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The city of the fountains, or Baden-Baden and its immediate neighbourhood

Whitelocke, Robert Heriot

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Chapter VIII. The streets

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CHAPTER VIII.
THE STREETS.

God made the country and man made the town.

COWPER.

FORTUNATELY the town is not very large, otherwise the labyrinth would require a Dædalus in the shape of a Cicerone *and not* in that of a printed book, as many streets are literally without names. A great part of the city upon the hill is totally devoid of interest; the names of the houses would be in detail fully as interesting as a reprint of the Acts of the House of Commons. Let us see if we can manage to convey an outline of it; its general aspect may be much better learned by a look at the picture. Look amongst others at the print of the 'Hotel d'Angleterre.' The bridge that leads to it is called the "*Schiessbrücke*," and you are now of course in the English garden. You may consider this bridge as the pivot of your movements. Stand before it in the middle with your face *from* the garden and you see *before* you a short street: on your right hand is the *Alley of Oaks*, on your left the avenue skirting the stream, which will take you to the Baden Hotel; parallel *o* this avenue is a

row of lodging houses etc., and again further on is a long street parallel also, this is called the "*Lange Strasse*" and is the High St. of Baden; now on your right hand parallel with the Oak Alley runs a sort of street, called by the name of '*Lichtenthaler Vorstadt*,' which means the suburbs towards Lichtenthal, if it means any thing. At present the Post office and the Police office are in it. Now let us cross the bridge and go on straight. The first house on the left with a wall leading up to it from the bridge belongs to the Grand Duke, and the corner house on the right to a Mr. GROSSHOLZ, a very respectable linen-draper, whose articles are not catchpennies, this is the Agency office for the Steam-boats; his uncle is a very respectable banker. Here you come to an open space and before you lies the '*New Promenade*' called by the people the '*Graben*.' The first house on the right is Mr. SCHLUND's, his pastry is good, and his sherry as good as you can get at Mr. WOLF the grocer's. The houses here are good; the Pavillion to the right in a garden just beyond the *Lamb inn* belongs to the Dowager Grand Duchess, a Lady whose character as wife and mother is strongly identical to that of our own Duchess of Kent, or the late Duchess of Buckingham, which is as high an eulogium as an Englishman can bestow; just beyond it is a fine mansion in a flower garden, it belongs to Mr. Scotzniovsky, whose liberal and accomodating behaviour towards his lodgers it would be well for many others in the town to imitate. His library is generally well stocked, and as

it is the '*Bureau d'avis*,' Englishmen on their first arrival would do well to apply here, and they may rely upon experiencing the greatest civility, attention and assistance. His lodgings have the advantage of being owned by a conscientious landlord. At the end of the Promenade you see the Hospital Church where the Protestant service is performed by an English clergyman; behind this is a lovely spot, my favourite walk, retired, with generally a breeze when all around is hot and stifling. Its name is quite poetical, '*Seufzer-Allée*,' or alley of sighs; on its left hand on the hill is the garden of the New Castle, and the *Turks-way*. At the further end of this sighing alley is the road to *Mount Mercury* passing by the '*Teufelskanzel*' or '*Devil's pulpit*,' also to *Ebersteinburg* by turning to the left, etc. etc., of which more anon.

Now let us return and instead of following the two rows of trees, let us stop at the *Hospital Church*. Not far off, before the chapel in the burying ground is a stone cross or crucifix, the artist who was a poor stone-cutter and a foreigner, was condemned to die by the hands of the executioner, but finished just before his death the image on the crucifix. Just below the church in question on the right hand side is the Turkish way, a road which winds in a serpentine direction round the base of the '*Schlossberg*' or hill on which is built the '*New Castle*.' At its foot is a Convent for Nuns of the order of the '*Holy Sepulchre*;' the sisters are in deep mourning, to be exchanged however for bridal garments, as