III.

CLASSES OF AMUSEMENT.

§ 1.

SENSE OF COMFORT AND LUXURY—IDEAS OF "HOME"—CASINOS, CONCERTS, AND "KERMESES"—WINE-GARDENS—SHOOTING-FEASTS—DRINKING AND SMOKING.

THE pleasures of a people are a delicate test of the national morals.

All labour is performed and all business pursued merely to obtain a supply of articles of necessity, comfort, or luxury. An article of necessity is that which, like bread, tends to remove a physical *pain* or want; an article of comfort, on the other hand, that which serves to relieve a mere *uneasiness* or inconvenience (as baths, beds, carpets, &c.); while an article of luxury is what confers a positive *pleasure* (as jewels, wines, music).

Now of these three kinds of commodities, into which the produce and riches of every country are divisible,* it is

* Not only is the produce of every country divisible into articles of necessity, comfort, and luxury, but according as the capital is devoted, in a greater or less proportion, to the production of one or other of these three classes of commodities, so is the happiness of the people more or less general: or, in plain English, so is their condition more or less necessitous, or more or less comfortable, or more or less luxurious. In young countries, for instance, the greater part of the wealth set aside for future production is applied to the increase of articles of necessity; and hence food becomes plentiful and cheap, whilst articles of comfort and luxury are correspondingly scarce and dear, so that the people

evident that the luxuries are those which can be the most easily dispensed with by the community, and which, when indulged in, form a safer criterion than either of the others as to the tastes or propensities of the individuals.

generally, under such circumstances, are far removed from want, and there is but little difference between rich and poor. In more advanced nations, however, the various arts come to be practised, and a considerable proportion of the capital devoted to their production; consequently, there being comparatively less wealth applied to the increase of the articles of necessity, and more to those of comfort and luxury, the former become gradually scarce, and the latter abundant. The natural result is, that whilst articles of luxury and comfort are being inordinately cheapened, the necessaries of life are growing regularly more and more costly; so that the poor, under such circumstances, become continually poorer, obtaining less and less for their money, whilst the rich, on the other hand, get gradually richer, securing more and more comforts and luxuries for the same amount of expenditure; hence the nation comes, ultimately, to be divided into two extreme classes,—the very rich and the very poor.

That such has been the case in our own land there cannot be a doubt. Every article of luxury has of late years been greatly reduced in price. We have, nowadays, cheap watches and cheap gold chains, cheap silks, carriages, pianos, furniture, pine-apples, ices, concerts, and operas; whilst bread, and meat, and rent, have all been as gradually augmenting in money-value.

Every man among us knows that the great alteration in this country within the last century has arisen from the vast development of our manufactures, our mines, and our means of intercommunication; but while this great change has been going on, and our population extending itself at a most rapid rate, the production of the *necessaries* of life has hardly been augmented among us,—the inclosure of waste lands having been comparatively trifling; and thus, while we have cheap cloth, and shirts, and stockings, and crockery, and glass, and hardware, the price of bread is considerably dearer than it was before Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Merthyr Tydfil, &c., sprang into existence. Hence we have, at frequent intervals, the social anomaly occurring among us of too many shirts and too many shirtless; and this owing to the simple fact that there is not sufficient "purchasing power" in the community at such times to cause a demand for the surplus manufactures: or, in less technical terms, the people have no surplus food to exchange against such commodities, *i.e.* no funds wherewith to purchase the stock on hand, and contribute toward a fresh supply.

Such likewise appears to be the case with Rhenish Prussia, for there the production of wine is annually increasing, and that of corn as gradually decreasing; so that wine becomes more plentiful for the rich and food scarcer for the poor, and while the vineyards are becoming more numerous, even black bread is growing to be a luxury, and the consumption of potatoes and the number of out-wanderers (emigrants) getting greater every year.

The mere satisfying the cravings of hunger, or the protection of the body against the agony of cold, affords us no clue to the idiosyncracy of a particular people; whereas the indulgence in habits of cleanliness, as well as a love of cosiness and tidiness at home, together with a liking for the tranquillity of the family fireside, betray not only a considerable amount of refined sensibility on the part of a nation, but imply a sedateness of character, and a development of those tender and affectionate graces of human nature, which are termed the domestic virtues. But, on the other hand, a taste for luxury, or a predilection for mere pleasure, being a positive rather than a negative enjoyment,—a feeling prompted merely by the recollection of some past delight, instead of by the sense of some present unpleasantness, and for which, consequently, there is no physical excuse,—exhibits a gross oftener than a refined nature, especially when the pleasures are merely sensual ones, and they are sought after at the expense of comforts.

To delight in gaudy clothes, for instance, and yet be callous as to the annoyance and offensiveness of an unclean person, is distinctive of negroes; and to find enjoyment in drinking stimulating liquors whilst we are insensible to the charms of a wholesome, snug, and neat dwelling-place, is to be on a level with savages. The lowest and most undeveloped of human beings can appreciate the coarse pleasures of luxury, but it requires an educated and refined nature to be alive to those delicate gradations of feeling which an Englishman comprises under the term *comfort*—even as the uninformed eye can perceive the barbaric beauty of lustrous metals and vivid colours, whilst it needs the organ of a Rembrandt to feel the higher and softer charms of the "clear obscure."

The various articles of comfort which now form part of our every-day life seem to come so natural to us, that we

can hardly imagine the time when they were unknown in the land: and it is only the learned who are aware how comparatively recent has been the introduction of the majority of those things which now appear to be absolutely indispensable to human existence in a civilised state.

Even beds are almost modern inventions: our forefathers having slept upon litters of loose rushes and heather, rather than couches of feathers; indeed, it is only three-and-a-half centuries since straw was discarded from the royal bed-chambers of England. Shirts, again, were not worn till the reign of the third Henry, when they were first made by the Flemish artisans who took refuge in this country at the time of the religious persecutions; whilst, as regards stockings, even Henry VIII. had only cloth hose to cover his legs; and Stowe tells us that one William Rider, a London apprentice, seeing some knit worsted stockings from Mantua at the house of an Italian merchant, in 1564, ingeniously worked a pair like them, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke; and they were the first of the kind, he adds, "ever made in England." Silk mantles were first worn in England in 1286, by some noblemen's ladies, at a ball at Kenilworth Castle; but the fabric remained an expensive article of foreign produce till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was first manufactured in this country. Moreover, Catherine Howard, queen of Henry VIII., is said to have first used brass-wire pins, previous to which time ladies' dresses were fastened with skewers; and, further, needles were not manufactured in this country till the reign of "Bloody Mary," when they were made for the first time in Cheapside, by a negro from Spain.

Again, chimneys to our houses date only as far back as the year 1200; before which period chafing-dishes were in use; and even in the year 1300 the family used to sit round

a stove, the funnel of which passed through the ceiling: whilst the candles common among the people at the same date consisted of splinters of wood fatted—gas, it is needless to state, being an invention of the present century.

Nor had we such things as glass windows to our rooms till the beginning of the twelfth century, and even then the material had to be imported from Italy. Further, carpets were articles of extreme luxury down to the same period; and it is mentioned by old historians, as an instance of Becket's splendid style of living, about the year 1160, that his sumptuous apartments were every day in winter strewn with clean hay or straw. Indeed our Kidderminster and Wilton manufactures are the growth of the last hundred years.

The plates and dishes, too, on which the food was formerly served, were unglazed, being more like pantiles than our present crockery, up to the time of Palissy the potter, who discovered the art of giving a glassy surface to earthenware, towards the middle of the sixteenth century: whilst forks are an Italian innovation, not having been known among us more than two hundred and fifty years; for one Thomas Coryate, writing in 1608, tells us that at Venice it was the custom then to provide each person at dinner with a fork to hold the meat, besides the ordinary knife and spoon—it being considered ill manners there to touch the viands with the hand; and he adds, "I myself have thought it good to imitate the Italian fashion since I came home to England."

Then, even as regards the majority of our eatables, the same account must be given. The principal vegetables that are now sent to table with our meat were brought from Flanders in the reign of the eighth Henry; for, previous to 1509, we are told that sugar was generally eaten with animal food, "to correct its putrescency." Even cabbages, salads, and gooseberries, were unknown among us till the year 1520, and apples

first cultivated in this country in 1525; whilst currants, or "Corinthian grapes," as they were called, were not planted in England till 1533; nor apricots till 1540; neither did we know the flavour of beans, peas, or lettuces, till the year 1600.

Nor is it more than two centuries since tea was originally brought to England, by my Lord Ossory, from Holland; when the flavour being admired by persons of rank, it began to be regularly imported, the price at first being as much as sixty shillings the pound.

With respect to books, again, it should be remembered that the invention of typography dates only from the fifteenth century, the first book having been printed in England in 1474, previous to which it was customary for copies of celebrated works to fetch double or treble their weight in gold: a homily being exchanged for two hundred sheep and five quarters of wheat; and King Alfred, in 872, having given, it is said, a large estate for a copy of a treatise on cosmography.

Watches, too, properly so called, (for that used by the Emperor Charles V. is said to have been a small table-clock rather than a pocket-timepiece), have been manufactured only two hundred years: for one of the first ever made was presented by Dr. Hooke, the inventor, to our Charles the Second, and this bears the date of 1658.

Carriages, we may add, are but a hundred years older than watches, for in the middle of the sixteenth century there were but two coaches in Paris, one of which belonged to the Queen, whilst the first carriage seen in England was manufactured in 1553; previous to that period monarchs travelled on horseback, princesses were carried in litters, and ladies rode a-pillion behind their squires. Hackney-carriages, however, were not introduced till nearly a century afterwards —the first having been licensed in 1662, and the earliest stand set up at the Maypole in the Strand, by St. Clement's Church;

whereas mail-coaches, for the rapid conveyance of letters and passengers, were not established till the end of the last century, the plan having been devised by Mr. Palmer of Bath, and the first put into practice at Bristol in 1784—prior to which the letters were conveyed by one-horse carts, or by boys on horseback.

Now by the above brief chronological catalogue it will be seen, that most of the appliances of modern civilisation have been introduced into Europe within the last three centuries; and it should be noted at the same time, that many of the foregoing social refinements have not even yet become *general* among continental nations. Stockings, for instance, can hardly be said to be common among the people of France: many a middle-class French dandy wearing under his patent leather boots nothing but a roll of rags, instead of hose. In Germany, too, the families still sit round a stove with the funnel thrust through the wall, the same as our forefathers did five hundred years ago. Further, the chambers, even of the wealthy Germans, remain uncarpeted to this day; preserved fruits, too, are eaten with the meat instead of vegetables, as sugar was by our ancestors in the year 1500; whilst the people in general hardly understand the use of forks.

Indeed it is admitted by all, that whilst a love of luxury is distinctive of the French character, comfort is essentially an English enjoyment,—foreign languages possessing no equivalent for the idea: for when the people of other nations have learnt from us to have a faint notion of the physical and social delights included under the term, and have transplanted our word into their vocabulary, they misapply it so ridiculously as to prove to every English mind that they still have no definite knowledge either of the feeling or the meaning of the expression. "Comfortable pastry" we once saw announced

at a confectioner's in Paris; and the Germans fancy our term to be synonymous with *solace,*—using the word "*Trost*" in its place.

A love of comfort, however, comes from a love of home, so that those nations who make no verbal nor mental distinction between the home and the house in which they happen to live, and whose very dictionaries prove that they have not yet learnt to appreciate the tranquil joys of domestic life, cannot, of course, be expected to comprehend that *comfortable* state of mind which is the consequence of an agreeable abiding-place.

Further, civilisation and politeness, in their literal and derivative meanings, signify simply that refinement which arises from the dwelling in cities, as contradistinguished from that rougher and boorish nature which is induced by agrarian habits; and as the living in houses is the main point which distinguishes the settler from the wanderer,—the civilised man from the savage, so does the development of the domestic feelings, —the exaltation of the mere dwelling-place into the almost sacred character of a home—display a higher grade of civilisation, a more steady and sedate character, on the part of a nation.

Tried, then, by these indisputable principles, it is evident that no country rivals England in the civilisation of its people, since in no other nation are the home-feelings and the home-virtues so highly developed, whilst the sense of comfort remains unawakened in almost every other land.

On the Continent, the middle and lower classes live chiefly out of doors. A Frenchman reads his morning paper at his *café*, dines at his *restaurant*, and passes his evenings either in playing dominoes at the neighbouring *estaminet*, or at the theatre or some "*café chantant;*" or else among the dancing grisettes and lorettes at one of the public gardens. His *home*

is merely the place for himself and his wife and children to sleep in, and certainly *not* the spot in which all his affections are centered.

In Prussia the same thing holds good, though hardly to the same extent; for society, in the Rhenish capital at least, is upon the same low and degraded footing as it was with us some hundred years ago, when even our gallants and our wits spent the night at taverns, and scarcely a husband or a father throughout the nation dreamt of passing the evening among the members of his own family.

These remarks upon continental habits and manners, it should be added, refer only to the middle classes, for with what are termed "the higher" we profess no acquaintance. Moreover, the middle class of every country affords the fairest notion as to the state of the nation; for not only are all commodities reducible into necessities, comforts, and luxuries, but the several classes of society admit of being divided in the same manner,—into the necessitous, the comfortable, and the luxurious: so that, by attending to the middle state, we are enabled to discover the real amount of civilisation and refinement in the land, the extremes giving us no more idea as to the social condition of the race than the hottest and coldest days afford us as to the average temperature of the climate.

The Prussian homes we have already shown to be no very inviting places; hence it is not astonishing to find the people indulging in those gross customs which prevailed with us before the houses of our merchants and tradesmen had been rendered more attractive and agreeable than many a continental palace—viz. of retiring, almost as soon as the day's business was ended, either to some tavern-club or favourite beer-shop, to smoke and drink away the evening. In England, however, such habits appertain nowadays only to working-men and the

small retail dealers, who, possessing no place of their own worthy of the name of a home, fly to the nearest tap-room or bar-parlour, as the cosiest possible substitute.

The Coblenz "Casino," to which the majority of the people betake themselves at dusk, is, when the title is rendered into English, dignified by the name of a Club; but it is no more like our "Athenæum," or "Reform," or "United Service," than "Codgers' Hall" resembles the House of Commons. Perhaps the style of English institutions to which it bears the closest similitude is "the Eagle Tavern," or "Highbury Barn;" for there are gardens fitted with tables for *alfresco* refreshments, and large rooms for smoking and drinking in, to the occasional accompaniment of music; though the grounds are by no means so extensive, nor the rooms so well appointed, as the sixpenny suburban retreats popular among our chandlers and artizans. The drinking and even dining-chambers of the so-called Coblenz Club are quite on a level with those of any English public-house tap, and certainly far inferior, both in furniture and refinement, to our "Albion Tavern," or the "Scotch Stores;" for the tables are unpolished, the boards uncarpeted, and the refreshments served with no more style than at what we term a "slap-bang." There are, moreover, reading rooms after the manner of our Mechanics' Institutes; and balls, for the wives and daughters of the members, about equal in elegance to those of the defunct "Whittington," and "all for the small charge" of 1*s.* 6*d.* per month.*

At these dances the English visitor will obtain a lively

* If the Coblenzers have much to learn from us in the appointments and conduct of their clubs, we might nevertheless take a hint from them, and permit the members of our "Carltons" and "Travellers" to have unsophisticated wine sent home from the joint-stock cellars to their own residences at the wholesale prices. Nor would it be unadvisable, now-a-days, to apply the same principle to such articles as tea, sugar, coffee, &c., and thus avoid not only the exorbitant profits, but also the poisonous adulterations, of the retailer.

notion of the state of female cleanliness by the colour of the ladies' flannel petticoats, for as the waltzers twirl round and round, under-garments will be revealed to the sight rivalling in tint the habiliments of a *Schornstein-feger*. The greater part of the gentlemen, moreover, will be found dancing ungloved, whilst many a fair creature who has retired to the tranquillity of the supper-room will be seen smoothing her hair over the sumptuous pennyworth of cherry pie that her partner has commanded to be placed before her.

Those who are not members of the Casino frequent some beerhouse in the evenings (the hotels and more decent taverns being too expensive for a Prussian's pocket). Here the natives smoke, and drink the extract of taraxacum called "*Baierisch-bier*," and the officers occasionally (for the places swarm with such folk) indulge, by way of supper, in a three-halfpenny plate of hot mutton, or a twopenny plate of ham, or a raw "*neue Häring*," or a potato salad, with the potatoes in a like crude condition.

In the neighbourhood of every town there is always a thick sprinkling of wine-and-beer-gardens, some of which are immediately outside the gates, (to avoid the town-dues,) and others about a league distant from the city. These are after the fashion of our humblest tea-gardens, rather than being emulous of the sylvan beauties of "Madrid" in the Bois de Boulogne, or the "faster" glories of our own Cremorne or Rosherville. Indeed, to whatever establishment you go in Rhenish Prussia, the two things that first strike you are the want of capital and the want of enterprise on the part of the penniless and phlegmatic proprietor.

The *Wein-gartens* at Moselweis and Horchheim, and those on the banks of the (certainly not blue) Mosel, are all, more or less, of the grubby, scrubby, shrubby character, being laid out

with no more taste than our kitchen-gardens; whilst the places called "*Rheinlusts*" are small wildernesses near the summit of one of the hills overlooking the river, and fitted with some two or three huge straw parasols nicknamed summer-houses.

At one and all of these resorts the coffee has the true Prussian smack of acorns, and the wine, if neutralised with carbonate of soda as before recommended, continues to effervesce to a degree that is perfectly alarming, as indicative of the amount of vinegar it contains. To such places, nevertheless, come the tradesmen and officers, on a Sunday, to drink their "*Essig*," nicknamed *Zeltinger* and *Piesporter*, and eat their uncooked sausages.

Further, many of the Coblenzers betake themselves, by way of an afternoon's pleasure, to the mild excitement of the Cold-water Establishment at Laubach, and there strive to cheer themselves with glasses of raspberry vinegar, or an infusion of cherries squashed in water; whilst those who are more fashionable retire to the medicinal gaieties of the Baths at Ems or Bertrich, where they sip their hot salts in public, indulging in the refreshing glass of warm Epsom or Glauber in the dog-days, with as much gusto as we do "Sherry Cobblers" or iced "Cliquot."

Now at all these kindred establishments (for it is almost impossible to discriminate between the medicinal waters and the so-called refreshments, the wines having all the acidity of fever-draughts, and the beer all the apothecary-like smack of tonics,) a band is usually provided, as an extra inducement to the bibbers. "Grosses Concert u. Baierisch Bier" is the usual announcement; so that you drink your taraxacum (beer) at Texas to the excitement of a "*Frei Concert*," or pickle yourself with acetic acid (wine) at Moselweis, to the tuneful jerkings of one of Labitsky's polkas, or else you in-

dulge in your alkaline antidote to all the vinegar you have previously swallowed, under the name of "*Stieger*," or "*Braune-berger*," to the sound of a brass band at Ems.

Around Coblenz there were some dozen of these "*Wein-gartens*," and the little play-bill of a daily paper was usually half-filled with these advertisements of "GARDEN CONCERTS" and "GARDEN HARMONIES"—the said concerts being, as with our "Canterbury Halls" and "Effingham Saloons," merely extra attractions to induce extra drinking.*

Moreover, every village has its annual "Kermes," or Sunday Fair, in honour of the saint after whom the parish church is christened; and this again is an excuse for the people flocking in unusual crowds to the "*Wein-gartens*," and

* We append a few advertisements, cut at random from the Coblenz paper, in illustration of this part of our subject:—

To-day, Christ's Ascension,

GARDEN-CONCERT,

Executed by the Hartmann Society, whereto (the public) is most respectfully invited.

J. Z——, at Güls.

MOSELWEISS GARDEN.

To-day, Thursday (Christ's Ascension),

CONCERT,

Executed by the Band of the 25th Regiment of Infantry. Open at half-past Three. Admission for Gentlemen, 2½ sgr. (3*d*. English).

TEXAS.

To-day, Thursday, 1st May, 1856.

GRAND FREE CONCERT.

Open at half-past four.

To-day, 1st May,

HARMONY,

At Fellinger's.

To-day, Thursday,

CONCERT

(At the Tavern bearing the sign of)

"THE PENINSULA."

To-day, Thursday,

GRAND CONCERT,

Executed by the Band of the 25th Regiment of Infantry. Open at half-past Three. Admission for Gentlemen, 2½ sgr. (3*d*. English).

G. T——, at Pfaffendorf.

OBERLAHNSTEIN.

To-day, Ascension Day, if favourable weather,

GARDEN HARMONY

(At the Tavern bearing the sign of)

"THE LAHNECK MOUNTAIN."

LAUPUS'-GARDEN.

This Evening, at Six o'clock.

FREE HARMONY.

"*Weinwirthschafts*" of the place, to discuss their "*Maitrink*" or "cardinal," and eat their "*Wurst*," hard-boiled eggs and cake; whilst for those who are fond of dancing there is always at such times, on the first floor of the chief tavern, a band and a ball, at which the soldiers and the *Mädchens* with the "*Haar nadels*" form the principal couples.*

Then almost every village and small town has its "*Schützen-fest*," (shooting-feast), once in the course of the year; whither the *Schützen gesellschaft* (the foresters' club) go in procession, and full jagers' uniform, to exhibit their skill and costume. This feast is usually held at one of the largest wine-gardens in the neighbourhood, the grounds being fitted with booths, as at our fairs, for dancing and refreshments, and the sports generally lasting for upwards of a week. The fête commences with target-shooting for prizes, which are given not only by the club, but often by the king, prince, or other distinguished persons, and concludes with firing at a huge carved spread

* There are also Sunday dances, at which the citizens, soldiers, and servant-girls, love to congregate; as witness the subjoined advertisements:—

To-day, Sunday, 20th January,
DANCE-MUSIC
At H. Hürter's,
With a powerful Orchestra, composed of Hartmann's Band.

To-day, Sunday,
DANCE-MUSIC
At Fellinger's.
Open at half-past Four.

We remember once, whilst prosecuting some inquiries at the east end of London, being assured by an observant Police-Inspector that the system of Public-House Concerts had tended to *decrease* drunkenness, and the officer accounted for the apparent anomaly by saying that, though the people went to such places to drink, the music had the effect of making them forget their glass for the time being, and so causing them to take less than they otherwise might. Our own opinion, however, is, that though such institutions may lessen the extent of *individual* drunkenness, they certainly tend to increase the gross amount of *general* drinking among the people — numbers being thus attracted to the public-house who would otherwise keep away from it; and the drinking statistics of Germany, where musical beer-houses flourish to an inordinate degree, would appear to bear out the opinion.—*Vide foot note*, p. 111–12.

eagle raised on a flag-staff, and made out of the hardest wood—the forester who brings down the last fragment of the bird being the king for the ensuing year, and carried home in triumph at night with music and torches.*

Another festive custom with the Coblenzers consists in passing the night on the summit of the "*Kuhkopf*," so as to see the sun rise, on the morning of Whit-Monday. In the year 1855, the proprietor of one of the "*restaurations*" provided a supper and breakfast on the hill-top for the ephemeral mountaineers, and the night was passed, we were told, in riot and drunkenness.†

It is but fair, however, to state, that whatever may be the national failings of the Prussian people, intemperance *appears* to be far less common with them than with us—that is to say, drunken men are seldom or never seen in the streets.‡

* Here is the advertisement for the entertainment:—

SHOOTING-FEAST AT COBLENZ.

Monday, 30th June, at Three in the Afternoon.

CONTINUATION OF THE

TARGET-SHOOTING FOR ROYAL HONOURS AND PRIZES,

Accompanied with GRAND HARMONY, and a BALL in the Evening in the Shooting Tent, in addition to a display of

GRAND FIREWORKS.

At the conclusion of which the Name and Titles of the distinguished Patrons will be splendidly displayed in brilliant fire.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE COBLENZ SHOOTING-SOCIETY.

† Here is an advertisement of a similar festivity in Sayn:—

Whitsuntide, Sunday and Monday.—HARMONY and DANCING, with Refreshment, on the Summit of Freidrichsberg. Commended to the notice of the Public.

P. BALL, Tavern-keeper in Sayn.

‡ This surface-sobriety, however, is mere *appearance*, after all, for statistics prove the Preussen to be just four times as drunken as our own people. The annual consumption of spirits throughout Prussia amounts to between 40 and 45 million gallons English, whereas the entire quantity of British and foreign

It is true, history tells us that drunkenness was, in olden times, a marked characteristic of the several Teutonic tribes; at the present day, however, there is certainly less patent intoxication in Germany than in England; and from the police-regulations forcing every wine-and-beer-shop to be closed at eleven, it is of course impossible that late drinking can be indulged in.

The more enlightened Prussians, however, informed us that their compatriots are still far from being temperate over their cups, and assuredly at their wedding-feasts, called "*hoch-zeit*," (literally, high time,) gorging and guzzling are indulged in among middle-class people—even by the bride and bridemaids —to an extent that has hardly any parallel amongst the most bestial of Englishmen.

It is a great question, however, whether drunkenness is really a test as to the drinking-habits of a nation. Paradoxical as it may sound, we believe that intoxication, so far from being a sign of habitual indulgence in liquor, is precisely the contrary; being, indeed, a strong proof that the inebriated individual is *unused* to stimulants. Your experienced toper is never tipsy, simply because, from long custom, he is enabled to stand such a quantity of strong waters as would madden or stupefy some half-dozen really sober men. At supper-parties the young hands are always the first to find "the

spirits entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom is, on the average, only 25 to 26 million gallons—and this though the population of Great Britain and Ireland is nearly double that of Prussia. Dividing, then, the quantity consumed by the number of people in each country, we find every one in the United Kingdom drinks, on an average, three quarts of spirits throughout the year, whilst each individual in Prussia—including men, women, and children—swallows no less than 4 times that quantity, or three gallons per head. The relative consumption of beer, also, is said by Mr. M'Culloch to be equally excessive on the part of the Prussian people; and yet in England the country resounds with the declamation of our teetotal societies against the drinking propensities of the people, whilst in educated Prussia not one voice is raised against the vice!

lobster" disagree with them; whilst your two-and-three-bottle men can sit till morning, and even then walk home without deviating from the cracks in the pavement.

So with Continental nations there is less drunkenness than with us, simply because the people abroad are more given to drinking than our own countrymen; for, let us explain it as we may, still the fact exists that the Germans drink four times as much as we, and yet appear less drunken. Those who know the habits of the French, know well that "*petits verres*" are tippled at the *cafés*, the *cabarets*, and the wine-shops, at short and regular intervals, continually throughout the day, from the morning *goûte* down to the nocturnal *bonnet de nuit*. In Holland, the English chaplain at one of the principal Dutch towns assured us that the same series of drams is indulged in, the people dodging into the nearest "*wijn huis*," like bees in and out a hive, all the day long; whilst in Germany the "*Gasthauser*," "*Weinwirthschafts*," and "*Restaurations*," are as regularly and frequently visited by the "*Leute*."

At the "*Specerei*" (grocer's), over which our rooms were situate, and which, being close to the theatre and the parade-ground, was a place of popular resort, we had ample opportunities for witnessing the drinking-habits of the Rhenish race. From the taking down of the shutters to the putting of them up, the people kept dropping in as fast as at a pawnbrokers' on a Saturday night.

"*Guten Morgen! Ich hätte gerne ein Schnäppschen*" (literally, I would fain have a little snatch), one would say as he approached the counter. "*Was für Schnäppschen?*" (A snatch of what?) the mistress of the shop would inquire. "*Sie kennen mir als etwas Pfeffermünze gäben*" (You can give me some peppermint), was generally the answer—for this seemed to be the favourite liquor.

Others would exclaim as they entered, "*Ich wünsche ein*

Glas Branntwein" (I wish a glass of brandy). "*Von welchem branntwein?*" would be asked in return; and the reply would be either "*Korn-branntwein*" (rye brandy), or "*Kartofle*" (potato), or "*Zwetschgen*" (prunes), or "*Trester*" (grape-husks), or "*Bitter*"—according to the taste of the customer for the time being.

To this same shop many of the people used to come for their breakfast also, and then, after the customary "*Ich hätte gerne ein Glas Pfeffermünze*," or "*Rhum*" (rum), as the case might be, they would add, "*Sie kennen mir als ein Weck dazu gäben*" (You can give me then a roll, too); "*und für zwei Pfennige Käse darauf geschmiert*" (and with a pfennig-worth of cheese smeared over it).*

The "*Käse*" eaten by these folk at such times was of somewhat the same consistence as our cream-cheese, but more like dirty white paint in complexion, and equal to the most fœtid common sewer in odour; so partial, however, were the Germans to the high flavour of it, that it was not unusual for some to enter the shop and say, "*Oh, Frau R——, den Käse den sie mir geschickt haben hat nicht genug gestunken*" (Oh, Mrs. ——, that cheese you sent me did not stink enough!)

Moreover, with even the better class Rhenish "merchants" and tradesmen it is usual to visit a *café*, either to play billiards or cards, or else merely to smoke and drink, for some hour or two after dinner in the middle of the day; so that (what with the number of meals and the four hours passed at

* Such a meal as the one above described costs about three farthings altogether; the "*Schnäppschen*" coming to two pfennigs (less than a farthing), the "*Weck*," or water-roll, together with the "*Käse*," to six pfennigs (a halfpenny). The cost of the "*Branntwein*" is, for the commonest kind, one groschen the half "*Schoppen*" (*chopin*, or pint), or four gros (5*d.*) the quart bottle; but this the people describe as being merely "*Pfeffer und Wasser.*" The price of the better sort of spirits, however, is from seventeen to twenty-five groschen (1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*) per bottle, whilst beer is sold ordinarily at eighteen pfennigs (1¾*d.*) the pint glass, and three gros (3½*d.*) the bottle.

the Casino every evening, in addition to the two hours at the *café* every afternoon) at least two-thirds of each day are consumed in eating and drinking by these people. The wonder to an Englishman is, how the business of the country can be carried on in such a manner, and by what means the men are able to find the money even for a glass of potato-spirit.

As an illustration, moreover, of the Prussian love of animal pleasures in preference to intellectual ones, we may add that we asked a Coblenz schoolmaster whether he had ever seen the interior of Stolzenfels:—"Vot! and five groschen give to feed my eyes!" was the exclamation in reply. "Foolish tings! foolish tings! For five gros I can eine flasche of goot vine get, and dat smecks me viel besser. Nein! nein! Stolzenfels is for die Engländers and die pig fools. You say a pig fool, or a large fool, or extensive fool?"

But the most savage and selfish of all a Prussian's animal enjoyments consists in his overweening indulgence in the pipe. If he do not publicly intoxicate himself with his snatches of rye-brandy, he openly reduces himself to a half-comatose state by the fumes of tobacco; for the experiments of Orfila (made in connexion with the celebrated poisoning case in Brussels with the oil of tobacco) have proved to the scientific world that "nicotine" produces paralysis of the liver, and so prevents that purification of the blood which is necessary for thought and action; since it is a well-established physiological fact, that if carbonised or venous blood (and the liver is one of the great outlets for surplus carbon in the system) be sent to the brain, a state of lethargy and inertia is the consequence.

Now, a Prussian by nature is not blessed with a *superabundance* of energy, for he moves, while at his work, at a pace that half maddens an impatient Englishman to contemplate. A German is wont to travel at the same sleepy rate as the

oxen in the wagons, and even the stone-breakers at the road-side throughout Rhineland hammer away at the lumps of basalt with about the same energy and rapidity as the automaton figures strike the time at old-fashioned church-clocks, giving but one or two feeble strokes every quarter of an hour. Indeed, we were assured by one of the Directors of the German Railways, that though English labour is more than double as dear as the work of the natives in Germany, it is in the end half as cheap again as the German "*Arbeit*,"—one of *our* navvies being equal to nearly three of the Deutschers.

For such people, therefore, to indulge in sedatives, is about as rational as it would be to administer laudanum to a sloth.

But it is the selfishness displayed by Prussians over their pipes that, to persons of refinement, constitutes the most objectionable part of their inveterate habit of smoking; for it is well known, that though the love of tobacco rises to an indomitable passion with some people, both the smell and taste of it are absolutely nauseous to others whose nostrils or palates are unused to the weed. Among the latter unsophisticated class some of the Prussian ladies may still be ranked: though, perhaps, from Prussian gentlemen in no way consulting them as to the noxiousness of their tobacco clouds, they have become so far barbarised by the universal practice as to find as much delight in the odour as Indian "bibbies."

Nevertheless, at *tables d'hôte* there *are* occasionally gentlewomen present, whose nerves have not yet been deadened to the natural offensiveness of nicotine: still, a true-bred Prussian shows no more regard for their presence, and no more consideration for their feelings, than might be expected from a London cabman; for immediately the dessert is placed upon the table, the unmannerly Preusse lights his cigar without even so much as a hope that it will not sicken the lady who may happen to sit next to him.

Now as politeness consists merely in acts that imply a regard for the feelings of others, and as even the least civilised nations acknowledge that some deference is due from men towards those whom Nature has not formed in so rough a mould as themselves, surely such Prussian habits display an amount of rudeness that would disgust even the semi-humanity of a Satyr.

But those who have not yet visited Germany are blissfully ignorant as to what an offensive extent an artificial appetite may be carried. Prince Carl of Prussia, we were credibly told, has become so thoroughly brutalized by this indulgence in tobacco, that he has lost all power to dispense with his pipe, even during meal-times, and takes now a mouthful of meat and then a whiff of his meerschaum; next a taste of fish or pastry, and after that another puff at his "k'naster."

Nor is it only among the idle and unemployed that the habit prevails; for not a stroke of work is done without a huge china bowl hanging from the mouth; not a government official do you see without the same unofficial-looking appendage oscillating from between his lips; nor does a shopman serve you, but he has first to put down his cigar.

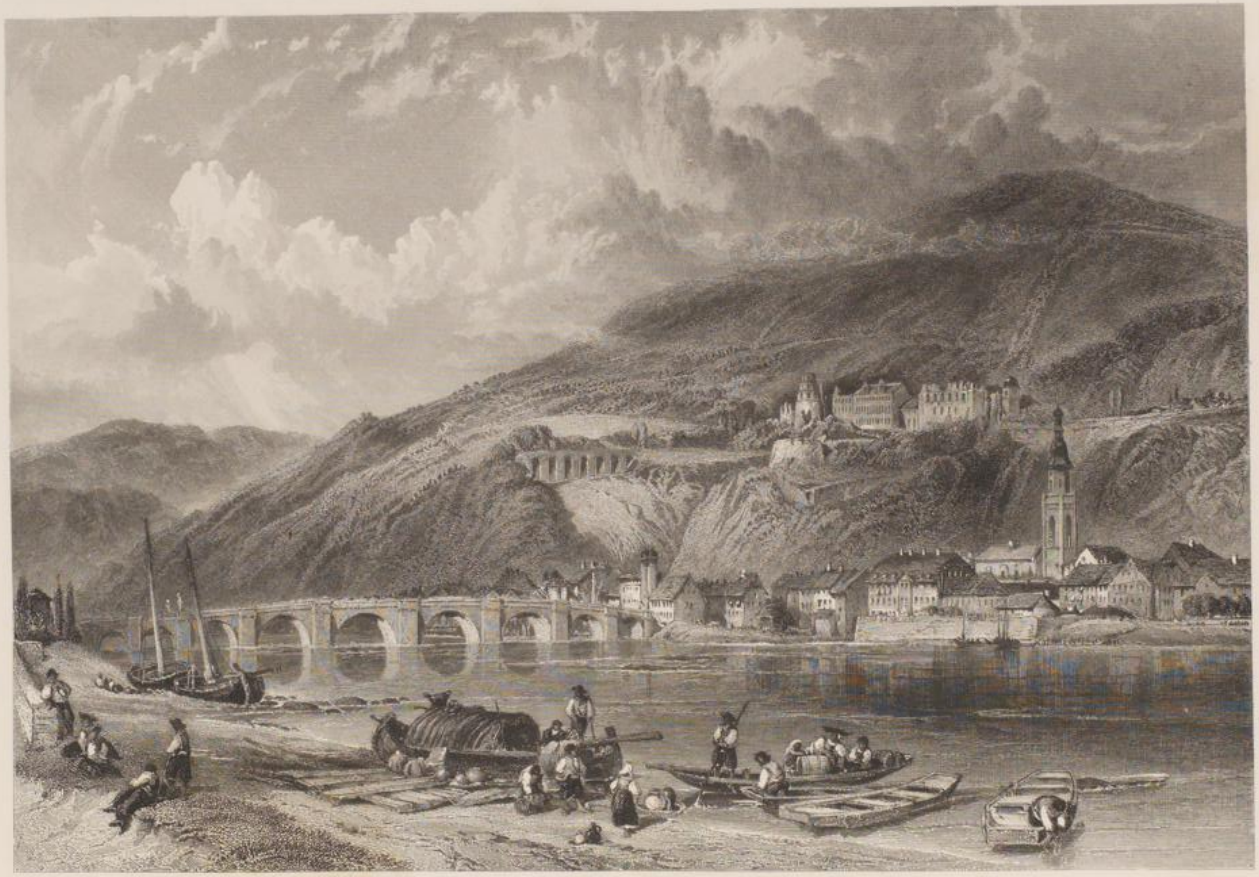
Indeed, almost everybody smokes almost everywhere. We have seen soldiers at it while on their march; undertakers' men indulging in it in the midst of a funeral procession; and policemen while on duty. The postman, too, who brings the letters to you at breakfast, fills your rooms with clouds from his morning pipe. Peasants plough with their china meerschaums, as long as an elephant's proboscis, dangling at their mouth; beggarmen ask for charity with a "dudeen" between their lips; and aristocratic footmen puff their cigars while walking behind their royal mistresses.

Nor do German monarchs differ from German flunkies in this respect. At the palace of Stolzenfels the royal spittoons

may be seen in the corner of the state apartments; and at Rheinstein (the Rhenish residence of one of the Princes Royal) the chambers reek of stale tobacco-smoke like a taproom.

True, the custom of smoking has not yet been introduced into the churches, though it certainly has found its way into middle-class ball-rooms, for at the Bertrich baths we saw several gentlemen smoking while the ladies danced. Smoking in bed, again, is a common custom; and in the window of every pipe-shop you may see wire cages, made for indulging in the beastly habit without fear of setting the clothes on fire. Children of ten years old smoke (though the natives declare there is a law against youths indulging in the habit under fourteen years of age), and greybeards, too, of eighty; thus showing you that the practice is older than the present generation. Indeed, the first breath an infant draws on entering the German world is sure to be three-parts tobacco-smoke, and the last gasp a man gives for air, fetches only the fumes of Dutch k'naster in return. Not a German sitting-room but reeks of tobacco-oil like a pothouse in the morning; you catch the same stench, too, in the women's hair as they sit beside you at dinner; and the public newspapers smell of it as strongly as a bit of sea-weed does of the beach; whilst if you receive a letter from a German family, you require to deodorize it before it is readable.

Nor should innocent Engländers imagine that the odour of the weed which the Prussians delight to inhale is equal even to that of our penny "Pickwicks," for the *best* German Havannas are grown and dried in Holland, and sold at the rate of three a-penny; whilst those of a commoner kind may be had as low as four for a halfpenny: so that even our full-flavoured rhubarb cheroots are positive nosegays to the finest Dutch cabanas.



B. Foster. E. I. Roberts

Heidelberg.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(5.)

HEIDELBERG.

Heidelberg is the Rheinfels of the Neckar. It is the site of an ancient "*Schloss-Festung*," as the Germans call it, or Palace-fortress as we should say in English.

But grandly as the Rhine-ruin is set amid the brown and precipitous cliffs of St. Goar, with the great German river walled in by the huge pyramids of the rocky masses, that blacken the water alongside them with their shadows, till the stream has almost the aspect of a pool or crater-lake; and with the yellow and roofless façade of the tottering stronghold cresting its green truncated mountain-cone close beside the stream—the sky shining in bright blue patches through the jagged window-holes and empty embrasures, and the walls standing in fragmentary plates almost like the tall isolated stones of some old Druid temple,—grandly as this rock-girt pile strikes the mind, and vast as its proportions appear in the desolateness of the abandoned citadel, nevertheless it dwindles into the ugliness of a mere monster dungeon when compared with the still-perfect architectural graces and rich red colour tinting the ivy-curtained walls of the eight palaces that make up the mountain-castle of Heidelberg.

The Neckar ruin, indeed, is set sublimely on a shelf of rock, half-way up one of the huge mountains between which the meandering river pushes its way, and with a pedestal of cannonless ramparts descending in steps almost to the water-side; and with the long, single street of a town that stretches at its feet, filmed over with the smoke steaming up from below, and the green sward of the mountain mass

that slopes at its back contrasting finely with the pale coral tint of its windowless and roofless walls, bastioned at intervals with their high, battered towers; and with the dark cumulus clouds of the surrounding trees rising in dense and solid fumes, as it were, about its lofty sides, and the little many-arched bridge spanning the fretting stream at its base; and with the monster earth-billows that make up the mountain-chain of the Oden-Wald swelling up, like immense volcanic "land-bubbles," along the opposite shore, and the bright tints of the sunshine, as it falls in a golden flood upon their vine-clad sides, staining the river like a rich oriel window; and the distant Neckar, seen at the far end of the narrow mountain vista, thin almost as the trickling of a spring, shining down amid the darkness of the chasm in silver flashes, like a glow-worm at the bottom of some steep bank;—all these adjuncts conspire to render the Castle of Heidelberg at once the grandest and the most beautiful ruin, perhaps, in the world —the Alhambra, as it has been termed, of Germany, though the old Moorish pile sinks to the elaborateness of filagree beside it: the one being pretty and light as a cluster of icicles sparkling in the sun, the other sublime and massive as an iceberg towering out of the sea.

Such is the exterior of Heidelberg; still, the interior is infinitely more graceful. "Here art," says Goethe, "borrows beauty from nature, and nature returns it with interest;" for the charms of ornament and the architectural delicacies, that are utterly lost in the grandeur of the mass viewed from a distance, positively enrapture the eye, when near, with the very luxury of decoration; while the pleasing incongruities of the ruin seize upon the mind with all the force of contrast: the moats changed to a wilderness, with their tangle of brambles and trees—the ramparts bristling with wild firs

rather than cannon—the portcullis immoveable with rust—the embrasures choked and wattled over with ivy a hundred years old—the royal nuptial-chambers without a roof—the *salle à manger* of the Princess of England with trees sprouting from the floor—the gorgeous *Ritter-saals* (Knights' halls) without windows or floor—and *Restaurations* ("*et de bonne bière*," adds M. Bœdeker,) and boarding-houses (with "good *table d'hôte* at 1," says Mr. Murray) dispensing the hospitalities of the Castle instead; and, indeed, the fortress that was intended, with its ball-proof bastions, batteries, and ramparts, to resist the cannon and shells of the enemy, crumbling slowly away before the silent attacks of the wind and the rain—and the "triumphal arches," that were raised to perpetuate some great glory of yore, now telling only of misfortune and human vanity.

Let us mount the hill. There are two roads from the town to the Castle—the one from Karlsplatz, a mere foot-path, leading by terraces and garden-slopes up the Castle-hill side to the part of the ruin facing the Neckar; and the other a steep carriage-way, extending from the *Klingelthor*, and bringing the stranger to the back of the building.

Pursuing the latter route we enter the Castle-gardens, that are still laid out with broad walks, and exquisitely shady and cool with their long arcades of interlacing boughs above—the sun-beams trickling, as it were, in large *gouttes* through the leafy lattice; and the veiled light as it descends stained a pale green, as if it had permeated some painted window.

Here, before reaching the gate that leads to the quadrangle of the Castle itself, we turn into the *allée* to the left, and thus come to the "*Elizabethen Pforte*" (Elizabeth Gate)—a handsome triumphal arch, in red sandstone, with wreaths of oak-leaves sculptured up the pillars, and the gate itself half curtained with ivy,—the graceful lines of the architecture

being beautifully varied and broken, and the ornaments half hidden by the boughs of the parasitic plants hanging from the pediment. The arch itself is set almost in a bower of foliage, and the rich red of the embossed stone-work is in exquisite contrast, not only with the dark beetle-green of the ivy that droops in festoons about it, but with the softer colours of the now autumn-tinted trees surrounding it.

This arch is interesting to our countrymen, not alone for its intrinsic beauty, but from its having been built for the Princess Elizabeth Stuart (the grandmother of our George I.) by her husband, the Elector Frederick V., to celebrate his nuptials with the daughter of James I. the English king. It then led to the flower-garden which the Prince-Elector had laid out for her, and which to this day still remains one of the loveliest walks in the world; commanding, as it does, a vast view of the exquisite scenery of the Neckar, with the Schwarz-Wald lying far behind, and the Oden-Wald towering high in front; and looking deep down into the little town at its feet, with the pigmy people dotting its public places and its streets, and the cradle-like craft drifting down the stream, whose course the eye can track twisting through its mountain channel far away to where the hazy line of the Vosges looms like a long cloud upon the horizon.

But the arch of triumph, and the flower-garden, and the new nuptial palace, that were all devised in exultation at the good fortune that awaited the betrothed prince, now remain only splendid examples of the vanity of human hopes; serving but to recall to the mind, with all the vividness of dramatic force, the words of this arrogant Princess, who, when her husband hesitated to accept the crown of Bohemia, declared that she would rather eat dry bread at a king's table than feast at the board of a Prince-Elector; and who, with a fine retributive destiny, came in the course of years, not

only to *eat* dry bread as an exiled queen, but to have to *beg* it first.

At the end of the flower-garden, and at the corner of the "English Palace" facing the Neckar, is to be seen the well-like stump of "*der dicke Thurm*" (the thick tower), which, though the walls are twenty-two feet in thickness, was battered down almost to the root by the French in 1689. This was formerly the hall in which the fêtes of Frederick V. were given, and the statue of the Elector, with that of his brother Louis V., are still standing in the niches, half-covered with ivy.

Continuing the path towards the court-yard of the Castle, we pass the principal gateway, with the red rusted teeth of its portcullis still peeping from below the arch.

And no sooner do we enter the quadrangle than we stand environed with palaces; built by as many different Electors as there are wings, and all displaying the various tastes of their founders, as well as being enriched with the architectural graces of successive centuries. Here the walls are as red almost as cornelian, and the fretted and sculptured façades, the work of which is nearly as sharp as if it were finished but yesterday, are an encyclopædia of the several styles of the ages in which they were respectively erected; and even though the courtyard is now like a heath, and each red palace is but an open shell of walls, it could hardly have appeared more beautiful or more grand when it was fresh from the mason's chisel; for there is always a half pathos about a ruin, that (even if the breaking up of the outlines, and the mellowing of the tints—together with all the startling antitheses of peace and war, pomp and rubbish, which time links together in such a place—did not serve to lend it extra beauty in decay) would at least make it at once interesting and impressive as a monument of the mere changes of fortune since the laying of its first stone.

On entering the spacious quadrangle, the façade facing us is that of the palace of Frederick IV.—that to the right belongs, on the other hand, to the palace of Otto-Henry—that to the left, again, is part of the English Palace built by Frederick V.—whilst the more ancient structures behind us are the portions that were constructed by the first Electors, Rodolph and Ruprecht.

At the last-mentioned of these we see the Imperial eagle over the escutcheon of the Palatinate, and above the door is a crown of roses borne by two angels—probably some masonic symbol.

The façade of the palace built by Frederick IV. (*Freiderich's-bau*) is almost overlaid with ornament, and revelling in all the luxuries of design. It is surmounted by two handsome pediments, and its walls niched with rows of statues representing the ancestors of the Electors-Palatine, from the time of Charlemagne.

In the first row from the top we perceive the Emperor Charlemagne and the three Counts-Palatine—Otto de Wittelsbach, Lewis of Bavaria, and Rodolf the First.

Along the second line may be seen the two Emperors, Lewis of Bavaria and Rupert II., and the two Kings, Otto of Hungary and Christopher of Denmark.

Below these, on the third rank, are found four more Counts-Palatine,—Rupert the Ancient, Frederick the Victorious, Frederick II., and Otto-Henry.

Whilst the fourth and lowest series is composed of another quadrate of Palatines,—Frederick the Pious, Lewis, Jean-Casimir, and Frederick IV.

In front of this part of the Castle is a broad stone balcony ("*der Altan*"), or rather terrace, looking out on the river below, and presenting a scene of grandeur and beauty that is not to be paralleled in Europe.

The façade of the Palace of Otto-Henry, forming the

west wing, or that facing the upper part of the Neckar, is the most remarkable of all the buildings for the exquisite taste of its design and the richness of its architectural embellishments. It is in the best Italian style, called "*cinque cento*," and of the noblest proportions, having been designed, it is said, by Michael Angelo. Here the doorway is a choice bit of beauty, with its caryatides and embossed entablature, and the windows are finely pedimented and elaborately fretted with decorations; whilst the niches which indent the walls are filled with statues of the heroes of mythology and ancient history, both profane and sacred,—Hercules, Mars, Nero, Samson, Venus, Joshua, Brutus, &c., being ranged one beside the other in a curious historic and mythic medley.

At the south-eastern corner of the Castle, and at the end of the broad walk by which we first entered the ground, is seen the split tower, that was undermined and blown up by the French (*der gesprengte Thurm*). This originally formed one of the bastions of the Castle, and was 70 odd feet in diameter and 150 feet high; but the walls were so massive and the masonry so sound, that though the tower was split down, and a "vertical section," as it were, made of its construction by the explosion of the powder—leaving the vaulted casemates of the interior exposed to view—the enormous fragment, instead of crumbling to pieces, merely slid down into the moat below in one solid mass, where it still remains inclined against the wall like a huge splinter of rock, with the fir-trees sprouting from its embrasures and crevices, and the wild thicket that has sprung up in the dry moat half hiding it from view.

Almost at the cross corner to the "Sprung Tower," that is to say, at the north-western part of the building, there is a cave beside the English Palace, containing the enormous Heidelberg Tun — which is the largest wine-cask in the world, and capable of holding 800 hogsheads, or very nearly

300,000 bottles, but still of little better than half the capacity of one of the monster porter-vats of our London brewers.*

At the first glance, this huge cask strikes one like the hull of some unweildy Dutch barge resting on its stocks. Upon its head it bears an escutcheon carved on the staves. A broad staircase runs up alongside of the beam of the vessel, as it were, and leads to the deck-like platform with which the top of the gigantic tun is covered. Here the Elector Charles-Theodore (the last princely occupant of the Castle) was wont to assemble the *élite* of his court, and to give a supper and ball on the completion of the vintage, when it was filled with its river of wine—the annual tribute of the vineyards of the Palatinate.

The history of the Castle is replete with vicissitudes.

Its origin is coeval with the Counts-Palatine themselves, having been founded by the first Pfalzgraves. Otto of Wittelsbach is said to have established his residence at Heidelberg, and made the town the capital of the Palatinate; and his son Lewis IV. of Bavaria (surnamed "the Severe") who was son-in-law to Rodolph of Hapsburg, is thought to have founded the present Castle, towards the end of the 13th century, on being invested with the dignity of Count-Palatine, and coming into possession of the manor of Heidelberg.

The Elector Rodolph I. added the royal nuptial apartments to the Castle, and in them celebrated his marriage with the daughter of the Emperor Adolphe of Nassau — he whose tomb is seen in the *Kaiserdom*, and who fell at the battle of Speier.

The oldest portion, however, at present standing, was built,

* The Heidelberg Tun is 36 feet long and 24 feet high, and contains 250 fudders (800 hogsheads), or precisely 230,000 bottles. A large London porter-vat is said to contain 3000 barrels, of 36 gallons each = 108,000 gallons; and reckoning 6 bottles to the gallon, 648,000 bottles in all!

in the year 1400, by the Count-Palatine and Elector Ruprecht III., surnamed "the Red;" this part of the ruin is called to the present day "Ruprecht's building" (*Ruprecht's-bau*).

The Elector Frederick I., however, added largely to the structure, and after his time magnificent wings were built by the Electors Lewis V., surnamed "the Pacific," and Otto-Henry, and Frederick IV. and V., the last being the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and husband to Elizabeth Stuart, who, as we have said, was the daughter of our James I., and grand-daughter of Mary Queen of Scots.

The first of these princes erected the portion of the Castle known by the name of "*Ludwig's-bau*" (Lewis' building), together with the tower called "*Der dicke Thurm*," A.D. 1553; the second constructed the west wing, styled "*Otto-Heinrich's-bau*" (Otto-Henry's building), A.D. 1556; the third raised the north or front wing, christened "*Freidrich's-bau*" (Frederick's building), A.D. 1607; and the last added the part denominated the "English Palace," as well as the "*Elizabethen Pforte*" (Elizabeth's Gate), A.D. 1607. Indeed, the Castle of Heidelberg comprises within its trenches no less than eight different palaces, built by as many different princes.

But, if nearly half-a-score of the Counts Palatine were concerned in raising the structure, assuredly it required the cannons and bombs of many armies, as well as the bolts of Heaven itself, in order to destroy it; for it has thrice suffered from fire, and ten times experienced the horrors of war; and yet, though reduced to a mere carcass, the greater part of its adamantine walls remain to this day as solid and ornate as when they were first erected.

During the Thirty Years' War great ravages were made in the building, and the Elector Charles-Lewis the Wise vainly attempted to restore it; for he had incurred the displeasure of Louis XIV., who, in 1674, sent his troops into the Palatinate

to lay waste the country before them, with slaughter, fire, and rapine. Charles-Lewis, unable to oppose the French with an equal force, shut himself up in the Castle, and saw with anguish the flames rising from the surrounding villages and towns. But, being eager to avenge the wanton cruelties of the French General, he resolved to challenge Turenne to single combat, and addressed him the following letter:—

"It is impossible that his Most Christian Majesty can have commanded you to lay waste, as you have, my country. I must therefore attribute such barbarous conduct to personal enmity on your part. But it is unjust that my poor subjects should suffer for any feeling that you may entertain in your heart against me; and, therefore, I propose to terminate our difference on your naming the hour, the place, and the arms that you would choose."

The French General, however, did not deign to accept the challenge, and a few years afterwards, Louis XIV. (on the death of the Elector) laid claim to the Palatinate on behalf of the Duke of Orleans, and in 1688 sent another army up the Rhine under Mélac—a general whose brutality and atrocities surpassed those of the previous leader, and who, contrary to the conditions of the recent treaty, blew up the Castle of Heidelberg.

In 1693, again, the devastation was continued, and even to a greater extent than before; for then, at the siege under Chamilly, the troops were guilty of excesses, equalled only in enormity by those of the French Revolution. The Castle being surrendered, or rather betrayed by the Governor, the citizens who had taken refuge in it were slaughtered without mercy, and the building itself reduced to ruins.

Its ultimate destruction, however, had yet to be achieved; for though it was once more restored, and almost to its former splendour, by Charles-Philip, in 1716, and remained intact until

1764, then the "octagon tower," at the corner next the viaduct-like "terrace," was struck by lightning, and the interior of the Castle entirely consumed by fire, as the Elector Charles-Theodore was returning to it from his residence at Mannheim.

Since then it has never been restored or occupied, and it now remains a mere shell of red-stone walls, having been roofless for nearly a century; still it is one of the most interesting ruins in Europe, not only on account of its varied fortunes, but for its picturesque situation, as well as its vastness and its architectural riches, exhibiting as they do the styles of different centuries and the taste of its different founders.

The town of Heidelberg contains little to attract the stranger. It is, as we said, one interminable, narrow thoroughfare, as long as our Oxford Street, and extending from the railway station to the handsome gate of Carl-Theodore. The line of houses is squeezed in between the "Castle" mountain (*Schlossberg*) and the Neckar, and is broken by the clumsy, bulbous tower of the Church of the Holy Ghost (a most accommodating and Christian edifice, being used by Catholics and Protestants by turns), the square turret of the Church of St. Peter (against whose door Jerome of Prague, the noble friend of Huss, nailed his theses, and in whose pulpit he afterwards defended them), and the Temple-Bar-like front of the Jesuits' Church (a heavy marble affair, in the usual Jesuitical style of church architecture). The *Haupt Strasse* (High Street) of Heidelberg is, comparatively speaking, busy with passengers—the University students, with their gay-coloured cloth caps and striped watch-ribbons, composing the greater number of the pedestrians, and the shops being more like those of Paris and London than the ordinary sleepy-looking "Magazins" of a German town. Indeed, the whole place has the look and bustle of a thriving community. The University, however, is very much like a

huge model lodging-house in a bad state of repair, being merely a large, plain, stucco building, at one side of a bare open Platz, and appearing almost as desolate as Gray's Inn Square on a Sunday.

The environs of Heidelberg, however, are full of beauty —every different road revealing some fresh charm. There is the lovely ride to Wolfsbrunnen, with its Swiss-châlet-like restaurant and black pools of water; and the exquisite mountain-walk up either to the *Königstuhl* (King's Stool) — the immense hill swelling up immediately behind the Castle, or else up the ravine of the still loftier *Heilegenberg* (Holy Hill), on the opposite side of the river, along the exquisitely thoughtful Philosophers' Way (*Philosphs Wœg*). Here, too, at a little distance up the valley that leads to the mountain-pass, you come to the small inn called *Hirschgraben*, where the college-boys fight their duels, and the tables are scored over with students' names. The room in which the encounters take place is a little square one, and partakes of the character of a country casino (or dancing-saloon), having a tin hoop of candles dangling from the centre of the ceiling. On the floor here the would-be men, having stripped themselves to their shirt-sleeves, thrust at one another with their "*Schläger*" (rapiers) until blood is drawn, while the spectators (for the public are admitted to such displays) sit round on the benches against the wall, as if it were some rat-fight that was going on.

"Would the Herr like to see a duel?" said the barmaid to us as we inspected the apartment. "There was one here about two months ago, and we expect another in about a fortnight; we should be happy to send word to the Herr's hotel a day or two before."

Some twenty to thirty such affrays take place here in the course of each season, and occasionally terminate fatally—a boy from Hamburg was killed on the spot the year before our visit.