V.

FAMILY CUSTOMS.

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§ 1.

CUSTOMS AT MARRIAGE, COURTSHIP, AND BETROTHAL—PUBLIC LOVE-MAKING—"DUTZENING"—THE "POLTER-ABEND" (THE BRIDAL EVE)—THE "AUS-STATUNG" (THE MARRIAGE-DOWRY) AND "HOCH-ZEIT" (WEDDING FEAST).

THERE is no better mode of judging of a nation than by observations as to the treatment of its women, its care for the young, and its veneration for the dead.

The emotions which connect, or rather *should* connect, the stronger with the weaker sex, the parent with the child, and the living with the deceased, make up so large a part of what is noble, pure, and cordial in our natures, that wherever such qualities are found to be deficient *there* assuredly must exist a degraded type of humanity.

Let us begin, therefore, with a consideration of the marriage customs prevalent in Rheinland.

No young lady is allowed to appear in society till she has been confirmed; indeed, it will be seen hereafter that confirmation, or taking your sins upon yourself, constitutes an important epoch in German life.

Again, German children are never allowed to dance; for grown-up ladies tell you they do not think it proper to see

little things polking and waltzing together,—a remark which gives us a profound insight into German character: for dancing, surely, rightly considered, is but joyousness expressed in muscular activity, and unless obscene ideas be connected with that which is really a healthful and graceful exercise, we cannot understand why it should not form the special pastime of the young, who are all gaiety, and whose very physical development requires a certain amount of bodily exertion. The Germans, however, seem to look upon dancing onl, as the means of inflaming the passions, and hence find impropriety in allowing *children* to indulge in the amusement. In England, however, we seem to have less prurient ideas on the subject, and, therefore, can trust our little ones to waltz with one another without fear of contamination.

"I hear," said a German lady, "that at Christmas and holiday-times you English have parties made up of none but children. Dear me, how strange it must be! Are you not afraid to trust the boys and girls together?"

The above remark will enable the reader to understand the tone of moral feeling existing in Germany, and, in a measure, prepare him for the statement that the Deutschers, like the French, deem it *indecent* for a lady to take the arm of a gentleman unless she be either betrothed or married to him—a sentiment which plainly shows the indelicate state of the female mind among continental nations.

But not only is it believed to be dangerous to a young lady's chastity even to be allowed to *touch* one of the opposite sex, but the act of shaking hands with a gentleman is considered to be of so inflammatory a tendency among these sensual-minded people, that it is regarded as downright profligacy for an unmarried or unaffianced couple to say good-bye to one another in the cordial English fashion.

Nevertheless, *we* English can afford to let our girls dance with boys when they are children, and walk arm-in-arm when they are grown up, or even shake hands on parting, with gentlemen to whom they are neither engaged nor related. Yet, for true delicacy of feeling and real innocence of heart, we would fearlessly compare the daughter of an English gentleman with any continental maiden in existence.

In Germany it seems to be admitted, that there are fewer love-matches than with us. The father, as in France, has more the character of a despot, than a friend or adviser among the young members of his family; and the child is trained to such a sense of slavish obedience, that parents choose the husbands for their daughters, rather than their daughters being allowed to have any choice in the matter themselves.

True, the system of paternal authority hardly runs to the extreme in Prussia that it does in France, where the father brings home a spouse for one of his daughters in the same off-hand manner as he would present her with a new dress or shawl; whereupon the girl, with all due respect, proceeds to admire the gentleman as she would some fresh trinket.

This servile state of filial submission hardly holds good, we say, in Prussian society; and yet, on the other hand, runaway-matches are seldom or never heard of—not only because it would be impossible to *run* away by the "*Schnell-post*" (and but few German lovers could afford a more expeditious mode of travelling), but because no young gentleman or lady in Rheinland would ever have spirit enough to prove so domestically rebellious.

Most of the matrimonial introductions in Prussia take place, as with us, at balls. At the Coblenz Casino there are six "grand balls" given in the winter; and during Carnival time, some of the wealthier gentry indulge in the same entertainment at their own houses.

Groschens form, with the Germans, the chief inducement for entering into the marriage state. "*Wie schwäre ist sie?*"—(How heavy is she?)—is the invariable inquiry of every Prussian on hearing of any marriageable young lady; for *Thalers* to these people are far preferable to either beauty or goodness. The taint of money, indeed, colours the whole complexion of a German's soul, as deep as the jaundice does one's body and blood. "Oh, no! we should not mind if she the daughter of a chimney-sweep was, so long as she the groschens had," said one of our German friends.

Hence the daughters of the old Rheinländers, who are generally the merchants and tradesmen of the principal towns, are preferred to those of the Prussians, who constitute the government officers of such places. The former, though a little bit less refined than the others, have generally a few hundred *Thalers* or so given them by way of marriage-portion, whilst the latter affect to be intensely genteel, and are, at the same time, excruciatingly poor: so that, like many of the over-educated young ladies with us (and we suffer quite as much from the *over*-education of certain classes as we do from the *under*-education of others), they have acquired expensive habits without possessing the means of gratifying them, and, therefore, bring nothing to their husbands but a little beauty, perhaps, and a great deal of helplessness and extravagance.

One of these *Preussichen* young ladies waited upon us, in the hope of being assisted to a situation as governess in an English family, and though her father was merely an *ex*-tax-collector (he was tried afterwards for embezzlement), and she herself, we had been told, had to work her fingers raw to earn her sixpence a-day at "fine needle-work," she came in white kid gloves—coloured "hand-shoes," as the Germans call them, not being considered *highly* fashionable in Coblenz.

Of courtship there is scarcely any, for if the father and mother on both sides be agreeable to the match, the betrothal, or "*Verlobung*," takes place as soon after the introduction as possible.

The betrothal ceremony usually consists of a grand feast given in the evening, to which all the friends of both parties are invited. Many of the guests bring flowers in baskets, whilst pine-apples soaked in champagne, and Rhenish wine, constitutes the favourite drink at such assemblies, the potations being often continued the whole night through.

At the table the betrothed always sit beside each other, and in the course of the evening they exchange rings, when their healths are drunk and all the guests go round to clash their wine-glasses with those of the happy couple.

The betrothal rings consist of a very thick plain gold hoop, and remind one of those ugly galvanic affairs that were, some few years back, popular among our gouty and rheumatic old ladies and gentlemen. These rings are worn on the left hand, by the women on the third finger, and by the men on the little one, and are re-exchanged when the marriage takes place.

This ceremony will remind classical scholars of the Athênian ἐγγύησις, which was made by the κυρίος—the natural or legal guardian—of the bride elect, and attended by the relations of both parties as witnesses. It also bears so close a resemblance to the Roman "*Sponsalia*," as to lead us to believe that the Rhenish custom is of Latin origin; for at the *Sponsalia* not only did the man place a ring on the finger of his betrothed as a pledge of his fidelity, but the ceremony was considered to constitute an agreement to marry, made in such form as to give each party a right of action in case of the non-fulfilment of the pledge by either.

In Germany, too, the "*Verlobung*" is regarded as being

so close akin to marriage, that it requires a process similar to a divorce in order to free the parties from the contract. Moreover, such publicity is given to the engagement, that it becomes almost impossible for a man, with any sense of shame, to go from his word. Hence such things as broken vows, and, maybe, broken hearts (if we can imagine such calamities where scarcely any marry from affection), are placed almost beyond the bounds of probability in Prussia, so that it would seem that we might really take a lesson from the Germans in this respect.

Immediately after the ceremony of the betrothal, a letter is sent round to each of the friends of the couple, containing the following announcement:—

Our Betrothal is hereby made known.

Emilie F——

Lawrence F——

Coln and London,
the 15th August, 1855.

At the same time an advertisement is inserted in the paper of the town, making a like announcement to the public generally. Here is one such advertisement, cut at random from the Cöln paper:—

Betrothal-Announcement.

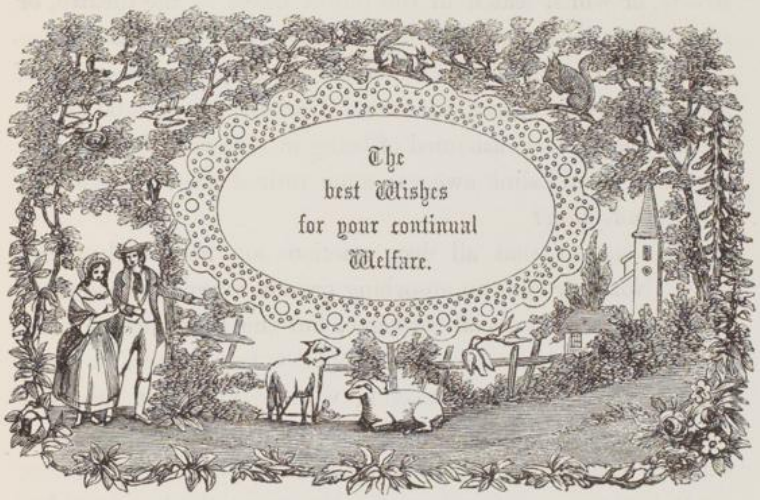
Prof. Dr. Med. Karsch,

Catharina Spriess.

Munster and Coln, the 1st September, 1855.

In return for the above-mentioned letters, it is customary for the friends to send ornamental cards, on which is printed either "Ich gratulirte"—(I congratulate you),—or "Gluck und Segen"—(Happiness and blessings).

A specimen of such cards of congratulation is here subjoined; in the original, however, the printing is in gold and many colours:—



Now the ceremony of betrothal makes an important alteration in the conduct of the lady and gentleman to one another. If it were not permitted to the damsel, whilst in an unaffianced state, to take the arm of her sweetheart, and if it were considered, moreover, highly indecent on her part even to touch his hand, at least all such prudish squeamishness vanishes directly the two are duly plighted to each other. For then society allows them to fly to the opposite extreme, and grants innocent-minded girls the license to indulge *publicly* in acts of amorousness that even a wanton in our country would be decent enough to perform in private.

No sooner is a young lady engaged, than she may be kissed and slobbered in the presence of others without even so much as a blush being expected of her; whilst the liberty of hugging one another, and sitting on each other's knees before company, is conceded by all to the affianced without a murmur. Indeed the betrothed may be even seen to indulge in fond embraces whilst standing in front of shop-windows in the streets, or whilst seated in the public boxes at the theatre, or supposed to be listening to some concert at the Gymnasium.

The Germans, as we said before, seem to have no sense of such feelings as secret emotions. But why, it may be asked, should people be so ashamed of being in love with one another that they should slink away to some retired place to give vent to their affection?

We answer, that all deep emotions are necessarily secret ones. Not only does an absorbing passion overpower the mind so as to unfit it for social converse, but the heart instinctively knows that it cannot expect sympathy from what, in such cases, is termed "the unfeeling world," and that the very profundity of its emotion cannot but appear absurd to those who are engaged in the active business of life.

It is thus in profound grief. No person thinks of making his tears public; and, indeed, he cannot help feeling ashamed that he is susceptible of being overwhelmed by his affection. Hence it is the custom for persons in extreme sorrow to shut up their house, and to refuse to see all but those who can share in their misery.

In states of profound veneration, again, how secret and silent is the worship that fills the heart! It is for this reason that the early devotees built their altars in the recesses of forests: for who that has ever entered the reverend solitude of a dense wood, or stood alone at night, peering far into the starry mysteries of space, has not experienced a feeling of

adoration steal over his entire soul, as if it were congenial to the very privacy of the scene or time?

Indeed we might run over every profound emotion of which humanity is susceptible, and show that, whenever the heart is *deeply* touched, the being withdraws from the public gaze as if conscious that he and the mere money-hunting community have nothing in common.

Be assured, therefore, that when men publish their grief or their religious sentiments, or indeed their love, they really feel little of any such emotions.

But if this public love-making in Germany be hateful, as evidencing no real affection between the couples, it becomes positively loathsome on account of its violation of all the rules of social decency. Love, in its spiritual quality, is beautiful enough; but when it has the least animal taint with it, the exhibition of the passion becomes—like the gratification of any inordinate appetite,—grossly offensive for other persons to contemplate. In the intensity of the desire, Nature throws an exquisite veil over the disgusting character of such acts to the enamoured pair themselves; but still, a decent-minded man—and much more, a modest-natured woman—would blush to indulge in any amorous exhibition in the presence of others. Surely there is hardly any difference between "public women" and those who indulge in public love-making; for is it not the *publicity*—the shamelessness of such creatures—the unblushingness with which they allow themselves to be fondled and caressed before others, that offends our moral sense?

Still, if this public indulgence in acts, that in even the most degraded forms of savage life are performed in privacy, do not offer any violence to the common notions of propriety in Germany, what possible excuse can we frame for fathers standing idly by while their daughters are indelicately mauled in their presence? If such scenes occurred in the "upper

boxes" of our theatres as are every day tolerated with the betrothed couples in Deutschland, the police would consider it necessary, for public morals, to remove the offending parties from the house; and yet Rhenish parents will permit their daughters to be treated like wantons under their very eyes, without even hinting to the girl that it is the act of virgin Modesty to shrink from a man's touch, and that only brazen-faced Vice can bear to be hugged before others without a blush crimsoning the cheeks.

Another peculiar privilege conferred by the "*Verlobung*" is the right it gives the couple of "*dutzening*," or, as the French say, "*tutoi*"*-ing* one another. In England, where all classes of individuals are personally addressed as "*you*," and the "thou" form of speech is adopted only by Quakers and poets, it seems extraordinary that any great social distinction should be made to depend upon the use of the different pronouns which stand, on the one hand for the second person singular, and on the other for the second person plural. The chief pronominal difference observed in our country is limited to the "*For-word*," as the Germans call it, for the *first* person, the plural form of which is the special property of monarchs and editors.*

In Deutschland, however, there are no less than four forms of pronominal address to an individual, and these are about equivalent to our *thou*, *you*, *he*, and *they*; the last of them being applied only to a distant acquaintance or a worldly-great man—of whom it is the fashion to say, with

* In addressing one another, Ollendorf tells us, the Germans make use of the second person singular (du), and third person plural (sie). Du is used as a mark of respect and affection. In polite conversation, persons always address each other with Sie. "The third personal singular (er), and the second person plural also (ihr)—especially the former—are," he adds, "frequently used towards inferiors and servants."—*German Grammar*, p. 82.

all the dignity of the monarchical plural, "I have the honour to wish *them* a good morning;"—"Have *they* well slept?"

"My Fräulein!" exclaimed a shopkeeper to our little girl, who, in the thoughtlessness of youth, had said to the worthy, "Dost *thou* candy-sugar sell?" "My Fräulein!" and the "*conditor*" raised his eyebrows in utter astonishment at the little maid's speech;—"in Germany, children always say *they* to an elder."

A child may "*thou* and *thee*" anybody until it has been to school; but after that it is expected to change its form of address to "*they* and *them*." On the other hand, the child itself is addressed as "*thou*" till it has been confirmed, when it immediately advances to the dignity of being spoken to as "*they*," though fellow-confirmee's retain through life the privilege of "*tu-toi*"-ing each other.

The *you*, or plural form of the second pronoun, is reserved for servants and work-people, and "to every one, indeed," said one of these Teutonic jackasses to us, "whom we consider to be our inferiors."

"*Haben Sie Befehle für mich, Herr Koniglich-Spuchnapf-bewahrer?*" a workman will say to a government official.

"*Nein! Ich habe für euch nichts*," will be the marked reply.

Now, as the pronoun used for our second person plural conveys no sense of degradation, it is impossible to give the English reader a sense of the social distinctions implied in these different forms of speech, except by translating the preceding question into,—"Have *they* any orders for me, Mr. Keeper-of-the-King's-Spittoons?" and rendering the answer as, "No! I have nothing for *it*."

Another form of pronominal degradation is implied in the use of the German *er*, which stands for the third person singular This is popular among angry sergeants in the army

when addressing common soldiers; as, for instance, an under officer on being passed by a private, who has neglected to touch his cap to him, will call the man back, and shout contemptuously at him, "*Will er denn nicht grüssen?*" literally, "Will *he* not salute then?"

The Quaker form of speech, on the other hand, we are told in the grammars, is used, (1), in addressing the Supreme Being; (2), in poetry; (3), among friends and family relatives. "In general," it is said, "it implies familiarity, founded on affection and fondness."

Indeed it is the custom for servants, on entering an establishment, to make a special request to be permitted to say "*thou*" to the younger branches of the family; and before one German uses "*du*" to another, for the couple, if they be not related by blood or marriage, to go through a special ceremony, which consists in drinking together, and in linking the arms one within another, while they clash their glasses and swear eternal friendship. This is styled the ceremony of fraternising, or, in German, "*Bruderschaft-schlagen.*"

Be assured, moreover, if you hear a young man "*dutzen*" a damsel who is no family relation of his, that the couple are "*verlobt.*"

Among the customs peculiar to the time of courtship, we may mention that it is usual for lovers to tie large bunches of hawthorn to the windows of their sweethearts on the first of May. Those young ladies, however, who have not yet been fortunate enough to have obtained an offer, get a few handfuls of chaff strewed by the spiteful or the jocular over their thresholds; and it is by no means uncommon for the fair creatures who are thus treated to take the hawthorn from the casements of their rivals in the night, and, tying them to the sash of their own, to oblige them with some of

their chaff in return,—a custom which may probably have given rise to our vulgar idiom of "*chaffing*" an old maid. It is customary also for swains to go to the windows of their fiancées, and, firing off a pistol, to wish them a happy new year.

The term of betrothal is of different durations. In some cases it lasts only for a short period; but in others it continues for many years. It is frequently the custom for a lady to be betrothed to a young man filling some subordinate situation under government, upon the understanding that they are not to be married until the youth's salary reaches an amount that is deemed sufficient for the maintenance of the pair.

Officers, again, are often betrothed during their ensigncy, though every one in Prussia knows that the full-grown "children in arms" are not allowed to marry until they reach the rank of captain,—unless, indeed, they be able to deposit the sum of 12,000 thalers (about 1800*l.*), in the hands of the government; the interest of which is, under such circumstances, duly paid to the little boy for the maintenance of his wife.

The State, however, does not limit its paternal care to officers alone; it has a like regard for the interests of *all* persons of limited means, and will not allow them to commit matrimony until they can give good evidence that they have the wherewithal to support a family.

In Coblenz, for instance, no one can become a Benedick unless he can purchase his citizenship. This, a little while ago, cost only 8 thalers (about 24 shillings); but the poorer families were found to increase so rapidly at these moderate terms, that the richer determined upon raising the purchase-money for the city-freedom to 36 thalers (upwards of 5 guineas), so as to offer every obstruction they could to marriages among the humbler portion of the community.

The intended bridegroom was, at the same time, expected to furnish the town authorities with some such document as the following:—

"*Testimony as to means of Subsistence before Marrying.*

"Jacob H—— has work from me as a weaver, and earns 15*s.* a-month; and it is more than probable that he will continue in my service, as I intend to increase his work; and hereby do I certify, by my signature, that he is possessed of the requisite means of subsistence to entitle him to marry.

"A—— W——,

"Cloth Manufacturer.*

"Elberfeld, 22 July, 1833."

Still it came to be well known that little trust was to be placed in such documents; since any workman, desirous of taking to himself a wife, could easily obtain a certificate from some of the people who employed him, and masters seldom objected, for such a purpose, to make out that a man in their service earned more than he really did. Thus the poor got to press inconveniently on the rich, despite the matrimonial restrictions; and the authorities, therefore, determined on making the cost of citizenship five-fold dearer than previously.

This, we are told, has proved so successful a barrier to wedlock, that now most of the poorer classes cohabit rather than marry; so that the official wiseacres of Prussia, who watch so narrowly after the welfare of the people, have reduced, perhaps, the number of paupers, but proportionately increased the number of *Deutsch grisettes* in the place.

Before the marriage ceremony takes place, there is another grand assembly of friends, called the "*Polter-abend*," and at

* The above is copied from the "*Universal Briefsteller*" before alluded to.

which there is another great feast. This seems, again, to correspond with the Roman "*Cœna nuptialis;*" a repast that, it will be remembered, was given to the whole train of relatives and friends. The *Polter-abend* has also some affinity to the Greek ἐπαυλια, the period at which the friends sent the customary presents to the couple; for on the evening preceding the nuptials in Rhenish Prussia, every guest is expected to come laden with some present for the future household. The more distant friends bring china cups, emblazoned with certain congratulatory mottoes, whilst others present ornaments and trinkets, and some relatives articles of furniture.

Those, however, who are of a jocular, and not over-decent turn of mind, offer a small sugar model of a stork—that bird being commonly said to bring the children in Germany; and in illustration of the popular pseudodox, the ornithological piece of confectionery not unfrequently bears in its beak a sugar representation of what is called a "*Wickel-kind;*" that is to say, a wretched little German baby bound up in its swaddling-clothes, after the manner of a miniature mummy. The introduction of this puerperal sweetmeat by the funny man is, of course, the signal for intense mirth, the Germans still being in that novitiate state, as regards humour, which believes that indelicacy is wit.

The presents given at the *Polter-abend* are generally arranged on a table by themselves; and whilst the eating and drinking are going on (and the quantities eaten and drunk on such occasions are almost worthy of the "Samoiedes"), if the couple are unlucky enough to have any enemies in the town, all kinds of disgusting insults are perpetrated by the populace outside the house—utensils of the filthiest description being broken against the street-door, and other like indignities offered to the parties within.

The only remaining peculiarity in connexion with the pre-

liminaries of a German marriage is the bride's "*Aus-statung*," as it is called (literally, the marriage "out-fit," or dowry). This usually consists of all the linen that may be requisite, not only for the bride herself, but for her house as well. The laying up of this stock is begun by the mother of the girl at the very earliest age; so that it is not unusual for a little thing of four years old to have a large press filled with linen for its use in after marriage—the hoard having been commenced even from the very cradle. In the country, a girl is continually occupied with knitting a store of stockings, as well as spinning the thread for a large supply of under-linen and sheets for her "*aus-statung;*" and these articles are usually of such substantial textures, that English ladies are astonished to hear of home-made flannel petticoats that have been in continual wear from fifteen to twenty years. In almost all cases, too, the bride brings with her the furniture for the entire house.

It is usual for the bride—even if too poor to contribute towards the tables and chairs of the house—to bring her own bed at least. The poorest servant-girl in Germany would rather spend every penny of her earnings than be married without taking her bed with her to her new home,—for it would be considered the greatest possible degradation if a girl's husband could say to her in a fit of anger, "Get out of *my* bed!" Often, too, a wife, after a quarrel with "her man," may be heard to exclaim, "Let me have my bed, and I won't trouble you any longer!" Indeed, so thoroughly established does every daughter believe her right to this article of furniture on her leaving home, that many a girl will tell her father that if he will only give her *her* bed—she'll go.

The marriage costume for the bride differs little from that of other countries, with the exception that black bridal dresses are peculiar to the Prussian Protestants, and a myrtle wreath is worn with a white veil by persons of all creeds.

This, again, to those acquainted with the Roman mythology, will afford another token of the Latin connexion with the German race; for it is well known to every schoolboy that the Goddess of Love among the Romans was surnamed "*Myrtea*," the title being said to be indicative of the fondness of Venus for the myrtle-tree (*Myrtus*).

During our stay at one of the Rhenish hotels the niece of the proprietor was married, and on the wedding morning a message from the bride was sent to us by our little girl, who had begged to be present at the ceremony, requesting us (though we had never set eyes on the lady) to stand at the door and see her go by in her wedding-dress, on her way to the "*wagen*" below. Accordingly, the portal of our sitting-room was thrown open, and presently we were startled whilst occupied at the table by the appearance of the "*dame blanche*," veiled from head to foot, curtseying and smiling, with thorough simplicity, on our door-mat.

There is nothing peculiar in the marriage ceremony itself, with the exception that when the parties are rich enough to indulge in such a luxury, it is accompanied with a long-winded prosy admonition from the priest—as full of moral platitudes as a copy-book—the male friends being ranged on one side of the altar and the female on the other, and with the bride and bridegroom to finish the group, kneeling on cushions in the centre. When the ceremony is ended the bride proceeds to kiss all her friends, and the bridegroom his.

After the marriage ceremony begins the "*Hoch-zeit*" (high-time).

This consists of gorging to an extent that, to English minds, appears to partake of the disgusting character of barbarian feasts. Nor is the gluttony confined only to the gentlemen, but the bride and bridemaids alike stuff themselves to

surfeit. In some cases the voracious guzzling is continued for a week, and in every case it lasts nearly one *entire* day, the bride remaining at the table all the time.

On the occasion of the wedding at the hotel above alluded to, the bridal party returned from church to partake of an early German dinner—which, it should be remembered, consists at a *Gasthof* of upwards of a dozen courses. This was followed by dessert, at which the company continued drinking their bowls of "*cardinal*,"—first made with red peaches, then with pine-apples and champagne, and then flavoured with the peel of green oranges,—till four o'clock arrived; then the feast changed to "coffee-drinking," with a countless multitude of cakes, of which the gentlemen and ladies all partook, in quantities that would have fairly affrighted one of the serving-girls at our Farrance's. At eight o'clock came the supper, which was certainly not the "light meal" recommended by the faculty, but a solid, substantial, second edition of the dinner, even down to hot puddings, and "*Baiser-tourte*," and "*Marzapane*." After this the entire company fell to playing all kinds of childish games; and, finally, settled down to good serious drinking, at which they continued until a late hour of the night, the bride and bridemaids sitting at the table the while till morning —even though many of the gentlemen had long before grown, from the wine they had imbibed, unfit for female society.

During the wedding-feast it is customary for the "poet" of the company (and there is mostly one gentleman in every German circle who is given to rhyming) to start on his legs, and proceed to read a copy of verses filled with schoolboy allusions to "Amor" and Hymen, after the manner—"and a long way after it, too"—of the classic "*Epithalamium*."

Printed copies of these verses are generally distributed among the guests, and we here append a *literal* translation of one presented to ourselves:—

To the Marriage

of Mr.

J. PH. HIERM. H_____

with Miss

ELEONORE B_____

On the 15th March, 1855.

When two hearts on which the Spring (of life) still smiles have found each other,
If to each other they be inwardly bound under Amor's enchanting power;
If they be submissive to the god, who alone can shed a blessing on the heart;
Who through the paths of our first life twines the garlands of his beauty,

Happy are they: but yet the compact wants consecration from Hymen's hand,
For he is god of all sincerity; and he binds with still a firmer tie.
In the busy hum of worldly cares, and in changes without number,
Only Love's delight continues under the rays of Hymen's torch.

You who have won this happiness, that once lay far distant from you,
All your doubts have now departed; call down blessings on this day.
In the solemnest of hours ye have bound yourselves in compact,
Till far beyond the end of life; and devoted yourselves in love to each other.

May it be that you may continue life in the light of an ever-unclouded sunshine.
May you in harmonic union walk hand-in-hand, inspired with joy,
Along the paths of future life, as if through ever-flowering meadows;
For with Power have Peace and Beauty joined themselves in matrimony.

Therefore let the will of Fate endure up to Time's most future period;
And all our best wishes are given to you that such happiness may be fulfilled.
Now let us raise our glasses high, and knock them all with one heart.
Long may the happy couple live, and their happiness be most perfect!

Dedicated by F. W. B——

Nor must it be imagined that these disgusting wedding-feasts are common only to "*Gasthof*" society. We have described such an one merely because it was the first that came under our observation, and therefore the one that made the strongest impressions on our minds. The same over-gorging, however, belongs to all classes who can afford the indulgence, and among the wealthy it may be said, that the excesses at such times are even greater than among the poor.

Immediately after the conclusion of the *Hoch-zeit*, printed letters are despatched to distant friends, announcing that the couple are man and wife.*

Our this-day-consummated-matrimonial-alliance we do ourselves the honour hereby respectfully to make known.

Hermann H——
Eleonore H——
born B——

Coblenz, 15th March, 1855.

Simultaneously with the above announcement, or maybe some week or two afterwards, something like the following

* The Germans, however, never use such words — the ordinary terms applied to a married lady and gentleman being simply "*Frau*" and "*Mann*." To English ears it sounds as unpleasant to hear a German wife continually talking of her "*man*," as it does to listen to a French husband discoursing of the virtues of his "*woman*." An Italian Count married an English lady, and after spending the honeymoon abroad, the couple came to England. Cards were issued announcing that the bride and bridegroom would be "At Home" on a certain day; as the company assembled, however, the Count, who could speak a little English, horrified his wife by introducing her to his English friends as his "*woman!*" We had this story, indirectly, from the lady herself.



B. Foster. E.I. Roberts.

Rheinfelden.

advertisement is inserted in the local paper, for the benefit of the public in general:—

Marriage-Announcement.

(Delayed.)

To our foreign friends and acquaintances hereby (is made) the respectful announcement of our to-day-solemnized-matrimonial alliance.

Mulheim-on-the-Rhine, and Burrig, 6th June, 1843.

Dr. M. H. E——
M. G. E——
born B——

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(9.)

RHEINFELDEN.

A few miles above Basel the Rhine ceases to be navigable. The broad, smooth, and placid flood dwindles into a narrow, foaming, and fretful rivulet, and the barges and steamers disappear from its surface, which now looks as desolate as a German street, with nothing but the boats belonging to an occasional ferry or a rude covered bridge to give the least life to its banks.

The journey to the Rhine Falls may be performed by diligence along either side of the Rhine. On the right bank the direct route is from Freiburg to Schaffhausen, and lies through the loveliest parts of the *Schwarz-Wald*—traversing the sublime ravine of the *Höllenthal* (Hell Valley), where the rocks tower so high, so steep, and so close on either side of the

roadway, that the "*eil-wagen*" (etymologically the *fast coach*, but in fact the particularly slow one) seems to be passing along the dried-up bed of one of the Rhine gorges. By this route, too, the traveller obtains his first peep of the wooden homesteads peculiar to Switzerland, with their broad eaves jutting from the sides of the house like the roofs of sheds, and their wooden galleries reminding one of our old "Talbot Inns;" and the whole house, roofs, sides, and all, covered with wooden slates, as it were, of unpainted deal, that are arranged after the fashion of wafer pen-wipers.

Here, too, may be seen the little Oberland churches, with their tiny steeples covered with tin-plate, and looking in the distance really like bright metal extinguishers shining in the sun; and groups of charcoal-burners at work in the forest, with their white eyes and teeth glistening from out their grimy faces as you go by; and the fires burning in bright crimson patches, that contrast finely with the tall ebony stacks charring beside the roadway.

Here, moreover, you stop to take your "*Mittag-essen*" (mid-day meal) at country inns, where the walls of the "*Speise-saal*" are literally covered with hundreds of small wooden clocks, the pendulums of which are all wagging at once in different ways, and ticking with such violence that you might fancy there was a colony of crickets in the walls.

The other route runs close alongside the Rhine—the sudden twisting and turning of the stream, in its now zigzag course among its bed of rocks, this journey giving it an equal beauty, though of a wholly different kind from the other—as different as the course of a valley is from that of a mountain-chain.

At Basel the Rhine makes an abrupt bend, as at Bingen, and instead of flowing straight on, begins running east and west, in a direction almost at right angles to its former course.

It continues serpentining along, across the bed of the Jura mountains, almost like a vein in marble—being broken up into a number of small cascades or "rapids," rather than "falls"—until it reaches Schaffhausen, where the great liquid avalanche thunders in a broad sheet of snow over its steep step of rock, on its way from the vast Alpine reservoir of the "*Boden-See*" (Lake of Constanz); above which it comes hurrying down its narrow mountain channel, winding along from south to north, and thinned into the insignificant dimensions of a brook, rather than partaking of the gigantic capacity of a river flood.

The villages (for they can hardly be complimented with the name of towns) that border the stream between Basel and Schaffhausen—though somewhat picturesque in their external appearance, give one a wretched sense of the squalor and poverty, as well as the half-civilised character of the people in these parts; for they are as widely different from the neatness of English village homes as is a villa from a wigwam.

Rheinfelden is the first hamlet of any note that we reach on our journey to the Falls. It consists merely of one rude lane-like street—a long, irregular line of tall, old-fashioned houses, ranged close beside the water—and with the huge green humps of the Schwarz-Wald hills swelling up close behind it. At the upper end of the town stands, as usual, the city-gate; a mere isolated square turret, with battlements at its top corners, and a large clock over the gateway arch.

The town itself has little worthy of notice, if we except that it is built of stones from the neighbouring old Roman settlement of Augusta Rauracorum, and that it contains a handsome column of bronze, doing duty for a fountain, and supporting a standard-bearer with the arms of the town.

At the lower end of the village the Rhine (which is hardly wider here than a canal) is crossed, as shown in the engraving,

by a covered bridge raised upon piers, as dumpy as mushroom-stalks, and the covered way being as rude as a barn in the interior, where it is divided down the middle, after the fashion of a railway shed.

The object of these covered bridges it is difficult to divine, but they are peculiar to the Swiss portion of the stream, and almost as dark within as if they were a tunnel under the stream rather than a covered roadway above it.

At this part of the river the water is as shallow as a ford, and the green tint harmonises prettily with the flecks of the white waves as it curves and chafes about each impeding stone. There are some rapids close by, too, which cover the river-bed with a white pellicle of foam, and fill the air with a bee-like buzz, for some distance round. This part of the stream bears the name of the "Hell-hook" (*Höllhacken*), though there is little of such an infernal character about the shape of its channel as to warrant so forcible a name.

At a short distance from the bridge is a kind of island, or mound of rock and earth, rising up out of the middle of the stream. Here formerly stood the old fortress of "*Stein*," that, like Pfalz by Caub, once formed the island-palace of the ancient Counts of Rheinfelden. Earlier still, this was the residence of King Rudolph of Suabia (the Anti-Emperor Henry IV.), but was ultimately destroyed by the Swiss Confederates during the battle of St. Jaques, in 1344.

Agnes, wife of Berthold II., Duke of Zahringen by Freiburg, was the last relic of the nobles of Rheinfelden.

Formerly Rheinfelden was strongly fortified, and though its walls now seem incapable of holding out against a "park" of pop-guns, and the place appears hardly worth the taking, it was in the middle ages besieged times without number. The famous Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar and Johann von Westh fought several battles under its walls in the year 1638—

Bernard in the end taking his adversary prisoner, and the Duke de Rohan perishing in the last conflict.

The town fell into the hands of the French in 1744, and in 1801 was made over to Switzerland, to which country it now belongs. The population at present numbers only 1500: and how even this small body of individuals manage to exist in a place that is utterly destitute of manufactures, commerce, and even traffic, beyond the daily diligence—the noise of which in the streets seems to startle the people like the railway engine bewilders cattle in the fields—is more than the stranger can possibly divine.

Rheinfelden forms one of the four ancient "forest towns" situate in these parts, viz. Rheinfelden, Seckingen, Laufenburg, and Waldshut.

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§ 2.

Respect for Women—Domestic Feeling among the Married Classes—Divorces—and Public Vice.

Among the Eastern nations it is well known that woman was, and indeed is, regarded as a mere animal necessity, — a creature designed to be the object of man's lowest passions rather than his highest and purest affections; and a creature, moreover, that the "blessed Prophet" Mahomet held to be as unworthy of immortality as even the beasts of the field.

The refined Greeks, too, whom classical taste would teach us to admire, regarded women from scarcely a higher point of view—considering them inferior to men, and qualified to discharge only the subordinate functions of life. Aristotle

states, that the relation of man to woman is that of "governor to subject;" and even the gentle Plato says, that "a woman's virtue consists in managing the house well, and obeying her husband."

The "barbarous" Gothic nations, however, valued women more highly, and treated them more respectfully, than the polished states of the East. Women among the Anglo-Saxons were allowed to inherit as well as to transmit landed property; they were permitted to sue and be sued in the Courts of Justice; they shared in all the social festivities; they were present at the meetings of the parliament and the municipal corporations; "and they possessed," says Sharon Turner, from whom we quote, "all that sweet influence which, while the human heart is responsive to the touch of love, they will ever retain in those countries which have the wisdom and urbanity to treat them as equal, intelligent, and independent beings."

If this be true of all the ancient Teutonic tribes, the Prussians must have lapsed sadly from the nobility as well as kindliness of the parent stock; for assuredly a German wife of the present day is but a servant, whom the master of the house has the right of cohabiting with, and using, without the inconvenience of wages.

Indeed, it is a peculiar verbal illustration of the merely cohabitatory character of the matrimonial state in Germany, that a married lady always speaks of her husband as "*her man*"—(*Mann*); and a husband of his wife as "*his woman*" —(*Frau*); there being no special terms in the language to signify either a *married* lady or gentleman.

We have, however, known some Rhenish households where the *Frau* was treated with the same affection as an English wife, and regarded in every way as the man's partner and equal; where the couple not only possessed

everything in common, but thought in common; and where, instead of individual or selfish interests, there had grown to be, through love, one common good.

These, however, it must in truth be added, are but exceptional cases, and what we have stated above refers, we repeat, to the *general* tone of society rather than to individual examples. In Coblenz we knew among the townsmen one who had been thrice married, and when he was questioned as to his inducement for entering so often into the matrimonial state, he was candid enough to confess that, being a teacher of music as well as the keeper of a music-shop, he required some one, whom he could trust, to attend to "the business" during his absence from home, and therefore had wedded three wives, or rather three shop-women.

Nor is this merely an isolated case: on the contrary, it is by no means uncommon for a widower in Coblenz, if he have many children, to commence looking for a second "marriage partner" as soon as the funeral ceremonies in connexion with his first are completed.

When we were first informed of this fact we exclaimed, as you, doubtlessly, do, English reader—"Surely it cannot be true!" "And why not?" inquired our simple German informant, by way of reply. "What is the poor man to do? He must a servant have his '*Kinder*' to look after. Oh, no, we do not nothing of it here think. I would the same myself do if my *frau* was to die to-morrow."

Now surely there can be little feeling in a nation where it is *customary* (rather than extraordinary or unnatural) for a man to marry *within a month after the death of his former wife* — before, indeed, he has accustomed his mind to the terrible absence of his "marriage partner" from the house — before the poor creature's funeral knell can be well out

of his ears, and her last look out of his mind's eye. To place another "woman" in the bed in which a week or two before his wife had died—and which, surely, even in the numbest brain, must revive a sense of the lost one's death-struggles—seems so intensely horrible to *our* natures, that it is impossible to believe wretches who are capable of such enormities to be instinct with the same emotions as ourselves.

Further, in illustration of the tone of feeling existing between German men and women, we may add, that we were once in company with a party of young German ladies, one of whom wore her betrothal ring, and on the circumstance being alluded to, another, who had none, told us that she did not envy her friend, as she was affianced to a German. "You," she said, "are married, I have heard, and so I can tell you without seeming bold, that I would rather marry an Englishman than the best, the wisest, or the richest man in all Germany."

At first we regarded the speech as a mere compliment, but when we sought the reason for the young lady's preference for an English husband, our own observations taught us that there was too much truth in all she said to think of attributing her remarks to mere politeness.

"You Englishmen," she proceeded, "do not leave your wives to mope at home alone every evening, while you go out to drink wine, and smoke, and feast, by yourselves, as the Germans do; and when you walk out together your wife takes your arm, and you keep her by your side as if you really cared for her. I am told, too, that in England the houses, even of your merchants and tradespeople, are more comfortable and pleasant inside than our palaces; and that of a winter's evening the whole family sit by the fire together, while the daughters play, and sing, or read aloud; and that,

indeed, it is as uncommon for the English husband to pass an evening away from home as it is for a German one to remain after dusk among his family."

This may sound harsh and exaggerated, perhaps, to some English ears, but those who have spent any time in "Rheinland," and have had means of judging as to the domestic state of feeling among the Rhenish Prussians, will readily agree with us, that in Germany home-feeling, and indeed the home-virtues which are so essentially distinctive of English life and English character, are comparatively unknown among the modern Teutonic tribes.

"How long have you been in Coblenz?" said a Rhenish philosoph (!) on being introduced to us some months after our arrival there.

"Nearly six months," we replied.

"*Lieber Gott!* and I have never seen you at the Casino!" This exclamation the philosopher uttered as if he thought it was impossible for human existence to be continued unless the latter part of the day were passed in the big Coblenz "pot-house," nicknamed a club; and yet the "*wieser*" had a family like ourselves, though he delighted, perhaps, to astonish his befuddled fellow-townsmen with his scientific braggadocio about oxygen and hydrogen, rather than to cultivate the mind and affections of his own flesh and blood at home.

Indeed, rather than one common interest and common heart pervading every Deutsch household, there are as many different desires as there are different individuals composing it.

Again, the Germans are utterly deficient in that chivalry of feeling towards the weaker sex which makes every educated man in England regard women as persons whom the Al-

mighty, by his very constitution of them, has exempted from all the rougher forms of labour; and though these leaden-pated Preussen affect an admiration for the poetic forms of nature, it is difficult to make them understand how it is man's duty to wrest the subsistence both of himself and wife from the elements around him.

"But why should not women work as well as men?" the uncivilised boobies will ask you, though you know immediately, by the question, that it is hopeless to make such creatures *feel* the reason.

Accordingly, in Prussia, most of the husbandry work is performed by women. In the vine-countries the women carry heavy loads of manure up the steep mountain-sides, and in the towns and at the river-side you will pass them harnessed like beasts of burden, and dragging after them carts or vessels, that with us horses only are used to draw. Again, in the streets you will see the scavengers' work done by the gentler sex; and, indeed, females performing every kind of office to which we should consider it *unmanly* to put a woman.

Hence it is not to be wondered at, that where so low an esteem for the female character prevails, the weaker sex are *not* considered to be naturally sacred from blows at the hands of those whose strength should be used to protect rather than injure them. A German argues, that if a woman can work as well as a man, she ought to be able to defend herself in the same manner; so that, though even the schoolboys in England believe it to be the climax of cowardice to strike a girl, your German gentleman finds no lack of heroism in the act. Hence it is *not at all unusual* to see some urchin, while returning from school to his "*Mittag-essen*" (mid-day meal), hit some little girl in the face until the blood spirts from her nose. Nor does the cowardly act excite the least indignation in the minds of the passers-by: for though the poor little thing goes scream-

ing through the streets, with its mouth crimson with the effects of the blow, not one Prussian will stay to heed or help her. Our own child was treated in a similar manner, from mere brutal wantonness, whilst coming from her lessons, and we were assured it was useless appealing to the police, for the "*Polizei*" troubles its head with no such trifles. Indeed, whilst we are writing, an English friend has just stepped in to tell us that he has seen a hulking boy strike a girl over the mouth with a thick stick, and that the Coblenzers were astonished to see the Engländer snatch the cane from the lout and thrash him soundly for the act. We ourselves have seen a female dragged along the street by two armed policemen, and witnessed, too, because she was loth to be carried to prison, that her movements were quickened by sundry kicks from the heavy boots of the Prussian *gens-d'armes*. Further, we have been credibly assured that it was customary at the Coblenz Casino for the steward to enforce obedience to his orders by blows dealt out, with strict impartiality, to the *waitresses*, as well as waiters. Moreover, when it is remembered that Austria is not *widely* different from Prussia, and that in the former country flourished Haynau, the field-marshal who delighted in maltreating women, we can readily understand how the same cowardice should prevail in the latter kingdom; and how English draymen should be so much superior to German officers and gentlemen in this respect, that they should be able to give a rough, but still impressive lesson upon humanity, to these mean-hearted Deutsch generals.

From such a picture of the internal economy of a Rhenish household, as well as the state of feeling throughout Rhenish society, the reader will not be astonished to learn that divorces are by no means uncommon, especially as they are

cheap; and perhaps the State is sufficiently needy and commercial to make "an allowance if a quantity be taken."

The Divorce question is one that appears to lie at the very foundation of social decorum; and it certainly admits of doubt whether divorces "for the million" are quite as good an institution as music, or even pine-apples, for the same large class. Is it politic for a State to admit of *temporary* marriages—to allow people to take a wife as they job a carriage—by the day, month, or year?—(to make divorces easy of attainment amounts to the same thing)—or, in other words, is it advisable to relax the stringency of the marriage contract, and reduce the necessity of conjugal life to the liberty of cohabitation?

There is no decree of Providence more merciful than that which has ordained that the wanton should be barren, and thus made the propagation of the human race to depend upon the continuous rather than the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. Hence marriage has been rendered a necessity, for the sake of the future family; for, as there is no other young animal that remains in a state of helplessness so long as a human being, and the rearing of the children has been specially confided to the woman (the weaker creature of the two), it is obvious that the man was designed to *continue* with the family, with the view of providing a living for them, and hence that the husband and wife were never meant to be united *for a time merely.*

Still, a great difficulty arises with "ill-assorted alliances," —as to whether the marriage, under such circumstances, should not be annulled, and the parties freed from the continual irritation of their chains. In cases of crime it is admitted that such a course *should* be pursued, but in cases of "dissension" it is still doubted by some whether it be expedient to put an end to the union. But, say those who

take an opposite view of the matter, why drive people to crime before you grant them their liberty?

If, however, divorces are obtainable upon the plea of incompatibility of temper, a matrimonial squabble may be ranked under that category; and, surely, to make marriages revocable for a mere difference of opinion is to make the tenure of the wife as doubtful as that of the concubine.

Again, if it be expedient to allow the rich to enjoy the privilege, why, in the name of justice, should the poor be denied the luxury? In fine, why shouldn't divorces be as easy of attainment as summonses at police-courts? and if so, how many months think you, intelligent reader, would be the average duration of the union? or how long would it be before the state of English female society sank to the degraded level of the Continent?

In Germany, divorces are obtained by a legal process as simple and inexpensive as an action at law with us; and this "divorce-made-easy" system may perhaps be a necessary consequence, not only of the mode in which marriages are contracted in that country (without the least choice on the part of the lady), but owing also to the fact that a girl *before* marriage has no more liberty allowed her than if she belonged to a harem; whereas, *after* marriage she is free, even to licentiousness, to act as she please.

Mr. Drummond, the Member of Parliament, (he who, it is said, has a knife and fork laid at his table every day in expectancy of the re-advent of the Messiah,) told a story in the House of Commons of a Teutonic whist-party, at which the partners consisted of the husbands and wives, past and present, of two couples that had been divorced.

A friend of our own, too, assured us that he once knew as many as four distinct families belonging to one man and wife. The "man" had been married thrice, and his second

frau, from whom he had been divorced, was still alive; all the three wives, too, had borne him children. The "woman," on the other hand, had been married twice, and divorced from her first husband, who was still alive. *She*, likewise, had had a family by each marriage. The names of the children, for sake of illustration, we will assume to be as follows:—

Otelia, aged 18 years, daughter of the husband by the first wife.
Mina, „ 12 „ „ „ „ second wife.
Agatha, „ 10 „ „ „ „ „
Karl, „ 19 „ son of the wife by the first husband.
Marie, „ 18 „ daughter „ „ „
Ernst, „ 2 „ son of the wife by the second husband, and consequently son of the husband by the third wife.
Ottocar, „ 3 months, son of the husband by the third wife.

All these families dwelt in one house, or rather on one floor together, and with the man's own mother among the tribe; whilst the husband and wife lived, as our friend styled it, "like cat and dog;" and truly, had they been those animals in a state of metempsychosis, they could hardly have had a more indiscriminate progeny.

In cases of divorce it is customary to divide the family almost after the manner of "gavel-kind" — share and share alike — the man taking the boys and the woman the girls.

Whether it be owing to the facility afforded for obtaining divorces, or whether it be from utter indifference on the part of the married folk, matrimonial squabbles (so far as we have been able to judge, and others, who had better means of coming to a conclusion on the subject, were of the same opinion) are

not so frequent as in England. Certainly in the house in which we lived, though there were some four couples located in it, we were never once disturbed by the least "family jar;" and English friends dwelling in German households have told us that they never overheard any dispute between man and wife. Hence, according as we attribute the domestic tranquillity to the one or other of the above causes, so must we admit either that the dread of a divorce places a considerable restraint on the temper of the parties, or else that a deficiency of affection is not calculated to produce the same misunderstandings among married people as a greater amount of attachment. The latter, we imagine, is the *principal* cause. Jealous persons, for example, may be said to have an excess of love, and yet in what house is there so little peace as where this feeling prevails between the better and the worser half? Thus it would appear, that when the passions are cooled down to callousness, and the wife is regarded merely as a servant, whilst the husband is recognised as the master whom she is bound to obey, a state of slavishness is likely to be engendered, amid which dissensions must be of rare occurrence.

This, we are convinced, is *one* of the keys to Rhenish domestic tranquillity;—in a word, the peace at home is owing to "phlegm" rather than love.

In the Rhenish capital, it must be admitted, there certainly *appears* to be little of what is styled "public vice" in connexion with women. It is not right, however, to infer from such a phenomenon that female virtue is higher in Germany than in England; for, according to the best accounts we could obtain, we should be inclined to conclude that it was at a much lower ebb—German married ladies acting, we were assured, quite as loosely as French ones. The conjugal indifference, too, which, as we have said, generally

prevails between the heads of each Rhenish family, would lead us to assume that there was some truth in the assertion; for love is essential to a woman's existence, and it is but natural, that if she fail to obtain it at the hands of him from whom it is her due, she will seek it elsewhere — especially when from marital neglect she be left *free* to do so.

Whether such really be the case or not in Germany, we have no positive knowledge. France is said, with a fine Rochefoucauld morality, to be "the Paradise of married women" — French wives being allowed an extent of liberty tantamount to licentiousness. The French wives, however, are notoriously incontinent; and they *are* so, we believe, partly from the reason we have here given. Nevertheless, as the German ladies appear to be of much colder natures than the French, the chances are, that they would bear neglect with less peril to their morals.

The German youths, however, have certainly less amorous propensities than *our* young countrymen; for it is well known to residents in Prussia, that at many of the "Student Societies" in the University-towns the youthful members agree among themselves to impose a fine of some few thalers upon any one indulging in immoral practices. Moreover, the young men with whom we ourselves were acquainted during our stay in the country seemed to be as thoroughly free from all lascivious notions as fish; while, on the other hand, the middle-aged and elderly gentlemen were fond of indulging in gross allusions and indecent discourse, even in the presence of ladies.

But a still more cogent reason as to why less *public* vice exists in the Rhenish capital than any English town is simply because it is not permitted by the police. The few infamous houses that formerly existed in the city have recently been prohibited by the Government. Nor are any "ladies of the *pavé*" allowed. Such females as are found guilty of offences

against public morals have a broom put into their hands, and are set to sweep the streets.

Still human nature will have its way—despite of the "*Polizei-Direction;*" and we were credibly assured by a professor, that since the repeal of the soldiers' houses in Coblenz the number of illegitimate children has considerably increased. Again, almost all the "respectable old gentlemen" are well known to have some young mistress secreted in the town; so that though, as in Paris, judging from the streets, one would imagine the city to be far more moral than a monastery, still, immediately we begin to look beneath the surface, we find that the decency, as with many other social forms now-a-days, is merely outside show after all.

All those who have troubled their heads with the solution of the more difficult social problems know full well, that every civilized community must choose between one of three bitter evils; for, so long as human nature prevails, there must be, in every state, either (1) illegitimate children, or (2) public women, or (3) early marriages; and certainly it is hard to decide which is the least dangerous to the well-being of the community.

Clergymen, of course, are advocates for the last-mentioned; but "Economists," on the other hand, declare that alliances contracted before the parties have arrived at years of discretion—and consequently before they have the means of providing subsistence for their future families—tend not only to flood the country with paupers and criminals, from the neglect of the children, but, by over-populating the nation, to reduce the price of labour so as to render subsistence difficult even for the prudent. Moreover it is urged, that at an early age the passions have not yet come under the control of the moral principle, and the young man, mistaking

lust for love, inseparably ties himself to a young woman, and finds out, when it is too late, the vast difference between an evanescent animal appetite and a pure permanent affection. Then he soon gets to feel the burden of a partner, for whom he has neither intellectual nor moral admiration; and then ensue all those domestic dissensions and that neglect of offspring which proceed from ill-assorted natures at home.

Economists, therefore, think "public women" a lesser evil than either youthful alliances or illegitimate children—the latter being essentially the class from which the thieves and vagabonds of every community are recruited, for it is proved by prison statistics that juvenile crime is simply the result of defective parental control. Nor should the holders of these opinions, in making such a selection among the three evils, be considered as exhibiting a preference for immoral courses. If they be wrong, their error can but proceed from a mistaken view as to what really constitutes the welfare of a nation, since it is merely a sense of this welfare that prompts them to make the choice; and assuredly they may, while so doing, regret, as much even as clergymen themselves, the *necessity* for the existence of any such evils.

Once more, then, we say, that Governments must make up their minds to submit to one of the above three social ills; and though the authorities of Coblenz have decided that no public women shall exist "within the walls," still it would appear, from the statistics of the town, that they have merely given an undue impetus by such means, not only to the maintenance of private mistresses among the wealthier classes, but to the increase of illegitimate children among the poorer; whilst from the latter result they must naturally expect to reap a more abundant crop of paupers and criminals in after years.



B. Foster E. I. Roberts

Laufenburg

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(10.)

LAUFENBURG.

The rapids here (and fine as they are, they deserve no other title) are termed "the Lesser Falls"—the name of the place being literally "the City of the Current" (Germ. *Laufen*, to run). It is here that the chain of the "Jura" hills traverses the stream, the Rhine separating what is termed the "Swiss Jura," from the Suabian range of the same name.

The bed of the river is no longer silty, nor even pebbly, but has now the appearance of a huge stone trough or artificial channel, as it were, roughly hewn out of the solid rock, the large blocks of which slant up from the water-side, and being of a delicate pink colour (like the lining of a shell, indeed) contrast finely with the deep sea-green tint of the stream.

The Rhine here reminds one somewhat of the Wye between Bronllys and Builth in Breconshire, but the water is infinitely finer, being positively like liquid green glass, and tearing along the narrow gorge, or stone throat as it were, just beyond the bridge, with all the foam and fine fury of a mountain torrent. Though the banks widen into a half-lacustrine expanse a little below the town, and the current there makes the very air simmer again with the continual seething of its shoals—here the channel is like an enormous mill-shoot, and the water like a wraith of white spray; for so narrow is the passage between the rocks that it seems literally but a hop, skip, and a jump, from one side or shelf of crags to the other. Indeed, a few years ago a professional gymnasiast sprang from bank to bank—with a pole some say, and others declare without—the distance at the narrowest point being but $5\frac{2}{3}$ yards.

It is impossible even for small boats to descend the stream at this point without being gradually let down by stout ropes, fastened to gibbet-like posts fixed into the rocks; the cargo, of course, whether live or otherwise, being first removed. But the old German topographer, Merian, who wrote in 1642, speaks of the practice of crossing the river in small boats at this part, as being by no means uncommon in his day; he adds, however, that summer is a dangerous season for making the attempt—owing to the stream being fuller at that period from the melting of the Alpine snows. Certain it is that a young English nobleman (Lord Montague, and the last of his line) was drowned here while descending the rapids in a skiff—even with a rope attached to it and guided from the bank—and that, by a curious coincidence, on the same day as his country seat in Sussex was burnt to the ground.

Laufenburg itself is but a poor place, with merely 900 inhabitants. It was formerly the second of the "forest towns" on the left bank of the river—the other two (Seckingen and Waldshut) lying in the territory of Baden, on the opposite shore.

Here, in ancient times, stood an old castle—the castle of "Oftring"—that belonged to the Hapsburg-Stauffenbergs, a younger branch of the reigning house of Austria. Its ruined square turret is now all that remains of the building. You can see it (*vide* engraving), perched on the hill-side, just behind the tall tower of the *Pfarr-kirche* (parish-church), and with the fir-tree sprouting from the top of it—like a broom put up at the mast-head of a ship for sale.

The little town is divided, as usual, into two opposite moieties, rejoicing in the names of *Grosse* (!) and *Klein*. The mud-walled houses are all squeezed up together (like sheep under a bank in a storm), the great half on one shore and the little half on the other.

In true Rhenish fashion, even this old ricketty place has its fortress-gates by which to enter the "city." You can just distinguish the belfry-capped roof of the "*Pforte*" in the picture, rising above the little crowd of slates on the side of the church next the Rhine. The diligence passes under the narrow archway (no bigger than a country church-door) of this gate, whose walls are still flanked with the remains of "rondels," and brings us to a small triangular "Platz" (we suppose we must call it so), where it draws up in front of the Post Inn to change horses.

From this part of the town, a longish narrow lane—the "Haupt-Strasse" of the place, and not unlike our Holywell Street on a Sunday—stretches down to the Rhine bridge, a crazy old thing, half-covered and half-open, and the covered part not unlike the long low sheds that boat-builders are wont to work in.

Looking up the stream, the river is seen flowing, or rather sliding along, in one broad sheet, dimpled all over with eddies, transparent and green as a plate of "*aqua marine;*" but, just before reaching the bridge, it contracts to one-fourth its size, and then comes rushing through the red grey rocks, that form, as it were, a rough and craggy pavement, the thick slanting flags or slabs of which seem to be thrust in end uppermost. Through this the deep torrent of the flood pours, like a stream of lather, with a loud buzz, curving along in its current, and running close under the walls of the houses, so that it is impossible to see many yards of its course. Along the banks here we found workmen busy cutting a tunnel through the solid stone of the hill, and cows dragging the wagons full of rubbish along the new railway lines.

Above this point not a thing was to be seen on the surface of the water, but below were two or three small punts and a little floor of a raft, destined to grow into a large island of

pine-stems before it reached the lower Rhine. The raft lay close in front of the forest on the bank, where the ground was littered with the long trunks of trees that had been recently felled—the axes of the wood-cutters flashing in the light between the stems as the coach rolled by—and where, as usual, we saw the customs officer, in his deep-caped cloak, seated officially on a neighbouring log, and smoking his china-bowled pipe in fine governmental ease.

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§ 3.

Customs at Birth—"Wickel-kind"-hood—Feeling between Father and Son—"Clanship."

The Prussian customs at the time of birth have but little peculiar about them.

The announcement of the event, however, is usually made in so different a manner from that in which *we* give publicity to an increase in a family, that we will once more take an extract from the German newspapers.

Here, for instance, is a curious (and not particularly delicate) outburst of paternal pride:—

Early to-day my dear wife, Elizabeth M., born S——, after a happy and easy delibery, delighted me with a libely and strong boy, which I do myself the honour to announce to my distant friends and acquaintances.

Cöln, this 12th February, 1855.

Wilhelm M——,
Assistant at the Royal Post.

The babies in Prussia are usually handed over as soon as born to the tender mercies of a *Saug-amme* (suckling nurse), for German women are far too selfish to allow themselves to be troubled with the suckling of their own offspring; and though this wretched custom prevails among our own fine ladies to a greater extent than is creditable to us as a nation, still we are glad to say, that our middle-class wives have, as yet, sufficient natural feeling left to nurse their infants themselves.

In Germany, however, it is far different.

"What! does your aunt suckle her own child?" said a German maid to our little girl. "Why, the poorest lady in Germany would think it a disgrace!"

In Rhineland, almost nine out of every ten women, if they be only sufficiently well-to-do to afford the "luxury," hire some deputy-mother for their little ones, and seem to regard the function which is, perhaps, in all the economy of nature, the most wondrous provision of the Almighty's loving-kindness (making, as it does, the very food of the child spring into existence at the same moment as itself), as a cruel tax, instead of a high benevolence, in connexion with a mother's duties. So that all the fine development of affection which has been ordained to be associated with the sustenance of the little one, is reduced to a sad waste of social machinery for binding being to being.

Verily, too, there is in the creation of this same mother's milk so much of love and wisdom comprised, that it seems to us to be absolutely impious in a woman to refuse to make use of it. Even chemically considered, it is the most exquisite nutriment that human imagination can conceive, containing as it does every element of the body—bones, muscles, and nerves—in the best possible form for being assimilated: whilst, morally considered, it is a source of such strong

attachment both to the nourisher as well as the nourished (linking the parent with the child as fast as it does the child with the parent), and so intimately connected with that inexplicable maternal instinct, which is assuredly a woman's greatest glory, that ladies who do not hesitate to deprive their offspring of this their special birthright appear to us to have lost all that tenderness of nature, without which a woman is utterly unsexed.

Then the motives which prompt the mother to hand her child over to a foster-woman betray the grossest selfishness and meanness of disposition. Either nursing will spoil the lady's figure—or it will interfere with her rest at night—or prevent her going to parties, &c. &c. For such paltry reasons as these the great scheme of Moral Nature is thrown out of its course and the highest duty ignored. For the poor woman who sells her child's nourishment, there is the excuse of poverty and temptation—for the rich who buys it, none but laziness and vanity.

This system of wet-nursing, too, is intimately connected with bastardy, since no decent married woman, even in Germany (where there is a greater greed for money than in any other nation with which we are acquainted), likes to sell the nutriment of her own child; and we have been assured by many respectable people, that the greater portion of the Prussian *Saug-ammen* are women of loose character—whom, nevertheless, German ladies do not scruple to introduce into their families, in order to prevent any infantine interference with either their slumbers or their pleasures.

To English minds, the infant costume of Prussia seems about as enlightened as that adopted by the Indian squaws, who convert their babies into kinds of human chrysales, encasing them, as it were, in a hard shell of bandages, that

allow them no more freedom of motion than can be enjoyed by a young maniac in a strait-jacket.

Increased knowledge in "*un*educated" England has taught mothers, that if there be a being on earth that requires liberty of limb, it is the little human creature whose frame is destined, when allowed to be properly developed, to expand itself into that of a man. In "educated Germany," however (where, by the by, there are more dwarves and more idiots than in any other part of the globe), mothers have still to learn, that if the limbs of children be swathed in cloths like mummies, the growth of the tissues must be more or less impeded—in the same manner as a Chinese woman's foot comes to be unnaturally stunted by the mere compression of the part. Nor does the swaddling of children injure the youthful frame by pressure alone; for every one with us is well aware that exercise of limb is necessary for the due increase of the muscles, and bodily activity required for the maintenance of health.

It is lamentable, however, to see how much the German people have still to learn upon such matters; and we know of no more melancholy sight than a Prussian baby bound hand and foot in its costume of a "*Wickel-kind.*" It is impossible for minds that have any sense of the tender nature of such creatures, not to feel acutely for the sufferings that the little things must undergo in such a state. When we think of the extreme irritability of the whole body at such an age, and of the high temperature of the tiny frame—bordering, indeed, almost on fever; and when we call to mind, too, the utter inability of the poor babes to protect themselves, we are roused to indignation at the thought of the tortures they must be subject to, both in the stifling heat they must experience and the painful cramps they must undergo, from the continual constraint of their tender little limbs.

But we forget, in the fury of our disgust, to place the reader in the same circumstances as ourselves, and to give him a definite notion of what these same "*Wickel-kinder*" really are.

Among the shady walks of the "*Glacis*" outside the fortifications that environ the town of Coblenz, you may see dozens of them any fine day, carried by their Westerwald wet-nurses, whom you may know by the long, broad, black ribbons, streaming from the crown of their head. At the first glance you have a notion that the nurse is carrying a cushion in her arms, for you perceive merely a white pillow-case with a deep frill or border to it. As you approach, however, you discover that a wretched little infant is packed up in the squab somehow, for you can just see its tiny ball of a head—and its head only, mind!—peeping out of what is called the "*Steck-bett*," and which, literally rendered, means the bed into which the child is stuck. After the first impression has worn off, the apparatus appears to be more like a large squab of a watch-pocket, into the fob of which the poor little infant has been crammed.

Now, with your permission, gentle reader, we will play the Pettigrew, and proceed to unroll this tiny Deutsch mummy. In the first place, what is called the "*Steck-bett*," is not very unlike, but much larger than, the large slipper used with us in carriages for thrusting the feet into during cold weather. The entire body of the infant is stuffed into this apparatus, which is usually made up of carpet and covered with a white dimity or coloured chintz case.

On removing the stiff shell, as it were, we find that the poor little being within it is wound round and round with bandages, after the fashion of a brigand's legs; so that as the head only of the wretched infant is seen above the hard roll, that gradually tapers off towards the feet, the *Wickel-kind* strikes you as the very model of a baby Caryatides.

The outer bandage, which is called the "*Windel*," is as long as the pennant to a "man-of-war," and about as wide as a hat-band, and is wound spirally about the body, after the manner of the ribbons painted on a barber's pole.

When we have unrolled this we come to the "*Steck-tuch*," that is to say, the inner cloth in which the child is enveloped. It consists of a white quilted wrapper, not unlike a home-made wadded counterpane, and in it the babe is *hermetically* sealed, as it were, with its little arms imprisoned in the folds tight against its sides, and its legs bound down straight and close together.

The swathing-cloths are removed only once in 24 hours, during all which time the poor little thing remains stewing amid its own ejections; so that really the strictest precautions are thus taken, not only that the infant should move neither hand nor foot, but that the little strength of which its frail life is made up should be steamed out of it by incessant perspirations.

To the listless, inactive Deutsch women, however, such a mode of swaddling is agreeable, as it saves them all the trouble of dandling and dancing the child; for the baby, packed up as it is, can be stood against the wall, or even hung upon a peg, like an old coat—as, indeed, they often are.

Nor is the torture of this barbarous "*Wickel*," apparatus in the least mitigated until three long months of absolute motionlessness have passed, and then the little prisoner is allowed to have its arms free for the first time since its birth. Its lower extremities, however, do not obtain this blessed privilege, until another three months of the same inconceivable torments have been endured.

Now, during our stay in Coblenz, we happened to know an English gentleman who was suffering from *anasarca*, or dropsy under the skin, and part of the treatment to which he

was subjected by his German physician consisted in being tightly rolled up in birch-leaves and blankets, in which he had to remain for *only* seven hours every day. But though this gentleman was an officer in our army, so that bravery was his profession, he assured us that the agony induced by such treatment was almost more than he had strength of mind or body to bear. Indeed, we know it so exhausted him, that his medical adviser was obliged to allow him an interval of rest for a few days after each week's perseverance in the practice.

Surely, then, unless our minds be besoddened with German prejudices, we can form a faint conception of the exquisite suffering that must be inflicted upon a tender, irritable little creature, like a new-born baby, on being subjected to a swaddling, which even a soldier has not power, nor barely courage enough, to persist in.

And yet this goes on in what Mr. Cobden would have us believe to be "*educated* Germany!"

"But haven't you a number of cripples in England?" we were coolly asked by a native, after explaining to the booby that English people looked upon this swaddling of young children as a remnant of barbarism.

As a further proof, however, that the manners and customs of the Germans of the present day are those which we discarded a hundred years ago, we may quote the following from a work entitled "*The Eighteenth Century; or, Illustrations of the Manners and Customs of our Grandfathers:*"—

"There was a belief among grandams and nurses," it says, "that infants' bones and joints required extraordinary external support, and consequently ample provisions were made to prevent sprains and dislocations by the baby-limbs being put in a sort of frame-work, composed of whalebone, wood, and strings. The chin had a pillow for its support, which went by the name of 'chin-stays,' and from this bandage a strap was passed down

to the breast, and was called 'a gop,' serving to preserve the head from an undue inclination backwards. Then each sleeve was fastened tightly down to the side, lest the arms should be diverted from their true position; and the gristle of the legs was left to harden into bones and muscles within a strong casing. Around the child was affixed a small 'pad' resembling a bolster, stuffed with some soft and elastic substance, which was to answer the same purpose as the 'fender' of a steam-vessel or 'buffer' of a railway-carriage, and preserve it from apprehended bruises, contusions, and lacerations, from a collision with the floor or corners of the tables; and when the day of unbinding, unstrapping, and uncasing the infant *did* arrive, it was quite a domestic festival."—P. 46.

But this custom of swathing infants is as old as the Romans, and even the Indians have from time immemorial treated their papouses in the same manner. The following engraving, copied from one in Dr. Smith's *Roman Antiquities*, shows the manner in which the ancient Roman mothers were wont to bind up their babies like young mummies; and the picture is exactly similar to the appearance of Rhenish *Wickel-kind* to this day.



There is a popular saying in the Rhenish villages, that every child born always brings something with it; and to maintain belief in the saw, it is customary for the children of the family and neighbours to be called in on the birth of an infant, and each presented with a trifling present, which is duly recorded as the gift brought by Frau Dingskurchen's baby. The children often, while showing their toys to one

another, say, "This is what FRAU WIEHEISST'S baby brought me," and "This came with the *becker's kindchen*," and so on.

As with most primitive nations, there appears to be a strong feeling of "clanship," or attachment, throughout the various members of a family in Germany.

This love of kindred extends even to remote cousins; so that a newly-married lady, though she will hardly think it worthy of her to pay attention to her husband, would consider herself as utterly deficient in all the better feelings of human nature if she were not to lavish every resource of her house upon the remotest relative who visited her.

Again, it is well known that the Germans, on leaving their parents, soon become afflicted with "*Heim-weh*" (home-sickness), all of which, it may be urged, shows strong affections, rather than that callousness of temperament which we have asserted to prevail throughout a German household. So we ourselves argued when we knew the people less; but closer observation has taught us that this love of kindred among the Germans is an educated rather than a natural sentiment: or, in other words, the sons and daughters love their fathers and mothers because they are taught that it is right to do so, and certainly not from any remembrance of past kindnesses experienced at their hands.

Indeed, filial affection in Germany appears to be mere sentiment—an artificial kind of feeling, into which the intellect, backed by a faint sense of propriety, has *schooled* the heart, and not a *spontaneous* emotion naturally begotten in answer to the love shown to the child during its youth.

In England, children love their parents simply because their father and mother have, generally speaking, been the best friends they have ever known, and who not only watched

over and protected them in their helplessness and weakness, but who shared with them almost every comfort and luxury that industry or prudence was enabled to obtain.

But if English fathers behaved as selfishly as German ones, assuredly English children, with the liberty of thought current throughout the country, would soon get to question the paternal love for them; and seeing in the greediness of the father but little affection on his side, would ultimately come to regard him with but little affection in return.

In Prussia, however, all are of too phlegmatic a nature to be emotional upon any such matters; and as marital indifference leads to perfect toleration between man and wife, and toleration begets domestic tranquillity, even so with German children, after many years' association with their parents, a vague feeling of regard naturally springs up in the mind for the persons with whom they have passed almost all their lives—such, indeed, as we in England feel for the animals that frequent our hearths.

In illustration of the selfishness pervading every member of a German family, we may cite the following curious little history.

A young friend of ours, during the fair, purchased some cakes, and presented them to the father of a family, to whom he was under some slight obligations, and whom he knew to have rather a penchant for pastry. To his utter astonishment (for our young friend was an Englishman, and unprepared for the act) the *paterfamilias*, on receiving the bag of confectionery, said he would "lock it up in his desk," urging that then he could eat it by himself "just as he wanted, unknown to anybody."

Now, our friend had naturally intended the present to be shared with the Deutscher's wife and daughter, and was fairly taken aback by the piggishness. However, the youth was

determined that the German ladies should not go without their share of the good things; so he returned to the fair, and buying another packet of the same toothsome articles, hastened to carry them to the wife, feeling assured that *she*, at least, would divide them with her child. But the lady informed him, in a whisper, that she would keep them for herself in her closet, as that child of hers was so greedy after pastry that she would want them all.

To gain a thorough insight into the character of the people, a third packet was bought and given to the girl, in order to see what *she* would do with it. True to the nature of those from whom she had sprung, and with whom she had been reared, the young cormorant retired with the cakes to her own room, and ate every crumb of them by herself in secret.

This, again, is no extreme illustration of national habits, for while it is customary, in almost all families of the middle classes, for the wife and children to have merely soup and *bouilli* for *their* repast, the husband and father has generally a better meal prepared for *himself*, and this he eats at the same table with the others, without the generosity to offer any of them a morsel of the dainties over which he is smacking his lips; nor, even if there should be a tart, does he bestow so much as a flake of the crust on the little ones eying his every mouthful, but swallows it *all* before them. Indeed, we have seen a German professor eat a whole plateful of peaches, and his children be content to pick up the stones and suck them as fast as they were spat from their father's mouth on to the floor.



B. Foster. S. Bradshaw

Eglisau.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(11.)

EGLISAU.

After leaving Laufenburg, the road still continues beside the Rhine, of which we catch occasional peeps, passing by the way the last of the four forest towns, Waldshut, which stands on the skirts of the Black Forest on the opposite Rhine shore. This town consists of a longish cluster of cottage walls, with a large white pedimented dwelling at the back, and perched on the top of a green shelving bank close beside the water. It was formerly a place of considerable importance, but in the 15th century was besieged by the Swiss Confederates, and now contains barely 1000 inhabitants.

A mile beyond this we come to the point of confluence of the *Aar* with the Rhine, where the waters of four Swiss lakes are mingled; for the Aar itself comes from the Lake of Thun, and is joined a few miles above where it flows into the Rhine, not only by the waters of the *Reus*, carrying down the current from the Lake of Lucerne, but by those of the river *Limmat*, which is the outlet to the Lake of Zurich—whilst the Rhine itself brings with it the flood from the Lake of Constanz.

Here the diligence crosses the Aar in a broad platformed boat, which serves for the ferry, and immediately afterwards we pass the little Coblenz, or "*Confluentia*" of the Upper Rhine. In rainy weather it is said that it is possible to distinguish the waters of these different outlets to the lakes as they mingle with the Rhine, for the Rhenish flood is here even greener than ever, being now the very tint of the brightest crystals of copperas; and as the muddier waters of the Aar pour

into it, you can see it mottled like a sheet of polished malachite, and streaked with the yellow and red-brown veins of the mingled lake waters. The Aar, indeed, is as broad as the Rhine itself, which has now increased in width to the breadth of a moderate field.

A few moments more and the horses' hoofs clatter through the village of *Zurzach*, the long desolate streets resounding, almost with a startling effect, with the rattle of the wheels. Here the streets, that are channeled with covered runlets as at Freiburg, consist of one interminable line of shops; but what is most peculiar and striking, not *one* of these "*magazins*" is open, though it is long past noon; all have their black shutters up, and yet it is neither fête, nor fast-day, nor yet the Sabbath. It seems as if the plague were raging in the town, or as if you had reached the "sleeping city" of romance, or—what is more common in these enlightened days—as if the people, in alarm at some prophecy touching the coming destruction of the world, had all run away to some other quarter.

What can be the cause of the deserted state of the village? you ask. Your wonder is soon stopped, however, by being informed that this is the great site of the Swiss fairs (that of Zurzach being the most important of all the commercial gatherings throughout the Cantons), and that the shops of the town are opened only once in the year—and then but for fifteen days—the merchants, who mostly deal in leather and skins, coming from great distances, and some hiring the *magazins*, while others own them and pay rent all the year through. At the period of our visit, the only shops open were the post-office and an establishment for the sale of pipes, though the wonder was how even the solitary snuff-and-tobacco merchant could manage to find customers in such a place.

Beyond Zurzach, the post-road still lies close beside the

Rhine, of which we continue to obtain, as it twists and turns in its course among a perfect amphitheatre of hills, occasional glimpses, flowing between the steep green slopes of its escarped and moat-like channel, broad as a wide street, and green as the vineyards striping its banks.

A few miles farther, and we arrive at the town of Eglisau. As the diligence winds zigzag down the hill on the opposite side of the river to that on which the village stands, the view is pretty enough of the two long lines of houses perched one above the other on the shelving river banks—with the terraced or quai-like roadway stretching at its base, and the tall houses next the river looking as lanky as storks, and giving you a notion—like the old houses in the Cannongate in Edinburgh—of the parlours and kitchens being some four or five storeys high—and with the white walls, too, glittering like so much snow in the sun, and making the green flood immediately below them almost like milk. Then the covered bridge reaching from shore to shore seems as you look down upon it like a long rude Noah's Ark, resting on the almost emerald water that still flows through a sloping channel, the banks of which, as reflected in the stream, are hardly greener than the tide itself.

The hills round about are finely humped and rounded like camels' backs, their summits brown with the red of the autumnal oaks, and their sides here and there loosely girt with a delicate scarf of white mist. As we slide down towards the town—with the horses almost on their haunches—we come to the gate-tower, and then passing the small "*poste bureau*," with a white cross painted on its red sign of a shield without, we enter the long, dark, wooden tube of the bridge,—a covered way that, with its huge timbers at the side and rafters overhead, and with the light streaming in at the portholes along the

sides, is exactly like the lower deck of a ship, and gives one the notion, as the horses' feet tramp on the boards with the same hollow sound as they do on the stage of a theatre, that we are travelling in a mail-coach from end to end of the "*orlop*" of the "Great Eastern."

Then, as the diligence darts into the light at the other extremity, the sunbeams flash in the eyes with the same blinding brilliance as they do when issuing from a railway-tunnel, and the horses begin to labour up the equally steep hill on the opposite shore—the village dwindling and dwindling below as the vehicle ascends.

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§ 4.

CUSTOMS AT DEATH—GERMAN CEMETERIES—DEATH-OMENS—DEATH-SACRAMENTS—DEATH-BILLS—FEAR OF BEING BURIED ALIVE—FUNERALS—AND TIME OF MOURNING.

A country churchyard in England, with its long rank grass, half-hiding the heavy stone tablets on the ground—with its dilapidated and tumble-down headstones, to graves that are barely a score of years old—would lead the foreigner to conclude that we were a nation that cared but little for our dead; whereas the trim garden-like character of a Parisian cemetery, where every grave is a flower-bed—and where you see the toys of the lost children enshrined in glass-cases at the head of their little tombs—where you can tell, too, by the different tints of the wreaths of "*immortelles*," (passing by gentle gradations, from the bright yellow chaplet of almost

yesterday into the deep brown of extreme age), how regularly the funereal flower-bed has been visited;—all would induce a belief that French people had far more tender hearts and lasting memories than our own race.

Nevertheless, a long residence in the two countries will, we are satisfied, give rise to an opposite opinion; for the very display of grief which originally cheated us into admiration of the people indulging in it is sure, ere long, to assume a hideous theatrical air in our eyes, and thus to produce a violent revulsion of feeling both for the trick and the tricksters.

"GOD ALONE KNOWS MY SORROW."

Such was the inscription on an "*immortelle*" that we saw a gentleman in deep black hang upon a broken shaft in the *Cimetière Montmartre*, with the view of publishing his grief to the whole world.

What the Great Teacher said of Prayer, may be aptly applied to grief. If, as He told us, there is no trust to be put in those who love to pray in public places, so is there little truth to be found in those who weep "that they may be seen of men:" for as surely as devout hearts "enter their closets and *shut the door*," in order to offer up their worship "in secret," so do sincere mourners keep their lamentations for the honest privacy of the same place.

Again, this conversion of the grave into the parterre appears to our mind to spring from defective faith as to the spiritual essence of our natures, and to be based on a gross material belief that the body constitutes the entire being; seeming, indeed, but little removed in its wisdom from the practices of the old Egyptians, who stinted themselves through life in order that their carcass might obtain greater glorification after death.

The frippery of the French cemeteries prevails to a great extent throughout Prussia. In the "*Friedhof*," however, the

grove-like walks are not skirted, as in France, by a row of private chapels, like miniature park-lodges, and fitted with glazed doors, so that the public may *see* the afflicted praying at the altar within. To do the people justice, too, there is less melodramatic ostentation about their burial-grounds: nor is the gate beset by a disgusting crowd of obtrusive hawkers of "*immortelles*," who, as you pass, urge your attention to a "*superbe*" chaplet "*à mon ange;*" or maybe to one embroidered with the flowery fib, "JE PLEURE TOUJOURS."

The death-omens which are popular only among nervous old women, and country folk, and serving-girls, with us, prevail in Prussia among the so-called educated classes; for we have known many a Herr Lehrer (Mr. Teacher) to have his brain choke-full of the most childish and impious superstitions. Indeed, we have sat and smiled inwardly, the evening through, at the scholastic jolter-heads, whilst they enlightened us as to how the howling of a restless dog in the night had foretold the death of Herr Somebody, and how a vagrant "*Nacht-eule*" (night-owl) had played the prophet, and announced the approaching decease of some well-known invalid—better than the first physician in the land could have done. We have been informed, too, whilst the Professor grew warm with his subject (and our *Kirschwasser*), how necessary it is, on a death occurring in a house, to move the tub of "*Sauer-kraut*"—if only an inch—away from its former place in the cellar, in order to prevent its becoming too rotten even for a Deutscher's stomach to relish; and, likewise, to tap with the knuckles at every cask of wine that may be in the *Keller*, to stop its turning into downright, unmitigated vinegar. We have heard, moreover, how in the country it is customary, even at the village parsonage, for some one to go into the garden immediately after a decease, and tell each swarm of bees (if hives be kept)

that their master or mistress is dead; and when we smiled at the exquisite simplicity of the superstition, the wiseacre—who, though deep in the Greek metres, was unable to distinguish between accidental association and necessary connexion in nature—proceeded to cite chapter and verse to us as to how Herr Someone had failed to perform the ceremony at Herr Somebody's, who lived in the Westerwald somewhere, whereupon every bee in the apiary had sickened and died.

In every foreign Catholic town, however, a surer sign of approaching death than either the nocturnal cries of the dog or the screech-owl consists in the appearance of a robed priest in the streets, hurrying along as he carries a silver chalice between his two raised hands, whilst a small scarlet-petticoated boy proceeds before him bearing a silver cross on a high pole. From our window, looking as it does down the long vista of linden-trees that line the "Parade Platz" of Coblenz, we see some such priest in his short lace-frock and his black mitre-cap come hastening along the path twice or thrice a-week, while the drivers of the passing ox-wagons fall to doffing their hat and making faint attempts at genuflexion.

Now, this "ciborium" contains what Papists call "gods," and Protestants wafers, and in the "*heilige Oel-büchse*," which the priest carries beneath his robes, is treasured the blessed "oil of extreme unction"—oil that is used only at death for the purification of the five senses; and such is the belief of the pious in the virtue of these holy "remedies" (*Heilmitteler*), against everlasting misery, that no good Catholic dies easy in his bed unless he have received what is styled in German, "*die heiligen Sterbe-sakramente der Catholischen Kirche*"—the holy death-sacrament of the Catholic Church.

This oil of extreme unction is regarded with profound reverence by the people, even to the last; for it is customary

for the priest to receive a fresh supply of the blessed unguent from his bishop every year, the bishop having it from the Pope, and the Pope—of course, from his Holiness's tallow-chandler. Annually, on the Saturday in Passion-week, all that may remain of the supply for the preceding twelvemonth is publicly burnt by the priest, when the zealous peasants beg for pieces of the coal which served to consume the sacred fat. These cinders are regarded as charmed relics, and with them three black crosses are drawn on the stable-doors of the farm-houses on May night — as an infallible enchantment against imps and witches.

Good Catholics usually die with the crucifix in their hand; but should it happen otherwise, the sacred symbol is placed in the palm, whilst lighted candles are set to burn continually around the bed, and the family kneel beside it praying for the repose of the departed soul. Such prayers, in Prussia, generally continue for three days; and it is customary during that time for the friends and relations, or even neighbours, to visit the house and assist at the ceremonies, or else to take part in sitting up with the corpse at night.

So sure a harbinger of death is the sight of the priest on his mission of anointment, that on the morrow, probably, you will hear of the Church Custos being out on his rounds, delivering small hand-bills at the houses in the neighbourhood of the decease; announcing, within a black border, the cause and time of death, as well as the day and hour on which the funeral is to take place; and not unfrequently having a prayer appended at the back of the paper, invoking rest for the soul of the departed.

Here is a literal translation of a touching specimen of such documents:—

Jesus! Maria! Joseph!

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."
Matt. v. 8.

To the pious Prayer of the fellow-Scholars, and to all believers, commend we the Soul

of

Emil D_____

Belonging to the third form of the Grammar-School.

He was, during the short term of his life, continually the joy and pride of his parents, and, in the school and church, always willing and obedient. But doubly griebed are his parents and relations on account of the manner of his death; for at the age of 12 years and 10 months, just at the ripening of his youth, he fell from the third story of his father's house to the pabement, and thence to the cellar. After he had lain 8 hours in unconscious death-struggles the angel conducted him from this to a better life. He died at 4h. 30m. on the morning of the 6th July, 1854.

The burial is fixed for Thursday, the 8th July, at 3 p.m. The Requiem will take place on Friday, the 9th July, at 9 a.m., at the Parish Church of Our Dear Lady.

House of Death, Mehlgasse, No. 9.

He sleeps in Peace!



Prayer.

O Jesus, Thou friend of innocent children, to whom Thou promisedst the Kingdom of Heaven, take pity upon Thy servant Emil, whom Thou hast snatched in Thy Almighty wisdom from this world of sorrow and trouble. Blot out all that was weak and sinful in him, and let him enter into the everlasting peace of Thy chosen people, O Thou who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

About four hundred of these bills are printed for "ordinary" people, and eight hundred for the wealthier gentry, whilst one thousand occasionally may be distributed "for a banker." Every person at whose house a hand-bill is left is supposed to be invited to the funeral. No lists of friends are furnished to the Custos who distributes them, as, owing to the smallness of the town, that functionary mostly knows all the relatives and associates of the deceased; neither are letters sent to the family friends, except when far away.

Simultaneously with the distribution of the above bills, a like announcement is made in the newspaper of the town. Nor are these advertisements the mere dry concise statements that are customary in our own journals; for it is by no means unusual for the bereaved publicly to sue for pity: thus:—

"To distant acquaintances and friends we dedicate this sorrow-message (*Trauer-Botschaft*), with the entreaty for deep sympathy," says one such advertisement before us.

"Your deep sympathy is requested," curtly runs another.

Other advertisements, however, will conclude with a notice, that "the business of the deceased is to be conducted upon the same liberal terms as before;" whilst others, again, may end with the following ostentation of affliction and worldly rank:—

"Over his grave are weeping the deeply sorrowing

FRIEDRICH VON B——, *Privy-councillor of Justice at* ——.

LUDWIG VON B——, *Privy-councillor for Appeals in Justice and Equity at* ——.

KARL VON B——, *Councillor of Justice at* ——.

GEORGE VON B——, *Privy Councillor of Finance at* ——."

Many, too, contain little sad histories of the bitter misfortune that has fallen on the family; as the subjoined —which we copy from the "COBLENZER ZEITUNG"— will testify:—



On June the 29th, of the present year, died at New York, my only and much-beloved Son, Friedrich Wilhelm, who had hardly attained his 25th year. He expired 24 hours after his arrival in America, in the arms of his family, who had longed for his return from Europe. On his embarking at Calais he had slightly hurt his shin-bone, which was not attended to at the time. It soon, however, forced him to seek medical aid, though not with the expected success. Upon his arrival at New York the cleverest surgeons were consulted; but after an operation which promised the most favourable result, he gently died from the hæmorrhage of the small arteries.

To all friends and relations at a distance I hereby announce the sad news. As they can well understand my deep grief, they will excuse me from specially communicating with them concerning my inconsolable affliction.

In him died the best of sons, the most faithful husband and friend, and the most tender father.

K—— F—— K——.

Coblenz, July 1855.

Moreover, after the burial, one may occasionally see a copy of verses published by some rhyming friend in memory of the many virtues of the deceased, and with a notice appended informing the public that (we quote from the Coblenz Journal) "over the grave wept the wife, a brother, five sons, six daughters-in-law, forty-five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren."

A hundred years ago *we* indulged in the same ghastly funereal pride. The obituaries inserted a century back in our magazines and newspapers gave all the details of the fortunes left by the deceased. The *London Magazine* for October, 1735, for instance, contains the following pompous announcements:—

"At Littlecot, in the county of Wilts, Francis Popham, Esq.; a gentleman of 7000*l.* fortune."

"Sir John Tash, Knt., Alderman of Walbrook Ward, in the sixty-first year of his age; reputed worth 200,000*l.*"

Now, surely, such a mixture of showy lamentation with worldly pride and worldly business must give even those who cannot see deeper into human nature than a French dramatic author a sad idea of the sham character of German society at the present day: especially when we couple it with the remembrance that the very widowers (who are so ready to prostrate themselves with the heaviness of their grief in the public journals, and to flood the columns of newspapers with their tears) are often known to be re-married, as we have stated, before even the "*Zeitung*" announcing their "irreparable loss" has been torn up into pipe-lights.

Throughout Germany there seems to be a profound fear of being buried alive. This naturally proceeds from the scientific ignorance of the people, as well as deficient faith in the skill of their doctors; so that all kinds of precautions are taken to prevent such an occurrence. The law enacts, that

no person shall be buried until 72 hours after apparent death, and then only upon the production of a doctor's certificate; and in villages, where it often happens that no doctor has attended the deceased in his last moments, it provides that the schoolmaster and "*Schöffe*" (headborough) should inspect the corpse, to see if they can distinguish the "yellow death-spots on the bowels;" for which office they are paid two groschens (twopence) each: "but," said one who had often performed the duty, "we do not trouble ourselves to look very hard at that price."

Nor has the priest the power to bury any one, unless furnished with the certificate, either of the doctor or the above village authorities.

Despite such provisions, however, against burial during "suspended animation," many people still prefer to have the open coffin placed in the dead-house for a week, for in such places there is a peculiar apparatus for rousing the attendants of the burying-ground, in case of any one being restored to life. This consists of an alarm fixed in the watchman's room, and having a long cord attached to it, so as to communicate with the coffin in the adjacent dead-house. The cord ends in a small loop or ring, and this is passed over the thumb of the corpse; so that the least motion in the body may be sure to alarm the attendant.

None of our German friends had ever heard of a return to consciousness having been made known by such means. A gentleman, however, told us that once the alarm, having been attached to the corpse of a woman who had died from dropsy, had been made to ring by a sudden collapse of the body, and consequent dropping of the hands.

The funeral usually takes place on the third day after death, and in the newspaper of the previous afternoon there

will, perhaps, be an announcement, saying that those friends of the late A—— B—— who may wish to follow his body to the grave, are invited to assemble at the "house of death" on such-and-such an afternoon at such-and-such an hour.

As our apartments look towards the "*Mainzer-thor*" (Mayence Gate), which leads to the cemetery outside the town, scarcely a day passes but we notice one or two funeral processions stealing slowly towards some poor creature's last home. Indeed, we can see one emerging from the "*Schloss-strasse*" as we write, and as this is the most fashionable street in the town, the mourners, of course, are many, and the appointments of the train are of the showiest character.

As the procession turns the corner of the street, the chant of the "*Misericordia*" comes floating down the road, borne in mournful gusts along the avenue of trees. That large, bright-coloured silk flag, which is seen immediately behind the silver cross at the head of the procession, and keeps flapping like a heavy sail in each passing breeze, is the emblem of one of the city companies, to which the deceased belonged. Then, as the funeral dirge grows louder, we see, between the stems of the trees that skirt the roadway, the three lace-robed priests conducting the ceremony, their forms half-filmed over with the white cloud of incense that rises from the silver censers, as the boys flash them to and fro in the sunbeams. On either side of the priests are the church-choristers and the Orphan-School boys (the latter being there to mark that the deceased was a patron of the charity); and these, as they draw near, make the air moan again with their chanting. Next comes the tiny-looking hearse, that is hardly bigger, and of the same shape, as our tilted carts. This is covered with a huge black velvet pall, ornamented with an immense yellow and white cross, and reaching nearly to the ground. On either side of the hearse walk a number of the nearest friends of

the family, each carrying a lighted candle, which is as long and thick as a torch, and the flame of which is invisible in the broad daylight, though it flickers in the wind, and the tallow gutters so that each gentleman is provided with a white napkin to protect his hands from the dripping grease.

As the procession approaches the "*Rhein-strasse*," the women and men come running out of the shops and houses; and whilst the male spectators bare their heads, the females make the sign of the cross and count the candles as the hearse goes by—for it is by the number of attendant lights that the grandeur of a funeral is estimated.

After the hearse walk the male members of the family of the deceased; then comes a long black train of friends and acquaintances, marching three a-breast; and, finally, two or three carriages, sent out of respect by the principal hotel-keepers of the town.

The procession is now on its way to the "*Castor Kirche*," and there, after the performance of the burial-service, the priests, choristers, and candle-bearers, all leave the hearse; so that shortly we shall see the funeral train return cropped of its gloomy pomp, and with merely the relatives walking in its wake. In this manner it will proceed towards the cemetery, where, if we followed it, we should see the coffin lowered—without a priest and without a word—into the newly-made grave; after which the grave-digger would hand the nearest relative a spade to cast the first shovelful of earth upon the coffin-lid, and, when a like duty had been performed by all the other friends upon the spot, the family would take one last look at the remains, and all would be at an end.

This is what the Germans style being "buried with silver;" whereas the poor are "buried with copper," the church ornaments used on the latter occasion consisting of the baser metal only, and the officiating clergy being limited to one

priest, instead of three. The candles, too, rarely, if ever, exceed a dozen at the funerals of the humbler classes (and are provided by the candle-bearers themselves), whereas they occasionally reach a score or more at those of the wealthy; and, when the deceased is an unmarried female, maidens in long black veils are employed to carry the lights.

Another more important funereal distinction is, that the very rich have the "*Hof-glocke*" (town-bell) tolled at their decease, and, though the ringing of this bell costs ten thalers (about 30 shillings), some persons give orders for it whilst on their death-bed.

Again our customs of the past century were kindred to the foregoing. "We have before us," says the author of the *Eighteenth Century*, "an undertaker's bill of a date as late as September, 1780, for the funeral of a person of the middle class, which amounts to 61*l.* odd, and contains, among others, the following items:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
"To 32 men for carrying of ye lights at 2*s.* 6*d.*	4	0	0
To 32 branches for ditto	0	5	4
To 68 lbs. of wax candles for ditto at 3*s.* per lb.	10	4	0
To 2 beadles attending ye corps with silk dressing and gowns, &c. &c. . .	1	10	0."

The priests employed on such occasions are (we were assured by one who knew them well) great sticklers for their fees, seldom or never foregoing a groschen of their perquisites, even in cases of extreme poverty. As an instance of this, our friend (who, it should be stated, was himself a Papist) cited a case that had formed part of his own experience. A peasant in the Hundsrück lost his wife in childbed, and, though he was so poor that he could not even provide a coffin, and the neighbours had each to contribute a board

towards making a "shell" for the poor creature, the man of God stood out, hard and fast, for his dues. Nor would the Jesuit bate one groschen of the fee: so the "*Bauer*" was obliged to sell his goat—though it was the only hope he had of obtaining milk for his motherless babe—in order to satisfy the greed of the *Christian* minister.

German Protestants (for the above descriptions refer more particularly to the Romish ceremonies) have generally the burial-service read in their own rooms, whilst the coffin still remains open, and the friends assembled round it. Those invited to the ceremony bring flowers, which are strewn over the corpse previous to the coffin being nailed down—a ceremony which is always performed in the presence of the relatives. Neither do the Lutherans indulge in any service at the grave, nor any chanting in the streets.

When unmarried Protestants, either male or female, die, they are dressed in a white muslin shroud, and have three rows of artificial flowers put down the front of the winding-sheet, a crown of myrtle placed on their head, and a white rose in one hand.

The door of the house is then left open for whomever likes to enter and look at the body, and it is often matter of boast in neighbouring families as to which of them has had the prettiest corpse. One will say to the other, "*My* dead sister was dressed much handsomer than *your* dead brother was."

The English work entitled "Illustrations of the Manners and Customs of our Grandfathers" affords us another proof that this present Rhenish custom is the same ghastly mockery as our people were wont to indulge in a hundred years ago: for we find it there stated, that after the searchers had examined the body there came a person who was called the "plumper," whose business it was, we are told, to bedizen

the body, and make what the ladies called a "charming corpse."*

Moreover, it is usual with the Lutherans to cover the coffins of the unmarried with a black pall, and to throw a white net over that, decorated with artificial flowers. Upon these a wreath of ivy is placed, with an elegy on the deceased inscribed upon paper cut in the form of a heart. The coffin is followed to the cemetery by twelve of the best young female friends, in deep mourning, and the youngest of these takes the ivy-wreath and the verses and places them on the grave, after which they return home and have cake and wine.

The corpses of married Lutherans, on the other hand, are dressed simply in white, the flowers being omitted, and the pall to the coffin being a plain black one. The body is followed to the grave by twelve of the immediate neighbours of the deceased.

When either parent dies, the mourning, according to routine, lasts for a year, whilst six months is the period prescribed by custom for a grown-up sister or brother. If, however, the lost brother or sister had been but recently confirmed, the fashionable term for lamentation is not longer than a quarter of a year; and should any child, on the other hand, happen to die *un*confirmed, it is not mourned for at all.

Our informant added, that the reason for this seeming disregard of the young was, "that children were considered to be free from sin;" or, in other words, irresponsible creatures up to the period of their confirmation.

By law, widows are not allowed to marry until ten months after the decease of their husband, so that there may be no dispute as to the parentage of any child they may bear subsequent to the death of their first partner.

By custom, on the other hand, a widower, as we have said,

* See "Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany," Sept. 1750.

may re-enter into the marriage state as soon after the loss of his wife as he pleases. "Perhaps," said a German to us, "if he were to marry again within a fortnight, we *might* think it a little *curiose;* but he could hardly get the ceremony performed in so short a time, for the burial is not over till three days, and even if the banns are not published, it will take about a week to procure a license. Besides," he added, "no one can marry during the four weeks of Advent, nor during Lent, without obtaining dispensation from the bishop; so, you see, we could not well manage it so soon as in two weeks. Oh! yes, I have known many widowers get re-married in one month, and that by banns, too. Why, there is Herr So-and-so," he went on, giving the name; "but then he had many young *Kinder,* and babies cannot be trusted to a girl under twelve years of age: so a poor man, or a shopkeeper with a large family, *must* get another *Frau* as soon as possible, in order to have some one to look after his children."

In conclusion, English readers will hardly require to be told that the Germans have little internal sense of the sacredness of death.

"Give me joy, Frau ——," said a *Schreiner* (joiner), on meeting a female friend in the street; "I have a coffin to make for thirty thalers." And the man rubbed his hands and smiled, as if he were incapable of feeling that his own good fortune arose out of the bitterest misery that can befall a fellow-creature.

But that we may not be thought to draw conclusions from a professional undertaker as to the general insensibility of the *Deutschers* concerning the most solemn matters, let us add, that even German children are unmoved by the awfulness of death.

One of the Professors of the schools was telling the young



B. Foster. E. I. Roberts

Schaffhausen.

members of his family that little Fritz, their playmate—who was known to have the best collection of "*Schmetterlings*" (butterflies) in the school—had died suddenly that morning.

"And who'll have his butterflies?" cried the Professor's youngest son, an urchin of eight years old.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(12.)

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

This picturesque old town is situate on the right bank of the Rhine, a little above the long line of rapids and falls which render the river unnavigable between Schaffhausen and Basel; and though it is the capital of the Canton to which it gives its name, it has more of the character of the gate, or *entrance* to Switzerland, than that of an integrant portion of the country itself.

It still bears, indeed, every appearance of an old Suabian imperial city, for not only are its streets marked with many of the quaint forms of mediæval architecture (the town having for ages escaped the ravage of fire), but the language, costumes, and manners, as well as the easy and peaceful disposition of its people, are all akin to those of its neighbours located in the towns throughout the Black Forest.

The origin of Schaffhausen dates as far back as the 8th century, when a small colony of boatmen, we are told, settled in the place, and constructed some boat-sheds, or *skiff-houses*, as rude dépôts for the cargoes of the vessels coming from the Lake of Constanz, and which had to be discharged here-

abouts owing to the proximity of the Rhine Falls. To this circumstance the town is said to owe its name.

Schaffhausen was at first only a hamlet, then it rose to be a small market-town, and when Count Eberhart de Nellenburg had founded and richly endowed the renowned Abbey of All Saints in its vicinity, it was elevated (in the 13th century) to the dignity of an Imperial city, the Abbot exercising sovereign authority over the place. Schaffhausen was then enclosed within walls, and continued to increase in power, and its inhabitants in wealth, under the ecclesiastical dominion.

A hundred years later, the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria mortgaged the city to Austria; but the citizens redeemed their independence by themselves paying the money for which their town had been pawned. A few years later, again, it entered into a treaty with the Helvetic Confederation, and becoming the ally of the Swiss in many a battle, was ultimately, in the year 1501, incorporated among the Federal States as the 12th Canton.

During the wars of the French Revolution, the French and the Austrians occupied it by turns, and when Napoleon established himself as Mediator of the Helvetic Confederation, its constitution and privileges were revised and modified like those of the other cantons.

Thus it continued till the year 1831, when its government was finally settled upon a more liberal and extended basis.

It now contains an industrious population of 7500 souls, and is the seat of considerable trade; though it is but little resorted to, except as a halting-place for travellers and visitors to the neighbouring Rhine Falls—there being few objects in the town itself worthy of notice.

The antique architecture of Schaffhausen, indeed, forms its main point of attraction; for the city is distinguished above

almost every town in Switzerland by the mediæval character of its houses, its gates, and its citadel.

The streets, with the exception of the *Vorder-Stadt*, are mostly dark, from the broad projecting eaves which slant down before the upper windows like monstrous eye-shades. The houses are generally narrow and tall, while the majority have several storeys of bastion-like oriel windows, with the sign of the house carved on a central tablet, and their walls covered with ornamental stucco-work, while their transoms and mullions are decorated with carvings. Some of the buildings at the corners of the streets have long semi-octagonal rondels, reaching from the top to the bottom of the house, and with pyramidal roofs after the fashion of the turret seen flanking the walls of the castle on the hill in the engraving.

Others, especially the old *Zünfte* (or guilds), have very handsome antique door-ways, pillared and porched, elaborately sculptured over, and with quaint verses graven on the lintels. The *Schmiede-zunft*, nearly opposite the "*Krone*" *Gasthof*, in the *Vorder-gasse*, is a curious specimen of such middle-age work—rich as the carving of an old oaken altar-piece.

A little above this, in the same street or lane, is an enormous gabled house, the front of which is frescoed all over. This is styled "*Zum Ritter*," and has allegorical figures of Immortality and Fame painted between the lower windows, and heads of M. T. Cicero and some other Roman gentlemen above, whilst between the attic casements there is a figure of Quintus Curtius on horseback, leaping headlong down into the street.

Many other houses, also, have their fronts illustrated with frescoes. A butcher's shop has a figure of Justice, holding a bright pair of scales, painted on the walls, and another by the *Vor-stadt* is decorated with a gigantic figure styled *Zum*

Raufer (the bully); while others again have painted cornices to their doors and windows. Most of these houses bear the date of 1600 on their walls. The Vorder-gasse, though narrow and badly paved, has an exceedingly quaint and picturesque air.

Another peculiarity of the Schaffhausen streets is that most of the inns have a kind of flourished swan's head (such as is seen at the beginning of copy-books) executed in iron-work, and holding, as it projects from the wall, a modelled sign of the *Gasthof*—either a huge brass crown, for instance, or a black bird in a hoop, according as the tavern is styled the "*Krone*" or the "*Raaben.*"

The gateways and old rampart-walls surrounding the city are likewise peculiar—being in a good state of preservation. But by the time the traveller has ascended the Rhine as far as Schaffhausen he will have had such a glut of city walls and gates—beginning, indeed, at Köln, and including Linz, Oberwesel, Bacharach, Eltfeld, and a host of tumble-down old places—that he will hardly care to cross his door-step to see the most picturesque barbican on the banks of the river. Besides, to tell the truth, the *Mühlen-thor*, and *Ober-thor*, and *Schwaben-thor* of Schaffhausen, differ but little from the multitude of square turrets that we have now seen and described so often, and are barely tolerable after the sight of the beautiful *Spahlen-Thor* at Basel. Further, one finds at Schaffhausen the same dried-up and planted moats, and the same row of houses built against the rampart walls, as is visible at every other old German town.

The scene represented in the engraving gives as characteristic a peep at Schaffhausen as could be well chosen. The spectator is supposed to be standing on the bridge crossing the

Rhine. Immediately before him, cresting the dumpy hill, is seen the old fort-like citadel or castle of *Unnoth*, with its thick ring of walls set with tall bastion towers, and its covered viaduct-like way sloping down the hill-side to the houses beneath.

This castle is said to be of Roman foundation; the present building, however, was not finished till the year 1564, when it was erected, the story runs, in order to give occupation to the poor during a famine. Here, a century before the present fort was constructed, Frederick Duke of Tyrol shielded Pope John XXIII. from the wrath of the Council of Constanz, in 1415; an act for which he was put under the ban of the Empire.

Just below the castle is an open Platz at the end of the bridge, with a light Gothic fountain in the centre. The walls of the house with the castellated or "Burgundian" gable, shown in the engraving, are decorated with frescoes of knights holding banners; and facing this, at the opposite end of the Platz (but not visible in the print), is the large colonnaded *Zoll-amt*, or Custom-house, with its arcade littered with barrels and cases. Then, beside the crane jutting over the quay, lies the green steamer—the "*Concordia*," or the "*Maximilian*," or the "*Boden*"—waiting to carry the next batch of tourists to Constanz. Here, too, facing the river, are generally to be seen the Swiss diligences loading in front of the little inn called the "*zum goldenen Schiff*" (the Golden Ship), and near this stands the mansion-like Customs-office, with its oriel windows and long-winded title—"*Schweizerisch Eidgenossenchaft Hauptzollstadte Schaffhausen.*"

Looking in the opposite direction, we see the sharp spire tipping the four-gabled tower of the Münster, and piercing, as it were, through the mass of surrounding roofs. This stands in the *Hinter-gasse*, or Back Lane, and was originally

part of the Abbey of All Saints, the edifice itself dating as far back as the 11th century. It is not only remarkable for its antiquity, but for being a pure specimen of the Byzantine or round-arch style of architecture; and, though hardly handsome, makes up in massiveness what it wants in beauty. The other square tower seen in the print belongs to *St. Johannes-kirche;* this is in the Front Lane, or *Vorder-gasse,* and is said to be the largest church in Switzerland.

The houses beside the water are rudish structures, built on the river walls, and have much the look of the buildings flanking some of the more quiet Dutch canals. The greater number of these are tanneries, and have brown leathern skins hanging, either over their wooden balconies or out of their windows.

A little way farther down the river than is visible in the print, the water is striped with the tops of the mill-dams, and the surface white with the fretting of the current past its many impediments.

The bridge itself is one of ordinary construction, but stands in the place of a celebrated wooden one—burnt, of course, by the French in 1799—which was of a single-arch span, though the breadth of the river is here upwards of 350 feet, the architect having been a poor Swiss carpenter named Grubenmann.

The costumes of the people are those mostly of the *Schwarz-wald*—a mere sleeveless bodice being worn, and the hair dressed in long plaited tails behind. The picturesque though lazy ox-wagon still constitutes the principal traffic of the streets—even though Schaffhausen, from its many surrounding mills, has a more busy aspect than the majority of the Rhenish towns.