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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

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

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§ 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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