Badische Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

Digitale Sammlung der Badischen Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

The upper Rhine

the scenery of its banks and the manners of its people

Mayence to the lake of Constance

Mayhew, Henry

London, 1858

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes-Friedrichshafen

urn:nbn:de:bsz:31-161475

Visual Library

tap of beer rather than so much prestigiated "*aqua pumpi.*" "Oh, yes!" was the lad's reply, as she dipped her bottle into the little stone basin; "I have only just got it from the hands of the pastor." On hearing this, the *Mädchen* tried to prevail upon our child, also, to take a little of the water, telling her that she need not be afraid of thunder and lightning so long as she had got *that* by her; for in the most violent storm she had only to sprinkle the room with a few drops of the blessed liquid, and it would be impossible for her to be struck dead after that.

Hence, on such poor wretches as these, the great discovery of Franklin has been utterly wasted, the German populace being still taught to regard the Almighty as a kind of Romish Jupiter—a Papal Thor, who delights in dealing out death by thunderbolts.

A few weeks after our family had been enlightened as to the electric power of holy water, we saw two priests among the audience at one of the lectures given by Herr Finn upon "*Galvanismus und Electricität;*" and as the lecturer explained and illustrated the properties of the marvellous fluid, we could not help wondering whether these same priests would have the honesty to tell their flock that a metal rod was the only safeguard against lightning, and that the virtue of holy water, in such cases, had been proved to be a mere flam.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(17.)

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.

The royal villa of Friedrichshafen is one of the most striking objects on the shores of the Lake of Constanz. Its

twin square towers, and its white walls and castellated gables, are visible at almost every turn of the steamer. It is seen in the engraving standing out on a small neck of land, and girt with its gardens and trees.

The town itself has scarcely an object worthy of notice. Though it boasts a large *Hafen*, and has a railway in junction with the pier for the facilitation of traffic, besides a palace in immediate proximity with the town, the street (for there is but one in the whole of this *Schloss-stadt*), has even a more desolate appearance than the highways of Constanz itself.

Not a single shop, indeed, is visible. True, there is one house with a sign of fancy rolls carved over the door, but not a bit of bread is to be seen in the window. There is another house, too, with a small case of nails, tools, and saucepans, hung beside the door-posts, and this belongs to *the* ironmonger of the place. Then the butcher has a wire-work screen in front of his shop, as at Constanz, but not a single joint is to be caught sight of behind it.

The houses at the water's edge are the backs of those in the "High Street," as it is called, and they start straight up out of the pool, after the fashion of the amphibious structures in our own Jacob's Island.

At the time of our visit to the place two of the German "*Handwerk-burschers*," (handicraftsmen), who were completing their "*Wandelschaft*," (the travelling term of their apprenticeship), had crossed in the steamer with us; these, as usual, had their knapsacks at their back, and a spare pair of hob-nailed shoes and an umbrella strapped on to the top: but really one would have fancied that the town was suffering from a superabundance of workmen, from the manner in which the poor fellows were cross-questioned by the officials, and made to show their passports to the officer stationed at the gangway

of the vessel, before they could obtain permission to enter the town.

The *Katolische Pfarr-kirche* (Catholic parish-church) of the place is a wretched ungainly building, with a kind of cottage gable-wall for a steeple. In one corner facing the planted and turfed Platz, at the side of the edifice (standing, as it does, a little distance back from the street), there is a large niche, protected by a wire-work screen. Within this is seen a rude and painted stone tableau, the figures of which are sculptured the size of life. The subject of the representation is the Mount of Olives, the principal figure being Christ in a long brown gown and a bright blue scarf about him, and the other an angel with large white wings, holding a golden cup, from which he is about to offer drink to the Saviour; whilst the accessories are a huge modelled pea-green tree in the foreground, and a painted city and rocks in the distance.

Journeying on towards the palace we reach the *Neustadt*, which is a long line of small villas set on the top of a sloping bank that stretches down to the water's edge. The slope is laid out in petty detached gardens, after the fashion of the *Rheinlusts* by Rüdesheim and St. Goar, and each having a wooden summer-house for the owners to sit and smoke in as they gaze upon the Lake.

In front of these are two or three small bathing institutions, which are mere wooden sheds, raised upon stilt-like piles, and stretching far out into the water.

Nor is the sight of the palace itself worth the walk from the station, the building being utterly deficient in ornament, the walls bare as a Quaker's meeting-house, and pierced with as many windows as a *Caserne*.

Indeed the only sign of life and activity is at the railway-station and the harbour, and here the scream of the whistle, the

rumbling of the barrels along the quays, and the jangling of the bars of iron on the stones, give you some faint notion that you are really living in the nineteenth century.

Friedrichshafen is part of the kingdom of Wirtemburg, whose territory stretches from a little above Immenstadt to Kressbronn, a little below Lindau.

The history of this town needs but a few lines.

In the first place, Friedrichshafen originally consisted of two distinct settlements; namely, *Buch-horn* and *Hofen*—the former occupying the site of the present town, and the latter that of the palace.

In the year 837, Buch-horn (then called *Buachihorn*) was strongly fortified; so that when, a century afterwards, it was attacked by a horde of Hungarians, it was impossible to subdue it. The city was made free in the thirteenth century by Rudolph I., and the Emperor Albrecht made a law that no monks should possess any property in it.

In the year 1292 the town was taken by the Bishop of Constanz, and in 1363 it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. It was afterwards rebuilt, and then taken by the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War.

In 1802 it came into the hands of Bavaria, and passed subsequently (in 1805) to Friedrich, King of Wirtemburg, who proceeded to convert the ancient monastery of Hofen into a summer residenz, and immediately afterwards Buch-horn and Hofen came to be called the City and Palace of Friedrichs-hafen. Neustadt was built at the same time, so as to connect the Schloss with the town.

King Wilhelm, however, added, we are told, greatly to the prosperity of the place by the construction of the harbour, and building the first steamers that ever traversed the Lake, so that Friedrichshafen came to be closely allied by commerce with the Swiss shore.

BLB BADISCHE LANDESBIBLIOTHEK Baden-Württemberg

On the 7th July, 1850, the railway was opened, and this was also the first *Eisenbahn* in connexion with the Boden See.

¶ i.

Religious Creed continued—A Modern Prophecy—Canonized Dolls—Pharisaical Processions and Public Praying.

During our residence at Coblenz, too, a report was circulated that a prophecy had been made, which, with the usual and very convenient vagueness of such matters, foretold that on the 1st of July, 1855, something dreadful was to happen somewhere to somebody. At length the prophetic rumour took a more definite form, and resolved itself into a statement that some one, whilst in a trance at Coblenz, had declared that the world was to come to an end at the expiration of the month of June, at which period the Protestants, we were politely informed, were to be all destroyed, and the Catholics to live on. As the time drew near for the fulfilment of the predicted catastrophe, the German Papists became more and more alarmed, and on the morning of the 1st of July all were a-gog, wondering in what manner, and at what moment, the dreadful event was to come to pass. At length an announcement was made at one of the schools that a telegraphic message had been received, stating that the Pope had been assassinated in his bed early that morning; and immediately there was one general exclamation of, "*Das ist die Prophezei!*" uttered by the great body of Catholics, who seemed to have wholly forgotten that the prediction referred to a totally different circumstance.

Nor should it be imagined that we here chronicle the sentiments of the mere vulgar upon the subject; for at the