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The upper Rhine

the scenery of its banks and the manners of its people

Mayence to the lake of Constance

Mayhew, Henry

London, 1858

III. Classes of amusement

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Visual Library

III.

CLASSES OF AMUSEMENT.

§ 1.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At these dances the English visitor will obtain a lively

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To-day, Christ's Ascension,
GARDEN-CONCERT,
Executed by the Hartmann Society, whereto (the public) is most respectfully invited.
J. Z——, at Güls.

MOSELWEISS GARDEN.
To-day, Thursday (Christ's Ascension),
CONCERT,
Executed by the Band of the 25th Regiment of Infantry. Open at half-past Three. Admission for Gentlemen, 2½ sgr. (3*d*. English).

TEXAS.
To-day, Thursday, 1st May, 1856.
GRAND FREE CONCERT.
Open at half-past four.

To-day, 1st May,
HARMONY,
At Fellinger's.

To-day, Thursday,
CONCERT
(At the Tavern bearing the sign of)
"THE PENINSULA."

To-day, Thursday,
GRAND CONCERT,
Executed by the Band of the 25th Regiment of Infantry. Open at half-past Three. Admission for Gentlemen, 2½ sgr. (3*d*. English).
G. T——, at Pfaffendorf.

OBERLAHNSTEIN.
To-day, Ascension Day, if favourable weather,
GARDEN HARMONY
(At the Tavern bearing the sign of)
"THE LAHNECK MOUNTAIN."

LAUPUS'-GARDEN.
This Evening, at Six o'clock.
FREE HARMONY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Here is the advertisement for the entertainment:—

SHOOTING-FEAST AT COBLENZ.

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

CONTINUATION OF THE

TARGET-SHOOTING FOR ROYAL HONOURS AND PRIZES,

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

GRAND FIREWORKS.

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

THE DIRECTORS OF THE COBLENZ SHOOTING-SOCIETY.

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

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

P. BALL, Tavern-keeper in Sayn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(5.)

HEIDELBERG.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The history of the Castle is replete with vicissitudes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

§ 2.

The Absence of all Athletic Sports — Love of Music — The Parade-Ground on a Sunday — Gambling — "Coffee-drinkings" and Balls.

No athletic or manly games are known among the inactive adults and hardly less inert youths of the country.

The healthful exercise of cricket would require too much exertion to be popular among a race who delight in crawling about at the pace of reptiles rather than men. For the same reason the people never indulge in the vigorous recreation of football or hockey. Nor are any such sports as those of rackets, or bowls, or quoits known to the slow Deutschers.*

* We are inclined to believe that the habitual inactivity of the Prussian and Rhenish races proceeds from some organic defect peculiar to the people; or, in other words, that their extraordinary want of energy has an *internal origin*, being merely increased rather than produced by such *external* causes as the immoderate use of tobacco and living in undrained houses and close unventilated rooms.

The Deutschers are content to pass their lives in such places, because they have not naturally sufficient energy to clean and purify their dwellings; and they smoke to an inordinate extent, because smoking is essentially a sedentary amusement, affording the mind just enough occupation in idleness to prevent absolute vacuity. Hence the Prussians are accustomed to fetid rooms and tobacco clouds because they are naturally inert, and they are rendered more inert than they are by nature, owing to their indulgence in such narcotic poisons.

Now we would suggest, that the internal cause for this natural lack of energy on the part of the Germans may probably proceed from defective organisation in that portion of the brain, whither all the motor nerves of the body are traceable. It is well known to anatomists, that at the base of the cerebrum lie two large masses of nervous matter, called the *corpora striata* and the *thalamus optici;* and that the track of sensory nerves is found to end in the one, and that of the motory nerves in the other. Hence it may be presumed that, according as the one or the other of these bodies is fully or imperfectly developed, or more or less perfectly supplied with arterial blood, so must the sensory or motory functions of the individual be more or less lively.

By such means we are enabled, not only to account physically for the

The Germans, when rated upon this score, tell you that they consider such sports childish and unworthy of grown men, even though they pass several hours in the course of the week engaged in the *manly* pastime of dominoes!

Moreover, from the presence of two large rivers almost at the very doorsteps of the Coblenzers, one would naturally have imagined that the schoolboys in the town would have been as remarkable for their aquatic propensities as our Westminster or Eton lads. But, no! rowing being rather more laborious a

sensibility of some characters, as well as the gross want of feeling displayed by others—the difference between a poet and a butcher—a Percy Bysshe Shelley and a Jack Ketch, for instance—but also to explain why it is that some individuals have such an excess of muscular irritability as to be incapable of sitting still or remaining in the same place, or even attending to the same subject, for two minutes consecutively; while others are listless and inactive as idiots.

The love of hunting, of walking, of travelling, and among the poorer class of vagabondising, would appear to be referable to such an organic cause; for we must all admit *some* difference, either of organisation or habit, in order to account for the differences of character: and perhaps characters never vary so much among individuals as in their capacities and desire for muscular exercise.

How comes it that one man or one nation is distinguished for its activity and another for its indisposition for physical exertion? What innate peculiarity is it which induces "the London Sparrow" to prefer picking pockets to using his muscles honestly for his living? and what organic idiosyncracy makes Captain Barclay so fond of walking that he ultimately accomplishes his 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours? Is it not well known, too, that extravasation of blood upon the *thalamus* or the *corpora striata* produces either paralysis of feeling or motion, according to the nature of the nerves affected? and that in somnambulism the walking during slumber arises from the fact of the *motor* nerves being imperfectly asleep, while the sensory ones are comparatively deadened?

If, then, we admit a physical cause for the more or less perfect privation of the functions of sensation or action, surely it is but extending the same principle to refer the differences of character among human beings, as regards their sensibilities and energies, to a greater or less development of the sensory or motory organs.

Following out this same theory, therefore, we are led to believe, that if the brains of a large number of Englishmen were to be compared with those of the Prussians, the Deutschers would be found to have the motor ganglion at the base of the cerebrum imperfectly developed.

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pastime than smoking, your young *Preusse* takes a pull at his pipe in preference to the oar. The Rhenish boats, moreover, are still as rude as our punts, being more like small coal-barges than wherries; whilst the oars in use are exactly of the shape of bakers' peels, and formed merely out of a small piece of board nailed to the end of a pole. Hence a six-oared turnout, after such a style, would cut even a more barbarous figure on the water, in the 19th century, than a Madras catamaran.

From a like cause yachting has never even been heard of by these European backwoodsmen; so that to them the sight of any craft more elegant or more fast-sailing than a Dutch barge would be a point of such extreme novelty and wonder as to bring all the wiseacre professors down in a crowd to the shore.

Again, from the greater part of the carts being drawn by oxen, and the trucks by men, women, and boys, even horses are comparatively scarce, and equestrian exercise indulged in only by the cavalry and general officers; whilst carriage-airing is confined to the "*eine und zwei Spanner*," (literally, hackney-cabs with "*one or two pullers*,") to be found on the stands, which last only during the summer, for the accommodation of the foreigners visiting the town. Seldom, however, will a Prussian's purse allow him to know even this recreation; though occasionally the stranger *may* see some half-dozen of the more prodigal of the officers indulging in the rarity of a ride to Stolzenfels and back, and thus reducing the eighteen-penny fare, by the principle of association, to threepence a-head. Then, certainly, there are the penny-steamboats — little things built out of sheet-iron, so thin that they are no stronger, and hardly more durable, than a tin saucepan; and by these some of the very restless Coblenzers *do* manage

to get as far away from home as Vallendar or Winningen (about the distance of Chelsea from London).

In fine, such is the indisposition of a thorough-bred German to stir hand or foot, that even a kite is a rarity among the boys, and such active exercise as "prisoner's base" unknown at the schools; whilst among the grown men, we have been credibly informed, many have not yet had energy enough even to mount to the summit of the neighbouring fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

Hence it will be idle to inform the reader that such enterprising and exciting sports as hunting and racing and steeple-chasing are never carried on in the vicinity of the Rhenish capital,* and that pedestrianism and running-matches are feats of agility seldom or never performed by the Preussen.

* It may sound somewhat extravagant to refer the development of railways and electric telegraphs throughout the world to the English love of horse-racing, but those who have traced the gradual extension of the facilities of intercommunication can hardly come to any other conclusion.

Racing was a popular sport in England from the earliest times. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the days of Henry II. (1154–89), mentions the delight taken by the citizens of London in the diversion. Charles II. patronised the sport, and gave a silver cup of the value of 100 guineas to the owner of the winning horse; whilst William III. not only added to "the plates," but founded an academy for riding. All this necessarily tended to direct public attention in England to the improvement of the breed of horses generally, so that after the introduction of "Godolphin," the English racers rose to such perfection that "Flying Childers" (in 1720–30) was universally allowed to be the fleetest horse that had ever been bred in the world, running 4 miles in 6 minutes and 48 seconds, which is at the rate of 35½ miles per hour, or nearly as fast as an English express-train. Then English gentlemen got to feel such pride in the swiftness of their racers that, in 1739 an Act (13 Geo. II.) was passed for suppressing "races by ponies and *weak* horses;" and subsequently, in 1760, the celebrated horse "Eclipse" appeared on our courses, and he, though *not quite* so fleet as "Childers," was never beaten by any racer of his time.

Such wonderful development of the horse's capabilities, as regards speed, naturally made the nation disgusted with the old method of carrying letters in carts, at the slow rate of some five miles per hour, and thus prepared the government to adopt the plan of Mr. Palmer of Bath, who, in 1780, first proposed to establish fast coaches or mails, for the conveyance of letters and passengers,

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A very few of the natives, certainly, fish; and in the winter an equally small number have just sufficient life left in them to try a day's shooting. At some of the schools, too, gymnastic games have been introduced, but at these the lolloping, loutish young Deutschers, are not half so nimble as the bear-cubs in climbing the poles at the Zoological Gardens. Indeed, the sole amusement of the German boys seems to consist in calling after the English lads in jackets, — "*Engländer Stumpf-schwanz*" (*i. e.* English Crop-tail), and in striking the little girls they may meet in the streets; for your young German is a perfect specimen of the genus coward — lads of 18 and 20 howling like infants

throughout the kingdom,—a plan which has since been taken advantage of by every civilised state in Europe.

This of course led to the general improvement of English stage-coaches, so that, up to the year 1830, the style and speed of our public conveyances, especially those on the Brighton Road, were admitted by all foreigners to be the perfection of taste and convenience.

All these things, therefore, naturally fitted the public mind for the reception of an entirely new and still more rapid mode of locomotion, viz. the railway: an invention which is so thoroughly English that, even supposing it likely to have occurred to any slow Prussian brainlet, it would still have been impossible to have found any other nation (excepting perhaps America) with spirit or capital sufficient to have afforded the plan a trial.

Still, the rapidity of the railway served to inflame rather than satisfy the English mind. Dear postage was as serious an obstacle to rapid communication as even slow-coaches, (a phrase, by the by, that has grown into a term of opprobrium with us); consequently, the next step was to reduce the tariff on all home letters to a penny; and thus, commercially and intellectually speaking, to bring our Land's End within the same distance of the capital as even the metropolitan suburbs; to place Liverpool in the same close proximity with London as Hammersmith itself, giving it, like the cockney neighbour, its two or three deliveries of London letters per diem. Again, England had to thank no foreign mind for all this; but, on the contrary, France, and other enlightened countries, seeing the social good of drawing the half-civilised people who exist at the remote part of every nation into closer communion with the more refined and enterprising spirits of the capital, availed themselves of the measure, immediately *we* had proved it to be practicable.

Further, even cheap postage, with its three deliveries daily in towns that once took a fortnight to reach, was insufficient to satisfy the impatience and activity

on being made to enter the water; and even young Dutch Goliaths being scared by the mere sight of the fists of some English David.

It is but justice to the people, however, to add, that none of those brutal amusements which at once degrade and deprave our own lower orders—such as dog-fighting, prize-fighting, rat-killing, and badger-baiting, &c.—are ever indulged in even by "the dangerous classes;" and though such sports are forbidden by the police, we were assured that scarcely a man would frequent them, were any such exhibition announced to take place in the town.

But have the Prussians, it will be asked, no other amuse-

of Englishmen. It was still possible to transcend all they had previously done, and to avail themselves of a means of intercommunication as rapid as even the lightning, and by which it was proved to be possible to outstrip Time itself; so that a message could *arrive* at a place some minutes *before it had left another*. We allude, of course, to the Electric Telegraph,—an invention incontestably English, for though Ampere years before had proposed to employ electricity for telegraphic purposes, it was Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke who really rendered the plan feasible, and laid down the first electric telegraph, in 1837. Such an invention, doubtlessly, could never have been carried out but through the agency of the railways; and as these were essentially English in their character, requiring English capital and English enterprise to develop them; so assuredly the electric telegraph could never have been brought to its present perfection, even if invented in any other country.

The land telegraph, however, not only belonged to us, but, as if we would admit no rival to the honour of advancing the civilisation of the whole human race, the plan for carrying the messages of Europe under the sea was likewise born of Englishmen, fostered by Englishmen, and successfully carried out by them, for the first time, across the British Channel, in November 1851.

Now let any one who has dwelt for a length of time among the Prussians endeavour to conceive the possibility of their ever doing any such things as the above,—slow Prussians, who are not yet used to the rapidity of horses, and who, in these days of rapid locomotion, still carry their goods to market in wagons drawn by oxen almost as sleepy as the drivers themselves,—phlegmatic Prussians, whose letters are still conveyed in clumsy coaches, that are so heavy as to require more horses to pull the carriage than to draw both passengers and mail-bags, and whose average speed is considerably less than that of our furniture-vans.

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ments than eating, drinking, and smoking? Are there no Exhibitions, no Museum, no Galleries of Art, no Public Lectures in the Rhenish capital, by which to give taste and refinement to the people? The answer is — None! In winter there is, assuredly, a theatre, about as elegant as our Bower Saloon, and where the pit is without seats — the prices ranging from one-and-sixpence to the boxes to about fivepence to the gallery.*

Then, occasionally, the town is visited by some "*Grosse Menagerie*," with about as many animals as one may see in a London furrier's shop;† or some wandering show of waxwork, with the dingiest collection of dolls representing the principal Generals in the Crimea, will halt at the city; or maybe a

* Coblenz Theatre, Sunday, 2d December, 1855.

PROLOGUE

UPON THE EVE OF THE BIRTHDAY-FEAST OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

Composed by the Director, Philipp Walburg Kramer.

Spoken by Herr Henry Hierauf.

LA MUETTE DI PORTICI,

Grand Opera in Five Acts by Auber.

Masaniello .. .. Herr Dr. Rademacher, (The Royal Swedish Opera-house Singer from Stockholm.)	Their first appearance.
Pietro .. .. Herr Thümmel, (From the Town Theatre of Cologne.)	

Admission:—Gallery, 4 sgr. (4¾*d.* English); Stalls, 10 sgr. (1*s.* English); Pit, 7½ sgr. (9*d.* English); Front Boxes, 15 sgr. (1*s.* 6*d.* English); Side Boxes, 10 sgr. (1*s.* English).

† THE GRAND MENAGERIE

Of the wonderful Beast-tamers, KREUTZBERG, is daily patronised by the Public: nevertheless it is open only for a short time.

Every Afternoon, at Five o'clock precisely,

GRAND ASSEMBLING AND FEEDING OF THE WILD BEASTS IN THE CENTRE CAGE.

First place, 10 sgr. (1*s.* English); second, 5 sgr. (6*d.* English); third, 2½ sgr. (3*d.* English).

THE BOOTH WILL BE WELL WARMED.

huge sturgeon is caught at St. Goar, and brought down to Coblenz for exhibition; or a "gigantic potato" with a hundred bulbs to one stem may be shown at one of the neighbouring villages.

At the time we are writing, too, HERR FINN, "*aus London*," holds a shilling *soirée* for the performance of experiments in "Galvanismus," "Elektricitat," &c., "*never before seen in Coblenz*."

Then, during the carnival time, there are trumpery masked balls at small pothouses;* and, at Christmas and Easter, fairs, covering a space of ground about as large as one of our bowling-greens, whilst at the latter season some two or three booths are generally fitted up for the exhibition of a "*Mekanische theater*," or "*Elephanten*," or else for a troop of hackney-coach horses and mountebanks in a tent under the nickname of a Circus.

To do strict justice to the Rhenish people, however, we should add that there is one amusement which the people indulge and delight in to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other nation, viz. music; indeed, so general is the cultivation of musical taste among all classes in Germany, that it is as unusual to find a Deutscher unskilled in the art as it is to

* BASSENHEIM HOUSE.

Sunday: Harmony. Open at Four o'clock.

Monday, 21st January, 1856.

FIRST GRAND

MASQUERADE À LA ÉLYSIUM.

Open from Eight till Twelve, accompanied with Military Music by torchlight, and the "Cat's Dance." Admission, 2½ sgr. (3*d*. English) for each person. A Glass of superior Beer for 18 pfg. (1¼*d*. English).

(CHARACTERS IN MASKS AND DOMINOES ADMITTED FREE.)

With this view a Wardrobe of Fancy Dresses will be opened in the Costume-chamber at the principal entrance, where handsome Masquerade Attire of a good quality may be had cheap. W. KRUDEWIG.

meet with an Englishman who is in the least acquainted with it. Almost every waiter at the "*Gasthofs*" can play upon one or two instruments; and at the feast of one of the "*Gesellen-vereins*" (journeymen's unions), at which we were present, we heard some quartettes sung by working tailors, shoemakers, and blacksmiths, that would have satisfied even the critical daintiness of the connoisseurs at our own Philharmonics. It must in fairness be confessed that in this respect the Germans are immeasurably our superiors, and that their poorer classes are thus enabled to obtain an elegant and inexpensive means of enjoyment that is utterly denied to our own people.

It has long been a creed of the writer's, that of all persons who need to have their perception of the beautiful developed, that class requires it the most to whom the luxuries and, indeed, the comforts of life, are mostly forbidden; since, owing to the very poverty of the masses, the pleasures they fly to for re-creation must, in their present untrained condition, necessarily be of the grossest animal description. There is, however, no form of delight so pure, so exquisite, and so harmless, as that which arises from the exercise of the æsthetic faculties: nor any so *cheap* either; the whole of physical creation, if rightly viewed, being but one vast treasury of the most cunning art, the finest harmonies, and the choicest graces—and a treasury, free and unlimited to all who desire to avail themselves of it.

Moreover, there is no function of the human constitution so thoroughly distinct from brute nature, and which shows such lavish bounty on the part of the Creator, as this same sense of the picturesque, the harmonious, the fit, the good, the noble, and the grand. It is the development of this function of moral and intellectual taste (the "æsthetic faculty," as it has been called,) *i.e.* the power of appreciating the admirable in nature, art, and human conduct, that makes the capital

difference between nations and individuals,—the prime point of distinction between the mean and the noble—the gross and the refined—the really high and really low—the gentleman and the blackguard; and there is no valid reason why the faculty should not be educated in all alike, and life, even with the very poor, be thus rendered a grace and a dignity, instead of being as now, with so many, a horror and an infamy.

In the present state of things, what mere beasts of burden are a large proportion of our working men, and what an utter blank is the world and life to them, owing to this faculty remaining dormant and callous in their breasts! If we hear of certain charities being misapplied; of the poor being cheated of a large amount of wealth that had been bequeathed for their special benefit; how indignant do we feel at the injustice, and how eager are we to have the funds devoted to their original purposes! But think of the infinite riches of form, light, colour, sound, perfume, thought, action, and affection, that encompass even the meanest among us! Yet how little, if any, the better are the great mass of people for the benevolent endowment of this vast fund of beauty,—this, the most lavish gift of all, except Christianity—and the utter waste of which is positively as wicked as the waste of bread. Surely, the harmonies and graces, the dignities and glories, of external and internal nature, are the sweetest of all food for the troubled soul,—a very manna dripping from the stars and the air, and treasured in every flower-cup for the particular comfort of the forlorn and the wretched in the great wilderness of modern society.

Pleasure of some kind or other is a *necessity* of our nature, recreation being the best form of rest. And according as the faculties of enjoyment developed in a people are of a gross or refined character, so will their evenings and holidays be passed

in brutal and degrading sensualities, or in enlightened and elevating arts. If the purer sources of delight are undeveloped in the poor, surely *they* are not to be blamed that their pleasures are on a level with those of the polype,—creatures in which the stomach is the chief organ, and whose anatomy exhibits not even the rudiments of a brain or a heart. Those who have never known the bodily fatigue of a hard day's labour,—the aching of every limb, the painful stiffness of each muscle, and the utter exhaustion of all bodily power, which follow upon severe toil,—cannot tell what inducements there are for workmen to find greater enjoyment in stimulants than in contemplating the wonders of nature, or the tasteful and graceful excellences of art. Nor can we wonder how a man whose home affords him no comfort and but little peace,—whose sitting-room does duty at once for kitchen, scullery, bedroom, nursery, and washhouse,—flies in preference to the more cosy and sociable accommodations of the taproom. Hence such people require a long course of training before they can be taught to experience greater pleasure from the refined charms of the concert-room, the picture-gallery, or the free library, than from the coarser and stronger gratifications of the public-house.

In Germany, however, the musical taste is educated even in the "elementary" schools, the youngest and meanest children being all taught to sing; so that the ear being trained from very childhood to the nice perceptions of harmony, the individual in after years gets to find more delight in the exercise of this sense than in that of the palate. The consequence is, that one of the most exquisite and elevating modes of amusement of which human nature is susceptible is brought within reach of the poor. To tickle the gustatory nerves with either dainty food or drink costs *some* little money; but to be able to reproduce the harmonious combinations

of a Beethoven or a Weber, or to make the air tremble melodiously with the sweet plaint of some simple ballad; or even to recall the rich and sonorous solemnities of some prayerful chorus or fine thanksgiving in an oratorio—is not only to fill the heart and brain with affections and thoughts that are too deep and touching for words, and to bathe the spirit in a soft æolian dream of enchantment; but it is to be able to taste as high a pleasure as the soul is capable of knowing, and yet one that may be had positively for *nothing*.

In Germany, as in France, the military bands are used at once to educate and indulge the musical passion of the people,—playing in public some two or three times weekly. Moreover, at each of the beer-and-wine-gardens music generally forms part of the entertainment; and music, too, of no inferior or commonplace kind, the quality being as different from those of our publichouse concerts as the performances at our Sadler's Wells Theatre differ from those of our "penny gaffs." Nevertheless, it is easy to tell by the marking of the time by the greater part of the assembly, and the applause meted out to the most erudite pieces, that the poorest people have not only learnt to appreciate but to know almost every note of the compositions of even the profoundest masters.

Now, from the above impartial, and we believe, complete, list of intellectual and animal amusements, it will not require much shrewdness to perceive that *poverty* is as prevailing a characteristic of the Prussian gentry, as is their love of eating and drinking, and their aversion to active muscular exercise. Indeed, the other German tribes invariably describe the Prussians to you as "*Hunger-leute*" and "*Lumpen*," (hungry wretches and ragamuffins); and at the hotels you

hear from the native Rhinelanders how a Prussian Captain, ambitious of treating his brother-officers, will, in his most extravagant moments, call for a bottle of champagne and eighteen glasses. There is, in fact, a violent feud for ever raging between the Rhinelanders and the half-foreign *Preussen;* —under the latter head being included the civil and military government officers, and the police agents, who mostly come from Brandenburg, and are regarded as interlopers by those born and bred in the Rhenish provinces.

Of course poverty is no disgrace, though it assuredly becomes more laughable than pitiable when it starves itself for the mere sake of dressing up in the costume of the rich; and this these same "*Hunger-leute*" love to do to a most comic extent. Again, foppery—especially when combined with frippery—is at all times more absurd than imposing. "For shame!" said Charlemagne (the story runs), to one of the court popinjays of the eighth century; "dress yourself like a rational creature; and if you would be distinguished, let it be by your merits and not by your garments."

The love of display, however, is the one great social mania raging throughout all "polite society." No human faculty has of late years been so fully developed as the desire for admiration, and the consequence is, a positive *furor* for praise has settled upon the higher and middle classes of every civilised community. But the misery is, that while the desire to obtain admiration has been considerably intensified, by all manner of social training, the capacity of appreciating what is *really* admirable has been utterly uneducated, so that the public vanity is directed only to the lowest forms of excellence—such as dress and wealth; while the more intrinsic graces of a chivalrous nature are regarded as barbaric virtues, and even honour and moral dignity thought to be far less enviable possessions than a carriage or an estate.

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But this rage for display is never so contemptible as when it descends to the meanness of "borrowed plumes," or what amounts to the same, to indulge in finery beyond either the station or income of the individual, and to which, therefore, the swaggerer is not honestly entitled. Hence, when we know that the showy Sunday clothes have been purchased solely by living on soup, and black bread, and "*Nudeln*" (hard dumplings), all the week, and putting up with a stye instead of a human habitation, it is impossible to have any feeling but that of indignant contempt for the very poverty which otherwise would command our compassion.

Thus viewed, the Sunday promenade during the parade at Coblenz is one of the most melancholy exhibitions of swaggering squalor to be seen anywhere. From eleven till twelve the band plays, and at the sound of the kettle-drums the elegant Deutschers come pouring out in a body from their "flats;" and then no one ever saw so much dowdy and trumpery finery congregated together outside of our Rag Fair. The array of book muslin and satin ribbon almost amounts to the cheap display of the coryphées at the Drury-Lane Italian Opera; while the black net shawls spread over the backs of the young ladies are about as elegant as would be so many dyed anti-macassars. At such times, too, damsels indulge in the flimsy ostentation of black transparent dresses, with white calico slips showing beneath them, and "fancy straw" bonnets smothered with flowers as thickly as a triumphal arch; so that the people one meets impress English minds with the same sad feeling as we have at the sight of our "my lady" at the chimney-sweepers' show on May-day.

That sweet creature, so intensely "*geputzt*," (cleaned or polished up,) in the white cashmere cloak, rebakes the refuse coffee-grounds for her servant's breakfast and tea; that speci-

men of the "*élite*" in the pink silk mantilla and grubby white kid gloves, dines off horseflesh in the winter; and that little girl in short sleeves and lace drawers, and large flapping Tuscan hat, has the dirt showing through her yellow hair (for we noticed her but yesterday playing on a door-step), positively as thick as the crust upon an old Stilton cheese.

Again, those who can pinch a sufficient number of groschens out of the stomachs of themselves or their servants, retire to the saline gaieties of Ems, and there they walk bareheaded about the streets at noon, with their hair dressed as if for a ball; or else they dine at the *table d'hôte* with bare neck and shoulders, at one in the day, and having shaken their stiff-starched muslin flounces to the sound of the band among the gay invalids in the gardens by the Colonnade, betake themselves in the evening to the play-table, to risk their couple of shillings at the wretched avarice of roulette: for the habit of gambling, that even in Paris was confined to professional "lorettes," is in Germany indulged in by people who are said to rank as "ladies" in the land.

Indeed it is an apt illustration of the state of civilisation in Germany, that gambling, which is forbidden by England and France, is not only permitted by the German authorities, but even encouraged by some of the beggarly princes, who dine at the *tables d'hôte*, like arch-tempters, to seduce people to their "hells." In all the *cafés* and beer-houses, cards are in no way prohibited; and even at the hotels, *écarté* or *piquet* are commenced the very instant the dessert is placed on the table.

Now there are but two ways of making money in the world, the slow and the quick,—the former is the process of patient industry, the latter that of hasty speculation; and it is the rule, that whereas the one *almost invariably succeeds* in compassing

its end, the other *almost as invariably fails;* since it is but one speculator or gambler in a thousand that wins what he plays for. Hence every government that has the well-being of its people rather than itself at heart strives to foster the one and to discourage the other habit; for it is a well-known fact, that immediately a man believes it possible to obtain wealth by a lucky *coup*, he will never be able to give himself up to the more tedious though far more certain process of getting money; and thus many, whose industry should be steadily increasing the riches of the community and themselves, are withdrawn from the producers of the country, and taught to live in idleness, while they are continually endeavouring to become rich by the ruin of others, though generally falling a prey to the tricks of greater knaves than themselves.

Every enlightened nation, therefore, seeks now-a-days to encourage the industry of its people — to impress them with a deep sense that assiduity and frugality are the sure, though slow means to riches — and to remove every obstacle that may interfere with the development of the energies of the nation.

In "educated" Prussia and the other German States, however, the very opposite principle is acted upon, for there industry is not only encumbered with all kinds of restrictions, and the interchange of commodities, even when produced, rendered as difficult as possible, but, owing to the government upholding the gaming-tables and lotteries, the people are led to believe in the quick and hazardous method of gaining money, and so to become more and more disgusted with the slow and sure one.

What care the authorities of Nassau for the morals and welfare of the community they rule over, so long as the ducal hell-keeper can sack his 75,000 dollars from the roulette table every year?— for that is the amount lost annually at Ems alone. Is it a matter of moment, think you, to the Prussian govern-

ment, if peasants and servants come to want in their old age by risking all their savings in the lottery?—since there are no poor-laws in the country, and it is a crime to beg; and the revenue is a million dollars richer each year by such means.*

The only other sources of amusements, beyond what we have already particularised, are those of literature and the social gatherings called "receptions." Of the former we shall have to speak at some future time; we will therefore conclude this section with a brief account of the German coffee-drinkings and other "parties."

A coffee party is, in plain language, a scandal party, for on these occasions more slander is discussed than Mocha—ladies only being invited to the entertainment, since even the gentleman of the house is instructed to absent himself from home on the occasion. For a wretch in pantaloons to obtain admission to such an assembly, is as impossible as for him to see what is going on in a harem. We *did*, however, indirectly worm our way into one such muster, whereat the conversation was of course about as intellectual, and displayed about as much loving-kindness, (though the ladies were mostly of an ostensibly "religious" turn of mind,) as the chatter that goes on in the monkey-cages at the Zoological Gardens.

First it was whispered that Fraulein Krummbein had been seen walking arm-in-arm with Herr Keingros, and this was unanimously declared to be highly indecent on that young lady's part unless she were betrothed, which all the ladies

* It is forbidden in Prussia for the people to play in any other lottery but that of their own government. The Frankfort lottery, however, takes a much lower per-centage off the winnings, and is therefore preferred by many of the gamblers; but if it were known that a Prussian had gained a prize in that or any other state's lottery, the authorities at Berlin would immediately confiscate the gains, and fine the lucky individual some 200 or 300 thalers besides. A Prussian gaming-table exists at Aachen.

were sure she was not, and never would be if she went on in the way she did.

Then one of the party informed the rest, that she had actually heard *that* impudent Engländer "*dutzen*" (*tu-toi*) Fraulein Rotheshaar; at which the united hands and eyebrows were thrown up, and the religious and lady-like assembly one and all blasphemed.

After this another lady told her sisters that some lately-married couple had been blessed with a beautiful little boy; whereupon the lips of the ladies all went to work in silence, for they were evidently engaged in a little bit of mental arithmetic concerning the calendar, and when the calculation was ended they severally tossed their heads and cried "*Lieber Gott!*"

Next the news was circulated that the Provisor at the Apotheke's was going to be married again, although his wife had been dead only three weeks; but then it was universally allowed that there was a great excuse for the poor man, as he had a large family—though, to be sure, not one of the children was a bit like him.

Presently the ladies began to compare notes as to their servants, and then each pronounced *her* "*braves Mädchen*" to be the very worst in the town. One of the ladies declared her girl was too grand to eat apple-parings done in fat for her supper; another vowed that hers had been very impudent, and had threatened to go to the police if she would not let her have a fire to sit by, though she was sure the winter was *very* mild.

And when such subjects had been exhausted, the lady of the house, as a great treat, produced her new bonnet, that had been made and trimmed exactly after the Princess's last; for the head-woman of her Royal Highness's milliner was closely related to her, and so she could always depend upon having the most stylish things.

The supper-parties that are occasionally given are but little

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more refined or amusing than the above — the style of entertainment being about as elegant as those cheap and not particularly toothsome meals furnished at our *à-la-mode*-beef houses.

Dinner-parties, such as are usual in England, are never indulged in; for an entertainment like our Lord Mayor's banquet would reduce the Prussian government itself to bankruptcy.

Private balls are almost unknown — a few only being given between Christmas and Lent.

The "Commandirinde-General," however (being allowed a small sum for official entertainments), has a few "receptions" in the course of the year. The style of such parties may be judged from the fact, that on one occasion, when *the* cake was brought into the room, the servant accidentally let it slip from the plate: whereupon the pieces were duly collected from the uncarpeted floor, and the dirty fragments handed round to the company.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(6.)

STRASBURG.

The Alsatian capital is a kind of hybrid town — a sort of civic cross between German and French, with a slight sprinkling of Dutch canals flowing through its veins of streets.

Though belonging to the French, Strasburg is no more like France than the Channel Islands are like England; and, though part of Rheinland, it is as different in character from the other Rhenish towns as the Protestant cantons of Switzerland are dissimilar from the Catholic ones.

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Here the chequered railings and sentry-boxes peculiar to the German States are no longer to be seen, and the monster fishing-rod-like turnpikes have vanished from the outskirts of the town. Here, too, the spikey "*pickel-haube*" (Prussian helmet) disappears from the heads of the soldiers, and the paper-knife-like "hair-needles" and gold-embroidered half-caps from those of the peasant girls.

Though the traveller were to fall asleep in the train and to get "shunted" into Strasburg by mistake, while he fancied himself still in Germany, he would only have to open his eyes to be immediately undeceived as to the Teutonic genius of the place; for in the capital of Alsace the vision is greeted once more with the sight of the baggy sealing-wax-coloured trousers and wasp waists of the French officers; and there are our old friends the little spinach-green *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, with their large carving-knife-like swords, in the place of bayonets, at the end of their podgy muskets; and the clumsy-legged French cavalry, with one half of their trousers blacked like their boots.

Here, too, the public offices and town-gates have all the tricolor flag drooping in front of them; and there are the same gilt gingerbread kind of lamp-posts round the principal places, as on the *Place Carrousel* at Paris; and the same smell of hot chestnuts and of coffee-roasting to tickle the nose at the corners of the streets, as in the French metropolis; and the same huge placards, too, of "CHOCOLAT DE SANTÉ" and "ROB" painted high up on the sides of the houses.

Further, we are again in the land of omnibuses ("*les Alsaciennes*"), with the same periwinkle-capped conductor, and the penny-pieman-like dial beside the door; and of huge, cumbrous cabriolets, with hoods as big as the awnings to bathing-machines; and of policemen in cocked hats and aiguillettes, and with swords like scythe-blades under their

arm; besides students in fluffy white beaver hats and dress coats, and schoolboys dressed up in uniform, with the peculiar little French military caps, in shape like half a raised pie.

Then the Strasburg shops, too, are of the unmistakable French character,—for there are bright polished steel steam-engines in the windows of the chocolate shops, working away at the brown clay-like paste; and *cafés estaminet*, with their marble-topped tables, and thick white coffee-cups, the place resounding as you pass with the click of dominoes, as well as being foggy with the fumes of tobacco; and there are the glovers, with their red tin boxing-glove-like signs hanging over the doorways; and the cheap clothing-shops, christened "Au Prophète," and "Docks de la Toilette," with their headless dummies dressed up in showy, frogged, and scarlet-lined dressing-gowns, and others attired in "coachmans," or cloaks with great jelly-bag hoods; not forgetting the tobacco-shops, with the monster tin Havannah, illuminated inside with a little night-light, flanking the door-posts, and the tide-waiter-kind of boxes, styled "Cabinets de Lecture," with the outside stuck over with illustrated lithograph posters of the last new novels—"L'Empoisonneuse intéressante," "La Lorette aux Violets," &c. &c.

Still, on looking further into the town, there are sufficient evidences of the German origin of Strasburg to convince the stranger that he is still in Rhineland, if not strictly in Germany; for the same ox-wagons are to be seen about the market twice a-week, and the peasant-women that enter the city wear the same high, black-ribbon bows, and have the same look of the Indian chief about them, as the ladies of the Schwarz-Wald on the other side of the Rhine. Then there is the usual religious distinction about the female costume that prevails all along the banks of the great German

river. At Coblenz the creed was indicated by caps—there being Papist and Protestant head-dresses; but at Strasburg the faith breaks out in petticoats—a scarlet jupe standing for Romanism and a green one for Lutheranism. Moreover, at the time of our visit we saw a crowd of countrymen in fur caps (like the Lord Mayor's sword-bearer) and black canvas surtouts, and others in three-cornered Greenwich-pensioner-like hats, grouped round a German copy of the Emperor Napoleon's speech on the closing of the French Exhibition, that was placarded against the government walls in the Place Kleber, and beginning—

"Französiches Kaiserreich
Schluss der Universal-Ausstellung
Rede
Sr. Majestät des Kaiser
Meine Herren,"

&c. &c. &c. &c.

And concluding, in a spirit of fine Imperial puffery, with,—

"Diese Rede wurde mit dem grössten
Enthousiasmus aufgenommen."

At some parts of the town, again, it is almost impossible not to believe that you have somehow been carried back to Holland,—for the river Ill meanders through the city in long embanked canals or quai-like streets, that are edged with tall houses, the water being crossed by line after line of little bridges, and there is a like vision of women eternally wringing short, thick cables of wet clothes, down at the bottom of the steps by the quai side.

Indeed Strasburg is an odd medley of civic peculiarities—a kind of mongrel colony, with now a public Platz that reminds you of Paris,—now a market that seems a little bit

of Köln,—and now a canal-street that looks like a thoroughfare taken from Rotterdam.*

The great sight, however, of Strasburg—the architectural "lion," as it were, of the place—is the cathedral, or *Münster*.

The cathedrals bordering the Rhine are nine in number, and admit mostly of being ranged in couples as regards their main points of attraction. Those of Worms and Constanz, for instance, are interesting principally for their associations with the Reformation—the one the scene of Martin Luther's trial, the other the site of John Huss's martyrdom; those of Bonn and Mainz, on the other hand, are remarkable for the quaintness, if not ugliness, of their structure—that of the former town having a huge stone spike for a steeple, and the other an enormous stone pumpkin for a dome; those of

* The principal Rhenish cities are of Roman origin. Köln, Bonn, Remagen, Andernach, Coblenz, Boppard, Oberwesel, Bingen, Mayence, Worms, Spires, are all known to have been Roman stations. Strasburg is equally classic in its foundation. It was the *Argentoratum* of the Cæsars, and even in those days was renowned as a flourishing city, embellished with noble edifices, among which a temple dedicated to Hercules is specially mentioned.

Attila, the leader of the Huns, is said to have destroyed the Roman city; but its situation was too important for the town to remain in ruins, for it was then the centre of three great highways that radiated from it—the one leading to Milan, the other to Trèves, and the third into Belgium. The Francs, accordingly, rebuilt it in the 4th century, and changed its Roman name for the more appropriate one of "*Strato-burgum*,"—that is to say, the City of the Highways.

Strasburg was one of the most eminent of the free Imperial German cities up to 1681; and in the Middle Ages the German empire had not a more secure stronghold. But on the 30th September in that year, Louis XIV. attacked it, most unwarrantably, during the peace, and obtained possession of it. He then caused the fortifications to be reconstructed after the most impregnable plans of those days, under Vauban, who added a citadel (*à cinq angles*), and had engraved over the citadel-gate the inscription, "SERVAT ET OBSERVAT,"—that is to say, it "Guards and Regards." Strasburg was formerly the capital of Lower Alsace, and is at present the head-quarters of the French "département du Bas-Rhin," and one of the most important fortresses of France, occupying the third place on the list. It is about a league distant from the Rhine, and is traversed by the waters of the Ill on its way to empty itself into the German river.

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Basel and Freiburg, again, are "sight-worthy," as the Germans say, for the delicate tracery of their open steeples; and that of Speier standing alone for the barbaric splendour of its gilt and painted interior; while those of Köln and Strasburg are renowned for the exquisite "pure Gothic" character of their architecture.

But beautiful as is the chancel of the Dom at Köln, with its "glory," as it were, of flying buttresses, radiating as if from the centre of the choir,—and with the fretted pinnacles rising about it like a cluster of monster stalagmites springing from the floor of a cavern,—and the finely-massive proportions of the entire building; still the beauty of Strasburg Münster is of a wholly different kind: there it is not the mass that charms the eyes with the harmony of its arrangement, but the wondrous delicacy and luxury of the detail.

The western front, above which the tower rises, is a very feast of the choicest taste. The façade itself, with its slender fretted colonnades before the windows, and delicate arcades above the "*rosace*," seems as it were to be trellised over with a Gothic net of stone, as light as a bit of Parian lace-work veiling some statuette: indeed, the open filagree of the screen before the elaborately-wrought mullions reminds one of the curious Chinese carving of one ivory ball within another.

The doorways, too, are so exquisitely embossed, and the red-stone has been toned by age into such a deep brown, that the sculptured chasing of the arches looks more like old oak carving than stone-work; while the pinnacles, bristling up on either side of the gable fronts, as it were, of the porches, seem like a sheaf of spear-heads above the doors.*

* The History of the Cathedral tells us that the first sacred edifice at Strasburg was begun in the reign of Clovis, at the beginning of the sixth century, and finished under Charlemagne. This building, however, was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed on the 24th June, 1007; and though partly reconstructed a year or two afterwards, it was pillaged and afterwards burnt by the troops of the Duke

Then the renowned "rose" or "marigold-window" (43 feet in diameter), above the principal entrance, is so rich in tracery, spreading in mere fibres from its centre, that one might fancy it a garden-spider's web spun in stone; whilst

of Suabia. The Bishop Werner, of Hapsburg, founded the present structure in 1015. But the Bishop, who is said to have been a kind of ecclesiastical Admirable Crichton—a skilful architect, a gallant soldier, a devout prelate, and a keen diplomatist—all rolled into one—was (fortunately for the Cathedral) despatched as ambassador to the Emperor of the Greeks, who detained him as prisoner, so that he ultimately died at Constantinople. After this, the Bishop Conrad of Lichtemberg undertook the completion of the edifice, and entrusted the work to Erwin of Steinbach—an architect so called from the little village of Steinbach, in the vicinity of Baden, where he was born, and where a monument has recently been erected to his memory. The choir was already finished; but to Erwin was confided the construction of the designs for the façade, the tower, and the spire. The original plans of Erwin are still preserved in the town, and he worked at the structure for forty-three years. He died, however, in 1318, before the building was half finished; after that his son John continued to superintend the construction of the spire, and when *he* died, Erwin's daughter Sabina undertook the completion of the work, and enriched the façade with several of its most delicate bits of sculpture. The remains of the architectural race are interred in the little court behind the Chapel of St. John, where may still be seen the gravestone of Erwin and his wife and son. After the death of Sabina the work again stood still; and when another century had elapsed, John Hülz, the architect of Köln, was summoned to Strasburg to finish the tower, which was not completed till 1439—or 424 years after the church had been commenced.

Still the other tower, which is found in the original designs of Erwin, is wanting. As the Cathedral at present exists, however, it contains fine specimens of the different periods of Gothic architecture, viz. from its origin in the last epoch of the Roman style (as seen in the lower part of the church and the choir, which is said to be of the time of Charlemagne), the purity of the Gothic style in its perfection (of which the upper part of the building is a fine instance), as well as the same style in its decline.

But the Strasburg Cathedral has had many narrow escapes from destruction since its completion. During the French Revolution, towards the end of the last century, it was positively condemned, in the epidemic madness of the time, to be beheaded. At one of the sittings of a "committee of public welfare" (*comité de salut public*) in those days, a member of the council, named Téterel, rose and demanded the parole upon a motion "in the highest degree interesting to public order and republican morals."

"Citizens," he began, "there is a monument in this town which offends the sight and irritates the mind of all good patriots. I refer to the 'ex-cathédrale,' the spire of which elevates itself so haughtily into the air. *This spire is an*

the vandyked edging round the rim, with the pierced pieces at the sides, give one the notions of so much open embroidery-work fashioned in biscuit-ware.

But the principal feature of all is the tower that rises on one side of the front—for the fellow-turret has never

aristocrat (!) It violates the laws of equality—in exceeding the height of the citizen's houses. Should such an odious privilege be preserved in the monument of that superstition which has so long imposed upon the people? No, citizens; it is sufficient that such an abuse should be pointed out to you in order to be immediately put an end to. *I demand then that the 'ci-devant cathédrale' of Strasburg be decapitated,* (!) and that its excised spire may prove that the republican axe, ever inflexible in its work, knows how to deal justly with *things* as well as *men.*"

This speech was received with enthusiasm, and the poor spire's condemnation was about to be pronounced, when a member of the committee (who was an hotel-keeper, and, therefore, loth that the city should lose any of its attractions), demanded that the matter should be discussed; whereupon "mine host" spoke as follows:—

"Assuredly, citizens, there are none but the friends of equality here, and I, above all, am a man of the axe. I admit that the steeple of the Cathedral is much higher than the houses of the city; but is it the fault of the building that it was constructed so? Because the fancy of the architect chose to push it to so high a point, will you construe *that* into crime on the part of the Cathedral? Good republicans should not have two weights and two measures wherewith to deal out justice. Monuments merit the same consideration as men. If, for instance, a citizen who has had the misery of being born of an aristocratic family—an unfortunate whom nature has ill-treated, even to the point of making him of noble and titled extraction—if such a one comes and casts at your feet all the vanities of the times which are no more, and approaches you with his heart full of patriotic sentiments, as well as the *bonnet rouge* on his head, you admit him among your ranks, and treat him as a brother. Your sense of justice then ignores all the wrongs of birth and the errors of the past. Well, we ask the same justice for the 'ci-devant cathédrale.' Already it has been stripped of the altars of an abolished religion, and now, instead of having its tower cut off, let us dress its head (*coiffons-là*) with the bonnet rouge, and then the elevation of the monument will cease to be an insult, but serve rather to exalt the glorious sign of liberty more than ever, and to cause it to be seen from afar."

A thunder of applause followed the proposal, and, thanks to the "coiffure," the spire was allowed to continue on the shoulders of the tower, while the decorations of the façade were preserved by covering them with a hoarding, which was used to placard the decrees and "ordonnances" of the republican government upon.

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been raised, and the place where it should have stood is now occupied by a low shed which might be mistaken for a photographic studio, but which is really the residence of the watchman, who, in true German fashion, sits perched up in the steeple, on the look-out for fires.

The tower consists of a tall octagonal turret, pierced with open, "lancet-shaped" windows, through which the light shines in long white streaks, and from each of the four corners of whose rectangular base springs a high thin tube of stone, open at the sides, and with a spiral staircase seen winding up the centre,—thus giving an exquisite lightness to the structure, and delighting the eye with the fine variety of the octagon set within the square colonnade.

Above this, again, rises the open spire, arranged in steps, like a tall, narrow pyramid, and ornamented at the base with an exquisite "*cornice à l'aiguille,*" which at the height looks positively as if it were a mere balustrade of needles.

The Strasburg spire is hardly so open, or so much like antique point-lace work as that of Freiburg, still the light sparkles through it as if it were a basket of stone; and such is the extreme height of the tower, that the lighthouse-like top looks hardly bigger than the stamen to a lily.

Those who delight in mere exaggerations of size, and find beauty in unusual vastness or height, admire Strasburg principally because it is the tallest bit of mason-work in the world—with the exception of the pyramid of Cheops, though it is only nine feet less than this, and just one-third higher than our own St. Paul's.*

* For the convenience of comparison, we subjoin a list of the heights of different monuments in Europe :—

	French Feet.
Pyramid of Cheops	449
Tower of Strasburg	440
Steeple of St. Etienne at Vienna	425

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The ascent of this tower is said to require no ordinary nerve and steadiness of head. For ourselves we must confess such games, as the French say, "*ne vaulent pas la chandelle*," or, literally speaking, do not pay for the fat they consume; and we must say we have little respect for the "kids" who delight in clambering up mountains and scaling steeples where there is nothing but the power of boasting of the feat to reward them for the undertaking. Moreover, a glance up at the open sides of the Strasburg steeple, seeming, as it does, to be a

	French Feet.
Dome of St. Peter at Rome	406
Steeple of the Cathedral at Antwerp	401
Steeple of St. Michael at Hamburg	394
Pyramid of Cephrennes	389
Steeple of the Cathedral at Rouen	380
Do. of Metz	375
Dome of St. Paul at London	338
Dome of Milan	336
Hôtel de Ville at Bruxelles	334
Hôtel des Invalides at Paris	323
Steeple of St. Denis	317
Belfry of Bruges	267
Cathedral at Rheims	250
Do. at Bâle	230
Panthéon at Paris	243
Westminster Abbey	226
Mast of an East Indiaman	224
Towers of St. Sulpice at Paris	216
Cathedral at York	213
Notre Dame at Paris	203
Monument of London	200
St. Sophie (Constantinople)	178
Leaning Tower of Pisa	173
Colosseum at Rome	117
Arc de Triomphe at the Barrière de l'Etoile	135
Column in the Place Vendôme	127
Column at the Barrière du Trône at Paris	100
Ordinary height of a Palm-tree	100
Bell Rock Lighthouse in Scotland	93
Pompey's Column	88
Paris Observatory	75

mere tangle of slender spars of stone, is quite sufficient to assure one that the adventurer must feel himself when up there to be suspended in a mere cage over the city. Nor do we need the guide-books to inform us, as we behold the patches of light shimmering through the interstices, "that if the foot were to slip the body might *possibly* drop through the open fret-work."

Within the Cathedral itself, a fine effect is produced by the light, or rather the darkness, pervading the place, the whole of the nave being veiled in an exquisitely rich *clair-obscur*. On entering the aisle, you literally cannot see two paces before you; for so little light leaks through the stained-glass windows (and there are none others), that you involuntarily stretch out your hands to grope your way.

At the far end, however, you perceive the choir, as if you were looking at it in a black mirror, with the communion-table and the tall candelabra, and the priest in his embroidered "*messe-gewand*" bowing before it, with the incense-boys beside him, as if modelled out of red sealing-wax; while the walls resound with the deep sepulchral chanting of the mass, and the whole place seems to tremble with the melodious thunder of the organ above.

After a time, however, the darkness seems to fade like a fog from before the eyes, and then you begin to make out, bit after bit, of the sculpture about the exquisite stone pulpit, that projects like a little battlement from one of the pillars, and is embossed all over with figures, as if it were an ivory "hanap" carved by Cellini himself.

The stained windows here, too, are the very glory of colour. Indeed, no gems ever shone with such vivid tints—no flower-bed was ever so gorgeous in its hues; nor did the kaleidoscope ever arrange such exquisite chromatic forms. Richer than any

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Indian shawl—purer and yet brighter than the most splendid Persian carpet: and yet in the chastest taste. For, though dappled over with the brightest ultramarine, and ruby, and emerald, and amethystine purple, and topaz yellow, there is nothing like vulgar glare about them; and as the light struggles through the panes, the dyed beams fall on the pavement in many colours, till the stones seem covered with the fragments of some broken rainbow.

The new stained windows at Köln Cathedral are mere vulgar bits of gew-gaw in comparison with these; for there the colours are in immense gaudy sheets rather than in mere gem-like specks as here; so that the eye is cloyed to surfeit with the bright tawdry glare at the one place, and tickled with the exquisite chromatic variety at the other.

Still, how strange it is that the educated retina should delight in neutral colours, from which all positive tints are effaced (such as browns and greys), and yet be pleased with such intense bits of vividness as these. Nevertheless, so little can the refined sense bear of positive colour, that, were it not that the tints of the Strasburg windows are broken up and scattered about like flowers, the optical palate would be offended rather than gratified by the sight of them; for here, indeed, no one colour predominates, and as in a perfect tint all others are mingled (your browns and greys being but combinations of the three "primitives" in different proportions), so, at Strasburg, the stained panes being too small for the eye to notice each isolated speck of colour, the general effect is a gorgeous blending of all the loveliest hues, rather than a tawdry exhibition of any one brilliant tint.

The other great feature of Strasburg Cathedral is the Puppet Clock, that performs a variety of mechanical movements at every hour, and more particularly at noon each day.

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But though it is mainly the toy character of the time-piece that attracts the "children of larger growth" in such crowds every mid-day to see it strike twelve, nevertheless, the clock is something more than a mere collection of moving figures. It not only tells the ordinary, or mean time, as well as the day of the week and month, but it indicates sidereal time, the phases of the moon, eclipses to come, and all the revolutions of the stars and planets; besides marking the different *fetês*, or feast-days, and computing the Golden Number, Dominical Letter, &c.*

The case of the Strasburg clock is a stupendous affair, being literally as big as a house. The pedestal of the case, so to speak, is like a monster wardrobe, and above this rises, in the centre, a tall square turret of wood, reminding one of the gawky clock-cases that used to stand in gentlemen's halls, but being of gigantic dimensions. On one side of this turret is an isolated spiral staircase, and on the other a smaller square turret, with the figure of a cock, the size of life, cresting the top.

The wardrobe-like base is divided into three compartments. In the centre is an enormous dial, with a huge, full-length figure at either side—one pointing to the day of the month, and the other to the name of the Saint whose *fête* is celebrated on that day. In the compartment to the left of this there is a

* There was a clock of this kind at Strasburg in the fourteenth century, but the wheels ceased to work, and no mechanicians could be found sufficiently expert to set them going again. At length, however, three ingenious "artistes" resident in the town undertook the task, which was completed in 1574 by the brothers Isaac and Josias Habrecht of Schaffhausen. Their work lasted for upwards of two centuries, and the clock continued going till the year 1789. Then, however, the machinery came once more to a stand-still, nor was its reconstruction attempted till 1838, when the Municipal Council of Strasburg voted that the task should be confided to M. Schwilgué of that city, and he, in the course of six years, perfected the present wondrous piece of mechanism, which is almost entirely new—only a very small portion of the old works having been used in it.

series of wheels for calculating the different ecclesiastical problems, such as the Dominical Letter and the Golden Number, &c.; while the compartment on the other side is devoted to an apparatus for solving lunar and solar equations.

Immediately over the central dial is a small semi-circular table, like the half of an enormous tambourine, projecting from the pedestal cornice, and on this are seen the chariots of the gods and goddesses who have lent their names to the several days of the week—the god of the day for the time being occupying the centre place. Above the chariots, again, there is an ordinary clock-dial, marking the "mean time," with the figure of a winged boy, the size of life, on either side; one holding a bell and hammer, and the other an hour-glass.

This completes the work of the pedestal, so to speak: that of the gigantic clock-case standing above it consists, first, of a dial, as large as the one below, and devoted to the purposes of an orrery, bordered with the zodiacal constellations, and indicating the place of the sun and planets. Over this is a sphere set amid clouds, and representing the phases of the moon for the time being. Surmounting this again are two other compartments, filled with two different sets of mechanical figures; the lower one of these consists of a puppet skeleton with a bone in his hand, standing beside a bell, and surrounded with a series of small mechanical figures illustrative of the four ages of man, one of which comes forward as another retires at each quarter of the hour; whilst the uppermost compartment of all is fitted with another series of little clock-work puppets, representative of Christ and the Apostles.

This marvellous piece of horological machinery is situate in the southern part of the transept; and it is curious, as the hour advances towards noon, to see the peasants and Sisters of Charity, and soldiers and priests, and strangers and citizens with young children, that come streaming in at the side-door.

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Then the beadle proceeds to keep back the crowd, who stand with open mouths and upturned faces watching the minute-hand move slowly on,—the fathers with the children perched on their shoulder, and the mothers telling the little things what to look at first, and crying "Now watch well," the moment that the hand is on the stroke of twelve.

The words are no sooner uttered, than—clink-clank! goes the little gilt angel at the side of the dial which marks the "mean time," as he is seen to strike the bell he holds, while the other turns the hour-glass in his hand; and immediately afterwards the little skeleton figure of Time up above is observed to sound the remaining quarters—tink-tink!—by striking with his bone against the bell: whereupon a whirr of wheels is heard, and the old man that typifies the passing hour glides from his place in front of the skeleton, and the little child that indicates the new-born one advances to the spot the other has left.

Then, as the huge cathedral bell is heard to thunder forth the hour without, one of the puppet Apostles moves past the figure of the Saviour, and as each different stroke booms through the aisles, Christ turns towards the passing figure, and places his hand upon his head. While this is going on, the great cock, surmounting the turret at the side, flaps his wings thrice, raises his head, and crows so lustily that the transept rings again with the sound.

And when the crowing has been thrice repeated, the beadle knocks with his staff on the stones, after the fashion of the old Liverpool policemen, and the crowd immediately disperse; for the marvellous bit of clock-work has performed its chief wonder for the day.

There is but one other sight in Strasburg worth the mentioning: and that, though disfigured by faults that serve to

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render a fine work of art almost ludicrous in effect, has nevertheless sufficient beauties about it, at least to tickle, if not to satisfy, the taste. This is the tomb of the Maréchal de Saxe (the masterpiece of the sculptor Pigalle), in the Protestant Church of St. Thomas.

The monument consists of a white marble figure of the Maréchal in armour, the size of life, and with his bâton in his hand. He is in the act of descending some steps that lead to a large half-open tomb below, the white stone drapery from which hangs partly over the green marble sides of the sarcophagus; but a bending female form at his side detains him, while she leans forward and strives to drive away the veiled figure of Death—who stands, with the hour-glass run down in his bony hand, at the head of the tomb, waiting to receive the soldier. At the other end of the tomb the figure of Hercules is seen, resting on his club; and beside the female is a Cupid, or Hymen, weeping, with his torch turned down, and a group of fluttering banners at his back; while on the other side of the Maréchal are ranged various wounded animals, as types of the countries he has conquered, and with a sheaf of broken standards at their feet cast to the ground.

The monument is a work of striking genius, but marked by glaring faults. The figure of the Maréchal is full of fine calm dignity and gentle action, while the face is stamped with the marks of death, mingled with a noble expression of heroic resignation. The figure of Death, again, is exquisitely rendered, the drapery being made to conceal all the physical ghastliness of the skeleton, the bony hand and foot only being visible—as hints of the character. The half-open tomb, moreover, is beautifully suggestive; and the attitude of the hero, as about to descend the steps, displaying as it does a half-eagerness to enter it, is a masterly method of portraying the courage of the soldier. Further, the design is artistically pyramidical,

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without being formal, and the blending of the dark green with the pure white marble cleverly managed.

But here the praise must end. The allegorical figures (and allegories at best are sad burlesque affairs) are all absurd, because they are one and all—even down to the emblematical beasts themselves—represented as being racked with emotions that are utterly inconsistent with mere abstract types. The female who is trying to stay the Maréchal with one hand and ward off Death with the other (and who is evidently, from the *fleur-de-lis* on her dress, intended for the figure of France) has an agony in her features and an energy in her action that—coupled with her extremely *décolté* attire—strike one as being rather more theatrical than pathetic. Then Hercules, with his hand to his forehead, grieving for the hero, seems to be afflicted with a severe headache rather than absorbed in grief. The little blubbering Cupid, too, is making the same wry face as he would if about to be compelled to swallow a dose of physic; whilst the notion of the capsized eagle ("typical of the taking of Prague!"), and the panther sprawling on his back (the latter being indicative, it is said, of the "victories over England at Fontenoy and Laffelt"), and the lion, yelping like a cur that has been well kicked—are simply the violent absurdities of allegorical farce.

Frenchmen, however, are in ecstasies at "the completeness of the allegory." Hercules, we are told, could not help rendering homage to the Maréchal, whose powerful hand was able to double up a horse-shoe and crumple together a shield of six pounds weight; and who, by the mere strength of his fingers alone, could twist a rod of iron into the form of a corkscrew.

The God of Love, too, M. Eugene Guinot informs us, was bound to pay his sad tribute to the loss of a hero who always worshipped him so fervently—for the great Maurice signalised himself as much by his prowess in his engagements with the

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fair sex as in those with the enemy—in a word, he was at once *gall*ant and gall*ant*. "It was love," adds the Frenchman, "who gave him for a father Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, and for his mother, Aurora, Countess of Königsmarck."

When he was only twelve years of age, the young Maurice saw actual service as a soldier, at the siege of Lille. In later years (though a married man), "his passion for the ladies (*sa passion pour les femmes*) equalled that of his passion for *la gloire*."

"Born of royal parents," continues the writer, "and illustrious by his conquests (both among women and men), young, handsome, and amiable, Maurice saw no limit to his ambition, and hoped to get elected to the Duchy of Courland by wedding the Duchess Anna Ivanowna, daughter of Ivan I." The Duchess encouraged him, but the Czarina, Catherine I., opposed his wishes, and sent the Prince Menschikoff to attack the Marshal in the fortress of Mitau, whither he had retired for protection. Maurice had not the means of sustaining so unequal a struggle, "but he had left behind him at Paris a tender souvenir in the heart of the celebrated actress Adrienne Lecouvreur; and she, hearing of his difficulty, sold her diamonds and plate, and drawing out of the bank forty thousand *livres*, sent the whole to the soldier," adds the French scribe, with a fine national insensibility as to the indignity of a Marshal receiving money from one of his mistresses.

Despite, however, of the Czarina (and the little intrigue with Adrienne), the marriage, after many vicissitudes, was arranged to take place. "The Duchess Anna being deeply enamoured of Saxe, summoned him to her court; but Maurice," says our sympathising French friend again, "not content with the happiness that was offered him, and still led by his inconstant ardour, fell in love with one of the maids of honour, and

indulged in an intrigue with her by night that recalls the adventure of Enginhart with the daughter of Charlemagne"—with this difference, however, that at Ingelheim, the young lady carried the gentleman upon her shoulders, so that the footsteps of her lover should not be left printed in the snow; whereas, in the gardens of Anna, Duchess of Courland, it was the Maréchal who bore the maid of honour in his arms, so that the snow might tell no tales on the morrow. "The precaution was good," writes the French biographer, "but, unfortunately, Maurice was surprised in one such excursion, and the Duchess, in her indignation, broke off the marriage, and banished the deceiver for ever from her presence." This misadventure cost the Maréchal not only the duchy of Courland, but also the chance of becoming Emperor of Russia when Anna succeeded to the throne of the Czars, as she did in 1730.

"There!" concludes M. Guinot, with a fine theatrical "tag" to his *histoirette*, "that is what Maurice de Saxe gained and what he lost through love; and that is the reason why the Cupid weeps over the tomb of the hero." *

"And now," says one of the foreign guide-books, after

* It was during the general European war which began in 1740 that Maréchal Saxe gained the triumphs by which he is best known. He commanded the French army at Fontenoy in 1745, and won a memorable victory over the English and their allies, which he followed up by the conquest of all Belgium. At this period he was lying ill at Paris—suffering under a severe attack of dropsy. He was tapped only five days before the battle was fought, and, spite of the remonstrances of his physicians, went to the field, where he was carried about in a litter during the engagement. In 1747 he gained a second victory over us at Laffelt, and died in 1750, loaded with honours by the French; "who were indebted to him," says Professor Creasy, "for the two chief of the very few successes they have ever had in fair pitched battles against the English." If he had not been a Lutheran, it is said the Maréchal would have been buried at St. Denis—in the royal vaults—at the side of Turenne, who, though "born of the Reformed religion," was converted to Romanism by Bousset (and the prospect of a royal funeral, perhaps?). For the same reason, we are told, Saxe could not be decorated with the "blue ribbon"—the "Order of the Holy Ghost" being essentially a Catholic honour!

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describing the monument of the Maréchal,—"now that you have contemplated death in its majesty—in all its monumental splendour—you can step into an ante-chamber at the same church, and see it turned into a mere show, and human remains that are generally held to be sacred exhibited with no more respect than if they were wax figures or stuffed crocodiles."

At the moment when you are about to quit the Church of St. Thomas, the sacristan opens the door at the side, and invites you to enter,—"*Il ne coûte que 50 centimes pour les bourgeois; et Messieurs les militaires ne sont pas taxés,*" he says. From the great drama of death you are about to pass to the mere parade.

Here you are shown two figures in zinc coffins, with glass lids. In the larger one of these you behold all that remains of the Count of Nassau-Saarwerden, with his brown sheepskin-face glazed and varnished, and his mouth and nostrils stopped with pitch. He is lying on his back, dressed in a plain brown doublet—such as the Roundheads wore—with a dove-coloured silk ribbon round his neck, and a large white collar edged with lace. He has a new pair of yellow ochre gauntlets and knee breeches, with cotton stockings and high-heeled shoes—the latter spotted white with mildew.

The Corpse has been newly dressed (with the exception of the shoes) to tickle the diseased palates of strangers and visitors. The varnish on his face, however, is recent, so that the body may keep longer, and a few more sous be turned out of the ghastly show.

The smaller glazed sarcophagus contains the dressed skeleton of a little girl, said to be the Count's daughter. Here the skull is all crumbling away like worm-eaten paper, and yet the wretched mouldering skeleton is dressed up in an old-fashioned silk gown and lace, and has a ring on the bony fingers, and a bracelet on the bony arm.

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These bodies are said to have been discovered some few years since in the vaults of the chapel, and they have not been re-interred, on account of their being, it is urged, "natural curiosities." It is hardly credible, however, that such utter disrespect to the dead should be permitted.

The spectacle itself is simply disgusting, and should be avoided by all who are anxious to discountenance this tricking out of skeletons in new clothes, as a means of turning a few pence by the odious exhibition.

The other pieces of sculpture at Strasburg — such as the statues of Gutenberg the first printer, and Kleber the republican warrior—are unimportant as works of art. That of Gutenberg, in the *Place* ditto, is by no means comparable to the fine figure of the printer by Thorwalsden at Mainz.

The Strasburg statue is represented in a long flowing robe, holding a printed sheet in the hand, and with the press and forms of type on one side at the foot. The figure, however, wants dignity; it seems to have no sense of the grandeur of the discovery, and to clutch the first printed sheet with no more pride of power than if it represented a "flying stationer" hawking a halfpenny murder. Hence the story has to be made out on the pedestal; and this is accordingly set round with a series of rude bas-reliefs, in the regular French *intense* style. Here we have a crowd of philosophers, poets, and historians from all countries — each with their names engraved under them — such as Tasso, Cervantes, Milton, Buffon, Erasmus, Voltaire, Racine, Molière, Shakspeare, Corneille, D'Alembert, Rousseau, Lessing, Leibnitz, Kant, Copernicus, Newton, Goethe, Schiller, Watt, Papin, &c. &c.—and all grouped round Descartes (of all men in the world!), who is resting on a pillar, with a press at the top. Then another metal tableau represents all the foremost American heroes—

such as Jefferson, Washington, Lafayette, Rush, Adams, Bolivar, &c. &c.; the whole encircling Benjamin Franklin, who is holding up a printed sheet in the midst of the group. A third subject shows the principal anti-slavery advocates, as Wilberforce, Clarkson, Condorcet, &c., hugging slaves and breaking their chains, with the press again forming the central object: while the fourth and last design portrays Sir William Jones, Duperon, Anquetil, "Rah-maoum Roy," &c. &c., distributing tracts to the Chinese and Indians, and with the press once more constituting the centre of the design.

The statue of *Kleber* is in the "*Place*" of that name, and on the pedestal is the following inscription:—

TO KLEBER.
HIS BROTHERS IN ARMS, HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS,
AND THE COUNTRY GENERALLY,
(HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT,)
1840.
ALTEN KIRCHEN, 19 JUNE, 1796.
HELIOPOLIS, 20 MARCH, 1800.

This figure is in bronze, and stands in a half-defiant attitude, with one hand on the sword-hilt at its hip and the other grasping a roll of paper. It is dressed in top-boots, crumply neckcloth, body-coat, and knee-breeches, with a cloak hanging on one shoulder, and no hat on the head. Though why the bronze tops and leathers should have been given and the beaver omitted (especially when it was thought necessary to add a cloak to complete the walking costume), we cannot possibly divine. Surely, if it were a nice regard to the picturesque that made the artist omit the hat from the outdoor dress, the same lively sense of the beautiful might have induced him to have applied an ideal "jack" to the metal top-boots (not to speak of the bronze "smalls")—since such

articles of apparel can hardly be considered either artistic or classic.*

* Strasburg makes a very convenient starting-point for a rapid Rhenish tour, being readily reached now by means of the excellent arrangements of the South Eastern Railway Company in 38½ hours from London. From Strasburg the tourist may ascend by train to Basel, and then descend by the Baden rail to Freiburg. Thence he can pass, *viâ* Baden-Baden and Carlsruhe, down to Heidelberg, and thence again to Mannheim. From this point he can cross the Rhine and continue his journey by the Bavarian railway to Mayence, calling at Speiers by the way if he please. From Mayence he can run up to Frankfort by rail again, and then, *viâ* Wiesbaden, back to the Rhine at Biberich, where he can take the steamer, and descend the river in less than half the time that would be required to ascend it, and thus see all of the river scenery that is worth looking at. In the course of his voyage he can call at Coblenz, see Stolzenfels and Ehrenbreitstein, and if he be able to spare the time, run over to Ems. From Coblenz he must travel by water to Rolandseck, and thence by rail again to Bonn, and so on to Cologne; whence he can take a through-ticket home, *viâ* Calais and Dover. This journey may be accomplished easily in ten days, and need not cost more than 10*l*.

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