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

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

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§ 1.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Latin constituted the universal language, as it

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

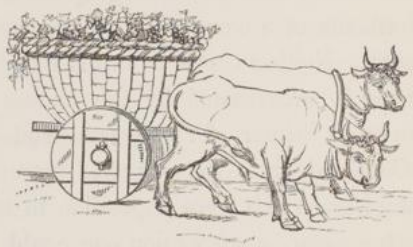
* While we are writing, the King of Prussia is just going to lay the foundation-stone of a permanent bridge at that town. Oct. 1st, 1855.

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

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



OX-WAGON AT PRESENT USED IN GERMANY.



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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



B. Foster. A. Willmore.

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

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

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

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

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

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(14.)

THE LAKE OF CONSTANZ AND ISLANDS OF MAINAU AND REICHENAU.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¶ i.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(15.)

THE CITY OF CONSTANZ.

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

The pier itself reminds one somewhat of Ramsgate, having

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



B. Foster. E.I. Roberts.

The City of Constanz, as seen from the Harbour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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§ 2.

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

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