleasure, and in the evening came the English lesson, which lasted till eleven. Francie was Nora's pupil, Sefie Nellie's. The letters came first—a, b, c—no sooner learnt than forgotten again. Then came the effort to name objects, cat, dog, cow, and this was more successful. Sefie was clever at whole sentences, "How do you do?" "Have you slept well?" Then there was great fun when the pupils were put to conversation together. Francie to Sefie—"You hev plue eis ant brown hair"—Sefie to Francie: "Goot morning, have you slept well?" "Pretty well tank you." Teacher: "Now try to say the *th*." At this point I cover my ears, for when teachers and pupils get to work at this one sound, it is too much! These lessons are given three days in each week, and every night when the young girls go down stairs, I hear them go over all they have learnt to their mother. Next day I find that great progress has been made by the girls in their lingual studies, for I am greeted with, "Good e-ven-ing, are you very tight (tired) to-night?" The great stumbling-block of the *th* is a little removed.

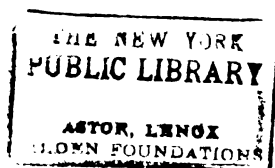
Friday Morning.—Still cloudy! So after we have been to the early service in the church, the girls go out to search for a model, but as all the grown and strong people are hard at work in the hay-fields, they are obliged to be content with anything they can find. I go to the post-office to ask for letters, and as I enter the yard, I see the back of Peter's house, picturesque as it is odd, with the carriage way leading up to the barn of the post-house. It is a happy discovery, and I lose no time in getting to work, as I must have the house of the good Peter. Jacob Hett himself carries out my chair for me, and I sit in state under the great poplar tree, in front of which, but outside the railing, the fruit dealers are building their stalls, and arranging tempting fruits for to-morrow's throng of customers. The dialect they employ is harsh; and I cannot imagine a single word of love spoken in it. Certainly, what I hear around me now must be anything but kindly! When I return home, I find a studio arranged near the door of the barn, and two old women of the village being made into pictures by very diligent students. After dinner we all go together to my new study—the house of the Scribe. The owner is quite in keeping with his dwelling, which is saying a good deal—for the house is in truth an original study.

Saturday Evening.—As we come home through the village, the outer world is rushing in to our quiet nest. A lovely evening loses all its poetry in the noise of the travellers, who, hungry and thirsty, and in need of rest, pass up and down the crowded streets, looking for their places. I chat with the women outside, who stand with babies in their arms, watching the new arrivals. Maier's house progresses; to-day I make the acquaintance of his wife and children. The latter have a little maid called Pinosa to wait upon them, as the mother has much to do. A crowd passes in and out of the house all the morning. Some push in merely

from curiosity, others to get autographs, or to ask questions, some few to do a kindness to Maier by ordering carved work. One lady brings a piece of white drapery for the tableau of the Resurrection in the play, another an old engraving, which the man's Art education enables him to value. The door stands wide open all day long, and the wife tells me that her husband is often kept up till midnight on Saturdays, which is but a poor preparation for the next day's exhaustion,—a day, too, on which he fasts from all solid food.

Sunday.—It is too crowded to do anything outside the theatre to-day, so I spend my whole afternoon down by the river, towards Unter Ammergau, and find it really fascinating there. On this occasion we have a party, some of our visitors being dear friends whom we found among the throng of new comers. The talk with them about our home has a strange effect, so utterly is that home in the distance, in spirit as well as in space. The description of the difficulties they have had to-day in getting food at the Post Inn is really comic. One of the ladies went into the kitchen, seized plates from a dark corner, washed them at the pump in the yard, then, armed with a fork, made her way to the cooking stove, and succeeded in carrying off sausages and potatoes enough for the whole party. Brown bread, cheese, and beer, were the possibilities, but meat and vegetables were only to be had by people of great resolution. Every fresh bend of the river gives a new picture, and the one on which I decide is to be the Going Away from Ober-Ammergau. The theater lies low, at the foot of the distant mountains, while the river winds around and under the mighty Kofel with a graceful sweep. But before I make this drawing, there is one I take great pleasure in thinking of. It is the Churchyard Gate, which stands always open, and through which every morning after early mass I see the aged Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger pass. I begin to hear his name mentioned with great love and respect by the people.

Another lovely Sabbath day has come and gone. The morning which we spent in the garden was still and calm. Not a soul to be seen in the street, except the old men, who, wearing blue and white badges on their arms, walked up and down the village during the "Spiel." They are too old to take any part in the representation, so they watch over the quiet of the place, marching two together, with a very important air, which says, "We also do something." The play is over at six o'clock; when we go for our evening walk, and look down from the lovely hill-side, at the back of the Flunger house, in pity for the restless crowd pouring out of our home. Many come to our garden to have supper, and it is always late before we go in for ours on Sunday evenings. There is no one this week to join our party, except our artist friends, who think of the day's sight as we do; and so it forms a bond of union between us. I remark how full of respect their manner is to the young women of the house. It is great pain to me to hear all the flatteries addressed to Francie and Sefie, and to know that they must have their effect, particularly at a time when life is so unsettled with them.






THE HOME OF THE VILLAGE.

V.

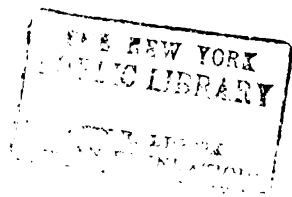
AN APOSTOLIC FAMILY.

t work in the street in front of the school-house! My subject is the house of the Zwinks, the owner of which, Matthew Zwick, takes the part of St. Matthew in the Passion Play, and his son Johannes, that of the youthful St. John. The group of young pupils around me are more enthusiastic about the portraits they are taking in doors, of father and son, than about the old house that covers them. But I find that the latter has also strong characteristics,—a roof rugged with age; walls seamed and cracked all over, and bending in and out in quite a reckless way; the gutters of the roof stretching out to an enormous length beyond the eaves; and a dilapidated fence, of most independent build, pretending to take care of the pretty things in the garden. In the distance is the very oldest house in Ammergau. Its interior, especially the kitchen, is very extraordinary, and contains a deep well, an arched roof, and a chimney with a long shaft, running up to the sky. I am told that this house is at least six hundred years old, and has been standing ever since the time when Ammergau was one of the stations on the great highway of travel for the merchandise from Venice to Augsburg and the north of Germany, and when all the caravans passing through the valley had to make halt at Ammergau for the night and over Sunday. I am told that even in the days of the Romans, Ammergau was a known station on their military road, from Partenkirchen northwards, and was then known as Coveliacas, a name doubtless derived from the guardian peak of the village,—our good Kofel. But I am forgetting the Zwinks. As soon as we were visible, the entire family, consisting of the mother, father, aunt, and the son Johannes, came out to bid us welcome. The son is a generous-minded youth, of refined and gentle nature, well fitting him to take the part of St. John in the play. It is pleasant to see the affection of the mother

and aunt for their boy. The good Matthew tells me, in reply to my inquiries, all about the remarkable frescoes on the houses of the village, many of which were painted by his grandfather, between the years 1780 and 1790. He says that the artist was not always allowed to choose his own subject, this being done by the owner of the house himself, and the results are very odd. Zwink also painted some of the frescoes in the village church, as well as in the church at Ettal. After the older Zwink had told me all this, I turned to listen to Johannes, who spoke of being obliged to fulfil his military duties. He thinks, naturally enough, that the barracks will be a poor exchange for the mountain climbs and the pure air of his Highland home. It is, indeed, pleasant to find such kindness everywhere. The family have now brought out chairs and foot-stools, so that we can work more comfortably. I rejoice over our present felicity, as I contrast it with the martyrdom which we suffered at the hands of rude butcher-boys and ignorant market-women last summer in the streets of Nuremberg. We are invited to return in the evening, when there will be music in the house.

Extract from Nellie's Note Book.—This is the King's birthday, and a general holiday. There was high mass in the church this morning, and I went with Sefie and Francie into the choir. Francie had to take the part of the principal soprano, in place of Julie Albl, who, we heard, had suddenly lost her father, the head and principal support of a large family. Poor Julie! Notwithstanding her great grief, she must occupy her usual place in the Chorus on Sunday, since it cannot be filled by any other girl of the village. She has a most beautiful soprano voice, and charms the Passion audiences by the purity and reach of her song. She is rather a peculiar girl. She became tired of the world a few years ago, and, principally because she possessed such a beautiful voice, she was accepted in a cloister, in the neighborhood of Augsburg. But when the committee were selecting persons to take the various parts in the Passion Play of 1870, they found great difficulty in selecting a first soprano for the Chorus, the only person available being Francie Flunger, who was needed more urgently, however, to delineate the character of the Virgin. Since strangers are not permitted to take any part in the Passion Play, the committee decided upon inducing Julie to return to the village. It was not without considerable difficulty and expense, however, that the community succeeded in inducing the superioress of the convent to give up the nightingale she had secured.

At night we all went to the house of the Zwinks, to hear the promised concert. We were ushered into a large, low room, in one corner of which stood the great, green porcelain stove, with a broad bench all round it, where the people sit in the long winter evenings. About a small table, on which lay some music, the musicians, four violins and a bass, had already taken their places. Johannes and his parents came to greet us, and gave us comfortable seats. We were not the only guests. Two women, relations of the family, sat on the bench by the stove. They were naturally large women, but the plaited skirts, padded waists, and wide sleeves of their splendid peasant costume, made them appear to be of immense size. They were evidently tired from the long journey they had made to the Passion Play, and so we could excuse the little naps they took by stealth, while the music was going on. The concert was very effective, most of the pieces played being from the masses of Dedler, who composed and added to the music of the Passion. Before leaving our hosts we had arranged





OUTSIDE THE PASSION THEATER.

a party to go up the Kofel, and to the Bürschling mountain, where the King of Bavaria has a hunting lodge, called the Linderhof.

I must state something that happened the other day. We had gone to the Zwink house, to join Johannes and two ladies in an excursion to Altenau, which we had decided must be the Almenau of "Quits." But the ladies had the bad news for us, that it could not be the same place, since there is no churchyard there. So we gave up the projected journey, and to make up for our disappointment, Johannes promised to sit for us, while we drew his portrait. So we darkened all the numerous windows but one, and were engaged intently upon our work, when we were startled by hearing a woman's voice, calling out, "Where is St. John? Where is St. John?" The door opened, and a short, portly old dame, whose tiny black eyes sparkled from behind her glasses, followed by two pretty young girls, rushed into the room. Frau Zwink said, very quietly, pointing to our subject, "This is my son Johannes!" The little old lady stopped short before the object of her search, and she and her daughters had a good stare at him, for fully two minutes. They were so interested in him, that they never thought of addressing a word to the poor fellow, who had risen from his seat, and stood like a statue under their gaze. "He's very like his photograph," at last the old lady exclaimed, and turning round, she left the room, followed by her daughters, as unceremoniously as she had entered it, shutting the door with a bang. Johannes stood for a minute like one dazed, and then, when he saw us laughing joined in with good will. This is the way tourists frequently "do up" the principal players of Ammergau.

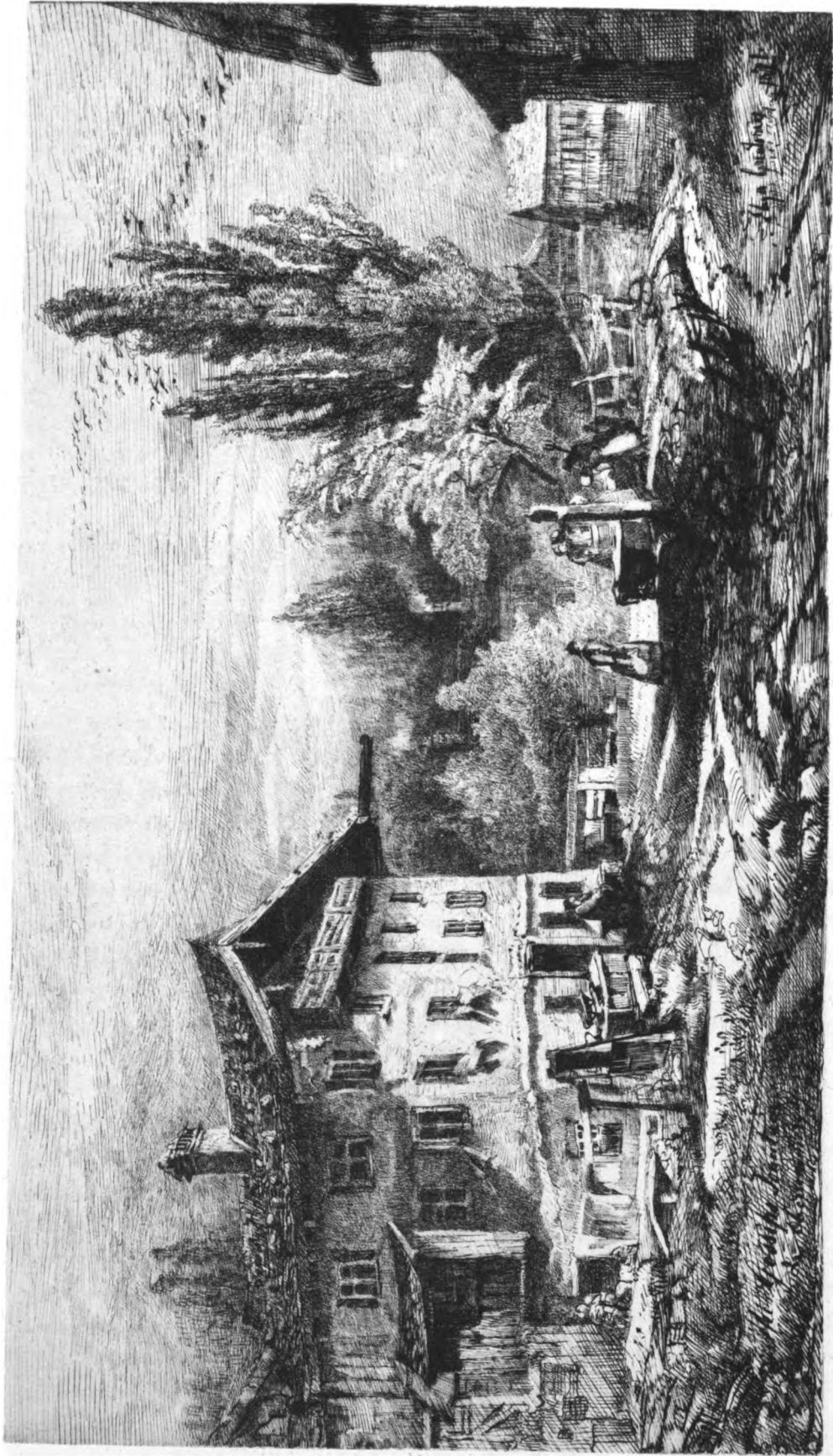
The Linderhof.—We have just returned from our excursion to the King's hunting lodge at the top of the Bürschling mountain. We left the village in the early morning, each carrying sketch-book, alpine stock, and provisions for the day. We joined the two ladies and Johannes, and reached the foot of the Kofel just as the mountains became flushed with the dawn. We had a difficult climb, till near the top, then an easy ascent till we reached Bürschling, finishing with a hard pull, that lasted till mid-day, when we arrived at the Royal Hunting Lodge. On the way we saw only one solitary woman, who was carrying provisions up to the Senner, who lived yet higher up on the mountain, and in whose hut, she told us, we could have milk, and rest ourselves. But we were already tired, so we seated ourselves, and enjoyed our lunch, and the lovely view among the mountains, and along the valley, winding in and out, longing only to reach the snow that seemed so near us,—for it was very hot, and we found but little shelter. It was so very lonely, that I wondered that any one could stay there; but I am told that the King is very fond of such quiet romantic spots, where he goes to escape the cares of government, that must weigh sometimes rather heavily upon his shoulders, and to spend his solitary hours in reading or in study. We sketched the scenery, and Johannes made quite a pretty picture of the royal lodge itself, which mother says is pretty enough to find a place in her collections.

Our visit to the Senner was brief, but Nora, who is fond of such novelties, describes him "as a perfect beauty for a sketch,—an old man, his name Tony, with shaggy grey hair, coming down into his eyes, and mixing with his eyebrows, which are an inch long; a beard, whiskers, and moustache hiding all his face except two little bits of what looked like dark red

leather drawn tightly over the cheek-bones; his coat of some knitted stuff, a splendid dirty blue, torn and patched to a high degree; a well-worn and very dirty, peaked hat, of dark green, with coarse worsted cord and tassel hanging over the rim, right in front of the forehead: the picture being quite complete when he took the churn-dash in his hand."

The return home was very easy and agreeable. We were a happy party, and enjoyed ourselves freely. When we arrived in the charming valley of Grasswang, we washed away the stains of travel at the bubbling springs which we found there. The entire valley is one of the loveliest of the Highlands. Johannes told us that the last King of Bavaria, Max, inspired by beauty of the scenery, expressed the wish that the Ammergau Passion theatre should be erected at the entrance of the valley. We had quite a talk as we came along the valley, and Johannes told us how it was that he came to be chosen to represent St. John in the Passion Play; how that three others had been considered as eligible for the position, but that he was finally selected. One of his rivals was allotted the part of the servant of Pilatus, the other, that of the servant of King Herod who puts the white mantle on "Christus." The selection of persons for the various rôles is done by the vote of all the householders of the village sitting in committee, under the presidency of the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger, and the priest. It is very rarely that a bad selection is made. Johannes told us that he had never received any dramatic instruction, except from the Geistlicher Rath, and yet he acts the part of St. John very naturally, and without any effort. He told us that his father (the present St. Matthew) had taken the part of St. John in the year 1840, that of Peter in 1850, of James the elder in 1860, and in 1870 and 1871 that of Matthew; and that his grand-father had taken the part of the Christus in the years 1800, 1801, 1810 and 1815, and of Peter in 1820, 1830 and 1840. The talent for the apostolic rôles seems therefore to be hereditary in the family. Many people think that Johannes will have to be the "Christus" of the next Passion Play, in 1880.


WILLIAM
FURMAN
JAMES, DEAN
WILLIAM FURMAN



THE GOSSIP'S FOUNTAIN.

VI.

THE HOUSE OF GREGOR LECHNER.

rom beside a cottage, in whose shadow there lies a pile of logs on a bit of green roadside, I look up the street where Gregor Lechner, the "Judas", has his house, the pale green tint of which makes a severe contrast to the dark reddish-brown one beside it, which has apparently enjoyed for ages immunity from "cleaning up." The usual mound, of right belonging to the barn-yard, is near the door, but on the top of it grow some brilliant weeds; and there is a graceful tree whose shadow falls on the sunny porch. It was not easy to find a seat among the logs, so I went into the house, to make myself known to Frau Lechner, and to beg for a chair; and I got not only the very best one she had, but also one of the great "nudels" which she was cooking for the frugal dinner, with the wish that I might eat it "with a good appetite," which I did. I sat by the work-bench of Gregor Lechner himself, who was very busily engaged in finishing some carved statuettes, especially one of himself, in the character of "Judas." His principal work is the carving of the "Descent from the Cross," after Rubens' celebrated picture. He is also famed for his carvings of figures for the "Weihnachtskrippen," being one of the most skillful workmen in the village, as he is perhaps the best actor, dramatically speaking, and one of the best informed on general and dramatic subjects.

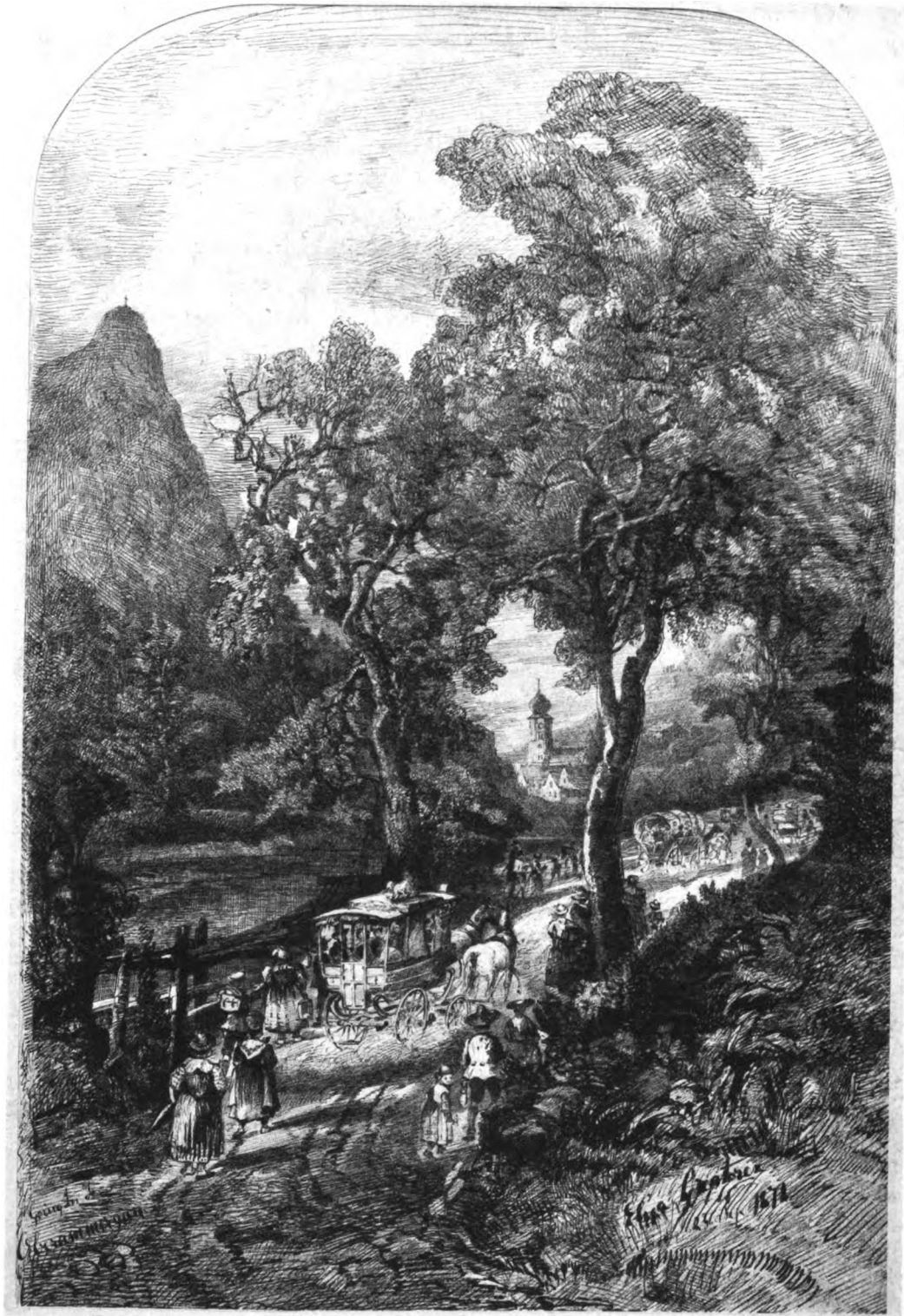
I had hardly finished my "nudel" before Herr Flunger and the Dutch artists came in. The latter are delighted with the village, and will sketch here for a week yet. It was very interesting to hear Flunger and Lechner talk together. A warm affection seems to exist between these two men, and while they talked about the Passionsspiel, the tears came into Lechner's eyes, as he told how that on the previous Monday, one of the visitors had said in

the photograph store, that he wanted the portraits of all the principal players except "Judas", who, he said, must be a very bad man, or he could not play the part so perfectly. Poor man! He has indeed much to suffer from the rude criticisms of the ignorant, especially of the peasants of the neighboring Tyrol, who look upon Judas in the true Middle Age spirit as the incarnation of all that is wicked! Lechner says that he was once stopped on the road between Unter-Ammergau and his home, by a party of half-drunken Tyrolese, who used hard words to him, and he thinks would have killed him had he not made good his escape. In former years, these rough peasants would express themselves very freely about the players, even while the drama was being given; and one, who had become excited and indignant that Judas should betray his Master, stood up in the midst of the audience, and shook his fists at the betrayer, and shouted out, "If I could but get hold of thee, thou rascal, I would teach thee something!" Lechner has given the character of Judas in the Passion Play ever since the year 1850, with three different persons representing the "Christus." Though he does not say so, he seems to remember with most pleasure the time when Tobias Flunger was the principal character; while he admits that Joseph Maier has the best presence and voice. Schauer, who was the "Christus" of the play of 1860, was a very beautiful personification, but he had not strength of mind to resist all the flattery he received from visitors.

I learnt all this from Lechner, after the others had gone; as also, that his father had played the part of Judas in the years 1830 and 1840. When I asked him, if he had not received special instruction from his father, how to give the character to such perfection, he said, No, he had not received instruction from any one then, but had, as long as he could remember, lived in the thought of how to do it, and imagining, while watching his father act, the changes he would make in the representation. He said, further, that after the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger came to the village, and wrote the part for Judas anew, in blank verse, he had private rehearsals in the good priest's house for some time, as had all the principal players,—and that was in reality their only dramatic school. Envious people, he said, had sent abroad the report that he and others had studied dramatic gesticulation in Munich, during the winter preceding the play of 1870, but the assertion was entirely false. Lechner called to mind the fact, that when the celebrated dramatist Eduard Devrient came to the Passion Play in 1850, he had praised the acting as not excelled by any regular actors, and had said, "We (actors) can learn much from them."

Lechner has many pleasant memories of the visits to his little cottage of prominent dramatic personages, who seek up the "Judas" as soon as they arrive in the village, since his fame is now very great. And yet with all this flattery he is not at all vain. When I translated him a sentence which I found in one of the large English papers, that "the acting of Gregor Lechner would be considered brilliant on any court stage of Europe," he said he was very glad indeed to find that foreigners appreciated him, for he thought that the villagers did not. He loves to talk of the drama, and thinks with great pleasure, too, of the secular plays that have been performed by the Ammergauers in previous summers, especially of a Christmas play about six years ago, when persons came to the village on Christmas Eve from a distance of over twenty miles to see it. Noticing Lechner's bright little boy, who is one of the genii

1914



GOING INTO OBERAMMERGAU.

in the second tableau of the play, the "Adoration of the Cross," I asked the father if he intended that Anton should take his father's present part, when he grew up. "No! No!" he said, "I will spare Anton the annoyance that I have had to suffer on account of Judas Iscariot!" Little Anton, too, shook his head, and said "Nein!" One must admire Lechner much for the self-abnegation that he must condescend to during the play: for while most of the other principal players have to represent characters higher than their own original natures, he has to personify a character which he at heart despises. Lechner is one of the most pious men of the village. He is now tolerably comfortable in his means, owning the house in which he lives, a few plots of meadow land, and two cows, all of which—house, meadow and cows,—are attended to by Frau Lechner; while he sits industriously at his work-table, in ordinary times from half past four in the morning till dusk, or from fifteen to sixteen hours a day, and all for a sum not exceeding a Prussian thaler!

I left him after this conversation with a feeling of respect and admiration; and will do the best I can to make the pea-green house a picture for his sake. When I carried home my borrowed chair, the door of the room was open into the large hall, and I saw Gregor Lechner asleep at his work-bench. His wife was in the kitchen, so I passed on there, and she told me that her husband was very tired. He has such a hard part, and on Sundays, when the story is told, he comes home sometimes quite exhausted. Then she told me, but not complainingly, that these two summers of the Passion Play have been also hard on her. She has had no help but that of her little boy. To be sure many good people waited on themselves, but others would have even warm baths carried up her little crooked staircase, until her back was weary and her feet would go no more. She laughed while telling me that once the great tub fell from her hands just as she was half way down, and another time the gentleman upset his own India-rubber bath, and the water ran down into her kitchen over everything, and then he took her fine plumeau to stand on. I asked permission for the children to make a drawing of her little kitchen, which is a picture of neatness, and she thought this a great honor. Her "man" and her "boy" are all to her in life, the good woman says, and she likes to keep the house bright for them.

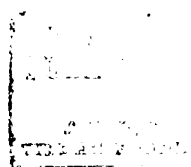
Wash-day in the Village.—There is a great time among the women every Tuesday morning, when they bring their washing down to the river's bank. The favorite place is just opposite the priest's house, in the heart of the village, and the prettiest bit of it all, where the Ammer runs clear and cold as ice on the hottest summer day; and there the artists congregate for the two last days of the week. Flunger tells me that he once counted fifteen of them drawing at the same time. The door-way of the priest's house is the chosen spot, and as I take my seat there, he, coming up, exclaims, "Dear lady, are you also drawing our Kofel? If this goes on much longer, there will be nothing of it left. Every one who comes here must needs try to take it." So, laughingly, I say, I will take pity on the mountain, and on his fears, and crossing the road towards the pretty garden, I find for myself a picture with more of the water, and the village. The washer-women, among them two sisters of the good priest, are so gay as they dip, and splash, and rub, and wring their white linen and red and white checked plumeau covers, that I long to sketch them, and to make my picture a bright one, but

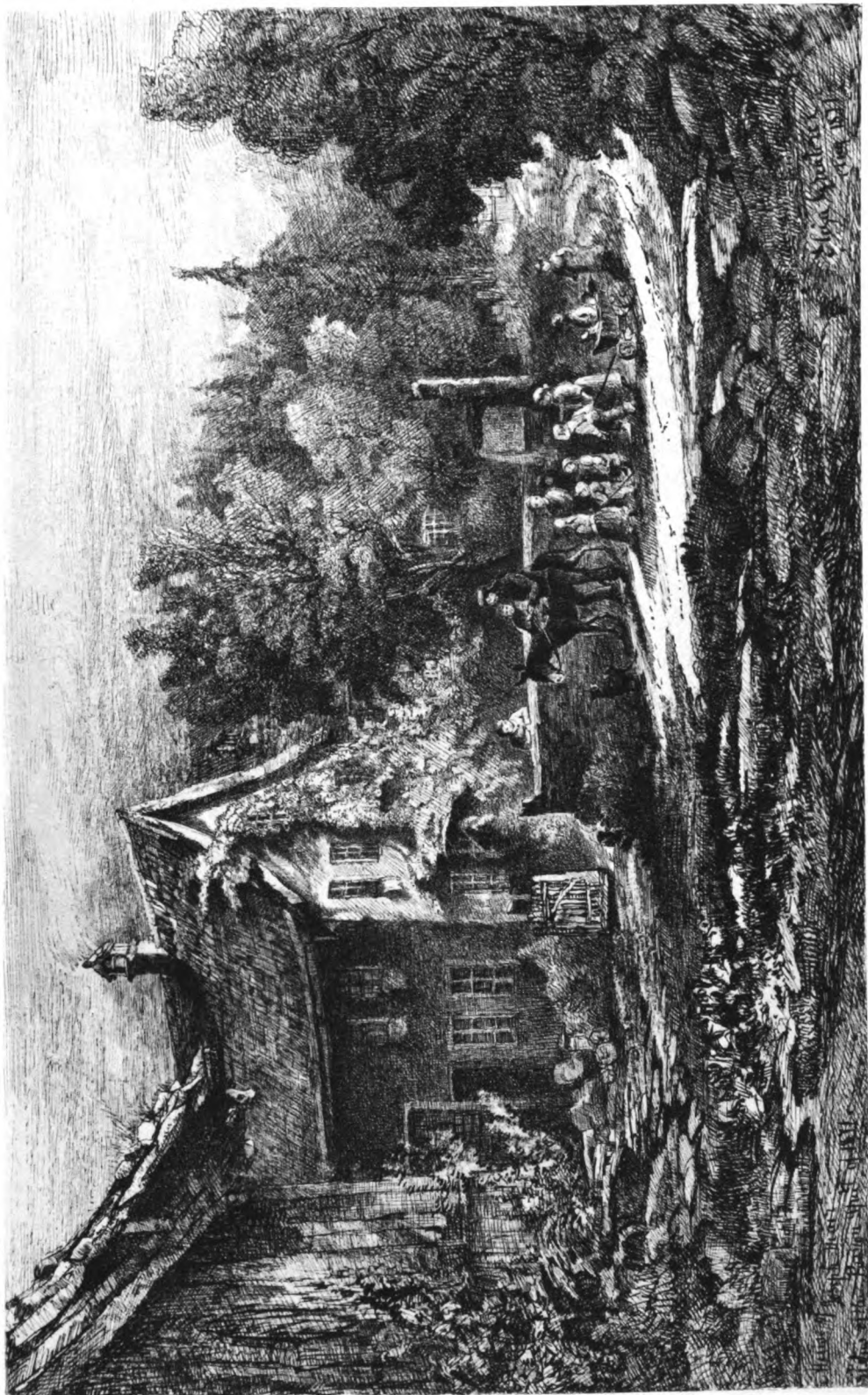
my pen will not obey my wish. The children return from school, and, bringing their toys into the garden where I sit, play about me. I love to have them come to see what I am doing, and put their plump little hands into mine, unasked, with the utmost simplicity, and the sweetest air imaginable.

We have a merry party at supper. The artist trio bring in their sketches in pencil and water-color, and there is a great comparing of studies, and "wonderment" at the odd things each has found for himself. The lamps are brought out to the long table in the garden where we sit. Flunger is with us, and we have a very interesting conversation, in which he joins. I venture to ask how, after so many years of life among the Munich artists, he can bear the life he now leads? He simply answers, "For me life has always had a heavy shadow side, and I like better the country than the city shadow. If I can live in my quiet home, at my peaceful work, I am content."

To-day I take leave, with much pleasure, of my corner opposite the Gossips' Fountain. It is the one evil spot in the whole village, and the people tell me that the house near it is truly the only one in which discord reigns. The one woman who lives there goes in and out the live-long day, with matted hair and disorderly dress, scolding in shrill voice, and with violent gestures, her unhappy men, who retort angrily. Yet she can be very entertaining. I feel sure, as I watch her chattering to the women who come to clean and fill their vessels at the fountain. Heads come close together in earnest talk, and then there is a lingering, and a turning back again to say another word before they part, with that sinking of the voice and shaking of the head as they get deep into the conversation, which there is no mistaking, and which assures me that I have not given my drawing a wrong title!

I have just made the acquaintance of Frau Veit, who has filled an important position here this summer, from the great trouble she has taken in procuring accommodation for strangers, to many of whom her kindness has been invaluable at such a time, and in many cases especially so from her being able to speak French fluently. Her husband follows the usual calling of the villagers, wood-carving, and they have one of the best shops for it in their house, which is very old and still retains the name of "The Kastner House," from having been, during the prosperous times of the Ettal monastery, the depository of its "bread and flour chest" at Ober-Ammergau. I have decided that this edifice too shall be included among my Homes!





THE HOUSE OF JOSEPH MAIER ("Christus").

VII.

THE CLOSE OF THE PASSION PLAY.

It is now drawing towards the end of the Passion season; and while my life and work grow more and more absorbing, it seems more difficult to write about them. The crowds increase, the work in the houses is harder, the women have great toil, and the men are obliged to give up all attempts at wood-carving, while they gather in the scanty harvest. In our home I find the same kindness to strangers, and the same affection for us. I admire the character of Flunger more than ever, and greatly enjoy my frequent meetings with Maier. We invited Frau Maier and her little girl a few days since to make an excursion with us to Partenkirchen and Garmisch. The day proved charming, and the beautiful valley of Grasswang, along which we went was too lovely for any word-painting of mine. The mountains, reaching up into the far heavens, wore their glorious robes of blue and snow-white, while their trains of velvet mossy green were lost in graceful foldings, among the beautiful trees of the valley. It was a new sensation for us to find ourselves once more in places of fashionable resort, such as Partenkirchen and Garmisch. After a good lunch, and a sight of many finely dressed ladies, we turned our faces homewards, satisfied that our own village was the best place in summer, and that if the scenery was not so fine as that around Partenkirchen, the people more than compensate for the difference.

It is charming to see in this village the almost universal abandonment of aristocratic conventionalities. I shall never forget one family—an English clergyman, his lady, sister, and niece,—who resided for ten days in our house. Refined and delicate in all their tastes, they did not stand aside as mere spectators of the family life, but shared it as far as was possible. They brought their pretty sewing into our living room in the evenings, listened with

pleasure to the zither-playing of Hans and the singing of the Flunger maidens; and in return, sang for us sweet chorals and English ballads. The children said that the haying parties lost their charm when they went away, and the women missed the tall, handsome gentleman who would always help them with their heavy loads through the garden. — Among the Schutzgeister of the Passion Play, the sweetest face and the most winning manners belong to Josepha Flunger, our Sefie. Many have been the compliments addressed her, during the summer; yet she has remained simple and unspoiled until now. This week has, however, been an eventful one in her life. Her betrothal has been announced in the house and throughout the village, as is the custom in Germany. Yet, I think Flunger himself is uneasy about the suddenness of the affair, and gives his consent reluctantly; but he has been overpowered by all the women, his wife in particular, who is quite taken with the good looks and manners of the young bridegroom, and with his intention of settling down in the village close by them. The girl is so truly good and modest, that I trust sincerely he may prove himself worthy of her. We are all invited to attend the wedding, at Christmas, and the children are to be bridesmaids.

After dinner Flunger came to take his coffee by the table where I sat writing, and seemed much depressed. I wanted him to take some commissions for carved work, to be done for me by Christmas; but he said that this was impossible. He told me that the last two summers have certainly brought to himself and to his family great pleasure, but also great labor and fatigue. The work in the fields, in all weather, hot or wet, was very trying to them, when, at the end of each week, they had to return to an unquiet house, irregular meals, and beds in the hay-loft. The Passionspiel is in itself most exhausting; and he spoke sadly of the exposure of his family to all kinds of exaggerated praise, and to temptations to vanity from people of the world, as well as of the entire breaking up of home life. He looked forward to all the labor that is to be done around the house and in the fields and woods, and added, It will be long after the snow comes before we can get to wood-carving again. As I looked at the man, I thought, How full of dignity and repose his manner, how full of character his face, and that in his working dress he looks a noble man. He seemed pleased when I told him how happy I have been in the village, and how much I like his family, the two younger girls and Malie especially, and that it would give me great pleasure to see them all in winter at Munich.

The mild days of September are drawing to a close, and we are beginning to think of saying farewell to the Ammer vale, and of gathering up souvenirs of our summer's sojourn here. We had so often delighted in rambles over the rocks, especially those at the foot of the Kofel, and we thought that if we could only bring away a bit of the very growth of the hill itself, it would remind us often, through the dark winter time in the city, of our walks and climbs and long rests on the soft springy moss. So, enlisting a little guide in our service, we took a broad basket and an old knife, and followed the road winding round to Grasswang. There is a sort of valley hollowed out, just where the ascent to the Kofel begins, and where the goats belonging to the village are guarded by their small herd-boy. Here we found the finest bunches of ferns and fairy moss-cups, with many a trailing vine worthy of becoming designs for the daintiest embroidery. We suffered as those to whom fate is too lavish of her

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PRESS



THE CHURCH: BEYOND THE AMMER.

treasures generally do; for no sooner had we filled our basket with one kind of moss, than another variety, lovelier and richer, caught our eyes, and tempted our grasping hands; but at last we turned homewards. A little stream ran by the road, and here, deep down in its mossy nooks, hiding from the light frosts that catch and wilt their unsheltered sisters, grew the loveliest forget-me-nots. We must have a posy, and our little guide, ready to answer our asking looks, ventures down close to the water, too close! for with a splash and a tumble, she is in the stream. But what would be a severe fright to a city child, is only a joke to our little mountain maid, and with a clever spring and a merry laugh, she is again on dry ground, her hands filled with the precious wild-flowers. We get home, and begin to arrange our treasures, Francie and Malie telling us they know where much finer mosses are to be had, and that as soon as the field-work is done, they will send us some.

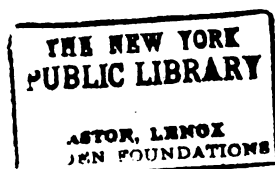
Sunday, September 24.—This morning was most beautiful, and the village all peaceful when I passed through it on my way to the fields, full now of the pale purple "prophet of the harvest" or autumn crocus, and where many of the cattle from the mountains now graze. It was the first Sunday that I had passed this way, and a most extraordinary sight it was, to see the groups of players in costume come out to rest on the seats behind the theatre. A sudden rain-storm drove me homewards. I found the church doors open, and a few women, who had been preparing dinner for their guests, came in to rest and pray for a little while. This little church has a feeling of home to me now, as it has been long a place of prayer, when passing on my way to my daily work. I listen to the music of the *Passionsspiel*,—the last that will be heard for ten long years to come.

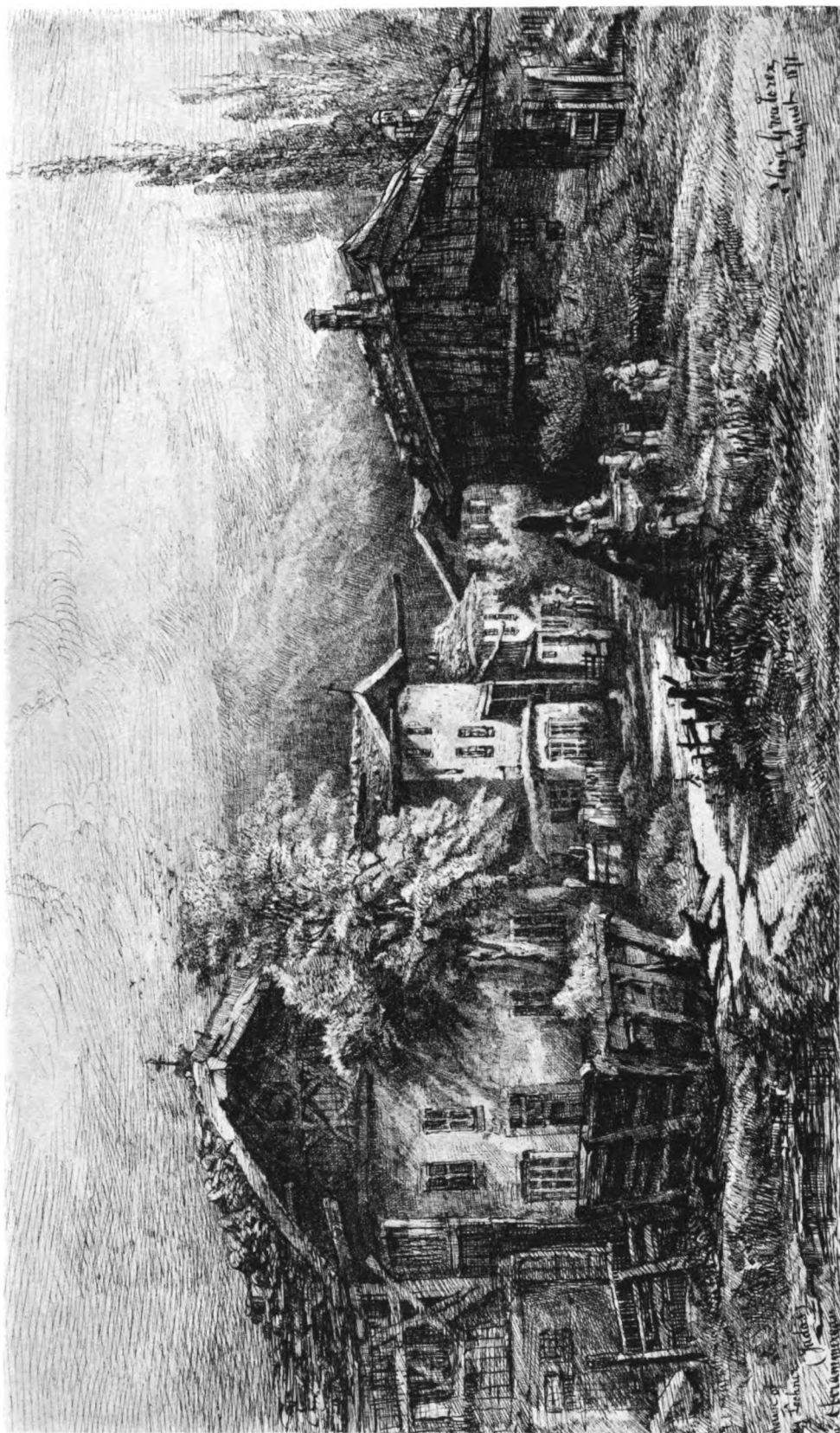
Monday.—Yet once more the well known music awoke us this morning. The King had telegraphed to know if the play could not be repeated; and the answer was, "Yes, and we will give the proceeds to the wounded!" All summer I had resisted the strong desire to see the play a second time, fearing that familiarity with the people might destroy my first impression; yet it was with great regret that I saw the crowd disperse yesterday, after what we all thought was the last representation; so, to-day, I decided on venturing to look at it again. And now I thank the young King heartily for the opportunity of so doing, as, far from detracting from my first impressions, it has been to me a real and pure enjoyment. All alone, from the furthest corner of the theatre, I watched for the parts I loved the best, the tableau of the Manna in the Wilderness, the scenes of the Last Supper, and the Betrayal. And while I recognised each individual of the great crowd, not one sweet or rugged face brought with it an unpleasant remembrance; but rather, with all the wonderful beauty of their pictures mingled that of the kindly greetings and gentle deeds of the long summer I had spent among them.—I am struck with the absence of all ostentation in the character of the principal men here. I have never heard them boast of their success. They seem to lose all personal feeling, in that of the honor paid to their drama. They are all delighted that the King should have honored their play with his presence; knowing that the young monarch has a high appreciation of the drama.

I have just been to Maier's house, to take coffee with Nora, and Maier and his wife entertained us for over an hour. They showed us the ring which the Prince of Wales gave to

Maier; they seem to value it very much, "for the sake of little Johanna," as the mother says, "who will be proud of it!" Maier is a man who has evidently thought much, and speaks with great freedom on many subjects. His affection and veneration for his spiritual father and teacher, the Geistlicher Rath, are very great. His own father died when he was very young, and he has always had to work hard. I asked him if he liked his work? He said Yes, and most of all the carving of flowers. His wife and children are his joy; and he never wishes to leave the village in which he was born. Only yesterday, he refused the offer of a large sum of money to go to England next summer. It makes one shiver to think of such wicked speculation. "Only think of it," said his wife, "that would make us rich; but Joseph would not do it for all the gold and silver in the mountains!" I believe that his life is a continual prayer to be made worthy of his position. I was much touched by a remark of Walter's, when we spoke of a former "Christus," who must have been a much more beautiful personation of the character. "Ah!" said the boy, "but he had not the sorrow in his face that Maier has." And the remark has much truth in it. Later in the evening, Nora and I went down to the living room, when Maier and his wife sang for us some melodies of the Tyrol. Afterwards, Maier himself sang a famous Dutch song, with a splendid voice. We talked of the winter, and heard about the gay times of the wood-cutting in the forest and the dragging it home down the mountains; then of the wood-carving, and how it became the chief occupation of the villagers. Many orders have been left in the village for work to be done this winter, and I have been surprised, on looking over the designs in the different work shops, to see how much talent the carvers show.

September 29.—The church bells woke us early, and we heard chanting in the street. A procession soon appeared; first the boys of the village, with banners; then the old and young men; and after them the old and young women! Their voices, as they recited their prayers, were full and musical. They were going to Ettal, to give thanks for the harvest. To-morrow, another procession will come from Unter-Ammergau, and the surrounding country, and the next day, Sunday, they are all to meet here for a great thanksgiving. The following Sunday will be the festival of the Geistlicher Rath. One sees how much of the happiness of the people is bound up with their church life.






THE HOUSE OF GREGOR LECHNER ("Judas").

VIII.

THE KING AND THE PLAYERS.

here was great commotion in the village two days ago. After the King had attended the last performance of the Passion Play, and had returned to the Linderhof, he sent to the burgomaster an invitation for ten of the principal players to dine at his hunting villa that evening. At the same time he sent a present of a thousand guldens to the village, with the command, that it should be devoted to a benevolent purpose. Everybody was in a flutter of excitement when the King's messenger arrived, and with him the five carriages, to convey the chosen ones to the Linderhof. It was then arranged that the following players should represent the community before his Majesty: Joseph Maier (Christus), Jacob Hett (Petrus), Johannes Zwink (St. John), Johann Lang (Caiaphas), Gregor Stadler (Annas), Gregor Lechner (Judas), Johann Diemer (the Choragus), Tobias Flunger (Pilatus), Franziska Flunger (the Virgin), Josepha Lang (Mary Magdalene). Francie, always simple and natural, wore her usual quiet dress; but it was a pity to see the men, who look so extremely well in their costumes, disfigured by the tight, old-fashioned black coats and hats, kept for grand occasions. Flunger alone wore his peasant dress, and preserved his dignified appearance.

It was ten o'clock on a lovely moonlight night when the players returned, in the same carriages that had been sent for them. Each of them in turn, beginning with the "Mary," had ten minutes audience with the King, who expressed himself deeply impressed and touched by the Play, and said that, as long as he lived, he could never lose the remembrance of it. Francie and her father never tired of speaking of the grand repast that was served to them, with red wine, and champagne and cigars. All returned home with hearts full of grateful feeling towards their King. The young monarch addressed Francie, and praised her for her

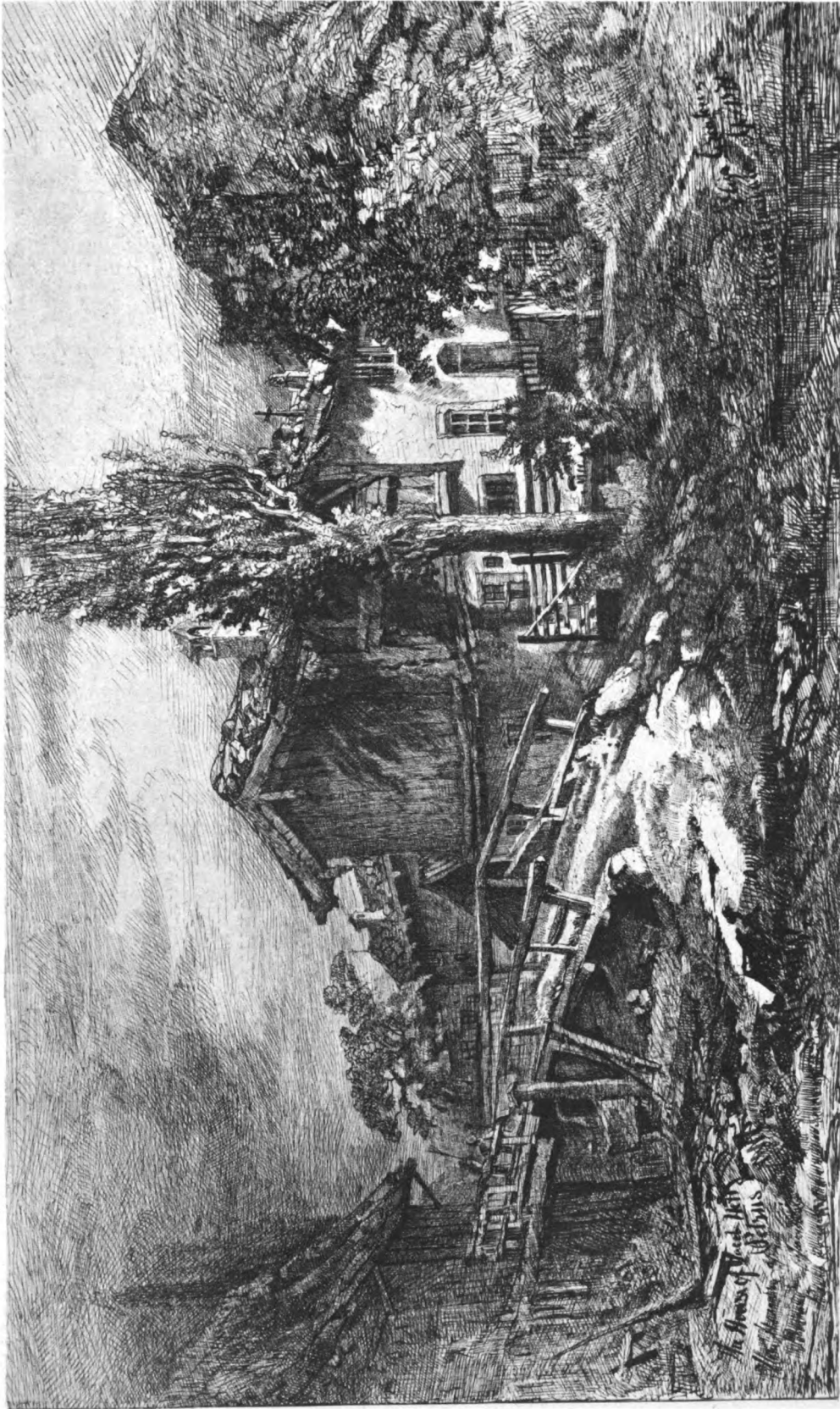
conception of the difficult part of the "Virgin," which, he said, she had acted out with graceful ease and naturalness. He spoke of Schauer, the "Christus" of 1860, whose life in Munich, after becoming inflated with success, was well known to him. Some of the men went through the ordeal of the audience with great calmness. Others were too excited to preserve their natural manner and ease.

Nellie has just come in from the village, and wishes to take my pen, in order to write something that Frau Lechner has told her about the great reception at the Linderhof:—This morning I went to finish my study of Frau Lechner's kitchen, and she told me all about the audience her husband had with the King. On Monday the King came to see the play, attended by a prince of the house of Hesse, and in great style, his carriage drawn by four splendid horses. "The King" said Frau Lechner, "looked neither to the right nor to the left, but sat quite steady all the time of the performance, and was very deep in his thoughts. He drove away amidst the cheering of the people, and looked very handsome, as he acknowledged their greetings. He was so pleased, that the next day he sent a messenger to invite ten of those who took the principal parts, to the Linderhof, among the mountains. My husband was one of the favored ones. The King talked for fifteen minutes with him, and asked him, if the part he took was not one of the most difficult? Then he asked him, if he was married. He told him he had married twice, and that he had one little boy. Does he take part in the play? asked the King. Yes, he is one of the genii. What costume does he wear? And when he heard what it was, he said, Yes, I remember him, and spoke much more, that my husband did not tell me. He gave them a good feast, and when they had finished, bid them take what they could not eat home to their wives and children, as a greeting from him. He asked, too, if our little boy was among the children who came to Grasswang to meet him, and sang: Long live the King. He sent the head-forester's wife a great basket of flowers, and in the midst of them she found a splendid set of jewelry."

Just as Frau Lechner was telling me this, Herr Lechner came in, and told me much of interest. "First of all" he said, "we were shown the dining-room, but seeing the many beautiful silver things, bouquets, and other ornaments on the table, we thought all this was merely to look at; but we found that all the viands had to be eaten! When the King called me in to the audience, I had a very strange feeling about the heart. But his majesty was very cordial, and when he addressed me, 'Ah, Judas!' I felt at once at my ease, and we talked together just like two old friends. He praised the performance very much, and then said to me: 'Judas, your part is one of the most difficult'—'and thankless' I said.—'To the crowd,' answered, the high-minded young King, pointing downwards; and then putting his hand to his breast, added, 'Not to me; I appreciate it.' 'Tell me, Judas,' he continued, 'what kind of a feeling have you when you find yourself entirely alone on the stage? Do you not fear?'" Lechner told him that he did, years ago, but now no more. He was evidently very proud of what the King had said, and I too rejoiced with him that he had found such appreciation.

But I must not forget the account of the dinner, that Judas has just told me. While they were dining, the King mounted his horse for a ride, leaving the players to enjoy the meal alone. After a while a valet entered the room, and informed them, that

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THE HOUSE OF JACOB HETT ("Petrus").

his Majesty would soon return, and would enter the room through the northern door. "May we bring out a toast to his Majesty?" they asked. "It will certainly please him," replied the valet; and so, when the King stepped in the doorway, riding-whip in hand, he was greeted with three cheers, and with two strophes of the Bavarian national hymn, in beautiful harmony. The King bowed his thanks, "and" adds Judas, "his heart was won." He ordered all the rooms to be opened for the inspection of his "dear Ammergauers" as he called them, wound two bouquets with his own hands for the "Mary" and the "Magdalene," ordered a stock of cigars for the men, and had them entertained for more than four hours, starting for Schloss Berg, on the Lake of Starnberg, at eight o'clock at night. In the annals of Ammergau, this day will be marked as the most eventful of all days in the history of the Passion Play. It rewards the people for all the devotedness which they have shown throughout the entire summer. They would have been much disappointed, if the King had never attended the play, and I am very glad he came, as he is a true lover of dramatic art in its purer forms. He has promised the villagers to attend the performance of some of their secular plays, such as the "Founding of the Monastery of Ettal" or "Otto von Wittelsbach," and wishes them to build a new rehearsal theatre, as soon as possible. He is also going to have a beautiful marble cross planted on an elevation near the village, with Christ nailed to it, and John and Mary standing at the foot. He also wants to have all the scenes and tableaux of the Passion Play photographed, and has commanded his court photographer, Herr Albert, of Munich, to come to Ammergau at once for that purpose.

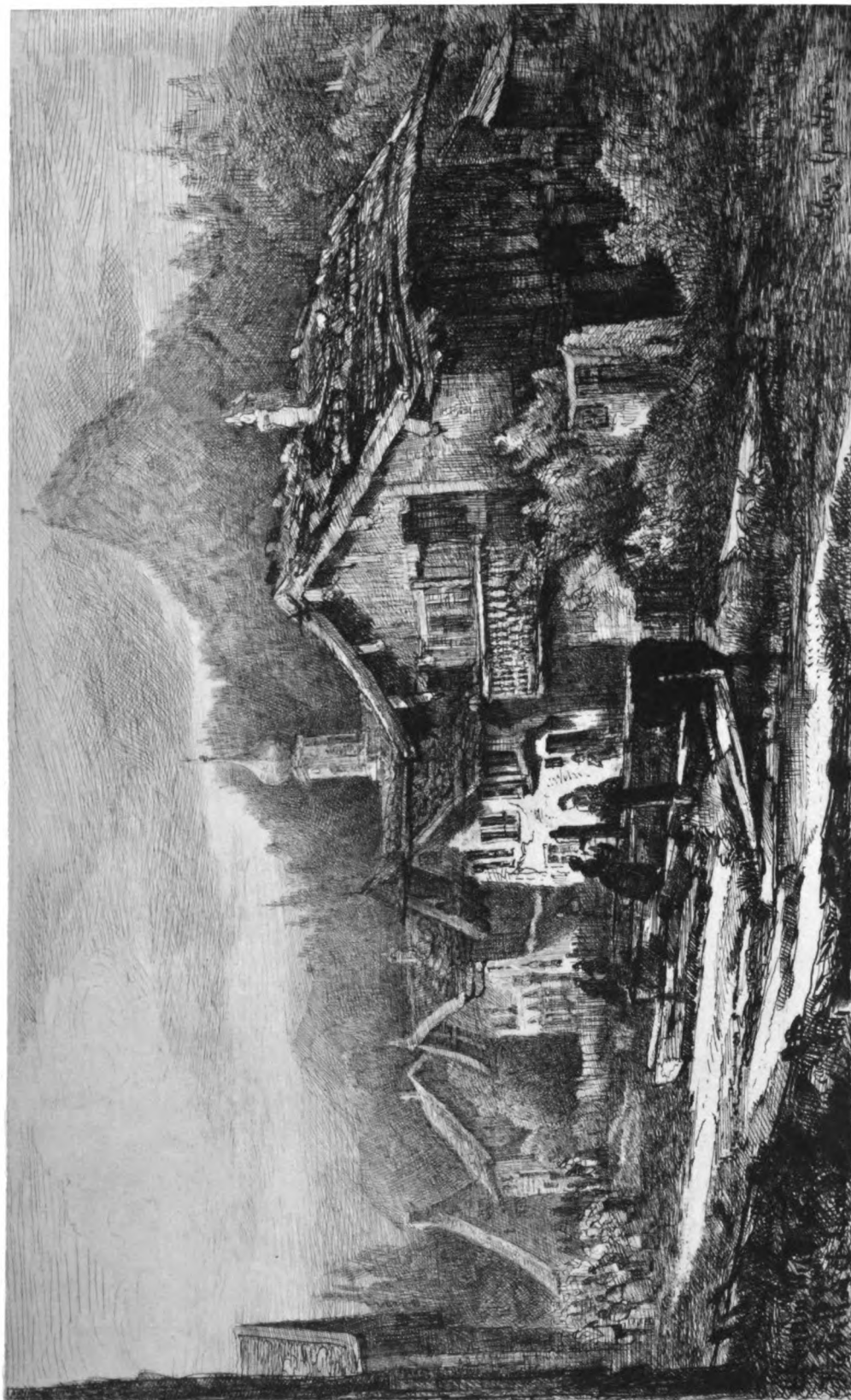
Extract from Nora's Note Book.—The photographers of the King are at work. Just now it was drummed out, that all the men, women and children having any connection with the play should come to the theatre immediately. Little Johanna, Maier's eldest child, came up to show us the pretty dress she wears in one of the tableaux. I asked her what she played, and the little thing put up her finger, and turned her head on one side, saying: "So!" Nellie and I have been living in Frau Maier's rooms for a fortnight past, as some friends we love very much have arrived from America, and occupy our old quarters. It was sad enough here last week, for the baby of six months' old was taken ill on Sunday, and on Monday became so much worse, that they saw it could not recover. On the day of the King's visit, the afflicted father had to leave the little one he loved best, knowing it was dying. His last words were, "God grant that she may live till I come home." But she did not, and his wife had a sorrowful greeting for him when he returned. I had to leave the room, when I saw the great grief of the strong man, who was trying all the time to calm his wife, but would take no comfort himself. Yesterday the child was buried. The priest was preceded by the acolytes and a little boy carrying the wooden cross, on which was carved the baby's name and age, and which was to be placed at the head of the grave. Immediately after the priest came a very young girl, dressed as a bride, only that her wreath was of white roses. In her arms she carried the tiny coffin, all covered with white flowers. Then followed the father, who held his other little child by the hand. When they reached the grave, two kind looking women came and took the coffin, and lowered it, oh, so tenderly into its last resting-place. Things have now been put in their places again in the house, and the little

cradle is carried up to the garret; but still the mother frequently starts, and exclaims, "Oh! if it were only true, that I hear my Rosa's cry for me! But I hear it so plainly, and know it is nothing, but my own thoughts. Oh! it is so hard to bear, for I cannot still her when she cries."

The marriage of Maier's brother has just taken place. A wedding feast generally lasts two days, but this was not a very fine one. We went to the church, though it rained hard. First there was music, then a kindly address by the priest to the pair standing all alone. The father of the bride and the brother of the bridegroom had seats in the pews on either side, while the bridesmaids were in the front pews, behind two groups of little children. The putting on of the ring was followed by the priest taking from his neck a golden band, lined with crimson, and binding together the right hand of each. Then came the mass, well sung, and very pleasing; and at the end of all, a goblet of wine was held by the priest, first to the lips of the bridegroom, then to those of the bride, and then to each of the immediate friends. The priest gave his blessing, and left the church, followed by most of the people, while the married couple still knelt before the altar. The bride was certainly the more devout of the two, for her husband, having finished his prayers, stood up, wiped the dust from his knees, then from his hat, and stood looking at her, as if wondering when she would be ready. At last he started off alone, whereupon she crossed herself rapidly, arose, and followed him. The wedding feast was at the old Post Inn, and when Maier came home this evening, he said they were all dancing there. "Herr Maier, why don't you dance, too?" I asked. "Oh, I am no friend of dancing," he replied, "I would much rather come home, take off my boots, and make myself and my wife comfortable. I am no longer a man of the world. I must go again to-night, because I belong to the family; but it is no pleasure to me; and I wish it were over. On my wedding day we came quietly home, and had our dinner just as if nothing had happened; and were much happier than if we had danced, and drunk beer?" "Why did or do you not go, Frau Maier?" I enquired. "I am in mourning, dear Fräulein." "And is not your husband the same?" "No" she said, "for so young a child only the mother mourns with us."

Extract from Nellie's Note Book.—Nora and I are still at Maier's house, and being nearer the theatre than when at Flunger's, we take every opportunity of going there, to see the photographers at work. The rainy season has really set in. This morning, cold and fresh, we went with mother and "Petrus," and a crowd of folks all dressed for the "Entry into Jerusalem." How really oriental it seemed! The grouping and the harmony of colour,—all crudeness toned down by the exposure through the summer,—are quite wonderful. It is a difficult picture, and they try it three times. Even into this hard work the people carry their earnestness. How bitterly cold it is for Maier and the two thieves in the "Crucifixion" scene! The children in groups around are as still as death. I do not lose my impression of the grandeur of the scene, even when the only sound is the monotonous voice of the photographer, as he counts the time for the pictures. Great as is the desire of the people to finish and be at rest, there was quite an excitement when the photographers wished to continue their work on Sunday, and their doing so was immediately forbidden by the priest, for there is a very careful observance here of the Sabbath day.


FOLIO
ACQUA
VILDEN FOLIO



THE HOUSE OF "LAZARUS" AND THE "SCRIBE".

IX.

A PASSION SERMON.

 write in the churchyard. Yesterday was cold, sad, and stormy. The Passion Play at last over, I had a painful feeling of loneliness, a questioning wonder, as to how I should find the villagers in their ordinary life, and without any weekly excitement to look forward to. To-day the sun shines warm and bright on the old wall where I rest and write, and my questioning is at an end, for I have been with the people at their prayer, and feel how genuine is their piety. May our Father in Heaven bless this little spot!

There was a special service this morning, at the burial of a young maiden, who was to have been married in three weeks. All the church was in soft shadow, but just where the school children sat, under the east window, the light fell on their uncovered heads and clasped hands, and a lovely group they made, and full of promise for coming years, the girls so neat and modest, the boys so handsome and brave-looking. I watched the congregation pass out: first the boys and girls, with the teacher at their head, then the grown people, and last of all the mourners, in their costumes, the women wearing great fur head-dresses, the men old fashioned coats with tight sleeves, and cylinder hats of long ago. There was perfect quiet in the church all the time of the service. People did not pass in and out, as in other places, but waited reverently for the blessing of the aged priest, so honored and beloved. Many waited outside the gate to speak to him; and the children, even the toddling wee things, ran to meet him.

When I returned home, I was fortunate enough to find in the library of Flunger's large guest-chamber, a printed copy of one of the Geistlicher Rath's sermons to his congregation, composed just before the first performance of the Passion Play in the year 1850. It is a very remarkable effort, because of its perfect freedom from all confessional acrimony. Indeed,

I am so pleased with it, that I have had it translated, because it gives such a deep insight into the relation of the aged pastor to his flock. The title is: "Words of Admonition, by Pfarrer G. Alois Daisenberger, addressed, on the day before the first performance of the Passion Play, to the Community of Ober-Ammergau, in the year 1850." The text is taken from the Gospel of St. John, XIV. 27. "Peace I leave with you; my peace, I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you." At the commencement he asks the question: "What effect should the representation of the Passion Play produce upon our community?" He answers it in the following words: —

Devout Hearers! On the festival of Pentecost, Our Lord completed in the Apostles the work of grace which during the course of three years he had been instilling into their hearts. The very first sight of the Divine Teacher had made so deep an impression upon them, that they had immediately believed in Him, and had followed Him. During the three years that they lived with Him, the unspeakable love of their Teacher and Master, and His miraculous deeds, strengthened their faith more and more. This faith was, indeed, somewhat shaken by the fearful events of the captivity, sentencing and crucifixion of the Lord; but it was revived and gained new power, and became unshakable, when they met again their Risen Saviour, and saw Him ascend into heaven. Then was fulfilled the promise of Him who had gone home to the Father! By the descent of the Holy Ghost, the disciples were filled with light from above, and fitted out with courage from heaven not merely to be firm in the faith themselves, but to bear this faith unto all nations, and to communicate their conviction victoriously to the Jews and to the heathen. O, may the faith proceeding from the Father and from Christ, the Spirit of Light and Power, which lived and worked in the disciples of our Lord after that festival of Whitsuntide, also inspire us all! May it confirm this whole community, not merely in the living faith in Christ, and in His divine teachings; but also enlighten and strengthen all, so that they glorify the name of Jesus the Crucified, and invite thousands of their fellow-men to the perfect love of Him.

"O, my dear friends! Our community has this year to fulfil a great and sacred mission. It has, to a certain degree, to take part in the apostolic office. After the Day of Pentecost, the Apostles went out among men, and preached of Christ the Crucified; they announced His doctrines and deeds, His sufferings and death, His resurrection and glorification, showing that in Him the sayings of the ancient prophets, in Him the types of the Old Testament, had found fulfilment; and that through Him and none other could salvation be obtained. As to us, we do not go out into the world to proclaim the name of the Crucified One; but in the course of the summer thousands will come to us, the pious and the luke-warm in faith, the believers and the unbelievers; and it will be for us to represent to these thousands, from far and near, the same things which the Apostles preached, namely, the sacred doctrines of the Divine Teacher, the grandest examples of His love, His bitter sufferings, His sacrificial death for humanity, His glorious victory over death and hell, the prophesies and types of the Old Testament fulfilled in Him. If we work together in holy zeal, determining to exhibit these scenes in a worthy manner, then with the grace of God there can proceed from this community great blessings to our fellow men. Through the living remembrance of the Saviour's death for our sakes,

many pious Christians will be moved and edified in faith, will be strengthened in love, and will return home with renewed determination to remain true followers of Christ! Many, even of the lukewarm and the light-minded, will not be able to dissipate all the earnest impressions of what they see and hear; and these impressions may become in them the seed-corn of a zealous Christian life! The sight of the human nature of the Redeemer, of the bitter torments which he bore for the sake of sinners, may perhaps call forth tears of penitence from many a hardened one; and with God's grace these tears may be the foreboders of an earnest conversion; and the witnessing of the Passion may become the way by which the Good Shepherd seeks and finds the lost lambs of the flock. And who knows if not here and there, some one, led hither as to a secular play by curiosity, or by the desire of being pleased, or, indeed coming with the intention of laughing at the representation together with its defects in form and execution,—if not, I say, here and there such a one will depart with totally different thoughts from those with which he came; at least something will cling to his soul which, after a space of years, may germinate and aid in the transformation of his inner life?

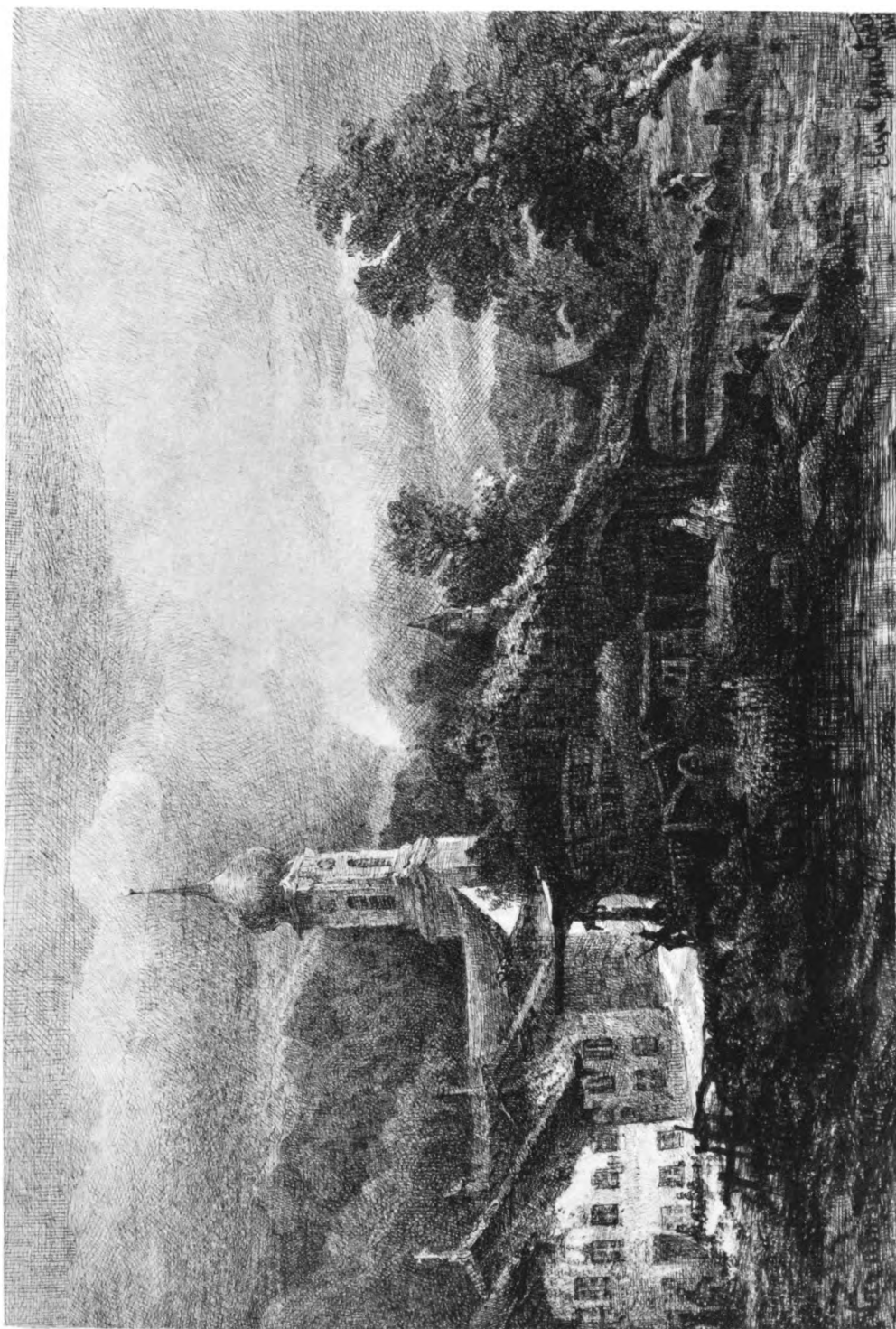
“But, beloved friends, God's pleasure and God's blessing will only then accompany our work, if we undertake it with pure intentions and holy zeal. Oh, my dear friends, if selfish reasons, if the mere desire of fame and gain were to inspire our actions, no blessing will rest upon them. In such a case God would look down upon us in displeasure, and our work would then be an abuse, degrading to the Most High, sinful and punishable. Then we should deserve the bitterest censure instead of fame, the severest loss instead of gain! Our forefathers vowed in times of sorrow to perform the Passion Play, with the intention of promoting thereby the honour of God, the remembrance of the dear Redeemer, who gave himself up to death for our sakes; as also for their edification and that of their fellow-men. In this pious feeling, and in this only, let us fulfil the vow of our forefathers! Let this object alone be in our minds! Whether those who visit the representations of the Passion Play seek anything besides Christian edification, whether they praise or blame us, is immaterial to us; if only we ourselves and many of our fellow-men leave the Play, moved and edified, strengthened anew in true Christian sentiment, then we shall have done all that was to be accomplished. Let us not desire to shine in dramatical art,—a desire which for simple country people would be nothing better than ridiculous pride; but let the endeavor of each be to contribute as much as he can toward a representation of the Sacred History, which shall be as vivid and worthy as possible. Let us therefore begin our work with a pure intention and complete it with holy zeal!

“Each one who has to take a part in the Play, no matter what, is a necessary link in the chain. Each must be zealous to perform what is entrusted to him, to the best of his powers, and thus contribute his share to the worthy execution of the whole. You who have only to do mechanical labors, perform them with industry and attentive exactness! For you have, though unseen by man, a great task before God, no less than those who have to represent an important character in the play. You who have to represent persons who hated and persecuted the Dearest, the Most Sacred, represent those persons in their entire wickedness, hatefulness and hypocrisy, so that the spectator may be filled with abhorrence at the shameful

deeds. Thereby you will contribute towards making the innocence, the gentleness, the dignity of the Redeemer appear in all the stronger light. Through the shadow in a painting the light is first made prominent! You who represent persons who ridicule and abuse Jesus, in wild brutality, let your actions be so, that the rude treatment be not exaggerated; but let it be calculated to awaken horror for the deed and sympathy for the innocent Sufferer. Thus you will serve as instruments to the glorification of Christ. You who have to represent the disciples of the Lord and the friends of Jesus, let your whole being believe and venerate the Divine Master; be attentive to his every word, and deepen your attention and gravity, when he foretells approaching events; show the most profound commiseration of spirit at his sufferings; and have brotherly love and friendliness among each other. In you, who gather about the Lord and Master, there should be found an assembly of the best of men, the most glorious examples for all Christian communities. Thus let every one coöperate with holy zeal, so that each separate part of our work, dramatic and plastic representations, the teachings of the songs and addresses, the sweetness of verse and music, form together one harmonious whole, full of beauty and elevation. The total impression of the Passion Play will then be elevating and edifying to every spectator who brings to its witnessing an upright heart, and will serve to strengthen him in his religious feelings. Thus, what we undertake will become a truly sacred, blessed work, well-pleasing in the sight of God.

"Let us pray that the effect of the representation of the Sacred Story on the hearts of the spectators may resemble that which the Apostles, after the sending down of the Spirit, effected in the hearts of their hearers, through the announcement of the same events, eye-witnesses of which they had been. But as in ancient times the Apostles influenced men not only by their words, but also by their upright conduct, so must we, if our work is to be blessed, not only endeavor to give a worthy representation of the Most Sacred on the stage; but outside the theatre there must be exhibited Christian, moral behaviour. Neither in the scenes of the theatre, nor in the surroundings, nor in the streets, nor in the houses, nor in the church, should anything happen that would be vexatious to the visitor. No drunken persons must be seen; no enmity one against the other, no insulting speech be heard. Let every visitor find in us a truly Christian community, where Christian education and Christian feeling prevail; a community worthy to represent the most Sacred and Holy in a holy manner And, oh, if this community, through the representation of the sufferings and glorification of Christ, be strengthened in all that is good, as it was with the Apostles through the living remembrance of their Lord and Master; if this community, through the representation of the Sacred Story, glorify afar the name of the Crucified, imitating the Apostles, who glorified him among all peoples,—then hail to our community! The blessing of God will rest upon it! Our pious forefathers, they who once made the vow before God to perform the story of the Passion will rejoice in heaven. Pray that it so be! But without God's grace the work of man is as nought. Therefore let us to-day, the day of the descent of the Holy Spirit, pray earnestly to heaven for the assistance of the Divine Spirit, in carrying out the work before us. As once over the assembly of the disciples in the hall of Jerusalem, may the Holy Spirit pour down upon this community the rich measure of His grace! Amen!"






THE HOUSE OF FRAC VET.

X.

THE GEISTLICHER RATH.

eptember 29.—I have just returned from my first visit to the aged priest who has done so much for his flock, and for the improvement and success of the Passion Play. He lives in the upper story of one of the simplest houses in the village. His study-room is as unpretending as the aged man himself. It is uncarpeted, has a large Dutch stove, a sofa, a writing table, and a few relics,—that is all. Two boys were reading with him, as we entered. He raised his hand gently, and they left us. He says that he still teaches the children, with pleasure, and that their love repays him abundantly for his labor. I was glad to be able to understand all he said, while he spoke of how he came to settle down among these people, with whom he has had the closest relations for so many years. He told us how he had first written songs for the children, then composed a little poem for each, as they grew up, left the village, married, or died. After that, he began to help them to improve their great Sacred Drama, and finally to compose new religious plays for what they call their “exercise” in the intervening years. One of his best productions, “The Founding of the Monastery of Ettal,” was performed before King Max, in the small rehearsal theatre of Ober-Ammergau, fifteen years ago. He has written besides, “Otto von Wittelsbach,” “The Bavarians in the Peasants’ War,” and other pieces which he modestly entitles “Dramatic Scenes from the History of the Bavarian Fatherland.” He has also written several Biblical plays, such as “The Death of Abel,” “Melchisedec’s Sacrifice,” “Abraham’s Obedience,” “Judith,” “Naboth;” besides dramas from the legends of “St. Agatha” and “Genoveva.” He has also arranged and added to many of the Biblical dramas of Metastasio, and likewise adapted for Ammergau the tragedy of “Antigone,” of Sophocles. Many of these plays have been acted by the Ammergauers, who seem to enjoy most the drama connected with the neighboring monastery of Ettal.

Lechner tells me that when the Geistlicher Rath first came to Ober-Ammergau, he was frequently ill in health, but he always thought that the performance of the secular and religious plays by his people did him more good than all medicine. He has always directed their plays as long as he has been in the village, and considers the village theatre, when properly directed, of great value in the culture of his flock. All the people, men, women and children, love him, for he is untiring in looking after their welfare, material and spiritual. When the children see him on the street, the smallest will toddle up to him, and kiss his hand, and the aged priest puts his hand gently upon the little head, and prays in still for God's blessing upon it. He attended the last performance of the play in 1871, and was deeply affected. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he saw the well-known scenes revealed, one by one. To one of the villagers who tried to get him to leave the theatre, fearing that the emotion might prove too much for him, he said, "No, I would rather remain here. It is the last Passion that I shall see in this world."

The Geistlicher Rath is one of the old school of Catholic priests which is said to be now dying out in Bavaria. He is truly tolerant in all that he says and does, and considers us all "Christians." In 1860, I am told, he buried two Protestants who died here, with Catholic ceremonies. Speaking of the school, he said to me. "The girls are at first more apt, but later the boys leave them behind in study." I asked whether that arose from the girls having more work to do at home. "No," he answered, "naturally enough they begin about fifteen to think of other things, and do not give their minds to serious study." Again, after he had thought for a few moments, he repeated, "Yes at first the girls have much more talent, but when the more earnest work begins, they fail." I said, "Many in the outside world believe that there is no evil in this village." He shook his head, and replied, "That is indeed wrong! In Ammergau they are a good people; there is no theft, no drinking, no fighting; but sin and sorrow, grief and wrong, exist here as elsewhere; and our Father in Heaven has to teach His children among the mountains, as well as in the great cities by the sea; to teach, and to forgive them also!" On the eighth of October there is to be a great festival, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the old man's ordination to the priesthood. We shall remain here to see the people do him honor.

For three days men, women, and children have been bringing in birch trees and evergreens for this festival; and in the open place before the churchyard they are making miles of festoons. An avenue of young birch trees leads from the priest's house to the church, where they have erected a grand arch. Passing by the young priest's dwelling, which as well as the school-house is decorated, to the good old man's home, which they are now beginning to deck for the evening's serenade and torchlight procession, I have come to make my last sketch from near his door. It is of the church itself, his happy place of resort for twenty-six years. A gossiping crowd of women with babies stands by me, and while the men put up wreaths and festoons and gay bunches of flowers, the happy looking children shout with delight, and run to gather fresh posies, and the mothers say, "Ah! well they may, for, truly this is a priest and a father; few like him now-a-days; he helps every one, and is beloved by all!" Now they have put up the finishing decoration, with flags and inscriptions, and I do not wonder

at the acclamations of the little ones, when even the good father himself comes out to admire it. Inside the church they have collected every adornment possible. The aisles and the chancel are lined with birch trees, joined together overhead by pretty festoons of green, and the altar is splendidly arranged. I have been there often to-day, not only to see it being made so beautiful, but also to admire the handsome peasants, who are coming in crowds, and from miles around, for to-morrow's festival. At six o'clock the church was lighted, and we heard the Benedictus, the old priest officiating, and wearing pure white vestments. As I stood up to receive his blessing, it made me happy to think that his seventy-two years of life had brought him so rich a harvest of love and honor.

In the evening we were allowed to sit in his house, and wait for the torch-light procession and serenade. It came up the avenue, followed by a crowd, the musicians alternately playing and singing. After a little while the aged man came down from his room to where we were sitting, shook hands with us, his face radiant with pleasure, and then went out and stood on the steps in front, with hands folded, and eyes cast down. At the end of the serenade, a little speech was made, they gave three tremendous cheers, and the young men first pressed forward for his blessing, followed by the older ones. He spoke to them but few words, yet many even of the men were affected to tears, and the women wept outright. When it was all over, and he came into the house again, I asked for his blessing on me and mine.

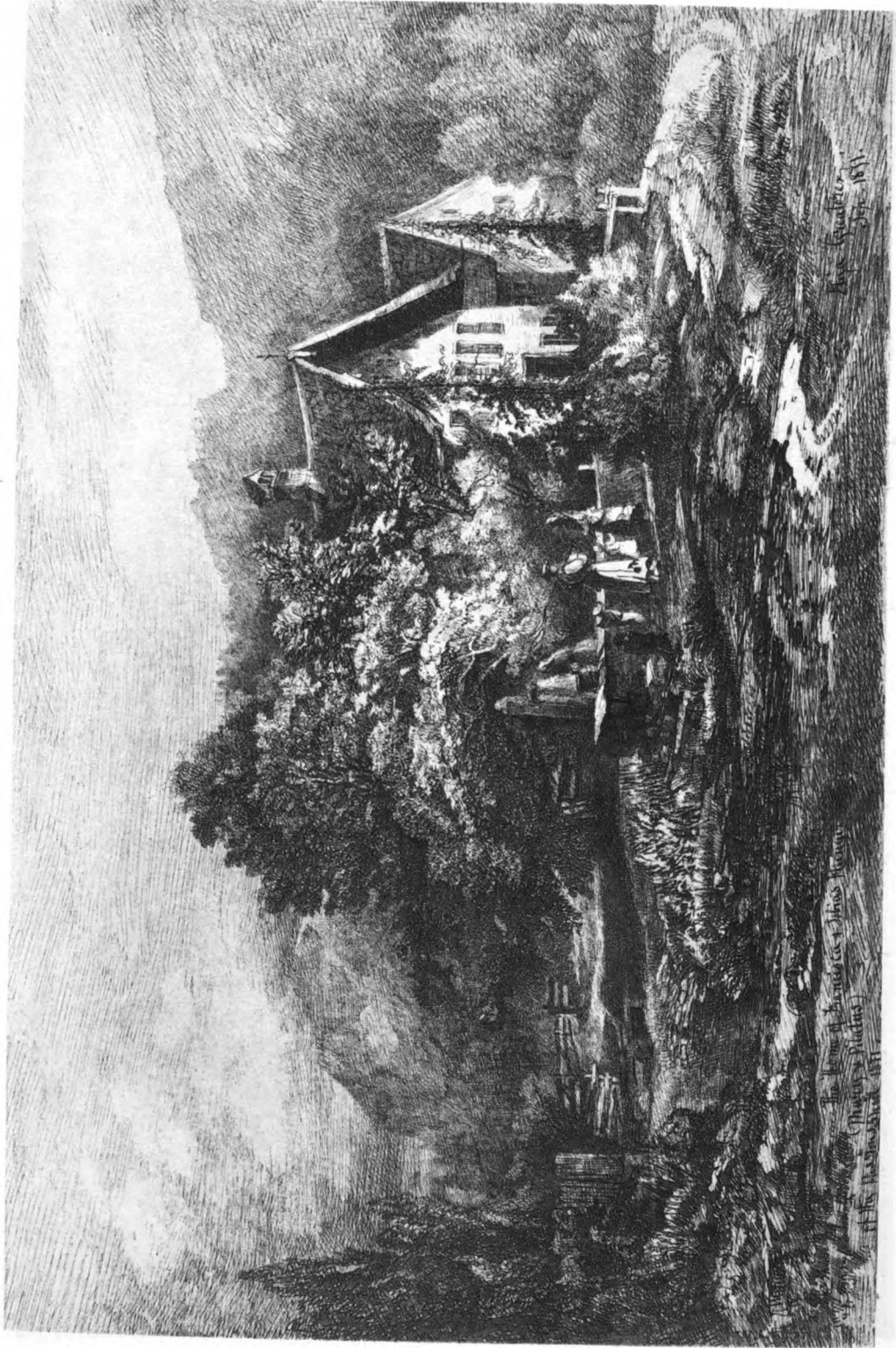
Sunday Morning.—We are at the house again. Groups of little girls in white, with wreaths of orange flowers, stand near the door, next to them a crowd of young girls, with wreaths of pink and white roses, who talk merrily while they wait for the procession. The older men and women stand outside the grand arch, and the boys and young men come up with the procession, carrying flags, while cannon and music are heard in the distance. Now the bells ring out joyously. First a society bearing banners, and with uncovered heads, appears, next the chorister boys, with a magnificent mass book, and then the priests, dressed in white, and also bare-headed. All stand around the door, and when the old man comes out, they present to him the book as a gift from his people. They hold over him a canopy, and conduct him through the long avenue of birch trees, and under the triumphal arches, over a path-way strewn with rushes and green leaves, to the church, to which we hasten; but only Nora and Walter succeed in making their way up to the choir, for the crowd is immense. It begins to rain, and we feel sorry for the people who have come from a distance and cannot get in. The procession reaches the church, the canopy is lowered, and I catch a glimpse of that quiet face, and stand listening to the music of the same mass that was composed for his inauguration, fifty years ago.

At noon the festival is over, they have brought the honored father to his home again, with great rejoicing, and Walter tells me a little of his history, alluded to in the sermon that was preached. In 1823 Joseph Alois Daisenberger was a young man, noted by his superiors as always active in his duties, and a great friend of children. In 1824 his praise still grew; in 1825 there was no better priest in the diocese; in 1834 he went as priest and school-inspector to Murnau, where he remained until 1845. In that year he came to Ammergau being then well known and beloved by the people, whose united wish it was,—a special one from the

children being added,—to have him for their pastor. Here he has remained ever since, beloved and revered by every one.

Monday morning comes in with heavy rain. We sit by the window looking down sadly into our pleasant summer garden, for the last time. Yes, we must certainly go now. All is ready, and Hans with his carriage is at the door, the family crowding round with kind parting words, and Sefie bringing us the last of the autumn flowers, gathered in the rain. But it is to be only "Auf Wiedersehen," as, after the affairs of the Passion season are arranged, we hope to see many of our Ammergau friends in Munich. It is only to the village we now say "Good bye!" and very mournful and quiet it looks, as we drive away in the pelting rain. Soon it is out of sight, and at last the dear old Kofel disappears, too. And now that we have quite turned away from our mountain home, our hearts are as heavy and sad as the dreary autumn storm that comes down upon us while our tired horses rest at the foot of the great Ettal hill,—the same that I climbed with such eager feet, and so gay a spirit, on that bright summer day three happy months ago. But to comfort me comes the feeling of the better trust, the surer faith, I bear back with me, and the thought, that if I never look again on the homes of Ober-Ammergau, the people have made for themselves a home in my heart.


THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS



THE HOUSE OF THE FLUNGER'S "Mary" and "Pilot".

XI.

OUR SECOND VISIT TO AMMERGAU.

he coldest, saddest winter Munich has seen for many years is over. Our anticipated visit to Ammergau at Christmas had to be given up, for sickness and sorrow were with us. And now, as I sit, and read over what I wrote last summer, I feel weary and depressed, and think that I can not finish this little work. But a happy thought comes to me: that again it is the glorious summer time; I know that the flowers are spread thickly over the meadows of the Ammer valley; I will go there, and see once more all my good friends, whose visits have been so pleasant to us through the winter. A pile of letters lies before me, and as I read some of them, my heart is warmed with sympathy. There are letters written by the daughters of Tobias Flunger, by Gregor Lechner, and by Joseph Maier. I admire the delicate handwriting of Francie and Sefie and Malie, the sweet, natural poetry of their letters to my children, and the warmth of feeling and affection their contents evince for us all. How pleasant, how refreshing these letters are!

Once, dear Sefie wrote: — "My dear Nellie: It is impossible for me to allow your birthday to pass without showing you in a few lines my deep sympathy for the occasion. You know I cannot say much, but what I do say is sincere: so I wish you all the happiness you are wishing for yourself, but, before everything else, health and contentment, many years of life, to the joy of your family and friends! My dear friend, we have at present as bad weather here as you have in Munich! It snows the whole day long! Perhaps you know the hopeful song: 'When it snows, when it snows, the snow-white flakes!' It has a beautiful air, which I hum all day long, as I sit and sew diligently. Sometimes I get such a longing for our summer guests." And then when Christmas came, and sickness was still with us, and we could not

leave the dreary city, Francie wrote: "We hoped up to the last to see some of your dear family in our midst, to spend Christmas with us. But no one came: and I had to be content with being with you, my dear friend, in spirit. Sefie and I talk so much about you, and would often like to spend an hour with you."—Yes, I will go and see those dear people again before I leave for home!

May 30.—When I left Munich early yesterday (Wednesday) morning, for my last visit to Ammergau, the Marienplatz was filled with peasant wagons, loaded with thousands of young birch trees, for the religious festivities and solemn procession connected with the celebration of Corpus Christi. It was rumored that the King had promised to take part in the festivities, and great were therefore the expectations for the brilliancy of the occasion. Much as I should have enjoyed the gorgeous display, I was unable to wait. But I have been fully compensated for any loss of the sights in Munich, by witnessing the ceremonies connected with the day in Ober-Ammergau. At every village along the route thither, the people were busily employed in cleaning up the houses, and planting rows of young birches in the streets and before the houses, on the way to be taken by the morrow's procession.

It rained heavily as we climbed once more the steep Ettaler Berg. But were we not rewarded by that peep of Ober-Ammergau under the Kofel?—the picture that we found last year at sunset, between the burning red rowan trees, which now welcome us back with their clusters of pure white blossoms. The cow-bells rang faintly from across the fields of deep wet grass, and surely that was our old Saturday's march we heard as we entered the village. Yes, to-morrow is the great fête of Corpus Christi in Ammergau. Our welcome to the house of the Flungers was crowded with strong remembrances of the Passion season, awakened by the music of the band, which now, without any attendant crowd of tourists, passes into the church. As we reached the house, the whole family came out to meet us. The only missing face was that of our dear girl Sefie, now away in Leipsic. Such a noisy and happy party we were, down in the great room, all telling our experiences since last year. Francie had been for three months in Styria, in Austria, at service in a great Schloss, but she had grown home-sick, and is now at her old work, sawing out the patterns for the wood-carving. She is looking bright and pretty, after the rest of the winter. She shows us her hard brown hands, and laughs over the work she does, but says her life is lonely without her sister. They all speak of Sefie with much love. Poor Francie's face wore a very sad expression when she was showing us her trinkets, among which was Sefie's betrothal ring. The poor child has had a most sorrowful experience! "Pilatus" himself interested me most. We seemed to have awakened him from a dream. He was eager to show us what he had done in high Art, his carvings of animals, and a tiny little picture in oils, a moonlight scene, representing a blacksmith's shop, which, he told us, he had painted during his leisure hours.

May 31.—This morning we were once more awakened by the firing of the village cannon, and the music of the village band. For the first time in many days, the sun shines brightly; and peasants clad in their picturesque costumes have come to join in the festival. The street is lined with young birch-trees, and strewn with grass and wild flowers. In the church, the statues and frescoes, the bright banners and flowers, are toned together by the soft green

boughs that dress the walls. All my old friends are there; and as the mass goes on, and fresh young voices join in the hymns of praise, I see them all in the same spirit of devotion as when they represented on the stage the life of the Saviour they are now worshipping.— A little later and the grand procession passed through the streets of the village and over the meadows of the valley. The children in their spotless white led the way, the young girls followed, carrying an image of the Virgin Mother, crowned with flowers, the young men bore the many-colored banners, and in the midst the Geistlicher Rath walked, while the village priest followed, bearing the Host. The procession wound slowly under the trees, across the swelling river, into the fields of flowers, and arriving on the meadow, stopped before an altar that had been erected, where the priest read a chapter from the Gospels. Again the band struck up, the maidens sang, and the old peasants followed, chanting prayers. Altogether four altars had been erected, and as the procession halted at each, it seemed only a shifting of scene from flowery meadow and mountain, to picturesque cottages and dear old homesteads. All the villagers, without a dozen exceptions, took part in the procession.

In the afternoon we paid our visits to the people. In his quiet room, with many books its best furniture, we found the beloved priest from whom I had learned the power and beauty that lie in a simple, active life of love. Joseph Maier was coming with his children down the road from his house, so we stood out in the sunlight, talking with him awhile, and I came away with my impressions of the man's earnestness of life and character deepened.

The children were singing as I passed to get my sketch of the house of Frau Veit, and I made my way into the school-room. The teacher was playing the violin, and beside him stood the Herr Pfarrer. I had a good welcome when the song was over, and the teacher asked the children to sing their favorite song, "The Nightingale." I left the school quite happy for the little ones, thinking of them as I saw them in the procession of yesterday, and in the school to-day. As I came up to the smithy, and saw the groups before it, I thought of the old Dutch paintings; but as I had to make my way to the interior, in order to get the best view of my sketch, it was not quite so enjoyable; but Frau Veit helped me through my difficulty, and I was soon seated in a corner beyond the shoeing of the horses, from where I could see the little old house, into which so many thousands had pressed last year. In no other village than this could I have sat in the work-shops or in the middle of the street so undisturbed. Here I am quite at home, while, beside me, the work of the smithy goes on. When the horses are shod, the smith sits on the anvil, with a pot of beer and a slice of buttered bread in his hand. Presently the children come home from school, and two pretty little ones find their way into the smithy. The grimy man drops his hammer, takes the little ones up in his arms, saying he has no children of his own, but that many come to visit him. Before I left, he brought me down a copy of *Corneille* that a lady had left in his house last year, but had never written for it. Would I take it with me? he asked. I was going into the world again, and might meet the lady. He would tell me how I might know her,—she had golden hair and blue eyes, a husband, three little children, and a black nurse!

Our last evening in Ober-Ammergau was spent in the circle of the Flunger family. We talked of old times and customs, and wondered where all the Art-treasures of Ettal had

disappeared to. Flunger said that he remembered distinctly the great sale there after the secularization in the year 1803, and had in his possession a large portfolio of the Dürer engravings bought there at the time. His grandfather had told him of pictures which had been sold at that time for six kreuzers a piece. Indeed, there was one in the garret which had been bought at that price: and in the dust there we found an old picture—a portrait of one of the students, in a gay costume, and sword in hand. The date is 1721. We also found a smaller picture, a Dutch landscape with figures, besides an ancient gunstock, and a number of other curiosities, all from the old monastery. When we descended to the room, we found some of our village friends waiting to bid us good-bye, some of them with specimens of their own workmanship, others with a photograph, or a bunch of Alpine roses. And now, as I write the last lines in my diary, I have said farewell, with a heart deeply moved. I will close my work with a farewell acrostic to Ober-Ammergau, which I have found in the Strangers' Book at Madame Veit's. Its author is the Rev. Vincent Eyre, of England:—

"O blest retreat for faith heartfelt and sound,
Banished from courts and cities! In this vale
Embosom'd, Christian piety hath found
Refuge in souls which no dark doubts assail.

Amid these mountains shines a Beacon bright,
Making the sceptic's flickering torch obscure;
Multitudes throng to hail the Heavenly light.
Earth hears once more God's wisdom from the poor!

Receive the thanks of one who hath been taught
Great truths that oft lie hidden from the wise;
Adieu! all ye who have such marvel wrought,
Until the last loud trump shall bid us rise!"

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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