§ 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.