VI.

OPINIONS, SENTIMENTS, AND CREED.

Up to this point we have dealt with but the *outside*, as it were, of the Prussian character — representing rather their external manners than their internal thoughts and feelings.

Manners, among the ignorant, are often confounded with morals. True, the words, etymologically considered, mean the same; but, in an ethical point of view, they are as different one from the other, as the motions of the puppets from the invisible hand that pulls the strings. Indeed, manners are but modes of human action; in a primitive state of society, they are the "*natural signs*" by which our various feelings are expressed. For, as artists are aware that each different emotion has a different gesture and cast of feature by which to make itself known to others, (and the imitation of these mere muscular renderings of our inward feelings constitutes the art of pantomime on the stage,) so is there a peculiar kind of pantomime observable in the various forms of society, by which the refined are distinguished from the unrefined in every civilized nation.

But as every *manner* of action admits of being imitated, so the various gestures of the body and expressions of the features (though originally the natural and true representatives of inward sentiments and passions) become, in an artificial state, the most fallacious *criteria*, not only as to the real disposition of an individual, but as to what is either agreeable or disagreeable to his nature. Hence a breach

of manners is regarded as a social, rather than a moral offence. We may infer that there is a want of refinement on the part of the people when we see gentlefolks, as with the Germans, picking their teeth with the prongs of their forks; but no man regards another as either a fool or a knave for such acts. Diogenes could have conformed but little to the various modes of action enjoined in the Grecian "*Complimentir-büch;*" nevertheless, we must admit that *he* was at least thoughtful and honest.

Up to the present point we have dealt rather with the *taste* of the Germans than their *principles*. So to speak, we have criticised, as yet, but the conformation of their social palates and senses, rather than that of their hearts or brains; and though we may have found even the "superior classes" among them—as Jenkins loves to style the well-to-do—deficient in a sense of what is innately offensive to every refined nature, they may be a very good sort of folk, and a clever, sharp-witted race, notwithstanding.

Let us see, then, how they will bear looking at from the latter point of view.

In order to contemplate the inner spirit of a nation (for even those who go through Germany with opera-glasses can see the outside character of the natives — mere manners being patent to all), we must seek out, not only what they think to be either fashionable or godly, but also what they hold to be wise, and good, and noble in the world.

Nor is it our desire to regard even the German sense of what is acceptable to the Almighty from any sectarian and catechetical point of sight. We know too well that the world upon all such matters is divided into two large and distinct classes — those who believe that two-and-two make



B. Foster A. Willmore

Rhine Falls. Schaffhausen.

four, and those who reckon that three-and-one do the same thing; and that the two-and-two-ites have no faith in the calculation of the three-and-one-ites; whilst the three-and-one-ites, on the other hand, declare that theirs is the only true arithmetic, and do not hesitate to affirm that the two-and-two principle is utterly opposed to all that is right and sound in reckoning, and that the upholders of such a system will certainly visit a very ugly place hereafter for believing in any ciphering so absurd and wicked.

For ourselves, it is but due to the reader to state, we belong to *neither* class in its bigotry and intolerance of all who differ from themselves, but to *both* in their belief in a future state, as well as that a life passed in conformity with the doctrines of the great Teacher, and imitative, as far as possible, of His example, is the only way to ensure happiness in this world as well as in that to come. We would add, too, that we desire to meddle with no man's religious notions, except upon such points as tend to the *degradation of humanity*.

With this brief preface let us now pass to the details of the subject.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(13.)

THE RHINE FALLS BY SCHAFFHAUSEN.

It is curious how a feeling of disappointment invariably arises in the mind on first beholding any object, the effect of which depends mainly on its size. Scarcely a traveller that finds the Pyramids come up to his conception of them, or thinks the spire of Strasburg so *very* high after all.

It is the province of the ideal, indeed, to transcend the real, and there is no process so easy to the imagination as that of magnifying or conceiving any well-known object to be inordinately increased in bulk. The mind possesses, as it were, a microscopic power, and experiences little or no difficulty in enlarging mites into mammoths, or exaggerating mole-hills into mountains.

The main cause, however, for the feeling of disappointment which is mostly experienced on the first contemplation of so-called sublime objects, is that the sight of them enables us to comprehend that which we had before conceived to be *incomprehensible*. For, as a musical note gives us no sense of the isolated pulsations of the air of which it is composed, but is the feeling which results from the rapid and combined vibration of the whole series; so the emotion of sublimity is simply the compound impression consequent upon a succession of imperceptible attempts to compass that which we know and feel to be beyond all compassing. Hence, to grasp any such object with the eye—to see in a single glance that which we fancied was made up of an endless series of parts—is really to reduce the infinite to the finite, and to bring that which was before vague and inconceivable within the limits of a definite conception.

Another reason for the disappointment is, that the mind loses all power of measurement when dealing with the enormous. A savage, it is well known, cannot form a notion of numbers beyond ten, and points to the hairs of his head to express any greater sum. Even educated people, too, have but a faint idea of large quantities; and a vast object appears *less* vast to ordinary minds than it really is, simply because they are unable at first to form any precise estimate as to its vastness.

Hence it is plain, that all sublime objects which admit of

being seen at one view must necessarily be more or less stripped of their sublimity on first beholding them.

If the honest opinions of the visitors to the Rhine Falls by Schaffhausen could be polled, we are convinced that ninety-nine in every hundred, at least, would express disappointment. Though the Falls themselves are admitted to be the "finest cataract in Europe"—the broadest sheet of water streaming down from the greatest height—and though not one person in a thousand could ever have seen anything in the least comparable to them, it is certain, nevertheless, that the imagination, in most cases, so far outstrips the reality, and the judgment possesses such slight means of estimating inordinate greatness, that the *Rhein-fall* seems at first sight but little better than a monster mill-dam.

True, we are told that the appearance from one side of the river is tame in comparison with the other, while some writers declare that it is not the height of the fall, but the immense body of water, which is broken into spray in the most picturesque manner, that constitutes the great beauty of the cataract. But rest assured, reader, these are merely excuses framed by persons who are afraid to acknowledge that the sight comes short of one's expectations.

How much better to be candid, and confess outright that the impression produced by the first sight of the Rhine Falls is one of almost contemptuous indifference—the rush and descent of water seeming but little better than that of a very broad canal, overflowing and bursting through some extensive lock-gates.

The revulsion of feeling past, however, the mind settles down to the calm contemplation of the spectacle, and seldom fails in the end to wake up to a full sense of its beauty and grandeur.

Let us try and impress the reader with the same feeling.

The way to the Falls (unless the journey by water be preferred) lies by the *Mühlen-thor* (the Gate by the Mills), and no sooner have we passed the "*Pforte*," than the clatter of the water-wheels beside the mills, that here flank the road, issues from every door and window by the way. The air is filled with the buzz-z of a hundred mill-streams, and the ground seems almost to tremble beneath the feet with the trundling of the cog-wheels, and the incessant whirr of the machinery.

Now there is a clacking of a multitude of looms, and we can half see the factory-girls' heads as we go by the long line of dirty windows. Then we catch the quick wheezing of the saw-mills, and can distinguish the bright blades bobbing up and down in the "clear obscure" within, whilst the path-way here is littered with stacks of timber and deals. Scarcely, too, is the smell of turpentine out of the nostrils before the air is redolent of flour, and men with white eyebrows and whiskers are seen at the upper floors of the tall, dusty-looking warehouses, guiding the heavy and dangling sacks into carts below—the whole building seeming to shiver with the rattle of the hoppers.

Presently the Rhine itself is seen fretting along, broad as a highway, and a bright bottle-green in colour, and with its banks skirted with the stone dykes of the adjacent mill-streams, and the pent-up water there dashing along white as a snow-drift.

In a few minutes afterwards (it is but a couple of miles from Schaffhausen to the Falls) we are at the turn of the road which leads to the little village of *Neuhausen*.

Here we descend the hill, passing the villagers' houses by the way, and soon stand on the embanked shore, close in front of the cataract itself.

"To form a faint idea of the Falls of Niagara," said the late Governor Morris, "fancy to yourself the Frith of

Forth rushing wrathfully down a deep descent, leaping in foam over a perpendicular rock more than 160 feet high, and then flowing away in the semblance of milk from a vast basin of emerald."

To have a notion, however, of the Rhine Falls, the reader should imagine a huge wall to be built up across the Seine at Paris, somewhat higher than the bridges there, and the pent-up river to be hurled perpendicularly over the coping in one broad glassy sheet.

Such an image, however, will enable the stranger to form a conception of the mere *size* of the fall—of the breadth of the stream, and the depth of the huge step in the bed of the river, down which the flood is precipitated.

But how shall we convey to the mind any adequate sense of the stupendous stream of water for ever sweeping over this steep bank of rock!

It is calculated that the great Fall of Niagara precipitates at least one hundred million tons, or about four hundred million hogsheads, of liquid per minute. But the Rhine Falls are not half as broad, nor half as high, as those of the great American cataract, being really only one-seventh its size:* so that, supposing all other circumstances to be equal, the Rhenish torrent would discharge near upon a million hogsheads every second.

But who can conceive a million hogsheads mingled into one dense flood? Let us, therefore still make the matter clearer to the comprehension.

The great Heidelberg tun has about the same cubic capa-

* The Falls of Niagara are 600 + 200 feet broad, and about 160 feet high. The Rhine Falls, on the other hand, are 300 feet wide and about 60 feet in height; so that the one contains 128,000 superficial feet, and the other 18,000. The Falls of *Terni*, near Rome (the "*Cascata dell' Marmore*"), are between 600 and 700 feet high, while those of the *Staubbach*, near Interlachen, are from 800 to 900 feet in height; but both of these are *narrow* streams.

city as a house, holding just upon eight hundred hogsheads. We must, therefore, in order to have a notion of the overwhelming torrent continually being poured over the rocks by Schaff hausen, conceive one thousand of these same monster tuns to be emptied over the great dyke of limestone there with every beat of the pulse, and the same tremendous tide to keep for ever streaming along, and almost at the same rate.*

As yet, however, we have dealt only with the *size* and *volume* of the cataract; let us therefore proceed in due course to explain how the great body of water that is precipitated at the Falls is broken up in its descent.

The enormous wall of rock over which the flood descends is, for the most part, hidden beneath the glassy sheet streaming over it; so that the fall itself appears like a huge escarpment of water. In the midst of this liquid mound immense slabs or plates of crag stand up edge-wise, their peaks raised high above the level of the upper bed of the river, and seeming like the broken piers of some lofty bridge that has been swept away by the torrent. By means of the four protruding rock-plates (two of which stand close together in the centre of the fall, and two more not far from the side opposite the castle †), the cataract is parted into five distinct "*chutes*," consisting of two broad falls and three minor cascades, the latter being

* This statement, of course, does not hold good with regard to the months of June and July, when the waters are at their highest point, being swollen by the melting of the Alpine snow. The waters of the Lake of Constanz, with which the Rhine Falls are immediately connected, are (according to a table published by Dr. Dihlmann) lowest in February, after which they keep gradually rising till the month of June, when they are six feet higher than at their lowest period. They then remain stationary till the middle of July, when they begin to descend, and continue falling till the middle of August; at which period they become stationary for another month, remaining about five feet higher than in February. Towards the end of September they commence falling again, and go on descending till February, when, as we have said, they reach their lowest point.

† From the point of view at which the accompanying picture was taken but three of these rocks, and four divisions of the Falls, would be visible.

merely the gushing of the torrent between each pair of adjacent crags.

Above the fall itself there is a large horse-shoe basin, girt with a low rim of limestone, and over this the stream curls in a thin, green, transparent sheet, as if it were so much molten glass, while the rounded edge of the rock glistens brightly beneath it. At the farther side from the castle, the water in this basin descends in a series of steps, falling and falling, as it keeps sliding down to the cataract, in such a mere pellicle of crystal, that the rocky pavement is seen shining beneath as if its surface had been vitrified. Immediately under the castle, however, the flood within the basin is in a furious ferment, and appears, as it tears along to the great fall beneath, to be tumbling and tossing, as if it were no longer liquid, but a dense mass of powdery snow. Here, too, the mouth of the basin seems to get narrower and narrower, while the stream has the appearance of being sucked down the funnel-like vortex of some monster maelstroom, until at length it reaches the edge of the great rock-wall; and there it pours over the sides, in the most sublime and yet terrific confusion—in lines that flash like silver lightning, and with the muffled roar of liquid thunder.

At one part of the fall, a thick glassy plate—solid and transparent as though it were a sheet of ice—comes sloping down in one unbroken plane; at another, the torrent is seen spurting from behind the central rocks in a broad feathery jet, and streaming forth, as Byron has said, like the tail of a white horse. Yonder it falls, and falls, in an opaque and apparently dense mass, like an avalanche of foam, being shivered into positive dust as it strikes against the protruding blocks. There it streams straight down, till you might almost fancy the sheet of falling liquid were part of a fine crystal curtain; and there, again, it boils and surges up in huge mounds of water, as

though the very caldrons of hell itself were seething beneath it.

Never was seen such grand confusion—such exquisite tangle and crossing of lines—such lovely opalescence of tint, and sparkle of light. A rocky precipice is jagged, opaque, and heavy; but in this precipice of water all is curved, transparent, and light as spray.

Every element of beauty and grandeur conspires to lend its charm to such a scene—wildness of motion conjoined with the most perfect softness and diversity of outline—play of light and lustre, and the faintest bloom of colour, mingled with the very fury of power—a whirlwind of water—a liquid volcano pouring forth lava-like torrents of foam.

The spray, too, which rises up in front of the great torrent, is not the least beautiful part of the spectacle. It is like a curtain of the finest mist—a gauzy veil of dew—a broad ethereal pellicle of metallic colours (such as one sees floating occasionally on the surface of a pool), and drifting through the air like a light cloud of water-dust, or river-smoke, or rain-powder. It seems as if it were a whiff of breath passing over the surface of a mirror—fresh and delicate as the early morning-bloom on fruit—soft as the feather-dust swept from a butterfly's wing—thin and iridescent as fragments of bubbles—powdery as the film of autumn frost on grass-blades—it sails through the air like a white shadow—the transparent spirit of a rainbow.

Then, the roar of the torrent is in exquisite harmony with the fury of the scene. It murmurs in the ear everlastingly like a sea-shell, filling the air with a faint moan, as does a storm sweeping through some distant forest. Now it sounds like the roar of a furnace—now like the rush of escaping steam—and then like the noise of a vast city's traffic heard

from some cathedral tower. What a sense it gives one of the adamantine nature of water! The torrent seems like a cascade of solid stones, and the very spray itself like a cloud of dust thrown up by the abraded particles. How the sound stirs the mind, too, like a spell, and seems to draw the body towards it; even as the continual watching of the descending flood makes you fancy the very earth itself to move, the ground beneath your feet seeming to slide towards the Falls —while the brain itself whirls round, like the huge green disc of water for ever circling in the bay immediately in front of the cataract!

It is somewhat curious that no ancient classic writer makes mention of the Falls by Schaffhausen. The omission may have arisen from one of two causes—since we cannot imagine that Tacitus, Pliny, and Strabo would have considered them unworthy of notice. Either the Romans were unacquainted with the Falls, or they are of recent formation, and did not exist in the days of the Cæsars.

The first supposition is hardly credible, for we know that Munatius Plancus was at Basel, and Constantius Chlorus at Constanz. Is it probable, therefore, that Schaffhausen and Neuhasen were unvisited by the neighbouring legions? On the contrary, tradition declares the castle of Unnoth to have been originally a Roman fort.

The latter conjecture—wild as it may at first appear—proves on investigation to be by far the more rational. In the first place it is proven, that the deposits of gravel in the valley of the Upper Rhine in Switzerland are identical with those in the vale of the Scez (a river falling into the Lake of Wallenstadt); and therefore, say geologists, the Rhine *must* at one time have flowed this way. Again, at Sargans there is a watershed, which divides the streams that feed the Rhine from those

which fall into the Lake of Wallenstadt; and this natural embankment is so slight, being but 20 feet high and 200 yards broad, that it has been calculated, from actual measurement, by the celebrated Escher von der Linth (him who cut the Linth Canal, and so put an end to the continual overflowing of the Wallenstadt Lake), that the Rhine need rise but 19½ feet (or its bed be raised that height by the deposits that are for ever being brought down), for its waters to pass by Wallenstadt—instead of by Constanz as now, and thence by the river Magg into the Lake of Zurich, and thence again by the Limmat into the Aar; so that it would run in an almost direct line from Sargans to Coblenz, just above Waldshut, instead pursuing its present round-about route by the Lake of Constanz and Schaffhausen. Indeed it is recorded, that in the year 1618 the Rhine was so swollen by long rains, that it was only prevented taking its course by the Lakes of Wallenstadt and Zurich by the construction of dams along its banks.

Hence it becomes extremely probable that the *Rhein-fall* by Schaffhausen is of comparatively modern origin, and that the silence of the Roman authors on the subject arises from the river having, since their time, opened up for itself a new channel.

All evidence, indeed, seems to warrant such a conclusion. According to the measurements given by the ancient geographer Strabo, the Lake of Constanz would seem to have been much smaller in the days of the Romans than at present—a circumstance which must be due either to the fact of the bed of the lake having been raised, or else to the circumstance of its liquid contents having been considerably increased. Moreover, the fossil remains of terrestrial and freshwater animals discovered in the "*Molasse*" deposits at Oehningen, just below the Unter See (lower lake), and which, though known to be of comparatively recent origin (some of the "*fauna*" being

identical with living species), are now between 500 and 600 feet above the level of the Rhine,* — so that all things point to some great change in the limits of the lake, as well as the route of the river.

We must, therefore, look with very different eyes upon the Falls of the Rhine from what we do upon those of Niagara. In the latter cataract we read — graven on the very water — the records of the vast age of the earth; for since the American torrent is continually wearing away the rock over which it is precipitated, the falls themselves being found to recede at the rate of 50 yards in 40 years, and there is geological evidence of the site of these falls having been once situate at Queenstown, though now 7 miles removed from that spot, it follows that the said torrent must have continued pouring down its 400 millions of hogsheads of water per minute for just upon 10,000 years.

The Rhine Falls, however, tell a tale equally grand, though comparatively but of yesterday. They lead the mind back to the time of the great flood which changed the course of the river, and which, sweeping across the earth in one broad stream — wide as the wind and wild as the hurricane — thundered for the first time over the steep precipice of rock by Schaffhausen. Like the flash from a volley of artillery, the torrent must have darted down the sides, and the spray

* "The Rhine, in its course from Constance to Schaffhausen, flows through a depression of tertiary marine formation, known by the name of '*Molasse*,' which forms hills on both sides of the river of from 700 to 900 feet in height. . . . Here leaves and stems of plants, insects, shells, crustacea, fishes, turtles, a large aquatic salamander, and a perfect skeleton of an animal allied to the common fox, have been discovered, as well as a tortoise 3 feet in length. Sir R. Murchison concludes that these freshwater deposits are the contents of a lake belonging to the new tertiary epoch, and that the period of their formation must have long preceded the present condition of the country, for they contain some unknown species of animals, and the Rhine has worn a channel through them to the depth of several hundred feet." — *Mantell's Wonders of Geology*, vol. i. pp. 263–5.

have risen up amid the booming, as though it were the smoke veiling some vast elemental war.

The arrangement of the rocks of Switzerland teaches us beyond the shadow of a doubt that the very Alps themselves are comparatively creations of our own period, and we are thus led to conceive the time when the Rhine was *not*—to imagine the days when the solid earth, tossed and heaved in billows like the sea, till the very impress of the monster land-waves became fixed in the mountain chains themselves; and thus to think of the melting of the first Alpine snows, which called the Rhine into existence, and caused the new-born river to trickle across the land. Here, too, in the Falls, we see written in the water the story of some equally vast, though more modern convulsion.

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§ 1.

THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION — KNOWLEDGE OF LATIN AND GREEK — SCIENTIFIC IGNORANCE — TEUTONIC SAVANTS — WORLDLY STUPIDITY — WANT OF SCIENTIFIC APPLIANCES — A GERMAN FIRE — A PHILO-COCKCHAFER.

"Every baker in Germany," said that Manchester Solon, Mr. Cobden, "can serve you with bread in Latin, as well as in his own language."

Now this was intended to give the English people a sense of the high state of education prevalent throughout Germany; and doubtlessly, to a man of Mr. Cobden's calibre, a knowledge of Latin and Greek appears (as with all vulgar people, who have failed to learn the classics in their youth) to constitute the very climax of wisdom.

The statement is, however, simply untrue. "*Salve*,

magister," we said to the Deutscher who brought our batch of "*milch brodchens*" (milk breadlets) on the morning after reading the Manchester exaggeration.

The "*Bäcker*" threw up his floury eyebrows and shook his head, as he answered, "*Ich verstehe nicht Englische*,"—(I do not understand English).

Moreover, when we spoke to the Germans themselves as to the classical acquirements of their butchers and bakers, they laughed, and replied that Herr Cobden had said as much only because he had been soundly rated in the Cöln and other papers for his abuse of the Germans, in his speech about the Foreign Legion.

Nevertheless, there is doubtlessly a greater waste of time in German schools upon languages that the lads will never, perhaps, have occasion to use in after-life, than there is in English academies. Many a German youth, who has bothered his brains till he could write a theme in Greek with almost the same fluency as in his native tongue, settles down in life as a clerk in a post-office perhaps, or shopman to a dry-salter, or some equally classical occupation.

We ourselves wasted seven of the best years of our life at Westminster School, where we were not even taught our own language, nor even writing nor reckoning, but bored to death simply with the dead tongues; and in proof of the advantages derivable from such a system of education we can safely say, that by the time our whiskers had begun to sprout, and we were sent into the world to get our living out of the elements by which we were surrounded, we were in the same beastly ignorance as any Carib — not only of the physical world about us, but of our own natures and our fellow-creatures, as well as of all that was right, true, beautiful, or indeed noble in life.

When Latin constituted the universal language, as it

were, of the learned world, and when books were written *only* in that tongue, to be ignorant of it was to be incapable of holding communion with the wisest minds. When, too, the New Testament was to be read merely in the original Greek, and it was therefore necessary for those who were not Grecian scholars to obtain their only knowledge of the doctrines through the interpretation of priests and monks, a knowledge of that language became almost essential to every one desiring to be either wise or good.

But surely such a state of things has long since passed away, and these same dead tongues come to be mere intellectual fopperies—the flashy ornaments with which learned dandies like bedizen their minds; even as some personally vain fool thinks it a bit of glory to have his fingers and shirt-front tricked out with jewels.

Now, as we have said before, you see in Prussia the same state of things as existed in our country about a century back; and as English people were classically mad many years ago, when the Porsons, the Bentleys, and the Parrs, constituted the great literary prodigies, so you find the Germans to this day exulting in the full vigour of the antiquated tomfoolery.

"Oh, you really *must* be introduced to the Herr von Sägespäne," said a German friend of ours, "for he has written nineteen volumes upon the antiquities of Coblenz alone."

Such is the Prussian *beau idéal* of literary excellence. But so far was it from ours, that when we had got to know the above-mentioned old fogie by sight we always, immediately we saw him coming towards us, rushed down the first turning as precipitately as if the learned antiquary had been a mad bull, for fear that some of our friends might be sufficiently spiteful to introduce us to what Carlyle

would certainly have styled the "Windbag." During the latter part of our stay in Coblenz, too, we lived in dread of having two or three of the antiquary's nineteen cart-loads of old rubbish shot into our minds.

The reader must not misunderstand us in our banter, for we would not have it thought that we hold it waste of time to acquire a knowledge of the past. All we wish to imply is that such matters should be the *appendices* to education, and not made to constitute the entire text-book itself.

It seems to us, as indeed we said years ago, that a man's true sphere of action lies in the future, and that he should be so educated as to have his mind continually turned in that direction, and taught how to infer from present phenomena events to come; for as all happiness is either of a physical, intellectual, or moral character (and education is of use only as a means of promoting the happiness of the being himself, or those among whom his life is to be passed), so really good schooling appears to us to consist in teaching the future man the laws of the physical, intellectual, and moral universe surrounding him; and thus to give him power, not only over the elements of material nature, but over the minds of his fellow-creatures as well, and, moreover, over those propensities and passions of his own heart, without the ability to govern which he is but little removed from the animals about him. In a word, we would have the youth instructed in all kinds of scientific knowledge, and trained, also, to a perception of the beautiful, by the study of the various arts in connexion with it; and, further, inspired with a fervent love of all that is good and noble, not only by the continual contemplation of the lives and acts of those who have constituted the best, and kindliest of our race, but by infusing into his heart such a

pervading sense of all that was done and said by the great Teacher, that the Saviour's precepts should constitute his mainsprings of action, and the Saviour's life the bright example by which his own should be shaped.

This is what appears to us should form the body and bones of education, and compared with which surely the pedantry of languages, and even the fripperies of grammar and the display of accomplishments, are pure vanity. The one deals with things, and men, and acts, and the other with merely words and books. The one seeks to breed wisdom and goodness, while the other tends to foster only learning and prejudice.

Measured, then, by such a standard as the above, the German classical studies dwindle into the purest frivolity.

In the report of the British Association concerning the means of improving the position of science and its cultivators in England, Sir Charles Lyell contrasts the state of Germany with that of our own nation, with reference to the teaching of physical truths. He says, "In Germany, not only in cities where there are universities—but almost everywhere in places where there exists a school of considerable size, for boys under the usual university age—there is at least one teacher to be found whose business it is specially to give instruction in Natural Philosophy and Natural History, and who has charge of a collection of natural objects. Frequently," he adds, "these masters are so much devoted to some one of the branches which they teach as to be authors of original papers in scientific periodicals."

The above observations are upon a level with those of Mr. Cobden, as regards the *strict truth*.

Sir Charles doubtlessly made a rapid tour through the country, and, being a scientific celebrity, saw chiefly the

scientific society whenever he became the guest of a native in any German town. Finding, therefore, all the company to be, like himself, possessed of considerable scientific acquirements, and little dreaming that the assembly of all the wise heads in the place had been gathered together under one roof, in order to meet the London *savant*, he came to the conclusion that there was a general cultivation of "Wissenschaft" throughout Deutschland.

Now we have lived for many long months in the capital of the Rhenish provinces, and though the town contains more than 20,000 inhabitants, the whole of the *savans* comprised in it can easily be stowed in a small back-parlour. Nor does the place boast any museum, or collection of paintings, or public library, or Mechanics' Institute, or, indeed, any establishment of any kind for the teaching of scientific knowledge to the people. And yet it is the permanent residence of the Crown Prince, and often the temporary one of the King himself: so that there would be no lack of patronage for such appliances, if there were any disposition on the part of the people for the foundation of them.

True, there is at the Gymnasium (which is about equivalent to one of our grammar-schools) a professor of Natural Philosophy, to instruct the boys upon Mechanics, &c.; and again, at the Protestant School, there is a gentleman, who is perhaps the most eminent follower of science in all the town, for the teaching of botany to the children; and, moreover, at the other schools there may be an occasional exhibition of a solar microscope by some travelling possessor of such an instrument. But this, we believe, in all honesty, makes up the entire machinery for scientific teaching extant in the capital of the Rhenish provinces,—the more learned professors at the schools being about equivalent in talent and

status to those gentlemen who teach chemistry and astronomy now-a-days at the greater proportion of our own seminaries.

Moreover, so that we might do the people no injustice, we attended a grand meeting of the united "Wissenschaft" at Coblenz, in a back-room at one of the hotels. Here the entire congregation consisted of not more than two score people; and among the number were some dozen officers, who, having dropped in merely to kill the time, were not long in falling asleep, and then amused the company by snoring through the lectures. At this meeting we heard a paper read upon "drinking water" by one of the physicians of the town, and in which an attempt was made to prove that the *goître*, so prevalent in the districts, was due to a deficiency of carbonate of lime in the fluid (!); we heard, too, a lecture on the formation of the "Laager See;" as well as a brief exposition of the principle of complementary colours, illustrated by pieces of tinted paper.

Surely none of these matters tend to bear out Sir Charles Lyell's assertion as to the superior machinery existing throughout Germany for the dissemination of scientific knowledge; especially as there is hardly a town in England without a Mechanics' Institute, boasting its library and classes, and bi-weekly lectures, all purposely designed for the teaching of persons engaged in commerce or handicrafts, and whereat the lectures delivered would certainly bear comparison with the papers read at the United Wissenschaft of Coblenz.

Further, judging by the utter ignorance of all the middle-class Germans with whom we were acquainted as to the commonest scientific truths, there is assuredly no comparison between the people of England and those of Prussia upon such matters.

"Ah! you Englishmen all know something of science,"

said a Coblenz *savant* to a friend of ours, so as to mark the difference between the acquirements of our countrymen and his own. The German, too, was as well fitted as Sir Charles to speak upon such matters, for he was a regular attendant at the meetings of our British Association.

But not only had we an opportunity of judging of the *general* attainments of the Rhenish people, in this respect, from the meetings of the United Wissenschaft of the Capital; but during our stay in Coblenz an English scientific gentleman, well known throughout Germany, not only for the elegance and lucid character of his experiments, but also for the beauty and completeness of his illustrative models and machinery, visited the town to lecture on the subject of Static and Voltaic Electricity; and though it was generally admitted that such apparatus had never before been seen by the Coblenzers — and many even of the *savans* had never set eyes on a galvanic battery in all their lives — few of the people, or indeed of the "learned professors," thought it worth even five groschens (6*d.*) to be enlightened on the subject.

So ignorant, too, was the principal analytic chemist of the Rhenish capital concerning all that was shown on the occasion, that he did not scruple to take drawings of every instrument shown; and we ourselves had to pay for a Herr Lehrer before we could prevail upon him to witness the exhibition.

"I would rather have my '*Flasche*' of vine than five groschens pay for all the '*Electriticät*' and '*Galvanismus*' in the velt," said the refined and wise German, on being pressed to visit the place.

Further, we may add, that the chief analyst of the town had so little knowledge of the names of those English chemists to whom the world is indebted for the principal discoveries in that branch of science, that though one side of his room was

covered with portraits of LIEBIG and BERZELIUS, MISTERLICH and ROSE, and LAVOISIER and BERTHOLLET, and DUMAS—and, indeed, every foreigner who had added the least mite to the chemical knowledge-fund—yet not one British face ornamented his walls.

But "surely," said we to the Doctor, "PRIESTLEY, the discoverer of oxygen, is worthy of a place among the others—and BLACK, the discoverer of 'latent heat'—and CAVENDISH, too, he who first resolved water into two gases—and WOLLASTON, who originally taught metallurgists how platinum could be wrought—and DAVY again, who added more, perhaps, to chemical philosophy than any *one* mind that ever lived; DAVY, the discoverer of the alkaligenous and terrigenous metals; DAVY, who demonstrated chlorine to be an element, and thus deepened our insight into the affinities of things to an extent that chemists alone can appreciate—and DALTON, to whom we owe the atomic theory, a theory that has been as valuable to chemistry as that of gravitation to astronomy—and last, though certainly not least, FARADAY, the discoverer of 'magneto-electricity,' whose *Experimental Researches* have poured such a flood of light upon the subject, that all who have a reverence for the great wisdom-teachers of the world cannot but entertain a worshipful feeling for one to whom they owe so much knowledge and so much happiness."

But let us put the scientific attainments of the Rhenish people to a *practical* test. Do not let us deal with scientific *persons* but with scientific *things*, for if there be a greater knowledge of natural philosophy among the Germans than with us, we shall, of course, find in Deutschland a greater application of it than in England, to the purposes of everyday life.

Now, in a preceding volume we have informed the reader that a "bridge of boats," as it is called, constitutes at Coblenz

the only communication between the two opposite banks of the Rhine. This bridge of boats consists of some thirty odd old barges, about as elegant in construction as the vessels which carry our coals along the Thames, whilst the gangway over them is formed of rude and shaky planks resting on the gunwales of the craft.

Surely such a construction cannot be cited as an overpowering evidence of engineering skill? But when the reader hears that this same boat-bridge has positively to be pulled to pieces each time a lighter or steamboat goes by the town, and that the traffic between the opposite shores is often thus delayed, for half-an-hour in the summer time, whilst in the winter—previous to the frost setting in—the barges have to be removed altogether, so that it frequently occurs that all communication is cut off for weeks between people but a few hundred yards apart— when an Englishman, we say, is told this, he will not be very long in making up his mind as to the scientific acquirements of a country in which such a state of things is tolerated. Neither can it be urged that the bridge of platformed barges is necessitated by the masses of ice that descend the river in winter, for the same rude contrivance still exists at Cöln, which is the principal merchant-town of the Rhine.* And, even if it were impossible to build a stone bridge from such a cause, a suspension one could not be open to the like objection; besides, there is our own grand construction over the Menai Straits for the inert Deutschers to copy.

Be assured, then, reader, that the most distinctive feature of the ordinary Prussian mind is its *utter ignorance upon all scientific matters*. Granted there are great and brilliant ex-

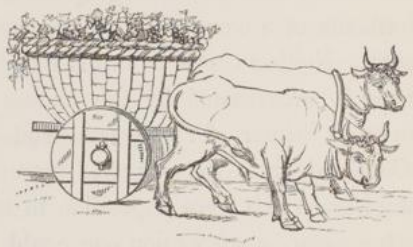
* While we are writing, the King of Prussia is just going to lay the foundation-stone of a permanent bridge at that town. Oct. 1st, 1855.

ceptions among the people, but LIEBIG, and SCHÖNBEIN, and ARGELANDER, and BESSEL are no more types of the ordinary intellect of Germany than all Englishmen are SHAKSPEARES, or NEWTONS, or HERSCHELS in mind.

While we write, for example, there crawls past our window the same ox-wagon as the people used when the Romans were



OX-WAGON AT PRESENT USED IN GERMANY.



ANCIENT ROMAN PLAUSTRUM (*copied from a bas-relief at Rome*).

here teaching them the arts of civilised life; and if we walked down to the Rhine we should see the very same rude, square-bowed boats that Germanicus originally taught them to build —now nearly 1800 years ago! Their ploughs, too, remain to this day the models of the old Roman "*aratra;*" and even the "*Haar-nadels*" and "*Runde-mütze's*" worn by the peasant-women on the banks of the Middle-Rhine are merely the

remains of the old Roman fashions — as witness the subjoined engravings..



ROMAN "ACUS"
(*from an engraving given in Montfaucon*).



GRECIAN "MITRA"
(*copied from an ancient vase*).

Hence, with the Rhenish people, the world seems to have stood still since the time of Tiberius, or at least, Charlemagne.

"But have the Coblenz people no gas in their streets?" it may be asked. "Yes, they have," is the reply; "but a Frenchman manufactures it for them."

"Have they no steam-engines?" "Certainly; but they are all constructed in England."

Their steam-vessels are built by English shipwrights. Their railways, again, are cut by English navigators, and managed by English directors; their mines are almost all worked by Englishmen; and Englishmen, too, are mostly at the head of their factories.

Indeed, the German mind is naturally so slow, and the people so innately averse to any land-conveyance that travels at a quicker pace than an aged cow, or to any vessel that cuts through the water at a more rapid rate than a Dutch "*trek-schuit*," that at the last Revolution the populace fired at the steam-tugs as they passed up the Rhine, and we were credibly assured, that should another such outbreak take place, every engine in the land would be destroyed.

Now, did you ever happen, sapient reader — we suppose

we must call you so—to see a fire in any of the German towns? Were you ever roused from your slumbers in the dead of the night by the "*Nacht-wacht*" who sits perched up in the church-steeple, bellowing with his horn through the air like some spectral bull? Did you ever hear the watchman, who ordinarily whistles the hour through the streets at night time, roar "*heraus*," as he banged at the shutters of all the houses in the street?—for in this most scientific country there are neither knockers nor bells to the doors; no! nor any fire-brigade connected with the town—every citizen being compelled by law to assist at the extinction of the flames.

Did you ever, at such a time, hasten to the burning house, and witness the *wonderful* scientific attainments of these highly-educated Deutschers? Have you seen them, as we have, bring the water in barrels from the river-side?—the nation of *savans* having neither mains in the street nor cisterns in the houses? Have you ever heard of whole towns being destroyed owing to the defective appliances throughout Germany upon these matters—as well as the utter ignorance of the people where to throw the thimblesful of water that they bring, one by one, to the spot? Did you ever read that it was an English engineer (Mr. Lindley) who extinguished the great fire at Hamburg, after the poor, simple Germans, had let it burn on for three days and nights, destroying nearly 2000 houses and upwards of 60 streets?

Let us add, too, that at the time the Coblenz prison was on fire, it was the English chaplain who stayed the ravages of the flames, as was testified by the public thanks of the town voted him in consequence. And we ourselves have been forced to show these wiseacres how to act on a similar occasion.

In fine it may be said, without injustice to the nation, that the peculiar complexion of the German mind is of that childish



B. Foster. A. Willmore.

The Lake of Constanz, and the Islands of Mainau and Reichenau

or simpletonic quality which English young gentlemen delight to denominate as "verdant," and that often their acknowledged *savans* devote their whole lives to the study of the most frivolous subjects.

Once we were introduced to a German *Weiser*, who, a Teutonic friend assured us, bore a high reputation in the Rhenish provinces. We naturally begged to be informed to what point of science he directed his attention. Was it Astronomy, we wondered, by which he sought to fathom the infinite ocean of space? Or was it Geology that he studied, in order to read the wondrous story of creation graven on the everlasting tablets of the rocks? Or was it Physiology that he was striving to unriddle, so as to get even a glimpse into the profound mysteries of life and organism? or Chemistry? or Mechanics? or Botany?

No! it was none of these. Neither the stars, nor the rocks, nor the flowers, nor human life interested him: only—*Cockchafers!*

He was, we were assured, the greatest "*Coleopterist*"—or rather cockchaferist, in all the world.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(14.)

THE LAKE OF CONSTANZ AND ISLANDS OF MAINAU AND REICHENAU.

The Lake of Constanz (Germ. *Boden See*) and the Lake of Leman are the two frontier-lakes of Switzerland, and that of Constanz performs for the Rhine the same process of filtration as that of Leman effects for the Rhone. The Rhine

enters the Boden See at a little below the point called *Rhein-eck* (Rhine corner)—where it has formed an extensive delta by the accumulation of deposits—and flows out under the walls of the city of Constanz into an arm or branch of the lake itself, called the *Unter See* (lower lake).

The Constanz Lake is about 220 square miles in superficial extent, and 120 miles in circumference. Its form resembles that of the stump of an old tree, with a double branch or fork protruding from it at the end by Constanz—the northern branch or prolongation bearing the name of the *Ueberlingen See*, while the southern one is called, as we have said, the *Unter-* (or *Zeller-*) *See*.

Its extreme length measured S.E. and N.W. from *Bregenz* to *Ludwigshafen*, at the end of the Ueberlingen See, is about 40 miles;* the distance from Constanz to Bregenz being about 30 miles. Its greatest breadth, on the other hand, between Rorschach and Friedrichshafen is about 10 miles, while from Friedrichshafen to Romanshorn it is only 7 miles wide.†

* These figures are given vaguely, because all the authorities agree to differ on the subject. M'Culloch, in his "Geographical Dictionary," gives 34 miles as the length of the lake, but does not state *from* and *to* what points the measurement is taken. Murray, however, makes it 44 miles long from Bregenz to Constanz only (!); whilst Herr Ottman Schönhuth—the most reliable authority—makes the entire length from Bregenz to Ludwigshafen only 16 stunden, which is equal to 8 German miles or 37⅓ English miles.

† The times taken by the steamboats to traverse the lake are as follow:—

From Constanz	to	Lindau	3 hours
,, ,,		Rorschach	2½ ,,
,, ,,		Friedrichshafen	1½ ,,
,, ,,		Meersburg	½ ,,
,, ,,		Ueberlingen	1½ ,,
From Lindau	to	Rorschach	2 ,,
,, ,,		Friedrichshafen	1½ ,,
,, ,,		Meersburg	5 ,,
From Friedrichshafen	to	Rorschach	1½ ,,
,, ,,	,,	Romanshorn	1 ,,
,, ,,	,,	Meersburg	1¼ ,,
From Meersburg	to	Ueberlingen	1 ,,
,, ,,		Ludwigshafen	1 ,,

But though smaller in superficial extent than the Lake of Geneva, it exceeds it in the volume of its water, being upwards of 300 yards in depth at its most profound point; the Ueberlingen prolongation, however, has a depth of but 500 feet, while the branch called the Unter- (or Zeller-) See, measures only 60 feet of water at its deepest part, and is fordable at others.

The elevation of the lake is between 1200 and 1300 feet above the level of the sea, and yet it seldom freezes: it has, indeed, being covered with ice but five times in the last six centuries; viz. in the years 1277, 1560, 1573, 1695, and 1829–30.

Sometimes, when the snow is melting rapidly in the summer—and from other causes not yet explained—the waters of the lake rise several feet (upwards of six or eight) in a day. The liquid contents, however, are, as a rule, the smallest in the winter time, and the greatest in summer. (See footnote, p. 312.) Numerous small streams augment the body of water poured in by the Rhine, and contribute, in a measure, to fill up the basin of the Lake.

The wind which is the most dangerous to boats upon the Lake is that which comes from the south, and is called by the Swiss, "*Föhn.*" The danger arises not only from the suddenness with which it bursts over the water, but to the "ground swell," which at such times is considerably increased. This ground-swell is termed "*Ruhos,*" and is a phenomenon peculiar to the Lakes of Constanz and Geneva: it consists in a sudden rising or commotion of the water—occasionally without any wind to stir it—which at such times is thrown up against the banks with considerable force. The approach of the *ruhos* is always indicated by a whitish-grey fog, followed by thick black clouds.

The lake abounds in fish, of which 25 species have been enumerated, and these are usually caught with nets.

Its coasts traverse five European states; viz. Austria (in the province of Vorarlberg), Bavaria, Wirtemburg, Baden, and Switzerland (in the Cantons of St. Gall and Thurgau); the latter nation, indeed, possesses the whole of the southern coast, with the exception of the town of Constanz. The principal cities on its banks are Bregenz in Austria, Lindau in Bavaria, Friedrichshafen in Wirtemburg, Meersburg and Constanz in Baden, Romanshorn Arbon and Rorschach in Switzerland.

The original name of the Boden See was "*Lacus Brigantinus*," and the part of the Lake between Bregenz and Lindau called the "*Bregenzer See*" to this day. Towards the end of the ninth century, however, it obtained the title of "*Lacus Potamicus*," or *Podamicus*, and this was afterwards corrupted into *Bodamer See*, *Bodmer See*, *Bodam See*, and finally to *Boden See*. At the end of the lacustrine branch called the *Ueberlingen See*, there is a town still bearing the name of *Bodmann*, and some persons doubt whether this gave its name to, or derived it from, the Lake.

The first mention of this Lake is under the title of *Lacus Brigantinus*, during the reign of Augustus, who sent his step-son Claudius Drusus, as well as his eldest son, Tiberius Nero, to subdue the South German tribes, who were making incursions into the Roman territories. Tiberius advanced through the Gallic provinces, and Drusus up the Rhine, and on meeting at Arbon they beheld the Lake for the first time. Tiberius is said to have fitted out a fleet and sailed over the Lake, landing on an island which some suppose to have been *Reichenau;* but which others, with more probability, affirm to have been *Lindau*.

At this time three savage tribes dwelt upon the banks: (1), the *Helvetians*, who occupied the southern or Swiss bank of the

Lake, and came originally from the canton of St. Gall; (2), the *Rhœtians*, occupying the whole of the south-eastern banks by Rorschach, and who were formerly an important race in Italy, and inhabited, under the name of Etruscans, the country between the Tiber and the Apennines; and (3), the *Vindelicians*, (the Augsburgers) who possessed the greater part of the northern banks by Bregenz and Lindau, and originally came, it is said, from Illyria. Under the Romans, the Swiss bank of the lake was called "*Rhœtia prima*," and the Swabian (or Baden) bank, "*Rhœtia secunda*."

The Romans not only greatly improved the country, but taught the people how to cultivate the land, and planted the first fruit-trees on the banks. At Arbon (anciently called "*Arbor felix*") the first Roman castle was built upon the shore. The Romans remained in the neighbourhood till the middle of the third century, when the Alemanni appeared upon the banks and overran the country, being afterwards joined by the Suevi (Swabians). Both of these tribes settled on the borders of the Lake, and continued in possession of the country until the end of the fifth century, when they were conquered by the Franks and became the subjects of King Clovis.

The Lake has but few picturesque charms in comparison with those of Geneva or Lucerne. Its banks are flat, or at best but slightly sloping, and (except at the end, by Bregenz, where the Vorarlberg mountains are seen looming like a long, low cloud, just above the horizon) it is devoid of any peculiarly Alpine features. Indeed, the sight of the country round about Constanz seldom fails to disappoint the visitor, who comes there elate with the notion of getting his first peep at Swiss scenery. He finds, however, merely a huge pool of blue water, environed with landscapes that by no means

equal those of either the lochs of Scotland or the Cumberland lakes in beauty.

After a time, however, the distant Alps begin to make their appearance; and on a bright clear day, towards the end of the autumn, the summits of the higher mountains may be seen with their cap of snow, white and billowy as cumulus-clouds; while the fertility of the Swiss and German shores serves, with the fresh colours of the vegetation, to compensate for their level character.

Then the Lake itself is always a more or less pleasing object—with the busy steamers traversing its surface, and the sound of the paddle-wheels for ever pulsing like a heart across the broad expanse of water, and the little pleasure-boats dancing in the distant light like summer insects; while the mirror-like surface of the immense pool seems as if scratched here and there with the long trail of the passing boats, and the grey-brown plume of smoke from some far-off steamer hangs over the water like an enormous wraith of cobweb in the air.

Then there are the lovely nights, when the moon converts the entire lake into one large plate of burnished silver; and the villages on the opposite shore are like so many knots of fire-flies, with their many lights; and the distant hills seem like monster spectres in the sky. Occasionally, at such times, when the night-breeze is chilled with its sweep across the Alpine snow, as well as the broad expanse of water over which it has to travel, the sirocco pours its warm and pleasant breath—sudden as a burst of sunlight—upon the cheek, touching it with exquisite softness, and feeling as beautifully tepid as if the frame had been steeped, all of an instant, in a bath of new milk. At the upper part of the Lake, where the expanse is narrowed, the sirocco has considerable force, and bursts so abruptly over the water that it becomes dangerous to small

boats. But at the Constanz end its strength is spent; and there it sweeps along most deliciously warm, and yet as bracingly fresh, as a spring-day. In Italy, however, the same breeze produces great laziness, owing to its extreme heat; though by the time it reaches Constanz it is so cooled by the Alpine snows and lakes which it passes over by the way, that it is at once pleasant and refreshing as cows' breath.

The Lake steamers, of which there are about a dozen, make Sunday excursions to the Island of Mainau,—or Meinau, as it is often called,—where there is usually a band and a dance at the insular "*Caffé u. Weinwirthschaft,*" for the delight of the folk from the surrounding shores.

There are, strictly speaking, three islands in the Lake of Constanz. The first of these is Lindau, which is rather a city built up in the middle of the water than a patch of insulated land, and is situate at the upper or eastern end of the Lake. The other islands, however, belong respectively to the lacustrine branches, termed the Ueberlinger and the Unter See—the island of *Mainau* being situate at a short distance from the mouth of the former, and that of *Reichenau* set in the middle of the latter.

The entire surface of Mainau is but 125 square acres in extent; the island containing merely a palace, a tavern, and a farm. The name Main-au is said to signify, literally, fine pasture-land; for in the 16th century the island was called "*Mayen-aue;*" that is to say, May-meadows or pleasure-fields.

According to tradition, the Lord of Bodmann originally possessed the island, and his daughter, when it came to be her property, gave it to her lover, who was one of the Knights of the German Order. But the chronicles of Reichenau tell a different tale, showing that it formerly belonged to the monks of *that* island, and that they assigned it to the

Knights of Langenstein, who in their turn made it over to the Knights of the Teutonic Order; for in the archives of Reichenau there is a record, to the effect that the Knight Arnold of Langenstein and his four sons gave Mainau, in 1293, as a free gift to the Teutonic Order of Knights, upon the consideration of their paying 20lbs. of wax as a tribute, every Candlemas, to the Bishop of Constanz.

In 1647 the Swedes, under Gustavus Wrangel, bombarded Mainau with seventeen ships; and on gaining possession of it, found property upon the island to the value of nearly half a million of money. Till 1806, Mainau was the Exchequer of the Order of German Knights.

By the treaty of Presburg the island was assigned to the Grand Duke of Baden, who subsequently sold it to Prince Esterhazy; but it is now the property of the Duke of Hamilton, who married the Princess of Baden.

The steam-boat to Mainau leaves Constanz at one o'clock every Sunday throughout the season, calling at Meersburg by the way, and allowing the passengers some two-hours' stay on the island itself. The boat in which we went (and remember, saintly reader, that even the Puritanical Scotch Member of Parliament danced on the Sabbath directly he got on the other side of the Channel) carried a small cargo of apparent working people, and petty tradesmen, and servants, besides a heavy sprinkling of soldiers (exclusive of the military band on board),—all bent on a holiday trip, the fare there and back being but sixpence, second class.

The day was a lovely autumn one, and the snow-capped tips of the Vorarlberg hills at the upper end of the Lake were tinted half yellow with the rich warm sunlight. The line of the mountain-chain, too, lengthened as we beat across the Lake; and the round dome of the Sentis came out grandly with its faint powdering here and there of early autumn

snow. We could see, too, the crooked back of the "*Altmann* (Old Man), and the jagged line of the "*Kurfürsten*" hills (the "Prince Elector" mountains—so called from there being seven of them in number), as well as the tall cone of the "*Kamor.*" These were the principal peaks of the "Appenzeller Alps;" but to the right of them stretched the fine diadem-like line of the "Bernese Alps," and to the left undulated the billowy chain of the "Tyrolese Alps;" whilst in front of the taller hills—which seemed almost as though modelled out of the white clouds themselves—there ran a long dark screen of a lesser mountain-chain, that contrasted magnificently with the bright silver peaks of the higher Alps behind. The Lake itself was the colour of blue tempered steel, and as its little waves danced in the sun-beams it shone with all the golden metallic colouring of a mackarel's back.

In less than half-an-hour we were at Meersburg, a town that, in the distance, seemed like a city of white marble palaces terracing a steep hill-side. On nearing the shore, however, the marble palaces dwindled into buildings more like large white-washed workhouses and barracks. One of these we learnt was the "*Seminar*" (town school) of the place, but another proved to be a real palace, whilst the remainder were the prisons and customs-offices of the town. Here was a small pier with a tiny harbour, and this our steamer entered, while the band played and drew the Sunday-folk to the quay, like bees swarming at the sound of a gong. In a few moments afterwards the boat, with a heavy addition to its human cargo, steamed out of the haven again, while the boys ran shouting along to the end of the pier to see the vessel go by.

Not long after this the island of Mainau began to grow and grow, rising, as it were, from out the water; and a few more twirls of the paddles brought us alongside the little square stone tank there doing duty for a haven. High on top of the

island mound was seen a French-looking palace, (formerly the Commandery of the Knights of the Teutonic Order); the façade of which reminded one of St. Cloud, with the exception that it was striped with red sandstone pillars, and at the end towards Lindau there was a chapel-like building; whilst in front of the palace a broad stone terrace jutted out somewhat after the fashion of the "Altan" at Heidelberg, and this was dotted with persons watching the holiday-makers land.

Once on shore, the island was found to be like a garden with its careful cultivation; and after ascending the pathway round one corner of the pretty patch of earth we came to an archway, where stood the money-taker with a soup-plate, demanding twopence of each person who entered.

At the back of the palace a long range of outhouses had been converted into a *Gasthof*, and here were bowered seats at the end of a garden. Hither the people came to drink their "*neu Wein*" (see p. 365) and "*halbe Portione Caffé*," while the military band that had landed with the passengers played waltzes and mazourkas at intervals, and the girls danced with their sergeants and sweethearts.

Round the palace stretched pretty-enough gardens, and at the rear were orchards, and meadows, and crops that told of the luxuriant soil. Behind the palace, towards Constanz, the land shelved gradually down to the water-side, and here was a narrow bridge, scarcely wider than the gangway from a steamer's floating-pier, connecting the island with the neighbouring shore. From its extreme narrowness the bridge had the appearance of an interminable raised rope-walk.

The view of the Alps from the terrace and gardens at Mainau is very fine, commanding as the balcony does the entire sweep of the Lake from one end to the other.

The palace contains little that is peculiar except the "*Wappen*," or escutcheons of the Knights-Commander of the Teutonic Order—a work that was recently executed for Prince Esterhazy.

The first inscription upon this is "FRATER RUDOLPH VON SCHAFFUS, COMMANDEUR, AO 1264;" the *Wappen* itself being headed—

VERZEICHNISS
DER SCHILD UND WAPPEN
DEREN HOCHWÜRDIGE
HERREN COMANDEURS
STADTHALTERS-HAUS COMANDEURS UND HOFMEISTERS
DER REICHS COMANDE
MAYNAU.

The last inscription on the *Wappen* is as follows:—

CON : JOS : SIG : CARL
REICH V. REICHENSTEIN BROMBACH
COMANDEUR AO 1805.

The island of *Reichenau*, of which a view is given in the vignette to the title-page of this book, is situate, as we have said, in the "Under Lake," as it is called in German—in contradistinction to the Upper (Ueberlinger) branch of the water.

This is considerably larger than Mainau, being 3½ miles long, and upwards of 2 miles broad, so that it is nearly the size of Sark in the British Channel. It boasts three distinct villages or hamlets—one called *Oberzell* (Upper Cell), situate at the end of the island by Constanz, and containing some 300 inhabitants; another, at the opposite extremity, named *Unterzell* (Under Cell), with a population of 150; and the

third, styled *Mittelzell* (Middle Cell), numbering as many as 1000 souls.

The earliest mention of this island is in the eighth century, when it belonged to an Austrian land-steward ("*landvogt*") of the name of Zintlas, after whom it was then called "*Zintlas-au.*" At this period it seems to have been a wilderness, and infested by lizards and snakes. Zintlas, however, persuaded the Bishop Pirminius to allow a Kloster to be established upon it; immediately after which, we are assured, the reptiles all disappeared from its shores, and the desert became a garden—the island being then so highly cultivated as to obtain for it the name of *Reiche-Aue* (rich pasture-land).

The Kloster of Reichenau, up to the middle of the 14th century, was one of the wealthiest and most renowned, while its schools and scholars ranked as the most learned, in all Germany. During 1350–1400, however, the monastery grew poor, as the monks became depraved; and in the 16th century it was assigned to the Bishop of Constanz.

The island at the present day displays little or no traces of its former monastic greatness, or even superior culture. It is approached from the Baden side of the Rhine by a long narrow shoal-bank, planted on either side with poplars, and having a small bridge (like the gangway over a moat) at the end near the island.

The island itself is a long oval in form, and rises to a mound-like height in the centre. This part is called the "*Hohenwart*" (the high look-out), and has a belvidere built upon it at the cost of Herr Hofrath von Seyfried, whose rondelled residence is seen close by.

The principal objects worthy of notice on the island are the old Münster Kirche in the Middle-zell, and the ruins of the Castle of "*Schopfeln*" (*Scopula*) in the Upper-zell.

The Münster was built in the year 806 by Abbot Hatto I.,

and contains some carvings of the 15th century, as well as some primitive German pictures, and a number of relics (including a tooth of the Evangelist St. Mark!), together with some mediæval communion services.

The castle of Schopfeln, on the other hand, which immediately adjoins the bridge, is said to have been the residence of the Abbots of Reichenau, and to have afforded an asylum to fugitives in the olden times. Nothing now remains of the Burg but a mere hedge of walls. Its destruction was brought about, we are told, by the Provost Mangold having thrust out, with his own fingers, the eyes of some Constanz fishermen who had intruded on the island,—an act of cruelty which so incensed the Constanzers, that they came down in a body and rased not only the castle, but several of the monastic residences, to the ground.

¶ i.

Ignorant Superstition—"Holy Coat" of Trèves—Educational Test—The Dumb Press of Germany.

But, so that we may neither unduly humiliate the Rhenish people nor exalt our own, let us test the relative wisdom of the two races in a still more convincing manner. The Great Exhibition of 1851, it is well known, was open for rather better than 23 weeks, or altogether 144 days, and was visited during that time by upwards of six million people: so that the average number of attendants was more than 40,000 per diem. The "Holy Coat of Trèves," on the other hand, was exhibited in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Helen at Trier, in 1844 (after an interval of 34 years), and was viewed by 1,100,000 pilgrims in eight weeks, which

gives an average of nearly 20,000 daily attendants. Now this so-called Holy Coat is feigned to be the identical garment without a seam worn by Christ himself;* and though the imposition is of so glaring a character that no person possessing a brain bigger than a walnut would credit it for one moment, nevertheless, 1 in every 15 individuals of the entire Prussian population made a pilgrimage to the city, in order to set eyes on the rag; the daily number of attendants being no less than half as many as those who flocked to our own Great Exhibition.

If, then, we consider the character of the two "shows"—the blasphemous cheat practised at the one, and the wondrous display of all the world's art and science concentrated at the other; and, moreover, how none but the merest simpletons

* This garment is exhibited only at long intervals of time—between 25 and 30 years; but we are credibly informed that it is very doubtful as to whether it will be ever shown again in public: for during the last exhibition so many Romists seceded from the Church, and founded the new sect of German Catholics under Ronge (the author of the celebrated letter denouncing the imposition), that the Papal authorities will fear to cause a similarly large (or, probably—owing to the spread of knowledge—a much greater) secession, by another exhibition. Nevertheless, a considerable number of the German people may be seen to carry small medals of the "Heilige Rock," as indicative, not only that they still belong to the "faithful," but that they formed part of the pilgrims who visited the relic. These medals have touched the hem of the venerated garment, and the simple wearers of them pray to them and kiss them when they are sick or in trouble. No mention of the existence of this coat occurs in history until the year 1000. The Romists, nevertheless, aver that it was deposited in the Cathedral of Trier by St. Helena, the founder of the edifice, mother of Constantine the Great, and *pseudo*-discoverer of the cross of Christ, on May 3d, A.D. 328. But, Helena was the wife of Constantius Chlorus, the Roman emperor, who died at York, in Great Britain, A.D. 306; so that, as she was born in the year 247, she must have been just upon 60 when she became a widow. Nevertheless, 22 years after that event, when the old lady must have reached her 81st year, according to Cocker—and 258 years, too, after Titus had razed the holy city to the ground—the venerable dame, as the tale runs, dug up the three crosses on Mount Calvary, and was enabled to distinguish that on which Christ suffered from those of the two thieves by its immediately curing a sick woman who touched it. But if this feat could have been performed only in the lady's octogenarianhood, surely she must have been an extraordinary woman to have been able to visit Germany

could have had the least belief, or found the smallest delight in the sight of the sham relic, and how only those who possessed some *slight* intellect could have been gratified by the contemplation of the manufactures and machinery of the entire globe; — if these matters, we say, be placed side by side, what a strong sense does the contrast give us as to the mental difference between the two peoples!

What matters it though educational statistics tell us that, taking the whole of Prussia, there is 1 attendant at school to every 6 of the entire population,* since assuredly the statistics as to the number of visitors to the sham Holy Coat show us,

subsequent to that date, and found almost all the ancient German churches and cathedrals — as that of Bonn, Trèves, and Florins church in Coblenz, &c. &c., as well as to deposit the Holy Coat in the *Trierische Domkirche* — seeing that, according to history, she died in 328—*the very same year as she is affirmed to have discovered the cross and founded the church on Mount Calvary!* "The Holy Coat," says Professor J. Marr, in his "*Geschichte des heil: Rockes zu Trier*," "is without seam, being woven throughout, and having wide sleeves without any folds. Its colour is dark-brown, and some believe they can discover spots, as if of blood, upon it in places. The material is light and fine; the sleeves are 1 foot 6 inches long; the entire breadth of the garment, with the sleeves, is 5 feet 5 inches; below the sleeves, it is 2 feet 4 inches wide; and at the lowermost part of all, 3 feet 7 inches. The entire length amounts to 5 feet 1 inches." In shape it is not unlike a lady's chemise; and the style of manufacture resembles that of an enormous Guernsey. It was exhibited in a kind of gaudy wardrobe, having a glass plate in front of it, through which the coat appeared hanging on a pole, that was suspended from the top by means of a golden cord at either end. At the bottom of the wardrobe was a circular aperture at either side, large enough to admit the arm, and near this sat a priest, ready to introduce any object for the faithful, and "bless" it, by bringing it into contact with the hem of the garment, "and all for the small charge of ——." At the little shop in Coblenz, where we purchased a medal, the woman assured us that a calico picture of the coat which we obtained there, as well as the metallic memorial itself, had both been "*angerührt*," and that therefore she could not *sell* them to us as Protestants; but if we chose to give something to the poor in exchange for them, we might become the future proprietors of the blessed relics.

* According to the census of 1843, the population of Prussia, exclusive of Neufchatel, was very nearly 15½ millions; and of this number it was calculated that about $\frac{1}{5}$th of the whole, or not quite 3 millions, were between 6 and 14 years

at the same time, that there is 1 idiot to every 15 souls throughout the country?

of age. The educational returns of the same period show us, on the other hand, that the number of children receiving instruction throughout the kingdom was, in round numbers, 2,300,000; so that, according to this statement, there would appear to be about 600,000 children of the above ages receiving no instruction. As a set-off, however, it is urged that some children are in too delicate a state of health to begin their education at so early a period, whilst others have finished it at their 12th or 13th year. Again, the return does not include the attendance at the first-class academies, as "gymnasiums, lyceums," &c.; so that, making allowance for all these circumstances, it is said that every child born within the limits of the Prussian territory—with the exception of a few districts in Posen—may be considered to be "educated."

The following table, exhibiting the *comparative* state of education in Holland, Belgium, France, and Prussia, has been compiled from the returns of 1836:—

Kingdom.	Population.	No. of Schools.	No. of Pupils.	No. of Pupils to every 100 of Population.
France (1832)	32,569,223	42,092	1,968,200	7·7
Belgium (1835)	4,165,953	5,563	411,543	9·7
Holland (1835)	2,528,387	2,832	304,459	12·0
Prussia (1831)	12,726,823	22,612	2,045,204	16·1

The subjoined statement shows the per-centage of scholars to the population in various parts of Europe and America, between the years 1830 and 1835:—

	No. of Pupils to every 100 of Population.		No. of Pupils to every 100 of Population.
State of Maine (1833)	33·3	Canton of Neufchatel (1832)	15·6
,, New Hampshire (1833)	33·3	Province of Friesland (1835)	14·7
,, New York (1834)	27·7	Wurtemberg (1830)	14·3
,, Massachusetts (1833)	25·0	Denmark (1834)	14·3
,, Vermont (1831)	25·0	Norway (1834)	14·3
,, Ohio (1833)	25·0	Bavaria (1831)	12·5
,, New Jersey	20·0	Holland (1835)	12·0
Canton of Zürich (1832)	20·0	Pennsylvania	11·1
,, Argovia (1832)	18·8	Switzerland (1834)	11·1
Saxony (1834)	18·2	Austria (1832)	10·
Bohemia (1833)	17·5	Belgium (1835)	9·7
Prussia (1831)	16·6	England (1833)	9·0
Canton of Vaud (1834)	16·6	Scotland (1834)	9 0
Duchy of Baden (1830)	16·6	Lombardy (1832)	7·9
Province of Drenthe (1835)	16·6	Ireland (1831)	7·6
,, Overyssel (1835)	16·1	France (1834)	7·5

Since the date of the above returns, the proportion of scholars in England has

Nor should it be imagined that this same superstitious idiocy is limited to the vulgar; for it is not only those who have attended the schools that believe in such blasphemous falsities, but even those who are the teachers of the scholars. We have heard a Herr Lehrer, in this so-called educated land,

vastly increased, as may be seen by the subjoined tables, which are copied from those of Mr. Horace Mann, in the census of 1851 :—

Years.	Population.	Number of Scholars		No. of Scholars to every 100 of Population.	
		Day Scholars.	Sunday Scholars.	Day Scholars.	Sunday Scholars.
1818	11,642,683	674,883	477,225	5·8	4·1
1833	14,386,415	1,276,947	1,548,890	8·6	10·7
1851	17,927,609	2,144,378	2,407,642	11·9	13·4

Hence it would appear, that if we add together the day and Sunday scholars throughout England and Wales, we shall find that the gross number of persons receiving *some* instruction with us was upwards of 4½ millions, out of a population of nearly 18 millions; which is rather better than ¼th of the whole, or as high as 25·6 scholars to every 100 people.

In Prussia, attendance at school is *enforced by law*. Every child, on the attainment of its sixth year, *must* be sent either to a public or private school, some one of which it is bound to attend daily, till such time as the minister of the parish certifies that it has acquired the education befitting its station, which usually occurs when it has reached its fourteenth year. If the child be absent from school, unless from illness, more than once or twice in each month, its name is sent to the Burgomeisterie, and the parent is fined one groschen for every day's non-attendance. This rule is carried out with the children of the poor only—the rich being supposed to be sufficiently desirous of having their children educated to save the authorities the trouble of looking after them. At the "*elementar schüle*," the children in the lower forms learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing; whilst those in the upper forms are taught, in addition to the preceding matters, geography, history, and a little German literature, as well as being prepared for confirmation. Moreover, on particular days, the minister of the religion to which the pupil may belong visits the school, in order to give the youth instruction in religion. The "elementary" books used in these schools are certainly superior to our own—especially those on the subject of arithmetic, which is taught *rationally*, rather than *memorially*. The discipline, however, is carried to a stupid extreme, and the progress among the scholars is hardly more rapid than that of the ox-wagons.

assure us that he knew for a positive fact that holy water would not putrefy; and though we endeavoured to prove to the tomfool that the putrefaction of organic substances depended upon laws that the Almighty had impressed upon matter at the creation of the world, and that one might as well believe it was possible to stay a cannon-ball in its course by a few passes of a priest's hands as that a *Pfaffe*, by merely blessing the water, could prevent the decomposition of the animal and vegetable matter contained in it—still the "*dummer Kerl*" was reason-proof, and shook his empty head until it almost rattled again.

Further, the streets in this same scientific nation are thronged throughout the summer with extensive processions of pilgrims, who go chanting along the thoroughfares, so that they may be *heard*, as well as "seen of men," whilst on their way to or from some far-famed shrine that is to cure the poor witless things of their epilepsy, their goître, cancers, scrofula, rheumatism, or some other terrible affliction that is upon them.

Now in England, owing to increased knowledge of late years, we have come to see that the phenomena of health and disease depend upon God's will as expressed in the laws of the human constitution, and that it is our duty, if we would avoid bodily suffering, to study His sanitary commandments, as much even as the sacred mandates enjoined in the Testament itself. Our people now know, that it is only by conforming to those commandments that we can hope to rid ourselves of any violent evil that has come upon us, owing to some breach of the health-laws—since it is the Almighty himself who ordained, that if we would save the life of one suffering from a dose of corrosive sublimate, prayers offered up to a wooden image or waxen doll should be of no avail, but *simple white of egg*, on the other hand, of the highest possible virtue.

A large proportion of the "scientific" Germans, however, think otherwise; therapeutics to them is still a matter either

of witchcraft or charms, or else it is a subject requiring fervent prayer, rather than a patient study of the anatomy and physiology of our own bodies. Diseases come, the Deutschers believe, not from any disregard of sanitary laws on the part of ourselves or forefathers, but from some demon power who delights in tormenting poor human nature; and cures are wrought, not by a knowledge of the exquisite organic machinery composing the human frame, but by burning penny candles to some illumination-loving virgin or saint.*

* While we are on the subject of the scientific ignorance of the German people, we may add, that a Deutsch schoolmaster assured us that the following was an infallible cure for the toothache:—Remove a portion of the outer bark from an alder-tree; cut a small piece of the green wood immediately beneath it, and having shaped the splint to a point, pierce the gum with this, so that the end may be covered with blood; then replace the blood-stained splint at the part of the tree from which the wood was removed, and cover it over again with the bark, when the patient will find in a short time that all the pain will have left him! This is about equal in intelligence to the mediæval practice of binding up the wound, and applying the salves to the weapon that inflicted it.

The same worthy related to us a *marvellous* occurrence in connexion with the death of one of his own relations, and which we cite here merely for the purpose of exposing the fallacy of it. His brother was a priest in the Hundsrück, and whilst our informant was staying with him at the village parsonage, one bright summer's night the picture of their uncle, who had settled in Australia, suddenly fell from the wall flat upon its face, without either the nail or cord by which it was hung having given way. This struck them both as so *ominous* an event, that a note was made of the exact moment and hour at which it occurred; and in some six months afterwards a letter was received from Australia, stating that *on that very day and hour* their uncle had suddenly died from an apoplectic stroke.

The tale was told us with such perfect faith in the connexion between the two events, on account of their *simultaneous* occurrence, that it was evident our friend the schoolmaster was a much better Catholic than geographer, it being well known to every schoolboy with us, that any two places having different meridians must, therefore, have different times; so that, as Australia lies between 113° and 153° east of Greenwich, it is manifest (since every 15° of longitude are equal to an hour of time) that the death of the uncle, in order to have occurred *simultaneously* with the fall of the picture, must have happened from 7½ to 10½ hours *later* by the clocks in Australia than the ominous indication occurred, according to the clocks in the Hundsrück.

Now, these same pilgrim processions appear such downright wickedness and folly to us, that we never saw from our window the sly old gentleman in his lace-frock accompanying the simple train of peasants to the gates of the city, but he seemed to us the archest quack and charlatan that ever appeared in the streets of a town; and those poor sick and ulcerous country people, the silliest dupes to be found, perhaps, throughout the globe: so that we could not help thinking, that though 1 in every 6 of the Prussian people is to be found within a school, 1 in every 2 almost of the adult population ought to be locked up inside some lunatic asylum.

If you cite such matters to a German as a proof of the ignorance of his countrymen — despite the boasted education of Prussia — he would tell you that they are only the *Katolischers* who have faith in such things, and that, according to the returns, there are three Protestants to every two Papists in the country.

We reply, that we are not discussing religious creeds, but worldly wisdom, and that if the people were really in the educated state that some would have us believe, it would be *impossible*, as the above-mentioned conduct is opposed to all reason, for upwards of *six millions of individuals* (out of a population of sixteen millions) to place the least credence in such impositions.

Even among those, however, who profess to be more enlightened than their fellows, you find the smallest possible amount of worldly wisdom; so little, indeed, that a London journeyman tailor or shoemaker possesses a keener knowledge of life than the most learned German professor.

The simple reason why a London mechanic or handicraftsman has a quicker perception of character, and is more apt

in suiting himself to what are termed the ways of the world than the profoundest "*Philosoph*" we have stumbled over in Germany, is, because the Deutschers generally mistake learning for wisdom, and study books rather than men and things: in a word, they have great knowledge of grammar, but little of the world, and are to be found poring over their Göthe and Schiller when they should be out struggling with the circumstances around them,—acting rather than dreaming.

For the real business of life, almost every man among us is aware that he has to *educate himself*, and that the knowledge which he acquires at school, or indeed which he gets out of books, avails him little or nothing as a means of "making his way in society"—the principles of that ambitious style of architecture which enables a man to be the builder of his own fortunes being as yet unwritten and untaught. And it is precisely because your phlegmatic German is of too inert a nature to acquire such worldly lore for himself, and because he is satisfied to remain the architect of aërial castles only, and to live for ever in tobacco-cloud land, that he and his brothers are content to eat black bread and drink a decoction of burnt acorns for coffee, sweetened with beet-root instead of sugar.

But let us proceed to explain, more particularly, why London workmen must *necessarily* be more quick-witted than the scholastic professors of Germany.

The mental difference between the two classes of people we are not disposed to refer solely to that wondrous intermixture of race, which has infused into an Englishman's blood not alone the poetic qualities of the old Celtic stock, but the bravery of the ancient Romans, the hardiness and nautical tendencies of the Scandinavians, together with the chivalry of the early Normans, as well as the purity and the love of free-

dom which distinguished the Anglo-Saxon people; so that British veins may be said to contain the essence, as it were, of all the noblest tribes the world ever saw—a commingling of natures, which, if the maxim be true that the continual interbreeding among the same stock tends to the degeneration of the species, would assuredly serve to give extra vigour and spirit to the original nature of the race.

But, putting this purely physical view on one side, and assuming the Germans to have come from the same stock as ourselves, there is a still more cogent reason why the "*Deutschers*" should be less worldly-wise than "*Engländers.*"

If every man were left to himself to obtain a knowledge of the world, and the people round about him, assuredly even the Newtons and Shakspeares, and the Göthes and Leibnitzes, would be little better than savages—so small is the number of facts that a man can know of his own cognizance, and so limited the experience even of the longest and most adventurous lives. When we look back upon the several truth-funds that make up the various sciences, and see how many minds it has taken to raise the philosophic structure of each, and what a mere mite of knowledge even the greatest intellects have added to the entire mass, verily the tribe of individual philosophers dwindles almost into the insignificance of the *coralliferi;* whilst in their aggregate capacity they become magnified into the patient and persevering builders-up of new territories. Even in those arts, too,—such as drawing and painting—in which extraordinary skill is regarded as a *natural* gift, how it startles us to find that it took near upon a thousand years for the ancient artists to pass from a knowledge of mere outline to that of light and shade!

So comparatively impotent, indeed, are the operations of isolated genius, that it is impossible for any one man to be philosophically great by his own unaided exertions; and it

is the marked feature of the present age, that every thoroughly educated mind is but an *aggregate of all the profoundest intellects that have preceded him.* To know astronomy is to know what Ptolemy and Copernicus, and Tycho Brahé and Kepler, and Newton and Galileo, and Herschel, all thought in connexion with the subject. To have an acquaintance with chemistry is to see into the constitution of the various substances by which we are surrounded, with almost the same penetrating eyes as Boyle and Stähl, and Lavoisier and Berthollet, and Black and Cavendish, and Davy and Dalton, and Berzelius and Faraday, and Liebig — and, indeed, the very wisest upon such matters. Further, to possess a knowledge of mathematics is merely to have our mind filled with the same truths as once informed Pythagoras and Euclid, and the Moorish inventors of algebra, as well as those vast geniuses to whom we owe the differential and integral calculus, and the wondrous discoveries of fluxions and logarithms. What, again, is the study of poetry itself, but learning to look at the beauties and glories of Nature with almost the same exquisite sense as Homer and Virgil, and Milton and Spencer, and Dante and Ariosto, and Shakspeare and Wordsworth, and Göthe and Schiller, severally regarded them?

Enlarged education, therefore, is but *enlarged intercommunion* with the wisest and most graceful spirits that have gone before us; and without some such intercommunion our minds would differ but little from that of Peter the Wild Boy, or Caspar Hauser himself. Education, however, even in its best sense, brings us into mental association merely with the geniuses of *past* times; but in an age of progress like the present, when almost each day tends to the mental improvement of the community as well as to its social advancement, it is necessary that the nation which would not lag behind the rest of the world should possess some means

of communing with the geniuses of the present time also. For as, in commerce, an Exchange is required where the principal merchants may come together to ascertain the real values of things, by the chafing of competition one with the other; so, in order to arrive at the truth of things, it is essential that there should be some institution like a free press, where the principal intellects of a nation may congregate, as it were, and by the interchange of thought come at what is really valuable or worthless to the State. If, too, the events of history be to the science of national government what physical phenomena are to natural philosophy, it is necessary that for the present policy of a nation the present history of it should be duly chronicled and discussed. Moreover, how can the people be expected to have a reverence for their governors, unless the reasons for each particular act of the Government be candidly and truthfully made known?

Now there is nothing which forms so marked a difference between England and other nations as the character of the English and Continental press. Indeed we know of no institution of which our countrymen have so much reason to be proud as the "Times," and other daily London newspapers — those large volumes of yesterday's History of England, or rather of yesterday's History of the entire world; and nothing of which a foreigner should be so heartily ashamed as those flimsy handbills, half-filled with a portion of some sentimental novel, which Parisians have the impudence to call "Journals," and the Germans "*Zeitungs*," and which for printing as well as intelligence are barely superior to "Y^{e} English Mercurie, published by Authoritie for y^{e} Prevention of False Reports," in the year 1588; whilst in size as well as the quality of the paper and print they are almost on a par with our halfpenny ballads.

Reverting, then, to our former question, let us go on to test

by such principles the intellectual advantages of a "highly educated" German with those of a London mechanic. Let us see whether even Herr Sägespäne himself,—the learned and long-winded author of nineteen volumes on the antiquities of Coblenz alone,—is likely to have a better knowledge of the world than John Hornyhand the blacksmith, whose entire education consisted, most probably, of a couple of years at dame's school.

Herr Sägespäne can tell you the Roman legion that was stationed at Coblenz; he knows exactly how many Roman tiles have been discovered with the number of that same legion imprinted upon them; he can point out to you the very spot where Cæsar crossed the Rhine at Engers; he is acquainted, too, with the precise number of pounds of meat that the peasants and citizens were permitted to eat on Fridays, so as to raise the necessary funds for building the bridge across the Mosel; he is, moreover, very particular in the use of his "*accusativum cum infinitivo*," and intensely orthodox as to the position of the verb at the end of all his capital sentences, and at the beginning of his subordinate ones. Nevertheless, of the condition of his fellow-creatures round about him, or of the means of improving their worldly circumstances, or of the causes affecting either the price of their labour or the value of his own food, or, indeed, any point of knowledge connected with the worldly welfare of himself or his fellows, he is utterly and supremely ignorant.*

* A young English friend of ours, who was living with a Coblenz professor, was anxious to read Puffendorf in the original German; and on consulting the professor as to where he could obtain the book, he was asked why he desired to study a work of such a nature: for, said the professor, no one in our country but those who are regularly educating themselves for some of the higher departments of government ever dreams of looking into treatises of that class. Our friend, however, astonished the German, by telling him that an English gentleman took an interest in all subjects connected with the principles of right government, and did not consider his education *complete* until he knew some little, at least, about the matter.

Our friend the blacksmith, on the other hand, when he writes a letter, always puts a small *i* for the first personal pronoun, and finds, indeed, any literary performance a work of such extreme labour, that he keeps on biting his tongue while engaged in the act, as if it were positive physical pain to him. Yet ask John how the revenue of the government is raised, and whether he thinks it wise or just in a community to levy its taxes by imposts on the meat and flour of the people; or ask him how wages are regulated, or whether the number of paupers in the country are on the increase or decrease; and our word for it, this same grimy blacksmith will answer in a manner that, though perhaps neither grammatically correct nor rhetorically elegant, will nevertheless be full of good, rough, common sense, and exhibit such attention to the principles that contribute to the well-being of a nation as would go far to found a new reputation for a German Weiser.

This knowledge our blacksmith acquired, certainly not in the schools, but, on the contrary, at the little coffee-shop where he takes his morning's breakfast, and where he sees *all* the daily newspapers; so that even he, as well as the richest in the land, reaps the benefit of that large machinery for the daily supply of worldly wisdom which makes up a London morning journal. Not a single question affecting the happiness or welfare of the country that is discussed in Parliament, but our blacksmith has the opinions of many of the wisest minds in the country concerning the measure, reported *verbatim* for his perusal on the morrow; and thus he has either the prime-minister of the kingdom for his teacher on the subject, or else he takes a lesson in politics of my Lords Palmerston, or Russell, or Macaulay, or Messrs. Gladstone or Roebuck, as he pleases. Nor is this all, for writers who have made the subject their special study have plied their pens during the night, in order to condense the matter of the previous evening's debate within the

compass of a few moments' attention, and have put the beneficial or injurious tendencies of the question so lucidly and strikingly before him, that he is even saved the trouble of weighing the *pros* and *cons* in connexion with it for himself. Again, not a book of note appears but our blacksmith is more or less informed upon its contents; not a kingdom, nor hardly a capital town, exists throughout the globe, but some talented "special correspondent" is located there, so that he and others may be conversant with the events occurring all over the world; and thus our friend is made, by the graphic power of the literary art, to be mentally present at every bloody struggle in the Crimea or India, without either feeling the rigours of the climate or experiencing the dangers of the battle-field.

Moreover, it is not only to the eminent intellect employed on the London press that every journeyman mechanic in our country knows more of the world about him than even your continental bigwigs; but, be it said, it is to the scrupulous honesty and truth of the writers for such journals, that the very country itself is largely indebted for the dignity of its national character. We ourselves have been personally acquainted with the economy of some few metropolitan newspapers, and we can conscientiously affirm that we never knew one literary gentleman employed upon them who could have been prevailed upon by *any* inducement to pen a single line against his real sentiments. Many ignorant persons, however, are still inclined to believe that press-writing is a species of literary advocacy for which authors, like counsellors, may be found to uphold or defend any cause, provided they be duly fee-ed; but we can solemnly avow, from our personal knowledge, that so far from this being the practice, we never knew a writer of any note who would not have indignantly spurned any such offer: so that, instead of its being just to class English journalists in the same category with hireling

barristers, it would be more righteous to regard them rather in the honourable light of the intellectual judges of the land.

This may, and perhaps will, sound bombastic to foreigners, since even in Paris it is well known that every critic persists in the mediæval custom of levying "black mail" upon all those of whom it may be a part of his vocation to give a truthful opinion to the public.

"*Je tiens à mes reclames,*" (I hold to my perquisites,) cried the Abbé Moineau — one of the first scientific writers of France — in concluding an engagement with the managers of a new Parisian journal, that was intended to be the government organ of the French Exhibition.

Nor is it any secret among the literary circles of the French capital, that the rooms of M. Jules Janin, — the principal theatrical critic there — have been all furnished by "gratuities" from the actors and actresses, who have been anxious to win his good opinion.

To the great honour of our own country be it said, not only that no literary gentleman among us would be guilty of such iniquities, but, even if he *would*, he *could* not; since no journal of any repute would for a moment consent willingly to number such a person among its staff: and further, his own class would indignantly refuse to recognise him as one of their body.

How natural, then, is the wide difference between the two nations and the two peoples! — England, where the "Times" Printing-office alone occupies nearly the same space of ground as Ehrenbreitstein, the principal fortress of Prussia, and has almost the same number of men retained within it, and that as much for the defence of the country, too; — England, where the profession of journalism numbers in its ranks many of the wisest and noblest minds in the kingdom; where some of the most eminent and upright of our law lords ori-

ginally belonged to the vocation, and where even the proudest nobles deem it an honour to be allowed to contribute leading articles to the papers; — England, where journalists derive incomes from the exercise of their intellects and conscience, the amount of which is usually as large as the pay of a Prussian general officer, and often considerably higher than the revenues of a German prince;—England, where the protection of the interests of the community is a special and honourable profession, whose members are ready, not only to denounce any iniquity on the part of the Government, but also to demand justice for the humblest and most helpless individual in the land; — England, where the political and literary essays that appear daily or weekly in the leading journals are infinitely finer for their truth, their vigour, their out-speaking, their fancy, their wit, or their English, than all the feeble elegancies of the "Spectator," "Tattler," or "Rambler," or indeed any of the writings in the so-called British Classics; — England, where the revenue of the richest man in the kingdom could not offer a sufficient inducement to the leading journal to make it "*worth its while*" to swerve from its public duty; — England, where no patrician, and not even the prime-minister of the country, possesses the same influence over the people as the editor of a reputable newspaper; — England, too, where the power and interest of even the highest personage in the realm are unable to dictate the tone of a single paragraph, and where the wrongs of the most impotent and abject in the nation can still find a disinterested friend and champion to redress them!

Germany, where the people are all taught to read and write, and yet where all have nothing in their journals worth the reading, and where the writers are permitted to write only such articles as the *police* may deem to be beneficial or injurious to the well-being of the multitude; — Germany, where the wondrous invention of printing by movable types was

originally conceived, and yet where the invention has done less for the elevation of the great body of the people than in any other part of civilised Europe;—Germany, where not only printing was born, but where, as if to make the glory all its own, the steam-press was first designed, and yet where hardly one such press is to be found throughout the entire length and breadth of the land;—Germany, where the "*Polizei Director*" is still the virtual editor of each newspaper, where the literary class have hardly yet risen above the dignity or boldness of the court-fool, and upon whose people the inventions of their own great countrymen, Gütenberg and König, have been comparatively wasted.*

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(15.)

THE CITY OF CONSTANZ.

The pier of Constanz, from which the accompanying view is taken, has lately been built by the Government, "at a large expense," say the guide-books; for Constanz being situate at the lower end of the lake to which it lends its name, is the principal port for the merchandise of the towns bordering the *Boden See.*

The pier itself reminds one somewhat of Ramsgate, having

* During our stay at one of the Rhenish hotels, at the time of Lord Lyndhurst's bitter speech against the Government of Prussia, the police entered the *saal*, and seized every newspaper, foreign or English, that contained a single paragraph in connexion with his lordship's exposure of the dishonesty of the Prussian government.



B. Foster. E.I. Roberts.

The City of Constanz, as seen from the Harbour.

a long curved arm, with a little lighthouse at the end, stretching far before the town. Here in the *Hafen* lie the Constanz steamers, the "HELVETIA," and "BODEN," and "FRIEDRICH," and "STADT CONSTANZ," and others, that are daily engaged in traversing the lake or descending the Rhine to Schaffhausen. Within the harbour are one or two hoys, rigged like the Boulogne fishing-boats, and from the hold of one of these they are now hoisting up furniture on to the quay, which is already littered with tables, cupboards, bedsteads, and chairs.

At the end of the haven by the shore, stands the temporary shed of the steam-boat office, and close beside it the little guard-house-like Custom-house.*

The first impression of Constanz obtained from this point of sight gives one the notion of its being a busy little town, with somewhat the character of our own watering-places; while the immense old palatial-looking building facing the harbour, with its tall dark roof, and peculiar deep valance of wood hanging straight under its eaves, has a half-imposing effect; though for a long time the stranger is puzzled to tell whether it is an enormous Swiss barn, a town-hall, or a warehouse. It turns out, however, to be the old *Consilium's Saal* in which

* Constanz is, despite the dulness of its streets, an agreeable-enough halting-place—owing to the excellent quarters afforded by the "*Hôtel du Brochet*" (German, *Gasthof zum Hecht*)—while making excursions round the lake. Indeed, the Brochet is one of the pleasantest and most reasonable Gasthofs in all Germany, and the attention and civility of the landlord, Herr Kepler, as well as his general intelligence, render it an excellent home for the time being. Herr Kepler, moreover, is an expert angler; indeed, you no sooner set foot in his *salle à manger* than you become acquainted with the tastes of the landlord, for the room is hung round with engravings of the several classes of fish, as well as large paintings of monster pike and trout caught by mine host himself. Here we stayed nearly a month, and experienced so much courtesy, as well as derived so much information from the landlord, that, dull as the town might be, we found the hotel so lively and comfortable that we were loth to leave it.

John Huss was tried; and is, indeed, one of the most interesting objects in the place.

The open-work spire towering in the distance (*vide* steel-engraving), with the squat bulbous-tipped towers on either side of it, is that of the Constanz Münster; whilst the low, long building at the extreme corner of the picture, is the old Dominican Monastery where Huss was imprisoned, and the remains of his dungeon are still to be seen.

It is the past life of Constanz, indeed, that makes up its present interest to English minds; but this part of the subject we shall treat under a distinct head.

Suffice it for the present to say, that Constanz is considered to have derived its name from its founder, the Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus, father of Constantine the Great and husband of that remarkably wonderful old lady St. Helena, who, after her husband's death at York, discovered, we are told, the Holy Cross, and founded half the Cathedrals in Germany after her death! (See p. 344.) Before the time of Constantius, however, the Romans had constructed a fortress named Valeria, but this having been destroyed by the peasants in the neighbourhood, Constantius Chlorus not only rebuilt the stronghold, but surrounded it with a town, to which he gave his name, and which soon rose to a high degree of splendour.

From the time of the foundation of the city, Constanz attained great celebrity in the records of the Christian Church.

In the middle ages it was raised to the rank of an Imperial city, and its prosperity continued to increase up to the period of the famous Council, which forms at once the most important and the darkest page in its history. After which its glory began to fade rapidly, and it now serves only to increase the list of worn-out "Holy Cities;" for the same story has to be

told of this *Dom-Stadt* as of all the other Romish Cathedral-towns bordering the Rhine.

The great river begins its ecclesiastical tale at Köln (a tale full of vain attempts to struggle against the Christian Revolution, and to revive the priestly glories of past times), and ends its wretched history at Constanz. The mason's chisel, chipping away at new towers or fresh choirs, rings in the ear, as we have said, at every ancient basilic city that we visit along the Rhine shores; and here, as usual, the same impotent work goes on. The civic chronicles, too, speak only of a like decay in the commerce and industry of the place, telling how the town at one time numbered some 40,000 souls within its walls, and how, at the present hour, it can boast but little more than one-eighth of its former population; while the streets themselves, that are now deserted almost as a city of the plague, form a melancholy contrast with the accounts of its ancient trade, and with even the horde of beggars that formerly swarmed about its colony of convents.

Indeed, the chief town of the Boden-See (as the Germans style the Lake of Constanz) is but a mere civic wreck—a capital that no more belongs to the present time than do the exhumed ruins of Pompeii. Its silent and idle thoroughfares would lead one to believe that it was the sleeping city of romance, the people themselves seeming to be hardly yet wide-awake, or fairly roused out of their mediæval slumber. The very sight of its antiquated chandler-like shops gives the place a half-fossil look, as if it were some Megatherium Hauptstadt that had just been dug out of antediluvian deposits, while the natives have the same lively air as if they had been for centuries immured, like toads, in rocks.

Many of the buildings of Constanz, we are told, remain unaltered since the fifteenth century; but these, unlike the

houses at Schaffhausen, have all the cumbrous inconveniences of past architecture, without any of its beauty,—being mere things of cobwebs and dry-rot, and utterly wanting the quaint grace of old-fashioned forms.

The streets, which are narrow as a Scotch wynd, and close as the Jews' Quarter at Frankfort, twist about like a river, and are paved with big shingles, that surely *must* be petrified potatoes, over which we walk as pleasantly as we should upon a bed of small cannon-balls. Not a cart, nor scarcely an ox-wagon, interrupts your stroll in the road, and you meet as few people by the way as you do in an English country town during church hours on a Sunday.

The places of business here are of the most primitive and unostentatious character. The baker, for instance, writes the price of bread with chalk on a slate that dangles outside the door, and serves his customers with the *Brödchens* through an open pane in his parlour window. The butcher's shop is wired all over in front, and you can just see in the darkness one or two scraps of meat hanging at the back. Not a fruiterer's, fishmonger's, poulterer's, nor even pastrycook's, is to be found in the place; nor do we remember to have seen a milliner's or tailor's establishment within the city walls—though we stopped nearly a month in the town, and trudged over every inch of the paving. Even the bookseller's, one had to hunt for, as diligently as boys are wont to do after the plums in a school-pudding; and here we found a case of matted sticks of sealing-wax and limp "*colle à bouche*" fixed against the door-post. The *Mode-waaren Handlung* (haberdasher's) was the only trade that could boast a regular shop-front; and even this had a sash full of panes hardly bigger than sheets of letter-paper. The sole business that seemed to thrive was the publican's, for every sixth house was a *Weinwirthschaft* or a *Bierbrauerei*, or else a *Gasthaus*, or a *Caffé u. Restauration.*

Round about the town there was, of course, the usual belt of old ricketty rampart-walls and dried-up moats, set at intervals with roofless watch-towers, rotten drawbridges, and city-gates falling from their hinges; whilst in front of every one of these a dapper little Baden soldier was to be seen pacing up and down, restless as a caged hyena, near his red-and-yellow-striped sentry-box — waiting anxiously, we suppose, for the Quixotic general, who was to come and sack the mouldy old place.

But though there seemed to be little or nothing doing within the town, still you were sure to find posted at each of the city-gates a couple of big-cloaked and heavy-piped customs' officers, intent on interfering and stopping even the little business that went on; and we can vouch for the interest the officials took in their work, for we ourselves saw them turn two infants out of a child's chaise, so as to be sure that the "go-cart" was not made a vehicle for smuggling.

Were it not for the morning patrol of milk-women, with their huge churn-like vessels strapped to their backs, or else with their monster tin-cans slung on a kind of velocipede, and wheeled before them through the streets; were it not, too, for one or two straggling hawkers of "new wine," with their carts laden with hogsheads that are ornamented with bunches of flowers at the bung-hole; and now and then a stray peep at a watchmaker at work in some peddling jeweller's shop window, —were it not for such rare sights as these, we repeat, the visitor would really imagine that Constanz was another Zurzach, and that no business was transacted in the city out of the fair time.

This same new wine, by the by, requires a word or two from us, it being unknown in England. It is a decoction that, to look at, has much the appearance of "Soyer's Nectar,"

or, what amounts to the same thing, a dilute infusion of rose hair-oil—or, better still, a mixture of raspberry cream and water. It tastes exactly like crude ginger-beer, feeling somewhat prickly or sharp to the tongue, especially when beginning to "work." To be candid, it was far from pleasant —not to say nasty; for though the Germans called it sweet, it was to us precisely like so much "penny pop" in a state of violent ferment—not having the least flavour of grapes or wine about it. It is sold at about six *kreutzers* (two-pence) the quart, and is drunk by the people at vintage time in all the beer and wine-houses; for it seems to be highly esteemed by the peasants. At this season, too, you see casks of the "*neu Wein*" rolled on board the steamers as you ascend or descend the Rhine,—such casks being closed merely with wisps of straw at the bung-holes (for corks could not be kept in them); and as the straw is pulled out after the barrels have been ranged on the deck, the gas rushes from the vents like the spluttering of a liberated soda-water cork in the dog-days.

The Rhine-bridge at Constanz is somewhat peculiar, being bordered with mills along one side of it, and covered over for half its length. At the Constanz end stands a huge city gateway, similar to those about the rampart walls; and on one side, as you enter the broad-covered way, there is a small cabin-like lodge, where you have to pay some couple of kreutzers at your two or three first visits, after which (as you are politely informed by the toll-mistress) you are free of the thoroughfare for life.

The covered part of the bridge is like a long loft, with the rafters and backs of the tiles showing overhead. The side towards the lake is open, whilst on the other side, towards Schaffhausen, the gangway is flanked by a series

of flour and saw-mills. Here the place seems to vibrate with the throbbing of the water-wheels at work between the piers below, and the clatter of the machinery above; whilst there is a kind of mixed smell of new bread and turpentine from the sacks of flour and sawdust hard by. Before the mill-doors, too, stand wagons with sides like plate-racks, and with the unyoked oxen feeding in front of them, as they wait for their load. Here dusty-haired millers are seen lolling out of the square window-holes, and the pathway is littered with huge trunks of trees, sliced three parts down into planks, and looking like immense fans, or logs divided into so many leaves.

Then, as the one wagon crawls by, you can feel the very piles and joists of the bridge totter again; and on your return the wind blows smartly down the long covered way, as if it were some ventilating shaft to the town.

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§ 2.

Of the Moral Creed of the Prussians — Duelling — Sense of Fair Play — Wellington and Blücher — English and Foreign Judges — Deficient Gentlemanly Feeling — Treatment of Poor and Servants.

That the Prussian people are not remarkable as a body for their wisdom — even though there be a greater amount of school-learning in the kingdom than in any other European state — none who have read the preceding articles can for a moment doubt. But if clear-headedness be not their *forte*, they are, perhaps, good-hearted, and are kindly and charitable to one another; and, moreover, impressed with so high a sense of

honour, that they would not only be incapable of any meanness themselves, but unwilling to witness any wrong done by others to their fellows: — in a word, if we are unable to speak of them as an intellectual race, can we, consistently with truth, call them a noble, a generous, a just, a kindly, or a philanthropic one?

Let us see.

Last "*Fastnacht*" (Shrove Tuesday) a public "*Maskirte Bal*" was given at Trèves, and late in the evening a Prussian officer went to rouse a companion-in-arms, who was asleep on one of the tables in the refreshment-room. As he shook his friend, and called him by his name, a Jew, who was drinking there, mocked him; whereupon the officer seized a glass of wine that was standing near him, and dashed the contents into the Israelite's face. The Jew muttered some words of revenge between his teeth, and withdrew from the "*saal*." The officers returned to the ball-room, and shortly after, while they were dancing there, the Hebrew came back and threw a tumbler of water at the lieutenant who had treated him in a similar manner. In an instant the officer's sword was unsheathed, and the Jew, though unarmed, attacked upon the spot; he raised a chair to defend himself, but was soon run through the body, and whilst in the act of falling, thrust through the throat by the enraged lieutenant. On the morrow the officer went to his colonel, and reported himself as having "stuck a Jew," whereupon he was placed under arrest, and subsequently tried; but though he was found guilty, the punishment awarded was *nominally* a year's confinement in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, but which *virtually* consisted in being compelled to return to his quarters at the same hour as the private soldiers every night.

It may, however, be urged in justification of so lenient a sentence, that it is necessary to uphold a high feeling of

"honour" among gentlemen in the army; though, surely, honour, even in Prussia, cannot be supposed to lie in drawing a sword upon a defenceless man.

In Prussia it is by no means uncommon to see the face of gentlemen seamed with long white scars. These are generally the marks of "honourable" wounds obtained in duels that were fought during the University life of the individuals; and in the cemetery at Bonn tombstones may be seen bearing some such tragic record of boy-murders (see *ante*, p. 130).

This species of sanguinary barbarism is winked at by the authorities of Prussia, where it is still believed to be noble to take life, and where the silly and savage custom of duelling to this day prevails—*silly*, because the trial by single combat, though, perhaps, justifiable amid the ignorance and superstition of the Middle Ages (for in the wager of battle God was supposed to "defend the right"), becomes an idiotic ceremony, now that we no longer believe the Almighty pronounces his judgments at affairs of honour and savage ferocity; and silly, because in times of police, when personal defence is rendered unnecessary, the qualities of the bulldog cease to be a virtue.

The Prussians, moreover, are, as a nation, utterly ignorant of that kind of chivalrous equity which in England is denominated "*fair play*"—indeed, there is no word in German by which to express the idea. Hence, not only do we find officers to believe it to be honourable to draw their swords on defenceless men, but almost every German carries a long knife, which the law alone restrains him from using at each insult. In illustration of this custom we may remind the reader, that when the German Legion quarrelled with our Marines at Shorncliffe, the Deutschers drew their knives upon our men, though the Marines used only their belts against the Legion.

Hence it is idle to tell the reader that a Prussian neither

thinks it unfair to strike or kick an antagonist on the ground, nor cowardly to attack a person much smaller or weaker than himself. Two grown men may often be seen during some street-brawl to flirt their hands like a fan close before each other's face, in very fear of striking a blow; and, on the other hand, two less cautious boys will, while quarrelling, slip off their boots and proceed to batter one another's head with the hob-nailed heels.* As an additional illustration of the bravery of the Prussian youth, we may cite the fact, that at the "*Schwimm-schule*" (swimming-school), where the pupils are made to dangle in the water by means of a rope attached to a long pole—as if they were gigantic minnows at the end of a Brobdignagian fishing-rod—great hulking lads may be repeatedly found heard to howl at the dread of entering the water.

* The following is the customary scene that precedes a street encounter among the German boys:—

Smaller Boy (*throwing a stone at another, and running off afterwards as fast as he can*). Dau Laus-jung!—(Thou lousy brat!)

Bigger Boy (*rushing up to the other, and putting his face quite close to that of the* Smaller Boy, *whilst he holds his clenched fist straight down by his thigh*). Machst dau dat noch ein mal sonst gebe ich dir ein paar tüchtige auf die Backen.—(Doest thou that again, and I will give thee something strong to strike against thy cheek.)

Smaller Boy (*thrusting his face close against that of the* Bigger Boy, *and holding his fist down by his thigh in the same manner as the other*). Geb dau nur Acht sonst kriegst dau auch ein paar.—(Give heed, or else thou wilt also catch something.)

Bigger Boy (*nodding his head very rapidly, close in front of the other's face*). Dau frecher Gasse jung! dau bist in den Püdelen geboren!—(Thou impudent street urchin, thou be'st born in the gutters!)

Smaller Boy (*showing his clenched teeth, and thrusting his fist further behind him*). Dau Sou-hex!—(Thou pig-witch!)

Bigger Boy (*also thrusting his fist further from him, and getting closer up to the other*). Rühre mich nur an.—(Lay only a finger on me.)

Smaller Boy (*drawing closer to the other as well*). Ich will dir dat schön zeigen.—(I will soon let thee see that.)

Bigger Boy (*working his fist backwards and forwards by his side, as if he was preparing for a stroke at billiards rather than to deal a blow at his anta-*

But if the Prussians be not characterised by an excess of manly courage, assuredly they are not remarkable, as a body of people, for any great nobility of spirit.

We were once speaking with a Coblenz professor concerning the barbarous atrocity of the wounded Russians at Inkermann, who shot young Edgington, of the 95th, whilst his generous enemy was in the act of giving him some water to drink. "And why should they not so do?" inquired the simple Deutsch savage. "They did want one another to kill, and surely it was like a '*dummer Engländer*' to vish him some vasser to give. Oh! no, the Deutschers would never that do." And the Lehrer chuckled, as if he believed any generosity shown to an enemy to be an act of folly rather than virtue.

Now many may fancy that we do the Prussians some

gonist). Ich bin gar nit bang vor dir du kleiner Köweschen!—(I am not at all afraid of thee, thou little dwarf!)

SMALLER BOY (*working his fist backwards and forwards like the other*). Ich bin auch gar nit bang vor dir du geckiger Kerl!—(I be also not at all afraid of thee, thou stupid dolt!)

BIGGER BOY (*growing white in the face*). Dau wirst schön sehen.—(Thou wilt soon see.)

SMALLER BOY (*running away as he cries*). Dau laus-kop dat dau bist! dau hast ja tausend Läus auf den Koff. Ich habe eine gesehen deinen Hals herunter kreichen.—(Thou lousy head that thou be'st! thou hast yet a thousand lice in thy head. I have seen one crawling down thy neck.)

The BIGGER BOY *chases the* SMALLER BOY *and strikes him on the back, his arm describing a half circle as he makes the blow, and his head being kept down like that of a goat when butting.*

SMALLER BOY *butts goat-fashion in return, and thumps roundly at the back of the* BIGGER BOY *for a few moments.*

BIGGER BOY *begins to howl, and taking his leathern belt from round his tunic, commences belabouring the head of the* SMALLER BOY *with the metal clasp.*

SMALLER BOY *removes his shoe, and thumps away at the crown of the* BIGGER BOY *with the heavy iron heel.*

Both howl loudly, till the mother of the BIGGER BOY *comes and drags him from the encounter.* SMALLER BOY *scampers off shouting,* "Dau Laus-kop dat dau bist!"

wrong by instancing the above as a type of the national feeling, but that their greatest Generals have been equally deficient in a sense of magnanimity, the following extract from the "Wellington Despatches," concerning the conduct of Blücher after the battle of Waterloo, will abundantly testify:—

"General ——— has been here this day to negotiate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which commission I have answered that I have no authority. The Prussians think the Jacobins wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. *Blücher wishes to kill him;* but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with *so foul a transaction;* that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions *to become executioners;* and that I was determined, that if the sovereigns wished put him to death, they should appoint an executioner,—that should not be me.

"WELLINGTON."*

Not only, then, does the above letter stand as a lasting record as to the difference between the characters of the Prussian and English heroes of Waterloo, but to this day it may be cited as an illustration of the difference of feeling between the two nations.

Nor have even the better class of Prussian people any belief in the honesty of great men. According to their ideas, every individual, however high his standing in a country, has his price. Though they talk a great deal about their "Vaterland," the Germans, as a body, have little belief in the disinterestedness of patriotism, and are satisfied that even the noblest among them would sell his country if he could only get enough for it.

"Of course," said a Prussian "*gentleman*" to us, "your Admiral Napier was bribed by Nicholas, or he would never have come home without doing anything in the Baltic." This was said as if *we* really had the same belief in the purchasa-

* Gurwood, vol. xii. p. 516.

bility of honest Charley as the low-minded German himself; and when we politely informed the Prussian, that if he had made such a speech in public company in England he would have been thrown out of window, he shook his head, and said, —"Oh, the '*dummer Kerls*,' we would not the best man among us trust any farther than we could him see."

In order to probe to the bottom of this belief as to the bribality of the chief functionaries of Prussia, we asked the above worthy whether he really felt convinced that it was possible to influence the decision of the judges of his country by the private presentation of some gifts to them. He turned the matter quietly over in his mind for some little time, and then answered, "That money would certainly go a long way in the Prussian Law Courts; but though he could not remember any instance of a judge having been paid to give a cause against a person, still he was *quite sure* about the corruptibility of all the subordinate legal officers."

Whether such be really the case or not we cannot undertake to state; all we can conscientiously affirm is, that no Prussian has the same *thorough* belief in the Brutus-like integrity of the judges of his country that we have in England. Whether the distrust arise from the moral ignorance of the people, and their consequent incapability of believing in acts of disinterestedness, or whether it proceed from a sense of the low tone of moral feeling pervading the entire nation, it is difficult to decide; but that the suspicion generally, if not universally, exists, must be known to all who have lived for any time among the Germans.

The members of the Prussian police, however, certainly are not proof against the influence of groschens; this we can vouch for from our own personal experience, for even the superior officers of the *corps*, if they have any business to transact for you,—and the police manage all things in Prussia,

—look for their fee at parting as naturally as a fashionable physician.*

Moreover, the system of bribery is practised by every shopkeeper upon every German domestic: for a servant never pays a bill for her master but what she expects her customary allowance of a groschen out of every thaler. In the same manner, if you happen to enter a shop with one of your young children, the cunning tradesman will be sure to present the little thing with some trifling article, as a means of bribing you yourself to return to his establishment at a future time; and that this is the real motive for the gratuity there cannot be a doubt, since, owing to the utter selfishness of the people, no one in Prussia would ever dream of giving anything for nothing.

This bribery and corruption of an entire household is fraught with considerable inconvenience: the smallest evil in connexion with the practice being that the groschens given to the servant are added to the price of the articles you pay for; since, in addition to this, your cook never rests quiet until she has worried you into dealing with the butcher or baker who allows her the highest per-centage out of your month's bills. If you go to any other shop than her own favourite, either she daily declares that the meat is tough, or the coffee has more than the usual amount of burnt acorns with it, or else the "milk breads" are not so large as at Herr Kartoffen's; so that not a morning passes without some complaint about the tradespeople, until she fairly worries or wheedles you into her own "*Lagers.*" Moreover, whenever you change maids you have the same

* During our stay at Coblenz a new English chaplain came to do duty at the town, and, being of a "sporting" turn of mind, he went into the fields one day to shoot *krammets-vogel* (field-fares). The sentries on duty at the Karthauser fortress heard the report of the clergyman's gun, and the field-police was directed to look to the matter. The minister was found with two birds in possession and no "*schiesse-erlaubniss.*" The policeman vowed that he must have the clergyman up before the court; but, on some half-dozen groschens being presented to the fellow, nothing more was heard of the matter.

annoyance to go through with the new ones, each "*Mädchen*" having a different set of tradesmen by whom she is retained.

Indeed, one universal feeling of distrust seems to pervade every class of society in Germany. "I tell you I hate my fellow-creatures!" said one of the principal hotel-keepers of Coblenz to the British Chaplain; "and there isn't a Deutscher in the whole town that I would give credit to for six thalers."

Nor is this feeling of suspicion limited only to pecuniary matters. We hardly ever knew two Germans sit down in our rooms at the same time; for though the couple might have come to spend the evening with us, either of them would be sure, immediately that a fellow-countryman entered, and the one fancied the other was likely to stop, to remember, all of a sudden, some urgent business to carry him homewards,—this one had forgotten his door-key, (for all the houses in Coblenz are closed at ten), and that had merely called to apologise for having omitted to mention that he had promised to meet Herr von Somebody at the Casino. No matter, too, how lively or confidential the conversation had been before the entry of the other, a dead silence would be sure to ensue directly a second German put his head in at the door.

Thus it will be seen that the Prussians, taken in the aggregate, have neither any nobility of feeling nor any of that high sense of honour and generosity which is termed "chivalry of nature." Assuredly there is hardly a costermonger in England who has not perfect faith in the moral integrity of the judges by whom the laws are administered; and scarcely a mechanic would dream of doubting the pecuniary honesty of the ministers governing the country. In Germany, however, there is such a furious greed for groschens upon the heart of the whole nation that no Deutsch virtue, however austere its character may appear to the world, is deemed to be privately proof against

the temptation of thalers. Every one in Prussia,—ministers, generals, judges, journalists, police and custom-house officers, —are all regarded as capable of being *bought*, and every interest and public good, on the contrary, as being liable to be *sold*. This proceeds partly from the phlegmatic and callous nature of the race, and partly from the utter absence of all *moral* education among the people. True, the schoolboys are taught to say their "*Katechismus*" by heart, but such parrotry never was known to make pupils admire magnanimity, or to lead them to love the good merely for the good's sake. The consequence is that the Germans, as a nation, are grossly insensible to all moral greatness, and value every excellence merely by the number of "*Pfennings*" it will bring.

"Herr Luther, the astronomer at Dusseldorf," said we to a Lehrer of Coblenz, "has discovered a new planet."

"The large fool!" was the reply. "How many groschens will that into his pocket put?"

From the tone of the teacher it was evident, that had he learnt that the same individual had perilled his life to save another's, the same high-minded response would have been made.

Nor is there throughout Prussia anything equivalent to what Englishmen term "*gentlemanly* feeling,—none of that intense objection to any meanness or dirtiness of conduct, —none of that freedom from all suspicion, and that generous tendency to believe every one of our associates to be as honourable as ourselves, until he is proved to be otherwise;— none of that liberal disposition to regard money as almost valueless in comparison with the real dignities and charities of life;—in fine, not a glimmer of any of the complex multitude of positive and negative virtues which we in England believe to be necessary for the moral constitution of a true *gentleman;* such a character, so far as our observation goes, being

utterly unknown in Deutschland. For, no matter how high the worldly station of the individual we may converse with in Germany,—be he even one of the so-called "nobles" of the land,—you will find him, if you but probe the fellow by long acquaintance to the core, either ready to justify the opening of private letters, or else to uphold the use of spies, as a social institution, in order to obtain secret information for the ministers of the crown,—in a word, you will sooner or later discover that he is as utterly insensible to all moral ugliness as well as to all manly dignity as a Jew bumbailiff with us.

But, if there be little chivalrous feeling among the phlegmatic Germans of the present day—and surely it wants an emotional race to be a generous and self-denying one—there is, at the same time, but little sympathy to be found among them for the sufferings of their less lucky fellow-countrymen.

In England, the general development of the feeling of philanthropy constitutes the peculiar feature of the age; so much so, indeed, that many of our sterner writers have spoken of the public commiseration that is now shown, even to the vilest classes among us, as belonging to the "rose-water" school of sentiment. But though, perhaps, our fellow-feeling may occasionally lapse into the maudlin, it certainly speaks well for our national character that many of the charitable institutions of our land may be numbered amongst the most magnificent edifices of the capital;—our hospitals, our schools for the indigent blind, our asylums for veteran seamen, being absolute palaces designed for the shelter and relief of the poor. Nor do we ourselves care much for the nation where the "well-born" have not even imagination enough to view their position in life as a lucky accident — a prize drawn in the great lottery of existence; where the wealthy are unable to comprehend the difference that would have been produced in

their own sentiments and feelings had they been born among the needy classes; where the prosperous lack the sense to see that their own worldly advantages are, in the generality of cases, the result of birth or "good luck," or some peculiar physical or mental gift, rather than being prizes won solely by their own exertions—and that the sufferings and defects of the less lucky classes, on the other hand, either spring in the aggregate from the general frailties of human nature, or are the necessary evils of the prevailing social arrangements, rather than arising from any special vices of the people themselves; where, indeed, the gentlefolks cannot perceive that the vulgar would have been the same as they themselves, had Providence been but equally kind to the poor—and the most refined, the same as the unwashed, had Fate only treated the rich as harshly as the rest.

In Germany, no such sentimentality can be said to exist; for though there are no poor-houses in the land, and the great mass of the people almost as ill-conditioned as the peasantry in Ireland, and though even black bread is becoming a luxury, that is, being daily displaced from the tables of the poor by the still cheaper potato—nevertheless beggary in Prussia is a crime "*bei Strafe verboten*," (on pain of punishment forbidden).

Again, the treatment of the poorer class of domestics is but little less harsh than our mediæval villeinage.

"But will you tell her what will be her duties in the house?" said an English lady to a German, who was engaging her first Deutsch servant for her, the lady naturally thinking that it was necessary to see whether the girl *objected* to the situation.

"Oh! no, we never such foolish tings do," responded the gentleman; "she is born to obey; and if she will not, you have only to the '*Polizei*' to go, and they will soon make her."

"The '*Polizei!*'" was the simple exclamation.

"Yes! she brings her character from the Police-office," added the Deutscher; "and if you did not choose to speak vell of her ven she vas leaving you, they vould not let her another place take."

Nor have these wretched bondwomen much indulgence to hope for at the hands of their German mistresses. Many "ladies" have the coffee-grounds re-burnt for the use of their servants, and upon a decoction of these (without either milk or sugar) and a piece of sour black bread, without butter, the poor creatures have to make their breakfast, whilst their dinner consists of the poorest possible soup and dough dumplings; so that when a German "*braves Mädchen*" hears that English domestics sometimes grumble at having to eat cold meat, she considers the story to be one of those *Munchausenish* exaggerations that travellers are supposed to delight in. When the girl, too, finds that in an English family she gets sugar and butter, and meat *every day*, she boasts to her less lucky acquaintances that there is not a "*Fürstin*" in all Deutschland that lives better than she.

Some of the serving-girls, again, have to sit without fire in the winter nights, for even the wives of Generals we knew to have the ashes raked out of the kitchen-stove immediately after the dinner was cooked. And often when the poor creatures fall ill, they are left to moan in solitude in their wretched loft, (the usual sleeping-place allotted to German servants), and compelled to pay another girl to do their work for them.

"Yes," said one to us, "they are hard grinding mistresses, and *will* have every groschen they may pay, out of the very bones of any one who works for them. That poor woman you see washing in the '*Hof*' yonder, has to stand at the tub from 5 o'clock in the morning till 10 o'clock at night, and then they will almost grumble to give her the eight groschens (9½*d.*) in addition to the weak coffee and soup she has had

in the course of her day's work; and yet, poor soul, she has six children to keep at home."

That this is no extreme view of the hardships that the Rhenish domestics have to endure at the hands of many of their mistresses, we may cite the fact, which all who were in Coblenz at the beginning of the year 1855 will well remember, that at the time of the visit of some eminent Catholic missionaries to the town, they made the want of charity displayed by the German mistresses to their servants the subject of one of their discourses at the church.

Now, domestic servitude, especially with maids-of-all-work, is no very pleasant lot, even in the best of houses; — to have to bear the tyranny of every burst of temper, without exhibiting even the least sign of displeasure; — to be upbraided in no very measured terms, and yet not permitted to say a word even though the accusation be unjust; — to be doomed to the almost solitary confinement of a kitchen, and yet allowed to speak to no one, even on the doorstep of an evening; — to know no rest from labour, not even of a Sunday, except for one day in each month; — and to feel that your very bread *depends upon* the caprice of mistresses, who may object to give you a character immediately the least ill-feeling arises in their minds; — all these, surely, would be felt as severe trials, even by the most philosophic of mankind. But when we add to the above list of hardships that of coarse, ungenerous food, as well as utter neglect at the time of illness, and the continual dread of the police for the least offence — together with such a mere pittance in the shape of wages for the work, that nothing but beggary seems to await the poor things in their old age, and that too in a land where begging is "*bei Strafe verboten;*" — surely even a "stone-heart" would be softened, and show some little consideration for the sufferings of these wretched "*braves Mädchens*" of Deutschland.



B. Foster. E.J. Roberts.

The Council Hall at Constanz.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(16.)

THE CONCILIUM'S SAAL AT CONSTANZ.

The diocese of Constanz, in the "good old" Papal times, numbered, besides its cathedral, 22 collegiate churches, 350 monasteries, including 49 abbeys, and more than 2000 parishes. During the reign of the Emperor Sigismund it boasted 17,000 priests, and its bishop was lord of more than 100 castles and villages, besides being Sovereign-Governor of Constanz, Baron of the Island of Reichenau, Director of the Circle of Suabia, and Prince of the Empire—and having his chancellors, ministers, and guards, in true monarchical style.

The famous Council held in this city, in the years 1414–18, is said to have been attended by no less than a hundred thousand strangers, bringing with them as many as 30,000 horses. The Diet was composed of deputies, civil and ecclesiastic, from all parts of Christendom, and included, besides princes, 30 cardinals, 20 archbishops, 150 bishops, 4 patriarchs, 200 professors of universities and doctors of theology—together with a multitude of ambassadors, inferior prelates, abbots, friars, &c.

Indeed, the concourse of ecclesiastics and others flocking from all parts of Christendom to the Council was such, that not only were the houses in the town crowded to the attics with lodgers, but booths had to be erected in the streets, while thousands of pilgrims remained encamped in the fields without the walls. Religious processions, representations of miracles, and entertainments of every description, hourly followed each other; and thousands of individuals were employed solely in transporting thither the choicest delicacies of Europe for the maintenance of the assembled nobles and clergy.

At this period Constanz itself contained some 40,000 inhabitants; its cloth manufactures were the most celebrated throughout Europe, and its wealth the envy of all Germany. The session of the Council, however, attracted towards the town such an enormous host of strangers, that its working population and artisans were obliged to quit the city on account of the dearness of provisions and lodgings. The emigrants retired to the Canton of St. Gall, where they settled, and since that period Constanz has never regained its ancient prosperity.

The Council had for its main object the vindication of the authority of the General Councils, to which the Roman Pontiff was declared to be amenable; or, in other words, it sought, first, to put an end to the schism of the three Anti-Popes who then divided the Romish Church, viz. Gregory XII., who had been elected during the minor schism in the East, while Benedict XIII. (the Anti-Pope of Avignon) yet lived—and the infamous John XXIII., who had been chosen during the "greater schism" which followed. The second object of the Council was to consider and report on the doctrines of the "arch-heretic," John Huss.

Indeed, the Diet professed to have but one single end in view—the remedying of the abuses of the Church. Accordingly, it commenced its proceedings with a declaration that a Council of the heads of the Church obtained, through divine right, supreme authority in all matters of religion—even superior to that of the Pope. Its next step, therefore, was to depose the existing Popes, and to elect Martin V. in their stead.

The crowning act of the Council, however,—an act which casts everlasting odium on its members—was the treacherous imprisonment and subsequent burning of John Huss, even though his protection had been guaranteed by the warrant of

"safe-conduct" granted him by the President of the Assembly —the Emperor Sigismund himself.

This John Huss was a Bohemian, and had assumed, as was usual in those days, the name of his native village, Hussinecz, which signified "goose." Born of humble parents on the 6th of July, 1373 (for, say the Chronicles of Constanz, he was "43, and not a day," at the time of his martyrdom), John Huss was indebted for his education to the bounty of one of the nobles of Bohemia. During his studentship at the New University of Prague he carried off many honours; and having been ordained priest in 1400, he was made minister to Bethlehem chapel in the Bohemian capital, and the year after elected Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy, being ultimately installed as Rector of the University. The Queen of Bohemia, too, appointed him her confessor, and he was even favoured by the King Wenceslas (Wenzels) himself.

But Wycliffe—"the Morning Star of the Reformation," as he has been styled—only a few years prior to the birth of Huss, had published his essay *On the Truth and Meaning of Scripture*, in which he advocated the principle of "Gospel liberty," or the right of private judgment; whilst in his tract, *On the Schism of the Popes*, he had not only denounced the Papal tyranny, as well as the idle and vicious lives of the clergy, but condemned the abuse of her temporalities by the Church. Moreover, in 1381, Wycliffe had published the twelve theses against "transubstantiation," which the Archbishop of Canterbury had declared to be dangerous and heretical.

The works of the English Reformer had been carried by a Bohemian into his native country, and created a deep impression on the minds of many of the teachers in the University of Prague. Huss was among the first to embrace the

opinions propounded in them, and he made a vow after reading them, that he would disseminate their truth as far as his strength would allow him. He accordingly proceeded not only to translate the books into the language of the country, but to promulgate the doctrines contained in them, both in his philosophical theses and in his discourses from the pulpit—at once teaching and preaching that the Pope was Antichrist, and denouncing the vices of the Romish Church and clergy with a vehemence worthy of Wycliffe himself.

Numerous partisans collected themselves round about the heterodox professor, and adopted the name of "Hussites"—their principal tenets being a denunciation of the authority of the Pope, the futility of indulgences and excommunication, and the profanity of purgatory and the worship of the Virgin and the Saints; but above all, insisting upon the administration of the Sacrament with the cup as well as the wafer—a doctrine which gave to the sect the name also of "Cup-ites," or "Callixtenes;" for such was their zeal for this particular principle, that they had the sign of the cup painted in their chapels, in their houses, and on their banners.

For a time the patronage of the Queen Sophia of Bohemia protected Huss, if not from molestation, at least from personal injury. But his intrepidity at length provoked the anger of the Archbishop of Prague and many of the Bohemian clergy, so that the prelate ordered the translations of Wycliffe to be burnt; whereupon upwards of 200 volumes, magnificently adorned (such was the estimation in which the English Reformer was held (were committed, we are told, to the flames, while Huss himself was suspended from his office as a priest, and forced to resign the Rectorship of the University.

He still, however, continued to preach, with even greater vehemence than before, against the Pope as Antichrist—against transubstantiation, as a vain conceit—and against

prayers for the dead and purgatory, as devices merely to fill the coffers of the Church.

Huss was at length, in 1410, summoned by Pope Alexander V. to appear in person at Bologna, and answer the charges raised against him by the Archbishop of Prague. But he who had taught that the Pope had no more authority than any other priest, and that the Papal rule was an odious tyranny, displayed of course no great alacrity in obeying the mandate; so that he was ere long declared to be excommunicated through contumacy, and the Cardinal Otto von Colonna gave orders that no mass nor any holy ceremony was to be performed in Prague as long as Huss remained in the town.

Hereupon frequent tumults—often attended with bloodshed—disturbed the streets of Prague; for the Hussites declared that their ministers had a right to celebrate the mass, whilst the Archbishop, on the other hand, called upon the authorities of the town for the execution of the Papal bull.

Not long after this, the Pope had ordered that a crusade should be instituted against Ladislaus, King of Naples, and the command afforded Huss another opportunity for assailing the Papal power. Accordingly, on the 24th August, 1413, he affixed to the gates of the University and the churches of Prague a challenge to all the doctors, who upheld the Pope's authority, to meet him and discuss the Papal claims to obedience and respect. But though no disputation ensued, the challenge led, as usual, to increased rivalry between the contending parties.

The day after the notice had been affixed to the church doors the populace rose against the Papal preachers, and maltreated a considerable number of them; whilst some of the Hussites, on hearing their tenets perverted by the Romish clergy, stood up in the church and gave the preachers the lie direct, and others rose in the midst of the

mass and denounced the Pope as the scarlet lady of Babylon.

The senate then gave orders for the arrest of three of these offenders, whereupon Huss, at the head of 2000 men, hastened to demand their liberation; but though he was assured that the magistrates had no intention of treating the prisoners with any severity, they were, every one of them, beheaded the same night in prison.

This naturally increased the bitterness of feeling among the dissidents, so that perpetual broils and riots raged in the Bohemian capital; for as the Hussites grew in number they grew also in boldness.

Bull after bull was fulminated, but with no effect; and at last Pope John XXIII. wrote an urgent letter to Wenceslas V. of Bohemia, beseeching him to extirpate a heresy that threatened the stability of the civil as well as the ecclesiastic institutions. Wenceslas, however (for Huss had still great influence over the mind of the Queen), paid no attention to the letter.

It was therefore considered necessary to repress the teachings of Huss and his followers with a strong hand, and it being evident that King Wenceslas was either unwilling or afraid to do so, his brother, the Emperor Sigismund, took the matter in hand, and summoned John Huss to surrender himself at the forthcoming Council of Constanz—there to explain and defend his doctrines.

The Reformer regarded the approach of the General Council with interest, believing that the assembly would lead to the reform of the discipline, if not the doctrines, of the Church; and therefore cheerfully prepared to conform to the summons.

Accordingly, having first affixed upon the palace and church doors of Prague a notice that he was going to Constanz to render account of the reform he had proposed in

the Church, he took his departure for that city, accompanied by his faithful friend, the Knight John of Chlum, and a few followers.

A thousand partisans wished to escort him, but Huss desired to go alone with John of Chlum and some 30 adherents; and having received a warrant of "safe-conduct," the little cavalcade left Prague for Constanz early in October, 1414.

In a letter that Huss wrote from Nürnberg during the journey, he says that he rode all the way with his head uncovered, and with free and open countenance, according to the ancient custom, to show that he felt himself secure; and that the innkeepers on the road treated him with great respect, and brought out large cans of wine wherever they halted; for which kindness he gave them a copy of the Ten Commandments printed in German, and nearly all stuck them over their doors.

The Emperor Sigismund had decided that the solemn opening of the Council should take place on the day of All-Saints, nevertheless, the inaugural mass was not celebrated until the 16th November—the Pope, John XXIII. (who had come to Constanz to join in the Council), presiding at the first sitting, and the Emperor Sigismund taking part in the high mass on Christmas eve that was celebrated in the Cathedral by the Pope himself.

The second session did not occur until the second day of March, 1415, when Pope John announced that he would renounce the tiara if Gregory and Benedict would consent to do so the same. But, to avoid a more formal abdication of the Papal throne—the Council having constrained him to make the promise of renunciation—John fled in the night, under the protection of the Duke of Tyrol, to the castle of Unnoth

at Schaffhausen. He was pursued, however, dragged from his retreat, and forcibly brought back to the Council; when he was thrown into prison at Gottlieben (being immured there but two cells off from Huss), and finally dispossessed of the Pontificate at its 12th sitting, on the 29th May.

Two days afterwards, John made a voluntary abdication, and Gregory also submitted to be deposed; his ambassador, Charles Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, consenting to the proceeding. Benedict alone refused to abandon the throne, to which he insisted he had been rightfully elected.

The trial of Huss did not take place till the 5th of June, 1415—seven months after the opening of the Council. We can read the sequel of the Reformer's touching history, from his advent to his death, in the very stones of Constanz.

Huss had arrived at Constanz on Nov. 3, full of hope and courage; and two doors from the *Schnetz-Thor* (Carved Gate) is still to be seen the house in which he and Von Chlum sojourned till Nov. 28, when he was seized and cast into prison. The house in those days went by the sign of "*zur Taube*," and was kept by one Frau Fides Pfisterin. Here he paid 1*s.* a week for his bed and room, which in one of his letters he complains of, as being exorbitantly dear.

The dwelling is still standing, and has somewhat the appearance of a small country inn, with a pedimented attic projecting from the tiles—being but two storeys high, and fitted with one "long-light" of a window to each floor. Here the timbers are showing through the dirty plastered walls; and on the shutter of the ground-floor there is a rude inscription, over a pair of painted pistols, giving the present tenant's name, with the addition of his vocation—"gunsmith and armourer," while you can hear the sharp grating of the mechanic's file at work within. Beside the first-floor window is a small bas-relief bust

of Huss, roughly sculptured in stone, with the date of 1415 cut underneath it. The figure is represented with a kind of Inquisition cap on the head and a cropped beard. The features, however, give no sign of the character of the man.

"There are many *Pariser* and *Italianer* (Frenchmen and Italians) here," says Huss, in a letter to his friends in Bohemia shortly after his arrival; "but not many Archbishops or Bishops," he adds, "though the Cardinals are plentiful enough, and often to be seen in the streets riding on their mules." He expresses fear, too, that owing to the dearness of things—horses fetching, he says, as much as 14*s.* each in Constanz—that he will not have money enough to keep him till the assembling of the Council.

But the "heretic" had little cause for alarm about his expenses; for in less than a month he was seized and thrown into jail, despite the Emperor's warrant of safe-conduct.

Indeed, no sooner had he set foot in Constanz, than he found the Pope and fathers all hostile to him; for never had any man so many opponents, even though his purity of morals was such as none could assail. The very day after his arrival, Michel de Causis, the agent of the Cardinal Colonna, affixed a notice to the Cathedral doors, denouncing him as a dangerous heretic, and warning all good Christians against holding communion with him. Further, he says in one of his letters that on the day of High Mass, though all the ministers had a place set aside for them, they would not grant *him* one.

On the morning of the 28th November he was cited to appear before the Cardinals, and though he then told them he had no desire to dispute with them, but merely wished to prove the truth of his doctrines, and have them introduced into the Church, he was in the evening arrested under the Cardinals' warrant, and shut up in one of the monkish dungeons of the town.

In the *Dominicanner Insel* (the Island of the Dominican Monastery), which is merely a few acres of land, insulated by a broad ditch from the adjoining shore (*vide* the map of Old Constanz given at page 403, where the Cloister is shown on the right, and the Hafen—with the old Council-chamber at the end—on the left, jutting out into the water), there may be seen the remains of the "Inquisition prison," in which Huss was confined, after his removal from the house near the *Schnetz-Thor*.

This island is still partly walled in, and behind the crowd of trees you can just see the empty lancet-windows of the huge chapel-like monastery itself, with long strips of newly-dyed scarlet calico suspended from the roof; for it is now the *Röthe Fabrik* (red kerchief manufactory) of M. Macaire.

Crossing the little wooden-bridge which reaches from the *Ober-Mauer* (Outer Wall) to the island, and passing through an old round-arched gateway, we came to the courtyard, where on one side is the *Comptoir* of the factory, with a small retinue of clerks at work within. Here we enter to ask permission to see the old dungeon—a favour which is invariably granted; whereupon a clerk accompanies us along a range of low cloisters, the walls of which are still decorated with old frescoes, though the colours are half faded out of the plaster. Thus we come to the chapel of the monastery itself, which is now a mere shell, with unglazed windows and bare walls, and the whole length filled with long red and white kerchief-pieces dangling from the rafters above, while the ground is littered with large casks and carboys.

Hence we pass on to the garden, the green grass of which, too, is striped red with handkerchief-pieces, and so reach the front of the buildings facing the lake. Here are seen the remains of an old rondel at one end of the building, and the guide, drawing our attention to some broken bond-stones

projecting from the rondel-wall, tells us that Huss's dungeon formerly stood there, but was taken down some few years ago to make room for the works.

After this we are conducted to a crypt-like sacristy, with the ceiling groined and still painted cathedral-fashion; and here the altar-like niche is found to be filled with small barrels and chemical bottles, instead of the "*Monstrans*" and gilt candlesticks of old, whilst the air is pungent with the fumes of nitric acid rather than incense.

We are now shown a heavy block of stone, about 18 inches square, having an iron ring fixed in its centre. To this ring was John Huss chained.

The attendant chips off a small splinter of the relic, bows as he presents you with the memorial, and the show is finished.

Huss was kept in prison from the end of November, 1414, to the middle of the next year, without a trial. At first, while in his dungeon, he was treated with some little lenience, but the cardinals at length gave orders that no indulgence should be shown him, and the poor martyr began to sicken with the severity of his confinement.

Worn out with suspense he demanded a public trial, and offered to retract if he should be convinced of error; and at last a hearing was voted, and the accusations registered against him.

Seven long months had been occupied in formulating and examining the principles contained in his works; four cardinals, two generals of the monastic orders, and six doctors, had been intrusted with the examination of them. Two bishops had been sent expressly into Bohemia to inquire into and report upon the doctrines which he had preached and professed. Commissioners, moreover, had been appointed to receive the depositions of witnesses and to analyse the pro-

positions extracted from his writings. In a word, what was proposed to be a simple conference, now assumed the aspect of a trial and grave proceeding. A copy of the charges was furnished him, but, as usual at such proceedings, he was denied an advocate.

Now let us proceed to inspect the old *Concilium's Saal*, where the great ecclesiastical Diet, before which John Huss was arraigned, held its sittings.

The steel engraving represents the end of the building next the *Ober-Mauer*, along which we have to pass on our way to and from the old Dominican Kloster.

Let us cross the little bridge leading to the harbour, at the end of which the Saal stands, and so obtain a nearer view of the building. You perceive it gives you the notion, as we said, of an old Swiss barn; the steep and almost pyramidal roof is set with kind of pigeon-house-like attics at the corners, and immediately beneath the eaves, there hangs a deep valance, as it were, of old brown wood, and which indeed constitutes the main peculiarity of the building.

As we stroll round the walls we find at the back a board inscribed, for the guidance of sight-seers, with the following notice in two languages:—"*Auf diesen Concilium's Saal ist der Eingang vornen*" (the entrance to the Concilium's Saal is at the front).

On reaching the said entrance we perceive another polyglot notice over the arched doorway, running as follows:—

CONCILIUM'S SAAL.
SAMLUNG GESCHICHTLICHER DENKWÜRDIGKEITER.

And beneath this is painted an English translation in the following words, "*Gallery of Remarkables Antiquities.*"

A narrow staircase leads to the long loft, or bare barn-like chamber, in which the Council formerly held its sittings. At that time the building was comparatively new, having been erected only 26 years before the session of the Diet; though even now it has but few marks of age about it. Along the chamber is ranged a series of square oaken pillars, or rather posts, and these are marked with numbers for the merchants who now assemble here three times a-year, for the sale of cloth manufactured in Switzerland and Wirtemburg. The chamber below is still devoted to the purposes of a *Kaufhaus* (Exchange).

The old Council-chamber, denuded and desolate as it now appears, reminds one of the bare deck of an immense man-of-war laid up in ordinary.

Here it was that Huss, on the 5th of June, in the presence of the Emperor and the assembled cardinals, bishops, kings, princes, nobles, and priests of Christendom, was shown his printed works, and on his admitting them to have been written by him, the principles deduced from them were read over to him.

Of these, some he qualified, so as to remove their obnoxious spirit; others he evaded; and a few he denied; whereupon the Emperor Sigismund and the Archbishop of Cambray exhorted him to submit unconditionally to the Church. Huss again assured them that he had come there with that design, if it could be proved to him that he was wrong.

On the following day, thirty-nine propositions drawn up from his works were submitted to him, the priests and monks screaming at him the while, "like the Jews at Jesus," to use Huss's own words—while many cried aloud, "Burn his works! burn them!"

Repeated and urgent were the efforts now made by the Emperor and nobles, the Pope and cardinals, to induce

him to recant; but, in obedience to the voice within him, the steadfast Bohemian would not gainsay his honest belief. When, therefore, the assembly found him so resolute, they began to threaten him with the utmost vengeance of the law, ecclesiastical and civil.

At the third hearing, the Emperor Sigismund said to him, as a last appeal, "John Huss, you have two courses still open to you: either to retract all your heresies and throw yourself on the mercy of the Council, or else to abide stubbornly by your doctrines; in which case we shall know how to deal with you; and rather than let such a heretic live," he added emphatically, while utterly ignoring his written pledge of protection, "I would light your stake myself."

Hereupon the Bishop of Poland roared out, "We know well what to do with miscreants."

But the undaunted Reformer calmly awaited the doom he now plainly saw before him. He could not recant, and knew, therefore, that he could not escape.

At the 15th sitting of the Council, the doctrines of John Huss were formally condemned as "gross and damnable heresies," 250 prelates taking part in the memorable decree.

Let us, however, continue our historical search among the antiquities of the town.

At the end of the Concilium's Saal there is a partition, with a door leading to "The Gallery of Remarkables Antiquities" within. On opening this we find ourselves in a kind of small Tussaud's exhibition, with a sprinkling of old pots, china, coins, and noseless busts, that give it somewhat the character of a miniature museum.

The first objects here that strike the sight are three dressed figures the size of life, ranged under a rude canopy, and standing on a small raised platform. The figures are so-

called models of John Huss, Jerome of Prague, (his faithful friend and fellow-sufferer,) and Father Cölestin—the latter being the Dominican friar who was the principal opponent of Huss at the Council.

These figures are far more ludicrous than solemn, being as unnatural as tailors' dummies, and the faces carved about as artistically as barbers' blocks. They are indeed but mere "Guys," that seem to be fit for a bonfire rather than serving to impress one with the terror of the stake. The monk is habited in a "frock" of coarse blue flannel, whilst Huss and Jerome of Prague are dressed in kind of black bathing-gown-like gaberdines, and wear Inquisition-like caps; each of the figures being in the uncomfortable attitude of toppling over.

On the same platform are exhibited the "*trône et fauteuil de l'Empereur Sigismund*," which is merely a rude square old arm-chair, that was once gilt perhaps, and covered with blue velvet—small strips of which are still clinging to the seat. Not many feet from this, again, stands the throne and fauteuil of Pope Martin V., and this is in shape like a pair of calipers, but has now merely a bundle of horse-hair protruding through the ragged velvet seat.

At one end of the exhibition-room there projects a small closet, about as big as a knife-house, representing "the prison wherein John Huss was kept for three months," and with an inscription on the wall to the following effect:—

"*The prison of John Huss, formerly upon the Isle of the Dominicans. The form and size (of the original) were the same, (the model being fitted up,) with the identical door, window, and some bricks, which formed part of the original floor, and on which are some letters supposed to have been cut by Huss himself. He was confined in it* 92 *days.*"

At the side of this again is a certificate from M. Macaire, saying that "on account of alterations in his premises he has

transferred the above-mentioned parts of the original dungeon to M. Castel, antiquarian of Constanz."

This dungeon is somewhat after the style of a ship's berth, and the original door is now merely an old worm-eaten thick wooden portal, with huge rusty iron hinges and bolts, and fitted with a little trap, through which the bread used to be handed in.

As the loquacious little watchmaker—who is the proprietor of the exhibition, and pursues his trade in one corner of the room during the absence of visitors—points out these things to you, he keeps brushing away at some watch-wheels that he holds in his hand, while he exclaims, in strong nasal German-French, "*Oh! ong a traité ce pauvre homme pire qu'un chieng!*"

Not far from the "model prison" is a wooden and battered life-size figure of Abraham kneeling, with a ram at his feet. This has the same square Inquisition cap on the head as the figure of Huss, and formerly formed part of the pulpit in the Cathedral. The populace, however, mistook the figure, on account of the cap, for the effigy of the "heretic" himself, and delighted to deface it by driving nails into its cheeks and eyes. It has now no nose, and the face is as if pitted with the small-pox from the heads of the tacks that have been hammered into the wood.

From the Council-chamber where the martyr was tried, let us now pass to the Cathedral where he was condemned.

The Constanz Münster is hardly to be reckoned handsome, after the eye has been pampered with the Doms at Strasburg and Freiburg. The open tower, which has been newly raised, is but a mere copy of the steeple of the latter edifice; while the spiral staircase, showing within the open stone tubes, are but duplicates of the turret columns of Strasburg. There

is, however, a curious carved doorway at the principal entrance, that is rich as the screen to some choir.

In the interior the nave is supported by sixteen pillars, each of which is a single block, with solid Byzantine capitals. Near one of these, the custos points out to you the spot where the "heresiarch Huss" stood when sentence of death by burning was pronounced against him..

From his dungeon in the cloisters at the back of the Cathedral, Huss was led forth at six in the morning, on the 6th of July, 1415, and "was received," says Professor Eiselein, "by the Archbishop of Riga (to whose care, as keeper of the seals of the Council, Huss had latterly been entrusted), at St. Stephan's Kirche, in the *Platten Strasse* (this church, with its sharp steeple, may be seen nearly facing the Cathedral in the map given at page 403); after which he was conducted by the beadles to the front of the Dom, where, "being a heretic," he was obliged to wait outside the door till the mass was over.

Then the portals were thrown back, and he was taken by four bishops—the deputies of four national Churches—to the sixth pillar in the nave, where he was put to kneel on a huge slab of stone, with a pole supporting a priest's robes beside him. The Bishop, Jacob of Lodi, hereupon, as the Death-sentencer (*Galgen-pater*) of the Council, discoursed upon the words of Paul, "that the body of sin may be destroyed."

"Huss, however," the Bishop added, "had come to Constanz under the Emperor's warrant of safe-conduct;" and at the mention of the words the Reformer cast upon the Emperor, who sat there in his robe of state, such a withering look of rebuke that it made the royal liar grow crimson with shame.

Next, the Bishop of Concordia read a decree, in which sentence of excommunication, with two months' imprison-

ment, was pronounced against every man, whatever his dignity — were he emperor, king, cardinal, archbishop or bishop — who should presume, by speaking or moving, to testify either applause or disapprobation during the solemn act about to take place.

Hereupon the Procurator of the Council slowly rose from his seat, and demanded that the doctrines preached and taught by John Huss in the kingdom of Bohemia should be condemned as "heretical, seditious, captious, and offensive to pious ears."

This part of the sentence having been formally carried out, Huss was once more exhorted to recant; and, he having once more refused, the Bishop of Concordia proceeded to pronounce two sentences: first, that his works should everywhere be committed to the flames; and secondly, that he himself should be degraded from the priesthood, by the Archbishop of Milan and six bishops, as one with whom the Church of Christ had no longer any concern: after which he was to be handed over to the secular authorities, to be dealt with according to the criminal law.

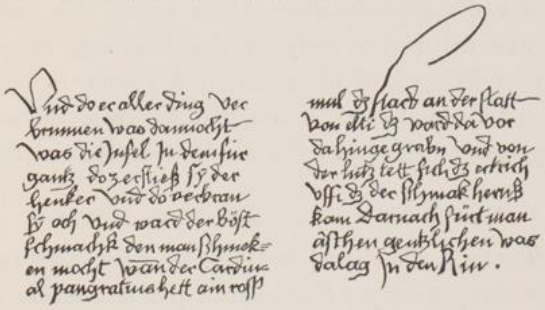
Accordingly, when he had been dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and the Communion cup placed in his hand, he was once again desired to retract, and on his repeated refusal the chalice was snatched from him by the Bishops, and his priest's garments torn from his back piece by piece; after which all traces of the tonsure were erased by cutting his hair in the form of a cross, and a tall paper cap, painted with devils and bearing the inscription — "Heresiarcha," put on his head; and in this state he was led to the porch, so that he might see his "accursed" works burnt in the fire before his eyes.

This done, he was taken back to the Cathedral, where he was publicly expelled from the church, the Bishops uttering these words the while: — "The Church has hence-

forth nothing further to do with thee,—it gives thy body over to the law, and thy soul to the *devil*." Whereupon he was cursed as Judas, smitten on both cheeks, and finally cast with a thrust of the foot from the Cathedral doors, where the law officers waited to receive him.



JOHN HUSS ON HIS WAY TO THE STAKE.
(*From a Drawing in the Archives of the Counts von Königsegg, in Aulendorf.*)



Then the Emperor condemned him to be burnt, and he was immediately transferred to the charge of the Elector Palatine.

According to an old law, the executioner was entitled to everything that at the time of death might be upon the person of those suffering at his hands. It was, however, in this instance, ordered that Huss should be burnt with all his clothes on; and when the priests heard that he was really to suffer martyrdom at the stake, they raised such a yell of delight, and hooted so loudly at the poor Bohemian, that Sigismund was obliged to announce that all who should again be guilty of such misconduct should be forthwith ejected from the Cathedral.

Huss, however, during all the insults heaped upon him, behaved with the greatest fortitude and patience; and to the last moment of his life, indeed, put to shame the cruelties of his persecutors.

From the church we are led to the neighbouring cloisters, to see the martyr's last prison. This consists of a small cellar let into the wall at the end of the cloisters, the door being secured with peculiar old padlocks. Though there is little extraordinary about the place—for it is merely a dark damp vault, with a strong ratty smell pervading it—the mere sight of the dungeon stirs the soul with violent indignation.

In this dismal hole John Huss passed his last night, for he was led hence early in the morning, as we have said, to be stripped of his robes, and thence to be carried to the stake. Here, too, it was that he wrote the subjoined touching epistle—his last letter to his Bohemian friends:—

"John Huss to his Friends in Bohemia.

"*Allow me to use this my last opportunity in order to impress upon you that you can put trust in nothing in this world; therefore*

devote yourselves entirely to the service of God. I have good reason to warn you that you cannot depend on princes, nor on any other man, for there is no help in them. God alone remains true and steadfast. What He promises He assuredly performs. I resign myself wholly to His merciful promise, and trust devoutly to His grace. According as I have endeavoured to be His servant, even so have I no fear of His forsaking me. I hope much from the words of our gracious Saviour—'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things' (and, verily, my life is the smallest thing that I can offer Him, seeing that He gave it me Himself), 'I will make thee a ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' (Matt. xxv. 23.) I shall soon exchange my long afflictions for eternal bliss and tranquillity. The God of peace and all Heaven support you. This is, beyond doubt, the last letter I shall ever write to you. I have cause to believe that I shall be called upon to-morrow to answer with my life the charges that have been raised against me. Still, even in this I comfort myself with the consolation of Jesus Christ; and I am not frightened of that which kills the body, since it cannot destroy the soul. Sigismund has dealt falsely in everything. God, however, forgive him. You have heard in how severe a strain he spoke against me. Farewell! Pray that you fall not into temptation. I look forward with joy to my death-day. Seek you to live so that you may die happily. "JOHN HUSS."

The last scene of all is the site of the martyrdom itself. This is now merely a large orchard, reached by the *Paradieser-Thor*, that leads to the road to Zurich. Passing the "*Caffé zum Gutle*" and the line of market-gardens bordering the road, we turn off into a field on the left.

Here, as we bend our steps towards the reverend spot, we hear the sharp grating of the whetstone, and shortly afterwards, as we approach the mower, the ear catches the

sound of the crisp cutting of the grass. The cottagers' children are out in the field, shouting and laughing as they toss the green blades into heaps, and the brown cattle are grazing peacefully under the trees, whilst the air is laden with the smell of new-made hay and the fumes of burning weeds from the neighbouring meadow.

At the end of the pathway stands a cotter's house; two chubby-cheeked children are playing in the sun upon the door-step, and the mother is spinning close beside them.

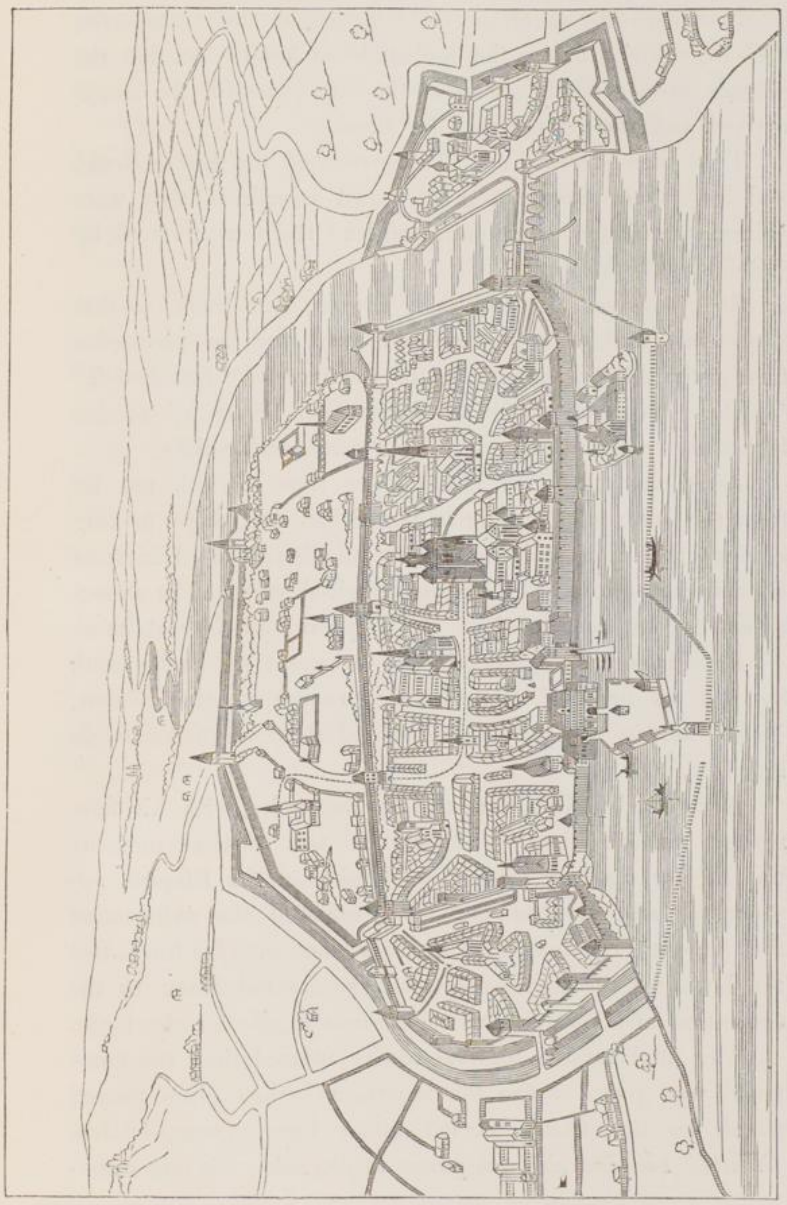
She quits her wheel and comes forth to point out to us the spot we are in quest of, saying, "*Johann Huss bei der dicker Baum auf der linkster Seid, gebrennt wur;*" and as she speaks the words she directs our attention to a leafless stump of a tree, not a hundred yards from her door.

The mower, who has been watching us since he noticed us go by, now joins the woman, and says he has lived hard by all his life, and that people cannot tell the precise site of the burning; they only know that Huss was executed somewhere in the field called the "*Brühl.*"

But let us follow worthier guides than rustic gossip.

"At ten o'clock of the 6th July, 1415—the same day as he had been publicly condemned in the Cathedral"—says the learned Professor Eiselein, "they led forth the martyr (whom nothing could shake, and who kept chanting hymns by the way) from the Cathedral porch, through the town-gates, towards the '*Brühl*'"*—as indicated by the dotted line in the subjoined wood-engraving.

* This word *Brühl* is thought by some to be a derivative of the French *brûler*; so that the present name of the field would have been given to it, not only subsequent to, but in consequence of, the martyrdom. A better origin for the title, however, is that which makes it a mere corruption of "*das Prügli*" —literally, the place of the *stake*.



THE CITY OF CONSTANZ IN THE TIME OF JOHN HUSS, A.D. 1415.

(The dotted line from the Cathedral to the field, just within the outer walls of the town, indicates the route by which the martyr was led to the stake.)

Immense crowds of people followed in the train — the "*Gewapnoten*" reckons the multitude at 3000 — so that the officials were obliged to wait at the city gates till the troops arrived and cleared the way for them.

They then marched on till they reached the *Kleine Brühl*, and here again, from the great crowd assembled, they were obliged to quit the direct path and lead the martyr round by "Reichman's Widen."

Still, however, the multitude pressed upon them, so that they were unable to pursue their way, and the procession finally stopped at a spot known by the name of "*Das Prügli.*"

Here they put down the fagots, and Huss fell on his knees and remained praying for a considerable time.

After this they led him to the Inner Brühl, not far from the outer gate leading to Gottlieben, and there making a ring, they placed Huss in the middle; when Ulrich of Richenthal approached him and inquired whether he wished to confess, as the chapel of St. Stephen was close at hand.

But Huss replied, that, having no great sin on his soul, he had no need of a confessor; whereupon the Elector, Duke Lüdwig von der Pfalz, ordered the executioner to do his duty.

Accordingly Huss was tied to the stake, with his face turned towards the west; and at this critical moment the Elector Palatine, with the Marshal of the Empire, approached, and for the last time renewed the exhortation that he would renounce his "heresies" and save his life. But the hero, for the hundredth time, would not listen to the entreaties, and declared his willingness to die for the truth.

The final resolve was no sooner uttered than the command was given to fire the fagots, and then Huss prayed aloud, as the flames curled about him, crying,—"*Jesu Christe! Fili Dei vivi, qui passus es pro nobis, miserere mei*—

miserere mei!" and continued repeating the supplication till the smoke choked his utterance and ultimately suffocated him.

The wind had blown the paper cap from his head, but the executioner seized it and thrust it in the fire, "so that nothing that belonged to him should escape the flames."

At eleven o'clock, on the 6th July, 1415, the body of the heroic John Huss was reduced to ashes. Even these, however, were not allowed to rest undisturbed, but were swept together, thrown in a cart, and cast into the Rhine,—the martyr being, as the chronicles say, "42 years and not a day"—the anniversary of his birth having been chosen as the date of his death.

"If the goose," said Huss, shortly before his death, and with a quaint play upon the meaning of his name, in prophetic allusion to the coming Reformation, "if the goose, which is only a peaceful bird, and whose flight is not high in the air, has been snared by the wicked, other birds, soaring more boldly, shall hereafter break through the toils — for instead of a feeble goose the truth shall send forth eagles and keen-eyed vultures."

Some few years back it was proposed to erect a monument to the memory of the first heroic Reformer of Germany, and large sums of money were collected, not only in the neighbourhood of his martyrdom, but from Bohemia in particular. But when permission was applied for to carry out the work, it was found that the Emperor of Austria had written to the Grand Duke of Baden requesting that he would put his veto upon such an undertaking, "*as it would be likely to bring the memory of the Emperor Sigismund into contempt.*" *(!)*

§ 3.

THE RELIGIOUS CREED OF THE PRUSSIANS—RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE AMONG SECTS—GOVERNMENTAL INTERFERENCE—RELIGIOUS HYPOCRISY—CONFESSIONAL SPIES—RELIGIOUS DISPLAYS, ETC.

The London Exeter-Hall folk are possessed by two "vulgar errors" concerning Germany. The one is, that "philosophic infidelity" prevails among the greater portion of the people; and the other, that it is the land of toleration, where the members of the different creeds live in peace and charity among one another.

The Germans, assuredly, cannot be cited as a religious type of the zoological "happy family," where the Hebrew hawk roosts quietly on the same perch with the Moravian sparrow,—where the Catholic owl, that rejoices in the mediæval darkness, sits blinking meekly in the light of modern times, in association with the Protestant church-mouse,—and the Methodistical old crow caws amicably beside, instead of being continually pecking at, the Anabaptist water-wagtail. So far, too, from there being any laxity of religious zeal in Deutschland, we never lived in a country where the towns were more like monster porcupines, from the multiplicity of steeples, and never walked along streets garnished at the corners with more showy religious dolls, or more ghastly crucifixes; or where the thoroughfares were more frequently stopped by processions of squalling peasants, with a matronly-looking priest surrounded by banners at their head.

"They tell me dat dare a town in America is," said a German friend of ours, who had suffered not a little from the priestocracy of the country, "vare not one church exists. Oh,

dat is die place I should like to go to! Why, it must be like the Garten of Eten for die happiness of die people. Only tink," added he, "not one pfaffe, nor one parson, nor one preacher, as you Engländers call dem, to look after you, and take care dat you tink as dey do. Yes, dat must be the glücklichest spot in all die velt; for dare die people cannot abuse one another for being dark or double-faced; and I believe, if die great Lord vere to come again on earth, dat is die place he should go to."

Had the reader had the same experience as ourselves as to the extent of the brotherly love, as well as the amount of religious liberty, prevalent in Prussia, he would be able to find some excuse for the sentiments in the preceding speech. Had he heard, as we have, the German Protestants affirm that the Catholic Sisters of Charity, who wait upon the residents every month for alms for the poor, make a practice of putting the money in their own pockets; and that the nuns, who go round the market begging of each peasant woman for vegetables for the hospital soup, do so only that they may get a good dinner themselves,—had they known the Catholics, on the other hand, to declare that the "*Blankopfs*" (which is the popular name for the Lutherans) were a dark set of people, and had none but dismal-faced hypocrites among them,—were they aware, too, that throughout "tolerant" Germany there are Catholic and Protestant butchers, and bakers, and grocers, and that one who belongs to the "*Evangelische*" portion of the community would never think of buying even so much as a "*Wasser-brödchen*" (water-roll) of one who is "*Katolische*," and that, on the other hand, a "*good* Catholic," as the phrase runs, would never drink Protestant coffee, nor eat Protestant beef,—had he been present while ladies discoursed upon the advantage of some Fräulein starting in business as a milliner, and urged, "That as she was a Protestant, every Lutheran

lady in the town would, of course, buy their bonnets at her shop,"—had they seen, too, the "Protestant Weekly Journal," (*"Kirchlicher Anzieger der evangelischen Gemeine zu Coblenz,"*) containing announcements of Evangelisch pastry-cooks and Lutheran bookbinders*—indeed, had they witnessed and listened to but one tithe of the want of charity and loving-kindness that prevails among the several sects in a German town, they would have agreed with us, that religious liberty, though it is upheld by the State in Prussia, is certainly *not* carried out by the people.

In proof of this general intolerance on the part of one sect towards another in Germany, we may remind the reader (for the fact was chronicled in the English newspapers at the time) that Herr Sontag of Coblenz was publicly excommunicated at the *Castor-kirche* in 1856, and that merely for having committed the heinous sin of marrying a Protestant lady!

Scarcely a day passes, too, but you are told some wretched bit of religious scandal that has been propagated by the intolerant bigots of this same tolerant country. Either you are assured that, during the exhibition of the "Holy Coat" at Trèves, some gentleman's servant requested leave of his master to make a journey into the country in order to visit his dying father, and that the master, being called away from Coblenz to some town on the banks of the Mosel, saw—while looking out of window at the procession of pilgrims on their way to Trèves—his own servant among the troop, limping along

* A copy of this same journal, for the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, contains (after giving a programme of the services and preachers, lessons and psalms, at the different Protestant churches in Coblenz throughout the week) a short list of business-notices (*"geschäftliche Anzieger"*), of which the following may be cited as a sample:—

"The Widow Müller, by the Market, urgently recommends her meal and flour warehouse to the Evangelical community. She sells meal in small as well as large quantities."

upon a pair of crutches; and who thereupon confessed, on being taxed with the imposition, that the Herr Pastor at his church had given him 40 thalers to go as a cripple to Trèves, and be "*miraculously cured*" immediately he was brought into connexion with the sacred garment. Or else some one who has a relation at an Apotheke's in a country town, will declare to you that the Lutheran clergyman of the village was wont, while out on his rounds, to drop in at the chemist's and ask them to oblige him with a glass; whereupon he would draw a bottle of some strong water from a secret pocket and toss off a portion of it, saying, that it would never do for one of his cloth to be seen entering a "*Weinwirthschaft*" (common tavern).

Nor are these the tales of mere ignorant gossips, but stories repeated by the educated teachers at the principal schools; so that when such intolerance prevails, even among the Lehrers, the German children may be said to learn fanaticism with their very alphabet; and though the people, in after life, cannot openly persecute, still it is impossible to prevent them secretly slandering the members of any opposite church to their own.

Moreover, while we are on the subject of clerical scandal we may mention that one, who knew the priests well, declared to us, that it was by no means unusual in the German country villages to see the gown of the Herr Pastor's cook hanging on a nail beside the ghostly (*geistlich*) gentleman's coat behind the door. Now, we would not for a moment unjustly doubt the chastity of these worthies; but, as unprejudiced individuals, we must confess, that there certainly *does* appear to be some reason for the report which insinuates that their Catholic reverences are frequently inclined to live on very intimate terms with their housekeepers: for the bishops have ordained that no pastor shall have a maidservant living with him under fifty

years of age,—an order that is said to have been enjoined with the view of preventing any little tell-tales appearing in the village. There is a Deutsch Joe Miller current throughout Germany, that a bishop having put up one evening at a village parsonage, a buxom young damsel made her appearance at the "coffee-drinking" with the cups, whereupon the bishop stared, first at the girl and then at the Herr Pastor; but he had hardly recovered from his surprise, when another young and equally good-looking serving-maid entered with the "*Hörnchens*" and the cakes. This was more than the right reverend father could bear; so, immediately the servant had quitted the room, the dignitary asked the pastor whether he was not aware of the injunction which prohibited priests from having maid-servants resident with them under fifty years of age. The Herr Pastor replied that he was; but, as one of the girls was twenty-six and the other twenty-four, the bishop would see that he had possessed himself of the entire *volume* of years, though he had preferred taking it "in two parts."

Nor has the Prussian Government itself such a respect for religious liberty as would at the first glance appear; for a few months' residence in Germany is sufficient to teach one, that though there be no particular Church connected with the State in that country, there is a greater amount of religious tyranny, and (as it is impossible to make people devout by Act of Parliament) a greater amount of religious hypocrisy, than obtains in any other land. Indeed, we know of no nation in which parsons have such entire sway over the people.

In the first place, no person can be married unless able to produce their confirmation papers; nor can they obtain any situation under government, unless they be provided with the same documents. Again, all who fill any government post must go to church once, at least, on the Sunday; and professors

at schools must not only do the same thing themselves, but keep no servant in their family who absents herself from church service.

Now, all this extreme religious rigour is reported to be owing to a letter that was addressed by the Pope to the various crowned heads of the Continent, after the kingdom-panics of 1848, and in which his Holiness is said to have informed the monarchs that the several national disturbances had arisen from the lack of religious care for the people throughout the various governments: though surely his far-seeing Saintliness might have called to mind, that it was only in those countries where priestcraft was rampant that revolutions had broken out, and that England—where there were fewer priests, and soldiers, and police agents, than in any other European State—was about the only throne that escaped. Nevertheless, Prussia, in its wisdom, became immediately determined to employ no one in the administration of its public affairs who was not a *devout Christian* (or what would well pass muster as a *profound hypocrite*); and the consequence is, we meet German professors and government officers on their way to church, who whisper to you, as they wink their eye, to let you see they have no faith in the mockery, that they are going to "eat their god" according to law. Moreover, it is a rule that every true Catholic must confess at least at Easter, (if not oftener throughout the year), under pain of excommunication—whilst excommunication brings loss of office, and friends, and living. Hence, at Easter you are freely informed, by those whom you know to be merely *official* devotees, that they tell all manner of lies to the priests in order to obtain their license to play the Christian for the ensuing twelvemonth.

The religious tyranny of Prussia, however, is not merely part and parcel of the government institutions, but it extends

itself throughout every form of society. We have already spoken of the hatred, or, at least, the contempt which the members of the different churches bear towards one another, and how each is but too glad to give circulation to any tale that tends to detract from the reputation of the opposite sect; and we have now to add to the list of sectarian virtues, that every member of society in Prussia acts, as it were, as a religious spy upon the conduct and speech of his associates. This is more especially the case with the Papists; because, owing to the system of confession, the priest's ear can be made the secret receptacle of all the religious gossip and slander throughout the town. Again, by such means the Catholic shepherds are enabled to learn who are their *true sheep*, as well as who are the hungry wolves among the flock who *will* have meat even on the Friday; so that there is hardly a Romist in all Prussia who does not live in positive dread, not only of being maligned by the Protestants, but of being reported to his priest, either as a Friday meat-eater or as a backslider of some kind or other.

"*Lieber Gott, Frau Fresser!*" cries a "prayer-sister," as she pokes her head in at the door and begins sniffing, while she steals towards the kitchen; "I suppose you are ill, my dear, as I smell meat, and it is Friday."

Accordingly, the next time the "prayer-sister" visits the confessional, she takes care to include among her sins the great temptation she underwent at Herr Fresser's, whose family was going to have meat on a fast-day.

But not only are the prayer-sisters thus used as Papal police, but the Catholic servants of every household act as the same kind of spies upon the master and his friends.

"I think, madame, there will be enough meat for supper," said our maid, (for dining at midday makes an early supper equivalent to a late dinner,) "even though the Herr Doctor

will be here, as you say; for *he* is a good Catholic, and would not eat flesh *to-day*."

The Herr Doctor, however, when he visited us in the evening, was more inclined to veal cutlets and salad than to the dietetic ceremonies of the Romish Church, so he supped heartily off the forbidden dainties, much to the horror of the maid, who looked significantly at his plate as she removed it from the table. And when we told the Doctor at a later hour of the evening of what the servant had said in the morning, he turned pale, and we could see by his look that he knew he would be duly reported to the priests at the next confession.

Indeed, Catholics themselves have told us, that it is impossible to conceive the amount of priestly despotism that is practised in Prussia, where servants act as spies upon every household—and where every Catholic friend or acquaintance is but too ready to play the informer against those whom he visits or meets in society—where the priest hears of every little thing that occurs in every family—and where, when he finds an individual who is lax in his observances of the forms enjoined by his religion, he considers it his *duty* to privately *warn* the members of his flock against the dangers of holding any communion with such a character; so that Catholic tradesmen occasionally find their Catholic customers dropping off one by one, and gentlefolks their friends and visitors growing daily less and less in number.

Indeed, we have known Catholics in Coblenz who refused to keep a servant, because, if she were of their own religion, she could act as a tale-bearer to their priest; whilst they would not dream of admitting a Protestant cook into their family. Others, again, we knew, who, though they dreaded and hated the tyrant "*Pfaffen*," made every one of them that they met in the street the most profound bow as they passed, merely to *seem* to respect them; and others, moreover, who have

assured us that they were not acquainted with one Catholic in all Coblenz whom they could or would implicitly trust.

Now, the Protestant bigot must not rub his hands with glee, under the belief that we cite these facts as arguments against the practice of confession in a *religious* point of view. We say again, we have nothing to do with the particular forms or ceremonies that different sects may imagine to be acceptable to the Almighty, and we have too sincere a regard for the principles of religious liberty, which we are here advocating, to dream of reviling or mocking any body of people for matters which concern themselves and the Creator only. We repeat, that it is merely as a *social* institution that we here speak of the confessional and other church ceremonies, and whose effects upon the community we believe we have a perfect right, as what the Scotch call "humanists," to criticise.

It is in the same spirit that the following remarks are made; for our opinions, so far from being dictated by any sectarian feeling, proceed rather from a true Catholic feeling: our objections being raised not against the *creed* of the people indulging in such observances, but merely against the observances themselves, as being *degrading to mankind*, and having a tendency to foster the worst errors of the dark ages, rather than to propagate the enlightenment of the present.

The art of healing, for instance, was in the ignorance of past times regarded as being more intimately connected with religion than with medicine; so that the priests in those days were the sole physicians, and the multitude were taught to drink at Holy Wells, or to kiss the bones of defunct "saints," as the only means of getting cured of their diseases. Within the last few centuries, however, different notions have come over the people; we have learnt that the Almighty Power that

made the human body has ordained certain laws of health in connexion with it, and that it is merely by studying and conforming to these that we can hope to continue in, or to be restored to, a state of bodily or mental sanity. Surely, too, we may say, without being accused of "philosophic infidelity," that experience teaches us that disorders are oftener healed nowadays by medicine than by prayer—the very principles of medicine itself being but the scientific rendering of the Creator's sanitary commandments; and whereas the doctrines taught by the physician inspire us with the highest sense of the wisdom and goodness of Him who framed us (showing us that bodily affliction comes either from an ignorant or wilful infraction of some health-law), the therapeutic principles taught by the priest, on the other hand, tend only to make mankind regard the Creator as some evil power dispensing afflictions from mere malevolence, and consenting to remit them only after long penance and supplication. So that, making every generous allowance for the faith of zealots, we must confess that we cannot help regarding the priests who still lead people forth to drink at Holy Wells and pray at Holy Shrines as impudent charlatans — the Morisons, and Holloways, and Parrs of the altar, who grow fat, not only upon the bodily miseries, but upon the mental and spiritual degradation of the poor whom it is their duty, as Christian ministers, to protect.

"*Ja! mein Herr*," said our Catholic servant to us, "they have, indeed, got the key of heaven at the '*Jesuiten-kirche*,' and it's made of solid gold."

Now, there is no other view to be taken of such teaching as this but that it is the dissemination of *deliberate lies* among the people; since the priest who told it to the poor ignorant girl must have known either that there was *no* such key in the church, or else that it was *not* the key of heaven. Nor can Catholics shuffle out of the iniquity by saying that it was

merely "a pious fraud," since it is impossible to find any holy intention in filling the minds of the people with the most degrading notions of an after-life..

But cheats like the above are daily practised, not only upon the so-called "educated" populace of Germany, but the children as well. At the school which our little girl attended in Coblenz, a Herr Capellan used to come weekly to instruct the classes upon matters of Bible History, &c.; and this fellow had the audacity to tell the young pupils that the Cross of Christ, when it was dug up by St. Helena 328 years after the Crucifixion, was found to be in a complete state of preservation, and to have none but *gold* nails about it! Moreover, the mere infants, as it were, are made to believe that Christ himself puts all the presents on the Christmas-tree: so that the very first lesson they get in religion is a *lie*.

How, then, is it possible for a country to hope to take rank among the enlightened nations of Europe, when the very children have their minds stuffed with these and similar falsehoods as the highest truths; and where the people must either remain with scarcely more sense than zoophytes in order to have faith in such things, or else, if they have brains enough to discover the imposition, they ultimately come to think even the belief in a Creator to be one of the follies engendered by superstition?

"But, papa," said our little girl, after seeing at the Church of St. Ursula at Cologne *a* thorn that was said to be from Christ's crown, "if that is n't true, how do we know that all things told us about Jesus are not stories?"

Again: the servant, whilst out one day with our child, dropped in at the "*Jesuiten-kirche*" to obtain a phialful of holy water for the little crockery watch-pocket-like font that she kept in the corner of her bed-room. "Is it *fresh?*" asked the maid of one of the choir-boys, as if she were speaking of a



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tap of beer rather than so much prestigiated "*aqua pumpi.*" "Oh, yes!" was the lad's reply, as she dipped her bottle into the little stone basin; "I have only just got it from the hands of the pastor." On hearing this, the *Mädchen* tried to prevail upon our child, also, to take a little of the water, telling her that she need not be afraid of thunder and lightning so long as she had got *that* by her; for in the most violent storm she had only to sprinkle the room with a few drops of the blessed liquid, and it would be impossible for her to be struck dead after that.

Hence, on such poor wretches as these, the great discovery of Franklin has been utterly wasted, the German populace being still taught to regard the Almighty as a kind of Romish Jupiter—a Papal Thor, who delights in dealing out death by thunderbolts.

A few weeks after our family had been enlightened as to the electric power of holy water, we saw two priests among the audience at one of the lectures given by Herr Finn upon "*Galvanismus und Electricität;*" and as the lecturer explained and illustrated the properties of the marvellous fluid, we could not help wondering whether these same priests would have the honesty to tell their flock that a metal rod was the only safeguard against lightning, and that the virtue of holy water, in such cases, had been proved to be a mere flam.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(17.)

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.

The royal villa of Friedrichshafen is one of the most striking objects on the shores of the Lake of Constanz. Its

twin square towers, and its white walls and castellated gables, are visible at almost every turn of the steamer. It is seen in the engraving standing out on a small neck of land, and girt with its gardens and trees.

The town itself has scarcely an object worthy of notice. Though it boasts a large *Hafen*, and has a railway in junction with the pier for the facilitation of traffic, besides a palace in immediate proximity with the town, the street (for there is but one in the whole of this *Schloss-stadt*), has even a more desolate appearance than the highways of Constanz itself.

Not a single shop, indeed, is visible. True, there is one house with a sign of fancy rolls carved over the door, but not a bit of bread is to be seen in the window. There is another house, too, with a small case of nails, tools, and saucepans, hung beside the door-posts, and this belongs to *the* ironmonger of the place. Then the butcher has a wire-work screen in front of his shop, as at Constanz, but not a single joint is to be caught sight of behind it.

The houses at the water's edge are the backs of those in the "High Street," as it is called, and they start straight up out of the pool, after the fashion of the amphibious structures in our own Jacob's Island.

At the time of our visit to the place two of the German "*Handwerk-burschers*," (handicraftsmen), who were completing their "*Wandelschaft*," (the travelling term of their apprenticeship), had crossed in the steamer with us; these, as usual, had their knapsacks at their back, and a spare pair of hob-nailed shoes and an umbrella strapped on to the top: but really one would have fancied that the town was suffering from a superabundance of workmen, from the manner in which the poor fellows were cross-questioned by the officials, and made to show their passports to the officer stationed at the gangway

of the vessel, before they could obtain permission to enter the town.

The *Katolische Pfarr-kirche* (Catholic parish-church) of the place is a wretched ungainly building, with a kind of cottage gable-wall for a steeple. In one corner facing the planted and turfed Platz, at the side of the edifice (standing, as it does, a little distance back from the street), there is a large niche, protected by a wire-work screen. Within this is seen a rude and painted stone tableau, the figures of which are sculptured the size of life. The subject of the representation is the Mount of Olives, the principal figure being Christ in a long brown gown and a bright blue scarf about him, and the other an angel with large white wings, holding a golden cup, from which he is about to offer drink to the Saviour; whilst the accessories are a huge modelled pea-green tree in the foreground, and a painted city and rocks in the distance.

Journeying on towards the palace we reach the *Neu-stadt*, which is a long line of small villas set on the top of a sloping bank that stretches down to the water's edge. The slope is laid out in petty detached gardens, after the fashion of the *Rheinlusts* by Rüdesheim and St. Goar, and each having a wooden summer-house for the owners to sit and smoke in as they gaze upon the Lake.

In front of these are two or three small bathing institutions, which are mere wooden sheds, raised upon stilt-like piles, and stretching far out into the water.

Nor is the sight of the palace itself worth the walk from the station, the building being utterly deficient in ornament, the walls bare as a Quaker's meeting-house, and pierced with as many windows as a *Caserne*.

Indeed the only sign of life and activity is at the railway-station and the harbour, and here the scream of the whistle, the

rumbling of the barrels along the quays, and the jangling of the bars of iron on the stones, give you some faint notion that you are really living in the nineteenth century.

Friedrichshafen is part of the kingdom of Wirtemburg, whose territory stretches from a little above Immenstadt to Kressbronn, a little below Lindau.

The history of this town needs but a few lines.

In the first place, Friedrichshafen originally consisted of two distinct settlements; namely, *Buch-horn* and *Hofen*—the former occupying the site of the present town, and the latter that of the palace.

In the year 837, Buch-horn (then called *Buachihorn*) was strongly fortified; so that when, a century afterwards, it was attacked by a horde of Hungarians, it was impossible to subdue it. The city was made free in the thirteenth century by Rudolph I., and the Emperor Albrecht made a law that no monks should possess any property in it.

In the year 1292 the town was taken by the Bishop of Constanz, and in 1363 it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. It was afterwards rebuilt, and then taken by the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War.

In 1802 it came into the hands of Bavaria, and passed subsequently (in 1805) to Friedrich, King of Wirtemburg, who proceeded to convert the ancient monastery of Hofen into a summer residenz, and immediately afterwards Buch-horn and Hofen came to be called the City and Palace of Friedrichs-hafen. Neustadt was built at the same time, so as to connect the Schloss with the town.

King Wilhelm, however, added, we are told, greatly to the prosperity of the place by the construction of the harbour, and building the first steamers that ever traversed the Lake, so that Friedrichshafen came to be closely allied by commerce with the Swiss shore.

On the 7th July, 1850, the railway was opened, and this was also the first *Eisenbahn* in connexion with the Boden See.

¶ i.

Religious Creed continued—A Modern Prophecy—Canonized Dolls—Pharisaical Processions and Public Praying.

During our residence at Coblenz, too, a report was circulated that a prophecy had been made, which, with the usual and very convenient vagueness of such matters, foretold that on the 1st of July, 1855, something dreadful was to happen somewhere to somebody. At length the prophetic rumour took a more definite form, and resolved itself into a statement that some one, whilst in a trance at Coblenz, had declared that the world was to come to an end at the expiration of the month of June, at which period the Protestants, we were politely informed, were to be all destroyed, and the Catholics to live on. As the time drew near for the fulfilment of the predicted catastrophe, the German Papists became more and more alarmed, and on the morning of the 1st of July all were a-gog, wondering in what manner, and at what moment, the dreadful event was to come to pass. At length an announcement was made at one of the schools that a telegraphic message had been received, stating that the Pope had been assassinated in his bed early that morning; and immediately there was one general exclamation of, "*Das ist die Prophezei!*" uttered by the great body of Catholics, who seemed to have wholly forgotten that the prediction referred to a totally different circumstance.

Nor should it be imagined that we here chronicle the sentiments of the mere vulgar upon the subject; for at the

fashionable watering-place of Ems, where the German nobility and gentry love to sip their hot salts every summer, such was the belief in the tale, that the Catholic church-bells were tolled and funeral masses performed throughout the day.

Moreover, it must in truthfulness be added, that the worship of the gaudily-dressed religious dolls, representative of the Virgin, has not the *most* elevating effect upon the minds of the people. At the corner of the street by the "*Korn Pforte*," in Coblenz, there stood a huge puppet of the "*Mutter Gottes*" in a glass case, and this was tricked out in a fresh dress almost every month through the year. In Lent it was in deep black; in May, in sky-blue and silver-tinsel; next it would be decked in white robes, and these again would give place to drab and Dutch metal; whilst each time the poor peasants and ox-cart drivers went past the figure, they would bow the head and cross themselves in very awe of the sanctified Judy.

But not only does this doll-worship go on in the public streets, but there is scarcely a Catholic old baby of a woman who has not in her room some puppet, either of the Virgin or her patron saint, that she prays to and amuses herself with, and makes clothes for, as the very children do with us — with the exception, however, that our little ones are not quite simple enough to worship the lumps of wax or wood that they dress up. A "prayer-sister," whom we knew, and who, a Catholic told us, was "full to the throat with the number of gods (wafers) she had swallowed," spent a good part of her time in dressing and undressing a big "Marionette" figure that she had dubbed St. Francis; and at the "*Drei Schweizer*" (*Trois Suisses*) hotel, where we passed the winter of 1854–55, the old maid of a landlady had another such puppet, but this was tricked out in female robes, and christened the "Holy Virgin;"

and though the ancient *Fräulein* continually said her prayers to it, and had it always before her eyes, we can answer that it by no means influenced her conduct in life: for if she told her beads to the doll at one moment, she would fall to cheating hard the next; so that, despite the "*real presence*" of the blessed wax Virgin, she tried to impose upon us to an enormous extent, and, indeed, seemed really to have more fear of the police than the "Mother of God;" for it was only on our protesting that we would go to the office of the Commissary concerning her overcharges, that she consented to take no less than 10*l.* off a bill of 30*l.* odd.

Nor is it only in the matter of canonised dolls that this human degradation goes on. Once we were in an ironmonger's shop at Coblenz, when a peasant, who was making a few purchases, requested to be shown some brass images of Christ upon the Cross; whereupon the shopwoman took down a brown-paper packet full of stamped sheet-brass, that looked like a bundle of finger-plates for doors, but which, in reality, turned out to be a whole quire of mere thin shells of crucifixes. The peasant selected the one that pleased her best, and having purchased some showy nails by way of garniture to the article, the shopwoman proceeded to chalk her reckoning on the counter; and there it ran, something after the following:—1 iron pot, 7 groschens; 1 reaping-hook, 4 groschens; 1 basket headpad, 1 groschen; 1 butter-stamper, 1½ groschen; 1 *Jesus Christus*, 5 groschens; and so on.

Further, we cannot end this section of our subject without raising our voice against those public displays of religion in the streets, which partake more of the flaunty character of theatrical pageants than the unostentatious ceremonies befitting the worship of Him who entered Jerusalem on a jackass. We know that the dignitaries of the Romish Church lay great

stress on what they term "the *external* aids to religion;" but surely to those who have faith in the injunction that, in our religious observances, "we are *not* to be as the hypocrites are, who love to appear praying in the streets, that they may be seen of men," the long trains of priests and choristers chanting portions of the Church service through the thoroughfares of almost every Catholic town in Germany cannot but appear as the external aids to *hypocrisy*.

In the month of June, on St. Peter and St. Paul's day, occurs the "*Trohn-leichnams-fest*" (*Corpus Christi* feast, or, as the French call it, *La Fête Dieu*), and for some time before the anniversary, in 1855, we heard on all sides that "God" was to be carried along the streets, and the "Heaven" borne through the town—which blasphemy we afterwards found to signify that the head of the Catholic Church was to carry the large silver hand-screen called the "*Monstranz*," or "host," under a tawdry blue silk canopy, not unlike the upper part of a small four-post bedstead, and which is dignified by the name of the "*Himmel*." Prior to the fête our *braves Müdchen* was busy with the white muslin dress which she had kept, she said, for fifteen years, and used only for such street-shows; and this was duly washed and starched, so that she might make her appearance in public as one of the chanters; a pound of prunes, moreover, being eaten immediately after breakfast, in order to clear her voice for the anthems. On the morning of the event all the shops were closed, the carriage-ways of the town strewn with flowers, and the sides of the streets literally walled with green boughs, whilst in every open place there was erected a tawdry altar, with as extensive a show of candles as a tallow-chandler's shop-window; and at these the priests were to stop and pray, like the very hypocrites spoken of by Christ, so that there might be no mistake about their being *seen* of men.

The sight was wondrous to those who had heard tell of "educated" Prussia and the "philosophic" Germans—to behold government ministers, noblemen and generals, judges, advocates, physicians, and professors, as well as the great majority of the people, all out in the streets, singing anthems at the tail of an old gold-beplastered priest, who went stalking along under the bed-canopy called the *himmel*, and with a bellman at his side, ringing away as he displayed the bugaboo "*Monstranz*" to the awe-stricken multitude, every one of whom bared the head and fell upon the knees at the mere sight of the silver ornament.

Such street-displays as the above are far from being uncommon occurrences in the Rhenish capital, for, during our stay there, scarcely a month passed but what there was some similar religious show going on in the thoroughfares. Either it was the feast of St. Aloysius, the patron saint of little children, and then every Catholic school in the town turned out with the boys and girls, duly "got up" for the occasion, squalling along the highways; or else it was Green Thursday, *i. e.* the Thursday before Easter, when good Catholics live principally on "green-stuff," and the priests go in procession to administer the sacrament to all the sick in the town; and then the silver chalice, called the "*Ciborium*," which the simple people tell you contains their gods (*Ang.* wafers), is carried ostentatiously through the principal *Strasser*, and the multitude go down on their knees in the gutters at the mere sight of the holy wafer-box.

Not only, however, are these street religious shows got up by the priests, but they are even indulged in by private individuals, who seem to be by no means anxious to "retire to their closet and *shut the door*," when they are about to pray, but, on the contrary, take especial care to obtrude their piety upon the notice of the public in general. This spirit of public

praying and religious ostentation constitutes the great pharisaical vice of the age. The far-seeing people of the Stock Exchange have the following saying,—"The man who goes to church *once* on the Sunday, trust him; the man who goes *twice*, beware of him; the man who goes *thrice*, have nothing at all to do with him!" and assuredly the desire "to be seen of men" during our devotions, and love of "*trumpeting*" our charity, according to the Sermon on the Mount, rank as hypocritical rather than Christian observances.

On Ash-Wednesday the Catholics walk through the town with long dirty streaks on their foreheads, as a sign that they have been marked with the embers by the priest; and on White Monday the girls parade the streets in book-muslin and long veils, for two or three days after their first communion. At other times you will meet a small band of young ladies marching through the town in the costume of ballet-dancers, and carrying huge bouquets that they are going to present to some schoolmaster or schoolmistress on his or her saint's day, the lady or gentleman remaining at home the while, in order to receive the customary gifts from the pupils; and which gifts consist generally of coffee-cups, or flowers, or cakes, or sweetmeats, or wine, or a pound or two of prunes: though occasionally a canary is given, and we *have* heard of the presentation of a silver tea-pot, that was subscribed for by the whole school and duly blessed by the priest—whilst, in return for such favours, the young scholars are treated to a farthing picture of some apocryphal saint or mythical "*schutze-engel*" (guardian angel).

Indeed, the German Papists seem to be determined not to "hide their light under a bushel," but find especial pleasure in sticking it on some street or road-side altar, as well as in carrying candles through the public thoroughfares, so that people may be the better able to see how holy they are.



B. Foster.

E. Brandard.

Lindau.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(18.)

LINDAU.

We are now in the kingdom of Bavaria, and the sentry-boxes and railings (which at Constanz were striped yellow and red, as indicative of the duchy of Baden, and at Friedrichshafen green and red, as distinctive of the kingdom of Wirtemburg) are now chequered blue and white, as the national colours of Bavaria. Indeed, every fresh half-hour here brings us into connexion with some new Government; and custom-house officers swarm as thickly as policemen in better-regulated towns; whilst there are as many different uniforms for the soldiers as there are liveries to the footmen waiting in the hall of our Italian Opera on a "Drawing-room night."

The Bavarian territory bordering the Lake of Constanz reaches from Kressbronn, a little below Lindau, to Wiedach, a little above it.

Lindau is a kind of Upper-Rhenish Holland, being a city built out in the water, and surrounded with a thick wattle-work of piles. Indeed the town is dammed and double dammed (if we may be allowed the expression without offending ears polite) all round with rows of piles, the tips of which peep above the water like the stumps of so many monster rushes. The island city is connected with the land at the back by a long wooden bridge, on the one hand, and an equally long railway embankment, thrown up across the water, on the other.

Seen from the deck of the steamer in the middle of the Lake, Lindau is a pretty-enough object, bristling with its many old towers and church-steeples, and belted with its

rampart-walls, while the Vorarlberg hills rise in fine pyramidal masses up close at the back of it—these hills being, as it were, the last ripple of the expiring land-wave that once swept over Switzerland, and tossed up the plains there in Alpine billows, raising a very tempest of mountains in the solid earth!

The two towers that are seen as we approach the island-city from the Lake, and which remind one somewhat of the palace at Friedrichshafen, are the twin-turrets of the sister churches—the one Protestant, the other Catholic; whilst the turret standing close at the water's edge is the old battlemented *Diebs-thurm* (thief's tower), that is now but a mere useless mediæval toy.

The *Hafen* lies round the corner, and was at the time of our visit not yet finished, but, as at the neighbouring city of Friedrichshafen, the "*Bahn-hof*" (railway-station) stood close at the back of it, and there were large storehouses ready for the bonding of goods.

The town stretches away in a line from the harbour, which is at the upper end of the island, and though possessing few objects of special interest, has still neither the desolate look of Friedrichshafen nor the unpicturesque character of Constanz. The *Maximilian-Strasse* is perhaps the busiest thoroughfare, and here the houses have castellated gables, and pedimented roofs, and colonnaded ground-floors, and frescoed walls, and, indeed, a host of other such middle-age ornaments. The "*Land-thor*" (country gate) lies at the rear, at the point immediately behind the two church towers, and is a neat-enough modern structure, with a planted glacis-like Platz immediately on one side of it.

In this neighbourhood, too, lies the "*Heidenmauer*," (Heathen's Wall), which is said to date as far back as the Romans, by whom a settlement was originally established

at this part of the Lake. The wall, as at present standing, is merely a sharp corner of some old rampart, the solid masonry of which projects in places as if a number of bond-stones had been left for joining on to some other structure. On the top of this wall, too, a great bush of a tree grows from between the crevices of the stone-work.

Lindau was originally two small islands, though it is now but one. It was, according to the earliest records, a Roman settlement, and called *Lindaugia*, *Lindavia*, and, finally, *Lindau*—the name, it is said, being given to it on account of the Linden-trees that grew by the Powder-mill. The Lindauers, we are told, were the first fishermen upon the Lake.

Many centuries ago a cloister was founded upon it by one Lord Adelbert, who, during a violent storm upon the water, made a vow that if he were spared he would build a church to the Virgin, and who, on being landed at Lindau, caused the chapel to the cloister to be erected. Rudolph of Hapsburg speaks of Lindau as being a royal residenz. In 1396 the citizens rebelled against Maximilian I., when the principal traitors were beheaded in the town. In 1496, an Imperial Diet was held in Lindau; in 1530, the town adopted the principles of the Reformation.

During the Thirty Years' War it was fortified and enclosed within walls, and remained a place of special security till a few score years ago. It has suffered from fire repeatedly, having been burnt down in the years 948, 1264, 1339, 1720, and 1723, and was severely scourged also by the pest in the seventeenth century, when not less than 2000 of its people were destroyed by the plague.

Since 1801, Lindau has belonged to the Bavarians, and numbers now 3300 inhabitants, who are mostly Protestants; and possesses, besides a hafen and a railway, a college of Natural Philosophy and a theatre.

§ 4.

THE POLITICAL CREED OF THE PRUSSIANS—LIMITS OF ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC GOVERNMENT—POLITICAL WICKEL-KINDER—"CONCESSIONS" TO EARN A LIVING—POTATOES DISPLACING BLACK BREAD—EXTREME POVERTY AND MEANNESS—A ROYAL BANQUET.

"I tink they have all the wisest men in die velt at Berlin," was the confidential opinion of a Prussian to us. Nevertheless the gentleman could hardly be considered a high authority in matters of wisdom, for it was he who had assured us that holy water would not rot. Nor had he any very extensive acquaintance with the sages of the other parts of the globe, seeing that his travels had never gone beyond a penny trip in the Vallendar steamboat.

If, too, we be not sorely mistaken, these same Berlin worthies belong to the palæozoic class of politicians, and have no more right to be ranked with the enlightened statesmen of Europe than the purblind old fogies of owls have to be cited as the ornithological types of profound intelligence.

If every *private* individual duly governed himself, it is manifest that the necessity for *public* government would cease; and that all possess a governing principle within them, the difference between our motives while awake and when dreaming affords sufficient proof. Hence it is simply because the *internal* government of the majority of people is defective that an *external* one is required, in order to prevent the members of society injuring their neighbours, either in person, property, or character; so that as it is every one's duty to respect the feelings and possessions of those by whom he is surrounded, the object of all enlightened government is merely to see that this duty is strictly performed: in fine, it is to prevent the strong op-

pressing the weak, the crafty cheating the simple, and the dishonest plundering the honest.

But though the external government has a perfect moral right to take care that each man does his duty to his *neighbour*, it has no title whatsoever to interfere with any one's duty to *himself;* in a word, though it may justly prevent an individual from destroying the happiness of his fellows, it cannot, with any show of reason, compel him to promote his own. It may, and indeed *ought*, to put a stop to assaults, and robbery, and plunder, but it should *not* prescribe the hour at which we are to go to bed, and clothes we should wear, or food we should eat, or how and where we should worship the Almighty. This, it is manifest, constitutes the broad line of demarcation between enlightened government and despotism—the one deals only with the *public* duties and rights of individuals, whilst the other meddles with their *private* ones.

Plain as the above distinction appears, it has nevertheless taken ages upon ages to make monarchs and ministers comprehend the principle; so that formerly we not only had a curfew-bell to ring the simple people to bed at a seasonable hour, but we had sumptuary laws to regulate the expenses of the different members of society, and which not only prescribed the costume that each was to appear in, but positively limited the length of the shoes to be worn by Masters Brown, Jones, and Robinson; whilst the most frivolous and vexatious restrictions were placed upon trade and business, as if it were the object of government to raise every possible impediment to a man's earning an honest living.

In England, luckily, we have outlived such political tomfoolery, and it has grown into a maxim now with the wisest statesmen, that "the best government is that which governs the least,"—consistently, of course, with security to the persons and possessions of the community.

The Berlin sages, however, are still in their political dotage, and, like half-imbecile greybeards, cannot help regarding even grown-up people as children; and assuredly the sight of the petrified bones of a megatherium, turned up in the strata at the present day, does not carry the mind more vividly into the past than does the sound of the 10 o'clock bell, which rings at Coblenz every night to warn all good people that it is time to retire to their beds, carry the thoughts backward to the darkest ages.

To the "mind's eye," indeed, the poor Deutschers appear in the nineteenth century as mere political babies—governmental "*Wickel-kinder*," that the old women at Berlin still believe it to be necessary to bind hand and foot in order to render upright—monarchical children, that are not yet able to *go alone*, and who cannot even *speak plainly*, poor little things! but who are obliged to be looked after at every step by their ugly nurses the police, and to be tied so closely to the apron-strings of their *gross-mutterisch* state authorities, that they dare not stir away from home without first asking permission of the "*Direction*."

It requires no little faith on the part of Englishmen to believe what an infinitesimally small amount of liberty Germans are permitted to enjoy.

Not only does the bell toll, as we have said, for all people to quit the wine and beer-houses before eleven, but it is forbidden by the police to talk either upon religion or politics in such places—the landlord, for the first offence, being punished by fine, and for the second by the permanent closing of his use. Now an Englishman, with the recollection of the Hyde Park riots in his mind, would fancy that the tyrannical insolence which presumes to dictate to grown men the subjects that they are to talk upon, would breed, at least, an *émeute*, if not a revolution, in the land. But no!

your German blood is but poor, tepid stuff, compared with the hot liquid that flows through English veins; and the nation which, in former times, permitted an Emperor to send a crier through the town, announcing that it was the imperial will and pleasure that Herr So-and-so should marry Fräulein Such-an-one, still lacks manly spirit enough to feel any indignity in having a royal padlock put upon its tongue.

Nor do the professors, and the physicians, and druggists, and stonemasons, and a hundred other professions and trades, think it in any way despotic that the right, or "concession," as it is called, to pursue their occupation should be at the disposal and consequently the mercy of the government; so that any disaffected member of the State can be immediately deprived of his bread as well as his license, and thus, by his utter ruin, be rendered an example to others. Operatives, moreover, must satisfy the police as to the quality of their work before they can be allowed to set up as masters; so that a political journeyman is compelled to hold his peace, unless he wishes to be doomed to manual labour for life. In other trades, again, a large sum of money must be deposited with the State authorities, and hence such depositors would hardly dare to raise their voice against the government; whilst even the servants are under the special charge of the *Polizei-Direction.*

Consequently it will be seen that the Prussian government takes care to have a finger in every person's business, so that the bread of the several members of the community may be more or less dependent upon the favour or "concession" of the functionaries, and thus silence at least be ensured, if positive good will cannot be obtained.

At present the government is but seldom called upon to exercise its power of ruining, by withholding the licenses of the different tradesmen and professional men of the kingdom. It is enough for English minds, however, that it *possesses* such

a power, and that the merchants and tradesmen of an European State should be in the same position as cab-drivers with us. Nevertheless we *have* heard of persons being deprived of their business, because they were known to be of more liberal politics than pleased the "police directors;" and this has acted as so strong a caution to others of the same turn of mind, that they have been rendered politically dumb—*for the present.*

"To dispose of even a shoestring in Prussia," said one of our informants, "requires a special license from the government, for which no less than 12 thalers (36*s.*) must be paid; and to be caught buying and selling without the gracious '*concession*' of the constituted authorities, would render a man liable to imprisonment."

In such a state of things, when the government raises all kinds of fiscal and political obstacles to a man earning his livelihood by any handicraft, trade, or profession, a large body of spies, of course, become a necessary part of the executive machinery of the State; and certainly, in Prussia, these official vermin crawl about the people wherever they go.

A tradesman in Coblenz, into whose shop we had entered to make a trifling purchase, was so especially obsequious to us, that at the time we attributed his exceeding servility to vulgar trading manners. It turned out, however, that the man had obliged us by mistaking us for a government spy; for, on inquiring of a friend who we were, the shopman coolly told him that he had mistaken us for a "*Spaher*," whom he had seen the day before at Cochem on the Mosel, with a camera, engaged in taking photographs.

"Read that advertisement," said a German to us, pointing to a particular announcement in the "*Coblenzer Zeitung.*" "What of it?" we asked; for it merely stated that Herr Hundertundachtzigfläsche gave private instruction in English, French, and German; whereupon our friend assured us that

the so-called Lehrer, instead of being a private instructor, was really a common informer, for he was known to be employed by Government to furnish them with secret reports concerning the political opinions of those into whose houses he gained admission under the pretext of teaching.

Further, if you happen to have a German with you, supping in a private room in an hotel, he will be sure, before he ventures to speak upon any matter in connexion with the government of his country, to open the door and peep into the passage, so as to assure himself that there are no secret listeners; and even then he will not dare to converse in tones above a whisper, telling you, that in Prussia the very stones in the walls have got ears.

To such an extent does this spy system prevail, and so universal is the distrust of the Prussians concerning any one they meet in society, that it is impossible to get them to speak to you upon any national question before one another; for though they may be living in the same town, and are well acquainted with each other's business, nevertheless they know that if one bore the least ill feeling against the other, neither would hesitate to go privately to the police and repeat what his fellow-townsman had stated.

That we may not seem to be unjustly prejudiced against the character of the Prussians, and blind to the vices of English people, let us here mention the fact that an English lady, resident in Coblenz, did not scruple, on account of some petty quarrel, to report to the *Polizei-Direction* that a countrywoman of hers was giving lessons in English without any concession from the authorities; and the consequence was, —as it is contrary to law in Prussia to earn a living without a permit from government—the poor governess was ordered to quit the town in four-and-twenty hours.

Now, where such a state of affairs prevails—where every

impediment is offered to extension of trade and the increase of arts and manufactures—where general distrust is fostered among the people by the employment of secret police-agents ramifying into every class of society—it is almost idle to state that, despite or through the continual meddling of the wise-acres at Berlin, the great body of the Prussian people are in a state of the most bitter and overwhelming poverty. Not only is the consumption of beef and mutton giving place to horseflesh, but the coarse and the sour black loaves of rye are becoming a delicacy, the less expensive potato being now used instead; and this in a country where white bread has long been regarded in the light of cake. Herr Dieterici, the eminent Prussian statistician, indeed, informs us, that "whereas the corn crops of Prussia may be valued at between 150 and 200 million thalers, the potato crop must be estimated at nearly double that amount, or 350 million thalers." In corroboration of this fact we may state, that one peasant family whom we visited, and which consisted of a man and his wife and six children, had not tasted meat throughout the year: they ate potatoes three times a-week, and the other three coffee and bread. The man and his wife, together with a sister who lived with them, and went out washing, earned among them one thaler a-week upon an average the year through, gaining 1½ thaler weekly in the summer, and in the winter only a few groschens. The woman worked sometimes in the fields, and got three groschens a-day and her "*kost*" (eating); the man was employed upon the roads, and had, when he worked, five groschens a-day, whilst the sister earned from three to four groschens a-day in the summer, and one groschen a-day at spinning in the winter. Their food and household expenses were, weekly, as follows:—½lb. of coffee, 4 groschens (5*d.*); 12 lbs. of bread, 16 groschens (1*s.* 7*d.*); 25 lbs. of potatoes, 10 groschens (1*s.*); soap, 1 groschen;

candles, 1½ groschens; total, 33 groschens (3*s.* 4*d.*). No rent was paid, the cottage having been left the man by his father; while their clothing they had given to them. Hence it would appear, that all which these nine people had to subsist upon was 5 lbs. 4½ ozs. of solid food per diem; and physiologists tell us, that two pounds of substantial nutriment are daily required to keep life in each full-grown individual. As the man and his wife were old, the above may, perhaps, be considered an extreme case; it is cited, however, to give the English reader a notion of how very hard the poor of Germany live, or rather starve.

But coffee and potatoes are by no means an uncommon dinner among the working classes of Germany; and when we tell them that a journeyman baker working in the Rhenish capital gets only two shillings a-week and his board and lodging, they will easily understand how poorly industry is paid in Rhineland. Indeed, during the winter-time, the poor of Coblenz, huddled together in the "*Wasserthurmsmauer*" and the "*Seilerwall*," are often glad to make a meal off a cat or a dog!

Nor are even the so-called rich of Germany much better off than our head clerks, since in Prussia, a person possessing a thousand thalers (150*l.*) a-year, is regarded as being in affluent circumstances, whilst one having three thousand thalers (450*l.*) per year, is looked upon as a positive millionaire. Further, the principal bankers are obliged to do a little in the wine-manufacturing business, as well as money dealing; for the Germans, as a nation, seem hardly to have advanced beyond that monetary state of prosperity which delights in hoarding gold and silver coin in old stockings. Not only are those who possess a few thalers as deficient in enterprise as our superannuated cooks, but, owing to the general distrust existing throughout the nation, such a thing as commercial credit can

be hardly said to exist, the so-called merchants being, generally speaking, about on a level with our chandlers.

The most popular mode of investment consists of loans upon mortgage to small peasant proprietors, so that there is scarcely a farmer who is not, owing to the facility of contracting debt, embarrassed with the responsibilities he has to meet by way of interest every year. Another approved mode of investment is by depositing small sums in different names at the government pawnshops, which serve, as it were, for the Savings' Banks of Prussia: and at which $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent is allowed as interest to all depositors. Formerly the middle-classes were permitted to invest in these institutions to the amount of 99 thalers, though many had much larger sums in the institution under different names. At present, however, the privilege is restricted to servants, though only nominally so, for many gentlefolks still invest in the names of their domestics, it being difficult to find a Prussian who has spirit enough to employ his money in large commercial adventures; and thus it is that the mining and manufacturing resources of the country remain undeveloped to this day.

But, like all slow-witted people, the Prussians are an almost miserly race, — they will save something out of the smallest weekly pittance; and as the British Chaplain at Coblenz used to say, "you may obtain change for a thaler from apparently the most destitute of them." We have positively known a Herr Lehrer at one of the Government schools, who had money out upon mortgages, have the remains of the fat scraped out of the tins that he had hired to illuminate with on the night of the King's visit to Coblenz, in order that he might turn a groschen by the refuse grease; and further, a learned professor actually assured us, that he sent his daughter down with a scuttle of ashes every night to empty into the cesspool, because the people at Neuendorf

paid a little higher price for the manure when it was "*feste.*"

But perhaps we cannot give a clearer illustration of the beggarly meanness, as well as the social hypocrisy, of Prussia, than by citing an incident connected, as Jenkins would say, with the highest person in the realm.

At the time of the King's visit to Coblenz, in order to be present at the betrothal of his niece, the young Princess, to the Prince of Baden, some half-a-dozen of the thousand-and-one German potentates came to take part in the ceremony. Now, we have before stated that the Palace at Coblenz contains nearly the same number of different families as a St. Giles's lodging-house with us, so that every floor and chamber being occupied by some royal or princely progeny, there is scarcely a closet left in which to stow any German Fürst who may come with his carpet-bag to visit his right royal cousins at Coblenz. Such a calamity befel the house of Prussia in the year 1855; for then, either the Kurfürst von Keinhemd or the Gros Herzog von Nich's-nutz had come to eat his *Sauer-kraut* with Friedrich Wilhelm von Cliquot; but, unfortunately, though the palatial furniture could boast the luxury of a spare bed, the palatial linen-chest did not include the extravagance of a spare blanket wherewith to envelope the body of the "high-born" guest. Accordingly, the groom of the bedchamber had to be dispatched to Hoffmanns, the upholsterer, to arrange for the hire of something like a "Witney" for a day or two.

The next day, to his majesty's great horror, no less than three German crowned heads, anxious to avoid the expense of the *table-d'hôte* at the hotels at which they were staying, dropped in to take their "*Mittag-essen*" with the "*Konighihe-paare;*" but, unfortunately, there was not even so much as a potato-salad or "*Dampf-nudel*" in the royal larder. In an instant, the lord-chamberlain was despatched to the nearest

"Gasthof," or tavern, to order five "*portions*" of soup, flesh, fowls, pudding, and fish; and at the dinner-hour we positively saw from our window the royal postilions, in their leathern breeches, hurrying along the parade with the five potages, and the three meats, and the seven "*légumes*" and "*hors-d'œuvres*," and the "*dessert*," and last, though not least, the black bread at discretion. And as the jockeys darted in among the trees, we could not help thinking that one would meet with as much hospitality from our Duke Humphry as he would be likely to experience on dropping in to take "pot-luck" with the King of Prussia.

It was at this period, too, that we had an opportunity of seeing how much love the Rhenish people really bore their monarch; and though the toadying burgomeister of Coblenz printed a pathetic appeal to the inhabitants of the town, calling upon the "flatholders" to treat his majesty to a hearty welcome and an illumination on his arrival, we must confess that a London street-market, on a Saturday night, could boast a greater profusion of light than the principal thoroughfares of the town. At many houses bits of carpet and woollen table-cover were hung out at window as extraordinary decorations; and along the window-sills of others, a few tooth-glasses, painted for the occasion, were made to do duty for coloured illumination lamps. Moreover, when the king drove through the streets, though the mounted police came first, and entreated the people to take their hats off, and cry "*Liberhoch!*" with their best lungs, as his majesty went by, still we do not exaggerate when we say that the shouting of the united voices would not have startled a hare from its form.

Indeed, to confess the truth, his Majesty is anything but beloved by the people of the Rhenish Provinces. This is partly owing to the great majority of Catholics to be found in that part of Prussia — for the Papists do not hesitate to tell the

Lutherans, that "Cliquot is your king, not ours." Moreover, the people generally feel bitterly grieved at the broken faith concerning the promised liberties after the Revolution of 1848.

"We care not how soon Napoleon comes among us," the Coblenzers have whispered in our ear over and over again, "for the Code of Laws which his uncle gave is the only little bit of freedom we know."

"*Ja*," others have said to us, "we do not speak to one another now, but we all know what is silently going on in each other's hearts, and when the next opportunity occurs we shall not be the sentimental fools we were in 1848, but we shall go out armed with long knives, and say merely, Are you with us, or against us?" Such is the political state of Prussia!

For the present degraded condition of the country and people, however, the natives have one invariable excuse. If you banter them upon their bridge of boats and ox-wagons in the nineteenth century, and their lack of water to their houses, and their drainless towns, you are told that it all proceeds from the poverty of the nation rather than from any want of intelligence among the people.

But *why* is the nation poor? If Prussia were nationally wise, it would be nationally rich as well; for surely a knowledge of the means that contribute to the "wealth of nations," constitutes not only a part of the wisdom, but also a part of the policy, of every enlightened kingdom; and though with individuals, it is *not* true that beggars are fools, nevertheless, it certainly holds good with *States*, that *general poverty results from general ignorance*. But it has become a cant among Germans to regard the misery of their countrymen as part of the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and to talk of England as being "the spoilt child of Europe,"—as if her riches, and her comforts, and her enlightened social appliances, had come by some gracious favour of the blind god Fortune,

rather than being the product of the industry, intelligence, and enterprise of her people. Is it not patent to every mind that England, in the world's race, had no particular indulgence shown her? Did the Almighty give her a more genial climate than Germany? or a more productive soil, or finer rivers by which to convey her produce from one point of the land to the other? But, say the Prussians, England is an island; as if they really fancied it was the only bit of land surrounded by water on the whole globe, and were ignorant of the fact that their own territory has a greater length of coast-line than ours! If, however, England's greatness be due to her insular position, the people of Madagascar, and Borneo, and Sumatra, and, indeed, the whole of Polynesia, should, instead of remaining in a savage condition, have long ago disputed with us the supreme power of the world; and even if it be said, on the other hand, that England's greatness is owing to her mechanical inventions, surely Germany had the same power to avail herself of *our* steam-engine and spinning-jenny as we had to make use of *her* printing!

How, then, comes it that the two countries are so different? We answer, Simply because the people differ in energy—in energy of body as well as mind, from each other.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(19.)

BREGENZ.

This is the prettiest of all the towns on the Lake. It lies in a bay, or large niche, as it were, of the Vorarlberg hills, which rise almost straight up behind it, and are exquisitely modelled



B. Foster. S. Bradshaw.

Bregenz

with ravines and truncated peaks, whilst they are piled and heaped at the back, so that you might almost fancy they were dark, solid clouds—the mountain-steps leading to the very heavens themselves.

The curving shore here is embanked, and shelving with stone. The terraced roadway is speckled with white-fronted houses, and the waves (for the bay is rougher at this part than at any other) grate or chafe upon the masonry like the continued rustling of silk.

On entering the town, we find at first a largish open space, flanked with old-fashioned French-looking houses; then we come to a neat-enough short street, where stands the police-office, with the passport *bureau* up-stairs; and near this is the "*See Kapelle*" (Lake Chapel), with its high, narrow tower, hardly thicker than a sentry-box.

Across the end of this street stands the low colonnaded guard-house, called the "*Haupt-wache*," with a stack of arms under its little porch, and the Austrian riflemen grouped in front of it, with their silver-grey uniforms turned up with green, and their peculiar semi-cocked hats edged with japanned leather—half-policemen, half-gend'arme—and plumed with a bunch of green-looking metallic feathers at the side.

Beyond the guard-house, as you turn sharp round the corner, you come to a line of colonnaded houses, having the *trottoir* under the first floor; and here, on the left, is a steep lane, or almost perpendicular street, leading to the upper town—the tall, thick square tower of which, with its crown-like copper roof, is seen peering its red head at the end of the thoroughfare. Continuing the ascent, you find the houses piled up the side of the slanting street, so that one moment you are on a level with the parlour-door, and the next, though only a few steps farther on, looking in at the first-floor windows of the same building; while you see the people above you

climbing up the thoroughfare as though they were a string of mountaineers scaling Mont Blanc.

At length you reach the *Pfarr-kirche*, standing on top of a high green slope, with its narrow, gabled, cottage-like steeple, and the neighbouring *Kirche-hof* (burial-ground) planted with black and gilt wooden crosses as thick as hop-poles. This Pfarr-kirche stands, as it were, on one side of a steep ravine, or groove in the mountain, at the back of the town, whilst the opposite slope consists of a green truncated pyramid of earth furrowed with vineyards, and with a range of buildings and walls at top that strike you as belonging to some quaint old palace.

This, however, is the *Obere-Stadt*, or upper town of Bregenz; it is surrounded with high old walls that are set with rondels and bastions at intervals, and pierced with windows, as well as covered with a series of roofs that seem as if the ancient palace had been converted into a succession of low lodging-houses.

Descending the one slope below the Pfarr-kirche, and mounting the other that leads to the upper town, you find on entering the small arches which are cut through the walls that you are in the midst of a little colony, about a quarter the size of the upper town of Boulogne, the whole *Stadt* being but three streets wide, and each of those streets only eight houses long. The streets, moreover, are a bright green with their crop of grass, and the houses rude enough in their architecture to carry the mind back to the very darkest ages. Some have colonnades like crypts, and others grandly-painted exteriors, with the traces of imitation pillars and ornamental copings to be detected on the walls.

In one corner near the tall crown-roofed tower stands the *Spital*, or almshouse; and here, while we were searching for an exit from the curious little city, we were startled by

the sound of a voice in the air: whereupon we beheld, on looking at the upper windows of the palatial workhouse, one of the old paupers anxious to learn whether we would like to go over the establishment.

This old town is the site of an ancient Roman settlement called *Brigantium;* indeed the remains of the old Roman walls are still to be seen. The upper town dates as far back as Strabo, A.D. 40; and there is an odd bas-relief on the walls of the Obere-Stadt of the heathen goddess Epona, who is said to have been the guardian deity of horses and mares.

Bregenz was originally peopled by the *Vindelicians*—a tribe that is said to have belonged to Augsburg (the ancient "*Augusta Vindelicorum*"), and to have derived its name from the rivers *Vinda* (the modern Wertach) and *Lech*, between which Augsburg is situate.

After the disappearance of the Romans from the banks of the *Boden See*, Bregenz belonged to the Counts of Montford and Wirtemburg; and during the Appenzeller war, in 1405, held out successfully against the Swiss, a considerable number of whom were killed and wounded; and to this day the guards, in their night-watches, cry "Honour to Hergotha!" who is said to have defended the city till Lord Montford appeared at the head of his troops.

Fifty years afterwards, Elizabeth, Lady of Montford and Bregenz, sold half the city to the Archduke Sigismund of Austria, and the other half to the Archduke Frederick of Austria.

Like Lindau, Bregenz suffered much during the Thirty Years' War, during which it fell, in 1646, into the hands of the Swedes, who destroyed the old castle of the Montfords, that formerly stood on the Gebhardsberg, and carried off plunder sufficient to fill some five hundred wagons. Towards the end of the next century, also, the town was sacked by the French.

It now belongs to Austria, by which power, indeed, it has been possessed for the greater part of the time since the ancient house of the Counts of Montford became extinct in 1547.

Bregenz contains at present 1500 inhabitants, and boasts several monasteries in its immediate neighbourhood,* the monks from which may be generally seen in the streets, walking among the townsfolk with bare feet and bare shaven head—except on rainy days, when they indulge in the worldly vanity of a cotton umbrella, even while delighting to tramp shoeless and stockingless through the puddles.†

The costume of the peasant-women around Bregenz (the *Bregenzer-wälders*), who on market-days crowd the streets of the curious old city, is also sufficiently primitive and unlike the engravings in the "*Courrier des Dames*" to merit a brief description."

The dress consists of, (1), a peculiar kind of conical, blue-felt, brimless hat, which bulges out all round the head like the skull-protector of a French baby, and having plaits of hair showing at the back.

(2), A cloth bodice, so tight and short-waisted that it has the appearance of the neck-piece to a boy's blouse, and fitted with a pair of very high-shouldered "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, which are invariably of a different colour from the bodice itself. One lady whom we saw had a pair of brown silk sleeves, while the body of her dress was of black cloth; those of another peasant-woman were of green "stuff," and a third rejoiced in sleeves made out of a half-mourning print.

* The Swiss monks, driven from their own country, have recently purchased the ruins of the *Vorkloster* here for 50,000 francs (2000*l.*).

† These monks beg alms for the poor. They are not allowed to take money, but go from house to house collecting bread and meat, &c., and all who come to their kloster have food given them. The Capuchin monks have a monastery up the hill at the back of the town.

(3), A brown glazed-calico skirt, so closely plaited round the waist that the gathers are positively as thick as the folds in a fan; and the said skirt cut so short, that it reveals a good eighteen inches of blue worsted stocking, terminating in a thick muddy shoe.

(4), A black silk kerchief tied round the neck, cravat fashion, and with a full black velvet chemisette, ornamented with a gilt band showing beneath it.

(5), A dark-blue linen apron, fastened round the waist by means of a broad leathern belt, that has huge brass clasps at the back.

But the most peculiar part of the Bregenz fashions consists in the extreme flatness of the bust that the peasant-women study to produce; for so wedded are the ladies of the Bregenzer-wäld to high dresses, that they take the greatest possible pains, we were assured, to hide the charms peculiar to low-necked ones; and certainly those whom we saw might have been mistaken for *A-mazons* in the thorough sense of the term.

The costume of the men, on the other hand, consists of a light grey kind of postilion's jacket, with black knee breeches and huntsman's high boots; some of them wear the Swiss peasant's hat, with a gold shaving-brush-like tassel dangling on the brim; whilst others in rainy weather appear in a blanket, which has a hole cut in the middle of it for the head to be thrust through; and this, whenever the peasant enters a tavern, or has to wait for any time on the road, is taken off and used as either a horse-cloth or cow-cloth, according to the cattle driven by its owner.

Another peculiarity of the Tyrol towns may be noted in the shooting-houses that are usually to be found in the suburbs of each village. At Lindau, near the Land-thor, is seen the first *Schützenhaus*—a villa-like *Weinwirthschaft*,

standing at the edge of the island, and with a number of targets in sentry-boxes that are built on stilts, as it were, at some distance out in the water.

At Bregenz, again, we see the same institution. This at first has the appearance of a landing-pier, or swimming-school, for the Bregenzer Schützenhaus is a largish building facing the lake, and somewhat like the Margate bathing-saloons in style. It has a balcony overlooking the water, and set with seats for the spectators, after the fashion of our river-side taverns; and beneath these is the room from the windows of which the rifles are fired, each casement being fitted with a bell-wire that stretches, telegraph-like, along poles towards the stilted sentry-box-like target-houses that stand in the water immediately facing the house. A small gangway raised on piles extends from the Schützenhaus to the target-boxes, where, during the practice, boys are stationed to signal the result of each shot.

Through the week the windows of the aquatic shooting-gallery are kept closed, and the house itself is used for the purposes of a school, while the fancy targets, ornamented with figures of Justice, Mercury, &c., are taken into the hall, where they may be seen all pock-marked with shot and as full of holes as a slug-eaten cabbage-leaf.

On the Sunday, however, the place is all alive with the crowds of riflemen, and the air resounds with the sharp crack of the guns and tinkle of the target-bells.

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