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

Whitelocke, Robert Heriot

Carlsruhe, 1840

Chapter X. The Alley of oaks. (Die Eichen-Allee.)

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CHAPTER X.

THE ALLEY OF OAKS.

(DIE EICHEN-ALLEE.)

All mein liebes Leben lang
War ich geneigt zu Müßiggang.
ROBERT.

A bridge separates the open place before the Conversation-house from the English Hotel: stand upon the bridge with your back to the town and on that side nearest the wooden shops, — the road to the left conducts you in one minute to the Oak-Avenue. The first house on the right belongs to the Baron von HERZER who lets lodgings and whose stables are the best in the town I believe, the next house and the last belongs to the *Elector of Hesse*, in front of it extends the garden tastefully laid out and refreshing to the eye, but to the eye alone, for any entrance to it would be attended with as much difficulty as into the garden of the Hesperides, which it rivals in beauty; here is the Long-drive of Baden, and during the season carriages, horses, pedestrians form a scene animating in the extreme. Opposite to the enchanted Garden of the Elector is another garden

thrown open to the public, and which leads to the baths of *Stephanie*, where any one can have a warm or cold bath of natural but pure water at a few minutes notice. The whole of the Alley as far as Lichtenthal presents in the sultry days of summer a hospitable shade, ever and anon seats are placed for the weary or those who wish to gaze their full at the three mountains standing in bold relief before them. Nor is the fountain wanting to complete the picture and add the charms of its tinkling to the rustling of the foliage. The purest water from the living rock gushes out sparkling like champagne, clearer than the clearest glass ever molten to reflect beauty whether in Earth or Sky, and so tempting that I am positive a true genuine tea-totaller, if there be such a *beau idéal* in this world of ours, would go half distracted with joy at the sight.—Do you see yonder Chinese-looking house, half bungalow, half I don't know what? it was built by an Englishman. Were it not for the munificent hand of Nature and the ruins, there would not be much that is picturesque in most of the houses, the roofs being the reverse of good taste; the style of Architecture in this country whether for public or private purposes is on the whole uninviting to an Englishman's eyes. The churches are positively ugly and repulsive. Not so the Avenue to which I have now conducted you, and which, if you gently advance to the end of it, passing by a miniature chain-bridge on the left, and listening the latter part of the way to a babbling brook the Oos, or gaz-

ing on valley and hill upon the right as they successively dawn upon the view, will take you to the village of

Lichtenthal.

On entering which immediately before you on the left is the inn containing what the Germans call a *Stahlbad*, steel-bath, that is to say a Chalybeate spring. The celebrated physician and chemist of Carlsruhe Dr. H. KÖLREUTER was the prime agent in inducing the proprietor, whoever he was, to erect an Inn upon the spot with baths attached to it, he also analysed the water and found it to contain to one pound of sixteen ounces, of

Carbonate of Lime the $\frac{2}{16}$ of a grain.

Carbonate of Magnesia $\frac{2}{16}$

Carbonate of Iron $1\frac{8}{16}$

Hydrochlorate of ferriferous
magnesia $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \frac{4}{16} \end{array} \right.$

2 grains.

The inn is charmingly situated.