

wings right and left, adorned with elegant pavilions. With this masterpiece of renaissance, FERSTEL has brought his artistic labours to a close. Not far distant from the University appear the beautiful Gothic twin spires of the Votivkirche. FERSTEL, who gained the competition in 1856, has here combined a selection of Gothic details to an architectural bouquet of rare beauty. We can only devote a quick glance at the Schotten Ring,



THE IMPERIAL MUSEUMS FROM THE "VOLKSGARTEN".

Photo by R. Lechner.

where the Sühnhaus, gothic with Venetian loggias, by SCHMIDT, reminds us of the tragic episode of 1881 when the Ring Theatre was destroyed by fire, and at which spot the Sühnhaus was erected. Opposite the Exchange (opened in 1877) finishes the list of great buildings by HANSEN in a worthy manner.

With this we have brought our promenade around Vienna to a close.

RETROSPECT INTO THE SOCIAL LIFE.

By HUGO WITTMANN.

THE birth of the Austrian Archduke, who, under the name of FRANCIS JOSEPH I, was destined to ascend to the throne of the Habsburger, falls within the happiest time of the old Kaiserstadt on the Danube. Vienna was already well known as the home of joviality and lightheartedness. The great SCHILLER had said, that a Viennese week consisted of a succession of Sundays, to which the less renowned "Bäuerle" enthusiastically rejoined: "There is but one Vienna". There existed indeed no other city so full of hearty joviality and natural mirth, dear alike to the strangers as to the native, than the

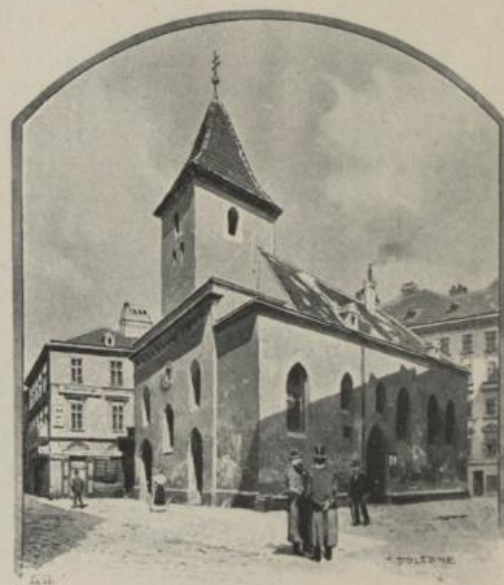
Vienna of the thirties, when the reminiscences of the great Empress and her great son had not entirely died out, and the recollections of the numerous festivities of the Vienna Congress were still the topic of conversation. But one thing was wanting. The city required in its joviality a sort of manager, who could direct and arrange everything. It needed an element to bring order and rhythm into this exuberant jollity. This want was removed by the inexhaustible source of the musical talent of the Viennese. In that epoch falls the birth of the Viennese waltz. Armed with bow and baton, LANNER and STRAUSS commenced their reign, and though their modest art cannot be compared to the sublime creations of MOZART and BEETHOVEN, it must not be denied that through the art of these two Waltz-Kings the popular enjoyments were considerably improved. It was far better to listen to one of those newly born waltzes, with its sweet and enticing melodies, than to pay attention to idle gossip about everybody und nobody. Madame DE STAËL, who visited Vienna at the beginning of the Century, complained about the flatness of the conversation there, and remarked, that it seemed to her, that meditation was considered in Vienna an illness, against which the doctor had ordered a shallow and superficial entertainment. Meditation was cured by Music, a sweet and lovely swaying music in the measure of three crochets. This measure of three crochets became a power and together with it, the mighty ones of the empire shared in its government, and we receive a lively picture of that period. On High, above all, reigned METTERNICH, he governed the head, below, reigned the waltz and governed the legs, and between both, a happy and contented people, who fared well, and who left the question, whether it might fare still better, to the government, to decide.

Later in the thirties the political horizon began to darken also in Vienna. The events in France and Italy had thrown their shadows around and more



MONUMENT OF MARIA THERESIA.

Photo by R. Lechner.



ST. RUPERTS CHURCH. THE OLDEST CHURCH IN VIENNA.



VOTIV CHURCH.

dation of the Academy of Learning, excluding, however, from its subjects, that of Literature. He could not subdue his old fear. Personally, the chancellor was never an opponent to the higher intellectual entertainments, he delighted at everything that was lofty and noble and was undoubtedly of an artistic and intelligent disposition, and might within his own sphere even be called a bel esprit. It was he,



UNIVERSITY.

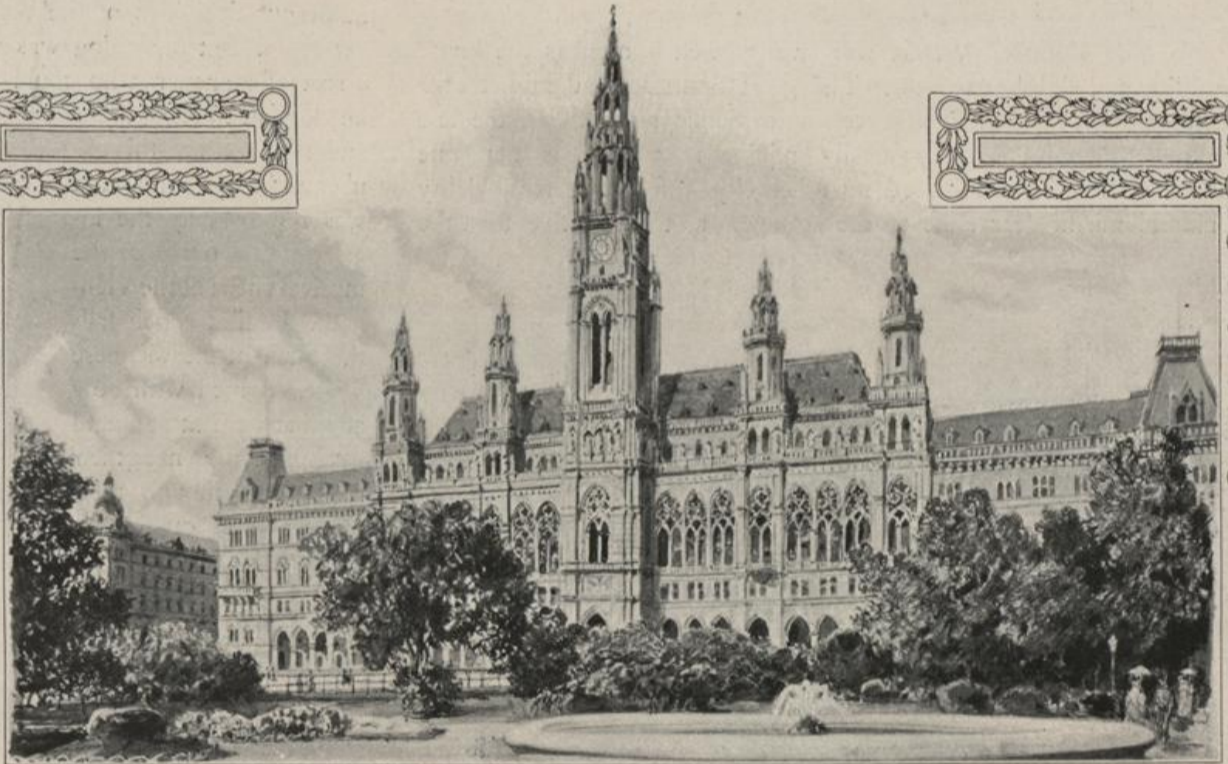
LIEBENBERG MONUMENT.

serious tendencies began to wrestle with the three crochets for predominance. The desire for social associations could no longer be subdued by Police restrictions. An industrial association was founded, of which an archduke, the father of the present emperor, became patron. A mercantile association soon followed and the poet GRILLPARZER was one of the members. A still higher step was the foundation of the Legal Reading-Association. In 1845, the still existing "Männer-Gesang-Verein" (Male Choral Association) saw life, and at last, even METTERNICH gave way and advocated to the Emperor the foun-

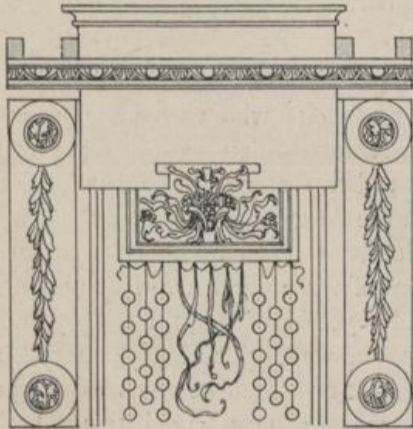
who, strongly influenced by GENTZ, introduced into diplomatic intercourse, the highly polished and elegantly written dispatches. The language, whether french or german, of which made use in his correspondence with the



BURGOMASTER'S STUDY.



ARKADENHOF. FRONT VIEW. THE TOWN HALL. Drawn by R. BERNT.



RUB-DEPNT.



BANQUETING HALL.

European statesmen, was with him a keen and pointed tool, which he knew to handle most skillfully. If he considered a page exceptionally well composed, he used to rise from his desk and run over to his young wife, to read that masterpiece to her, and she listened with rapt attention to the "magnificent" dispatches. Politics, discoursed in such a style, sounded like music. It was his bands room to see how he worked, and how he governed Europe. But he governed it, according to firmly laid down principles, and these would not permit much liberty to the art of thinking aloud and in measured lines. He suppressed often most reluctantly, he could have invited these dangerous poets into his house, to listen to their well sounding rhymes, and have them transported the next day across the frontier.

Time however brought also this stone in rolling, the very "Zeitgeist" on which the chancellor looked almost as a personal enemy. METTERNICH's great mistake was, that, out of fear for the future, he did not risk, to look straight into its face.

Thus the happy and jovial time of the three crochets disappeared more and more, and today lies so far, that it is scarcely possible to call it back to one's mind.

The numerous places of entertainment of Old Vienna deserve a special study. They are important for the history of the city as the centres of an uncommonly strongly developed desire for sociability, they are more important than the few aristocratic saloons of the Upper Ten Thousand. They were distinguished by a blameless and most praiseworthy deportment, which reigned there, they formed the meeting places for



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.
Photo by R. Lechner.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

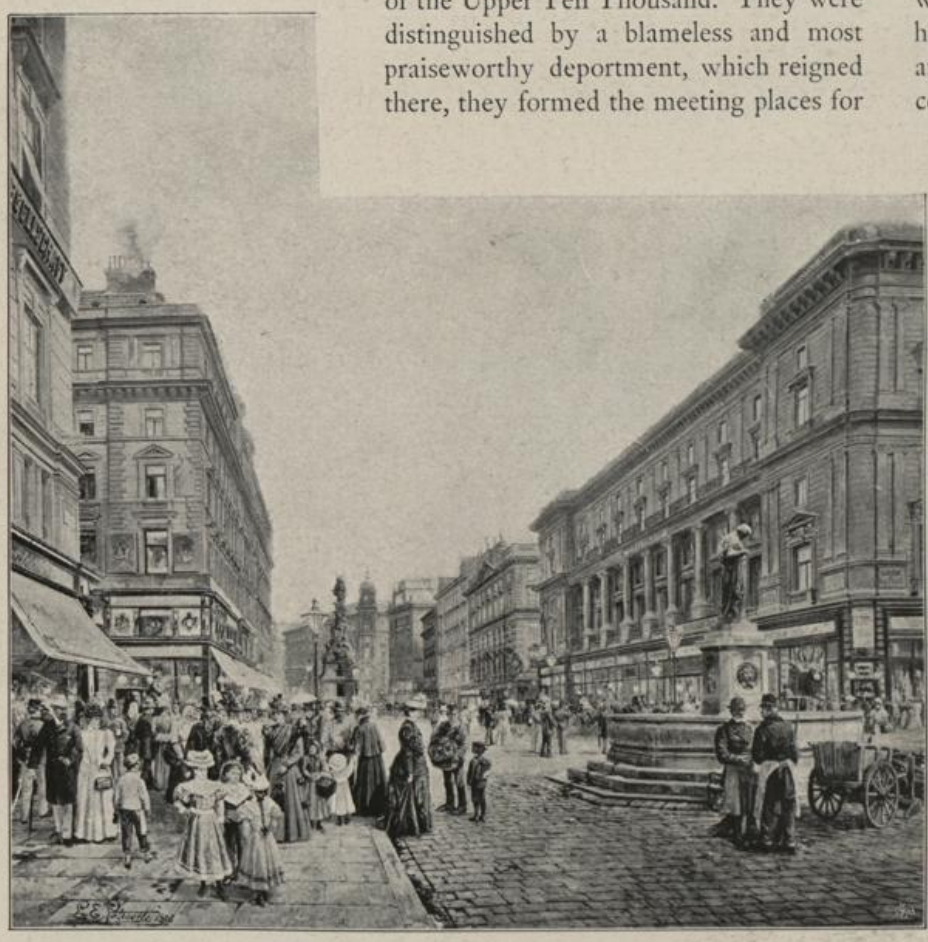
History, played on the harp. She often glided slowly, on tiptoe, into her husband's room to see how he worked, and how he governed Europe. But he governed it, according to firmly laid down principles, and these would not permit much liberty to the art of thinking aloud and in measured lines. He suppressed often most reluctantly, he could have invited these dangerous poets into his house, to listen to their well sounding rhymes, and have them transported the next day across the frontier.

especially the illumination. The "Sperl" likewise did not lag behind; magnificent ball-rooms, lovely gardens, and flowers. "Every gentleman", says a chronicler of that period, "wears his modern dresscoat, light trousers, snow-white linen, and gloves. The ladies appear in most varied costumes, most of them in gaily coloured dresses." At nine the first sounds of the violins are heard. JOHANN STRAUSS, the first of this glorious name, plays. He "plays" his waltzes, plays them as only STRAUSS can play them. Look at him, that little thin man, behind his music-desk, every muscle is in motion and seems to vibrate. With his bow he beats time and plays alternately, he conducts with the whole body, sways to and fro, jumps up and crouches down. Everything in him is time and rhythm.

It may be admitted that the magic violin-bow of STRAUSS and his waltzes have been to some extent the causes of a degradation of the Viennese taste. Mrs. TROLLOPE, who visited Vienna in 1836-37, expresses great astonishment that HAYDN and MOZART, not to speak of BEETHOVEN, have less to say in Vienna than LANNER and STRAUSS. "The city", she writes, "suffers much from an attack of waltz, and he, who is not in raptures about this new fashion and respects the elder masters, is called rococo, incorrigibly rococo." She hopes the fever may be only periodical, but makes a grave mistake, for later she expresses fear that the wizard might in the end also bind her to his spell and run off with her. Whatever little harm the waltzes may have caused, to its charm must be ascribed the fact that the Viennese have remained so well-mannered and so orderly. In no capital of that epoch dwelt so amiable a population. In this respect, Vienna stood out singly; it had no mob. For a long time no one in Vienna knew what a mob was. Writers of every nation concur in this, Germans, French, and English. All vie with each other to praise the kindness, readiness to serve, goodnaturedness and politeness of the "Wiener". And still on another subject agree all writers, who speak about Old Vienna. Out of Vienna there was great fear of the terrible despotism that was supposed to reign in Austria, and strong words were used to describe this deterring state of things. But once in Vienna, these same people look around in great surprise. "Where", they ask, "is the bogeyman, from whom we have to run away? Where the terrible tyranny under which the nation suffers?" We see none but contented faces, the people walk pleasantly and comfortably about and everyone appears to be highly satisfied. The Customhouse Officer is polite, the police not too peevish towards the stranger, provided he does not interfere with politics. In the twinkling of an eye the fear of the terrible despotism has disappeared. The English lady, mentioned before is full of praise of Vienna, and the comparison she draws between this City and her own country is not very favourable to the latter. "In Vienna it is



THE "STOCK IM EISEN" on the corner of the Kärntnerstrasse.



ON THE GRABEN.

After a Painting by L. E. PETROVITS.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF VIENNA.

Drawn by ERWIN PENDEL.

lovely, nowhere better", she writes, "even behind prison walls is this country still a lovely home." — "The Emperor FERDINAND", she continues, "one day had twenty condemned criminals before him, and gave them the choice between exile to America and prison. Only three had chosen liberty beyond the ocean, to the others the heaven of their country was dearer even behind the grating of the prison windows."

The English lady notices some other advantages of the city. She admires the Prater, the Burg Theatre, the excellent pavement and above all the extreme cleanliness of the streets. In this respect Vienna was the only city she could compare to London. Somewhat less favorable are her comments about the members of the Upper classes, and here again her opinion coincides with that of other observers. Without an exception, they are all surprised at the exclusiveness of the aristocracy. It may easily be understood, that a connection between the old aristocratic families and the newly created financial nobility could not easily be established, but that not the least connection between the nobility of birth and that of mind could be effected, was not only a puzzle to the English lady, but also to French as well as German visitors. In France and England art and literature have contributed to bridge over this partition, while in Austria scarcely an attempt has been made. Already Madame DE STAËL expresses surprise that in the saloons of the aristocracy authors were never to be found. When thirty years after Madame DE STAËL, Mrs. TROLLOPE arrived at Vienna, the same state of things existed still. Is it possible! this lady resides for eight months in Vienna, she hurries from drawing-room to drawing-room, seeks and finds admission to all classes of society and knows neither GRILLPARZER, nor BAUERN-

FELD, neither LENAU, nor even CASTELI! She never met any of these gentlemen in one or other of the distinguished circles. She only made the acquaintance of Herr VON ZEDLITZ, who, though highly gifted, remained for society, however, more "baron" than poet, and takes him for a poet "par excellence", and that at a time when GRILLPARZER had already reached the summit of his fame. Poets and authors, however, felt also a strong desire for sociableness, and if they could not satisfy it in society, where should they find it? The foundation of a literary society of some kind was under the existing circumstances out of the question. When therefore congenial men endeavoured to find a place where they could unite, exchange their thoughts, and receive intellectual impulse, where else could they resort to, than to the Coffee House? Thus the Coffee House has an important place in the history of the development of the literary life in Vienna. One of these Coffee Houses may be especially mentioned. In the third decade of this century, the "Silver Coffee House" was opened in the Plankengasse. Its name indicates more luxury than its limited resources were able to procure, but here, in the innermost part of the City, everyone was to be found, who did not wish to be deprived of his rights to have his own mind, to cogitate or to cast his thoughts into artistic moulds. Here, daily they met, from GRILLPARZER down to the most-insignificant rhymster. Surely, many an uncongenial individual was amongst those, who thought to gain immortality by a clever game at billiards, but it cannot be disputed that here a most select band of distinguished men came daily together, distinguished alike in art, literature, and learning. Many a princely and aristocratic name is also found amongst the frequenters of the place. ALEXANDER of Wuerttemberg visited the Coffee House, and so did VON ZEDLITZ, who belonged to the "crème", and Count AUERSPERG (ANASTASIUS GRÜN), who was "crème de la crème", has, in his biography of the poet LENAU given

us an interesting description of this humble Coffee House, in the profane rooms of which, in some respects the halo of academical glory prevailed. Foreign poets who came to Vienna, knew now where to find congenial minds. In spite of METTERNICH, beautiful Vienna had become the Mecca of all travellers. Vienna has seen LESSING and KLEIST within its walls, but curiously enough, the very great ones never came. Neither SCHILLER nor GÖTTE. Recollections of these grand masters of German Literature are very scarce, and yet there are some. Here lived up to an old age, ANDR. STREICHER, as head of a Pianoforte Factory, who as the friend of the youthful SCHILLER assisted him in his escape from Stuttgart to Mannheim, and here in his house in the Ungargasse, he wrote his most interesting account of this flight. More direct yet are the relations between Vienna and GÖTTE. Here lived the daughter-in-law of the prince of poets, Frau OTTILIE VON GÖTTE, his devoted nurse up to his end, after the demise of that illustrious mind, while her son WALTER was devoted to his musical training. Up to the fifties, the house of Frau OTTILIE remained a meeting place of all eminent men and women, and became a sanctified home for intellectual intercourse. GRILLPARZER has spoken of it in his Memoirs.

The second half of this century has been for every capital in Europe an epoch of revolution; none, however, has changed its aspect so entirely as Vienna under the reign of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH. First the outer part, afterwards the inner. The ramparts disappeared, the extension of the city was carried out, a renaissance in architecture sprang up, and a general and rapid rise of the other arts soon followed. The daily life became improved, private residences received a more tasteful appearance, everybody desired more costly surroundings. Painters, architects, sculptors were very busy all at once and were now in great favour in Vienna where they formerly had scarcely been noticed. A generation of patrons of the fine arts rose up; we only will mention count WILCZEK and NICHOLAS DUMBA, scattering golden recognitions around. The delight in the beautiful and the noble was roused again; the great questions concerning art were everywhere discussed, and gave better subjects for conversation to social circles. The

artist himself became more interesting and attractive. The Studio of MAKART, the scene of so many brilliant gathering, is in this respect still in the remembrance of all. In that time DUMBA ordered the decoration and painting of his famous drawing-room, which MAKART so ingeniously executed. The ceilings, the walls, MAKART everywhere. All who had claim to some distinction, either in art, literature, or science, could be met with at the "At-homes" in this room. Simultaneously with the rise of the fine arts, the Drama also rose to a height, never known before, and LAUBE gave to the Burg Theatre a position to which no other German capital could aspire. LAUBE likewise belonged to the social and artistic circles of the city, and his house was the great centre of art and learning.

But this period is still too new to describe it exhaustively. The process of transformation is not completed and does not yet belong to history. The city gains daily in extension and with it the development of social life goes hand in hand. It has lost much of its hearty and jovial element it is true, but this, a sign of the time everywhere, is due to the era of associations, clubs and societies. Politics also have taken hold of every individual, and the new means of communication, steam, electricity, telegraph, bicycle and motor-car, with which man now fights against time and space, contribute largely to a general change of social life. If today a worthy from the early thirties would return to his Old Vienna,



NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.
Staircase.



HISTORICAL ART MUSEUM.
Staircase.

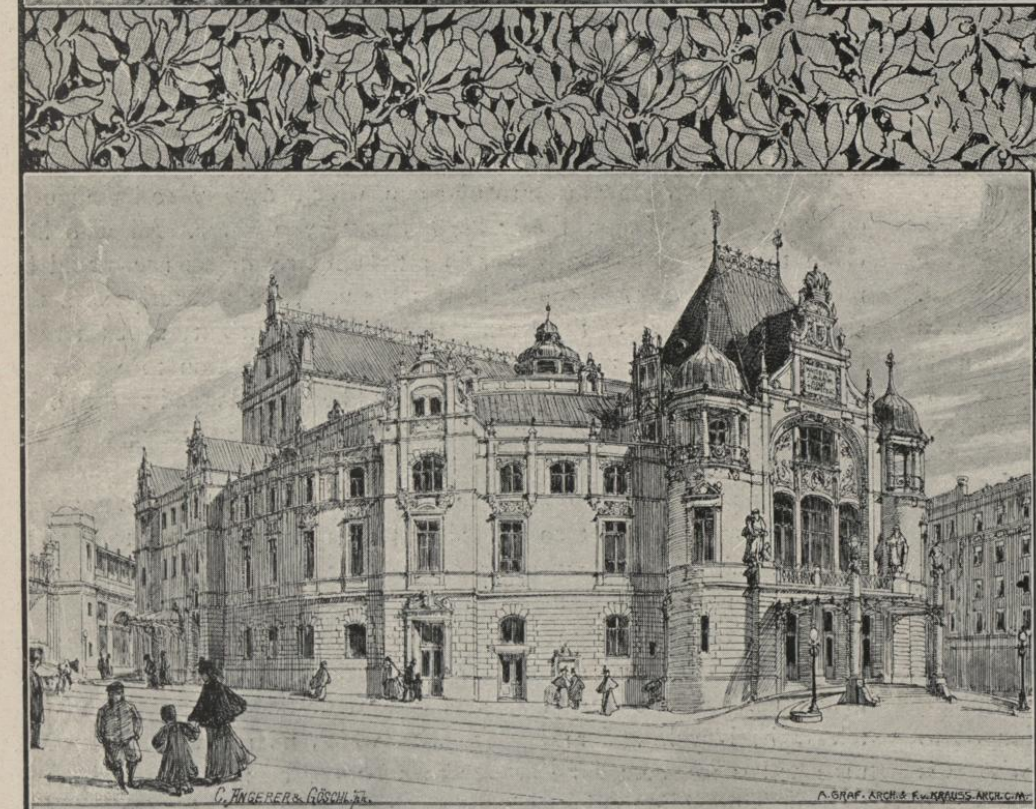
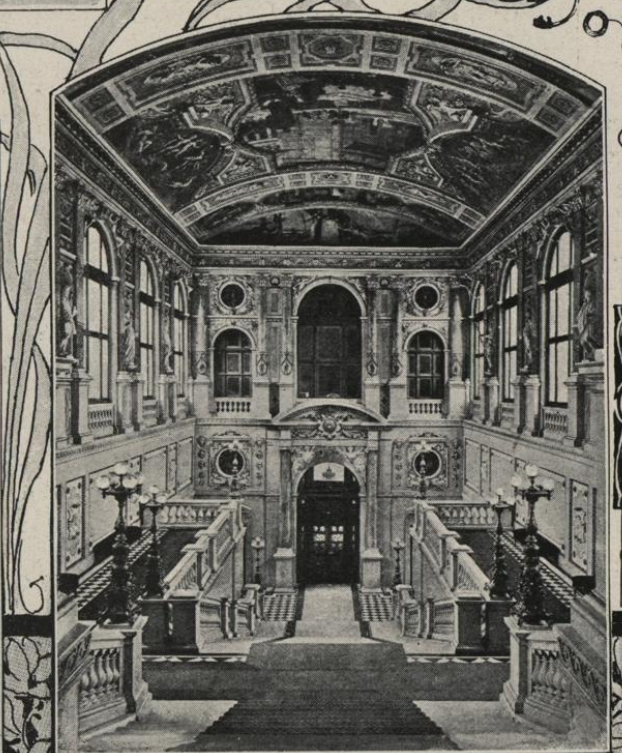
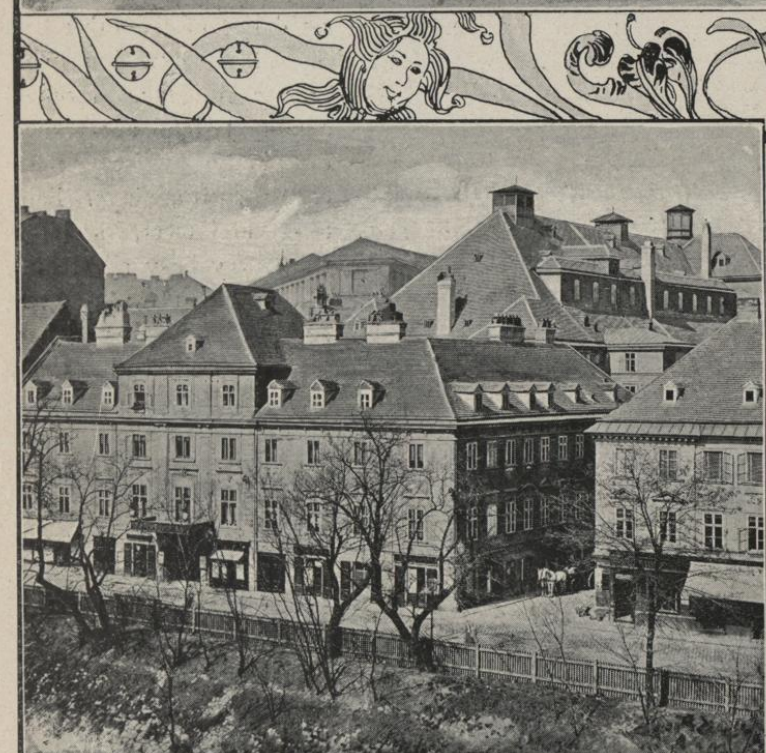
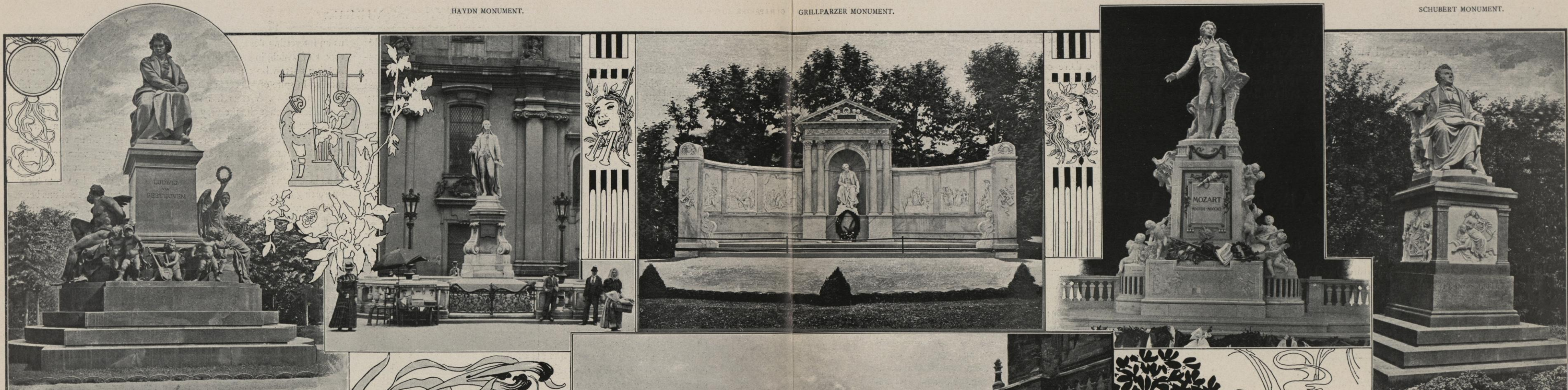
BEETHOVEN MONUMENT.

HAYDN MONUMENT.

GRILLPARZER MONUMENT.

MOZART MONUMENT.

SCHUBERT MONUMENT.



THEATRE AN DER WIEN. JUBILEE THEATRE (IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION).

BURG (COURT) THEATRE, STAIRCASE.

RAIMUND THEATRE.

BURG (COURT) THEATRE FROM THE TOWN HALL. After a painting by C. SCHUSTER. RAIMUND MONUMENT.

DEUTSCHES VOLKSTHEATER AND RAIMUND MONUMENT.

IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE.

Photos of R. Lechner, Vienna. CARL THEATRE.



HOUSEMAID.
Drawn by C. SCHUSTER.

I fear he would hasten to turn his back upon it without delay. Old Vienna and the New: what a contrast! And yet, the difference is not so enormous; there is still a great similitude between grand-mamma and grand-daughter. Still the three

crochets are dominant in the Prater and elsewhere, still flows the blue Danube along her lovely banks, and when HADYN'S beautiful national hymn ascends in solemn chords, there certainly will be heard as a kind of counterpoint to it, the old Viennese proverb: "There is but one Kaiserstadt; there is but one Vienna."

POPULAR LIFE IN VIENNA.

A RETROSPECT.

BY VINCENZ CHIAVACCI.

OFTEN in my waking dreams a picture rises before my mind that stirs up happy recollections of former days. I see a city before my eyes with lofty spires and surrounded by mighty walls. A deep and melancholy looking moat bordered by poplars, stretches around the fortress and numerous gates and bridges connect it with the outer world. From the ramparts a beautiful view of the many suburbs is obtained, which latter communicate with the city by shady avenues of chestnut trees, under which, especially during the evening, many rambles move about. Their costumes and manners are different to those of present days. The elder men walk quietly through the avenue, nearly everyone smokes the typical long meerschaum pipe, out of which mighty volumes of smoke are blown. On the meadows around old and young are seated together, gossiping, laughing, and fun making, as if at a fair. Hundreds of merry children's voices ring through the air; kites are sent up and the girls are swaying their graceful figures in merry circles to the sound of sweet music. When dusk falls, processions are formed which are directed back to the suburbs of which there existed in that time thirty-four. Oh! these old fashioned streets with their lively throng of merry artisans on week days and their solemn quietude on Sundays! The characteristic popular types, the patriarchal life in the evening after the return of the head of the family to his homely hearth, all this forms a picture which, from my boyhood, remains inextinguishable before my sight.

The inhabitants of these suburbs led a most distinct life, which was very often quite of its own kind in each of them. The pride of these honest folk consisted chiefly in proving that their families had dwelt on the same ground for generations. With great satisfaction one of those suburban patricians would emphasize that all his ancestors down to his great-grandfather had been baptized in the same Parish. Out of this affection for the ground arose the special Viennese type of landlord, who, perhaps in no other town possessed so extraordinary a power.

The rent for small lodgings was much lower than it is at present. People seldom paid more than sixty florins a year, for which they had two spacious rooms, bedroom, kitchen, &c. The contentedness of our fathers in this respect seems almost incredible to us. Of bath rooms, dressing rooms, and larders there was no trace. The fitting out of the dwellings was of the plainest description. The better to do families had a so-called fine room, which, however, in no way could be compared to the state rooms of our modern epoch. The ordinary class of dwellers had no such room, an extra bedroom for their numerous offspring was all that was required. There was no refinement in the furniture, everything, however, was clean and comfortable. This plain homestead was the scene of the joys and sorrows of a suburban Viennese family, and all the mute articles within

the room were looked upon as witnesses of every important event. With great affection every implement was treated, and most reluctantly they parted with any of them. It was no uncommon occurrence that a piece of furniture had done service to several generations.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of these honest people they were not indifferent to the enjoyments and pastimes, which were offered to them by itinerant musicians and showmen. To this class belonged also the "Evangelimann", who, attired in a long black coat and hat, recited in the courtyards the gospel of the week for what he received a small donation. All these types have disappeared within the last decades. On Sundays the streets had adopted a solemn appearance, all shops were closed, and young and old had repaired to the outskirts, to Lerchenfeld or Hernalds, where a good glass of wine was sold and appreciated.

The Viennese has always been a great lover of nature, and the many thousands who during the week had followed their vocation, hurried on Sundays towards the beautiful Wiener Wald to satisfy their enthusiasm for the beauties of nature. Those who could afford it, hired some kind of conveyance and drove onwards through forest and glade with wife and family, carrying with them some well filled hampers, the contents of which were joyfully discussed on some favourite

spot in the forest. Others could obtain some substantial meal in some of the numerous hostleries scattered around, for a trifle.

The industrial conditions of the capital had already undergone a radical change at the end of the fifties. The days of glory of the silk industry had passed by, and the workers of this industry had to adopt some new means of existence. Also the once so flourishing meerschaum industry had dwindled into insignificance, the smoking of meerschaum pipes, formerly a widely spread sport, being superseded by the smoking of cigars and cigarettes. Every well to do Viennese was possessor of a well cared for collection of meerschaum pipes, which often represented a value of many thousands. When the passionate smokers met of an evening in their favourite tavern, their pipes sometimes formed the subject of conversation for hours.

These impaired industries were replaced through the extension of the city by others, of which the building trade occupies the first rung. But also many branches of technical arts, for instance, cabinet making, wood carving, the making of all kinds of leather articles and so on, have risen to great importance and have become some of the Vienna specialities.



NEW MARKET PLACE.
Drawn by W. GAUSE.



MILKMAID.
Drawn by C. SCHUSTER.