













# GERMAN EXPERIENCES:

ADDRESSED TO

THE ENGLISH;

BOTH

STAYERS AT HOME, AND GOERS ABROAD.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE RURAL AND SOCIAL LIFE OF GERMANY," ETC.

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## PREFACE.

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It was not my intention to have written a word of preface to this little volume, but as the work is just printed the German newspapers bring matter which so strikingly confirms the most important statements in it regarding the peculiar present social and political condition of that country, that I cannot resist the pleasure of alluding to it. The debates in the Baden Chamber continue to be, as they have now been for some years, most bold and admirable. The liberal spirit in the majority of representatives is worthy of all imitation throughout every state of Germany. Such men as Welcker, Bassermann, Sander, etc., would do honour to any nation. There is nothing wild, reckless, or dreamy about their demands of reform; they are distinguished by a great and sober earnestness, worthy of men who have not merely loved Liberty in their youth, but have learned to know her in their maturity, and to distinguish her from her counterfeit and worst foe, Licence. The proceedings of the Baden Chamber will really test the spirit of the German people. If they are worthy of rational liberty, they cannot avoid being inspired by the splendid example, of this little parlia-

ment, and roused to life by the manly eloquence of its patriotic members. If the spirit of the Baden Chamber do not spread, the case of Germany is hopeless.

There may be those who may think that I have pronounced a somewhat severe judgment on the political subserviency of the German people; but what said the representative Sander in the Chamber on the 15th of April last: "From the French Revolution came storm on storm; and never has a nation—we speak it with shame and sorrow, yet without reproach against individuals—more ignominiously conducted itself; for nothing more ignominious can be found than when brothers suffer themselves to be led by a conqueror into battle against brothers. Let us not, then, deceive ourselves! Nothing but misfortune can come, if, through the repose of peace, through a too great contentment, we suffer ourselves to fall asleep, and forget that which maintains the rights and dignity of the country. It was exactly this which was then forgotten, and therefore the Empire fell. If we forget this now, the Confederation, and many of its eight-and-thirty states will fall. The Minister has consoled us with the assurance that Germany is respected and honoured abroad. I lament that in this respect I am of a totally opposite opinion. That the same Minister, Peel, in England, who, with eloquent tongue at public dinners, and in Parliament, lauds the Northern Autocrat, also praises us, and that all Britons do this when we

continue in the position that they wish us to do; namely, that we do not prosecute the interests of trade and the Zoll-Verein with vigour and zeal, is very comprehensible. But, on the other hand, I read in both the French and English newspapers *that we are the most obsequious and slavish people in Europe*. I remind the Minister of the article which *The Times* has published on the condition of the press in Prussia; and this paper is confessedly a Tory paper. A people that allows its frontiers to be menaced,—a people of eight-and-thirty millions, which formerly played the chief rôle, yet which now is so little considered in international treaties that it is not able to assert the freedom of its two great rivers, and which must submit to many other disadvantages,—a people which does not know how to protect its internal freedom,—cannot permanently maintain the respect of other nations.”

Here Sander then goes on to shew how far superior to their present condition was that under the Empire up to 1806; and refers to a particular of the most vital consequence, yet which, in describing the fetters imposed by the present Princes on the nation, I had forgotten, or but briefly touched on,—that is, that every thing like a public meeting to complain of any grievance is utterly forbidden. Nay, the very collecting of signatures to a petition is equally so. He says that under the Empire the Press was for the most part free; the University presses were wholly so. The Professors were then called by the colleges them-

selves, and might freely lecture, but that now if they utter a free word they are dismissed; and he very properly asks, whether, under such circumstances, science and real learning can be promoted or maintained? He says that even the peasants up to 1806 could meet and prepare petitions to the Imperial Parliament, and could print what lay upon their hearts.

These are statements singularly confirmative of those made in this volume; but still more striking are the observations of the representative Welcker, a popular historian, on that dreadful secret penal system to which I have devoted a chapter. On the 19th of April just past,\* in the debate on the established system of penal jurisdiction, Welcker contrasted in a most able manner the wide difference between public and private trial. "If," said he, "I were at the very beginning dragged into secrecy and darkness, where I had the natural right to be openly tried; if here secrecy operated in so subtle a manner, as for whole years to separate me from my connexions and from a defender; if, as in our Baden law, a judgment merely on suspicion could take place; if, as in many countries at the present time, torture were regularly combined with this proceeding; and, in a great part of Germany, a much worse torture than the ancient still exists, through secret martyrdom, cudgelings, and yet greater sufferings; if, in the nature of this proceeding lie such things as those which have in a printed

\* *Allgemeine Zeitung*, April 26th, 1844.

document been laid before this chamber, no less than twenty cited cases of prison and legal murders, in states which boast especially of an excellent administration of justice; if the Prussian minister state from his own country the cases of six innocent men who had been condemned to death, *on their own extorted confessions*, and yet in all these cases the clearest *alibi* had been afterwards proved; if I have produced here examples of unfortunate people who have languished in prisons eight years, were finally condemned to death, and then whose innocence came to light,—let no one say that I have painted these horrors in too vivid colours.”

The whole of this splendid speech teems with corroborations of what I had already written in this volume. “Publicity and sworn jurors,” he says, “are human institutions, but they bring all unjust judgments to the day; but by our secret proceedings in Germany, it is an actual miracle, an exception, if an unjust judgment come to the day, since the man either dies on the scaffold, or in the house of punishment; and the whole process lies buried in the dust of the archives.”

He represents “the dreadful anomaly, that, while civil causes can in many places be tried openly, in those cases in which all that is dearest to the citizen is concerned,—his honour, his life, his freedom,—the whole is transacted in chambers of darkness. But,” added he, “how much more fearful this became from the fact that all these secret courts were under the direct influence of the government,

and every judge and officer of its appointment!" He reminded the Chamber of the practice of the Empire, where the judges were nearly, if not wholly, independent, but were now quite dependent, and not only so, but were placed in the position of the most absolute suspicion as to the impartiality of their judgments. "Think only," exclaimed the orator, "of the monstrous contrast! Formerly Grolman declared, that it was but cabinet justice if the minister only during a trial communicated to a judge his view of the case; now, there stands the Attorney-general, instructed and directed by the government, constantly before the judge, delivers the accusation, demands the trial, demands at every step of it, in the name of the almighty power of the government, that the judge shall so and so decide. How must it go under such circumstances with the poor accused in the secret chambers? If the antagonist power of publicity, the control of their fellow-citizens, the light of the sun and of public opinion, do not step in, they who make themselves, politically or unpolitically, unwelcome or hated, are lost beyond redemption."

I am proud to produce such eminent testimony to the accuracy of the statements in this volume, which will not fail to astonish the mass of English readers, who are little acquainted with the actual state of things in Germany. They who are really well informed of this state of things have long ceased to wonder, they only deplore.

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## ERRATA.

- Page 27, line 23, *for* "moon-light," *read* "moon-like."  
— 52, — 20, *for* "whose," *read* "where."  
— 93, — 3, *for* "administration," *read* "admiration."  
— 157, — 4, *for* "its," *read* "their."  
— 169, — in note, *for* "mountains," *read* "mountain."  
— 194, — 16, *for* "investigation," *read* "instigation."  
— 214, — 7, *for* "Spruch-collegian," *read* "Spruch-collegia."  
— 223, — in note, *for* "removed," *read* "reproved."  
— 227, — 22, *for* "land," *read* "laud."  
— 274, — in note, *for* "Volksbewnsstseins wisd," *read*  
"Volksbewusstseins wird;" *for* "dasser," *read*  
"dass er;" *for* "alseben," *read* "als eben."  
— 296, — 7, *for* "Tartar-eagle," *read* "Russian vulture."





# GERMAN EXPERIENCES,

ADDRESSED TO

THE ENGLISH.

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## CHAPTER I.

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IN my work on Germany there are certain subjects which I either omitted or merely slightly touched upon, as not coming expressly within the range of its "Social and Rural life," and as calculated to expand that work beyond reasonable bounds. On these particular subjects I wished to speak too expressly with a reference to the advantage of my countrymen, both public and private, and therefore resolved to treat them in a little separate volume.

Vast numbers of our countrymen are now settled, at least for a time, in Germany; and, independent of merely summer tourists, great numbers are still annually passing over to reside there for a season. Some are led by the simple desire or necessity for change; some go to seek health at the baths; some with a view to economy; and others, and this a

large number, with a view to the education of their children. To all these the experiences of a person who has already made the sojourn, and particularly in pursuit of education, I am sure may be of no trifling benefit. Such a little manual would have saved us infinite annoyances; would have saved us much time, much misery and disappointment. It is what we should have hailed as most welcome. I shall, therefore, endeavour to make the path clear to my successors, in all those particulars which every one is asking for on his arrival, and which no one can furnish in a palpable and lasting form. What people should take with them, and what they should not take with them; where and how they should locate themselves; what dangers and impositions they have to guard against; and what they are, and are not to expect in the most important particulars,—these are the points that every one is anxious to obtain information upon, and which it shall be the object of this little volume to endeavour to supply.

But there is a second, and still more serious object in this work. Political and other circumstances have brought us, of late years, into a close connexion with Germany. The Queen's marriage preeminently has promoted this tendency. The literature, the music, the opera, the language, and the institutions of that country have become more or less fashionable. In education, particularly, we have shewn a disposition to admire and adopt

its institutions. Nay, its systems of police, and similar social and political organizations, have grown rapidly into imitative life amongst us. Now to copy and engraft on our own practices what is good in those of foreign nations is wise; but there is a danger that when a thing becomes fashionable, that we shall cherish an indiscriminating enthusiasm, and under its influence adopt not the good only but the bad. There is no question that this is our case just now, and the voice of warning shall not be wanting on my part to point out the perils which are from this quarter stealing silently but with firmest foot upon us. Mistaken notions of many German institutions prevail to a wonderful extent amongst our people at home, and none so mistaken or so imminently dangerous as those connected with popular education. Let us then endeavour, in the first place, to clear the course for those of our countrymen who are contemplating a residence in that country; and, in the second, by a more familiar view of the spirit and working of German institutions, to guard ourselves at home from the mischiefs with which their too easy adoption threatens us.

## CHAPTER II.



THE most important point in setting out for any foreign country is to go with correct notions of what it is, and, therefore, what you have to expect. There is no country of the European continent where people are so apt to carry preconceived ideas of an erroneous, and therefore delusive and disappointing nature, as Germany. Those especially who are a little poetically inclined, are apt to entertain I know not what conceptions of a primitive, simple-hearted, intellectual, and kind nation. They imagine an old-world elysium, and a golden age of pastoral simplicity and poetry. This is the finest possible mood to go out with if you wish to become the prey of imposition, and to make a rapid transition to disgust and disappointment. It is true that the Germans are a people of a simpler and more economical style of living than we are; but they are by no means wanting in worldly shrewdness, and a sharp look-out after their own interests. Things are to a certain degree cheaper there, especially the farther eastward that you advance; but it is nevertheless true, that the English generally

pay from twenty to forty per cent. more for every thing than they ought to do. Intellectual, and somewhat sentimental, the Germans as a nation may be considered; but human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, and the bulk of those amongst whom you are thrown in the concerns of daily life anywhere, are not those of the most exalted and romantic minds; on the contrary, they are the classes which look upon you as their natural prey, and are as canny as any Scotchman in making the most of you. You are soon astonished to find how closely simplicity of manner, or mode of life, is connected with selfish exactness; with a want of the refinement, of delicacy of sentiment and action, that you are accustomed to at home; and how all that is really superior, be it in intellect or in heart, gradually draws back before you, and concentrates itself in the few shining exceptions.

That class of persons who have gone to Germany with the most enthusiastic ideas of simple grace, poetry, and warmheartedness, have always experienced the most bitter disappointment. They have generally commenced their study of the German language with Grimms' Märchen; they have read the Life of Jung Stilling; they have then plunged into the noble poetry of Schiller, and the Faust, the Hermann and Dorothea of Goethe, the beautiful picture of country and domestic life in Voss's Louise. They have gazed with admiration at the designs of

Retzsch; and have thus set forth with the ideal of a country in their heads compounded of those materials, forgetful that these are not the realities of life, but the golden embellishments of poets. Let all such enthusiasts get rid as fast as possible of these rainbow fancies. Let them expect that though they will find much to admire in the literature of Germany, they will also find that the literature is far more attractive than the life. Much too as there is in the life which will charm them,—the open accessibility of fields and forests, the delightful public walks, the easy hours and easy prices of the finest concerts, operas, and galleries of art, much too in the ease and simplicity of domestic arrangements; they will find too many things which rub off dreadfully the poetry of illusion; much coarseness of manner and speech, many habits which astonish a refined people.

Let all such persons, therefore, as they wish to enjoy what is really satisfactory, cast away as fast as possible all *Arcadian* ideas. Let them prepare to find a people civil and friendly, but naturally much fonder of themselves and their own people than of foreigners; very glad to have you at their balls and parties, but not prone to rush into enthusiastic friendships with you. A people, in fact, much fonder of our money than of ourselves; who are jealous of our wealth and greatness, and hate us cordially because we were never beaten by Buonaparte like themselves. Above all, let them

never forget that they are not going to exist entirely on the books and the poetry, in the woods or the public gardens; but in houses, of which they will have real earthly rent to pay, and on the articles furnished by butchers, bakers, grocers, and such mortals, who are no more poetical or less attentive to number one than the very acute and practical fellows of their English experience. They will do well, instead of dreams of Werthers and Charlottes, of Retzsch's graceful youths and maidens, or of Strauss and Lanners' bands, to possess themselves with the idea that there is a very large body of people who are expecting them, just as our fishermen expect the annual shoal of herrings, and are prepared to extract from them as much of their English gold as they can. The Germans travel from home only to gain; we travel to spend. The Germans go out in swarms to every nation and city where money is to be earned, and they are not therefore likely to neglect the gathering of it at home. We conquer nations and plant colonies; but the Germans, like the Jews, insinuate themselves into the mass of the population of all known countries, from America to the East Indies, from Australia to Russia. They abound throughout Turkey, Wallachia, Syria, the United States, France, and England. In Germany we expect to win nothing but pleasure or accomplishment: it is too poor a country to offer any temptation to moneyed speculators—there is nothing of the sort to be got

there; but here, as everywhere else, we are expected to spend, and a large class has sprung up which depends almost entirely on our expenditure. They are not by any means pleased with us if we do not spend freely. In England the Germans seek in shoals a participation of our wealth. I know not if it be statistically correct, but the Germans here themselves assert that there are not less than forty or fifty thousand of their countrymen in London; that Whitechapel is half populated with them, and that Manchester has its ten thousand Germans. All these are close, practical, fast-sticking fellows, who, like the Scotch, are enthusiasts regarding all that belongs to their own country, yet never care to return to it. Their affection, like that of Coleridge for his wife and children, is too tender to allow them to live together. Of these same lovers of the Fatherland, but deeper lovers of themselves, we remind our poetical readers, once more, that there is a large class expecting them in that country, and we therefore bid those that are going think first of the pounds and afterwards of the poetry.

Having, therefore, resolved to carry with you as little poetic luggage as possible, the next thing is to follow the same rule regarding your other luggage. It is always a question with those who are intending to spend a considerable period abroad, what shall we take with us? We here answer, as little as possible. It is true that the steamers allow you,



each person, a hundred weight of luggage; and people therefore think, we may as well take this, that, and the other; but they should recollect that railroads do not allow so much, often nothing,—as through Belgium,—that diligences allow but little, and hired coachmen expect fares in proportion to your weighty packages. You should recollect too that there are such things as custom-house officers, and that the more you have with you, the more chances of having duty to pay, and at the least, the more annoyance of searching and overhauling. What you really *should* take, is a good stock of clothes, a good quantity of household linen, though you may purchase *that* too about as reasonably as here; a good set or two of table knives and forks, for those of the country are wretched; and a supply of plate for daily use. Those who keep a private medicine chest at home had better take it, for the pharmaceutical preparations are infinitely inferior to ours. Some persons take sets of china with them; but this is liable to get broken, will have on reaching the frontiers of Germany to be put into what is called *transitu*, that is, be sealed up, and sent on by a common carrier at your expense, and may after all be much better bought for your household use, and sold again when you leave. During your abode abroad, all sorts of things will accumulate that you wish to bring home, and you will find on arriving at London that freight and duty will amount to a considerable sum. Though I paid

little or nothing on this score on going out, it cost me on my return, in freight and duty, about fifty pounds. Above all things, amongst those articles which you should *not* take with you, are English servants. Take none, or at most one confidential and well-trying one. All experience teaches the grievous mistake of taking English servants into Germany. Many a one who is a good servant here, is there good for nothing, a fish out of water, discontented with every thing, and home sick. It is then no easy matter to get them back again. They have not the same object that you have to make a foreign sojourn interesting. They are comparatively useless to you, because they are ignorant both of the language and the habits of the people that you are amongst. They cannot go on errands, or shop for you. And besides being useless, they are often most annoying by their wretched, discontented looks and complaints. The *Martha Penny* in Hood's "Up the Rhine," is a perfect specimen of female servants under these circumstances. We had a *Martha* too, exactly a *Martha Penny*. An excellent servant she was at home, but the moment she set foot in the boat at the Tower Stairs, all her virtue, as if it belonged to the English ground, forsook her. She was worse than useless on the voyage, and when arrived at our destination she went about with the gait and the face of despair. But as a matter of convenience and economy, the taking of English servants is

most unwise. An English housemaid will cost you 12*l.* a year, a cook from 16*l.* to 20*l.* Their fare out and back will not be less than 8*l.* each, that is, an English maid-servant will cost you from 20*l.* to 28*l.* for a year, and it is two to one if you keep her three months, but will be glad to send her home; while for a German housemaid you will give 4*l.* or 5*l.*; for an excellent cook 8*l.* These servants will know how to do anything you want doing; and can help you in intercourse with the natives, while English ones are totally useless. The wages of men servants in the same proportion.

In this chapter I will not pause to ask where or why you are going, but as you *are* going, and have your luggage put up, I have only to add, look well after it. The Germans, as a people, are a very honest people; but they never did, nor do now, profess to have none of the genus thief amongst them. A lady of my acquaintance, after dosing herself well with German poetry, set out for that country with the most angelic ideas of the honest Germans, which were not disturbed, luckily, till she remarked certain bunches of thorns stuck into the cherry-trees by the way-side, and on inquiring received the alarming answer that they were to keep boys out of the trees when the cherries were ripe. My friend, who had also imbued herself with the Wordsworthian, as well as the German poetry, immediately exclaimed to herself—"O! the child is father to the man. Those who pick cherries, may

also pick pockets," and she wisely began to take good care of her own. Of all quarters of Germany, the one by which the great mass of our countrymen enter it, is that of the Rhine; and this is precisely the most dishonest portion of the whole country. I have travelled through almost all parts of the nation during an abode of three years, with my family, and lost nothing at all with the exception of a few trifles which naturally vanish at the inns of great cities; but on the Rhine I have been repeatedly fleeced, and it is indeed a region regarded by the Germans themselves as the most corrupt in principle of the whole land. They attribute this to its exposure to the invasions and inroads from the side of France, which it has from age to age suffered, and to the influx of all sorts of demoralized characters into so great a thoroughfare of nations. In particular the neighbourhood of Cologne is notorious for its light-fingered gentry. The very first time we came there we witnessed a very adroit piece of these gentlemen's practice. Mrs. Howitt and Miss Clara Novello, who was on her way to Italy, had been to Farina's and purchased some cases of his eau de Cologne. These were sent in and laid on the table in the great dining-room of the hotel while we went out before dinner to view the cathedral. On our return we found one of them broken open and cleared of every bottle, the lid of the case being merely put down again. On calling the landlord, he treated it quite as a matter

of course, and at once replaced it at his own charge.

On our return down the Rhine last summer, and three years after this incident, between St. Goar and Cologne, we had a hand carpet-bag, which had travelled with us in perfect security all over the country by day and by night, cut open on the packet, plundered of articles and five-franc pieces to the value of nearly ten pounds. It was cut open along one of the bottom seams, and carefully sewed up again so as not to allow the remaining things to fall out when the bag was first lifted up; but the needle was left hanging to the thread.

This occurred on board the steam-boat Ludwig, belonging to the Cologne company; which we now found to our comfort was a regular den of thieves. The Directors, to whom I immediately made the fact known, gave themselves instant and the most active trouble to discover the offenders. The vessel was searched, but in vain; the thieves were too adroit. On reaching our inn, we soon heard that we had but shared the fate of a good many others before us in this very vessel. A lady had had a casket broken open on the cabin table, and various valuable rings and jewels taken out of it. She discovered the theft immediately, and called for the captain. A waiter was seen to throw something out of the window into the Rhine. Several persons rushed to the spot, and one ring was found still lying on the ledge. The waiter was convicted, and committed to a six years' imprisonment.

An English naval officer, on arriving at Cologne, I believe by this very boat, found his trunk was carried off, containing his clothes and money, and he landed at Cologne with only the clothes on his back and a very small sum of money in his pocket; a perfect stranger in the country, and ignorant of its language. His trunk he never saw any more of. On mentioning these facts to one of the Directors of the General Steam Navigation Company soon after, he said, "You see the black portmanteau there. This summer I made a journey up the Rhine on the Company's business, and for the sake of gaining an hour one morning went on board of the other Company's boat, Ludwig, for the next stage. On board my portmanteau was broken open, all my papers carried off, and never recovered."

On ascending the Rhine a few months afterwards, I was informed by one of the Directors at Cologne that they had made no discovery respecting the robbery on myself, but had committed and had had four of their people of the steamer Ludwig sentenced to six years imprisonment for similar acts. What was singular was that the Cologne Company, though so many of these disreputable acts had taken place on board their vessels, had taken no step for the greater security of passengers' luggage, but suffered it to be piled on the deck exposed to the same accidents as before, while the General Steam Company had adopted the very means I had recommended to the Cologne Company, that of a

railed inclosure on the deck, in which the luggage of the passengers could be locked up.

These facts will be enough to induce tourists up the Rhine, not only as Hood advises them, to "take care of their pockets," but also to take care of their trunks and bags.

CHAPTER III.  

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THE objects, we have said, of English visitors to Germany, are health, economy, an agreeable change and relaxation by change of scene and of society, and the education of their children. The first great question with any one of these objects is, where shall you locate yourself? Except on the score of health, which determines its own location by the particular bath recommended for the case, or by the necessity for change, quiet, diversion, or whatever else may be requisite, all the other objects point directly to the larger cities. It is a very mistaken notion that the smaller towns are much cheaper than the larger ones. To foreigners the reverse is very often the case. In small towns a particular set of tradesmen make a point of serving the English, and, as I shall explain in a subsequent chapter, you fall into their hands in such a manner that you are regularly and unmercifully fleeced, without the power of helping yourselves. In the choice of houses or lodgings you are extremely circumscribed, and pay proportionably high; in fact, every thing is higher, except the



most important thing of all, the quality of the society, and that is infinitely lower. Whether, therefore, you seek diversion, economy, or education, go to the capitals; avoid the small provincial towns as you would avoid the plague.

Vast numbers of our country people flock into the Rhine country, because it is easy of access,—because it is a very charming country so far as nature goes; but it is, at the same time, with the exception of Prussia, the very dearest part of Germany, and what is worse, it is the most corrupt and demoralized. It is not in the cities of the Rhine that you will find the genuine German character in its primitive truth and simplicity. It is a great thoroughfare of tourists, and that of itself is enough to stamp it as corrupt and selfish. True, it is a lovely country, and if you are content with the charms of nature you cannot well have a pleasanter. But if you seek either the highest state of German social culture in the purest state of its moral simplicity, you must go farther. The Rhine country has for ages, like our border-lands formerly, been the theatre of contentions between the Germans and French, as well as other armies, not excepting those of Spain, England, Holland, and Belgium. It has been exposed to successive burnings and devastations; to successive overrunning with the veriest off-scourings of all European society, the soldiery of the armies, and their lewd followers. These things, as well as the system

of baronial and knightly robbery which for ages existed there, have left deep traces in the moral constitution of the inhabitants; and throughout Germany the Germans themselves protest against the Rhine country being taken as exhibiting a fair specimen of German character. They hardly allow that the Rhine people are genuine Germans. The cities, moreover, are not first-rate cities in themselves. They do not offer the advantages of capitals, but they offer more than their expenses; they press upon you their social corruptions, more markedly and more nearly as they are more confined, with the addition of the greatest curse of social existence, the most rampant gossip, scandal, and personal interference of small towns,—that social pestilence which the Germans call *Kleinstädterei*, or Little-town-ism. The language in these towns is, too, to a certain degree, corrupt. Even Frankfort, one of the very best, most respectable, and *most expensive* of them all, has this fault in a high degree.

If, therefore, you seek economy, you must advance farther; for the highest degree of cheapness, into Bavaria. Even in Munich, with all its advantages of good society, splendid displays of ancient and modern art, excellent opera, and good university and schools, you will find houses, and the whole material of living, greatly cheaper than in those towns. But if you would choose such a city as Nüremberg, a city full of the picturesqueness and

the antiquity of art, a city still famous for its active spirit of trade, and for the richness of its handicraft productions, for its moral tone, and the cordiality of its inhabitants, you would be astonished at the extreme cheapness of every thing. A furnished house, which in a Rhine town would cost you 90*l.* a year, would not cost you in Nüremberg more than 40*l.*, or even one in every respect superior, more than the half, 45*l.* Many men of note and stand, live there in good and roomy houses of from 6*l.* to 10*l.* a year rent. Living is on the same scale: the schools are excellent, and masters for music and modern languages, of first-rate accomplishment, are to be had at a most moderate rate. As Nüremberg may now be reached by steam up the Main from Frankfort, we may confidently calculate that in a short time it will become a great resort of English families, who are proposing an abode of some years for the education of their children, and seek at the same time, quiet, good, intelligent society, cheapness, and a pleasant country.

But where people wish to secure all possible advantages, including even cheapness and a charming country, these are to be found in the very capitals themselves. Where can people find more charming countries than those in the neighbourhood of Vienna or Dresden? In the one you have the hills of the Alpine range stretching from the city on to Baden, and quite away into Styria. You have these full of the most delicious retreats, or

scenes of rural gaiety. You have a rail-road to whirl you away to any of these scenes in a wonderfully short space of time, or you have the Danube inviting you with its daily steamers to trace it upward, amid its mountains and wild forests, its antique towns and villages, its old castles and hanging vineyards; or downward into Hungary, or to Constantinople itself. In the other you have the gladsome Elbe, inviting you to a three-hours' sail into its delightful Saxon Switzerland, or to the ancient splendours of Prague—villages and vineyards scattered in a smiling country around it, enough to lure away young hearts, or poetic ones, for many a joyous day's ramble. Either of these cities is as cheap as any Rhine town, and even much cheaper. And even if you obtain those two important benefits, economy and the enjoyment of a delightful country, what do you not in a capital obtain besides? The whole mass of advantages is on your side. You have whatever you seek—diversion, society, music, public spectacles, public gardens, operatic and theatric representations, schools, and teaching in every department, of the very highest quality. It must be recollected that a German capital is not like a London. It is in population but like one of our provincial towns; you can escape into the country in a few minutes on any side, and have besides such public gardens and walks as no English town has. It must be confessed, that those little but gay capitals are the very per-

fection of the combination of life's pleasures and advantages. They have all the gaiety and charms of a capital, with the enduring freshness and suburban leafiness and retirement of a village. In point of amusement, you have all the highest class of amusements, those which at once blend the wonders and charms of art with the pleasures of rural life and the sweetness of nature, in the highest grade of excellence, and lying within so easy a reach both of person and purse. From your tea-table you may walk forth into the most charming gardens, where the first masters of Germany are giving public concerts, and where, to use our newspaper phrase, all the beauty, rank, and fashion of the capital are to be found. Your entrance-fee to this brilliant magic circle is four pence! and you may at the same time enjoy coffee or ices, or other such refreshments, on the same moderate scale. If you turn your steps in another direction, and prefer for the evening the gay circle of the theatre or the opera, to the lamp-hung trees and the happy-looking groups seated beneath them, at their tables covered with refreshments, coffee, or wine, you step into a bright and gay scene of social elegance, scenic and artistic brilliance. You listen to the grand compositions of Beethoven or Mozart, to the singing of Staudigl, Lutzer, or Schroeder Devrient, or to the comic humour of Schoultz, the Liston of Germany. You can enjoy all this for twenty pence, in the most fashionable part of the house, or can

for five pence, if you choose to stand in the aisles. If you prefer the private dance, or the private social circle, there you can find them in the highest rank of fashion, in the selectest gathering of literary and intellectual eminence. If the still selected circle of closer friendship be your choice, it is there that you can build this circle from a wide choice and a higher class of mind and accomplishment. If you prefer utter seclusion, the only place where you can enjoy this, independent of impertinent curiosity, is the capital. The means of education are opened before you here in the same abundant quantity and preeminent quality. What has the provincial town to offer you in comparison? Every thing of a lower grade. The higher genius, the higher intelligence, the higher artistic excellence it does not possess. Its masters, its public walks, its galleries of art, are wanting, or are of an inferior order. But while it has not those to give you, what does it not force upon you that the capital frees you from? It forces on you actual increase of expense. You have not the same ample choice of house or lodging. The number of these in an ordinary German town is limited, and the habitual caution of the Germans will not allow them to increase the number at the risk of lowering the price. This caution is often carried so far as to keep away many families which would otherwise have settled there; but at the same time it has the effect of maintaining the rental at an extravagant

height. In these small towns the visitors are a distinct and marked class, and they create the consequent class of lodging-house-keepers, who, knowing that the accommodation is but of a certain extent, prey most unmercifully on the small number of temporary sojourners. In the capitals, letters of lodgings and livers in them are more lost and blended in the great mass of the population. There is more choice, and therefore a more moderate price. It is the same with the shops. In the large town, you are less confined in your number of shops, and less preyed upon. But the greatest of all advantages of a capital, so far as your daily peace and comfort are concerned, is, that it frees you from the already mentioned curse of *Kleinstädterei*—from the low and frivolous gossiping—*from the low and amphibious grade of society—*from the inevitable contact in a little place with vulgar minds and manners, and with the petty annoyances, jealousies, and cabals of this most pestiferous of human abodes. Shun, therefore, I repeat it, small towns as you would shun the plague, but preeminently and most especially a little University town. That is the plague of plagues, and the sore of sores; it is a moral sink, a purgatory of vulgar passions, and a devouring canker of all peace.

Small towns all the world over, are notorious for their gossiping, prying into family privacies, and petty cabals; but a German little town is such a

purgatory, *par excellence*, because it has no interest in great and national politics, to engage the passions, the attention, and the vituperative eloquence of its lazy people; yet, still eminent above all in this bad eminence is the little University town. It is infinitely more demoralized, more frivolous, more impertinent and vapid in its mind and tastes, than any other. Let no man here imagine that this proceeds from the students in particular; no, it comes from the opposite and unexpected quarter of the Professors.

The students are a moving population. They come and go, and fresh ones take their place. Whatever injury such a town may do to them, is, like their sojourn there, temporary; but, on the mass of the inhabitants, the effect of the abode of a body of young men and strangers, large in proportion to its other population—full of animal life—and with few social resources in their leisure hours, cannot avoid, to a certain extent, being bad. The fixed population of the town receives the injurious impression of such a body, be it more or less, in proportion. But, these young men, though they have a European reputation for their singular habits and customs, I have often had occasion to remark, are as orderly a body as, under such circumstances, can be found in the world; and I do not ascribe any great amount of the notoriously low morals and social state of the little University towns of Germany to them, but, as I have said, to the Professors.



These Professors may be, and commonly are, men of very orderly and domestic habits, mostly are very learned, most astoundingly plodding in their labours and studies; not only lecturing publicly and privately, daily, on the most abstruse philosophy, the heaviest law, or the profoundest science—but, writing year-books, histories of the world, in amazingly numerous volumes, systems of metaphysics and physics, and all other sorts of books except *entertaining* ones, which their profession may call for, or publishers may order; nay, so vast is their appetite for literary and philosophical labour, that they would undertake, if it were ordered, to write a history of the moon, or the remotest planet with all its tribes; and convince you that they had gone through mountains of original documents, unknown to everybody else, for the purpose. No nation has so many systems of philosophy and so many histories of the world as Germany, written by its ponderous and persevering Professors. Nay, they can just as well write on subjects which they have never examined, as other people on those which they have sifted through and through. Thus, Professor Schlosser of Heidelberg, has written a History of the Eighteenth Century, in which the literary history of that period in England was, to my positive knowledge, written without ever reading the works of the authors on whom he most confidently pronounces judgment; yet, with such success, that

the *Allgemeine Zeitung* triumphantly declared, that there never had been more than three real historians in the world—Heroditus, Tacitus, and Schlosser!

Besides these unparalleled geniuses, who can write histories without reading for it, many others of these Professors are men of high and well-merited fame for actual and laborious achievements; yet spite of this, and spite of all the domestic virtues, it is on them that we must charge the deplorable condition of the little University towns. Buried in their books and colossal labours, they are as much lost to the daily passing and exciting world as their great-grandfathers, who have already written, no doubt, an immense mass of history and philosophy in some other part of the universe. They are a species of married monks, who walk out of their cells, only to the lecture-room instead of to mass, and then into their little *Kränzchen*, or small social circle, to eat sausage and potato-salad of an evening. Meanwhile, the students sit by hundreds in the beer-house drinking and singing, because they have nothing else to do, and know no private family in the whole town. We have asked of some of these professors, why they don't institute some sort of social meetings for those students—as, conversaciones, concerts, or lectures of polite literature, at which they might meet the respectable inhabitants, and not be compelled to the sole refuge of the beer-shop; to which these gigantic professors,

who could wield the histories of worlds, and turn the mind of man as completely inside out as their countryman Münchhausen did the wolf, only reply with a shrug of the shoulder, that that does not belong to their *Fach*; that that is the regular, old-established way of things; they, themselves, went through their student days thus, and the youngsters need not to expect better things, nor need turn out better than their fathers. And truly, it must be confessed that, when these worthy men have lectured to the students all day, and have had in early mornings and late at night, histories of worlds and of unread literature to write, they have had enough to do. It is not here, therefore, that we mean to lay the corruption of this little town upon them. It is in a still tenderer point.

Great in history and philosophy, great in the professor's chair, great in the evening *Kränzchen*, over their potato-salad and sausages, the German professors resolve to be great also by their own firesides. To be the sole burning and shining light there, they put out that secondary and moon-light light, the mind of their wives. They despise and trample under foot the intellects of the women. In the true old pedant's style, they decree that a woman is fit for nothing but to cook, nurse her children, and amuse her lord with the tittle-tattle of the little town. This feeling, which prevails (originating, however, in this source) more or less the whole country over, reigns in the University

town in its full mastery. If any one wants to see a written proof of the true notion of a German professor on this subject, let him turn to the afore-said "History of the Eighteenth Century," by Schlosser, now translated into English, and note how he rates the English ladies for writing books, telling them that they ought to be in their kitchens or educating their children. Unfortunately, a German lady is, thanks to the learned professors, seldom fit either to write a book or educate her children. Accomplished according to the professors' doctrine, that they shall be mere household slaves and entertainers of their lords, the women, especially in these towns, and in the very thickest atmosphere of this doctrine, dance, cook, read a mass of trashy novels, and fill up that wide space in their minds where solid information and elevated moral sentiments should reside, with the poorest gossip and the most frivolous pastimes. The consequences of this are most deplorable. The whole tone of the female mind is lowered to the last degree. To dance, to sit on the chief seats at the little concerts of the town, to run after, and carry about the petty cabals, and bickerings, and slanders of the day,—good heavens! what a pitiable world is the female world of a little German university town! In the very circles of their *Kränzchen*, where the men and their wives meet, the men do not think the women worth any attention. They sit at separate tables; the ladies knitting, and

abusing their servants, or their neighbours, the philosophers philosophizing.

There is seldom any amount of a higher class of society resident in these little places, and professors' wives, and lady-lodging-house-keepers, mingle in their companies, and give the tone to the place. They see and know nothing of the world at large. The standards of morals and opinions which guide the more-informed classes of mankind are unknown there. They have a standard of their own, and woe to the stranger that dares to call it in question. Good people of England, travel where you will, and settle where you will, but only avoid the little German University town.

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A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of last March, draws the following most living picture of the spirit and plagues of a little University town:—

I know well what is said of the evils of the lesser Universities; and which, in the celebrated work of an excellent historian has been, with bitter emphasis, pronounced of them, as they appeared in the eighteenth century. I know how the spirit of caste in their Professors is seriously complained of, whose taste is effected by "Kleinstädtereï;" of the narrowness of their views from these causes; what is said of the nuisance of petty squabbles which here make their home; of the intrigues which, for want of greater objects, fling themselves

on the lesser, and worry them to death. I know that the small Universities are reproached with being the birth-places of coteries which advance only their own members; that parties there find an auspicious field, in which, according to their nature, they form connexions and alliances, so that family interests cross those of the University; and the side on which a man is, and not his ability, promotes him; that the endeavour to attract hearers induces them often to strike into ways which do not befit the dignity of science; and that the danger is great that this petty spirit also seize on the students; yes, that this is actually the case, and that therefore on this account, it is desirable that the young, removed from these sordid influences to larger Universities, may there accustom themselves to more important objects of attention, and to loftier sentiments."

It is true that the writer goes on to point out the peculiar dangers to students in large cities, and is not quite inclined to remove the Universities altogether from small places, as many are, because he deems the students, by zealous association together, and their daily study, to be more removed from the evil influences than the inhabitants themselves; but the picture which he has drawn he leaves as it is—a melancholy reality.

CHAPTER IV.

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BUT as you are going to settle somewhere for a time, either in the little town or the large, let me consider how you shall best locate yourself there. How you shall, as much as possible, avoid the snares and annoyances that so many fall into, and secure all the advantages to be had. It is to be hoped that you have already in the place where you design to settle, friends or acquaintance who can give you the invaluable benefit of their experience. Happy are you if this be the case; but if it be not, as is but too common, then take mine.

There are three modes of settling yourselves. One, in ready-furnished lodgings by the month or quarter; the second, in lodgings unfurnished, which must of course be for a longer period; the third, in your own regularly hired house by the year. The safest and best plan, if you are a stranger in the place and country, is to take lodgings for a quarter, by which means you give yourself time and opportunity to judge better of the suitableness of the town for your purposes; and if that answer your expecta-

tion, of the best locality and lodgings in it. You by this time also acquire some knowledge of the language and people you are amongst.

We will suppose you, then, just arrived at the place in which you propose to settle for some time. At your inn you will inquire for directions to suitable lodgings. You will at once have a commissionaire sent to you, who will conduct you to all or any of such in the town as are usually let. But you must judge freely for yourself, and lay but little stress on the recommendations of your commissionaire. Those men who hang about the doors of all continental hotels as guides, are useful, but often most artful and imposing rogues. Their object, like that of most other tradesmen, is to make all they can, especially out of the foreigner. They are, therefore, in the pay of the lodging-house-keepers, and where they are the highest feed, will crack off the lodgings of those people as the most esteemed by all the highest English families who have been there; the most genteel, the most comfortable, the most healthy, the most charming in summer, the most everything in fact—and the people of the house, who are perhaps the veriest knaves and sharpers in existence, as the epitome of all the virtues. Use, therefore, your eyes rather than your ears, and do not suddenly fix on any one. Go round, and give yourself a little trouble to see as many as you can; taking notes of the rent demanded in each case, of the



quality of the furniture, and the situation and prospects of the house. In some cases the commissionaire is also feed by the landlord of the inn, if it be not a very busy time with him, to throw cleverly in a few hints that may induce you to stay longer at his house. You will find him praising the inn, and the landlord,—so charming, so clean, so reasonable, the house; the landlord so fond of the English, and therefore so desirous to make them comfortable, so low in his charges to them; really hardly knows, unless you meet with something *very* attractive, very reasonable, whether it be worth your while to move at all. And indeed, in some of these cases, this is the truth. In Germany the charge at inns is not so much above the charge of private houses for a suite of rooms, when you engage this suite for a time, as to make it at all a pressing matter; and the charge for eating, especially for dinner, is so moderate, being about twenty-pence for a splendid dinner and half-a-bottle of wine, that many people, especially where there is not a large family, regularly go and dine at the table-d'hôte of an hotel. Many families also take up their quarters at these hotels for years. Whether this will suit you, you will be able to judge when you have seen the best lodgings and learnt the demand for them. But what you have in this case to do, is to be on your guard with the commissionaire. If he praise the inn there is a danger that he is well feed by the land-

lord, and may not shew you the most likely lodgings. We have known instances where people have taken a commissionaire round a whole town, and have not been able to find a single place fit to put their heads in, till they have set off alone, and by inquiries at some of the shops, where the people generally speak English, especially at a bookseller's shop, they have immediately been directed to plenty. As a safeguard against the concealment of lodgings you ought to know, too, that in the little local newspaper or papers, which every town has, you will find the greater number of the lodgings pretty frequently advertised. You should see this every morning. Whether, then, the commissionaire praise highly his landlord, or a private lodging-house-keeper, listen to him with all proper caution. The greatest scoundrels, those who mean to fleece the most unsparingly, find it money well bestowed to fee the commissionaires most extravagantly, and you are directly led unto these sharpers, some of them of the most rapacious grade of their race. Lodging-house keepers have a bad reputation all the world over. Whether this class of people have a particular turn for sharpening which leads them to this particular line, or whether the many queer customers which fall into their hands make them so, I know not; but all who have ever lived in lodgings know what the genus is, and it is enough to say that no lodging-house people can be worse than some of the German ones. They have

the advantage over their tenants, that these generally come there strangers, not only to the country and the people, but to its very difficult language, which few adults are ever able properly to acquire, and moreover, to the additional difficulty in which they shroud their language, of its written character. Here they have ample means of imposition, and they make good use of it; and they have this other advantage, that however notorious may be their characters, not a syllable of this will ever be whispered to the unsuspecting stranger. In the first place the commissionaires are bribed *not* to do it. In the second place it is the interest of too many other people for any stranger to receive a warning. The shop-keepers will, of course, say nothing, because they wish you to settle and be customers, and many of them hope to fleece you well too. Even if you have letters to German families, they will not breathe a word. It is not their business; and it is a part of German caution not to offend their townsmen, especially the knavish, who may do them mischief. Beyond all this it is a piece of German policy to hush up all sorts of crime and offences. We publish in our newspapers all our police transactions, all our murders and crimes of every sort, but you will never find those in the German papers. Comparing the public papers of France and England with those of Germany, you would imagine that the two former countries were the most murderous, thievish, criminal people on

the face of the earth, the latter the most unprecedently moral. It is only the statistics which set the matter right. You often witness an atrocious deed, which would fill all our newspapers from one end of the country to the other, but you look in vain for an account of it in the journals of the place. An English gentleman one summer night last year, about eleven o'clock, was walking in the castle gardens to enjoy the splendid moonlight, and the view of the fine castle, and of the town and surrounding mountains, when he was attacked with a view to his robbery by a set of fellows with great sticks. He made a stout resistance; but was stunned, and falling, rolled down a hill behind him. He called loudly for help; but no help was at hand. His cries, however, alarmed the villains, and they decamped. The young man was so much bruised and injured that it was some time before he could recover power to arise and get down to the town, where he early in the morning sent for a German gentleman, who has always shewn a bold friendship to the English very uncommon there. This gentleman accompanied the young Englishman to the Police Office, and called on the chief officer to make search for the villains. The Englishman said he would also immediately draw up a handbill describing them, and offer a reward for their apprehension, and have the handbills stuck up all over the city. This the City Director most promptly and decidedly forbade. Any private inquiry by

the police should be made, but such public announcement of the deed was contrary to all their practice. No man can be more disposed to do strangers justice than this gentleman, the Stadt Director. I have had several occasions to appeal to him, and he did me immediate and the most impartial justice, but publicity is totally opposed to their system. Of course the rogues escaped.

These circumstances give therefore great scope to the impositions of the lodging-house keepers, and others. They trust to their customers being migratory personages. They come and go in succession, without any communication with each other. The victim who has been shorn goes away with his indignant wrath, and a new and most unsuspecting victim steps into his place. The one can leave no history of his wrongs, and the other receive no warning. In this, as in many another particular, to our country people, and especially to ladies, how invaluable is the experience of a respectable English family who has been for some time resident in the place. Where you can have the advice of such a family, make bold and seek it, and you will seldom seek it in vain, for after all you will find

Na folk like ye'r ain folk.

You will find that "blood is thicker than water" still in this case. You will find the Englishman, be where he will, never afraid of speaking his

mind, and if you fall into perplexity he is still the friend in need. The German in general will stick by his "blood" and kith and kin, and you will get no glimpse of the truth, no bold assistance, except in those few shining exceptions to which I have already alluded; from those noble minds, the salt of the earth, of which I can point to some individual, but rare examples in Germany.

When you do not happen to have the advantage of the advice of some excellent family of your own country, take that of the banker who has been recommended to you, whose interest it is to put you right, and who generally belongs to the best class of people. Even then, in the first instance, prefer a mere quarter's engagement, and whether for that or for a longer period, see that your agreement be made out in English as well as German, if you are not well acquainted with the latter language. Your banker will assist you in this, and it is most important. These agreements are usually made out not only in German but in the written German character, which is one mystery upon another; and if you do not take care, you will probably find by the time that you begin to read the language some strange conditions in it dawning upon you.

If possible, agree expressly for a fixed sum, *exclusive* of anything more for cleaning, white washing, etc., for anything except actual damage done. The Germans have the singular law, if you do not cove-

nant to the contrary, that on going out of furnished lodgings, even after a mere quarter's tenancy, you shall not only wash all floors and such matters, but you shall whitewash all the ceilings, or pay a tariff price of forty-five kreutzers, that is, one and three pence, each. The charge for the washings and whitewashings are a source of continual dispute on going out of German lodgings. If you are leaving the place the demands are often enormous on this head, and of damages, trusting to your not having time or inclination to settle the matter before the police. Other landlords bring in great bills at the last moment for marketing, and doing this and that for you, and for damages to furniture, perhaps more than the furniture is worth. I have known families thrown into the greatest perplexity by a monstrous bill being brought in at the very moment they would set out on their journey home, and believed that they had paid every thing. In one case the master of the family was gone on before, and the ladies, who had to be at the packet at a given hour, were obliged to pay the villanous demand, or they would have been stopped by the police till the case had been examined.

To avoid this there is an excellent means, and indeed a means of accommodation which many families do not learn till they have suffered much inconvenience. There are suites of rooms, as well as entire houses, to be let unfurnished, and there are furniture-brokers who will furnish you your rooms,

or a house, at a few days' notice. If you are intending to spend several years in a place, this is every way the best arrangement. You not only often get far better rooms at a cheaper rate, but you get *new* furniture of modern and handsome style. In ready furnished rooms the furniture is often very slight, having been made by contract at a cheap rate, and is continually tumbling to pieces, and has to be repaired at your expense. The new wants no repairs, the broker seldom demands half so much if any damage is really done as the regular lodging-house people, for their rickety articles, and the new is usually really at a less rate of charge. Whatever be the rent of the rooms, the furniture should cost you for the first year something less than that rent; and for every succeeding year a very large reduction, something like twenty per cent., is made by the broker in his charges, till in a few years the rent of the furniture is little more than nominal. It is most important to know this, for you often see rooms that you would extremely like if you knew that you could thus expeditiously and advantageously furnish them. There was a time at Heidelberg when I would have sacrificed almost anything to have escaped out of my lodgings, finding that I "had gone down to Jericho and fallen among thieves," but I could find no furnished house or rooms that would accommodate all my family, and I was not aware of this facility, or I could have had twenty suitable houses. I after-



wards made the discovery and the change, to my infinite satisfaction. A Mr. Krüdelbach there furnished my rooms, ten in number, at two days' notice, in the handsomest manner, with wholly new furniture; and I never knew a man more honest, honourable, or obliging in all his transactions.

If you do not take an entire house, but a story, as is more customary, and in some respects in a foreign country, more satisfactory, especially in point of security, and an exemption from all cares about taxes, external repairs, and other demands, where you are exposed to most imposition, choose an upper one. If the apartments are good, the very uppermost; especially where it will give, as is often the case, a fine prospect. You must remember that the Germans are a great waltzing people, and in winter have very frequently dancing parties. These, if you do not take care to be above them, will, of course, be just over your heads; and once having experienced one winter of such leaping and thundering over your beds and your evening circles, you will never wish to repeat the trial. Besides, on the common staircases of German houses you are liable to the visits of all sorts of vagabonds, who, if you inquire their business, have always been, or are going to the upper story. When you have the upper story, they are left without an excuse.

CHAPTER V.  

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WHEN you have selected your lodgings you have still your servants and your tradesmen to select, no trifling matter in a foreign country, of whose language you are quite ignorant. These your landlord or landlady will speedily recommend; and by all these, as fresh English, you will be well fleeced, do what you will. The servants who speak English are a class who have learned it on purpose to live with the English, and are generally arrant thieves. They expect English wages, and have a per centage on all the bills they pay for you. Your cook rises at five o'clock in the morning, and goes to market. She buys the worst articles there, and charges you something more than for the best. She has often her kitchen below while your rooms are above, and you have no control over her actions, or a staircase serves her purpose. She and the other servants, who are commonly in league, have their connexions, who expect a good harvest out of the rich English, and are always coming and going with their covered baskets. If you do not take good heed, and it is almost impossible to have

sufficient precaution, unless your wife do as the German ladies do, wear a great bunch of keys at her apron strings, lock every thing up, and get up at five o'clock too; without this your stores of all kinds will flow freely out of your house, and your very wood for fuel will be sold by these rapacious servants. You are, in fact, in the hands of the Philistines, and you must get rid of them as fast as you can. The same is the case with the tradesmen. Your landlord will endeavour to keep you within a certain circle of them, who will charge you twenty or thirty per cent. more than is charged to German families. Washing will be charged the same. It is useless to talk to your landlord or landlady, they will protest that they are paying the same as you, while the fact is they are receiving from these tradesmen a good premium on your custom.

The remedy is simple. You must boldly and coolly walk through the lines drawn around you. Betake yourselves to some of your countrymen who have lived long and learned much; if such there be; and avail yourselves of their experience. If there be not such, it is not of the least use to apply to any Germans, however friendly they may be, you will get no information from them which may reduce the profits of their townspeople. The best thing that you can do is to dismiss your English-speaking servants, and throw yourselves on some simple maiden who has never lived with the

English, nor knows a word of the language. A few words of German will enable you to make her understand you, and you will find that she will most probably turn out a most faithful and affectionate creature, who will not only serve you for a very small sum (four or five pounds a year) if you wish it, but will make all your household purchases at a rate which will astonish you. You may, if you please, dismiss your cook, for you can have your dinner sent home from an hotel, or cooking-house, as is very common, and that of a much better quality, and at a much cheaper rate than can be got up in your own house. Yet, with the hotel, or the cook sending in your dinner, you must make a wise bargain, or you will probably pay cent. per cent. more than the Germans do. If you get a good honest German housemaid, she will manage this. The dinner is reckoned by portions, each portion about sufficient for two persons. So many portions then of so many courses, at such a price per portion; and you have a daily good dinner, of which you know the cost to a penny.

Wood for fuel is an important article, which strangers are often much imposed upon in. You should lay in this in August or September, for winter, or if you buy in the winter you will pay often enormously for it. Buy this for yourself in the wood market. There are public places in every town where wood for fuel is stacked, and the price

is chalked upon it. There can therefore be no deception in the price if you go and see this yourself, for at that price it is sold to the natives. The highest prized is generally the cheapest in the end, for it is the solid wood of the bole of the trees. Beech is the best, and most used. In various parts of Germany the price is various. But in most the price is yearly rising, in consequence of the growth of the forests not keeping pace with the demand of the increasing population, though one-third of the whole country is covered with them. In Heidelberg, the klafter or measure was generally about thirteen florins, or about a guinea. Your fuel in the whole Rhine country costs you, in fact, about as much as coal in London.

Before leaving a town, take care to have an account of every thing you owe, sent in at least a month before the time of your real departure; for nothing is more common than, at the last minute, to have a shower of fictitious, or already paid bills poured in, which, if your papers be packed up, or your passage taken, may occasion you much trouble. If you want anything from shoemakers, tailors, or such people, fix the time for your departure with them, at least a month before the actual time, for Germans are the most slow people in existence; and, though they will not come in with their articles till the last minute, they are sure to come *then*, to your excessive inconvenience. You will have, just as you are about to issue forth

to the carriage or the railroad, your house besieged with these people, with shoes, or coats, and the bills for these, which you have no time to examine as to their correctness. Your luggage is packed and sent on, and you have now to send out and buy new boxes, and are thrown into the utmost perplexity. Strange as this may appear, I have witnessed it so often, and seen so much of inconvenience, loss of trains, and steam packets, etc., and so much imposition and worry, that there is nothing on which I would lay so much stress, as the complete arrangement of these matters a month before your exit.

A witty friend of ours used to say, if you want to have anything done in Germany *immediately*, you must order it *six months beforehand*. Locke the philosopher, who was some time in that country, says, that if you ordered a coat there for your wedding, you would probably have it sent in, in time for the christening of your first child. But if you happened to offend your tailor, and all Germans are most sensitive, you would not get it quite so soon as Locke imagines. A German is, of all men, the most sensitive; and, as is the case with people who are a censor-ridden and police-ridden people, and habituated, by a despotic government, to conceal their sentiments, they do not speak out, but let their wrath, unknown to you, burn and gather within to a desperate heat. A common German takes fire at a trifle, and never

forgives the offence. The very bauers, or country fellows, when they quarrel with students, or people of a more refined class, take a particular pleasure in stamping on their faces. Of this trait, resulting in a great measure from the long operating effects of a *silencing* government, I shall have to speak in another part of this volume; but I may here give an instance of slowness in a tradesman, which must be very amusing to a Londoner, and which beats Locke's case all to nothing.

During the three years that we resided in Heidelberg, I bought, frequently, a great quantity of books from one Mohr. The father, who has always borne an honourable character amongst the trade houses, had given over his business to his son, who, to all the old-fashioned slowness of the old school, added the sullen closeness, and want of truth of too many of the present generation. Two years before I left, I purchased of this man an edition of Goethe in forty volumes; these he proposed to get bound, making that part of his business. When the books were sent home, it was found that nearly half of them were totally spoiled by the binder, having scattered his size amongst the leaves, so as to stick scores of leaves together, which, if you attempted to open, tore out whole words and patches of words. This being pointed out to him, he, of course, consented to replace the defective volumes which were sent to him for the purpose. Months however went on, and the

volumes never were supplied. When asked for, they were always on the point of coming. *In a year*, insisting very strenuously on having them, they came; but what was our astonishment to find, that, instead of new and perfect volumes, the man had actually been at the trouble (though the loss was really that of the binder, and not his) to go through the almost innumerable leaves—to tear all asunder—and to fill in the torn-out words laboriously with a pen! The ink, as might have been expected had run, and instead of words, we had now so many hideous blots! The amusement this gave us may be conceived. We shewed the volumes to our English friends, who too were very merry over this odd circumstance, and thought the edition quite worth bringing to England as a curiosity. As we, however, preferred a perfect copy, I returned these oddly-patched volumes—pointed out to Mohr, that such a fact would be very amusing to a London bookseller, and that I must have new ones. The *Dumm-Kopf*, as such fellow is expressively called in his own language, blushed like a great booby of a boy, and promised most readily to replace them with new ones. Another half year, however, went on; they were as usual, always coming, but never came. It was then suggested to us by some of his own countrymen, that Mohr probably felt himself internally “beleidigt,” or offended, by my amusement at the patchwork of the books, and never meant to send



the new ones at all. On this I proposed the immediate sending of them in ; but, spite of the most ready promises, a month only remained for my stay, and they had not made their appearance. I then assured Mohr, that nothing was so annoying to me as to have my affairs unsettled at the last moment, and that they *must* be sent instantly home. Up to the day before I left town they came not, and then came the old patched volumes again, with a note, that the time was so short that he could not get the new ones ; if I could allow him *ten days* more, he *thought* he could have them from Leipsic ! The man had had them TWO YEARS to rectify, and he wanted ONLY TEN DAYS MORE !

But he knew very well that I had now not ten hours to give him. My boxes, which were waiting for these books, were obliged to be dispatched. I therefore sent the whole edition back to him, and requested he would return the money. No answer. I then took a German gentleman, who had seen the volumes, and declared that no Jew would offer such on a bookstall, and applied to the Bürgermeister for redress. The Bürgermeister very indignantly said—

“ Send the man his books back.”

“ They are sent.”

“ Then don't pay him.”

“ Unfortunately he is paid.”

“ Then employ an advocate ; go to the Amt-

mann, and he will compel him to refund the cash, and pay the costs, and that speedily."

"How speedily?"

"In a fortnight."

"But I go to-morrow!"

The answer was the expressive shrug of the shoulder, and there this singular transaction ended.

## CHAPTER VI.

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THE chapters on settling in German lodgings have somewhat stretched themselves beyond my intention, but to those who have to make the experiment, not beyond their importance. There is not a step in your foreign sojourn where so much of the comfort or discomfort of your whole residence depends on the knowledge you possess, and the prudence with which you act, as this. The consequences of a false step may pursue and cross you with annoyance to the last day of your abode in the same place. If it be a small place, it will certainly do it. You are foreigners; you are English; you are amongst a people who are up in arms against any evasion of their impositions; and though you may think that to resist the knavery of a lodging-house keeper is both proper and can do you no harm with sensible people, you do not recollect that you are living in society constituted very differently to your own; and offend but one of the little ones, and you will find annoyances start up where you little expect it.

Above all, steer clear of the *lady* or *gentleman*

lodging-house keeper. In my "Rural and Social Life of Germany," I have described this class. They profess, because people of fortune and rank often let a story of their houses, to belong to this class—to let a story, not from necessity, or as a trade, but because it is the custom. These people will expect to be of your acquaintance. They will tell you that they never let their rooms except on that condition. When you hear this, fly that house; let no advantages of agreeable rooms, charming situation, or any other attraction, seduce you into the fatal error of taking apartments in such a house. It will be very likely that these people *do* mix with what is called the better society if it be a small town, for the best is there but of an amphibious order; but for that very reason fly the people and their house. They are all the more capable of becoming your torment. If you admit their advances you will soon find that you are in a regular spider's web, whose designs, thick as the fly-devouring monster's threads, gather about you; if you refuse them, expect their vengeance. They will find means to raise the whole little town against you, and make the place too hot for you. This is another reason to avoid small towns, and the one all-sufficient one to avoid the *lady* or *gentleman* lodging-house keeper. Out of a thousand such histories which occur, I will here as a general warning relate one which occurred to ourselves.

On going to Heidelberg it was our ill fortune to

engage a suite of rooms in the house of a woman of this class. She was a widow who was notorious for her everlasting intrigues to marry off her large family. She was a perfect specimen of her class; scheming, false, without truth or principle, but at the same time never seeing to the end of her plans—that is, never seeing the certain consequences of them. Her character was well known; but such also is the character of the place, where no sense of right and wrong, no consciousness of the true beauty and purity of moral principle and high motive seem really to exist, that she was received to certain circles there. But a fortnight before our arrival a most respectable English family had suddenly quitted the house on discovering the character of the landlady, and deposited a quarter's rent with the Director of the Police as a payment for a few weeks residence; the landlady herself demanding the amount for a whole half year. This, like innocent strangers in all such cases, we knew nothing of; but we soon saw enough to put us on our guard, and probably should have got out of her house pretty well, had not some young people come to visit us from England, who made themselves too familiar with this family. The consequence was that a son and daughter of the landlady very soon took wing to England after these young people; and a letter from a young German who was in the secret, warned us to put the parents of the young people on their guard, as it was, according to him,

nothing less than a matrimonial scheme of the old Frau's. The pranks which the two young matrimonial emissaries played off in England make no part of the present relation, enough that their plans failed. But scarcely were they arrived in England when the lady at whose house they had taken up their quarters was in want of a housemaid. The German young lady, the daughter of our scheming landlady, at once offered to supply her with a German maid. A note was accordingly sent to a young maid servant from Heidelberg living with a lady in Kensington, who had formerly lived in Heidelberg, and had brought this most trusty girl with her. The note was to inform this girl that she must go to this young lady, whom we will for the sake of perspicuity, term Miss Thekla, as she had news for her from her mother. The poor girl accordingly went in eager haste, but was astounded at the information which Miss Thekla gave her, that her (the girl's) mother, had desired her to take her at once from the lady she lived with, and place her in this family. It was in vain that the poor girl protested that she could not, dared not, and would not consent to leave the lady to whom she had for years been attached, who had paid her passage, and was like a mother to her; Miss Thekla replied, she had a peremptory order from her mother, to put her in this family or take her back to Heidelberg. The girl wept, and wondered that her mother could do so, but refused to obey. Miss Thekla refused to allow her

to depart, but said her things should be instantly sent for. The poor girl, distracted and alarmed, and surrounded by the strange family, who, no doubt, believed Miss Thekla *had* an order and sufficient reason to remove the girl thus abruptly, with earnest importunity at length promised, if they would allow her to fetch her things, to return the next day. Once out of the house she flew back to her mistress full of the wondrous tale. The mistress, full of indignation, but well aware of the character of Miss Thekla and her family, instantly wrote to the poor girl's mother, and by due course of post received the answer that the whole was an entire fiction of Miss Thekla's, and that not a shadow of any such commission had been given to her. Of course the lady soon communicated this singular transaction in letters to her lady-acquaintance in Heidelberg, where it speedily reached the ears of the family of my landlady from all sides. Stung to distraction with this exposure, she looked round for revenge.

Now it so happened that a younger sister of this poor servant girl lived as a younger nursemaid in our service, in the very house of Miss Thekla's mother! and on her she resolved to let fall the fury of her vengeance. These affairs had taken place during a journey we had made into some distant parts of Germany, and immediately on our return we were surprised at the landlady gravely insisting that this poor girl should leave our service and the

house, on the plea that during our absence she had got the worst of acquaintance, and was a character disgraceful to keep.

Our astonishment may be imagined, for the poor girl, who was but about fifteen, had always been most sober and orderly. On calling for the house-keeper, who had had the whole care of the family in our absence, we learned that nothing could have possibly been more satisfactory than the conduct of this poor girl during the whole time, or more harassing and unprincipled than that of the old landlady. The girl, on being questioned as to the cause of the landlady's hostility to her, begged leave to go to her mother's for a few minutes, who lived just by, and returned with two letters, one from her sister in England, and the other from her sister's mistress, detailing the attempt to inveigle away the elder sister, as here related.

This was a most amazing revelation of wickedness; and the remorseless revenge, which did not hesitate to sacrifice the innocent child in our service to the disgrace occasioned by the failure of so base and wild an attempt on the elder sister, was so unexampled as to fill us with horror. The malice was the more diabolical, because the characters of all servants are deposited at the police-office, in a book which people inspect before they will engage a servant; and had this poor girl been dismissed by us on such a charge, her character was lost for ever; there was nothing but ruin before her.



We bade the poor girl be quite at ease on this score; and assured the wicked landlady that we were quite satisfied of her innocence, and should on no account part with her. But this woman, whose malice knew no bounds, and whose schemes were as numerous as they were shallow, determined not to be baffled of her revenge. She soon after came to Mrs. Howitt with a grave face, to inform her that she had had an anonymous letter sent to her, saying that if we did not part with this girl our windows should be broken. Mrs. Howitt, who felt at once that this was a continuation of the base plan, requested to see the letter; but the old Frau told her that she had handed it to a lady in the city (whom she imprudently named), whose son was in the police, and might possibly make out the hand. Of course this tale was treated with the proper contempt; but as we gave no sign of any intention to dismiss the girl, in about ten days afterwards, as we sate round the stove on a splendid moonlight night, the lower range of windows was rapidly dashed in. I rushed to the windows nearest, but the smashing of glass was now beyond the portico of the front door. I rushed through the rooms in that direction, but was too late—not a soul was to be seen. The breakage had ceased, and the moonlight was bright as day; yet, strange to say, not a soul could be seen running from the house, up or down the road, which was quite straight. It must be some one then in the house,

or under the portico. I ran out of the room, to go down to the front door, and who should I encounter on the stairs but—the old landlady! Now it was remarkable, that this old dame was commonly in bed at nine o'clock of an evening, but here, at half-past eleven, she was up. It did not fail to strike me oddly. Her agitation appeared great. Not another person within or without was to be seen. This was on a Saturday night. "If the old lady knows nothing of this," we said, "she will come in to-morrow on the subject." But she did not come; and on the Monday morning I went to her breakfast-room, and begged to know what she proposed to do in the case. She would do nothing. I therefore assured her that I would have the case sought into by the police, and demanded the anonymous letter to lay before the Director. She replied, she had destroyed it.

On stating the facts to the Director of Police, he immediately, on the mention of this anonymous letter, requested to see it, and when he heard the old lady's statement, that she had destroyed it, shook his head. I then proceeded to the lady in whose hands she said it had been: the lady and her son, one of the police, never had heard of such a letter! I returned, and stated these facts to the landlady, and charged her, point blank, with having invented the whole story of this letter, and to my unspeakable astonishment, *she coolly confessed it!*—confessed that she was determined to drive this

girl out of the house at any rate, and had hit on this scheme! nor did she seem in the smallest degree conscious of its infamy.

I communicated this discovery to the Director of Police, and added, "But then, who broke the windows? and who must pay for them?"

"My dear sir," said the Director, smiling, "there is no doubt but that the good woman broke the windows herself, and we will take care that she pay for them. For how do these things hang together? If there *had* been a letter threatening to break the windows, and they were accordingly broken—who broke them? Why, the writer, or his accomplices. But if a person says that he has received a letter containing such a threat, and it turn out that there *never was such a letter*, and yet the threat is fulfilled—who did it then? The person, of course, who *said* there was such a letter, and such a threat! Make yourself quite easy—the landlady shall pay for the breaking of her own windows;—we will send a gens-d'arme to walk before your house every night to protect your family, and all I have to say is, get out of this house as fast as you can." It is hardly necessary to say, that we took the worthy Director's advice with all possible speed.

Before closing these remarks, for the guidance of those intending to pass some time in Germany, I may answer a question which has been often put to me. "If small University towns are so much

to be avoided, was Heidelberg an exception, that you spent so much time there?" On the contrary, Heidelberg is perhaps the most wretched, as to the general tone and quality of its society, of all the little University towns. A celebrated German wrote to me sometime after I went there, saying, "You certainly had not inquired into the character of that little city before you went there, or you would certainly not have gone; for it is, of all the University towns, the most notorious for its frivolity, conceit, and impertinence to strangers." It must be confessed, that this character is but too true. I have met with a good many English of high character who have spent some time in that place, but scarcely with an exception have they left it with disappointment and disgust. Few can record much cordial kindness; and one lady of distinction, who was detained there in painful circumstances, asserted, that nowhere in her life had she experienced so much unkindness. I must confess that the treatment of ladies there (who go, as is frequently the case, to the continent with their daughters to finish their education, without their husbands, who are detained in England by official or other concerns,) has often filled me with the greatest indignation; the most prying, impertinent conduct being practised towards them, and the most disgraceful rumours regarding them.

My object in selecting Heidelberg for a temporary residence, was to combine, with the education

of my children, rest and relaxation with a convenient position, whence I could visit any other part of Germany—these objects were tolerably answered. The country round, with its lovely river—its charming valleys—its wide and open forests, was to me a perpetual enjoyment. I had my own family with me, sufficient society for me, if there were none else; from the garden of my own house I could plunge at once into the deepest solitude of woods and mountains; my children were progressing satisfactorily with their education; and the easy quiet of life, gave a great charm to my sojourn. It is true, that, as we extended our survey of the different cities of Germany, we saw those superior advantages which I have pointed out in the preceding chapters. But in the mean time, a most valued circle of a few intellectual and attached English friends had gathered around us there, and the prospect of our returning to our own country presenting itself stronger and stronger, we declined making the removal of a large family, to the city we should have preferred. It is true, that, like others, we were soon wearied of the empty frivolity of the little place, and were not allowed to escape our share of “the impertinence to strangers;” but to us these were of little consequence. In the boundless refreshments of nature, and the society of our few English friends, we had all that we wanted; and knowing experimentally the feelings of a certain lady, a native of

the place—who, sitting one fine summer day in the arbour of a garden on one of the hill sides, overlooking the town and valley, could not help exclaiming, “O mein Gott! warum hast du ein solches folk in solchem paradies gesetzt!” O my God, why hast thou placed such a people in such a paradise! we avoided the people, and loved the paradise. The people and their “impertinences” fall away from recollection; but the days spent at that “little sink of iniquity,” as an English resident indignantly styled it, will yet always remain a delightful memory. How many wide rambles in those deep woods; how many wide views over plain and forest, and hundreds of scattered villages; how many sweet spots—as Neckersteinach, Schwetzingen, Weinheim, the Stift Mill, the Wolfsbrunnen, the Bierhälterhof, the Haardt Forest, etc., are sanctified by summer days of gladness, and bright and affectionate spirits. How many pleasant evenings were there, when the little gossiping place had become to us no more than a place of shops for the procurance of the creature-comforts, but whence the elect few would step in, and tea, music, and merriment, made a world of their own.

But our case was a peculiar one,—one in a thousand; and those incidental circumstances which occurred to us, both in regard to friends and facilities of education, are amongst the rarities of such a place; they are not its daily possessions; and let the intellectual, or those who require first-rate masters,

look well before they settle down in such a place, “where offences *will* come,” but the advantage *may not* come; while they are so richly offered to them in the capitals. Should any circumstances, however, induce any families to reside awhile there, they will find in Mr. Fries, the banker, the hospitable and worthy octogenarian, and in Messrs. Zimmerns, also bankers and drapers, the best and most zealous advisers in all difficulties, and the Director of Police always ready to give any protection, in the promptest and most active manner, to the English.

## CHAPTER VII.

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THE last chapter which I shall address to such of my countrymen as are intending to visit Germany shall be on the subject of Education. This is the most important of all objects, and it is the one, if they go prudently about it, which will be crowned with the greatest success. In point of economy, alone, it may almost be said to be the sole economy, which, for its own sake, is sufficiently great to reward you for a long absence from your native land. In point of completeness it is equally excellent. The Germans are not only a very systematic, but plodding and persevering people; and they certainly do most admirably economise time, and by "stroke upon stroke, and precept upon precept," drill into your children a very thorough and practical acquaintance with a surprisingly ample circle of knowledge. Languages, old and new, music and singing, stand but as the palisadoes round a great enclosure of scholastic acquirements, which the unfortunat expenses of our own country actually put it out of the power of the mass of parents to confer here on their children. The cost



of a really good education of the children of a tolerably large family in England equals all other costs of living. As a mere matter of ordinary economy, where education is not wanted, families are and will be often disappointed in Germany, especially in Prussia and the Rhine country. The sum total of your expenditure there will be about twenty or five-and-twenty per cent. less than in London or its immediate neighbourhood; but will be very little different to what it would be in one of our own cheaper counties. In many of these, in fact, if you chose to live in the same simple way, you could live as cheap as you could in the Rhine towns of Germany. Mr. Murray, in his "Hand-Book," has inserted a passage in regard to the cheapness of Heidelberg, which has been a source of serious disappointment and inconvenience to numbers. He speaks of an Englishman who lived there in 1834, whose annual expenses were only 380*l.*, including horses, carriages, and servants. Every thing, no doubt, was then much cheaper, and such a miracle of living possibly *might* be done then; but it is difficult to credit this story even of that time, except the gentleman was a *single* gentleman. No family now, with carriage and horses, could live there for less than double that sum. A furnished house, or even apartments suitable to an establishment where a carriage is kept, would of itself cost him upwards of 100*l.* a year. The students who come there after having

been at other universities, especially those of Bavaria, are invariably astounded at the expense of Heidelberg. They always assert, that they lived much more comfortably in Jena, Erlangen, Würzburg, etc., for half the sum. They complain regularly of two things. Of the high charges both for living and for university lectures, and of the inhospitable coldness of the inhabitants. The Heidelbergers excuse themselves for this coldness to the English by the fact of so many coming there. There may be something in that. One thing is very certain, that a German will receive in London, where strangers are more numerously presented to most families than they are in any German city, more hearty kindness any one day than an Englishman, be his standing or introductions what they may, will receive in seven years in Heidelberg. We ourselves, in all other places, received the most cordial kindness,—there, the most pressing attentions we received were in the shape of the “impertinences.” This state of things, and the want of intellectual society, added to the want of the higher advantages of social life, as galleries, first-rate musical entertainments, as operas and schools equal to those of the capitals, have of late years driven most English families of any note from the place, and must, as the railroads open the way to other and larger towns, operate continually more in this direction. Heidelberg, in fact, is a charming place to visit for a few

days on account of its charming country, but is not in any respect desirable as a place of residence.

People, in their ideas of economy, do not take into account the expenses of taking out and bringing back a family seven or eight hundred miles. They do not consider that abroad they must live, not in a house with their own furniture, but in a furnished house or apartments; and under these circumstances must pay actually a greater rental than in England. In many old-fashioned and quiet towns of England, to say nothing of the country-houses, especially good family houses, with all necessary appurtenances for the accommodation of a family, are, after all, often to be had excessively cheap. I have seen many such in my rambles in different parts of this kingdom, perfect paradises, with land for horses and cows, and most ample gardens, really to be had almost for an old song. For fifty or sixty pounds a year, I have seen many places fit for a family of any rank. And spite of the high price of every thing in our towns, all articles of life have been equally low. In Devonshire, in Lincolnshire, in Northumberland, but more especially in Durham, I have been amazed at what a trifling expense a family might live. I once dined with a gentleman in the very suburbs of the city of Durham. He inhabited an old English hall; had a splendid view of the city from his windows, ample gardens, all sorts of outbuildings, and thirty acres of land; of which

he asked me to guess the rent. It was thirty pounds! I found in that city, where there is a university, every article of life surprisingly low, and the charge at the chief inn where I was several days, amazed me beyond measure, not by its great but by its little amount!

People need not go abroad, if mere general economy were the object. My house here in the suburbs of London, with stabling, garden, conservatory, pleasure-grounds and paddock, costs me very little more than did my suite of rooms in Heidelberg, where I had not a foot of garden, but simply the privilege of walking in one. Nay, only fourteen miles from London, in the immediate neighbourhood of Claremont, my house, with ample garden and orchard, stables capable of stalling seven horses, and all other offices, with fourteen acres of meadow land lying on the celebrated fishing river, the Mole, with right of fishing and boating, was much less—but 70*l.* a-year. But it is not mere general economy which takes people abroad—at least people who have no necessity to bind themselves to the expensive neighbourhood of large cities, and especially of devouring London—it is the one great economy of education; and that is consideration enough. A man who, in this country, has his four or five children to educate, cannot do it, if he wishes to give them a really first-rate education, at less than 100*l.* a-year each for his boys, and for his daughters 80*l.* This is not merely reckoning the

actual school-wages, but the extras, those formidable appendages to every boarding-school bill in England. If he average the yearly charge of boys and girls at really good boarding-schools, he cannot estimate this at less than 80*l.* per annum each. And *out* of such schools he has no means of giving them a complete education at all; for any private system of tuition in this country will be very confined, and require the addition of a variety of masters by the hour, which will bring up the sum total, where such masters are available, as for instance, for teaching French, German, music and singing, to pretty much the same amount. Now in one of the German cities you may, if you are residing in the place, send your children as day-scholars to boarding-schools of the first quality, or to the Gymnasium, the public school, preparatory to the University, as is the every-day practice, at the rate of 5*l.* per annum each. The contrast is so striking, that one does not wonder at the multitude of English families who go and reside abroad during the years of their children's education.

Five children at school in England, at £80 each,	£ 400
Ditto, as day scholars in Germany, at 5 do.	25
	£375
Difference per annum - - -	

Now, out of this difference, there has only to be deducted the expense of mere eating and drinking for their five children; clothes and other things they still require in both cases. Add also to the

foregoing advantages, that your children will, besides the best general education, be well grounded in French and German, and in music and singing, which they cannot possibly be here, except at an enormous expense. Our children in England learn a certain quantity of French and German, and three-fourths of them lose it all again from want of practice; but in Germany, during a course of four or five years, the language of the country is so thoroughly familiarized by daily and hourly use, that it will not readily be lost again. It is acquired too by children, almost without an effort, or without consciousness, by their association with German children. This is a great saving of time, for this acquisition is made not so much in school-hours as in play. French too is much more spoken there. There is a greater intercourse with foreigners, and the language is more in daily use. Or you can send your children at a little expense into the evening circle of a French family, and this gives them full familiarity and fluency. For the acquisition of music and singing, an abode in Germany is equally advantageous. These are so much the daily and hourly enjoyment, they are so much the universal accomplishments of both ladies and gentlemen, that young people seem to live in a musical atmosphere, acquire a thorough appetite for it, and not only feel the necessity but the thirst for its acquisition. In all these particulars, as well as in that of a thoroughly good and cheap education for

any track of life, Germany certainly offers the most decided advantages. But then, in my opinion, these advantages are almost entirely bound up with your going thither yourself.

The sending of children to a foreign country, I consider so full of dangers, that I am not prepared to recommend it at all. On the contrary, it is, in my eyes, so hazardous both to the physical and moral constitutions of youth, that it ought not to be done, except with the utmost care and caution, and is what I could not undertake to advise.

In the first place, the saving in price is not so striking, for those very schools which educate your children at 5*l.* a year, will not take them as boarders under 40*l.* or 50*l.* In the second place, as you are far away, a long time must elapse before you really can judge that your children are making the best use of their time, to say nothing of other considerations. If you are on the spot, you not only can watch their progress, can see that they are well fed and are made happy, but you have a first-rate education for 5*l.* per annum each, or can have what masters you please at home at twenty-pence per hour in the cheaper parts of Germany.

The first and best of all plans, therefore, where there is a family, and you can do it, is to go and see your children educated yourselves. The striking amount saved in this one grand article will enable you, during these usually expensive years, to live, on the whole, very reasonably. Here it is that a

most decisive saving can always be made by a family which can go out; and at the same time gather advantages not to be gathered at home. You thus give both yourselves and your children all the enjoyments of novelty, change, and knowledge of new people and things, while they are educating themselves in the most perfect style, wholly unfelt by you. For while the younger children are attending the boarding-schools, your elder ones may attend the classes of the university, and study any one science or branch of learning, for 10*l.* or 15*l.* per annum; in some universities for less than 10*l.* If you save only twenty per cent. on your ordinary expenditure in England, this will cover, in fact, *all* the expenses of education.

The price of household articles and charges, to a family that may thus wish to go to Germany for the purposes of education, are always a matter of interest, and may be stated here. Families will then be able to compare them with what they are paying at home, live in whatever quarter of our empire they may.

Beef is about 4*d.* per lb.; mutton, 3½*d.*; veal, always very bad, being killed when a few days old, 3*d.*; butter, from 7*d.* to 10*d.*; sugar, brown, 5*d.*, lump, 7*d.*; bread, just one-third of the present London price—a brown quartern loaf, 2*d.*; the small white rolls, called wecks, of which German white bread almost always consists (no large white



bread being made), three for a penny. These the German bakers in London sell at one penny each. Fruit is very cheap; grapes the least so, about 3*d.* per lb. Fine large blue plums you may buy in the streets fifty for a penny, and so on.

Silks, satins, and velvets are much cheaper than in England; most other articles of dress as dear or dearer. Prints, muslins, and all articles of English manufacture, of course, much dearer; and such as are reckoned very common things here are worn there in company. Washing may be got done at a cheap rate, at about 7*s.* per week for a family of nine persons; and where the family consists chiefly of little children, 8*d.* per dozen. But this is not easily effected at first. We, at the commencement, were charged more than London prices for washing, and the Germans assured us that that was the regular price. As we became familiar with the language, those prices began to fall, and by repeated inquiries fell and fell to one-third of that price, which our worthy German housewives protested that they themselves paid. In fact, until you are *au fait* with the language, you are cheated and fleeced unmercifully; and it is curious, as the light of knowledge in this respect dawns on you, how the prices of all sorts of things begin to fall. The very servants, who have made a fine harvest of your ignorance, now quit your service. Ours candidly confessed that there was no more to be got out of us, any more than out of a German

family, and that they must seek out some *new English*. One girl told us how much she had been blamed by the shopkeepers and others, for staying so long with us, and letting us so much into the secret of things. It took us, however, three years to reduce our charges to anything like those of the Germans themselves, and we had but just learned to live there when we were coming away. During all this time, we never found one German housekeeper, however friendly she appeared, and however pious she might be, who would give us a glimpse of genuine light, but always asserted that we gave no more than they. Oh! thou *Deutsche Treue*! thou German faithfulness! how different a thing art thou to *Deutsche Wahrheit*, German truth; and how different are ye both to our ideas of such things! *Deutsche Treue* is to stick back and edge to each other, and plunder the "rich English." *Deutsche Wahrheit* is, moreover, a most comfortable, stretching, India-rubber thing.

There is a mystery which always puzzles the English. The German professors and other official people have often notoriously small salaries. You are told, for instance, that a German professor with an income of 2000 gulden, that is about 180*l.* per annum, can live very well. Men of this income are pointed out to you. They live in houses as good; they have a family as large, who dress as well as yours. You see them at all public balls, concerts, and other places of amusement. They make their

annual pleasure tour, to the baths or elsewhere. They drive about in hired carriages very freely, go to all entertainments at any distance in them, and appear dressed excellently. The ladies have always plenty of jewellery, they dress in satins and velvets on these occasions, and at home they have stocks of clothes which astonish you. *They*, in fact, heartily despise the small stores of all English people. But you who do not exceed these people in any apparent article of expense, and who do not indulge in many particulars which they do, find that at the lowest ebb of your economical discoveries you cannot live for less than 7000 gulden; and compare this sum with the expenditure of any or all of your English acquaintances, and you find it is the average or below it. All are in wonder over the mystery of German management, and not a mortal can dive into it. After the most unwearied efforts on our parts for three long years, we leave the penetration of this standing arcanum to some future genius in discovery.

Return we now to the great subject of education.

The next safe plan is to entrust your children to some English friend in whom you can confide, if you know such, who will undertake to accompany half-a-dozen boys or girls to Germany for four or five years. There he or she can have masters, or can send the children daily into a good school, and can see that their education regularly and satisfactorily progresses. This is no uncommon practice,

and I only wonder that it is not more common. How many accomplished and well-qualified people, qualified I mean both in head and heart, have we, who would be delighted to spend a few years in Germany, if they could have half-a-dozen of their friends' children thus confided to their care and superintendence. It is true that this plan does not offer any decided cheapness, for as this superintendence and board would not be restricted to about three-quarters of the year as in boarding schools at home, but for the whole year, the charge for each child could not be much less than 100*l.* per annum. But then, the children would have every advantage to be derived from a German education, combined with the comforts of an English home, and the security of their religious principles.

Some families, having experienced the evils of the German schools, have sought a remedy in confiding their children to private *German* teachers, *i. e.*, to such as receive a limited number of English children into their houses; but by this change they have only jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. They have found that their children have generally got a worse cuisine, and have exchanged the company of a troop of cheerful playfellows for solitude. So far as the acquisition of German is concerned, there is no means by which it is so perfectly acquired as by daily association with German children. In private families they lose these great desiderata, and find a troop of annoyances instead. I

have seen a letter sent to a friend of mine in England from a teacher of this kind, who held out to the father the attraction of the fine views which his children could enjoy from his house; but the father had made one trial of this dominie, and had proved that these were the *only agreeable views* which his house afforded. Much had been said of the advantages which his children would derive from mixing in the evening parties at the teacher's house; but the children soon found that on all such occasions they had *lessons to learn*, and were accordingly sent up to their garret. In short, they had little food, little society, little pleasure or advantage. They led the life of dolorous hermits, and looked with envy on the troops of schoolboys whom they saw walking abroad, or engaged with cries of happy cheerfulness at their play.

Those who look towards Germany as the country of *cheap* education, have particularly to guard against deception, and the most serious mischiefs to their children's constitutions. There is a great idea that a good education may be had in that country in a boarding-school, where the charge is but 20*l.* per annum. Nay, I have heard it gravely asserted by parents, that their children were at schools there at 16*l.* per annum each! Nor need this, indeed, appear so extraordinary, when there are large schools within five miles of London where boys are received at 20*l.* a year each. It is true enough that there are plenty of Do-the-

boys Halls, both in this country and on the continent. Those who want an education at 16*l.* or 20*l.*, can send their children to Squeers at once. They need not go so far as Germany. It requires no reflection to satisfy oneself what must be the style of living in such establishments, in the cheapest countries on the face of the earth. In Germany then, there are Do-the-boys Halls in abundance, where hard fagging and wretched fare for a few years will save any expense of fetching the children back. Even in many of those, where the education is really good, and the price fair, as from 35*l.* to 40*l.* per annum, the style of living is very ill suited to hearty, growing, English children. The watery soups, the sour black bread, the sapless meat, are not of a stamina to maintain and build up robust lads who have been accustomed to the pure and vigour-infusing viands of old England. In the very best schools, where there can be no complaint of the quantity of the food, or of its quality so far as the country produces it, the meagre breakfasts which all Germans are accustomed to, are very trying to active hungry boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age. The breakfast in such schools is a single roll of bread and a cup of milk. The boys rise at five o'clock, and take this at seven. At ten, it is true, they have commonly in summer a piece of brown bread and some fruit; at twelve dinner, and supper at five. The latter part of the day is foodful enough; but the first five

hours, that is, from five to ten, with a single roll and a cup of milk, are to healthy English boys ravenous hours.

Now nothing can be so injurious to the constitution of growing youths as deficiency or irregularity of food; and if our English children run a risk on this score in the *best* German schools, what do they not in the ordinary ones? I have heard the most deplorable accounts of the consequences of this mode of living, at this important period of life, so inferior to our English one. Even where there is plenty of food, the food, and especially the meat, does not possess the strength and richness of our well-fed and well-prepared provisions. Hard work and a diet deficient in nutrition or quantity at this period, when the frame is so rapidly developing itself, are most fatal in their consequences, and lay the foundations of various ailments where they do not induce consumption and death. I once met with an Englishman on the Rhine, who, thinking the price asked him at one school, 45*l.* a year, too high, had six months before removed his two boys to another, and had just then been to see them. It was a matter of merriment to him to relate the accounts given by these boys of the excessive debility they suffered from the poor diet. But added he, they say “that they have got pretty well over it, *and feel now only a weakness in their legs!*” This account was so satisfactory to this tender parent, that he left his children for another

half year, no doubt imagining that by that time, use, the second nature, would have drawn the weakness of the poor boys' legs out at their toes ends.

Under these circumstances, I repeat, it behoves parents to be especially careful, before they send their boys into any of these distant establishments, to ascertain that not only the school-room, but the kitchen, has a good character. Let these schools be, if possible, in places where they have friends for the time residing, who can have an oversight of them. If they want a mercantile education, Hamburg is the place; the Moravian schools are much praised for their guarded and excellent system of instruction, especially in Silesia, where they educate the greater part of the children of the nobility; there are schools also scattered over the whole country here and there, of course, of good repute. At Weinheim, on the Bergstrasse, between Darmstadt and Heidelberg, is, for instance, one much celebrated, and much praised by friends of mine who have visited it. This school is conducted by two brothers, who seem to take the greatest delight in their profession. Their house and school-rooms and grounds, are clean, pleasant, and well arranged. The boys have workshops where they can employ their leisure hours in various handicraft arts. During the autumn vacation, the masters set out with their boys, each with his knapsack on his back, on an excursion to some mountain district, making



their way at every step, at once a charming ramble, and a rich lecture on botany, geology, history, antiquities, and other knowledge, made vivid in its impressions by demonstration amid all the attractions of nature. This is a common practice in German schools; and nothing is more interesting than to meet such a troop of fine interesting lads with their teachers on the summer hills, or pouring into the country inn, with dusty shoes, staves like pilgrims, and faces all sunburnt health and enjoyment. No doubt too that many such schools are all that they profess to be, or can be wished. The great matter is, to be sure that you have found them.

I recommend none in particular. On the contrary, I have seen such sudden changes take place in really good ones, that I regard schools like inns, where one man stops and finds such excellent entertainment that he everywhere trumpets abroad its preeminence. Mean while the landlord or the landlady, the soul of the establishment, dies, or the inn is turned over to other hands; the panegyrist's friend arrives, and finds all comfortless and dear. He pays his bill in silence, and goes away with the certain conviction that his friend was fuddled when he was there, and imagined it so heavenly. I have seen a school maintain, and justly, as it often does, a great reputation on the merits of a single person in it, the cook, the housekeeper, or a private teacher. This one party removed, the whole excellence has

gone to pieces. I have seen again a school flourishing from a zealous activity and zeal to make it flourish,—that point has been scarcely, however, attained, when a change has come over it. Either the possession of success has induced laziness and false security, in which the spirit of honest exertion has dwindled away, or a fit of avarice has seized on the managers. Able teachers have been, one after another, dismissed, and their places filled by inexperienced and cheaper ones. There has been an attempt to win the same support without giving that which justifies it. Schools, like other establishments, may, and often do, under such circumstances, exist for a time on the reputation previously acquired, but during this interval, that is, between the commencement of defalcation and the discovery of it, are, in fact, committing a gross imposition, and the worst kind of swindling, on those who entrust their children to them; and because these cases are by no means unfrequent, where schools depend much on *foreign* support, ought no man to recommend a school after he has removed beyond the possibility of personal inspection and knowledge.

Germans in their household arrangements are far behind us in delicacy, finish, and refinement. This is what strikes our countrymen, accustomed to an unequalled application of the arts to the comforts and embellishment of private life, generally, and as a general fact; but there are some departments of the domestic system in which a rudeness

exists that at once astonishes and disgusts. It is a subject into which on paper one cannot very explicitly descend, yet, in German boarding-schools, English children have suffered so much, even in their health, through the disgust and repugnance excited by the total inattention to the necessary cleanliness and proper maintenance of certain offices, that as a matter of duty I have determined to allude to it here; hoping that, as this volume will be sure to fall into the hands of those German establishments which are most interested in the matter, this may draw their attention to the frequently *most reprehensible and intolerable state* of those indispensable parts of their dwellings.

Again, there are schools where, while children are in health, there is no ground whatever of complaint. The tuition is unexceptionable, the domestic management and the cuisine are equally satisfactory; but where a sick child is in a most deplorable condition. The great work of the establishment goes on; the child is kept in his stationary distant chamber; he is, as it were, a forgotten object. It is true he has his meals conveyed to him, if he can eat them; but he lies for days, weeks, months, like a solitary prisoner. He is attended by a doctor, as apathetic and neglectful as the people of the house; and has perhaps, at the moments of his greatest suffering and need, no means of calling any one to him. There is no bell. I speak feelingly on the subject, and from the description of one of my own

children's sufferings given by himself. The neglect in the case of this child was astounding. We were always informed that his case was trivial; but it was in vain that we applied to the managers for a statement from the physician, Dr. Chelius himself, till we ordered an English physician from a neighbouring city to go over and ascertain the truth, when the consequences of long neglect were discovered to be most frightful; and, in fact, fatal.

This was in a school where, though our children were only remaining a few months, we had every previous reason to expect that they would be quite safe and carefully attended to; and where kind friends at hand were anxiously attending to the dear boy, but who, like ourselves, could never obtain further statements from the physician, than that it was a trivial case, totally without danger, and required only time and rest, attended by the most solemn and repeated assurances that, if the slightest symptom of danger appeared, he would instantly inform them. This went on for three months, when the private statements of our friends induced us to call in the English physician; and *then*, to our astonishment, Dr. Chelius could not only at once declare that the case was a most serious one, but could also foretel accurately how it would terminate! What was still worse, this man knowing, as it thus proved, the real state of the case, at its worst stage, went away four days from the city without leaving any other medical

man in care of him. The case being immediately on reaching London, submitted to Mr. Liston, Mr. Aston Key, and other eminent English surgeons, every one at once declared that the neglect of the German surgeons in the early stage of the mischief had proved fatal. *Then* it might by active and judicious treatment have been checked, —*now* it was impossible, which time only too fully confirmed,

If such things as these can occur where children are only left in a school that you have known for years, left for a few months, and under the oversight of the kindest friends, what may not happen in totally strange places, and amongst totally strange people? Oh! little indeed do parents know the dangers to which they expose their children by sending them to foreign schools; little do many parents know what their children suffer there! My heart has often ached, and does so still, when I have heard what has been seen by my own friends in the sick-room of German schools!

It is the common rule to make the sick-room, or infirmary, as disagreeable as possible, lest children should like to continue in it; as if healthy children, in general, were likely to prefer the confinement of such a place to the open air, play, and society of their playmates! They are expected to do their school work as long as they possibly can, and are not allowed to have books of amusement to read,

or other means of mere amusement, or toys, or articles to cut out or construct. They have no light in the evening, and seldom, as I have said, any way of calling for attendance when needed; having no bell, and the sick-room being frequently in the highest and most distant part of the house. Nothing can, in fact, be imagined more desolate than the condition, often that of a sick, solitary boy, for days, weeks, or perhaps months. In some cases, they have suffered dreadfully, and to the great derangement of the whole physical system, from the want of assistance on the most indispensable occasions; the very servant to which such an invalid has been in a great degree entrusted, even when most pitifully appealed to, going away without any attention. I shall never forget the affecting statements of a dear child who had thus suffered, nor of a gentleman who saw another endeavouring to conceal something under the bed-clothes when he went in. Being kindly asked to shew him what it was, he said that he was not allowed to amuse himself with such things, but that by means of his schoolfellows he had obtained materials, and in secret had constructed what he now drew forth out of his bed. It was a railroad, on a long narrow board, with all its trains of carriages and engines most ingeniously made. The gentleman declared that, when he gazed on the pale thin face of the poor boy, whose parents and friends were in a distant

land, and then on the cherished and admirable production of his many solitary hours, he could not restrain his tears.

I have said enough, I am persuaded, to infuse into all prudent parents a salutary spirit of caution in this most important matter of sending their children into a foreign land, except after the most rigid inquiries, and from persons of the most responsible character on the spot. I will only add once again, let no man recommend as excellent, that which he has now ceased himself to see. Before closing this most important part of my subject, I must however ask the question—Why cannot we have a class of schools established in England, where every advantage of the continent could be obtained with every advantage of our own country, at a very reasonable rate?

The great advantage to which parents look in sending their children abroad, is a really first-rate education at a really reasonable rate. This education, besides the general branches as given here, is expected to include instruction in music, dancing, the German and French languages by natives, so as to be fluently spoken; and all this at a charge, *without extras*, not exceeding 50*l.* a year.

Now, that this might be all well accomplished, by persons who had a conscientious desire to carry it out, is most certain. They must seek out good and spacious premises in a part of England at once agreeable, healthy, and cheap. Large country

houses are to be had with ample grounds in many parts of England, and in accessible ones too, at a wonderfully low rate. Native and well-qualified teachers of music, dancing, languages, are to be had in plenty at a very reasonable rate; and it would then only require proper arrangements, so that the French and German classes should converse only in their respective languages with their tutors, and for certain fixed hours, in order to give the most perfect practice. I conceive that a great revolution might, on such a plan, be effected in English school-keeping, and the higher prices necessary in the neighbourhood of London be greatly lowered.

There remains yet one more subject on which to say a few words,—that is, on the education of English young men at the German universities; of the excellence and cheapness of the education to be obtained at those universities there can be no question. The German Professors are at once learned and laborious; and the examples of industry exhibited by them might be most useful, were it not for the existence of other habits in those universities, which are repugnant to all our English notions. I have endeavoured to make the whole system of the German universities, both as regards the mode and nature of the education in them, and the old-established practices of the students, fully known to the English public, in “The Student Life of Germany.” I shall, in speaking of the



despotism of the German government, shew by what means the most objectionable practices of student life are still carefully, for political objects, supported and cherished by these governments. In this place, I shall only allude to one circumstance, which must make any parent pause before he sends his sons to study in these schools. *It is the prevailing, and almost universal, religious infidelity which prevails in them.* In my "Rural and Social Life of Germany," I have explained the cause of this. It is the result of the German philosophy. The principles of Kant, carried to an extremity by Hegel and others, have succeeded in making Christianity regarded as a fable. Strauss has collected together all the infidel arguments of all the deistical writers of all countries and ages, and condensed them into a most ably written *Life of Christ*, of which a cheap and very poor translation is now to be seen in our infidel book-shops in London. John Keats beautifully says—

Do not all charms fly  
 At the mere touch of cold philosophy?  
 There was an awful rainbow once in heaven;  
 We know her woof, her texture; she is given  
 In the dull catalogue of common things.  
 Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,  
 Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,  
 Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—  
 Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made  
 The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

POEM OF LAMIA.

Philosophy never exerted its earthly, commonizing, stripping, denuding, skeletonizing power, so completely as in the shape of German philosophy. It has thoroughly clipped the angel wings of Christianity. It has represented the miraculous histories of the Old and New Testament as fables. It has described the wonders of God's providence, as exhibited in the establishment of the Jewish people, and of Jesus Christ's miracles for the establishment of his religion, to be legends, sagas, of the same character as those of all other ancient nations. This philosophy has seized on the youth of Germany to a frightful extent. The philosophical chairs are in all quarters infected by it. Who would be so unphilosophical as to be unphilosophical? Who would be so simple as to believe only with the simple? All the wonderful connection and consistency of prophecy, from the commencement of the world to the very coming of Christ; all the internal evidences of more than human sagacity, wisdom, and truth, embodied in the Sacred writings; the magnificence, the purity, the depth of philosophy displayed in them; the sublime beauty, benevolence, and superhuman doctrines of Christ,—in fact, all the nobler features and divine spirit of the Sacred writings, all their admirable adaptation to the wants and wishes of the human heart, to the needs of earth and of humanity, of a principle of solace, elevation, and refinement—a binding and brother-creating prin-

ciple,—are lost sight of; and Christianity is measured by the cold yard-wand of a groveling vender of scholastic webs, and found to have some good in it, but to be more than we have need of. The “Ice-time,” which certain continental philosophers contend to have in some former age reigned over and bound up in frozen death, this planet, has actually seized on Germany. Woe to those who come within its reach. All that is ethereal in their nature or aspirations will perish. They will become too wise to be generous, poetical, or Christian. They will learn to look on all that is not “of the earth, earthy,” as a beautiful fiction; and to regard with Kant nothing beyond the range of their experience as true. What that range and that experience will become, need no words to explain. Selfish shrewdness will become the grand reigning principle of life. The human angel will cease to soar towards that heaven to which it sees no glorious Jacob’s ladder any longer leading, nor fair shapes ascending and descending, as the living ministers and messengers between two kindred worlds; but will creep on the earth, a many-fingered crab, in the crust of its selfishness.

Amongst the whole number of German students whom I have known, it would be difficult to select a dozen who were not confirmed deists. Let those who doubt the extent to which this philosophical pestilence has spread, go and judge for themselves; but let none send out solitary youths to study in

German universities, who do not wish to see them return, very clever, very learned, and very completely unchristianized. The only safe course in this respect, as well as with regard to schools, is when parents accompany their children, and give them the effective antidote of an English home, and English sentiments, while they are making their necessary acquisitions of knowledge.

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## PART II.

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### CHAPTER I.

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DANGEROUS as is the temerity with which we send our children into the German schools, yet far more dangerous is the administration of German institutions which we have for some time cherished at home, and of which the consequences are creeping upon us with a strong and stealthy speed of which the public has no proper conception. I have already alluded to the fashionable character which German language, literature, and education, have for some time increasingly assumed amongst us; and pointed to the CAUSES of it. Let us now fix our eyes with a steady glance on the CONSEQUENCES.

That Germany, as well as other foreign nations, has knowledge, practices, arts, or institutions, that we may copy, or introduce with good effect, is what I am by no means intending to deny. On the contrary, it is a practice, judiciously and ho-

nestly carried out, which I would most warmly recommend. But let us take heed that it is this judicious and honest practice which is adopted. Let us vigilantly keep our eyes open, and mark that the artful and the selfish do not gather up just what in these foreign practices is prejudicial to the public liberty and welfare. Now, I do not hesitate to declare that interested persons have already succeeded to a certain degree in inoculating our legislators with a passion for the worst portion of these foreign practices and systems; that these practices and systems are already introduced and engrafted; that the taste and fashion for this is carefully cultivated, while the better, the more useful, the more popular portion of the foreign, and especially the German, institutions and practices, are carefully passed over.

Our wealthy and legislative classes travel abroad, and certainly not with their eyes shut. They see most distinctly a certain description of things. They see, each of them, with one eye admirably; with the other, however, and it is a pity, they are either actually or affectedly blind.

What now, amongst the Germans, strikes every liberal lover of his country, every man who has no motive but to see the truth and spread it, especially in our own beloved country?

He sees a simple, and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of

property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and consequently a less intense selfishness of spirit; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept, by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition. He sees, wherever he goes, in great cities, or small towns, every thing done for the public enjoyment. Public walks, beautifully planted, and carefully accommodated with seats at convenient distances for the public to rest at leisure. He sees these walks laid out wherever it be possible. Old town-walls and ramparts are converted into promenades, commanding by their elevation the finest prospects over town and country. The whole of city or town is encircled by them. Thus, the old as well as the young can ascend from the heat and dust and hurry of the streets, and enjoy the freshest air, and the most lively and yet soothing scenes in the streets below on one hand, or gaze into the green fields and hills around. It is delightful to see on fine days the greyheaded fathers of a city thus seated on these airy walks beneath their favourite limes, and en-

joying their chat together over old times, while within a few steps of home their eyes can still wander over those distant scenes whither their feet no longer can carry them. If there be an old castle in the suburbs of any of their towns, it is not shut up, but its gardens and its very walls and courts and fosses, are laid out in lovely walks, and the whole place is made the favourite resort and enjoyment of the whole population. There a coffee-house or cassino is sure to be found; and there beneath the summer trees, old and young, rich and poor, sit and partake of their coffee, wine, and other refreshment, while some old tower near is converted into an orchestra, and sends down the finest music for the general delight.

He sees all sorts of gardens, even to the royal ones, and all sorts of estates, kept open for the public observation and passage through them; he sees the woods and forests all open too to the foot and spirit of the delighted lover of nature and of solitude. He sees all public amusements and enjoyments, as theatrical and musical representations, the very highest of this kind, kept cheap and accessible to all. There are no operas there with boxes let at 300*l.* per annum, with seats in the pit at half-a-guinea each. Twenty-pence is the price of gentility itself; and for five-pence may be heard, and in a good place, the finest operas performed by the finest singers in the country. For fourpence may be attended the finest out-of-door concerts of Strauss or Lanner, in



the capital of Austria itself. He sees education kept equally cheap in school and university, kept within the reach of all, for the free use of all; and the schools so systematized as to answer the various requirements of every varied class or profession. He sees the church kept cheap, and the churches open and free to one man as well as another, without pews and property, where all should be open, the common meeting-place of the common family before the common Father. He sees no church-rates imposed on stubborn and refractory consciences, but a voluntary contribution, left to the voluntary attender of divine service.

He sees musical and singing societies encouraged amongst the people, where the working classes, when the labours of the day are done, can meet and enjoy a refining treat. He sees these civilizing and refining influences extended over the open-air enjoyments of the Sundays and holidays of the common people in city and country.

But what of all these do our wealthy, our influential, our law-makers, bring home and introduce amongst us? Nothing at all. Not the slightest trace of them. There might be no such things in existence; these very things which are forced from the paws of foreign tyranny, for its own quiet and continuance, because it knows that if a people be not contented, it cannot long be kept quiet; these things, which constitute the bright side of an enslaved people, which the Germans are, none of all

our sagacious law-makers, or even law-reformers, seem to know anything at all of; at least they give, by no single attempt to introduce them, the slightest evidence of their knowledge of them.

And yet one would have imagined that amenities and innocent privileges contributing so much to the enjoyment of every-day life, and which have so eminently answered the purpose of German despots in keeping a great people tractable in their chains, would, as a matter of deep policy, have been, at least on this ground, rendered agreeable to despotic spirits at home. But no, our rulers and legislators have different notions. They are accustomed to regard the people, the great mass, not as the objects of government, but the objects of taxation; not as creatures who are created to enjoy themselves, but to pay as much as possible. Our government does not pretend to be *PATERNAL*; but conservative. It does not regard the people as children, who should be informed and advanced; but as a rude mass, whose rudeness must be *conserved*. Accordingly, have they taken a single step, instructed by what they have seen abroad, to reduce the excessive cost of living in this country? Have they abolished the corn laws, and the other restrictive laws which keep up the rate of rent, of taxation, of every other expense which presses with a direful weight on the whole population? Have they sought thus to diffuse cheapness and comfort at home? To check that rapidly rising manufacturing prosperity abroad,

a prosperity which strikes its roots into our very vitals? A parasite plant, rooted on the branches and the very bole of our manufacturing tree of life? Have they been startled by the tariffs of America, of France, Russia, and Germany, all aiming at the same life? All as manifest declarations of war upon us, as if they were made with the menaces and attested with the bruit of cannon? Have they sought thus to reduce the horrible masses of misery in our metropolis, and our manufacturing districts, such masses of misery as strike foreigners dumb, and have no parallel either in the present or the past world? Have they done any one thing in these urging and essential matters, to bring us to a nearer resemblance in popular comfort to Germany? Have they even done the slightest thing to make the means of popular refinement and out-of-door enjoyments more accessible?

No! on the contrary, when Mr. Buckingham, in Parliament, brought in a bill to effect the creation of public walks in and about our populous towns, those very men scouted the idea as something visionary and childish. As Wyndham resisted the abolition of bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and such brutal pastimes, as something truly English, so our present legislators regard a vulgar, rude, unembellished, and unaccommodated existence, as something essentially English for the people. Accordingly, our huge manufacturing towns swarm with a life which is crowded into the densest space

of dirt and squalor. They are bald masses of brick; stupendous manufacturing piles, where the most extensive of all manufactories is that of misery. They have great mills and little houses in abundance; a few fine mansions, and a swarm of petty and pestiferous dens. You may breathe as much fœtid air there, in narrow lanes and still narrower dwellings, and amongst spindles and wheels, as you please; but where shall you breathe the free air? Where are the public walks and the lime-shaded gardens where the hard-taxed and hard-worked people shall air themselves? Where shall they turn out from these grim and gloomy walls, and find seats awaiting them beneath the pendent boughs of green trees? Where shall they escape from the rattle of machinery, and the cries of ill-fed children, to the scenes of Nature? Nature exists not for them in any shape, at least in any good one. Free nature lies afar off, on moor and mountain; and there, if they extend their walks beyond the far-stretching limits of the brick wilderness, are still park and garden walls, and hedges of interminable enclosures, where the active QUARTER SESSIONS has closed up every ancient foot-path. Good-nature they never experienced; and human nature has only presented to them its elbows. Where is the cheap and pleasant cup of coffee, and the strain of glorious music sounding over the lamp-hung boughs, beneath which their poor but smiling wives and children sit?

The very question appears a mockery. What! the common people of England have public walks, and spreading trees, and public seats, and cheap coffee, and music! It is an idea enough to make the hair of aristocracy stand on end. These are the amenities of life. These are the exclusive privileges of wealth and station. The people,—at least, the English,—is a thing which has always been regarded solely as a beast of burden; as a mass of rude, raw, sturdy labourers, to whom knowledge and refined enjoyments are as unfitting as buns for brewers' horses. They have been, as it has been thought, most appropriately named, "the great unwashed," the herd, the swinish multitude, the rascal rabble. Such a thing as that of the "common herd" of Englishmen, that is, of the mass and multitude of the country, having a cheap livelihood, and leisure to enjoy the "evenings of their days," in a few hours relaxation, with music, airy walks, and intelligent conversation,—in short, of becoming "the great washed,"—has never entered the heads scarcely of the philosophical reformers. These refined relaxations, these social luxuries of creatures who, though labouring creatures, are yet GOD'S CHILDREN, the highest title still upon earth,—pile up kingships and dukeships and lordships as you will,—are left to be the common enjoyments of those foreign peasants and artizans whom we so sagaciously warn our working classes against resembling. If those

foreign people, whom we represent as living on black bread and getting no animal food,—who, our legislators gravely tell us, on the authority of Dr. Bowring, do not in Prussia eat more than thirty pounds of flesh each in a year, while the inmates of our union workhouses get fifty pounds, but as gravely forget to tell us how much of other good and substantial food they get, which our working-classes do not and cannot get.

Accordingly, the English labouring classes, the most industrious, the most laborious, the most ingenious, the hardest worked, and hardest taxed, and hardest pinched class of people on the face of the earth, go on labouring when they can get labour, and starving when they cannot; they go on eating their *fifty pounds* of meat yearly, when they can get it, and suffering want of every thing besides—want of cheap bread, want of instruction and public sympathy, want of coal for the winter and of decent clothes in summer, want even of a spot where they can turn out on a holiday, or on an evening, and shake their rags in the wind, and scatter on it the baleful effluvia of their crowded factories, and their dismal dens, called houses.\*

\* Yet it would seem that, in 1840, Parliament actually did vote a sum of 10,000*l.* for “Public Walks:” and the “Morning Chronicle” states that 500*l.* of this money had been expended; 300*l.* being advanced to the Provost of Dundee, for the improvement of Magdalen Yard, and 200*l.* for improvements in the neighbourhood of Arbroath; and that the remaining 9,500*l.* is still lying in the Exchequer! If this be fact,

Thus they go on, miserable themselves, and frightening government with their Chartism: thus, unfed, unclad, unimproved, and unamused, while the poor German peasants, whom we would have these dolorous creatures pity, go on eating their *thirty pounds* of meat per annum, but adding thereto, from the strips of their *own land*, plenty of good potatoes, fruit from their orchards, eggs from their fowls, milk from their cows, and flour from the corn of their own fields. If our manufacturing population could but see the jolly substitutes for the odd *twenty pounds of meat* in the year, that are so liberally credited to their account; if they could but see the famous cheap brown loaves, the famous puddings stuffed with fruit and eggs, the famous messes of boiled potatoes and milk, the dried fruits and curds, which these Prussian and German peasants “make a shift with,” they would be very glad to throw up their fifty pounds of meat, and all their other starvation into the bargain, in exchange for it. What matters whether a man has a single pound of meat in the year or not, if he be well stuffed out with all the other good substantials of life? What matters it if a man get fifty pounds of flesh in a year, and wants fifty things beside?

it can never be understood by our manufacturing towns, or two petty improvements, and these in Scotland alone, could never have been the sole results. Why do not the active leaders of improvement in our provincial towns—why do not the master-manufacturers look into this? Surely free air is as essential to their starving workmen as untaxed bread.

wants a regular substantial supply of flour, bread, pudding, eggs, potatoes, and milk ?

Accordingly, as our legislators do not *see* these things on the continent, high rents, high taxes, high-priced food, and a high pressure of distress, continue to banish comfort, knowledge, and morality, from the working masses. Accordingly, throughout the vast (and by most of our legislators, who should first personally learn the actual condition of our people before they begin to prescribe for it) untravelled regions of our most wonderful metropolis, the state of every-day existence is one great chaos of struggling care, dirt, and heartache. Swarms of human creatures, thick as motes in the sun, and stretching for miles and for leagues around in densest contact, wrestle day and night with dearness, taxation, and despair. They *wallow* in a poverty the most hideous of all poverty, in foetid smut and filth; poverty, in selfish, ravenous degradation; poverty, without moral or religious culture, and without hope. The gin-shops, the only splendid erections in those regions, stand at every corner; and around their doors, the most squalid and the most revolting objects,—figures of rags, and faces of foulest and most desperate degradation. Wretched mothers with more wretched infants in their arms pass *in* if they have the necessary penny, and *out* if they have the necessary strength. Women reel forth, and falling headlong on the grated window-recesses beneath their feet,



or on the pebbles, gash their haggard faces, and are reared by the standers by, bloody and stupified, against the walls. At midnight, in the shivering and piercing midnights of the wildest winter, stand trembling crowds round those infernal doors, ravenous, if they have but the penny to pass—not the gates of heaven, but the gates of hell! Other women on a Saturday night, who have been starving all the week, and bearing daily tortures to which the harrows and the thorns under which David put his enemies the Amorites were nothing; the perpetual fangs of hunger, and the incessant cries of hungering children—are seen following their surly husbands from the doors of counting-houses, where they have just been paid their week's wages, and imploring, with menaces and curses, for a portion of that cash, with which the sour wretches, base from years of hardening in ignorance and vice, are making off most coolly to the alehouse.

And these are not the scenes of a casual time of extraordinary distress; they are not the scenes of one or two confined spots; they are the daily, standing, established, and ordinary scenes of many and many a square mile,—of many and many a wonderful region of the vastest, most populous, and most wealthy city of the world. They are scenes that any one may readily find, if he will seek them. They live, and heave with a pestilent life, like some huge mass of corruption, and force into our most public streets its terrible amount of

crime and prostitution, and all the while ten thousand homes are lit up with wealth and comfort; the carriages of the affluent and the happy roll along in crowds; chapels and churches send up their hymns and praises; and in the evening dusk, the father dismisses his happy family to rest, with a word of thanksgiving for overflowing blessings, while under his very windows sit houseless children side by side nodding in cold sleep; and homeless, tieless, hopeless vice, curses God, and dies in unregarded shame.

Go! British legislators, British travellers, British philanthropists, British christians; gaze and pace through every country of the continent; pace through every region of the world; nay, turn back and traverse every region of history, every nation of multitudinous history, every people, pagan or utterly savage, and find us any scene like this! To this gigantic conglomeration of care and crime, of misery unmitigated and depravity unheeded, to this huge and eating cancer in the heart of the proudest, the most affluent, and the most Christian community, what are the thirty pounds of meat and the black bread of the German peasant? And by this black scene, what a heaven of peace and innocent pleasure is the Sunday and the holiday dance of the working class of even such demoralized cities as Munich or Vienna?

But if this frightful contrast is not observed by our travellers, and if they bring us no means of

alleviating it, by cheap food, and innocent and refining pleasures, what do they see abroad, and what do they bring us thence? A MOST ADMIRABLE SYSTEM OF POLICE; military regulations and costumes; endless BOARDS OF COMMISSIONERS, AND THE ADVOCACY OF A GOVERNMENT EDUCATION!

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The misery of the poor in the metropolis and the manufacturing districts appears from recent disclosures to be almost outdone in some of the agricultural counties. The state of things in Dorsetshire, lately made public by Mr. Sheridan and Lord Ashley, is the most frightful that ever was existent in a Christian country, and almost exceeds that of our subterranean horrors, laid open to the day by the inquiries of the Commissioners into the horrors of our coal mines. Here are whole families existing on five shillings a week, in houses not fit for swine to sty in, in a state of corroding and contact, destructive, not merely of all comfort, but of all morals. The dreadful display of misery, starvation, perishing by actual hunger and neglect, of incest and other fearful crimes, arising from the state of agricultural wages, have awakened a public horror, which it is hoped will lead to the remedy of the evil. Mr. Sheridan has shewn himself worthy of the name he bears, and the blood which runs in his veins, by his lively sympathy with the poor, and his bold and independent conduct in the fearless exposure of this dreadful state of things.

CHAPTER II.  

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THERE can be no objection to our admiration of German literature, there is much in it that is rich and beautiful; there can be no objection to our imitation of whatever is simple, honest, economical, cheap, or amusing, in the habits of German life; nay, metaphysical people may even follow Kant and Hegel if they please, but for heaven's sake let us neither copy Metternich nor the King of Prussia. In a cheerful and gay enjoyment of simple things let us retrace our steps, and be German if you will, but from any inoculation of their religion or politics "good Lord deliver us!"

In my "Rural and Social Life of Germany," I have drawn a full picture of their manners and doings; let us now take a view of them with reference to their political character, and we shall see that they are the very last people whom we should imitate in these respects, or whose institutions we should import. As regards their private life, the Germans are a contented and comfortable people, as a nation they are slaves; and every step we approach nearer to them in their machinery of government, the nearer we become such ourselves.

But perhaps there are very few of our countrymen who have sufficiently considered or been struck with the great extent to which we have been Germanized in these respects. It will be well to stand at once, and consider this fact; to examine and get an idea of it in all its extent. After an absence of three years,—three years in which I have been observing the nature, presence, and working of the German police, and of course during which my eyes have been withdrawn from the progress of the police system in England, I must confess that I was startled to see the rapid strides which this German system had made amongst us. At every turn, in town or country, a policeman! On the highways, a new species of highwaymen, huge fellows on huge horses, riding in broad daylight with huge swords by their sides! Is that a sight which any Englishman ten years ago would have believed ever to see in England? Not only in the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, or of our other great towns, where I left the police, were they now to be found; but like an everspreading torrent, they had overflowed into every quiet town and village, every quiet outskirt and solitary suburb. They stood leaning against every wall that had been only built up yesterday. They were chatting with the servant-maids at every back door, as the mistresses assert to the excessive corruption of the suburban servant-maid race. And if idleness be the devil's workshop, where had he ever such a

workshop erected as the lanes and by-streets, in which these lounging, long-legged servants of the public are established, with little to see and nothing to do?

But it was not here only that these belted knights-errant were to be found. Where the poet and the naturalist were formerly only to be found, on the moor, in the solitary country lane, in the wood-path, by the old brookside, there I now encountered one of these great-coated and numbered musers. It was a comfort to see them numbered, or one would have deemed them *numberless*. But adieu now to rural musings. Thank heaven, I wrote the *Book of the Seasons* ten years ago! There is no policeman entered in any list of its migratory birds! Adieu now to poetry—who need wonder at its decline! Who can botanize, or entomologize, in the face of a policeman? Who will venture to stride over a hedge in quest of a flower, or a butterfly, when a big man in a big coat may stride over after him? Who will venture to capture a fly, when he may himself be clutched by a Harry-longlegs, and instead of enveigling his prize into his box, may be himself consigned to a watch-box? Who will sing a new song of liberty or love, when he may be dragged off for disturbing the public peace? Blessed be the ways of Providence who sent Shakspeare and Milton to wander on the solitary wold, and raise their free and glorious voices, before the days of the RURAL POLICE!

Would Milton ever have said exultingly,

“ To-morrow, to fresh fields and pastures new,”

if he had been sure to meet a policeman in every one of them? Would Shakspeare have ever “carolled his wood-notes wild,” if he had been in danger of being taken up for a wild man of the woods? Would even Hervey have ever made his “Meditations amongst the Tombs,” with a rural Policeman No. 7777! dogging his footsteps? And O thou good, dear shy soul, Cowper, what a fright would a batch of rural police have been to thee! They would have startled thee worse than a greyhound would have startled thy own tame hares. Instead of a mischievous bull, thou wouldst certainly have addressed thy indignant vows to John Bull’s new rural creature, the rural policeman:—

Go,—thou art all unfit to share  
The pleasures of this place,  
With such as its old tenants are,  
Creatures of gentle race.

\* \* \*

I care not whether north or south,  
So I no more may find thee;  
The angry muse thus sings thee forth,  
And claps the gate behind thee!

Praise heaven, all ye lucky fellows of the last generation, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Southey, and the like, and the five remnants of the old race of giants—Wordsworth, Rogers, Moore, Camp-

bell, and Wilson; and taunt us not that we do not come up to the stature and valour of the first number. Go! you had all the world to yourselves; there were gipsies and stout beggarwomen, leech-gatherers, anglers and pedlars, in your time,—none of those locomotive engines of the modern railroad—the RURAL POLICEMEN! If Byron had been obliged to sing—

There's a policeman in the pathless wood!  
 There is another on the lonely shore;  
 There is security *where none intrude*  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;

what an odd medley he would have made of it.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
 To slowly trace the solitary scene;

would have had but little fun in it, for Childe Harold, with a burly policeman “slowly pacing the solitary scene,” after him, with his oil-cloth cape rolled up at his side, as if it concealed a bludgeon. O George Crabbe, thou Rembrandt of Suffolk-marine alehouses and fishing-creeks, with a tar-brush for thy pencil, what a Borough would have been thine with a squadron of police in it? What an *orderly* Borough? What a set of sober, straight-walking, and straight-laced fellows, would all thy jolly sailor-boys have been, instead of the riotous roisterers of “The Ship,” “The Boat,” “The Three Jolly Sailor Boys,” or “The Anchor,” where they met



In one smoked room, all clamour, crowd, and noise,  
 Where a curved settle half surrounds the fire;  
 Where fifty voices purl and punch require;  
 They come for pleasure in their leisure hour,  
 And they enjoy it in their utmost power.  
 Standing they drink, they swearing smoke, while all  
 Call, or make ready for a second call.  
 There is no time for trifling—"Do you see  
 We drink, and drub the French extempore!"

Ay, but the police would have been upon them!  
 And what an orderly and good-for-nothing borough  
 for a hunter of life and manners like Crabbe!  
 Why, the very crabs have had their day, and now  
 it is the day of the rural police. John Clare got a  
 glimpse of them, and it operated, as it must do  
 on all poets—it drove him mad, and he took to an  
 asylum.

But bad as this extension of the police system  
 may be regarded by poets, naturalists, and lovers  
 of retirement, yet this is not the worst direction  
 that it has taken. This direction admits of a joke.  
 We may satirize it as poets, but in another mode of  
 its employment, we must hate it as men. In the  
 account of the government prosecution of O'Connell  
 and his fellow repealers, it was coolly stated that  
 the witnesses against these gentlemen *were police-*  
*men who had attended the repeal meetings in private*  
*clothes."*

Since then, at the last Clonmel assizes in fact,  
 the counsel for a prisoner, who had been left seven  
 months in prison on a charge of sedition, and left

unprosecuted by the government, denounced this unconstitutional proceeding, and shewed that not only had the prisoner been incarcerated for seven months on the charge of a disguised policeman, by whom government could rob any innocent man of his liberty for seven months, and then sneak out without any prosecution, and thus without any public opportunity of defence and redress; but that the police in Ireland actually went about dressed as ballad-singers, enticing people to sedition. First they took seditious ballads to printers to print, and then seized upon them as felons, and dragged them to prison! These then are the fast-ripening fruits of the great police system. Here is one avowed object of the employment of these swarming battalions of police; not to guard the streets from disorder, but to attend as spies on all occasions when free-born Englishmen meet to discuss their rights and their wrongs. We are then, like Austria, to have not only a *public*, but a *secret police*. Do our countrymen see this thing? Do they see its real import, and its consequences? Who shall now know whether the stranger at his elbow in public or in private, at a public meeting or in the street, may not be a paid spy and policeman of government? Is this then a part of our British constitution? Is this a British practice? Or if so, where now does England differ from Austria?

Nothing has startled me so much as the apathy with which this has been regarded by the public.

It seems even by the press to have been received as a matter of course. We have seen it stated too, that at different elections Metropolitan police have been sent down at an expense of from 200*l.* to 300*l.*? Are these then too matters of course? Is it for the purpose of supporting the candidates of a ministry, however despotic, that we are to pay these bludgeoned myrmidons? These are practices that cannot be seen with indifference by any friend of his country who is capable of any reflection, be he of what political creed he may.

This fact of armed policemen being sent down to country towns during elections, is a clear, and direct, and flagrant breach of the constitution. It is a part of the constitution that a borough shall be freed during an election from the presence of an armed force; that the people may enjoy the exercise of their franchise unawed and unrestrained by armed power. The soldiers are carefully, therefore, removed to a distance. But of what use is it to remove soldiers in one shape, if they are to be introduced in another? What now are the police but an *armed force*? What matters it what a body be *named* if it be the *same thing*? What matters it whether the armed force be armed with muskets and bayonets, or sabres and bludgeons? Whether it be clad in red or blue, or dandy-grey-russet? Whether it be belted with black japanned leather, or with old, white, pipe-clayed leather? It is still an armed force; a force foreign to and hostile to

the Constitution; a force meant to overawe and influence elections for despotic purposes; a force which curtails the free exercise of the popular will, and ought, therefore, to be protested against by every honest man and honest political journal. In the present short duration of elections there is little danger of riot, and it is quite enough that there is a police *in* any town, and a military force *near* it, ready to be called on if danger of disturbances arises, without this Black Watch, these Metropolitan heroes, being sent down.

But these are only the more daring deeds of a system which has now taken deep root, and has become emboldened by the false security of the people. The system itself has been gradually progressing from the very first day that we imported German princes. Standing armies first, then a gradual widening of the distance between the army and the people, and finally, after the army had acquired its full growth and character, in our day this introduction of this second army of bludgeon bearers, the most dangerous, because the most lurking and insinuating of all.

I shall not stop here to weigh what good may or does arise from a police. That is obvious to all, where a police is in number and employment what a police merely *for preservation of order in the streets* should be. Such a police will be comparatively limited in number, and will be located only where there is actually daily disturbance without it. The

*danger* of a police is, that it may be employed by government, not for the suppression of disorder, but for the suppression of liberty. That, under pretext of the public safety, it may be pushed out on every side, be swelled fearfully in number, and set on the watch, not for pickpockets, but for patriots. Depend upon it that this will become the character of our police, if it be not curbed and kept down by the most jealous vigilance of the public. It will become the most fatal machine that was ever introduced into the framework of our society. It is of German origin, and will produce the same fruits in the country to which it has been transplanted, as it has done in its own. There it is one of various combined powers which have completely robbed the nation of freedom; and we cannot do better than to examine what these are, and what the German people are under their operation, that we may have some notion which way we ourselves are going.

## CHAPTER III.

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THE Germans are by no means a slavishly disposed people. They were originally the great diffusers of freedom throughout Europe. From them, and the kindred races of Scandinavia, we ourselves derive our freest institutions, or the spirit which has originated them. To such a pitch did the ancient Germans, according to Tacitus, carry their ideas of liberty, that though they chose a leader in war, they considered themselves each naturally equal to him, and except for purposes of present general good, independent of him. He makes Ambiorix, the general of the Low Germans, say that he had no more power over the people than they had over him. He says further, that no man, properly speaking, ruled the Germans, they did just what they pleased; "Germanos non juberi, non regi, sed cuncta ex libidine agere." When they conquered a country they divided the whole land equally, and as brothers, amongst them, and each man sat down on his *Allod*, or property, which he disdained to hold by any human tenure, but declared it his *sun fief*. That he held it of no power

but the sun. Hence the latter form of title deed: "This property received from God, and the glorious element of the sun." Neither the state, nor the magistracy, nor any other authority, had a right to molest him in it, or to eject him from it. Every man's house was more sacred than a church. Hence our principle and practice, hence our law proverb, that "every man's house is his castle." To such an extent was this carried that when the community were compelled to punish offenders against it, they never would break open, under any circumstances, a door. The father exerted a sort of patriarchal authority in his own house; and each parish, or particular portion of a district, called a *Gemeinde*, or *Landsgemeinde*, common to all the land, assembled every new moon to determine every thing relating to the weal and order of the district. Here every man spoke and judged with equal right, the priest only acting as chairman. But there were others who disdained even this degree of coercion. They lived utterly free and independent on their allod, attended no meetings of the people, and acknowledged no power residing in them. These were termed *Wildfänge*, or *Biesterfreie*; and of this class were the Berserkers of Scandinavia. When any of these men committed, therefore, any gross offence against the community, the community judged them as enemies, and punished them by stopping up their wells, by burning their houses over their heads, or by

stripping off their roofs; but they never allowed themselves to break open one of their doors. In short, they were as free as the wild creatures around them, as the birds above their heads. Freedom, said Lucan, is a German possession—*libertas Germanicum bonum*. “It is marvellous,” said Florus, “that the Germans already inherit from Nature what the Greeks with all their arts never attained.” And our own Hume says, “All that there is now in the world, of freedom, honour, generosity, and wealth, we owe to these magnanimous barbarians.”

The Swiss and the Norwegians are the only people who retain the substance and most primitive form of this ancient Germanic freedom. “In Norway, from time immemorial,” says Mr. Laing, “the finest and most populous institutions have existed, and it is probably from it that we have derived the trial by jury.” There is no people on the face of the earth whose present position can be contemplated with such heartfelt satisfaction as that of Norway, according to the description of Mr. Laing. To the present hour they have steadfastly held their ancient liberty. Though cast by the arbitrary politics of Europe into the regal dominance of Sweden, Norway still retains and maintains its free constitution, which makes the people personally independent of the Swedish power. There, every man still lives on his own land; there the press is as free as the winds; and what is most admirable, free from the



foulest of all tyranny, the low tyranny of personal rancour. There not even an aristocracy can lift its head, it has been formally abolished, and the aristocracy of Nature, man in his worth and his virtuous dignity, possesses and enjoys his native land. Industrious, gay, domestic, and care free, so rolls on life in free, wise, and virtuous Norway, the happiest nook of Europe,—perhaps of the world.

But it was not the fate of the main German race to maintain thus happily and honourably its liberties. With Charlemagne was carried their empire to its full extent—an empire embracing three-fourths of Europe, the various German States, France, Italy, Holland, and Belgium. The emperor was elective, and limited in his prerogative. There long continued the form of freedom, but the seeds of despotism and dissolution were rapidly growing beneath the form. Charlemagne and his successors prided themselves on being at the head of the *Roman* empire. It was no longer the Germanic or the French, but the Roman Empire. The Roman law was introduced, with its secret courts, its protocols, and its torture. This system of executive government, so adapted to the purposes of tyrants, found tyrants in abundance to administer it. The various feudal nobles shot up, into princes; they not only elected the Emperor, but they harassed him perpetually with their quarrels and their frequent hostility. The vitals of the

empire were from age to age rent by the vultures of discord. At length the great Thirty Years' War, a war for the extirpation of Protestantism, ravaged the whole country to a frightful and unparalleled degree. Order, freedom, arts and commerce went to the ground, and many of these blessings never again fully regained their ancient growth. A host of petty tyrants were sprung into existence, each wielding the powers of life and death, and exerting more than kingly authority in their own districts. The great body of the population was agricultural, and an agricultural people is too scattered and unaccustomed to union and activity of mind, to resist the acts of usurpation. The history of the German Empire has been that of gradual concession on the part of the people, of steady aggression on that of the princes. The population of the cities were the exception, and their history is a splendid history of combination and bold maintenance of the banner of liberty. But they could not fire with their example the rural millions.

At length, divided and subdivided into about two thousand provinces and independent petty states, the German Empire was become a perfect rope of sand. It was too tempting to the quick eye of Napoleon: he rushed over the country and laid it at his feet. The history of the princes at this crisis is very instructive. They rose, the chief of them, against their own emperor, and fell into

the ranks of the usurper; each regardless of the fate of his country, regardful only of how great a share of it he could seize on as his spoil. The smaller princes went to the ground; and so soon as the evil hour of Napoleon arrived, so soon as the elements had smitten him in Russia, and England, having annihilated his power in Spain, was awaiting him in France,—then these princes rose at once, bit the hand on which they had so lately fawned, heaped on their benefactor the names of Robber and Usurper, and called on the people to help to drive him from their soil, and to establish the FREEDOM of Germany. It was an inspiring cry, and was nobly answered. The people freed Germany and the princes from the intruder, but how did the princes keep their faith as to the FREEDOM of Germany? It stands written in the history of the time by their own historian, in a chapter headed “THE TREACHERY OF THE PRINCES.” The ancient empire had been dissolved by Napoleon, and they took no step to restore it. Some had sprung out of grafs into princes, others out of princes into kings. The old empire and its constitution had expired; and there was not a prince of them who, by the ancient right and the ancient principles of the German people, had a title to sovereign power. They ought in this crisis to have turned to the old and only acknowledged source of power amongst the Germanic race—to the people, and have received constitutions from them. But on the con-

trary, they, who had been only the vassals of a limited monarch, the Emperor, claimed not only independencies, but a prerogative hitherto unknown in that country—that of absolute despotism. True, on the great battle-field of Leipsic, where, after a three days' fight, the NATIONS had enabled them to overwhelm the tyrant, the Allied Sovereigns knelt down and publicly thanked God. They thanked God, and promised FREE REPRESENTATIVE CONSTITUTIONS! But like the vows of sick men, these promises were soon forgotten. Had Napoleon continued a little longer in Elba, probably their fears might have wrung from them a compliance with the now loud demands of the people, for the fulfilment of their word; but Napoleon made his last unsuccessful sally, the English bore him away to St. Helena, and their fears and promises slept for ever.

The history of the struggles of the German people to rescue their ancient freedom from the grasp of these perfidious usurpers, since the peace of 1815, is a melancholy one. The dungeons of Austria, as described by Silvio Pellico, the persecution of patriots, who have been compelled to fly to Switzerland, France, England, and America, the suppression of the freedom of the press, the violent crushing together of churches, the absolute denial of free constitutions, and the jealous espionage of a universal police, are amongst its prominent features. The 13th article of the Confederation,

made by these princes on the 8th of June 1815, declared, "That in all the confederated states, representative constitutions should be established;" the 16th, "That all religious bodies should enjoy equal civil rights and privileges;" and the 18th, "guaranteed uniform freedom of the press." Not one of these pledges, thus solemnly made, have been fulfilled; on the contrary, a tighter hand has been laid on the reins of government; the press is held in the closest thralldom, and the violent suppression of the Lutheran church in Prussia is one of the foulest acts of religious persecution which modern times have to shew.

And do the Germans acquiesce calmly in all this? No! their situation presents the most singular and most admonitory spectacle in all history. A people of sixty millions in number; a people, of all others most sensitive; a people singing brave songs, and using brave words, and cherishing brave thoughts of liberty,—yet without the daring and the moral firmness to set themselves free! The parents of liberty in Europe, and at the present day the most thoroughly enslaved. They have fallen from the high estate of the freest and most high-spirited people of ancient Europe, to the most pliant crouchers, to the yoke of the diplomatist of present Europe. One shout of actual resolve from these millions would scatter every throne, and make every bond crumble into dust; nay, closely woven as the net of diplomacy is around

them, were there but the *lion* within it, a *mouse* were enough to set it free; but the *habit of acquiescence* has become the really enslaving chain of this great and intellectual people. Like other dreams, they dream of freedom, but feel that they have lost the power to move. The will to dare, to do or die, the only spirit by which a nation can assert or maintain its liberties, has evaporated; they have become accustomed to the shame of living without political freedom, and they find that they can live, in great bodily comfort, with the glory of their great ancestors behind them, and the hereditary bondage of their children before them. The padlock is on their mouths; they cannot speak; yet they are glad that it allows them to breathe. The arm is shackled, but they can walk about; and they are willing to walk, though it be with "the iron in their souls." They fret and fume, but do not free themselves! Miserable condition of existence! Let us take a nearer and warning view of it.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

It is one of the very oldest practices of thieves to gag their victims. To plunder and prevent all outcry and alarm need but a bit of stick or a piece of rag. Despotic princes have very properly classed themselves as belonging to the generation of thieves, by universally adopting this practice. They have shewn that God has not left them without a living witness in themselves of what they really are,—the very greatest and most flagrant of their genus—of thieves and murderers. They rob not individuals, but nations; they murder not men only, but liberty and knowledge, and through these, men's souls. They demonstrate at once, that what they are about is not a thing agreeable to those whom they are set to govern; that is, in its proper signification, to serve and protect; that their intentions, any more than their actions, will not bear the light, and the voice of expostulation is confessed by the gag. But of all mouths which they most diligently close by propping open, if I may use an Ironicism, is the mouth of that modern steel-clad champion, the Press. This is their most

terrific enemy. His voice is not confined to the room within which he stands, but is heard beyond the reach of any trumpet, or the bruit of any cannon. Nay, the very thunder of heaven is not so terrific, or so far-pealing, as the "still, small voice" of the press. The first object of all despots therefore, is, as soon as possible, to gag this grand antagonist power. To utterly destroy it, is more than they dare attempt—that were too much for the patience of mankind. To utterly chain up its mouth, would be as little tolerated. They have therefore adopted the gag. They leave the press a mouth, out of which may drop just what Balaam they please. It is a well-known fact, that if you gag a fish you drown him. Prop his mouth open, and he cannot move his gills. To kill even a fish, it is not necessary to pluck him out of the water with a hook, or spear him in it; you have only to prop his mouth open, and he dies gradually. This is the death to which despotic monarchs and governments have doomed the press. The gag they have adopted is—the Censor.

What the effect of this gagging of the press is, happily we at home have no sufficient idea. The attempt has been made in this country, but has always failed. Englishmen have known that to them the PRESS is the MODERN MAGNA CHARTA, ten thousand times more precious and availing than that of King John. Destroy every trace of that bit of parchment, annihilate every record and testi-



mony of our constitution and long glorious conflict for our liberties, and the press shall speedily build us up a new charter, a new constitution, and new liberties. It is the soul of our souls, and the mouth of our mouths. It is the grand sum total of thirty millions of spirits; nay, of the spirits of all our past generations; of all our poets, our patriots, philosophers, and divines, combined into one power, and is therefore more than all constitutions, all poetry or patriotism. It is a condensation of the universal intellect and of divine revelation into invincible potency, and into a sun more eternal and victorious in its darkness-scattering energy than that of one particular system. It is alive with the power, and speaks with the united voice of God the Saviour, and of mankind. Its strength lies not in the metallic wheels and levers, nor even in the steam by which it often is impelled, but in its heart and in its brain; for these are the heart and the brain of collective humanity. Nero wished that he had all the necks of mankind combined in one neck, that he might cut off the heads of the whole human race at one blow; but in the press we *have* the heads of all mankind united to cut off, as it will do eventually, the heads of all tyrants and traitors to the sacred cause of man, of truth, and of love. But we have more than the *heads* of all men combined here; we have the invincible intellect and the heart of man, twin and heaven-born powers; and the press has its throbs and

its pulsations. It beats with the great heart of human nature; its nerves thrill with feelings sent from every quarter of the globe. It stands not on the earth; it is rooted into it. Its wood is living, and is the tree of life; and every stroke and pressure which it gives are impelled by our own hearts, our affections, our hopes, and our triumphant anticipations of an unquenchable life. Who shall dare to stand before this mighty instrument—this champion and representative of universal man? None but princes who have been fooled and flattered into the idea that they themselves are something more than mortal. Yet even these have rarely dared the attempt to destroy it. They have contented themselves with that of gagging it. And as that which is divine, once fallen, becomes demoniac, what a pestilence-breathing machine becomes a gagged and misguided press. Of all melancholy objects, what so melancholy as a press languid with everlasting gagging, and doing the dirty work of pettyfogging ministers. It is Pegasus plucked from his heavenly path, and drawing with soiled wings, in the boor's cart, as sketched by Retzsch.

If any one will see what is the difference between a free and a gagged press, let him look upon that of our country, and then on that of Germany—a country full of intellectual power and speculative spirit. Ours is all life, activity, and nervous vigour. There is nothing which concerns us, or

our interests, which it does not seize on, discuss, and sift to the very bottom, pursuing error and jesuitism through all their subtlest windings, and laying the conquered and demonstrated truth on the common bosom of the community. Nor is it only in the newspapers that it thus lives and wrestles; but it diffuses its spirit, and in fact, gives life to journals and reviews, such as no other country can boast. It pours out its light and warmth on all sides, animating that daring and discursive temperament which makes us discoverers, conquerors, and founders of mighty nations—the spinners, weavers, merchants, and caterers for a world. There is no offender, however high, who can hope to escape from the castigations of our press, even if it cannot pluck him all at once from the seat of his iniquity; there is no matter or character that is hidden in the deepest tracks of life, or its obscurest nooks, which it does not pour its radiance upon. In short, like “a mighty heart,” which it is, it sends that blood and glow through our whole social system, which makes us what we are, an indefatigable, enterprising, and great people. Look on the opposite scene, that of the German so-called political press. How flat and dead in all that relates to the most important topics of a national character. The newspapers present a conglomeration of dry facts, relating generally far more to other nations than their own. The affairs of China and India are discussed with considerable interest, those

of their own states are passed over. All those great questions which involve the political progress and development of a people form no part of their topics, these are reserved for the sole consideration and management of the government. Even the best journal they possess, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, gives you no clue to such matters, though it gives you admirable articles on books, and merely literary, philosophical, or politico-economical subjects. Periodicals, in our sense of the word, they have few, except annuals. For over all the heads of such journals hangs the iron pen of the censor, and fills every writer with terror. Such things as *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, as *Blackwoods* and *Taits*, cannot exist, because the contest of such principles as animate them is not permitted, and without the contest even the spiciest absolutism loses its relish. Into their very books of literature the deadening influence finds its way. The novel of the day—how shall it describe actualities, and touch off the living characteristics of high life and fashionable personages? The censor is before the soul of the writer; and if his great steel pen did not strike the life out of his volumes, the myrmidons of the police would march into the publisher's warehouse, and condemn the whole stock, after its contents had become known. Even *Otto Wigand's Jahr-Buch* of last year can attest that. For this reason, our novels and romances, and those of France, are the general reading of the light-reading class.

Let our writers for the newspaper and periodical press imagine that whatever they wrote must be submitted to a *literary policeman*, seated immoveably by the desk of every editor. That it was the business of this literary policeman to take into custody every free thought and plan which should be thrown out for the better government of the country, for the redress of any grievance personal or public. That this fellow, with an iron pen instead of a bludgeon, was empowered to knock down, run through, or put out the eyes of every such free thought, or thought of justice and improvement;—that he could do this without any one having the power to judge whether he did it with any degree of moderation or decency; that he did it in perfect privacy. That such thoughts could never reach the daylight, and call for the help and protection of the public, but must be hidden like an untimely birth,—with what heart could he write? How, when the spirit of inspiration came upon him, and his pen had dashed out some great and glowing ideas, would the sudden recollection of the lurking censor, the literary policeman, the bloody and remorseless political spider, who had spun his web before the editor's desk to catch all such soaring and humming intellectual flies, startle and freeze him? How would he begin to carry a secret fear of this always before him? How would it lame his pen? how would it paralyse his mind? If his mind was of a nature to sink before such terrors;

if he could learn to crouch and creep, what a creeping thing would he soon become, fit for the office of literary policeman himself, when the old one dropped off. If he were not of this nature, two things only would remain for him,—to fling down his pen, and leave it and his country to their fate, or to run for ever into the clinging web of the enemy. To see his finest thoughts and feelings, his noblest speculations, even when most cautiously worded, dashed out, the most frightful chasms made in his most elaborate articles, or his article altogether suppressed.

These are the constant state of mind, experiences, and mortifications of the finest spirits of Germany. The labour of months, and the deepest and most anxious research, often too when employed on subjects where with all their experience they did not suspect the paw of the censor, are continually sacrificed. What curses “low but deep” have I not heard uttered by some of these sufferers of this galling, this most galling of all thraldoms, the thraldom of the mind; over this indignity that the able and the generous must suffer at the hands of the secret hangman of the press! Some of these men travel, and would impart the improvements of other countries; they come to England, and would speak of our social institutions and our mechanical arts, but in the midst of their most innocent lucubrations on such matters, the eye of the censor sees danger, his pen dashes the prohibiting strokes

through the very heart of their articles, so that no skill nor ingenuity can again give connexion or sense to the whole. It is the same in translation; the light of other countries is carefully shut out, and the poet, filled only with the sublime ideas of some brother bard of a foreign nation, forgets the censor, but the censor does not forget him.

I will give a specimen of such suppression. The following translation of Campbell's spirited "Ode to the Germans," made by one of the most celebrated lyric poets of that country, was stopped in the press by the censor. It has never seen the light in Germany, but was presented to me by its honoured and most popular translator, that it might at least see it in England. The name of the translator I may not give, or it would be sure to work woe on the other side of the water.

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### ODE AN DIE DEUTSCHEN.

NACH THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Meerüber ruft Britannia  
 Der Schwester Deutschland zu;  
 Wach auf, O Allemannia.  
 Brich deine ketten, du!  
 Bei'm Blut, das uns zu Brüdern macht,  
 Allemannen, auf erwacht!

Und dreimal geheiligt sei  
 Unsrer Herzen heilig Band,  
 Wenn uns zujauchzt endlich frei  
 Euer Land—euer Land!

Britannia durch die Meere  
 Schwingt der Freiheit Banner hoch;  
 Euer ' breiter Stein der Ehre '   
 Ist ein Sklavenzwinger noch!  
 O Schmach! des alten Ruhms gedacht!  
 Allemannen, auf erwacht!  
 Und die jetzt euch fesselt;—bleich  
 Flüchten wird die Tyrannei  
 Wenn sich aufrafft euer Reich  
 Gross und frei—gross und frei.

Dem Mars habt ihr erfunden  
 Den Donnerkeil der Schlacht,  
 Doch die Kett' um euere Wunden  
 Hat kein Donner noch zerkracht.  
 Land des Gedankens! soll dein Herz  
 Reiben stets der Fessel Erz?  
 Nein! die Schlaguhr, hell von Schall,  
 Die ihr sinnend euch gebaut,  
 Schlage der Unterdrücker Fall  
 Dreist und laut—dreist und laut!

Der Presse Zaubersegen  
 Auch ihn gab euer Land,—  
 Doch darf sie sich denn regen  
 Auf dem Grund, der sie erfand?  
 Wohlan denn, schmetterten muss das Horn  
 Fühlen muss das Ross den Sporn!  
 Ernst herab auf ihr Geschlecht  
 Sieht der Väter stolze Reih',  
 Ruft und winkt euch: " Ins Gefecht!  
 Werdet frei—werdet frei!"



Can any man wonder how the noblest spirits of a nation must writhe, and inwardly bleed, under so ignominious a bondage? How the ignoble must become the worst tools of tyranny? Who can tell how far the base passions of the base minds—for base they must be who accept the office of secret stranglers of thought—may be carried? How far personal malice and jealousy, how far the infamous desire of self-interest, may lead such men to please the official powers by a rigid severity, or themselves by a wanton exercise of the strange license committed to them? Who shall say how gross ignorance, or the envious love of crushing whatever is beautiful and aspiring, may operate in them—to what ravages in the fair field of purely imaginative literature itself it may urge them on? Who can tell what irreparable wounds and losses a nation has suffered at such hands? *Genius secretly criticised and damned by a police!* We have seen in our own free country strange freaks enough of criticism in the broad daylight, and that from men of genius themselves; but policemen, installed by government authority, and the chair of judgment set in the dark—God help the writers of such a country! Who can wonder that they have become so dreamy, and so fond of metaphysics? Whither else could their spirits turn for a free region, but into that of shadows and abstractions? Who can wonder, as their own historian, Wolfgang Menzel, says, if “over God they forget men; over heaven,

the earth; over dreams, actuality; over castles in the air, the dirt of cottages; over pictures, the living shapes of misery; over the study of ancient justice, the daily prevailing injustice; over the freedom of the ancient Greeks, the loss of their own. That the scholar knew all the islands of Australia, but not his fatherland; and had numbered the hairs in a camel's tail before he knew an oak-tree from a beech. That the philosophers shrouded themselves in a dark phraseology, and by artful combinations rivalled each other in wonderful mysteries, and made inexplicable enigmas out of originally simple ideas; till the whole world began to despise such useless abstractions and fantasticalities; and turned to physical realities, of benefit to the whole community—manufactures, trade, steam-engines, and railroads."

But these are only the least mischiefs of this gagging system, and this only one form of it. Let us see another.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE POLICE SYSTEM.

THE government, having set a watch and a turnkey over the press, next set others over all strivings of thought in daily life. The standing army—a power ostensibly for the terror of enemies without, but actually still more for the numerous host of enemies within, for to the conscious tyrant every free subject is an enemy,—had in no country acquired a more formidable growth and influence than in Germany. The total amount of the army in the Confederate States is not less than a million and a half. This is an awful power, to turn against any uneasy spirits, any restless movements under the iron hand of arbitrary rule. But this was not enough, and a second army was called into being,—an army of policemen. These men were also ostensibly organized to preserve order in the streets, but more truly to keep down the spirits of the free-minded. They were not armed with the terrors of cannon and musket, except that detachment of them called gens-d'armes, but merely with a sword, and the more awe-inspiring power—pen and paper. They were, however, an army, and nothing less, an

army of domestic control. Their watchhouse was not merely a place for a lazy sentinel or two to parade before, or where the military band, at stated hours might assemble and beat off a fine martial tune; but it became a watchhouse indeed—a den of many silent sub-dens,—where there was a strange, mysterious, sleepy-seeming rustle of papers, but where, in reality, all eyes were wide awake, and were sent abroad into every nook and retirement of the whole community. The people soon found that the police bureau was a genuine geometric spider's web, which extends its filmy lines in such ingenious radiations, and in circle beyond circle, that there was not one of them whom these lines did not at some one point touch. Whether they were at home or abroad, stationary or journeying, sleeping or waking, in company or alone, the police knew what they were doing almost better, and indeed often better, than themselves. They were like so many birds with strings to their legs, allowed to hop about occasionally in the sunshine, but never to escape. They might get under bushes, or amongst the green leaves up in the tree, or on the house-tops; but still the string was on the leg, and gave them every now and then a good admonitory twinge. If they travelled, it was only to drag the string after them in the shape of a passport; if they went into their closet, the policeman could follow them on a score of pretexts. This states' inquisition penetrated to the fireside, and into

the whole domestic life of every man. There was a list of every man made out, and his character attached to it, for private uses. No journeyman could travel to the nearest city without a passport, and without his Wanderbook. Every maid-servant must have a book containing the testimonies of her behaviour from her mistress, and it must be deposited there. If a man wanted to marry, he must first have permission of the police; and a grave fellow, in a collarless coat, and with a sword by his side, would march off to his beloved, demand an account of all her worldly goods, having first done so by the man himself; and if he found that the proposed bride had not a prescribed sum, would endow her with a certain portion of her lover's. If, however, the lover had not a definite amount of worldly goods, in many states, he could not be allowed to take her as wife at all. This is most strictly carried out in Bavaria; and the consequence is that people take the liberty of living together without marrying, and the population returns shew a strange exhibition of illegitimate children, often exceeding the number of the legitimates. Nay, you could no longer marry, be born, or be buried, without a police regulation. Are you dead, then comes the policeman and the police-doctor to see that you are *really* dead; and if so you shall have a coffin according to the due formula of the police, and shall be buried on the third day. There is a prescribed coffin; and a prescribed size,

for every age and station. If a person happen not to be of the right size, he or she can at his own extra expense *have* a coffin of a proper size, but it must be put into the legally prescribed coffin. Friends of ours had an infant of a few days old which died. They began to give orders for the coffin and the funeral, but were told that they could not interfere in that—*that* was all regulated by the state. Notice was given of the fact, and the public doctor came and made his inspection, taking his police-prescribed fee. Then came the legal manager of the whole business of the funeral, with his police directions, by which it was found that all funerals were divided into five classes, out of which the persons concerned might chose the class to which it should belong, and all the rest the Manager of Funerals ordered. The parents found that they could not order a coffin themselves, that, as well as every thing else, was already prescribed, and could be made only by the authorized joiner, and that there was in fact a legal coffin magazine. The coffin came, but it was much too large; it was answered that it was according to the regulations, for all children under six years there was but one size; but you could have one made by the public coffin-maker of the size you required, which, like every thing else, would be charged at a fixed price, and would be *put inside of the regularly appointed one!* In fact every thing of this kind is so exactly and completely laid down, each particular with its

legal tarif, that I will present the bill itself (translated) to my readers.

Bill for the costs of the funeral of the child of Mr. —, deceased, in this place, and buried according to the first class of the funeral regulations:—

—————	For Adults.		For Children from 6 to 15 years.		For Children under 6 years.	
	Police Tax.		Police Tax.		Police Tax.	
	Fl.*	Kr.†	Fl.	Kr.	Fl.	Kr.
1 For the attendance of the Clergyman - - - -	1	30	1	30	1	30
2 Manager of Funerals - -	—	36	—	36	—	36
3 Announcer of the Death, and Bidder to the Funeral	4	—	2	—	2	—
4 Layer-out, man or woman	4	—	2	—	2	30
5 His or her Deputy - - -	1	—	—	48	—	48
6 Gravedigger - - - -	2	24	1	30	1	—
7 Coffin - - - - -	14	—	8	—	4	—
8 Shroud - - - - -	2	—	1	—	1	—
9 Hearse - - - - -	3	—	3	—	2	—
10 Mourning Coach - - -	3	—	3	—	2	—
11 Four Bearers (1 flo. each)	4	—	3	12	—	—
12 Cost of the Funeral Bill -	—	3	—	3	—	3
Total - - -	39	33	26	39	17	27

The free choice of this class attested.  
 The Receipt of 15 florins, 5 kreuzers, attested.  
 GOTTFRIED BAUEN.

At the back of this bill you have a copy of all the police regulations connected with the business of a funeral. These are fifteen in number; and they are so curious, that I shall notice a few of

\* Florin, twenty-pence.

† Kreuzer, one-third of a penny.

them, not only for the gratification of the general reader, but for the gratification of the honourable profession of undertakers in this country. It must be particularly interesting to them to see how they would be tied up, hand and foot, under a paternal government, and would be only allowed to follow their calling in such numbers, and in such a manner as government prescribed, with the bill already made out for them.

The first regulation is, that the cost of every thing shall be fixed; that there are, as observed, five classes of funeral requisites, out of which the friends of the deceased must choose one. The tax-list for this will be handed in, and must be signed by the orderer. Any ceremonies, or attendance out of the ordinary routine, such as a funeral sermon, attendance of more clergymen, may be ordered of the procurator, or manager of funerals, who will enter the same at their fixed cost in the bill. The coffin is to be delivered from the magazine at the house, quite ready, without further charge. If the parties want it pitching, which in general is not considered necessary, the charge is 40 kreuzers (sixteen-pence), but in the University Hospital, only 30 kreuzers, *i.e.* ten-pence. The very cross, the little black cross of deal, which is stuck on a new-made grave, is to be procured at the police magazine, and at its fixed charge by law, 24 kreuzers, eight-pence. All funerals of the three first classes must be accompanied by a mourning-



coach, even though the procession shall go on foot; and only the two last classes are allowed to omit this. All funeral service and evening tolling of the bell are forbidden, except by particular permission of the President of the Board of Funeral Commissioners. The tolling of bells has its exact tax—as two bells, 2*s.* 8*d.*; three bells, 6*s.* 8*d.*; five bells, 7*s.* 6*d.* But different towns, and even different churches, have different charges; but all fixed by the police tarif. Even the very way the funeral shall go is prescribed. The funeral procession shall take the most direct way from the house to the cemetery. The number of persons to be bidden may be forty, at the regular fee to the bidder; all exceeding this number at a further fixed price. All demands beyond these fixed, by any party, or the demand from the friends of the deceased of even their fixed fees, by the prescribed conductors of a funeral, are strictly forbidden; no one can make any demand but the procurator, and he only by his bill, according to the regular tarif.

Such are the minute regulations by which the German police enter into this and every other of your domestic transactions. You are treated as so many great children who cannot take care of yourselves, and so the government, by its numerous agents, the police, becomes your general guardian, bailiff, and beadle. It takes care that you do not burn your house, and it sweeps your chimneys for you. The police can come at night, and demand

an entrance to see whether you have carefully extinguished all your fires, and such a thing as a person ordering his chimney to be swept is never dreamed of. That were a piece of free-will indeed! No, all this is prescribed and done for you. The appointed sweeps, at their fixed times, enter your house, sweep all your chimneys, make the proper charge, and away again. It is no use telling them that they do not want doing, or have not been used,—it is the time, and they must be done. We were the first tenants of a new house, and the legal sweeps actually came and swept all the chimneys within ten days of the house being occupied, and before some of them had had a fire in them. We appealed to the landlord; he only shook his head, “it is the time, and they will certainly do it.”

Some of these regulations strike oddly against our old established poetical ideas. A serenade is a very poetical and romantic thing in one's unpractised brain. A lover standing silently on a summer night beneath the balcony or the window of his beloved one, and amid the odour of flowers and the songs of nightingales, singing to his guitar a charming lay of love,—O how many youthful imaginations has it fired! how many poetical pens has it put in motion! But hear, young enthusiasts,—hear, poets and poetesses,—your lover must get a license from the police-office before he dare either raise his song, or thumb his guitar! Yes, I know not whether this be the cold reality of things

in Spain and Italy, in the Austrian states of Italy assuredly it is,—but in Germany that is the fact. No one is allowed to sing at all in the streets after a certain hour,—eleven, I believe, at night. Whoever, therefore, intends to give a serenade must, and does, first procure permission from the police!

And what, indeed, must he not get permission for from the police? What the Germans call *Schreiberei*, *Scribbling*, has grown up to a most amazing extent under this system. The police-office has its long paper of printed regulations on all possible subjects, with all its fines and taxes appended; and nothing can be more amusing to an observer, though often most provoking to the parties concerned, than to see how fresh English are continually knocking their heads against these restrictions, prescriptions, proscriptions, laws, regulations, ordinances,—descending to the most insignificant and unexpected things. Let us take an actual case, witnessed by myself.

An Englishman is just arrived in a German town, with half-a-dozen youths under his care, for the finishing of their education. Some of these youths are nearly grown to manhood. They have their guns and pistols, and practise at a mark, or at birds in their tutor's garden. A flock of sparrows settles on a tree, they fire at them. A man in a neighbouring garden raises his head and gazes sternly and significantly at them. Presently arrives a policeman, with a long printed paper of regula-

tions against the shooting of birds, with all the pains and penalties. The youths lay aside the fowling-piece, and amuse themselves with shooting at the sparrows with pellets of putty, sent from a sarbacan or blow-gun, blown by the mouth. Presently appears again the grave servant of justice, with another long printed paper, shewing how strictly it is forbidden to kill *singing* birds, with a list of those which are decided by the wisdom of government to be singing birds, and the various fines for such offences; mounting up in severity from a tomtit to a nightingale, the penalty for whose death is five florins, or eight and four-pence. Guns and blow-guns being thus spiked by the police, the unfortunate youths betook themselves into the open wood behind the house, where they supposed they could molest no one, and amused themselves with firing at a mark with a pistol. At the very first crack, however, out steps a *wood-policeman*, in his long drab coat with green collar, seizes the pistol, pockets it, and walks off. Astounded at this proceeding, the youths for some time desisted from all sorts of shooting; but tempted one day by a handsome brass cannon in a shop window in the city, (what *do* these shopkeepers sell little brass cannons *for*?) they immediately conclude that with cannons you may shoot. People do not shoot singing birds at all events with *cannon*. They therefore bought the cannon, and to avoid all possible offence, they carried it into

the mountains, and far up there, in a rocky hollow, they commenced firing their cannon at a mark on the wall of a precipice. Bang goes the little cannon, back it flies with the shock,—out starts a policeman, and puts it in his pocket!

The patience of the youths was now exhausted. They demanded, “What! cannot we even fire a child’s cannon?” The reply was, “Nein, das ist am strengsten verboten.” “No, that is most strictly forbidden.” The youths, with English spirit, protested against the seizure of their cannon. “Good! good!” was the answer, and the next day they were summoned to the Amthouse, and, on the clearest shewing of the printed regulations, fined ten shillings.

Many of these regulations are in themselves admirable. The care even over singing birds shews a fine and humane spirit; it reminds one of the providence of Him who “cares even for sparrows.” The tariffs of charges on all kinds of costs, on lawyers’ and doctors’ fees, are of so reasonable a rate as would frighten our professional gentlemen into a shivering fit. And then the advocates of free trade? They could not move a yard. The cobwebs of the public regulations would hem them in on all sides, and drive them mad; and they who had imagined themselves long to have ceased to be children would be no little astonished to find themselves treated as such, and acted for as such, by the paternal government.

It will be seen that the German police system

differs widely *as yet* from ours. The care of streets and public order is left pretty much to the *gensd'armerie*. The Board of Police, however, watches vigilantly over the existing order of things, and mixes itself in a variety of matters, which in this country get into the hands of the lawyers. In this particular, we might, for public benefit, most advantageously imitate the Germans, by submitting the decision of a great number of questions between man and man to a magistrate, who, on the basis of clear regulations, might at the cost of a few shillings, and often in five or ten minutes, settle differences, or put a stop to impositions, which our lawyers continue to spin out into the most perplexed and ruinous litigations. On several occasions, where in England I should be coolly told by a magistrate that "it was not his business,—I might commence an action," which sort of action, by the bye, is generally the most foolish action a man can commit,—I have walked into the Police Bureau, and found my complaints most promptly redressed.

This department of a foreign police, however, we have at present no disposition to adopt, but rather that of surveillance and espionage. That species of police which Austria has most preeminently employed, and which most other German states have sufficiently copied, one of the numerous pieces of network thrown over the people, all whose controlling ends meet in the hands of government, and which have not failed to infuse into the public mind the most fatal political and moral timidity.

A NOTE ON ENGLISH BURIAL APPARATUS  
AND EXPENSES.

As my observations are addressed to my countrymen for their benefit, I must take the opportunity here of appending a few additional remarks to those in this chapter on burials, and of saying that, although most decidedly opposed to the finger of government being put into such matters, it is high time that government did in this country do what is its bounden duty, provide ample and suitable free cemeteries for the burial of the people. It will be seen that in Germany no charge whatever is made for the *ground* to bury in, unless a person or family wishes to purchase a plot in perpetuity, which itself costs very little indeed. Now, these cemeteries ought not to be left to a set of greedy speculators, who look rather at the gain to themselves than the advantage to the public. It is the proper business of a government not to undertake such speculations itself, but to protect the people from rapacity of those who do. This it of late years has done, by restricting the per centage on highway and railway shares, etc., and this it should carry out in other cases. The spirit of gain is carried to such a pitch in this country, that public

companies, unless restrained by act of parliament, may be said never to consider anything but how to get the most out of the public. Through this our highways are saddled with an everlasting debt, and shareholders have pocketed more above a due percentage for their money than would have, twice over, paid off the whole highway debt. A fine specimen of such unconscionable regard to self and not to the public is, that original 100% shares of the New River Water-Company now sell at 22,000% each!! Surely these worthy shareholders should be compelled by government to afford their water to the metropolis at a very much lower rate than they do, when this *present rate* has enabled them to raise the value of their shares to 22,000 times their original value!!!

The same spirit is more largely afloat in Cemetery speculations. In Mr. Chadwick's report, on the practice of burial in towns, it is justly stated by the Rev. Mr. Milman, that nothing is so repugnant to our feelings, as the seeking to make money by jobbing in Joint-stock Burial and Cemetery Companies. Yet there is nothing so disgusting as the eagerness with which this kind of speculation is carried on. No sooner do you now get into a house in the neighbourhood of London, than amongst the crowd of tradesmen who press for your custom comes the agent of the Cemetery Company. He sends in his company's statement of charges,



and gives you thus a most intelligible hint of how much he wants to bury you. The baker and butcher and grocer want extremely to keep you alive, but the Cemetery Company wants nothing so much as your death and burial. Of all the disgusting and impudent forms in which the trading spirit has yet shewed itself, this is the most intolerable. And what do these honourable companies offer their ground at? They make a pretty enough sort of a burial-ground, as if they would say, "See what a nice garden we have made to plant you in. Do, good fellow, make haste and die, or we cannot realize our cent. per cent." But when you get their bill of charges, the thing is not quite so attractive. Here are the charges of a company whose printed circular was sent into my house the other day. To say nothing of vaults of from 126*l.*, down to a niche for a single coffin in one at 10*l.* 10*s.*, with fees for interment, 4*l.* 4*s.*; of brick graves in the open ground, at from twenty to thirty guineas, and four guineas fees; burying a child in a catacomb at six guineas; the cost of a private grave in the open ground—that of ground 6½ feet by 2½ feet—*three* guineas, with fees 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, that is, four guineas and a half for the ground and fees, of a single corpse! But, besides this, you have the ground *traded* out to you in all sorts of profitable forms—that is, profitable to the company; a reserved ground, at five guineas each body, etc.,

Then again you have numerous lists of extra fees for interment at any hour before three o'clock or after sunset, for a weather-screen, for certificate, for register, searching register each year, maintaining graves, etc. etc., of a most alarming character. Add to this Mr. Chadwick's statement, derived from the evidence of a large undertaker, that each funeral, for all above the working class, costs from 60*l.* to 100*l.*; and who indeed does not justly fear death?! In this country we are the prey of two monsters—the OVERTAKER and the UNDERTAKER; of which the Overtaker, DEATH, is the least of the two. Had St. Paul addressed his sublime queries, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” especially to us English, the answer would have been quickly given, thus:—

*Ques.* O death, where is thy sting?

*Ans.* In the Undertaker's bill.

*Ques.* O grave, where is thy victory?

*Ans.* In the Joint-stock Cemetery; associated little spots of earth, to bring in from ten to five hundred guineas each.

It is surely high time that we began to think on a reform in this matter. Why do not religious communities, or social communities, take this thing into their own hands, and, without regard to profit, have their own burial-ground, their own hearse, mourning coaches, and all necessary apparatus? The Friends have long done this. They have in

many places a plain hearse, and they have wisely discarded all unnecessary pomp. In the matter of this pomp, too, there is nothing which requires a reform so urgently on the score of good taste, as the set-out of an English funeral. Is there any person who has seen a funeral abroad, who, on his return, is not most disagreeably affected at the monstrous apparition of an English funeral? Look at a German funeral, the highest expense of which, as given above, is about 3*l.* sterling—that is, for the highest of the five fixed classes, and may be respectably conducted in the fifth class for 1*l.* Look on this, and see how much more there is of true grace. The hearse or funeral car is low, light, and graceful. It is covered with a black pall, upon which is laid a garland. Then come the mourning coaches, and that is all! But if the invention of a committee of the most notorious possessors of a diseased taste had been put on the rack to produce something most flagrantly barbarous, it could have brought forth nothing so hideous as an English funeral procession. First goes a black fellow with a huge quantity of crape sticking out from his hat and hanging down his back; then comes another carrying a great black board stuck all over with huge plumes; then the hearse, a piece of huge and heavy monstrosity, all covered again with these black giant bushes of plumes; the pall-bearers equally ugly; two fellows

marching after with black poles, with big bunches of black stuff or crape on them, and the mourning coaches made as ungainly as possible. It is the most ugly procession that mortal fancy ever vomited up in its most putrid fever of the brain. And for this do Englishmen pay from 60*l.* to 100*l.*, while the wiser Germans, for a far more tasteful and classical train and apparatus, pay but *three!*

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SYSTEM OF PATRONAGE AND EMPLOYMENT.

HAVING thus established a vast coercive power over the people,—in the Army, the Censorship, the Police,—the German governments might have calculated on a tolerably easy maintenance of its arbitrary rule. In what shape was public discontent to shew itself? Under the ponderous weight of military and police, already described, how were the people physically to shew resistance; under the knife of the secret censor, how was one single cry for help to issue from the popular throat? But tyranny is always suspicious; no security seems strong enough for its self-defence, and German tyrants certainly hit on the most subtle and effective of all modes of strengthening the physical and intellectual bondage, to which it had consigned the people, and that was by the simple process of mothers with hungry children—stopping their mouths with pudding. For this purpose, the most extraordinary scene of patronage and employment which the world ever saw was gradually displayed, the most extraordinary scheme of universal dependence on government, organised into a perfect

system. Government assumed the management of almost every thing, not only in state, but in social and commercial affairs. Every thing was made to depend on and proceed from government; the great mass, in fact, of educated people, to be in government pay and employment. Toqueville estimates the officials of France at 138,000 persons, or one to every 230 persons. But what is this to the numbers which, in France even, depend on government,—that is, not merely civil functionaries, but soldiers, clergy, etc.?

In Germany, the army of the Confederation consists alone of 302,288; but the army, which of one description or another can be called out, amounts to 1,286,178 men. Of these alone, Austria has 750,000, and Prussia 569,000 men. The clergy, Protestant and Catholic, of Austria, in 1828, amounted to 72,169 persons, and of Prussia 14,630, making a total in these two powers alone, of 86,799. As these two powers, however, include about half the population of all Germany, double this number, and you have for the whole country 173,598 clergy, including monks. The nobles in Prussia were calculated by Hassel, in 1822, to be 200,000, and by Lichstenstein to be, in Austria, 475,000, together 675,000, or at the rate for the whole country, of 1,380,000.

Schön states one person out of every 630, in Prussia, to be employed in affairs of state; while in England only 1 in 1000 is so employed. But

the persons avowedly employed in the affairs of state in Germany are a mere fraction compared with all who are really dependent on government. In Bohemia alone, in 1825, there were returned:—

Ecclesiastics	- - - - -	4,006
Nobles	- - - - -	3,267
Officers	- - - - -	9,267
Citizens	- - - - -	66,210
		<hr/>
Total	- -	82,750

or 16,000 of titled, clerical, and official personages, to 66,210 citizens; or exactly *one-fifth* of the whole!

Now, amazing as this may appear, if any one acquainted with Germany will call to mind how many of the class of families calling themselves above the *bürgerlich*, or shop class, have the prefix of *von*, or the distinguishing mark of nobility, to their names, the wonder will diminish. To the classes already enumerated are yet to be added, schoolmasters of all kinds, from the professor to the merest elementary school. Germany has 1022 government-appointed professors, besides a vast swarm of unappointed, getting classes together by their own exertions, *privat docenten*, or private teachers, who are candidates for the government places as they fall out. But of all kinds of educational teachers, Prussia returned in 1831 no less than 24,919. Now Prussia possesses about one-fourth of the population of the whole country, and were all parts of it equally supplied with

teachers, the amount of these would be 99,656. As, however, all Germany does not yet possess so stupendous a staff of teachers as Prussia, though the same system is almost universally diffused, you must make the aggregate amount considerably less, but cannot state it at less than 60,000.

Thus, in round numbers, for about fifty millions of people, you have of

Soldiers	- - - - -	1,286,178
Clergy	- - - - -	173,593
Nobles	- - - - -	1,350,000
Schoolmasters	- - -	60,000
		<hr/>
		2,849,771

If you take the nobles to represent the civil officials, and the greater portion of the nobles are official, while numbers who are not noble are official, you have nearly three millions, in a great measure, dependent on government for support and employment; some more, some less, according to their private property, a vast number totally so. But still you are far from the true amount of persons in government employ and patronage. These governments are, as they style themselves, **PATERNAL**. They treat all their subjects as children, and as children not grown to years of sufficient discretion to take care of themselves; they therefore carry on every thing for these children; assume almost every thing into their own hands, instead of leaving it to individual enterprise. Not only the



management of the government, the army, the police, the post, the magistracy, are under the care of government; but all those things which, in England, are the enterprises and property of private companies, are there carried on by government. The mails, carriages, and horses for travelling, carriers' waggons, high roads, posting, the management of woods and mines, salt-works, tobacco-trade,—all these are, for the most part, in the hands of government. To these we must now add the vast extent of railroads, so that including all, these Jack-of-all-trades-governments cannot have a less number than four out of its fifty millions depending daily on it for employment and support, that is about one-twelfth of the whole!

If we thus recollect that the great mass of the people is agricultural, living in the country, each man cultivating his own section of land, we must see how astounding is that proportion of the town-dwelling and educational population which these paternal governments have contrived to make themselves the very suns and fountains of life to. In fact, the great bulk of the population is educated almost from the cradle to government dependence. The schools are all constructed so as to employ a large number of teachers, at the same time as they train the mass of the rising generation to look to the government as their great patron and resource. The professors are appointed by government, and there is always a large number of unappointed

watching and gaping for the next vacancies. As these vacancies are few, and the salaries small, and to be eked out by the fees of students, it may be imagined what a scene of plotting and intriguing is a University. A man of superior interest of course draws a crowd to his lectures, and thins the rank of his neighbour. As the senate, a body of older professors, therefore, have a privilege of recommending candidates to fill up vacancies, it may readily be imagined that they are careful not to recommend those who will outshine them in their own faculty. This is a notorious cause of the very indifferent occupation of many of the professional chairs in some of the universities, while only two or three are filled by men of more than mediocre talents, and swarms of those who possess powers and acquirements of a higher order are starving on the fees of divided and subdivided hearers.

But the students, themselves, whether in the bürger schools, the gymnasia, or the universities, are nine-tenths of them looking forward, not to run a career of independent enterprise, but to pass their examination, which entitles them to a post in the magistracy, the courts of justice, the kammeralist duties, or collection of taxes on estates of a particular class, in the customs, as managers of woods and forests, in the post-office, the police, or the thousand-and-one concerns in which government is engaged. From the judge or the minister, the

directors of the posting and carrying department, from the manager of the government mining or salt operations, or the conductor of the great tobacco trade of Austria, down to the most petty filler of a village post-office or policeman on a railroad,—all are fashioned and trained by this government-system to turn a greater or a lesser wheel in its great national machinery, and to look to it for their daily bread. Having, therefore, sung and smoked out their little day at the university, even the most highly educated of them depart and drop soberly into their appointed posts; some in the gay city, some in the little dull town, some in the midst of the mountains, others of great forests, and others in bald, monotonous villages of a bald and uninteresting country, amid the toiling peasantry, and plod and dream on their lives, without farther hope, and apparently without care. As they have little more hope, hope seems to wither out of their natures, and they gradually subside into the grey, formal fathers, and further into the grave. Woe to those, however, who in their youthful years, during the effervescence of their student life, give evidence of more than of the customary allowance of free speech and song, who in earnest join any party for political emancipation, or say or write any thing of a really inspiring nature; they are marked men, they are down in the secret lists, and will never receive a post from the paternal government. What resources for such men? They are

unfitted for trade, there is little of it in the country—they may join the crowded ranks of wretchedly paid, even if successful, literary aspirants, or follow the flowing tide of their countrymen to America.

The extent to which posts are created and parcelled out by these paternal governments, so as to bind the greatest possible number of subjects, body and soul, to their interests, may be illustrated by a simple fact. A gentleman being on his way to Heilbronn on the Neckar, stopped to dine at the village of Sinsheim. It was some occasion on which all the officials of the little place and its environs were assembled. In such a place in England we should have found an overseer of the poor, a churchwarden, a constable, and now-a-days a couple of police. Here the officials, postmaster, and deputy-postmaster, and letter-carriers, amtman, and clerk, and attendant police, gensdarmes, master of the posting, of the forest, with all their subordinates, the keepers, and their men, in all their appropriate liveries, and with most grave and official looks, amounted to seventy souls!

But it is not merely the daily bread that is thus nicely, and to the minutest portions, divided amongst the great national family, but a passion for honours, titles, and orders, is also fostered to an amazing degree. There exist, in the different states of Germany, about fifty different orders of knighthood and merit of various kinds. Austria has its Order

of the Golden Fleece, the Order of the Stony Cross, the Order of Maria Theresia, the Orders of Elizabeth Theresia, of St. Stephen, of Leopold, of the Iron Crown, the Teutonic Order, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem; with medals of Military Virtue, of Civil Honour; a golden and silver Cross of Honour; and the Badge of Veterans. Every other state has its orders; and the numbers of persons that you meet on festive occasions with a bit of ribbon in the button-hole, or the whole front covered with stars, crosses, and medals, is amazing. The power which even such a passion as this, once created, gives to a government, is inconceivable. "*He that is not downright trusty and obedient shall have none of these,*" is the tacit but powerful voice of the state.

Nor is this all,—the profusion of titles that, as well as orders, are showered down on the docile subjects, do not seem by any means to grow cheap with their multitude. On the contrary, the very abundance of them seems to enhance their value, as if it became a greater mark of demerit to be without one, than of merit to possess it.

The more sensible and liberally disposed of the Germans begin heartily to deplore this state of things, and term this passion for title and badge a disease. I copy the following excellent little paper on the subject from the Carlsruhe Volkskalender:

## TITLES AND THE TITLE DISEASE IN GERMANY.

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“Since the unfortunate Thirty Years’ War, which checked Germany so seriously in its development, in nearly all directions, a disease has shewn itself which was unknown to the prior and more vigorous time,—the title disease; which has often and justly exposed the Germans to the ridicule of other nations. As, through the land-destroying war, nearly all independent property was annihilated; as the old, and, before that period, generally honourable nobles, betook themselves to court in order to get their bread, and bartered away their former independence for disgrace; as the bürger class in the cities, ruined in their trade, sunk lower and ever lower, and the peasantry was laid regularly prostrate under the burden of the most intolerable exactions,—tithes, compelled services, and impositions of all sorts,—there arose, mightily, more mighty than the princes whose commands it executed, the official class. Louis XIV., that king of France who, through abuses of all kinds, really and truly laid the foundation of the French Revolution, which at the end of the last century so dreadfully, but so renewingly and beneficially, operated on France and on all Europe—had in the most unprincipled arrogance pronounced the words, I AM THE STATE! and many little princes gabbled the wretched phrase after him.

And as the prince said, I am the state, the official said, I am the office; like the official, so was the clerk. It was not his idea that his duty lay in writing out so many sheets of paper, but he believed firmly and immoveably that the subjects were in existence for no other purpose than to be taxed, and to be registered and maltreated by him.

“ On the one side that miserable Roman law, on the other this Scribery system, with its incessant plagues of the nation, ordinances, rescripts, copies, permissions, passports, superintendences, tables, and lists, have inconceivably damaged the development of legal freedom in Germany,—have estranged the people from the princes, and have multiplied between them a hundredfold, wounds and Sunderings, where otherwise mutual love and mutual confidence would have prevailed.

“ The scribeship and officialship of the seventeenth century, in order to consolidate to the utmost their power and influence, invented and introduced those beloved long titles which inspire the bürger and the peasant with *respect*; no, that German word one has no use for. But the states, to the very least and worst managed, were richly supplied with *counsellors*. Nearly every letter of the alphabet had a counsellor, and then again a privy counsellor. There are now, in fact, counsellors of justice, building counsellors, mine counsellors, cabinet counsellors, office counsellors, conference counsellors, counsellors of education, finance counsellors, exe-

cutive counsellors, court counsellors,—and of these court counsellors there are in Germany, according to a most moderate estimate, as many as the petty principedom of Lichstentein has inhabitants, namely 24,000! Counsellors of justice, counsellors of war, counsellors of legation, counsellors of medicine, post counsellors, counsellors of economy, counsellors of state, counsellors of health, counsellors of the tribunal, university counsellors, counsellors of the highways.

“Other titles are often very ludicrous. Thus there are ‘Zwangsbefehlsträger,’ Bearers-of-compulsory-orders, translated into South German, Pressers—the lower officials who are commissioned to compel the payment of arrears of taxes. Bavaria is the model country of long titles. It has its Steuer-kataster-kommissionsfunctionäre, an office similar to the above, and its Court-hay-trusser-assistants. Saxony has beautiful long titles, and a lion cannot more zealously protect its cubs than a Saxon official stands upon his title; woe to him who forgets an *Upper* or a *Privy* which belongs to him.\* In Hanover there is naturally in accordance

\* Nothing however can shew the absurd extent to which Germans carry titles and the love of them, so much as the fact that the monarchs claim a style and address higher than that which they bestow on the Divinity himself. They give the Almighty the title of “Der Höchste,” “the Highest,” but to themselves that of “Die Allerhöchsten” “the Highest of all.” In the newspapers, at the time of the attempt to drive Buona-parte out of Germany, appeared an account of the Allied Sovereigns ascending a hill (I think at Töplitz), and returning



with so many other precious regulations, a most complete titulary system. There, as is befitting, a higher nobility assumes to itself peculiarly beautiful titles and offices. Thus a noble only can be Forester. In the Court of Appeal there is a *noble* and a *learned* bench; and in this highest court of the kingdom the noble and the learned benches have contended zealously to outdo each other in pliancy and creeping submission to the commands and suggestions of power. In Hanover there stands by the side of the other most numerous officers of the hunting staff, also—a court-chamber-hunter, that is, the royal rat-catcher, who frees the king's palace from rats and mice. Prussia is tremendously privy-counsellored. The German state where all such senseless and ridiculous child's plays and badges are least sought after, and least given, is Austria. The empire has always held itself apart from them.

“ Now, when a more sound state of things begins to develop itself, when the agricultural class begins with a vigorous effort to free itself from manifold and heavy burdens, and the sole and exclusive influence of the class of officials begins, although not powerfully enough, to be thrust back to its own

thanks to God, which contained this singular, and we may add blasphemous sentence, “ Die Allerhöchsten Herrschaften bestiegen den höchsten Gipfel des Bergs, knieten nieder und flehten zum Höchsten,” *i.e.* “ The All-supreme Lords ascended the highest peak of the mountains, knelt down, and prayed to the Supreme! ”

proper employment,—public affairs; people begin also to ridicule the long, tasteless titles, and there are fewer fools to be found in the bürger class, who are grasping at titles and placing all their happiness therein.

“ Let every one strive more and more for the respect which will be awarded to him in his proper circle by his fellow men, for just and honourable conduct, than for titles which are but an empty sound. Much better indeed will it be for our country, when the title of free-spirited and independent citizen, confirmed by public opinion, shall be deemed far more high and honourable than any title of state.”

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This is good advice, sound sense, and indicates the dawn of better modes of thinking and of acting. But a dawn that how long precedes the day! It is indeed like the dawn of a summer's day, which commences at midnight. May the long summer's day follow it! but how long must it be even till sunrise? Who that has lived in Germany, and studied society there, has not seen with amazement and sorrow the deep and fatal influence of these circumstances? Every traveller and writer has more or less noticed it. One of the most recent, Mr. Laing, in his “ Notes of a Traveller,” says that “ A good social economy would imply social arrangements altogether adverse, both in principle

and operation, to the political power of the state over private free agency, *which is the basis of all social institutions of Germany. The mind bred amid the slavish institutions of Germany, is itself slavish.* The political conceptions of the German mind, as expressed at least in writings or conversations, are in general, either abject to the last degree, or extravagant to the last degree,—the conception of slaves, or of slaves run mad: both equally distant from the sober, rational speculations and conclusions of free men, on the subject of their political and civil liberties.” p. 61.

This is severe, but it must be confessed to be true. It is the most melancholy shock and disappointment which a man of free and noble mind and mode of thinking can experience, to find in a people who are so extolled amongst us at home as a deep-thinking and intellectual people—a people so sunk and debased by these slavish acts of government. To find how they cower, not merely before political power, but before one another. How the terror of police, espionage, and secret courts of justice, has entered with sharp iron into their very souls, and quenched that spirit of bold generosity and ingenuity, of which we have daily so many examples amongst our own countrymen. After living three years in that country, I cannot recal more than three instances, which fell under my own observation, of a generous opposition to public opinion against an individual, and I dare

not now name these three persons, or they might suffer for it all their lives.

This debasement of the mind,—this extinction of the bold and the generous sentiment in private life,—this conversion into the character of sneaks, and what we call contemptible fellows, on whom you could depend in no serious cases, is the most lamentable of all the effects of despotism in a nation. In fact, it works and insinuates itself into the character in such ramifications as are amazing to us, and deplorable in the intensest degree. It has the most fatal effect, even on the moral integrity, the love of truth, and the distinction between high and ignoble characters. You will see people, whom you have previously deemed superior to the mass, associating with others of the most notorious baseness; and when you remonstrate with them, they reply—“O, we know it well; but then you do not consider what means these people have of injuring us if we offend them. We would fain act differently, but we dare not.” The consequence of this wretched subjection to fear, inspired by their institutions, sinks through the whole moral system, and induces the most contemptible moral cowardice—a cowardice again fraught with every abandonment of what is true, and great, and honest—and pregnant with hypocrisy, cringing, and slipperiness of principle. In short, a nation cannot become political slaves, without becoming moral ones. There is no half-way house on the road of deterioration of

character, which begins with the loss of political freedom. Homer's admirable assertion, that the day which

Made man a slave, took half his worth away,

does not indeed express more than half the real mischief.

The students have a fine song, which is very popular amongst them, and which is sung almost daily in all their parties, in every university in the country. This consists of nine stanzas, and breathes that spirit of freedom and independence which should live in every man's heart and animate his conduct. It has been much admired, and is highly creditable to the students, who are the only free class of Germans, and free only while they are students—that is, free in speech. A witty friend of mine, however observed to me, that, if ever a national satire was penned, it was this; and that he seriously believed it to be the work of a student of the laugh-in-the-sleeve class. We will take its stanzas consecutively—

Stosst an! \*—Heidelberg †—live thou, burrah ho!

The Philistine to us most kindly leans;

He sees in the Bursch what freedom means.

Free is the Bursch!

Yes, the Philistine, that is, the public, sees in the bursch (the student) what freedom means. He

\* Touch-glasses.

† Or any other university.

has no other example or idea of freedom. He has none himself; and without the short heyday of student jollity and free speech he would have nothing to aid his imagination to any conception of what freedom is.

Stosst an! Fatherland! live thou, hurrah ho!  
 To our fathers' sacred customs be true,  
 But think on our successors too.

This is bitter. Their forefathers were free. Their sacred customs were every man to maintain his personal and political freedom to the death. They are not, therefore, true to their fathers' customs; and if they think of their successors, they *think* only, they take no active step to restore freedom to them.

Stosst an! Country's Prince! live he, hurrah ho!  
 He hath promised to guard our ancient right!  
 Therefore for him we will live and fight.

This is most characteristic. The prince has not guarded their ancient right, they do not even pretend that he does now, but he has *promised* to do so! And, *therefore*, they will live and fight for him! They can flatter him for an empty *promise* of doing what for a quarter of a century he has shewn every disposition *not* to do!

Stosst an! Woman's Love! live it, hurrah ho!  
 Who honours not woman and woman's mind,  
 To friend and freedom is ill inclined!

This verse embodies one of the most melancholy

truths in the world. If there be one country in the world where more than another "*the mind of woman*" is less honoured, where, in fact, it is utterly despised and neglected, and kept down in ignorance and frivolity, it is learned and intellectual Germany! By publishing this state of things, and charging it on the antiquated pedantry of the men, espically the learned men, in my "Germany," one universal outburst of indignation was excited in Heidelberg where I lived. Fellows were sent to bellow under my windows at night, and I was warned to get away, or that my life would be in danger. At these threats, of course, I laughed, replying only that an Englishman is not afraid of bugbears, and a bold attack on a bold man in Germany is the greatest of bugbears. Yet, most astonishing was it to hear, that it was not denied that what I had said was true, nay it was too true, the more liberal said, but it was thought unhand-some to publish this to the world! They loved the fact, but hated its exposure! Nay the public journals, in their review of the work, pronounced this statement most true, the book the most perfect picture of their domestic life and character that ever proceeded from the hands of a foreigner, and it was immediately reprinted and circulated throughout the country. But whoever will convince himself of this contempt of the mind of woman, may see it evidenced in a work now translated into English. Professor Schlosser's History of the

Eighteenth Century, in which he, contemptuously speaking of our lady writers of the last age, asserts that women had much better be cooking and nursing their children than writing. This is in the true spirit of the German men, who both speak in the most unmitigated terms of contempt of female intellect, and practically select their wives on the same principle; not, as the Quarterly Review lately remarked, as intellectual companions, but as good cooks and housewives. How perfectly consistent then is the conclusion of this stanza. They do not honour "women's mind," and they are not well, that is heartily, inclined to freedom. Nay, I have frequently heard the groveling sentiment expressed in society by learned professors, that the "Business of Germany as a nation, is not to assist and teach *political freedom*, but *philosophy*!"

Stosst an! Man's Strength! live it, hurrah ho!  
 He who can neither drink, love, nor sing,  
 How scorneth the Bursché so mean a thing!

That "man's strength" should be solely exercised in "drinking, loving, and singing," and that the Bursché scorns "so mean a thing," and does not scorn him, because he fails to exert his man's strength in the vindication of his liberties, is a most expressive sentiment, and could be uttered only under such a state of things.

Stosst an! Free Speech! live it, hurrah ho!  
 He who knows the truth and dare it not speak,  
 Despised for ever remain the sneak!



This certainly is the most scarifying sarcasm which ever was uttered against the German nation. Where is the free speech? Who does not know the truth, that the whole nation is politically and civilly enslaved, and who does and dare speak the truth? Who dare speak the truth in public or private life? This is bitter, bitter; and with what a sweeping vengeance comes down upon them their own imprecation, their own avowal of self-contempt.

Despised for ever remain the sneak.

Stosst an! Bravery! live it, hurra, ho!  
 He who counts the cost ere the battle-hour,  
 Will basely stoop to the hand of power!

Bravery! Where is it again? It is this—the moral, manly bravery, the stern and steady daring, which makes men martyrs or freemen, which the despotism of their government has so utterly extinguished in the public mind, that they lie prostrate—fifty millions of people—before about thirty tyrants, and kiss the hand which at once holds fast the common chain, and doles them out their daily bread; the bread which grows upon their own plains, steeped in the blood of their ancestors, who died for liberty, and should be reaped by free hands, and eaten as their own heritage, and not as the gift of an autocrat. It is this “counting the cost ere the battle-hour,” which has deferred to this moment, and will defer yet longer, it is to be feared,

many and many a year, the battle for internal freedom, for which a few better spirits long ardently and cry manfully, from the free Alps and the free countries to which they are fled. It is this "counting the cost," which has cost so many patriots their lives, or their lives' happiness. Which sent abroad, in headlong haste, in the race for life, the Follens, the Arndts, the Forsters; and which has doomed many another noble spirit to pine out its days in distant exile, or to steal along the hidden path of poverty at home. It is this counting the cost which makes Germany what it is—a dreaming, intellectual, speculative slave; which

Will basely stoop to the hand of power.

Stosst an! Burschen-weal! live thou, hurra, ho!  
Till the world is consumed on the judgment-day,  
Be true, ye Burschen, and sing for aye—

Free is the Bursch!

Aye, be true, ye Burschen! and what?—join with free spirits to free your country? No, of that you have no hope. The malady of political subserviency is too deeply rooted. The system of despotic interference in every man's affairs is too cunningly constructed, and too widely and powerfully extended. You have no hope of aid from your office-holding middle ranks; from your military and official nobles; from your fellows connected with government, police, and tax-gatherers, and secret judges and scribes; you have no hope in the moral

vigour and honest zeal of your countrymen for political liberty,—therefore,

Be true, ye Burschen, and—SING FOR AYE!!!

That is all!

———— Sing for aye,  
Free is the Bursch!

He is the only German who has a shadow of freedom, and that only so long as he is a Bursch. He makes his examination, receives his certificate, and sinks from a free Bursch into a slave, and perhaps a tax-gatherer, the tormentor of slaves!—a miserable awaking out of the brief and lively dream of academic life, where he heard and joined in the enlivening cry over the wine-glass, of “Freiheit! Freiheit! Freiheit!”

But let us not be unjust. To suppose a whole nation so sunk in moral dignity as not even to *wish* for freedom, is to suppose what never was true. In Germany there are few who do not wish for freedom;—there are many, and it is an increasing number, who cry for it,—but with what hope? Contemplate that! mighty, that quintuple power, which I have in these pages shewn to be arrayed against popular freedom. Contemplate the net so artfully woven out of all the fears, hopes, and interests of the great mass, the threads of which are all gathered up and held in the hands of government. Contemplate the military, the police, the censorship, the patronage and employment, and

the order-and-title-distributing systems, and say who first shall risk his daily bread; who first shall make himself a useless victim, whose bloody experience and knowledge of honour gives him no hope that others will rise to his rescue? It is too much to demand of any man who lives like the German official in great bodily comfort, and we are not yet at the end of his long political chain. Let us take a view of another pinching link.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ROMAN LAW, WITH ITS SECRET TRIBUNALS.

I have already stated that the German Emperors early adopted the title of the Roman empire, and with it the Roman law, which of all others is best adapted to the wishes of arbitrary power. This law continues in force to this hour. Amid a people of fifty millions, who boast of being, and are boasted of as the most philosophical and thorough explorers into the fundamental principles of things, this barbarous system of law, which outrages every principle of liberty of the subject and of enlightened exercise of executive power in a state, is not only the universal system east of the Rhine, but is gravely taught and explained, and eulogized too, by the professors of every German university.

It must be understood that the science and practice of jurisprudence are taught, not as with us, in inns of court, but wholly and solely in the universities in Germany; and the united legal professors in each university, under the name of the Spruchcolleg, pronounce decisions on the justice and legality

of all adjudged cases, where any appeal is made from the ordinary courts.

Would it be believed, that at this time of day in any country of Europe, but especially in a country claiming so high a rank for its philosophical and enlightened spirit, for its profound learning, for its theorizing and illumination on the subject of education, for its great nationally organized system of educational instruction; that in this country there was no such thing as open courts of justice, or juries, or judges sitting in public, and hearing evidence in the presence of the accused; but that all criminal processes, and almost all civil ones, are conducted before secret tribunals, secret judges, and without the accused seeing his accusers? That is fact; every prisoner is conducted, not to a fair and open examination, where positive evidence is brought out in the face of day, and with the public eye upon it; where the prisoner can call *his* witness openly to rebut false charges, and then is not left to the dictum of a single secret judge, but to the verdict of twelve men of his own class who decide on oath, and before the whole public, of his guilt or innocence, but to all intents and purposes in as complete a secret inquisition as ever sat in Spain? Yet such at this hour is the state of things in enlightened and philosophic Germany; and this state of things is praised and defended by the most learned professors of law, and declared to be better than the trial by jury of the British

constitution, or of the code Napoleon. It must be recollected, however, in abatement of the wonder, that these professors are all appointed by the very governments which uphold this system of law, and are therefore part and parcel of the great machine of despotism under which Germany lies.

To an Englishman, however, the very idea of such a system of judicature is horrible. To suppose himself falling by some circumstance into the hands of justice. That he is conducted to prison, not with the prospect at a certain day of coming forth to a public trial, with his advocates, his witnesses, his jury, and the public looking on, but of being led before a private judge, in a closed tribunal; a judge appointed and maintained by an arbitrary and irresponsible government. Imagine the charge against him, under these circumstances, to be political. Imagine instead of witnesses against him, face to face, he finds a written charge; that his defence is reduced to writing by a clerk; that this does not come before a jury, or the public, but is decided upon by another secret judge, who never saw him, his accusers, his witnesses, but merely the minutes of the tribunal before which he has been examined? Imagine this, and what must be the horror of such an accused person, who has been accustomed to delight himself in all the sense of the securities of open trial, open judges, witnesses face to face, and a respectable, and to the public, responsible jury!

What security is here? What shall prevent partiality, or private rancour, or the instructions of an interested government from taking effect? Who shall answer for the accuracy and fairness of these secretly concocted documents, on which a third party is to decide? Surely such a barbarous system, a system so calculated for all the darkest purposes of despotism, never was invented, and never could have endured to this day except under the support and for the ends of a tyrannic government. What is still stranger is, that although Napoleon planted his code, with open trial and juries, in the Rhenish States, which have refused to yield them up again, yet not only does every other state of Germany persist in this barbarous system, but till lately it was accompanied by its concomitant horrors of torture. Nay, the rack is not yet in all cases discarded, if not for the extracting of confessions, at least for aggravating punishment afterwards. This is even the case in Prussia, and the tailor who, in 1841, murdered a Catholic Bishop, was ordered to be broken inch by inch on the wheel, beginning at the feet and going upwards, and suffered the barbarous infliction.

In Baden torture during trial was not abolished till 1835; and though now nominally abolished in most states, it is still occasionally employed, and especially in the form of caning or cudgeling, which is very common. Is this a nation from



whom we, a free people, are to borrow civil institutions, and systems of popular education? But, say the German lawyers, there is a court of appeal, to which any one who deems himself the subject of an unjust sentence can apply. True, but before appeal there must be a decision to appeal against; and to how many years of incarceration and unheard-of sufferings may one of these secret inquiries be dragged out? And if it arrive at length, who shall be able to unravel all the false statements and artful cobwebs of the law, which are become part and parcel of the mass of documents from which, and not from the accused or his witnesses, the final judgment is to be made in a distant place, and before a judge who may be very indifferent about the victim and all his concerns?

This very practice of doing every thing by writing is become one of the enormities against which the German people cry most piteously, but in vain. They give it the name of "Schreiberei, or Scribery." It was invented to find employment for as many as possible of the loungers which the governments are bound, on their plan of universal patronage and universal dependence, to find offices for; and it is grown to such a frightful extent, and has pushed itself out into matters and departments of life, to such a degree, that the offices are choked with the huge bundles of papers, and the people are plagued with them worse than the Egyptians with the flies, and lice and frogs, that came in upon them at every

door and window. There is a stupendous list of regulations on every possible subject, as I have before observed, even to that of shooting sparrows and tomtits. Every civil and criminal action is carried on by long paper statements, answers, replications, cases to lay before the judges, their decisions, etc. etc., to a most wearisome length, and a most alarming one, when it is reflected that all this has to be paid for. The country people, who can not understand these things, are plagued with these long documents respecting the payment or non-payment of their taxes, and must fly to other lawyers to clear up and manage the matter, and then again goes on the long process of written folios. Even in passing through the country, if you claim exemption from duty for any luggage that you may have, you are liable to have your things sent on to your destination, accompanied by a document, partly printed and written, of no less than six large folio pages; full of directions for you to comply with on receiving these articles, in omitting any one of which, whether you can read them or not, you are liable to heavy penalties. This was my own case, on first going into the country, and though my trunk was delivered free of duty, I was fined two pounds sterling for neglect of a form of which I was perfectly ignorant, but which was required by a little clause, lost to me in the crowded mass of instructions of six great folio pages. But if this barbarous system be annoying

and entrapping in petty and civil matters, how destructive is it in great and particularly in criminal ones.

Mr. Laing speaks of one which came to his knowledge:—"In 1830, a retired nobleman of the Danish court, the Chamberlain Von Qual, dwelling in Eutin, a town between Holstein and Lübeck, was found murdered at his door. His two servants, the gardener and coachman, were suspected of the crime and arrested. With us no process could be more simple, than bringing these men to trial at the next assizes, and acquitting or condemning them on the evidence produced. Here, in no obscure corner of Germany, but in the centre of civilization, after an imprisonment of six years and three hundred and twenty-five days in fetters, the writings in the case forming twenty-five folio volumes, the men were found innocent of the crime imputed to them. The one, however, not being able to prove the utter impossibility of his being guilty, is guilty of being suspected, and is left to pay the share of his expenses of the proceedings, which is equivalent to imprisoning for life for the debt, as lawyers do not write folios for nothing. . . . A criminal who has served out the term of his punishment, or a person acquitted altogether, may still be working as a convict, for the expenses of his prosecution."—*Laing's Tour in Sweden*, pp. 131, 2.

But I will translate a criminal case, which will give a pretty good idea of the working of this

system of Roman judicature. It is one out of many, which of late years have got out into the papers, have been spread far and wide, and have at length made this most phlegmatic and submissive people very fidgety under this inquisition. I take the account from the Carlsruhe Volks Kalender for 1843.

CABINET-MAKER WENDT, IN ROSTOCK.

*A Narrative from the Criminal Record, made from the Judicial Documents, by Karl Buchner.*

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UNJUST JUDGMENT CRIES TO HEAVEN.

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On the 26th of October 1830, the officers of police in Rostock, in the Grand Dukedom of Mecklenburg Schwerin, received a written medical announcement, that in the house of cabinet-maker Wendt, in the morning of this day, eight persons, and particularly the wife of Wendt, had been taken dangerously ill after drinking coffee, and that the probability was that there had been an attempt at poisoning with arsenic.

In consequence of this announcement, the officers of police betook themselves the same day to the cabinet-maker Wendt's house, and found there the following eight persons ill:—Wendt's wife, the daughter Margaret Wendt, the mother of Wendt's wife, born Küchenthal, the three journeymen, *Saal*,

*Frick*, and *Wirth*, and the two apprentices, *Heeser* and *Nehls*.

The following particulars were the result of the inquiry into the affair :—

Wendt's wife had, that morning, got up quite well; had taken from an earthen pot which stood in a cupboard on the dresser, perhaps two ounces of coffee and some chicory; and, after pouring on this the coffee left the day before, had boiled it in a can. The persons who had drunk of it were very soon seized with pains and sickness; the old *Küchenthal* equally, though she had not drunk any of this coffee. She declared that the day before, after taking in the afternoon three cups of coffee, she had been taken with violent sickness. This coffee was not taken from the stock of the *Wendts*, but from her own, and had been boiled in *Wendt's* kitchen.

The officers took possession of those vessels which had been thus used by *Wendt's* wife, and by her mother *Küchenthal*, or had been at all used in the matter, as well as several bottles of what had been thrown up.

During these proceedings, *Master Wendt* was absent, having been called since the 21st of October on family business to *Anclam*; but a message being despatched to him, he returned, on the night of the 27th or 28th of October, to *Rostock*.

On the 30th died *Wendt's* wife. The journeyman *Saal* had stated, that the master, *Wendt*, for a long time, had had arsenic in the house to poison

rats, and that some of it might be remaining. This being mentioned to Wendt, he said that he had a packet in the house containing arsenic, and that this was laid in the cellar, in a spot known only to himself, and concealed by a heap of shavings. The packet was actually found in the place described, and the paper containing the arsenic had a label upon it, with a death's head, and the words ARSENICUM, POISON.

As to the manner in which he became possessed of this arsenic, Wendt stated that the master cabinet-makers in Rostock had been allowed, for a course of many years, by a certificate of permission, to purchase a pound of arsenic, for the purpose of laying it in their warehouses against the rats. The remainder of this arsenic came into Wendt's hands as the then deputed manager of the furniture warehouse—and that, having used but a small quantity of it for the rats when he ceased to be the deputy, he had kept the rest. He declared to the officers, that the packet had been carefully kept by him,—first, in a locked cupboard; and since Midsummer 1830, in the cellar. He offered to confirm this with an oath; adding, that neither his wife, nor any other of his people, knew where it was.

The chemical inquiry which followed shewed that the remains of the coffee in the different cases contained a considerable quantity of arsenic. Arsenic, too, was discovered in the throat and stomach on opening Mrs. Wendt; and the written

certificate of the doctor declared that Wendt's wife had met her death from the poison of arsenic.

In the beginning a suspicion fell on one Mrs. Wilhelms and her daughter, who lived in Wendt's house; especially as Mrs. Wendt on her death-bed had expressed such a suspicion, deposing formally that there had been not long before a serious misunderstanding between her and them.

While these inquiries were going on there broke out a fire, on the 23d of November, in the back buildings of Wendt; happily it was soon extinguished: there was a suspicion that the fire had been purposely kindled, and this suspicion again fell on Mrs. Wilhelms and her daughter. Yes, it went so far as to occasion their arrest; but on inquiry the suspicion fell to the ground, and the two women were again set at liberty. The suspicion of the poison produced no injurious consequence to them, but, on the contrary, appeared so far as could be seen to be equally unfounded.

The judges then, therefore, found themselves disappointed in the discovery of the person or persons who purposely and wickedly had sought to take away by most agonizing means, the lives of a whole family, and had actually struck out the mother from the catalogue of the living. At this period of defeated inquiry, on 7th of January 1831, the apprentice Heeser, deposed before the magistrates that the poison was carried into the cellar at Midsummer 1830, but in the morning after the

return of Mr. Wendt from Anclam, that he, Heeser, had on that morning overheard a conversation between Wendt and the journeyman Saal, in which Saal told Wendt that the magistrates had got intelligence of the poison being in the house. That on this, Wendt took the packet out of the cupboard which stood on the dresser, and carried it into the cellar.

To prevent any mutual explanations, the apprentice Heeser was taken up on the 31st of January, 1831. On the 17th of February he petitioned to be heard, and declared that the cabinet-maker, Wendt, was himself the perpetrator of the poisoning and also of the arson. As the ground of his opinion he stated, that as Mrs. Wendt lay on her death-bed, she called him to her, pressed his hand, and said, "My husband alone is guilty of my illness;" and further, that Wendt, before the fire, had declared that the house would be set fire to; and moreover, that the police could never discover who had laid the fire, and just as little who had done the poisoning.

At the same time Heeser related many of Wendt's deceitful actions; namely, that Wendt, through his apprentice, had, without the knowledge of Merchant Haack, had boards and bottles of oil and shell-lac, brought from his premises; that he had carried off and appropriated other people's stone landmarks that lay before the houses; and finally, that he had only paid duty for one journeyman when he always employed several.



Heeser afterwards asserted that it was probable that Wendt had poisoned his mother, the widow of the master shoemaker, Stegemann, in Rostock, who died in January 1830, as she in her last illness had suffered extremely from sickness. That Wendt and his wife seemed generally to have been on ill terms with his mother. That the deceased, Mrs. Wendt, was probably privy to this poisoning, and that Master Wendt most likely was desirous to be rid of her, having this knowledge.

When it was remarked to Heeser that this occurrence in his house took place during his absence, and that, therefore, Wendt could not be the perpetrator of it, Heeser asserted that Wendt had been assisted by the journeyman Saal. He added, on the 16th of March, that, about fourteen days before the poisoning, Wendt had made a proposition to himself, in general terms, for the carrying out of some important action, which demanded the greatest zeal and most profound secrecy, which he, Heeser, had, however, declined. At the same time, however, Heeser so far altered his former statement, as to declare that Wendt had expressly, under promises of great advantage, made him the proposal to put poison into his, Wendt's, wife's coffee, because she was aware of his poisoning of his mother, the widow Stegemann. That he, Heeser, had declined; but, on the contrary, was certain that Saal had put the poison in, because the day before Wendt had set out on his journey he had declared

to him, that Saal was ready to carry his proposal into effect.

In this hearing, Heeser accused his master of the theft of various articles, which, at the time of the fire, the Wilhelms had missed.

Finally, on the 18th of March, Heeser deposed that he himself had put the poison into the coffee. That he had been seduced thereto by Wendt and the journeyman Saal. That Wendt, the day before he set out, had handed the poison to him; and that a portion of it had been by him, Heeser, put into the coffee-can the day before the poisoning, about three o'clock in the afternoon, into which Mrs. Wendt afterwards poured the boiled coffee. Farther, on the 19th of March, Heeser deposed that, at the investigation of Wendt, he had set fire to the shavings on the floor, and had for this purpose received a light from Wendt on the steps.

Some particulars which Heeser had found occasion to state, in reference to the conveyance of the poison into the cellar, and which were, in part, meant to shew Wendt's bad intentions towards his wife, and, in part, to prove his thefts, did not hold good, because the things which were mixed up with Heeser's declaration on these matters, could not be found in the places he stated; but, on the other hand, some of the articles stolen from the widow Wilhelms, and which Heeser declared had been given to him by Wendt, to keep in safety, were where Heeser represented them to be.

After various representations had been made to Heeser by the examining justices, regarding his statements, he *recalled* the privy of the journeyman Saal as to the poisoning. He made, moreover, one after another, three different statements, as to the place where he, Heeser, had concealed the remaining portion of the poison. On searching every one of these places, the court found—nothing. On account of his lies, Heeser was subjected to corporal punishment, and, after its application, menaced with a still more severe infliction. On this, he wept and lamented sorely; and on the 22d of April 1831, declared that he had occasioned the visits of examination to Wendt's house, only in the hope that, as he went there from the prison, he might effect his escape, and that he now acknowledged the finger of God in the fact, that the handcuffs were put on him the last time that he was thus taken thither. Being admonished to profit by the finger of God, and in consequence of farther talking to, he admitted with sobs that his statements regarding the mode of the poison were true, *except only* that the master Wendt was just as innocent as the journeyman Saal; that Wendt had no part whatever, either in the poisoning or the arson; but that both these crimes were perpetrated by him, Heeser, out of his own head. He at the same time confessed fully how he had got possession of the poison. That Master Wendt had laid poison for rats; and that he, Heeser, having observed where this poison

was kept, had, in the absence of Wendt, his wife, and journeyman, opened the cupboard with the key which hung in the sitting-room,—had taken some teaspoonfuls of the poison out of the packet, and returned the packet again to its place. The whole summer through, there had been a desire to poison somebody, and he had even had it in his mind to poison Master Wendt himself; and that he put the poison into Mrs. Wendt's coffee, because she had given him indifferent food—worse than her children had, and had on the Saturday before the poisoning threatened when the master came home to make known to him his, Heeser's, tricks. That he had set fire to the buildings to revenge himself on Wendt, who after the poisoning had twice treated him severely.

His former statements, Heeser repeated, but so far altered as to declare that Wendt had no concern in them; and that he had on the very day of the poisoning thrown the remains of the poison down a sink-stone; and had accused Wendt, because he thought he should not be so severely punished if he could make it appear that he had been seduced by his master.

The next day, however, April 23d, Heeser retracted his statement of the innocence of Wendt; declaring that it was merely fear of punishment that induced him to make this statement. Several alleged tamperings of Wendt with him for this purpose, and alleged offers of Wendt to him, appeared to be evidently inventions of Heeser.

On the 2d of May, Heeser escaped, but was soon retaken. He persisted, in his further examinations, steadily in the guilt of his master, and again finally declared the journeyman Saal to be the accomplice in the crime.

The subsequent depositions of Heeser, on the particular circumstances both before and after the commission of the crime, were essentially similar to his former ones, yet in some respects they varied. For instance, he retracted the assertion that the deceased Mrs. Wendt had spoken on her death-bed of the guilt of her husband. Whether at the same time Wendt intended to poison his wife, on this Heeser said nothing certain, but dealt only in suppositions.

Respecting the death of widow Stegemann, the mother of Wendt, Heeser deposed, on the 31st of May, that Wendt, in the presence of his wife, had given to him a powder in a paper, which he was to put unobserved into widow Stegemann's beer-soup, which the widow prepared for herself. This Wendt said was medicine, which she otherwise would not take. In effecting this, Heeser said, that he had become aware that the powder was white, and, as he afterward thought, was probably poison.

Heeser further accused the master Wendt of the theft of various articles out of the shop of the tradesman Schau. He also asserted that he had put poison into the coffee of the mother-in-law of

Wendt, Mrs. Küchenthal, the afternoon before the poisoning of the rest of the inmates of the house. Finally, on the 21st of February 1832, Heeser further accused Wendt of having attempted to seduce him, in the night between the 29th and 30th of October 1830, to put fresh poison into his wife's coffee, as she seemed to be recovering. A young Wilhelms, whom he said also heard this, however, positively denied it.

After we now have made ourselves acquainted with the essential features of these, the accusations of Heeser against his master Wendt, it will be proper, before we turn ourselves to Wendt, and his statements, to make ourselves a little more intimately acquainted with the personal circumstances and character of Heeser.

Heeser was born in Rostock, in 1822, and therefore, about the time of the poisoning of Mrs. Wendt, eighteen years old. He had received instruction in different schools, and had been employed in a tobacco manufactory. One of his employers described him as a most useful fellow, but at the same time, as lying, down-looked, and rascally. His father-in-law deposed of Heeser, that "from his boyhood up he had betrayed the most decided proneness to deception, and that lies were so glib on his tongue that he at last never could believe one word that he said. That he was able to conduct himself in the most flattering manner, but that at bottom he was falsehood itself." It was

proved that he had often stolen his father-in-law's money, which he had lavished away.

During his apprenticeship with Wendt, he was guilty of various tricks and impositions on his master, who on this account expelled him from his house, and only on the earnest entreaties and guarantees of his stepfather took him back again.

And Wendt?—Born in Anclam, in 1785; he had, after learning the trade of a cabinet-maker, and completing his wandership, acquired, in 1814, the rights of citizenship and of a master in Rostock, and at Michaelmas of the same year had married the young woman Küchenthal. Of this marriage were, in the year 1830, two children living—a son and a daughter. Since 1828 he possessed his house, which he purchased for 1900 dollars; of which he was indebted to his mother, the widow Stegemann, as long as she lived, 1700 dollars, and must pay her interest.

According to the statements of his neighbours and other acquaintance, the cabinet-maker Wendt has always led a regular and industrious life, and stood in good repute. According to these witnesses, the footing on which the married couple lived was equally good. He valued in his wife the active, frugal manager, or at least always avowed that he did. She had never made any serious complaint against her husband, and even the old Küchenthal, who accused her son-in-law of avarice, and described him as of a hasty temper, never was witness to any matrimonial jarring. The journey-

man Saal described his deceased mistress as of a very warm temper; and that she had often disputes with Wendt's mother. Since the death of Wendt's mother, Wendt and his wife had continued friendly to each other. Both were active and diligent,—he more strict and hard, she more pettish and passionate.

Heeser had not yet made his severely accusatory statements, when Wendt, on the 31st of January 1831, on being questioned in examination, admitted that he had an intention of marrying Catherine Langberg. He, at the same time, too, confessed, that on the morning after his return he had carried the poison into the cellar.

In the mean time, Heeser's assertions, by degrees, in various forms, were made, with outward signs of emotion, and with a manner which one is accustomed to regard, in an uncorrupted person, as the accompaniment of honest evidence; yet, it was not till the 17th of March, as it appears, that Wendt was formally arraigned, on the charge of poisoning and arson, although Heeser's charges to this effect were made on the 17th of February. Wendt protested his innocence; adding that the carrying of the poison into the cellar he had made in the agitation into which the dreadful occurrence had thrown him, and without being able to assign any reason for doing it. Heeser had earlier most pressingly demanded a personal confronting with Wendt. By the preponderance of his cunning over Wendt, he expected to gather stuff for further statements there-



from. And the court actually conceded to this wish of Heeser's, and the confrontation took place. This was a judicial act, which ought only to have been adopted after there was a full conviction established of Wendt's guilt; and which had the natural effect of assuring Wendt that the court believed Heeser rather than him, and that his denials would be unavailing. This was a most essential fault of the board of inquiry, and in connexion with Wendt's consciousness of having in the beginning stated what was not quite true, with regard to the changing the place of the poison, and in the further consciousness of some alleged petty deceits of which he felt himself not quite clear, taken also in connexion with the later and now existing proceedings of the court in this matter, produced, as consequences, the greatest misfortune, danger of life, honour, and property to Wendt.

It was said in the confrontation by Heeser, to Wendt's face, that he, Wendt, was the murderer, and perpetrator of the fire. On this, Wendt lost all his usual self-possession, and with the greatest vehemence repelled the charges. Heeser, however, persisted in them. To prevent actual violence it was necessary to carry Heeser back to his cell. Wendt, now once more sharply accused, protested again his total innocence. Yet the court committed him to city-arrest on hand-oath;\* and on

\* A common and most ancient form of oath in Germany, where he who takes it, takes the judge's hand, and vows to do what is required of him

the 19th of March he was taken into actual custody accompanied by a power of attachment of his property.

On the 20th of April, the court at once told Wendt, "that, if he wished not to make his fate worse by stubbornness, he must at once make a free confession of the guilt which apparently lay on his conscience." Later, they laid before him contradictory facts in his statements, and declared to him, "that, if he would not give honour to the truth, the court would take a severe course with him; but, on the contrary, if he would make a free confession, all should be done that was possible to lighten his punishment." Wendt thus perceived, that no statement on his part could be received as genuine which did not go to criminate him, that he had only to expect from persistence in his avowal of innocence the adoption of severer measures, and that no further inquiry would be made which might tend towards his acquittal. The impression which this must make on the desponding temperament of a man of contracted views, as he was, is easy to be seen. He burst into the most violent weeping, and protested over and over, that he had no part nor concern whatever in these wickednesses. Then came, on the 22d of April, Heeser's confession of Wendt's innocence; and on the 23d the court itself recorded in protocol, that "Wendt was perfectly clear of all further suspicion." But on the very same day Heeser

again retracted this confession, and the court put Wendt into his old position!

The power of proceeding against Wendt's estate, the court availed itself of on the 9th of May, in order to impel him, as he was in a truly depressed state of mind on this account, to a further acknowledgment of the deed. This was demanded of him even if he were innocent, so at least he must understand it. But he stood steadfastly by the protestation of his innocence, calling on Almighty God as his witness. Throughout almost the whole sitting he wept violently, and bewailed himself, that through the wickedness of his people he should be plunged into misfortune and misery, and yet should not be at all able to conceive what had instigated them to accuse him of such shameful villanies.

On the 11th of May, Wendt, in commencement of the examination, being exhorted to speak out the truth, began vehemently to weep, and deposed as follows. He stood fast by his innocence; and added, amid irrestrainable sobs, what seems very natural and probable, "That if he hitherto had confused himself in his testimony, that proceeded from the fact that his unhappy circumstances had bewildered his mind, and that he could not command his thoughts. As to his untrue statement respecting the shifting the place of the poison, and of his conduct towards Merchant Haack, he trusted that he had by his subsequent open statement again cleared himself."

Now began the important hearings in which Wendt's confessions followed. Wendt was now fallen into such a state, through the conduct of the court, and the course into which his fears and confusion led him, that confessions regarding himself and his circumstances might very well be expected from him, let him be as innocent as he might. Taken along with the conduct of the court, the useless lie which, as already observed, he had told regarding the removal of the poison, contributed extremely to this. This lie was very obviously intended as a means of protecting himself against the charge of carelessness. Wendt might be far from entertaining any idea that he could be suspected of a wilful murder of his wife when he uttered this falsehood, and never so far as when he removed the poison. Thus in Wendt's concern that his want of care might have been the cause of his wife's death, or at least in his anxiety lest the world, and especially his judges, might believe so, lay the key to his whole conduct. At the same time his mind was more and more oppressed with the consciousness of his having spoken thus falsely before the court. The anguish in which he thus found himself, was, through the way in which it sought a vent, rather strengthened than diminished. Increase of external disquiet of deportment, confusion of thoughts and mode of action, must become the consequences in a strong and inwardly operating temperament. To that was added ill-humour during

the examination, while he yet continued at large, and dejection as his imprisonment became long protracted.

The admissions made by him of the want of strict integrity in his transactions with Merchant Haack,—although, alas! such things are but too common in such affairs,—deprived Wendt of the firm and clear bearing of innocence. When he appealed to his honour, to his good name, the name of Haack, of a man who had enabled him to earn so much, and who placed the utmost confidence in him, must have made himself doubt of the perfect propriety of his appeal; since no honour, no good name, can avail at the bar of our internal judge — conscience, without the most entire and honest claim to them!

But Wendt stood on one point, which appeared to him desirable, in order to bring the matter to an end, that he was following the injunctions of the court, prescribed to him, if he meant to avoid mishandling of his person. Thus he came to his examination on the 13th of May 1831. Through these incessant examinations it was to be expected, as it appeared in the protocol of this day, “that he was in an especially depressed state of mind. The court exhorted him once more most solemnly to speak out the truth; and represented to him, that by denying it, he would only render his fate the harder, and would compel the court to deal more severely with him; whereas, by a free and

open confession, he would reconcile himself to God, and convince his judges that he was at least no thoroughly hardened fellow, unworthy of all compassion."

Again, the proofs, the particular circumstances which told against him, were laid before him; and on this, for the first time, Wendt fell into deep thought. He was in the deepest anguish and perplexity, knowing well that there were demanded from him the most positive evidences of Heeser's false statements, which it was impossible for him to give; but in what light Wendt considered these menaces of the court, is clear, as he had before said: "Now are they so thoroughly mad, that they will soon cudgel me." Even a more clear-sighted man than Wendt might in such circumstances be led to weigh less the truth, than the profitable consequences of a free confession. Yet the examination closed this time with Wendt's declaration, "that he was, notwithstanding all, innocent;" and indeed with the remark, "only reflect if I for once were to acknowledge myself guilty, and it yet were the fact, that this was not the truth, to what reproaches I should then expose myself."

But by all this the court was not softened. It did not tell him that it was not necessary that he should make confession of untruth; but it represented to him, "that he only made his case more desperate by a stiff-necked denial, only made his

imprisonment the longer, and, by exposure to further contradictions, would augment his punishment." There was then a fresh batch of charges produced against him, through which suspicion was to be thrown upon him by persons nearly connected with him.

On this Wendt said, "I see well that all abandon me, and that even my best friends testify against me. Under such a combination of circumstances, it is impossible but that I must be pressed to the earth, and rather than I will longer lie in prison, and bring punishment upon myself, I will confess what you please; but before God, in such a confession, I perpetrate a lie!" And again and again he repeated, "I will rather acknowledge that I am guilty of all, as I see that I am lost; but God knows that I have no part in the matter!"

On the following day, the 14th of May, Wendt was called before the court, and had a special charge made to him, in a regularly official document, of all that told against him—a document which the highest court, which was afterwards called to decide on his case, describes as one "to which one cannot in the main by any means agree." This Board of Inquiry came to this conclusion, that, "on all these official grounds, he could scarcely hope to effect anything by further protestations of his innocence. But, in case of a free confession of guilt, he was led to expect that the court would with joy seek out every thing which could exte-

nuate his offence, and tend to mitigate his punishment."

Wendt, constantly in a most dejected state of mind, burst, at length, into tears, and lamented over his children. He said, "What would the world say, if he confessed himself guilty of the matter? He had really a severe punishment to expect; perhaps would not come out of prison his whole life long, if he should acknowledge himself guilty of the poisoning, and should lose all his property acquired by hard and bitter labour and care." This was the consideration which he laid in the scale, and not the consideration of the truth. The court gave him once more the oft-repeated assurance, in case of confession, of doing every thing possible in his behalf, and in behalf of his children. He therefore, finally, declared, "Well, then, I will acknowledge that I was privy to the poisoning of my wife, and was the instigator of it!"

According to what has been already described, this confession was the result of the state of extreme agony into which Wendt was put. He was on this farther questioned as to what had induced him to take such a step; and weeping and lamenting, he made no other answer, than "Ah, thou merciful God!" which he repeated over and over. His agony was afresh active in him, and he knew not what reply to give. The court, in the mean time, by rehearsing to him the announcements to his disadvantage, had stated, "that by his conduct,



and by the assertions of witnesses, it was proved that from the wicked character of his deceased wife, no connubial happiness, but rather discontent and strife, had prevailed between them!" This, on further proceeding, helped him out, and after repeated questioning, he afterwards declared, "The wickedness of my wife occasioned me to attempt her life." The court, however, did not inquire of Wendt in what this wickedness consisted, and how this could bring him to so terrible a resolve. On the contrary, the court asked him in what way and manner the poisoning had been brought about. Wendt knew nothing of himself of the "How?" neither had the court stated to him anything on this score; in order, therefore, to play the part of the culprit, he was obliged to think, in the first place, of a sufficient means of getting the necessary knowledge. He desired, therefore, to have Heeser and Saal brought again into court, the latter of whom, however, had made no statement against him! "If these," said he, "persist in their assertions, I will contend no longer, but will give myself up, although I am innocent." He gave the like answer in the consequent confrontation. His fear of corporal punishment again shewed itself.

On the 15th of May, Wendt again returned to his protestations of innocence, and persisted in them, till the court explained to him, "that he, by this conduct, was plunging himself into a most foolish and penal course; that he discovered himself by

this conduct to be a good-for-nothing fellow, with whom people would use no ceremony, and who would find himself more severely dealt with than hitherto, if he did not hit on a better mode of proceeding." Here again actually was no *express* mention of blows. Thus prepared, Wendt avowed "that he had instigated Heeser to poison his, Wendt's, wife;" adding, "I said yesterday that the wickedness of my wife determined me to this deed, and to that I must stick to-day." He then went on, "Saal knew nothing of the poisoning at all; he, Wendt, had merely said to him that he, Wendt, was going a journey, and he, Saal, must manage the business." Then followed the poisoning commission given to Heeser, with all its particulars of execution.

These statements agreed essentially with those which Heeser had made, and which had been made known to Wendt by Heeser himself in the confrontation of the 17th of March. *He had only to retail Heeser's story.* Yet in the very same hearing Wendt declared that this confession of participating in the poisoning of his wife and of the arson to be an entire lie, which he made to escape punishment, and which he now retracted. The consequence of this was, that Wendt, in punishment of his untruth, that is, of his recantation, was commuted to twenty-four hours' close confinement, with bread and water. No account of blows is found registered on this occasion, yet Wendt understood these menaces to have this meaning, and the sequel proved

him to be correct; for then *he had twice inflicted on him three blows with the cane.*

The statement of Heeser respecting the murder of the widow Stegemann, caused the court to come back to the statement of Wendt of the poisoning of his wife. Here he said that his confession of the 13th and 14th of May were quite voluntary, and moreover asserted that he had been quite confused in his ideas, and in a most distressed state of mind. On a later occasion this subject was again gone into, and he presently received the two flagellations already mentioned. He had, in a second confrontation with Heeser, again stood firm by his innocence. Moreover, in a hearing on the 14th of March 1832, he repeated his declaration, "that he was compelled to take upon himself the crime, or that he should be cudgeled; but that he had never instigated Heeser to the poisoning of his wife, so certain as there was a God in heaven!"

When it was asked wherefore Wendt had confessed, if he were innocent, he declared, amongst other things, "that he was at that time extremely disturbed in his mind." In order to make an end of the matter, he had resolved in his prison to declare himself guilty. To this, the assurances of the President of the Police-court, Von Rettung, in case he confessed, had led him. The particular circumstances he had heard in the confrontation with Heeser, who had declared to his, Wendt's face, that "he had been so and so seduced by

Wendt.” Wendt persisted in the assertion of his innocence, and with regard to his original departure from the truth as to the time of shifting the place of the poison, he said, “I wished to free myself from the reproach of a careless keeping of the *poison.*”

But enough. I have taken this account at large, and completely, that we might see the whole manner in which this wretched man was treated by his judges; see, in fact, what is the ordinary way of proceeding in such cases. We must now shorten the remaining portion of the paper. The upshot of the matter, as was inevitable—for the judges would have it so—was, that Wendt was declared guilty, and was, after *one-and-twenty months* of this judicial torture, consigned to the House of Correction in Rostock, till he received sentence from a higher court. It must be recollected, that—spite of all the threatenings, cudgelings, and promises of milder treatment, if he would criminate himself, though giving way at times—he always came back on all the charges made by the only evidence against him, his apprentice Heeser, to the most positive assertions of his innocence. He was accused by this wicked lad, who, at the same time, brought no proof, but his bare word, of the murder of his own mother by poison, of setting fire to his premises, of the murder of his wife, and of the serious injury by poison of his own children and family. Now it appeared clear, from the inspec-

tion and certificate of the medical men, that his mother *had not died by poison at all*; but, according to all appearances, a natural death; and, indeed, as to the whole batch of charges, as we shall see, this scoundrel apprentice, when it was too late, confessed *that his master was totally innocent*.

We here, however, so far only, see the working of one part of this system of judicature; yet has to come, the process of passing sentence *by other courts*, and of *the glorious uncertainty of the law in this system*.

Wendt had been twenty-one months under the hands of his secret inquisitors, who, all the time, were playing with his estate, and were resolved to condemn him, because his property would then all be forfeited. Having got him at last, when he was driven frantic, to condemn himself, they turned him over to the house of correction. But now, a decision had been come to, and the poor wretch employed a lawyer to examine the evidence on which he had been condemned, and if he found it wrong to appeal against it.

This was done, according to the German fashion, by sending an attested copy of the minutes of his trial, to the law professors of the University of Göttingen.

As was originally the case with us, all German law is still taught in the universities. The Germans have, unlike us, no Inns of court, where the Barristers themselves become the teachers of law, and

by which they have practically, though not entirely as to theory, drawn the real teaching of law away from the universities. The Germans retain the sole business—the teaching of law. The law professors, then, in each university, constitute what is called a Spruch-collegium,—a college or court of decision; and to these Spruch-collegian disputed cases of all kinds are sent, on which they give a written decision, which however may be appealed from to the Ober-appellations-gericht, or Grand Court of Appeal, in each state.

Now these colleges and courts, which are called on to decide the fate of property and lives, see neither accuser nor accused, neither plaintiff nor defendant, witness, counsel, nor judge,—they see merely the written minutes of what has been done. In this case, there were appeals made to three different courts, to two colleges, and one grand court of appeal, *which gave three most decidedly differing judgments on the very same documentary evidence.*

The first appeal was to the University of Göttingen; which, on the 6th November 1834, gave this decision:—“That Wendt must be freed by the court from the charge of poisoning his mother, the widow Stegemann, till better evidence can be brought against him; but that for the poisoning of his wife, and the attempt to poison his mother-in-law Eleonore KÜCHENTHAL by instigation, and the wicked injury of other persons by poison and arson, he must be condemned TO BE PUT TO DEATH BY

BEING BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.” The apprentice Heeser, as accomplice, to be confined for life in the Bridewell, and Saal the journeyman to be set free. The ground of this judgment, we will, for the present, pass over. The next decision was that of Heidelberg, which on the very same documents, on the 14th January 1836, about a year and a quarter afterwards, was:—“That Wendt must be fully freed from the charge of poisoning his mother, and from that of attempting to poison his mother-in-law, as well as from that of setting fire to the buildings. As to the charge of poisoning his wife, he was also to be liberated from it, *but only from want of evidence*. He was to be exempt from all costs, *except that of appealing to themselves*; and for his not sticking to the truth, his confession of petty cheats, his imprisonment was to be taken as the punishment.

This judgment saved him from death on the wheel, and set him at liberty, but with the suspicion of the murder of his wife riveted on him, so that it at the same time ruined him. It condemned him, in fact, to perish of starvation, for the Cabinet-makers' Guild refused him admittance to their meetings, and to prosecute his trade in the city. Wendt's attorney, who appears to have been an excellent and spirited fellow, complained to the Stadtrath, the city justice, against this exclusion. But the Stadtrath refused to assist, on the contrary, he announced to the Gewettgericht, the very police

court which had tried Wendt and condemned him, and against which his appeals lay, that it had the right to close the guild against him. In vain did the attorney apply to advocates, in vain to the government of Mecklenburg-Schwerin! Had not the attorney, Herr Krüll, taken him into his own care and protection, he must have perished in despair, and had no roof to shelter him but God's free heaven. The good man did more. Convinced, by a careful perusal of the minutes of trial, of Wendt's innocence, he supported him in all possible ways. He advanced money to replace Wendt in his house and property, which had been sold by the Inquisitorial Court which had condemned him, and gave him work to be doing! He did more; he did not cease till he had got Wendt's case before the Grand Court of Appeal—and on February 5, 1838, that is, *two years* after the Heidelberg decision and *three years* after the Göttingen one, this last Court of Appeal decided,—“THAT HE WAS PERFECTLY INNOCENT OF ALL THE CHARGES WHATEVER, AND FROM ALL THE COSTS, EVEN THOSE OF THE APPEALS!

“That this decision,” says the compiler of the case, “filled Wendt with indescribable thankfulness and joy, any one may readily conceive; but,” adds he, “in the mean time he had suffered all the fatal consequences of this prosecution, and this decision could not remove them.” The attorney applied to the Court of Appeal, for an order for the payment



of full damages to Wendt—but this it would not grant; and *he had now been seven years under the harrows of the law,—the greater part of it in prison,—his household were scattered—his property ruined—his trade gone for ever!!*

The apprentice, Heeser, was by the Court of Appeal confirmed in the sentence of perpetual imprisonment in the house of correction, and was laid in chains. When Wendt was set free, beyond any power of inferior courts, or his own fiendish lies and malice, what then does this fellow? On the 11th of May 1839, he made a free confession to the Directors of the House of Punishment in which he says, “*that Wendt was perfectly innocent of all the charges, and that he had poisoned the wife entirely on his own head.*”

Here surely is a case which demonstrates the system of law and criminal prosecution, as existing in Germany, to be such as one could not, without such evidence, have credited as tolerated by any savage nation, any nation in the very lowest grade of civilization. Yet this is the ordinary state of legal practical science in a nation of fifty millions of people, occupying the heart of Europe, and boasting and boasted of, as a most philosophical and profound people! In the philosophy of social life, in the science of personal freedom and security, it is, however, evident that they have yet to take the first step. This case, as I have observed, is not a solitary one. The same process is daily

going on in all the secret courts of the country. It were easy to select a host of cases of exactly similar character; but this has been taken because, not only was it so barefacedly tyrannical on the part of the petty court which tried Wendt, but because, through the rare exertions of the attorney, the decisions of these grave and learned courts were obtained, and were so ludicrously opposed to each other on the very same written evidence, as to occasion much laughter throughout the country. By these means, the case has become one well known, free from any doubt, and therefore have I selected it.

Here, then, is a system established by the different governments, for a whole vast population, of secret judges, secret evidence, without juries, without oral pleading, without any admittance of the daylight and publicity. The petty judges, who are thus empowered to seize, incarcerate, examine, threaten, and torture—ay, and on the suggestion of the most worthless and malicious wretch alive—have also power to seize too on the *estates* of the accused, and to make those chargeable to all the expenses which they, by arbitrary and protracted proceedings, please to heap upon them.

“But,” say the German lawyers, “there is still appeal against this.” Yes, but how and when? Before there can be appeal, there must be a decision; and we see in this case, that on the slightest and most contemptible evidence, a man of sub-

stance and of fair character, as the world goes, may be dragged from his house, his family, his trade; may be threatened, cudgeled, maltreated, cajoled, and driven almost mad, for *five years*, before any chance of appeal is given. An innocent man, having, at the instigation of a wretch who has first poisoned the poor man's wife, and nearly all his family—been accused of these very crimes himself, shall be condemned to the most horrible of deaths, and only be saved by a rare instance of generosity and perseverance in his lawyer. How many are the cases in which such lawyers could be found? How many are the cases likely to be, where people of *no property*, and on whom the foulest suspicions are thrown by the very courts of justice, will find any one to trouble himself about them? How many are the cases where the *governments* are known to have a desire to condemn and punish particular persons, which any one will *dare* to interfere with?

The very idea is terrific, of a country filled with nothing but secret tribunals, where such power is given to the petty judges, where so much play is left to the private passions, avarice, and corrupt inclinations of men. To Englishmen the idea of falling into the hands of such tribunals would be overwhelming. Our worst culprits have the hope, at the farthest, of being brought out to the face of day in six months; and then, in the presence of the whole public, face to face with their accusers, their

judges sitting aloft in the eye of the sun, of God, and all good men, and then and there being condemned only on the fullest actual evidence. Our political prisoners, under the worst governments, know and feel that in the secret and close tribunals none shall dare to practise cruelties or cudgelings upon them; and that when they come forth to trial, the active sympathies and presence of the whole public,—made present, if not in person, yet by the press,—shall hold in terror and speech the worst-disposed rulers.

But if, with all these safeguards, we have seen the daring and shameless attempts which have been made, in times of peculiar hardness and political excitement, to pack, overawe, browbeat, and, by the lavishly paid services of unprincipled and dazzling advocates, to mislead juries, what must be the hope and condition of the victims of governments and bad judges, where there are none of these? where all is secret, and where, by the implication of property, so much food is administered, not only to the malicious but to the greedy passions of low officials? Under such circumstances no Englishman would hold his life at a farthing's purchase.

We see here a tradesman accused of the most horrible crimes by his own apprentice. The tradesman is testified by his neighbours, to be a steady, industrious man, bearing a good character, and being on the best terms with his family. The only

exceptions that could be made to him was, that he was penurious, and had on some occasion practised some little tricks of trade against another tradesman. These tricks, which ought to have been punished in their proper degree, though it does not appear that the person whom they were practised on ever thought it worth his while to do it, were by no means such as to warrant any court to proceed against a man's whole property and life. On the contrary, they were such as the compiler says are too common amongst his class; and were very probably such, as too often, in our country, are rather laughed at than punished, as something clever in trade. But who was this sole evidence, on whom the court of justice thought fit to take up, imprison—and for five years, torture, threaten, and confine a tradesman with a large family, and of more than average fair character? It was the man's apprentice—declared by the whole neighbourhood to have been a scoundrel and a liar from his boyhood! A villain so confirmed, that he robbed his own stepfather, and was guilty of such evil practices in his master's house, that he turned him out of it. This fellow, covered with infamy from his childhood, and smarting with a sense of his just exposure from his master's hands, avowing also to the very judges that he entertained a spirit of vengeance against the mistress whom he murdered (as he pretended at the master's suggestion); this villain was *the sole* evidence against this man.

Now, there is no judge,—there is no country justice, in this or any other country where there is an open course of criminal prosecution, be he a Sir John Shallow himself;—there is no beadle, not even a Dogberry, who would allow or act on such very absurd evidence for a moment.

But had he not had this previous damning weight of infamy against him, the conduct of the fellow was so utterly base and perjured before the judges,—he so lied and retracted his lies, and then repeated them; he charged, first his master, then the journeyman, then himself with the crime; then shifted the charges again altogether,—freed the journeyman, made himself and master accomplices; then admitted his master's innocence, and then again denied it,—that no honest and uprighty-intentioned judge could have held him for two days as fitting evidence in the most suspicious case, but would have handed him over, for his prevarication and perjury, to the house of correction.

Yet did these secret judges, on the sole and eternally-changing evidence of this most hardened scoundrel, retain the poor, weak cabinet-maker for five years in prison,—bringing him up whenever this lying rogue chose to make a fresh assertion against him; for this, and in spite of his tears, his sobs, his protestations of innocence and entreaties for justice, threaten him with corporeal punishment,—and inflict it too, if he would not consent to criminate himself.

This practice of compelling men to criminate themselves, so opposed to every principle of truth and nobility in the human heart, and to the whole principle and practice of our criminal judicature, is just what we should look for in a system of secret courts; and it is what I have observed in almost every case which has come to my knowledge in Germany.\* It must be recollected, that not only the man, but his property, was at stake. These secret judges had taken possession of his house and effects; and it was out of these that the charges for all these sittings, hearings, and the long documents recording them, were to be paid. This is one of the crying sins of Germany,—this is that *scribery* of which the people complain, from one end to the other of the country. That system of everlasting papers, by which the government has contrived to find employment for as many dependent officials as it can press into its service, and thus converted them into an army of locusts

\* In the case noticed by Mr. Laing, to which I referred before giving this, he adds—"In this case, a curious specimen of the German mode of bringing out the guilt of an accused party is given in the 12th number of the *Itzehoe Wochenblad*. One of the prisoners is brought, after long solitary confinement, in irons before the public functionary, who has the duty of prosecuting criminals, who says—"There thou art with those huge fists which murdered this nobleman; thy comrade, Willer, has now confessed all. If thou dost not confess too, thou shalt be," etc. etc.—*Tour in Sweden*, pp. 133-4.

Be it remembered that this prisoner, thus removed, had been confined *nearly seven years*; that his comrade had *not* confessed, and that *both* were finally acquitted of the charge!

to eat up the people. These men did not put an end to Wendt's examinations till they had consumed by their charges all his property, and sold it; and it was part of the injustice of the Göttingen decision, that it not only condemned him to be broken to pieces on the wheel, but distinctly stated that his property was justly forfeited to defray the charges of all the sittings, hearings, *scribery*, and appeals which had been had recourse to.

Passing then from this strange scene of secret prosecution, we come to the appeal that we are told exists; and we ask again, how and what is this appeal? Can the appellant come, not only with his injuries, but with his witnesses, and his advocates, personally into an open and free court? Nothing of the kind, nothing of the sort is contemplated or exists. The minutes of his secret examinations, which have been made by his secret judges,—be they as base, as interested, as shameless, as those of poor Wendt plainly were,—these minutes, which they have had the power to form as they please in their secret dens, are copied out and sent off to a distant university, to be examined and decided upon by the Professors of law there. No new trial is instituted. The accused and the accusers are never seen by the new judges; the living witnesses are not brought before them to be interrogated; the living counsel, instructed in the whole case of the client, is not heard;—those secretly concocted papers, which may be, as they were in this instance,



one mass of festering corruption, are all that the new judges have to look at and decide upon. If fraud and wilful injustice have taken place, and are already daubed over, there they remain,—there is no mortal power of detecting them, and the new decision is only a blind iteration, on grounds that may be altogether false.

And who too *are* these new judges? Men, probably possessing, some of them, a great reputation for having published most able books on the theories of law, but who are at the same time, in proportion to their celebrity, overwhelmed with their daily business as lecturers in the colleges; and if not with that, most certainly with writing great books with the hope of bringing hearers to their lectures. The judges are thus preoccupied, and the papers through which they are called to wade, and to hunt out the truth, are stupendous:

“*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademtum.*”

Menzel, their historian, says that such are the monstrous masses of these documents, that they fairly meet over the heads of the writers, and choke up their offices. The consequence is, that it requires from one to two years, as in this case, for these busy, though laborious, professors to dig their way through these official mountains of paper, while the poor wretch is probably lying in his dungeon,—and when the decision comes, it is probably worth—nothing.

In this case, the two Universities and the Court of Appeal gave each such a different decision on the very same papers, after nearly three years pondering over them, as set the whole of Germany laughing. The Göttingen professors condemned Wendt to death on the wheel, as guilty of the worst crimes he was charged with, and to the just forfeiture of all his property to defray the charges of his being hunted down to destruction. The Heidelberg declared him *quite guiltless* of the crime of attempting to poison his mother-in-law, Küchenthal, but though they freed him from the charge of poisoning his wife, they *suspected* him of it, but liberated him from paying any law charges *but their own*.

This was the most singular decision which perhaps was ever made by the oblique judgment of lawyers. They were called to decide on the evidence before them, and they went out of the way to *suspect* what it could not establish; and what was most singular of all, they totally freed Wendt from the charge of attempting to poison his mother-in-law, while they suspected him of poisoning his wife; whereas, it is evident that whoever was guilty of one was guilty of both crimes, they being committed *by the same agent, at the same time, and with the same means*. Last of all, comes the Grand Court of Appeal, and on the evidence of the very same documents, declares him totally innocent, and frees him from all costs. *Yet, finding him totally innocent, and*

entitled to stand free from all charges, does this same court refuse to grant him recompense for his losses and for his injuries, which, if he were innocent, by the very evidence before them and on which they decided, were of the most outrageous and barbarous character that ever were heard of. The highest court of the state, in fact, acknowledging by its decision the arbitrary injustice of the court which tried him, and that he ought never to have been subjected to its inflictions, leaves him an innocent, but a ruined man!

Such is the established system of criminal judicature in philosophical Germany, and such are its fruits! Yet, though the people groan under it and pray for its abolition, the great, philosophical Professors go on lauding it to the skies, and as far superior, and more conducive not only to the ends of justice, but to *the security of the subject*, than the English or the French systems! Much of the blindness or obliquity which can bring men to so preposterous an assertion, may possibly arise from the effect of being bred up in this system, to laud it and to commend it. Such breeding has great power over the understanding, and has, from age to age, made of the greatest men the advocates of the grossest absurdities. But it must not be forgotten too, that these law professors owe their appointments, their fixed salaries, their hopes of honours, and advancement in every way, to the government; and no man has lived long in a

German university town without seeing that these learned professors are by no means *dreamy* on these heads. The fixed salaries of German professors are generally small, and they are taught to look to the acquisition of a large class of hearers, for the augmentation of their income. But as this is not always effected, and in some departments of science or literature never can be, it is curious to see the manœuvring and coquetting with the different governments on the part of professors to obtain an advancement of salary. Soon as a professor, by his books or his lectures, manages to obtain a pretty good reputation, and a great deal of this is often conjured up by themselves, by good friends practising “the caw me, caw thee,” with mutual vigour in the periodicals—he then keeps a sharp look-out for a CALL from a university of some other state. This call can be, and no doubt often is, promoted and even elicited by the suitable suggestions of an influential friend in the right quarter. No sooner is the CALL obtained than care is taken to narrate abroad that Professor so-and-so has had such an one. Articles appear in journals and newspapers commenting on the great and splendid reputation which this learned professor has gained. How far and wide his fame resounds! and how little those living in the same place, and seeing the simple and plodding habits of the man, can have any adequate ideas of this gigantic renown, which swells against all the most distant borders of the

country—nay, has become even *European*. The good people at home wonder at all this; but think, O that is the way—“no prophet has honour in his own country,” and begin to feel very proud that their town has produced so great a man, and regret that they should lose him just as they have found out what a great man he really is. All this having duly operated, — become the talk of the taverns and smoking resorts of the whole district, when the good man himself thinks that it has sufficiently penetrated to the ears of government, he then announces the fact himself. He humbly, and in duty, informs the gracious Prince of the call with which he has been honoured; expresses the gratitude he feels for all the Prince’s former favours, how dearly he is bound to the honour and interest of the university, how it grieves him to leave it,—but—his family is growing large, he looks forward to the expenses of educating and establishing his sons—and as the new call offers him a higher remuneration; he fears, however reluctantly, that he shall be obliged to accept it.

If the thing has operated to his satisfaction, he gets an addition to his salary, and stays. It is then as loudly sounded abroad that the gracious Prince, duly sensible of the great reputation and invaluable services of the professor, has refused to part with him at any rate, has augmented his allowance, and that nothing now will induce him to tear himself away from the midst of those

beloved friends, citizens, and pupils, where all his affections lie.

All this is very natural, but very curious and amusing.

Nothing could maintain such a system for a single week in a country with the slightest freedom of constitution, speech, or pen; in a country which did not in every way, as well as this, as I have shewn, bind down the whole mass of subjects with the bonds of both fear and interest, bind them down every limb, and every faculty—bind down tongue, hand, pen, body and soul, present activity and future hope.

That all these crossed and plaited bonds do not, however, prevent a very uneasy feeling in the country, I will now shew, and that in a peculiar and novel form.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE LIVING POLITICAL POETS OF GERMANY.\*

Liberty! ha! that sounds most wondrous fine!  
 It is the day's great word. . . . . Away! away!—  
 O ye are pregnant with whole worlds divine,  
 Yet 'neath the yoke your necks so fondly lay.  
 What! to be free?—thereon we scarce dare reason;  
 Speak of it not till Caution's self be stronger;  
 But, write of it!—ha! that is rankest treason!  
 In short, this watch of Freedom—goes no longer!

*Ortlepp's Songs of a Day-Watchman.*

AMONGST the many curious phases which the present social and political state of Germany presents, there is none more singular than that exhibited in its political poetry. The system of paternal government is there so completely organized, and so beautifully carried out, that scarcely a restless motion can be detected in that great stalled ox—the Public, and if a groan escape it, it is so modulated by custom, that it may be mistaken rather for a low of too much rest and fulness, than an expression of pain. The police are so admirably distributed and posted in every city, village, street, field, lane, wood, and public-house; the censorship is so

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alert at its station in every printing and newspaper office, that not a sigh can escape through the press. The great net woven by the German governments for the accommodation, as they call it, of that many-headed animal, the Public, has been so scientifically constructed that not one of those many heads but is caught in a mesh, and the whole living fry is dragged along with wondrous ease. Then, this great and heterogeneous fry is not only so cunningly netted, and scientifically dragged along, but it must be confessed, is so well fed, that he would seem to be a very unreasonable sort of fellow who would wish them out of their net at all. The learned are well supplied with professorships, librarianships, and secretaryships; the nobles with commands in army, and offices in cabinet and bureau; the middle ranks are all equally engaged and employed by these paternal governments in the thousand and never-wanting posts in the magistracy, the post-office, the police, the customs, the stewardships of forests and domains; nay, the very members of the common herd are universally distributed through all the more ordinary employments of justice-rooms, post-offices, railroads, travelling posts; as watchers of roads, of streets, of highways; as gens-d'armes, parish schoolmasters, scavengers, ay, as chimneysweeps, which are all in the patronage, or under the surveillance of government, that well may people ask, What do they want more?



Yet there are, as there always have been and always will be, in this discontented world, those very unreasonable people, who insist that a great deal more is wanted for the true development of the true happiness and glory of a nation. They think that the grand thing needed is that governments should let three-fourths of its present concerns alone, and leave them to the enterprise and competition of the public; and that they should grant the four great????—as they are significantly called—the four great demands of Free Constitutions, a Free Press, Free Speech, and Open Trials by Jury. On this the governments fairly lift their hands and eyebrows in astonishment, and through their hired scribes of the press, cry—“Look at France! see what Free Presses and Free Speech and Free Constitutions, did there? What blood! what horrors! what confusions!” “Nay,” reply the discontented, “that was the previous work of despotism.” “Look at England!” exclaim the government scribes, “see, with all its free institutions, what a debt! what continual agitation! what horrid masses of poverty in its manufacturing districts, and in its very capital!” “Set all that down,” retort the advocates of freedom, “to invasions of the British Constitution, and not to the free constitution itself; and then set on the other side—what national wealth! what national activity! what fleets of merchantmen, what merchant princes! what colonies! what a stupendous empire stretch-

ing round the whole globe! What a noble fabric of free mind is there raised! How every man, however oppressed by debts and exactions he may be, dare, like a man, look his governors in the face, and at least demand redress, justice, and the proper administration of a representative constitution!" They will insist that men who go about with bridles in their mouths, are not men, are not even horses, but something lower and less noble, that is—mules. They will insist, that if whole nations are to be held like children in go-carts and leading-strings, and never suffered to arrive at a majority like other children, they will cease, spite of all coercion, to be children, but will not become nations of men—for Nature will not be resisted with impunity—but of idiots and drivellers; that it is only by the exercise of all their faculties, and amongst them pre-eminently their faculty of freedom, that men and nations acquire their full strength, display their full powers, and attain the glory and happiness which God and Nature have placed within their reach. Nay, they add, that the very stalled ox will be visited in his pampered rest, with visions of open fields, green mountains, and river banks; the caged bird (and what objects on earth so wretched as caged eagles!) even in a golden cage, will dream of woods and wilds of wide liberty, and languish after them; and the very fish in the most fine and philosophical net, will think of the broad space of waters in which

they have revelled, of the clear springs which gush into them, of the depths of sweet gloom beneath the shadows of woods where they have ranged, and will flash and flap in agony at the tantalizing idea.

So think the free spirits of Germany. So think, no doubt, thousands who, themselves provided by paternal governments with all the creature comforts of office, dare not, and do not, utter such ideas; and indeed, what help? The system, as we have said, is so thorough and artistically perfected; the numbers who are engaged in it by all the hopes and comforts of life, are so numerous; the pressure is so equal and universal, that it can be no ordinary combination of powers or circumstances which can alter it. The paternal tile which is laid upon the acanthus of freedom, is so stout and broad, that it is impossible for this acanthus to heave it off, or to bore its way through it; it does, therefore, only what it can—it curls up all round its edges, and gives birth, not to a new order of architecture, but to a new order of poets!

These are the men of whom we are now about to speak. There never, indeed, have been wanting in Germany, poets who, in their songs, and even epics, have fanned the fire of freedom, and breathed through their fellow men that hallowed soul of liberty, without which men and nations must die to all that is great and noble. From the days of Walther von der Vogelweide, these men have never

been wanting. Walther himself, Hans Sachs, the tower-fast Luther, in his hymns as much as in his sermons or his Table-Talk, Weckerlin, Martin Opitz, Logau, Johan Riss, Gryphius, Assmann; and amongst those of the revival of German poetry, Klopstock, Gleim, Bürger, Herder, and a host of others, to Schiller, whose noble soul, thoroughly permeated by all that was great and generous, acted on the mind of his cotemporaries like a summer heat, making it thrust forth its shoots on all sides, and ripening it to richness, even when no political word was spoken. Even Goethe, who sunk into the worldling and the courtier, and while the thunders of the war of oppression and of the war of freedom bellowed round his study, sate calmly, lifting neither hand nor voice for the Fatherland, but entered in his journal, as the visitants of one of his latter birth-days, the two words, "Metternich" and "Hardenberg!"—even this great defaulter in his country's cause, in some of his earlier and better works, had contributed to the great mass of liberal opinion; and Uhland had, both as popular representative in the national chamber, and in his ballads, made his high and independent voice heard like a trumpet; and far and wide were those trumpet-tones heard, and felt, and responded to. Even on Austria he called boldly and sternly—

Up, mighty Austria!  
 Forwards! do like the rest!  
 Forwards!

And while Uhland sits in his age, freed by his hereditary property from any dependence on princes, he is honoured throughout all Germany as something far above a prince—the genuine patriot poet—the most glorious and divine amongst the titles of men. We shall soon see that even from the very heart of Austria a zealous echo to his fiery appeal came back to him and the whole nation, and besides, on all hands, glowed in the poetry of Platen, Börne, Rau, Heine, Hagen, Deeg, Welter, Lenau, Immermann, Chamisso, Freiligrath, and a host of others, the Uhlandish and the national spirit. But these, for the most part, uttered their political oracles either amid the heap of their other poetic inspirations, presented the little glittering rose of patriotism wrapped in the bouquet of many poetic flowers, or clothed their patriotic calls in general terms. There were more fiery, or more impatient spirits, who resorted to poetry as to a special and exclusive vehicle of their political discontent,—who looked around them, and saw scarcely any other mode of reaching the ears of their countrymen with the words of liberty. The pen of the censor had become omnipotent over the pen of every other writer. It hung, in the shape of a *Black Eagle*, over all the other feathered creatures, were they poets or politicians—did they speak exciting words in the midst of their own volumes, or in the columns of a journal. Most of those writers of whom we have spoken, especially those of late years, had

many grievous secret wounds to complain of from the point of the censor's pen—from the great pen plucked from the wings of the Black Eagles. They could tell of much Burking in the dark; of many a plaster clapped on their mouths in the secret passages and dens of the censorship; of much suffocation and strangulation. The class of young and ardent spirits of whom we now speak determined, therefore, not to expose themselves to the talons of the Black Eagles—to the scalping and mutilating processes of the censorship; but to concentrate all their fire in small compass; to print their little books beyond the jurisdiction of the national literary anatomists. They considered that it is one thing for creatures to be strangled in the dark, and the stranglers then to cry, "These were abortions!"—one thing for honest men to be stabbed in the dark, and the murderers, clothed in police costume, then to cry, "Ay, these were thieves!" and another thing, when the truth was fairly issued to the daylight, for the hardiest and most hypocritical rogue of them all to dare to suppress it. They therefore printed their little volumes either in the free city of Hamburg or in Switzerland, and the result justified their calculations. From Hamburg, from the bold house of Hoffmann and Campe, or from Bern, Zürich, Schaffhausen, etc., accordingly came flying whole showers of these poetico-political volumes. They were everywhere eagerly caught up, and are now to be had in all shops. Not one of

them would have ever seen the light if the claws of the Black Eagles could have been set upon them in manuscript; but once in the light, no man is so bold and honest as to say, "These are the prophets of liberty, and must, therefore, be stoned to death!" They are, and will remain. They are adopted by the people, and will do their work, be that more or less. These little tomes are almost as numerous as the snowflakes from the Swiss Alps themselves: like them, many, indeed, fall and melt on the spot. Others have excited the most lively feeling, and are become generally popular. What is most remarkable is, that the first, and perhaps the most powerful, the earliest, and by the others regarded as the head and leader of the school, is not only a nobleman, but a nobleman of Austria.

Count Auersperg, better known by his assumed poetical cognomen of Anastatius Grün, is well known in that character as a poet of great elegance and fancy, but in this little volume called 'Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten'—Walks of a Viennese Poet—he spoke in a strain of equal fire and boldness. True, he did not put on the title-page of that little volume of 106 pages even the *nom de guerre* of Anastatius Grün. It was issued to the world from the press of Hamburg anonymously; but it was issued at a time when a single spark was enough to kindle and spread a wide and devouring fire. It was about the time of the Parisian Revolution of July 1830. This rapid and brilliant revolution went like

an electric flash throughout all Europe. All people who had grievances to complain of from their governments—and which had them not?—raised their heads, and called loudly for redress and constitutional rights. Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Poland, Spain and Portugal, England, Italy, and almost every state of Germany, rose in active commotion. For two years the ferment went on. The Belgians achieved their object; England reformed her parliament; the different states of Germany, even to Bavaria and Prussia, were shaken with political agitations for popular chambers, freedom of the press, and the like, which, in some of the smaller states, were, to a degree, successful. But the princes and their armies, both of soldiers and police, were too strong. Poland, Italy, and Switzerland felt the heavy hands of Russia and Austria, and the larger German states were coerced. The great Radical meeting at the Castle of Hambach, in Rhenish Bavaria, in 1832, gave a pretext to the princes of the German Confederation: the reign of arrests and police severity began. The patriots fled on all sides, and press and speech were put into their ancient bondage.

Exactly at this crisis appeared the second edition of Count Auersperg's 'Walks.' Its effect may be imagined. For a time it seems to have been secretly devoured with the keen relish which the sacred writer so well described when he said, "Stolen waters are sweet." At length, however, as the



restrictions on political freedom were continued; as the promises of the Princes of free constitutions were falsified; when Hanover, robbed of the constitution given it by our William the Fourth, cried to the "Bund" for help against despotism, and received only the startling reply, that the Bund could take no cognizance of any complaint which did not come through a *government* channel,—in other words, that the Confederation was a confederation of princes, not for, but against the people; then broke forth a tribe of zealous followers in the Count's train. The most effective of these, however, are such as have appeared within the last two years.

We must give a specimen or two of the Count. He wanders forth into the country to breathe the fresh air, and seated on the Cobenzlberg above Vienna, writes "Spring Thoughts." Charmed by the landscape before him, he wishes that the Emperor were sitting even there, and would cry to the vale beneath—"Austria! thou Land of the East, let it be day in thee!" He recalls the great deeds of its armies, and asks whether in its campaigns, Right, and Light, and Freedom, always stood as warrior allies in its ranks? to which he is obliged to respond, that "the answer is not sweet." In the next poem, however, he so admirably touches off Metternich, that we must translate wholly—

## THE SALOON SCENE.

'Tis evening ; flame the chandeliers in the ornamented hall ;  
From the crystal of tall mirrors thousandfold their splendours  
fall.

In the sea of radiance moving, almost floating, round are seen  
Lovely ladies young and joyous, ancient dames of solemn mien.

And amongst them staidly pacing, with their orders graced,  
elate,

Here the rougher sons of war, there peaceful servants of the  
state,

But observed by all observers, wandering 'mid them one I view  
Whom none to approach dare venture, save th' elect, illustrious few.

It is he who holds the rudder of proud Austria's ship of state,  
Who mid crowned heads in congress, acting for her, sits sedate.  
But now see him ! O how modest, how polite to one and all ;  
Gracious, courtly, smiling round him, on the great and on the  
small.

The stars upon his bosom glitter faintly in the circle's blaze,  
But a smile so mild and friendly ever on his features plays,  
Both when from a lovely bosom now he takes a budding rose,  
And now realms, like flowers withered, plucks and scatters  
as he goes.

Equally bewitching sounds it, when fair locks his praise attends,  
Or when he, from heads anointed, kingly crowns so calmly rends.  
Ay, the happy mortal seemeth in celestial joys to swim  
Whom his word to Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons  
grim.

O could Europe now but see him ! so obliging, so gallant,  
As the man in martial raiment, as the church's priestly saint,  
As the state's star-covered servant, by his smile to heaven  
advanced,

As the ladies, old and young, are all enraptured and entranced !

Man o' th' Empire! Man o' th' Council! as thou art in kindly mood,

Shew'st thyself just now so gracious, unto all so wondrous good,  
See! without, a humble client to thy princely gate hath pressed,  
Who with token of thy favour burns to be supremely blessed.

Nay! thou hast no cause of terror! he is honest and discreet,  
Carries no concealed dagger 'neath his garments smooth and neat.  
It is Austria's People!—open—full of truth and honour—see!  
How he prays most mildly, “ May I—*take the freedom to be free?*”

In “Priests and Parsons,” and in “The Fat and Lean,” the Count compares the good and mischievous clergy, expressing his love and reverence for the one class, and his indignant hatred of the other. It is a curious fact, that while popery has been growing more and more popular, and winning proselytes where it has ceased politically, and its old features have become forgotten, in those countries where it has continued most prominent, it has been suddenly attacked by the people, as in Spain, or so far as any interference of the papal power is concerned, has been, by the very governments, politically annihilated. In the two great catholic states of Germany, Austria and Bavaria, where the mass of the people, and where the monarchs themselves are strictest catholics, there, though the religion is upheld, the papal power has been put down by the governments. Popery and the Jesuits are especial objects of detestation with the German liberals, and they do not forget that Metternich, the most wily of all wily ministers, was the man who hit on the grandest discovery in poli-

tical despotism ever yet made—that of converting *National Education* into the basis and great engine of slavery.

When despotic princes began to tremble before the advance of popular knowledge, Metternich only smiled. He called to mind the words of Solomon—“Bring up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” “That,” thought he, “which is good for one way, is equally good for another. Bring up a people in *any* way, and when they are old they will not depart from it. Here, then, is a great political light! Seize the principle—apply it to the nation, instead of letting your enemies, the liberals, apply it. Bend the twig while it is young, and all the powers on earth shall never be able to raise it again!”

Austria was the first to adopt this grand discovery—the principle of a *Government Education* as a *National Education*, and that with a success which caused it to be immediately copied, and carried out with the most conclusive results in Prussia; where, while the unsuspecting liberals of England have been watching to see the growth of a universal knowledge amid the people blow up the Prussian despotism, it has been, by a subtly adopted system, by which the national schoolmasters became half schoolmasters and more than half policemen, perhaps riveted for ever. We have alluded to this subject merely to shew why the modern political poets so bitterly denounce popery and priestcraft, and,

passing over Count Auersberg's poems on these subjects, shall content ourselves with two short ones—the 'Mauthcordon' (Cordon of Customs) and 'The Censor.'

### THE CUSTOMS' CORDON.

Our country is a garden, which the timid gardener's doubt  
With an iron palisado has enclosed round about ;  
But without live folk, whom entrance to this garden could  
make glad,

And a guest who loves sweet scenery, cannot be so *very* bad.

Black and yellow lists go stretching round our borders grim  
and tight ;

Custom-house and beadle watchers guard our frontiers day  
and night—

Sit by day before the tax-house, lurk by night i' th' long  
damp grass,

Silent, crouching on their stomachs, lowering round on all who  
pass.

That no single foreign dealer, foreign wine, tobacco bale,  
Foreign silk, or foreign linen, slyly steal within their pale ;  
That a guest than all more hated, set not foot upon our  
earth,—

*Thought*, which in a foreign soil, in foreign light has had its  
birth !

Finally the watch grows weary, when the ghostly hour draws  
near,

For in our good land how many from all spectres shrink in  
fear !

Cold and cutting blows the north wind, on each limb doth  
faintness fall ;

To the pothouse steal the watchers, where both wine and  
comfort call.

See! there start forth from the bushes, from the night  
wind's shrouding wings,

Men with heavy packs all laden, carts up-heaped with richest  
things.

Silent as the night-fog creeping, through the noiseless tracks  
they wend;

See! there too goes *Thought* amongst them—towards his  
mission's sacred end!

With the smugglers must he travel,—he who nothing hides  
from sight!

With the murky mists go creeping—he the son of Day and  
Light!

Oh, come forth, ye thirsty drinkers! weary watchers, out!  
—this way!

Fling yourselves in rank and file—post yourselves in armed  
array!

Point your muskets! sink your colours, with the freeman's  
solemn pride!

Let the drums give joyful thunder—cast the jealous barriers  
wide!

That with green palms all victorious, proud and free in raiment  
bright,

Through the hospitable country *THOUGHT* may wander scat-  
tering light!

The Count extends his walks mid the charms of  
the spring, and asks when shall the spring of  
freedom bloom thus in his country? He sits in  
the garden bower of a country inn, enjoying the  
delicious scene before him; a stranger approaches  
with a friendly face, and seats himself beside him;  
but, suspecting that he may be a police spy, the  
Count hastens away, and, plunging into a neigh-  
bouring wood, weeps burning tears over the spirit

of distrust which the government infuses between man and man. He paces the field of Aspern, and thinks how the freedom of Austria was achieved there only to be lost again. A swallow flying southward awakes in him the question "Whither?" which is echoed by another question—"Whither are the Princes of Austria conducting the country?" To which he gives them answer: To a reign of hypocrites, where no man dare look another in the face,—where the monks' censers are busy wafting the incense of flattery,—where geese flourish, and are never plucked, for there is no press, and no need of pens, except for the tax-gatherers; where the professor shrinks from his own students, who present before him but two classes—savage cannibals, and youths who still have some ideas; where an Imperial edict is passed to extinguish all lamps, as people can very well find the way to their mouths without them; and where priests rejoice in the perpetual midnight, exclaiming "What a beautiful day!" but the very dead remove with coffin and shroud to a more genial resting-place. In 'The Victory of Freedom,' 'The Hymn to Austria,' 'Maria Theresia,' 'The Statue of Joseph II.,' 'The Right of Hospitality,' 'Address to the Emperor,' etc., abound the same noble, free, and generous thoughts, the same keen irony; but we must hold to our purpose, and give only—

## THE CENSOR.

Many a hero-priest is shewn us in the storied times of yore,  
 Who the word of Truth undaunted through the world unceasing  
     bore;

Who in halls of kings have shouted,—“Fie! I scent lost free-  
     dom’s grave!”

And to many a high dissembler bluntly cried, “Thou art a  
     knave!”

Were I but such Freedom’s champion, shrouded in the monk-  
     ish frock,

Straight unto the Censor’s dwelling I must hie, and loudly  
     knock;

To the man must say,—“Arch-scoundrel, down at once upon  
     thy knees,

For thou art a vile offender—down! confess thy villanies.”

And I hear the wretch already how he wipes his vileness clean—

“O your reverence is in error, I am not the man you mean!

I omit no mass, no duty, fill my post with service true;

I’m no lewd one, no blasphemmer, murderer, thief, or godless  
     Jew!”

But my zeal indignant flashes from my heart in flaming tones,  
 Like the thunder ’mid the mountains in his ear my answer  
     groans.

Every glance falls like an arrow cutting through his guilty heart;  
 Every word is like a hammer which makes bone and marrow  
     part.

Yes! thou art a stock-blind Hebrew; for thou hast not yet  
     divined,

That for us, like Christ all glorious, rose too—Freedom of the  
     Mind!

Yes! thou art a bloody murderer! doubly curst and doubly fell,—  
 Others merely murder bodies—thou dost murder souls as well!



Yes! thou art a thief, a base one, or by heaven, a fouler wight!  
 Others to steal fruits do merely leap our garden fence by night;  
 But thou, wretch! into the garden of the human mind hast broke,  
 And with fruit, and leaf, and blossom, fell'st the tree too at a  
 stroke!

Yes! thou art a base adulterer! but in shame art doubly base—  
 Others burn and strive for beauties that their neighbours'  
 gardens grace;  
 But a crime inspired by beauty for thy grovelling soul's too poor:  
 Night and fog and vilest natures can alone thy heart allure.

Yes! thou art a foul blasphemer! or, by heaven! a devil born!—  
 Others wood and marble figures dash to pieces in their scorn;  
 But thy hand, relentless villain! strikes to dust the living frame,  
 Which man's soul, God's holy image, quickens with its thoughts  
 of flame.

Yes! thou art an awful sinner! True, our laws yet leave thee free;  
 But within thy soul in terror rack and gallows must thou see.  
 Smite thy breast then in contrition, thy bowed head strew  
 ashes o'er;  
 Bend thy knee—make full confession,—“Go thy way and sin  
 no more!”

Can this zealous and able champion of freedom have abandoned the great cause of his country? So suspect, and so accuse him, the greater part of his followers. In the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of February 13th, 1840, appeared this paragraph from a Viennese paper—“Anastatius Grün has been some days here to solicit for himself the golden key of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, as his wife, hereditary Countess Attems, has been created Lady of the Order of the Starry Cross, and cannot go to court alone.

It is said the Count has completely renounced the poet." On this, great has been the outcry and indignation throughout all "Young Germany;" and every radical poet has fired off at him his poetico-political blunderbuss. We do not, however, spite of all the court metamorphoses that our times have shewn, lightly credit the apostasy of such a spirit. It is more likely that the Count sees clearly that he has done all that he can at present do, and without wishing to make a useless martyr of himself, leaves the seed he has sown to grow and produce its natural fruits.

The *Cosmopolitan Watchman* is a witty, as well as a brawny, fellow. He rambles, at first, round his native town, and makes observations and comparisons, which, had he then and there given vent to them, would have cut his nocturnal perambulations very short. He sets out with this very comfortable soliloquy:

The last faint twinkle now goes out  
 Up in the poet's attic;  
 And the roisterers, in merry rout,  
 Speed home with steps erratic.

Soft from the house-roofs showers the snow,  
 The vane creaks on the steeple,  
 The lanterns wag and glimmer low  
 In the storm by the hurrying people.

The houses all stand black and still,  
 The churches and taverns deserted,  
 And a body may now wend at his will,  
 With his own fancies diverted.

Not a squinting eye now looks this way,  
Not a slanderous mouth is dissembling,  
And a heart that has slept the livelong day  
May now love and hope with trembling.

Dear Night! thou foe to each base end,  
While the good still a blessing prove thee,  
They say that thou art no man's friend,  
Sweet Night! how I therefore love thee!

Being thus cynically inclined, the Watchman does not lack food for his gall. He passes the prison, and finds only the *poor* rogues there,—the madhouse, and thinks he knows of madder mortals,—the church, but it is not there that he makes his confessions. Here, there is a house, full of light, joy, and dancing; at the door freezing servants and starving steeds. He wonders what the fine folks would think of him should he suddenly enter with lantern, spear, and horn, and hat and cloak coated with snow-flakes; and asks himself whether he be as actual a man as any of this gay crew. At the next house he perceives there is no need of him; another watchman stands by the door: it is Death! The father of the family is in his last agony. Another step shews him the poet aloft in his garret,—the bookworm, the verse-spinner, the thought-manufacturer, who steals about by day, while the knowing ones shake their heads, and call him by the opprobrious epithets of Bard and Poet! A lost child of humanity passes him. He does not look in her face, lest he should see some one fallen

from "high estate." He seats himself on a cannon before the castle, and bewails the fate of that old warrior, which once perhaps thundered victoriously at Austerlitz or Moscow, but now is doomed to act the poet-laureate and pronounce birth-day odes. Feeling himself something like the old cannon, passing his time rather lazily, he marches out at the city gate, and sets forth on his tour of the world.

There is much bitter sarcasm in his home sketches, and sometimes a passing exhibition of that want of reverence for sacred things with which the whole class of Young Germany has been charged; but once abroad, the Watchman casts away his cloak and horn, is amazed at his own metamorphosis, and rises into the noble critic and vigorous and lofty poet. His Welt-gang, or World-wandering, is divided into seven stations, including seven of the principal states of Germany. The various moral and political characteristics of these states are touched off with a masterly hand. Frankfort, the city of Jews and diplomatists; Jews who have enslaved all the monarchs and states of Christendom, and ministers who have enslaved Germany. He warns the proud city, lest the Jews one day build a Christian quarter, and lock up the Christians, as they once locked up the Jews. In Hanover he sees the destroyer of the constitution surrounded by sycophants, to whom he expresses his contempt of a people who can submit to fawn on the hand

which filched away their rights, and a blind youth riding, whose horse is led by a rein attached to the rein of an attendant's steed, and asks, "Who shall guide the steed of government for him when the old man is gone?" The jealous and pitiful policy of the smaller principedoms is hit off in the following lines :

In the royal playhouse lately  
Sate our honoured Prince sedately,  
When this amusing thing befell,  
As the paper states it well.

Taking from his usual station  
Through his lorgnette observation,  
Straight his eagle eye did hit  
On a stranger in the pit.

Such stranger ne'er was seen before,  
A blue-striped shirt the fellow wore;  
His neckerchief tri-coloured stuff,  
Ground for suspicion quite enough !

His face was red as sun at rising,  
And bore a scar of breadth surprising ;  
His beard was bushy, round and short,  
Just the forbidden Hambach sort.

Quick to the Prince's brow there mounted  
Frowns, though he did not want them counted,  
But asked the Chamberlain quite low,  
Who is that fellow ? do you know ?

The Chamberlain, though most observant,  
Knew not, so asked the Prince's servant ;  
The valet, to supply the want,  
Asked counsellor and adjutant.

No soul could give the slightest notion,—  
 The nobles all were in commotion;  
 Strange whispers through the boxes ran,  
 And all about the stranger man.

“His Highness talks of Propagand—  
 Forth with the villain from the land!  
 Woe to him if he make delay  
 I’ the city but another day!”

Thus the police began exclaiming,  
 With sacred zeal all over flaming.  
 But soon his Highness gave the hint,  
 None but himself should meddle in’t.

One of his servants he despatches  
 Down to the fellow, while he watches,  
 And bids him ask him, blunt and free,  
 Who, and what, and whence he be?

After some minutes’ anxious waiting,  
 Staring below, and calculating,  
 With knowing, but demurest face,  
 Comes back the lackey to his Grace.

“Your Highness!” says he in a whisper,  
 “He calls himself John Jacob Risper;  
 Travels in mustard for his house!”  
 “Hush! not a word! to man or mouse!”

Our Watchman escapes from these petty princelings, where one mighty potentate maintains an army of fifty men! literally, and yet has his sentinels marching as solemnly before his gates as the Czar of all the Russias himself. He escapes to the sea, where he breaks forth into glorious pæans

on its might, majesty, and genuine greatness, that we fain would translate:—

It storms ! it rages ! haste, the cliff-top scale !  
Gaze through the night, blasphemer, bow thy will,  
Thine head to earth, with joy and terror pale,—  
That is the sea ! look, tremble, and be still !

So enraptured is he with the sea, that he declares he will pass over to free England, will marry a fishergirl, and live a pilot in a smoking hut on the coast; but his patriotism draws him, and he hastens on to Munich, where, like all Germans, he condemns what the King has done for Art, because he has not done it for liberty too; Berlin, where he lets loose his fury on the King, who is called the tantalizer of modern Germany. This strange monarch, who would fain have the reputation of a liberal with the reality of a despot; who voluntarily promises a constitution on his coronation, and then tells his people that they are not ready for it,—who establishes universal education, but takes care to make his schoolmasters at once policemen and slaves of the police,—who restores Arndt to his professorship because he has done all the mischief that he can, and expels Hoffmann von Fallersleben from *his* professorship for the very same crime of liberal opinion,—who fills his city with great names, but does not allow them to utter great truths,—who kneels with Mrs. Fry in Newgate, and breakfasts with her, a dissenter, and yet continues to compel,

by his forcible compression of the Lutheran church into the Evangelical mould, thousands annually to abandon their native land,—this man, our Watchman reminds of his promises, and tells him that kings should not be witty, but speak plain honest truths. He sees in the great city of Accomplishment and Tea, as he calls Berlin, but hollow splendour and hollow hearts; poverty and lies in the streets with painted cheeks; sycophants, who bow to the Cross, but still more deeply to the crosses (the Orders); he sees Tieck, and Rückert, Cornelius, and many another great name, filling up the number of the motley tribe of literati and artists, but protests that genius cannot walk long on stilts and crutches; that the laurel can easily wither on old heads, and that only young and fresh spirits can pluck the fruit from the tree of the present time—and turns his back on the city.

Instead of his masterly sketches of Vienna, where he addresses a fine and spirited ode to Count Auersperg, concluding—

Happy thou can'st not be—ah! wherefore wert thou great?

let us give a few stanzas as a specimen from the—

#### DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA.

Yes! thou art lovely, with thy rose-crowned brow,  
 The bloom of passion on thy radiant face;  
 When past thou fliest in the dance, as now,  
 Amid youth's eager glance and fond embrace.



To sink, forgetful of the world, to rest  
 Within thy arms, by thy enchantments bound,  
 That might, methinks, a warrior's steps arrest,  
 And tempt e'en gods to tread this dangerous ground.

But woman, I do fly thee!—I will not  
 Kneel to thee—of thy convert throng make one;—  
 Potiphar's wife!—thy purple tempts me not—  
 Let go my mantle!—for I will begone!  
 Before my vision floats a holier light;  
 A chaster form, my spirit's purest bride!  
 Us life and truth and poetry unite—  
 By German vows eternally allied.

Her eye is beautiful, though less than thine;  
 It beams with peace, but thine with wild desire;  
 Thy kiss is flame, but hers, if not divine,  
 Is a pure, breathing, and engladdening fire.  
 Thou dragg'st thy lovers down from hour to hour,  
 Nearer and faster to earth's misty face;  
 She soars aloft with glorifying power,  
 And bears me with her in her dear embrace.

Her cares and sorrows never dim thy brow,  
 But her proud joys thy heart can ne'er distend;  
 Light, flattering one—the bliss thou dost not know  
 Boldly with slaves and tyrants to contend.  
 Child of the happy! thou unto the poor  
 And to the captive ne'er thy tears hast given;  
 Hast never mingled with earth's contest sore  
 The heart of peace and pity sent from heaven.

Go! revel and carouse each coming morrow!  
 Strive the swift hours by violence to hold,  
 But still remorse thy countenance shall furrow,  
 And discontent heap wrinkles, fold on fold.

Pass but a night—and the rose-garlands perish—  
 And down thy wizard realm of charms is hurled :  
 But in eternal green the laurels flourish—  
 And she—the other—is the abiding world.

Thou knowst her not,—no, never canst thou know her!—  
 Ye two can never wander hand in hand !  
 Thou canst not name her name,—hast not the power  
 Her nature or her life to understand.  
 Feelest thou this?—then cast thy eyelids down,  
 For from the east her breath comes wafted o'er.  
 Ah!—the day breaks!—thank God, the dream is flown—  
 Ay, *Love* is much, but *Liberty* far more !

Of Hoffmann von Fallersleben's Unpolitical Songs, as he calls them, it would be impossible to give any just idea by specimens. His two little volumes consist of a multitude of short snatches of verse, any one of which, taken singly, would disappoint the most moderate expectation. Of the actual brevity of his poems, some idea may be formed from the fact that in his four hundred pages he has upwards of nine hundred pieces. But if his poems are short, his words are sometimes long enough, of which take a sample—*Steuerverweigerungsverfassungsmässigberechtigt!!* meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes. It is by the whole that Hoffmann must be judged; and yet, truly, when we have gone through the whole, we Englishmen wonder what there can be in them to frighten such a military monarch as the King of Prussia, and induce him, not only to expel the poet, a man

of learning, and universally esteemed, from his post and livelihood, but also to forbid the admission of *any* works into his kingdom out of the shop of the publishers of this and such other things. It is true, there is a good deal of wit and epigrammatic smartness, but it is so fine, and so good-humoured, that it does not seem, by any means, very formidable to us. Then his little innocent squibs are thrown out, not only against government follies, but the follies of his countrymen in general, and may justify his title, for if not entirely unpolitical songs, they are by no means merely political. The Confederation; the Zoll-Verein; the censorship; the passion for titles and orders; the learned pedantry—the affected piety of the despotic monarchs—the laws against the oppression of animals while the oppression of men is practised—the modern heathenism, etc. etc., all have the laugh directed against them. We may take, perhaps, the following as fair specimens of verses quite dreadful where a paternal government exists and a free press does not:—

#### ON THE WALHALLA.

[In which the King of Bavaria has assembled the busts and statues of the great men of Germany, heroes, patriots, and reformers; Luther, and such little men, however, excepted.]

Hail to thee, thou lofty hall,  
 Of German greatness, German glory!  
 Hail to you, ye heroes all,  
 Of ancient and of modern story!

Oh! ye heroes in the hall,  
 Were ye but alive as once!  
 Nay, that would not do at all,—  
 The king prefers you, stone and bronze!

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#### LAMENTATION FOR THE GOLDEN AGE.

Would our bottles but grow deeper!  
 Did our wine but once get cheaper!  
 Then on earth there might unfold  
 The golden time, the age of gold.

But not for us, we are commanded  
 To go with temperance even handed.  
 The golden age is for the dead;  
 We've got the paper age instead.

But ah! our bottles still decline!  
 And daily dearer grows our wine!  
 And flat and void our pockets fall!  
 Faith! soon there 'll be no times at all!

In this, one of his larger efforts, he sums up a mass of national follies:—

#### GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 We're off unto America!  
 What shall we take to our new land?  
 All sorts of things from every hand!  
 Confederation protocols;  
 Heaps of tax and budget rolls;  
 A whole ship-load of skins to fill  
 With proclamations just at will.  
 Or when we to the New World come,  
 The German will not feel at home!

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
We're off unto America!  
What shall we take to our new land?  
All sorts of things from every hand!  
A brave supply of corporals' canes;  
Of livery suits a hundred wains.  
Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and  
Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.  
Or when we to the New World come  
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
We're off unto America!  
What shall we take to our new land?  
All sorts of things from every hand!  
Chamberlain's keys, a pile of sacks;  
Books of full blood-descents in packs;  
Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton,  
Of order ribbons bales twenty-one.  
Or when to the New World we come  
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
We're off unto America!  
What shall we take to our new land?  
All sorts of things from every hand!  
Scullecaps, perriwigs, old-world airs;  
Crutches, privileges, easy chairs;  
Councillors' titles, private lists,  
Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.  
Or when to the New World we come  
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
We're off unto America!  
What shall we take to our new land?  
All sorts of things from every hand!

Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding, and funeral,  
Passports and wander-books great and small ;  
Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,  
And just three million police directions.  
Or when to the New World we come  
The German will not feel at home.

Of a far different calibre and character are the black songs of Benedikt Dalei. Who Benedikt Dalei is we know not, but his songs have all the feeling and effect of the genuine effusions of a Catholic priest who has passed through the dispensations which he describes. He traces, or rather retraces, every painful position and stage in the life of the solitary priest who possesses a feeling heart. The trials, the temptations, the pangs which his unnatural vow and isolated existence heap upon him, amid the social relationships and enjoyments of his fellow men. The domestic circle, the happy group of father, mother, and merry children; the electric touch of youthful love which unites two hearts for ever; the wedding, the christening, the funeral, all have for him their inexpressible bitterness. The perplexities, the cares, the remorse, the madness which, spite of the power of the Church, of religion, and of the most ardent faith and devotion, have, through the singular and unparalleled position of the Catholic priest, made him often a walking death, are all sketched with a master's hand, or, more properly perhaps, a sufferer's heart. The poet calls loudly on prince and prelate for the

abolition of that clerical oath of celibacy which has been to him and to thousands a burning chain, every link of which has its own peculiar torture. When we look into those horrors which, spite of all the secrecy and the suppression which Church and State have been able to heap over them, have transpired in the poet's own country, we do not wonder at the intense vehemence of his appeal. In one most extraordinary ode he collects all the terrors and griefs of his subject. It is 'The Song of Celibacy,' which is sung by bands of the souls of priests as they pass in a tempest over a wild heath, in which each successively pours forth the burden of his dread experience. The chorus and construction of this remarkable ode remind us strongly of Coleridge's War Eclogue. We shall, however, prefer giving a specimen or two from those gentler subjects, in which he mingles with his melancholy such sweet touches of external nature.

#### ENVIABLE POVERTY.

I glance into the harvest field,  
 Where 'neath the shade of richest trees  
 The reaper and the reaper's wife  
 Enjoy their noon-day ease.

And in the shadow of the hedge  
 I hear full many a merry sound,  
 Where the stout, brimming water-jug  
 From mouth to mouth goes round.

About the parents, in the grass,  
 Sit boys and girls of various size,  
 And like the buds about the rose,  
 Make glad my gazing eyes.

See! God himself from heaven spreads  
 Their table with the freshest green,  
 And lovely maids, his angel band,  
 Bear heaped dishes in.

A laughing infant's sugar lip,  
 Waked by the mother's kiss, doth deal  
 To the poor parents a dessert,  
 Still sweeter than their meal.

From breast to breast, from arm to arm,  
 Goes wandering round the rosy boy,  
 A little circling flame of love,  
 A living, general joy.

And strengthened thus for farther toil,  
 Their toil is but joy fresh begun,  
 That wife—oh, what a happy wife—  
 And oh, how rich is that poor man!

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### THE WALK.

I went a walk on Sunday,  
 But so lonely everywhere!  
 O'er every path and upland  
 Went loving pair and pair.

I strolled through greenest corn-fields,  
 All dashed with gold so deep,  
 How often did I feel as though  
 My very heart would weep.



The heaven so softly azure,  
 The sun so full of life,  
 And everywhere was youth and maiden,  
 Was happy man and wife.

They watched the yellowing harvest ;  
 Stood where cool water starts ;  
 They plucked flowers for each other,  
 And with them gave their hearts.

The larks, how they singing hovered,  
 And streamed gladness from above ;  
 How high in the listening bosoms  
 Rose the flame of youthful love !

In the locks of the blithe youngsters  
 The west wind loved to play,  
 And lifted with colder finger,  
 My hair, already grey.

Ah ! I heard song and laughter,  
 And it went to my heart's core,  
 Oh ! were I again in boyhood !  
 Were I free and young once more !

The autobiography of a Catholic priest, sketched by Benedikt Dalei, is enough to make a heart bleed.

The young priest hears, amid the choir of singing voices, one voice which goes to his heart. He beholds the singer in her youthful beauty, and loves—she loves him. But—the vow ! It has separated them for ever ! He marries her at the altar to his mortal enemy. He baptizes her child. He sees her in her garden as he stands at his window, playing with a child which is not his. She comes to confession, and confesses her misery, and calls

on him for help. What help? he himself is in despair. He preaches to his people of the blessings of domestic life, and bleeds inwardly; he buries the dead, and wishes that the corpse were his. He dreads madness or self-murder, yet, living to be old, draws this moving picture of—

#### THE SICK PRIEST.

In the days of misfortune, in the blank days of sickness,

Oh! how poor was I then, how forsaken, alone!

Then first comprehend we the depth of our misery,—

To be priests, yet with hearts where soft feelings have grown.

The servants of money, the servants of fortune,

How they grin with the masks of their fatness upon us;

But no step is there taken by souls of compassion,

For comfort, for rescue, when sickness lies on us.

Oh! then are the arms and the bosoms too absent,

Which are softer than cushions of down round us piled;

There is wanting the love which obeys the least whisper,

There is absent the love both of wife and of child!

Go, bury the wretch, ay, bury him living,

If ever a murder be mercy, 'tis then,

When you bury the priest whom a heart of humanity

Has made, though most wretched—a man amongst men!

The last and the most significant of these poets whom we can now mention, is Herwegh. This young writer last year made a sort of political and triumphant tour in Germany, which excited a strong sensation throughout the whole country, and the fame of which was even wafted by the newspapers to England. His volume marks a new

epoch in the progress of political feeling in Germany. Perhaps he does not equal in poetic genius either Count Auersperg or Dingelstedt, but he surpasses them both in a fiery and unrestrained temperament. He does not stop to dally with imagination, to tie lovers' knots of delicate fancies and rainbow hues; to scatter light and stinging epigrams on this or that minor folly; but he bursts forth hot and dauntless at once on the great evil of the nation, and the absurdity of its tame tolerance. He is a spirit of fiery zeal, and declares it frankly. He rejects all waiting and temporizing. It is enough for him that the nation is suffering and ought to be free; that the princes are false to their vows, and ought to be made to feel it. To the regular common-places of age—

Thou art young, thou must not speak,  
 Thou art young, we are the old;  
 Let the wave's first fury break;  
 Let the fire grow somewhat cold.

Thou art young, thy deeds are wild;  
 Thou art young and unaware;  
 Thou art young; first see thou piled  
 On thy head our hoary hair.

Learn, my son, first self-denial;  
 Let the flame first purge its smoke!  
 First of fetters make a trial,  
 And find how useful is a yoke.—

He replies full of *youth's* wisdom,— that by whose fervour chains are molten, and nations rescued

from the frost of custom—"Ah, too cunning gentlemen! there you paint your own portraits—prisoners! But you guardians of the past, who then shall build up the future! What is left you but the protection of our arms? Who shall love your daughters? Who defend your honour? Despise not youth, even when it speaks the loudest. Alas! how often has your caution, your virtue, sinned against humanity?"

This burst of zeal, which has been echoed by a shout of many thousand voices from every quarter of Germany, betrays, as we have said, a new epoch; tells that the leaven has leavened a very considerable portion of the popular mass. The young, at least, are grown weary of promises never fulfilled, and waiting that leads to nothing. The doctrines of the earlier school are renounced as false and delusive. Count Auersperg exclaimed:

Shall the sword then be our weapon? No, the Word, the light, the will!

For the joyful, peaceful conqueror, is the proudest conqueror still!

And every succeeding political bard prolonged the cry—"The Word is omnipotent!" But this is the cry no longer. It is not the Word, but the Sword! The Word, say they, has deceived; the Sword must hew a way to freedom. This is the war-cry with which Herwegh broke forth, and to which came a host of jubilant echoes:—

Oh ! all whose hands a hilt can span,  
 Pray for a trusty sword !  
 Pray for a hero, for a man  
 Armed with the wrath of God.

One contest there is yet in store,  
 With glorious victory rife ;  
 The earth has yet one conflict more,  
 The last, the sacred strife.

Hither, ye nations ! hither flow,  
 Around your standard hie !  
 For Freedom is our general now,  
 And forward ! is our cry.

The true creed is, according to him, no longer  
 Love and Patience, but Hate ! Hate is the true  
 patriotism, the true saving faith.

#### THE HYMN OF HATE.

Forth ! forth ! out over hill and dale,  
 The morning dawn to meet ;  
 Bid the faithful wife farewell,  
 Your faithful weapons greet ;  
 Until our hands in ashes fall,  
 The sword shall be their mate ;  
 We've loved too long ; come one and all,  
 And let us soundly hate !

Love cannot save us, cannot shake  
 The torpor from our veins ;  
 Hate ! let thy day of judgment break,  
 And break our hated chains !  
 And wheresoe'er are tyrants found,  
 Destruction be their fate ;  
 Too long has love our spirits bound,  
 Now let us soundly hate !

Wherever yet there beats a heart,  
 Hate be its sole desire ;  
 Dry wood stands everywhere to start  
 Into a glorious fire.  
 Ye with whom Freedom yet remains,  
 Sing through our streets elate ;  
 Burst ye love's thralldom-forging chains,  
 And learn at length to hate !

Give quenchless battle and debate  
 On earth to Tyranny,  
 And holier shall be our hate  
 Than any love can be.  
 Until our hands in ashes fall,  
 The sword shall be their mate ;  
 We've loved too long ; come one and all,  
 And let us soundly hate !

And the accordant prayer is:—

Rush forth, O God! with tempest-scattering breath  
 Through the terrific calm !  
 Give us stern Freedom's tragedy of death  
 For Slavery's lulling psalm.  
 In the world's frozen breast, no more a stranger,  
 Let a heart beat aloud.  
 Send her, O Lord, a terrible avenger !  
 A hero strong and proud !

Let us once more drink eagerly and deep  
 From thy communion cup ;  
 Build us an altar on some awful steep  
 Ourselves to offer up.  
 Spread us a battle-field, where tyrant hordes  
 May with free nations fight,  
 For from their sheaths, their prisons, our keen swords  
 Long to leap forth in light.

And the counsel is 'A call to Arms':—

Tear the crosses from their station !  
Make them swords for our salvation !  
God in heaven forgives the zeal.  
Leave, oh ! leave this idle rhyming,  
On the anvil loudly chiming,  
Strike redemption from the steel !

But enough of this blood-breathing clangour, of these war trumpets, of which we have introduced only just such fragmental notes as were necessary for the faithful illustration of our subject. Fain would we see nations abandoning the hope of the sword, and learning to trust in the moral power of truth and of advancing knowledge. Yet when we see how completely a great and intellectual nation has been caught in the subtle net of policy, how princes have learned to despise their promises, and how the moral stamina of the people has been undermined by dependence on office, and by the fear of police, we do not wonder, we can only deplore. The youth of Germany see all this. They see how deeply the poison of government coercion and suppression of free opinion has penetrated into the moral nature of the public; what sequacity, what subserviency, what prostration of all that is great, and daring, and generous, it has infused into the social and intellectual frame; how infidelity in religion has followed in the train of that philosophy to which the German mind has turned as to its only free region of speculation; and they have no

hope but in the sword. In any moral power their faith is shaken. They doubt its very existence in the public mind. They hope nothing from the free concession of the Princes; they hope as little from the vast mass of their dependents,—that is, of half the nation lulled in a Circean slumber of official comfort, but they know that breach of faith and defrauded hopes have spread a wide substratum of discontent; that the great powers of Prussia and Austria are powers made up of the most heterogeneous fragments, and they hope that a spark of warlike fire breaking out some day in some one quarter—they care not where—may raise a general flame, and national liberty soar out of the conflagration. How far this hope may be realized, we leave Time to decide. Meanwhile, on the one hand, the governments stand strong on the system which we have described; and, on the other, the triumphant career of Herwegh, and the sale of five editions of his volume in less than two years, prove that the spirit of popular liberty is making rapid strides. Even the King of Prussia, with his affectation of liberality, thought fit to give Herwegh an audience while he was in Berlin, though, with his usual inconsistency, he afterwards ordered him to quit the city. Other Princes, following his example, raised the consequence of the young poet, by warning him out of their territories, and he returned to his Swiss stronghold; where, however, he sate himself down in additional strength and



comfort, having won a rich wife while in the Prussian capital. The success of his poems, the fire of their contagious spirit, and, above all, the *éclat* of his tour, have, as might be expected, given birth to fresh young poets and fresh issues of songs, which, however, have not yet acquired sufficient importance to be included in this group.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

SINCE the chapter on the Political Poets was published in the *Athenæum*, the King of Prussia has issued an order to arrest Herwegh, wherever and whenever he can be found on the Prussian territory. This monarch seems now to have flung off the last hypocritical pretence of liberal sentiment. Every day he is doing some act of defiance to his people, and of despite to their prayers for the promised boon of constitutional liberty.\* For what was this man received with such enthusiasm in England? For what did the people run after him, and shout, as well as the nobility *fête* him? For what did Mrs. Fry invite him to breakfast? Was it for any congenial expression of sentiment—for any deeds of liberality done either in politics

\* In a letter just received from one of the most celebrated and, I may add, moderate men of Germany, dated April 13th, I find this sentence:—"Seit Sie Deutschland verlassen haben, ist es schlimmer und schlimmer bei uns geworden, namentlich in Preussen. Die Presse wird mehr und mehr gedrückt, jede freiere Regung des Volksbewusstseins wird mit Füßen getreten: der König hat durch die jüngsten Landtagsabschiede klar bewiesen, dass er nicht mehr und nicht weniger, als eben *ein absoluter Herrscher* sein will."

or religion? or was it really because he has, more than, perhaps, any man of his time, wilfully, unsolicitedly, made promises of good that he never meant to fulfil, and assumed pretences that were intended only to bamboozle and insult his people? Did Mrs. Fry, when she gave this man of her toast and tea, her prayers and benedictions, think of asking him the simple question—Why he had continued to enforce the religious compulsion of his father, which has driven 5000 poor Lutherans into exile from their native land, and still continues to drive them thence? Did the Queen, or did the Lord Mayor, when they *fêted* and flattered this man, ever think of asking him why he has promised freedom to his people, and every day more sternly denies their prayers for that freedom,—nay, more, remorselessly lops away what little of freedom they have? It is said that her Majesty contemplates a visit to Berlin, to this wretched dissembler, where she is to meet also the Czar of Russia. She might surely keep better company. No one can expect her to return from such society with a more liberal and truly English mind.

Here is a man who does not, like many monarchs, sin against his people because he is ignorant of them, of their real feelings and condition. No; he is better acquainted with all that concerns his people than any monarch in Europe. In his youth he was a wild fellow; he roamed amongst his people, he descended into the very lowest of their

haunts for the gratification of his roving pleasures. But when he comes to the throne, at a mature age, he puts on a face of piety, and promises his people unasked, on his coronation, a free representative constitution. In vain, however, have they looked for it. What has been his reply? "I mean to give it you, *when you are really prepared for it!*" As the *Cosmopolitan Watchman* says, "Kings should not be witty, but speak plain truths." He should have freely given his explanation when he gave the promise, and there would have been no mistake. But here now is this man in close alliance with the Russian Autocrat, who hates all liberty. Here he sends his troops, when this Czar fears insurrection amongst his own people, to help to *keep them down*. Every day Prussian subjects, on pretence of being Russian fugitives, are seized on the Russian frontiers, and dragged away into Russian slavery; and spite of the outcries of his own people for help and protection, this liberal king takes no notice of these outrages. No; he is too busy in quenching the remaining sparks of liberty amongst his people himself. He issues an order to seize a poor poet, who is none of his subject, if he can be at any time found on Prussian soil. His Rhenish provinces have, by the act which made them over to Prussia after the war, a right, in their Landtag, or Parliament, to propose measures of amendment to him. This very year, but a few months ago, they exercised this right, and proposed

eight-and-forty measures of improvement, including the adoption of trial by jury. Of these he flings back forty, and that with harsh reproaches, telling them that "he is called upon to diffuse a German and not a French sentiment," *i.e.* not trial by jury, and such things. The lawyers of Germany have united themselves into a society for the consideration of the revision of the whole legal system of Germany, of that horrible system without publicity, juries, or oral evidence. They meet at Mayence, but the King of Prussia forbids any of his subjects to appear there! Nay, he makes war on the very pastimes of the people. In their carnivals they have been accustomed to express, in jokes and witticisms, their political privations,—he has therefore this year forbidden those carnival frolics at Düsseldorf! The Hegelians petition to be allowed to publish a literary journal, for the diffusion of their philosophical opinions,—it is forbidden! Thus this man, who so freely at his Huldigung promised freedom of press and constitution, now trembles alike at philosopher and Hans Wurst. Every week witnesses some new and arbitrary attack on the liberties of his subjects.

Ferdinand Freiligrath, a beautiful and very popular lyric poet, but very temperate in his assertion of his ideas of political liberty, he gave a paltry pension to of some two or three hundred dollars, no doubt in the hope of keeping him silent; but

such is the excessive jealousy of this tyrant of the slightest whisper of honest opinion, that even Freiligrath has fallen under the strictures of the censor; and also the editor of the *Cologne Gazette*, for publishing his poem on the new year, in which an Englishman would not find a line strong enough to alarm a royal mouse.

Doctor Nauwerk, a popular professor in Berlin, has lately *dared* to utter some recommendations of trial by jury, as well as other constitutional institutions, from his chair, on which he was warned by the Prussian minister to desist, but Nauwerk spiritedly declared that if he were not at liberty to expound what appeared to him just principles of law and statesmanship, he would throw up his professorship. As this was *not* allowed, he has done so, and published an explanation of his conduct, denying the charge of the minister, "that he endeavoured to *allure* students" by such remarks, with the very significant observation, "that if liberty had more charms than despotism for the young, that was not his fault, but the fault of the thing itself,—it had been the case for thousands of years." He has declared that he will retire to Paris, and join the able phalanx of the German Reformers who have fled thither, and thence assist to send the spirit of freedom into their native land. It appears that many of these patriots, as Ruge, Echtermeyer, Vatke, Prutz, Herwegh, and others, have purposely married women of property, to enable them to act

independently against the overgrowing pressure of royal despotism in Germany.

The example of the King of Prussia has emboldened the rulers in all other parts of the country to similar proceedings, and the civil prosecutions of Jordan, Bauer, and many others, into which we cannot here enter, shew that no man who dares to utter the most moderate sentiment for the political or social improvement of his country is safe from utter ruin. But a recent event has placed this in a most remarkable light. The brothers Grimm, well known in this country by their collection of nursery tales (*Kinder und Haus-Märchen*), who were on their banishment from Hanover received by the King of Prussia, and made professors in Berlin, had, on their birth-day, lately, a torch-train in honour of them brought by the students. Amongst the guests of the Grimms happened to be their old friend the proscribed Hoffmann von Fallersleben. To him the students gave a *vivat!* This was so dire an offence to the wretched king, that he immediately ordered Hoffmann to quit the city, and ordered the arrest of a number of the students. These young men were "religirt," that is, banished from the University, and by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, we learn that they were conveyed immediately from the university prison in carriages to their own places of abode. This proceeding is *total and irrevocable ruin to every one of these young men.* They cannot be inscribed as students

in any university of Germany. They cannot, consequently, take any degree, or be employed by any government. A more cruel and savage vengeance for the slight imprudence, to say the worst of it, of giving a *vivat* to an esteemed patriot, cannot be conceived. Probably the parents of these young men have strained every nerve, and put themselves to great hardships, to give their sons such an education as alone in that country can open the way to an honourable establishment; and thus it is, for a momentary outburst of youthful enthusiasm for freedom and its advocates, dashed from their hopes. But this is not all. The Grimms, trembling lest it should bring ruin also upon them, have published an explanation which betrays their excessive fear; and in which they insinuate that any continuance of demonstrations of free opinion will destroy the university altogether. Nothing can give us a more striking idea of the feeling in Berlin of the spirit of the king in regard to despotism: and what a condition is that of the learned men of that city! Not a man dare speak, or hardly look, freely, lest as the *Allgemeine Zeitung* says, “ruin sit on his heels.”

This celebrated journal, which is as distinguished for its sound discretion and temperate tone, as for its real attachment to genuine constitutional liberty, in this instance speaks out nobly. It says that the Grimms have failed greatly in parts of their explanation,—that they do not comprehend



how anxiously the public look to their learned and distinguished men for a public expression of their real opinions. "The German learned men," continues it, "hang their opinions like a holiday suit in their wardrobes—only to be put on upon particular occasions. But our opinions," says it, "should be our daily clothing—our cloak, our coat, our dressing-gown, and our shirt. We should work in them, walk in them, lie in them, think and act in them, and therein die and be buried."

This spirit will not stop here: but, in the mean time, what do we Englishmen think of ourselves for having run after this despicable tyrant, when here, as after some great patriot and friend of the human race? We are told that the Emperor of Russia is about to pay our Queen a visit. Let us this time learn to conduct ourselves as the greatest and most free people on the earth. Let the Queen and public authorities receive the Czar as befits a powerful monarch who is at peace with us, but let not the people of England run after and applaud him as if he were not a true despot but a patriot, or as if we were slaves and lovers of slavery, instead of being, as we are, the proud champions and guardians of the liberties of the world.

And what is that "German sentiment" which the King of Prussia says he is called upon to maintain? So far as can be drawn from the whole history of Ger-

many, it is on the part of the Princes, *not* to defend their subjects from the inroads of the French, but meanly and dastardly at home to crush every free aspiration. Look back for five centuries, and this is the constant aspect of things. At the Reformation, the Protestant Princes, who could have crushed by union and prompt action Charles V. in a fortnight before he had his troops collected, timidly suffered the golden opportunity to pass, spite of all the prayers and exertions of the brave General Schärtlin, and were soon compelled to kneel as captives at the feet of the poor gouty monarch whom they might have commanded, and thus crippled the Reformation in Germany for ever. When Louis XIV. made his audacious attempts on Germany, they never took the least pains to fortify their frontiers, or to combine heartily to resist him. They suffered Turenne to lay the whole of the beautiful Pfalz in ashes, utterly to ruin and burn down the towns, and transplant the inhabitants to France. Each sordid Prince only looked to make some wretched bargain for himself, at the expense of the rest. It was just the case again in the days of Napoleon. When the French were in the heart of Würtemberg, these Princes met at Regensburg, and instead of consulting how they should most effectually expel the enemy, they spent their time in disputing whether they should hold their deliberations at a *long* or a *round* table, so as to get rid of their eternal plague of precedence. They

never agreed on anything, but to get as much through Napoleon, from one another, as they could. They fought for him, and against each other. When his son was born, they sent off delegates from all parts of Germany to Paris, who made the most fulsome harangues of congratulation over "The young Heir of the World." The moment that Napoleon, their benefactor, was overthrown in Russia, they all rose and cried "Thief! thief! after him, calling on the people to restore the Empire. The people rose and drove out the one tyrant, only, as they found, to establish a score. These German Princes, who thus made, necessarily, tools of Napoleon, and of their own subjects, merely to enable them to trample on the ancient free constitution of their country, of which they were not heads, but merely officers,—certainly present, at the present moment, the most revolting spectacle of a set of perjured and perfidious characters in all history, and that before all Europe. Their utter disregard of all faith in many of their transactions are astounding. A late Duke, over whom, at his death, so many eulogiums were uttered in this country as so virtuous a prince, was universally known in Germany by the title of the Falschmünzer,—that is, the coiner of false money,—because, to pay his debts, he coined a mass of bad money, and then issued an order that what was paid away out of the country should never come in again, and what remained in it should

never be taken again by government. Many of his own officers are said to have suffered severely by this act, having considerable quantities in their hands. Much of this money is still in existence in the other states, and is paid amongst the coin to strangers. When you offer to pay it away again they say, "Oh, that is a Coburger!—it is good for nothing!" To what traveller in Germany has not this occurred? It did to me, many a time, till I began to know the face of a Coburger.

As we have already said, they have bound Germany hand and foot, converting their Bund, or Confederation, into the most fearful engine of despotism—a Confederation of Princes, not only against their foreign enemies, but against their own subjects. This they shewed when the people of Hanover appealed to them against their tyrant, and the arbitrary destruction of their constitution. This is shewn by their conduct to the present reigning Duke of Brunswick. The people of Brunswick rose up against their ruler, for his reckless waste of the public money and contempt of the constitution, threatening even to turn his cannon upon them. For this they stormed and burnt his palace over his head on the 7th of September 1830; pelted him and a favourite actress in his carriage with stones, and would probably have torn him to pieces but for his coachman, who flogged on furiously his horses.\*

\* Menzel's History of Germany, p. 1015.

They elected a new ruler, his brother Wilhelm. But the Princes of the Bund, though they did not dare to force the people of Brunswick, would not recognise as hereditary the proper ruler of their choice. And what was more, none of the monarchs of Europe would recognise him. The consequence is, that the expelled Duke lives here amongst us, recognised by all the crowned heads of Europe as the rightful Duke of Brunswick; and the reigning Duke—the choice of the people, it is confidently asserted in Germany, cannot marry, for no royal house will give him a wife. Thus has legitimacy found a plan to ensure the reign of its members, spite of the will of a nation, however that nation may be oppressed; and what is singular, the monarchs of France and England have thus politically recognised a doctrine which virtually makes them both usurpers, and gives the true claim of regency to the Stuarts and the elder Bourbons.

Under such circumstances, we may reasonably look for the political condition of Germany, woful as it is, daily becoming worse, and may feel assured that the day of real enfranchisement is very far off—except!—what is very likely, a spark from the outbursting flame of liberty in France or England one day set it in sudden flame.

Politicians in most countries are too apt to fix their gaze with an intense exclusiveness on the movements of their own land, and therefore do not see the true signs of the times. But those who are

accustomed to cast a glance over the proceedings of the whole of Europe, cannot avoid seeing that the same causes are everywhere operating, and are steadily urging onward a day, perhaps not far distant—when some circumstance, perhaps not to be discerned by the keenest eye till it actually arrives, will put as it were the match to the train, and revolution will run like wildfire from court to court of Europe. Let us look a little at these causes.

The remarkable feature of the whole of Europe is this:—everywhere the mass of the people is daily advancing in a knowledge of its rights, and a sense of its wrongs; and everywhere, the kings and governments, with a selfish blindness which amounts to infatuation—instead of prudently conceding gradually to the spirit of the times—are obstinately resisting it, and drawing tighter the reins of arbitrary power. It seems as if Providence had designed that the despotic principle, whether existing in princes or aristocracies, should, in the very noon-day of knowledge, do such despite to popular right, as should render despotism irrecoverably odious, and put the fiat of self-destruction upon it for ever.

I have in this volume shewn how indefatigably and determinedly the German governments have tied up the people, hand and foot; but these are not the only causes of danger to the German governments. The German larger states are composed

of such a mass of heterogeneous materials—they are put together out of such a number of disjointed and discordant pieces, that the seeds, and more than the seeds, of endless discontents and dangers lie in them.

Prussia is a perfect conglomeration of territories snatched from its neighbours, in war. Besides the states forcibly seized by Frederick the Great, including Silesia, it had its share of the mutilated members of Poland; and when the Allied Sovereigns parceled out Germany amongst them, when they had got rid of Buonaparte, by a strange act of policy it was allowed to rend away and appropriate half of Saxony. No doubt this extraordinary sharing of Saxony for the aggrandisement of Prussia—a measure as detrimental to the smaller states of Germany, and true German interests, as it was mischievous to Austria—for Saxony, in its integrity, was a bulwark at once against Russia and against the growing power and influence of Prussia,—was supported and carried through by Russia. As it is, it only *apparently* strengthens Prussia, but in reality renders her weaker and more vulnerable. Saxony cannot avoid looking on Prussia with an eye vigilant in remembrance of this gross wrong, and the Saxo-Prussian provinces have still a natural yearning towards their old relations. Let but an occasion present itself, and Prussia would see its Saxon, its Polish, its Silesian provinces, falling as many ways from it, and into the arms of as

many enemies. The Rhine provinces have equally their causes of dissatisfaction with their arbitrary allocation, and the rejection of all liberal reform by the present monarch.

Austria, again, is such another combination of essentially distinct elements. Austria Proper, Hungary, Bohemia, the Italian States, what a discordant conjunction of people and interests, which are alone held together by the present state of European politics. Bohemia has its discontents; Hungary is in an internal ferment; the native Hungarians have their own constitution and their Landtag,—and keen is the spirit of freedom that burns in the bosoms of the Magyar tribes, and distinguishes the debates of their Landtag. Siebenbürgen, again, that is, Transylvania, is the very Ireland of Austria. The predominant inhabitants are Wallachians, yet, as in Ireland, these are thrust sternly away from all offices, which are filled by the Austrians and other Germans, or Saxons, as they are called, being descended from an ancient Saxon colony. By a memorial presented to the Siebenbürgen Landtag by the Wallachian bishops, Johan Lemény and Basil Moya, printed at length in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of March the 8th and 9th, we learn that the Wallachians were guaranteed their own constitutional rights and freedom by Austria on its union, as those of Ireland were to its people by the Treaty of Limerick, but that these rights and liberties have been just as contemp-



tuously trodden under foot. All offices and authorities are invested in the Germans; the funds for education are expended on the Germans, and carefully withheld from the Wallachians; the creed is anxiously regarded in the choice of representatives to the Landtag—the Catholic Austrians, or Lutheran Germans being taken, and the Greek Wallachian excluded. The portions of land awarded to young people on marriage, out of the national mass, are given only to Germans, not to the Wallachians; and all the claims of equal benefit and exercise of laws and rights are as constantly disregarded. Every township has a treasure-chest, out of which money may be lent to assist the young and striving, but the contents of these chests are regularly monopolized by the Germans. The clergy of both religions, as well as the singers, sacristans, vergers, and other officers of the church are allowed certain proportions of land, with the use of mills, etc.; but these are *all* given to the German clergy, and the Hungarian and Wallachian, who are chiefly of the Greek church, are left to starve, or be barely maintained by their impoverished hearers. By the articles of union Germans and Siebenbürgens were equally to be drawn for the army, but the Siebenbürgens are drawn alone. During the war the township chests, which contained the title-deeds of these townships, were plundered and the deeds destroyed; and knowing this, the Germans, by force of arms, have possessed them-

selves of the greatest part of the landed estates, and defy the real owners to regain them. In short, the unhappy natives, like the Irish, are thrust by the powerful usurpers, out of law, office, and property, both temporal and ecclesiastical. They are made poor, and kept ignorant,—in a word, there never were countries which stood so exactly in the same relations to each other as England and Ireland,—Austria and Siebenbürgen. But these materials of discontent and future disruption, are not confined to Prussia, Saxony, and Austria. It is not merely Hungary, Saxony, Poland, and the indignant Italian States that are looking forward to the sure coming time for vengeance and redress, but the same mischief is spread over all Germany. Holstein is torn violently from the Germanic body, and made over to Denmark—which it heartily detests. Brunswick has chased away its tyrants, but is refused acknowledgment of its chosen head. Hanover groans bitterly over its ravished constitution. The Rhine provinces, which should have been formed into one large and noble state, as a brave bulwark against the aggressive spirit of France, were cut into fragments and appended to Prussia, Hesse, Bavaria, etc., and why? Because they had been under the sway of France, and had acquired French institutions of sufficient freedom to alarm the searching eye of Metternich. These united into a great and liberal whole, lying alongside of liberally disposed Baden and Alsace, would have been

a terrible bugbear to the despotic spirits of Prussia and Austria. For this reason Alsace was even cut loose altogether from the German nation, and made over a free-will offering to France! The German monarchs, at the peace of 1815, had the power in their own hands, and could have again brought the pleasant Alsace into its ancient circle of Germanity. But the subtle Metternich dreaded the quick liberal leaven which had become active in Alsace, and had rather ten times that it was flung to the ancient enemy and desolator of Germany, than be included as a too-active member in the Allemannic Body.

For the same reason Baden, which belonged of right to the House of Bavaria, was carefully separated by this far-seeing and Arch-Master of Machiavelian policy. Bavaria and Baden one powerful realm, and the great and liberalized Rhine States in juxta-position, what an unwelcome counterbalance would there have been in South Germany to the freezing influence of Austria and Prussia! If all the threats and the influence of these persons have not been able to put down the daring spirit of the Representative Chamber of little Baden, which in its loud and incessant demand of its constitutional rights has set a noble example to the rest of Germany, what would they have availed against so great a combination of freedom-asserting states?

Such is the state of Germany,—held, as I have shown, bound hand and foot in the most intricate

and jealous bonds of political slavery by tyrants who, from the arbitrary and unnatural dragging together of the materials of their realms, are setting themselves on so many barrels of gunpowder. So long as they can maintain peace, they may maintain their own ascendancy over a deceived and yet too-pliant people; but let war once burst out anywhere in Europe, and their whole artificial police will go to pieces like an avalanche, that wants but smiting with one flash of sunshine, and it will descend in thunder from its place. The elements of an active effervescence are, as we have seen, widely at work within their borders; but if the mischief does not, as it probably will not, burst forth from within, we have only to look without, to assure ourselves that peril is at hand. Here is France, revolutionary France, constantly striving towards a condition of republican freedom, yet so checked and restrained by the king of their own choice, the king, not of France, but of the French, that, says the *Reformé*, “there are at this moment in France, this ancient land of liberty, twenty-seven editors of newspapers confined in prison. Since 1830, journalism has paid 7,500,000 francs in fines, and incurred judgments amounting to imprisonment for one hundred and eighty-four years and ten months.”

Such is the liberty of the press in France. The French smart under two recollections—the loss of their internal liberty, and that of their military renown.—Waterloo and King Louis Philippe lie

both heavily upon them; and the decease of that monarch will most probably see them rise once more in irresistible excitement, and not only fill France with their effervescence, but overflow into Germany. Then will the German princes be compelled to put themselves on the defensive, and will find that they have still more enemies in their rear than their front, in their own camp than in that of France. Thousands and tens of thousands in Germany long for such a crisis as that of national rescue. They regard the German monarchs as kept in peace only by their salutary fears. When the French assisted the Belgians to throw off the yoke of Holland, and stormed Antwerp—the German Bund protested against it, yet lay perfectly still. Thiers menaced the Rhine country, and though the German princes talked loud, and held great reviews, they did not march a foot towards the frontiers. That, said their advocates, was because they are peaceably disposed: to which their enemies add, Yes, and wisely, for war to them, they well know, must be a double game,—they must at once encounter foreign and domestic foes.

But England, as well as France and Germany, is in the steady progress of political effervescence. Every day the people are growing more sensible of both their rights and wrongs, and more clamorous for redress; while their government, like those of France and Germany, is daily meeting the demand by a closer and more determined coer-

cion. In all the great nations of Europe the same contest is going on between the principles of despotism and of popular freedom. Every where the rulers seem dead to the signs of the times, seem designed by Providence to bring arbitrary power into the full measure of its deserved odium, by shewing how blind and unrelenting it is, the more the people's eyes and minds become opened to observe it. It seems designed that the people of all Europe shall be taught impressively that none but a popular government, one, the reins of which the people themselves really hold, will ever rule for the people, consult their just wishes, and govern really for the sake of the general good. Vast armies and vast bodies of police, at present, hold all still: but let one single peg in the great European machine give way, let the King of the French die, let a bad harvest occur in England, and we may one day go to bed in peace and awake in revolution. But wherever the spark of explosion falls, it matters little—the train stretches throughout all Europe, the materials of combustion are thickly strewn every where, and the change will go like wild-fire throughout the civilised world. If we call to mind what was the universal effect in all European countries of the French Revolution of 1830, we may form some faint idea of what the next electric shock will produce. For the horrors which will arise those governments will be accountable, which with a mad infatuation have resisted all timely

warnings, and made no concessions to the spirit of the age; the good which may arise out of the ruin, the people will owe to their own prudence and temperance, if they are happy enough to preserve those divine qualities. That will be the time which will put to the proof how far real political wisdom and practical philosophy have advanced, not only in Germany, but amongst ourselves.

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As this sheet goes to press, a number of German newspapers coming to hand, enable me to give a striking example of the politically insane condition of the King of Prussia. I have alluded to the case of Ferdinand Freiligrath. Here is one of the poems which alarmed Prussia, with its half million of soldiers. To decide whether this poem might see the light unmutilated, the High Court of Chief Censorship held its sitting in Berlin, on the 13th of February, in which no less grave and dignified personages than the Actual Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice and Secretary of State, the President Bornemann, and the members, Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice Zettwach, Privy Upper Counsellor of Justice Goeschel, Privy Upper Tribunal's Counsellor Ulrich, Privy Government's Counsellor Aulicke, Actual Counsellor of Legation Graf von Schlieffen, Professor von Lanciolle, and Privy Finance Counsellor von Obstfelder, sate in

deep deliberation,—on what? to consider whether this poem might, without danger to the realm, be published entire; and decided that it could not, without the omission of the two lines here given in italics. The poem, of course, appeared without the lines in Prussia, but was immediately published with them in Hamburg. It must be amusing to Englishmen to see out of what trifles tyrants create the bugbears that break their rest; and what a lunatic the King of Prussia has become, attempting to shut out of his kingdom that light which immediately bursts in from all sides,—from Hamburg, Switzerland, France, and England. The unfortunate man should abandon the eagle as the symbol of Prussia, and adopt that of the ostrich sticking its head in the ground. The forbidden lines were pronounced a libel on the King's brother-in-law, the Czar of Russia,—the Steppengeier, or Tartar Eagle.

ON MANHOOD'S TREE SPRINGS CROWDING  
FLOWER ON FLOWER.

On manhood's tree springs crowding flower on flower;  
By an eternal law they wave thereon.  
As here one withereth in its final hour,  
There springs another full and glorious one.  
An ever coming and an ever going—  
And never for one hour a sluggish stand!  
We see them burst,—to earth then see them blowing,  
And every blossom is a Folk—a Land!



We who yet wander with young feet this wo-land,  
 Already have seen many crushed and dying ;  
*The Tartar eagle tore the Rose of Poland*  
*Before our eyes, and grimly left it lying.*  
 Through Spain's green foliage, sternly on her way  
 History storms onward—shall she fall then thus?  
 Shall not another realm's long, dank decay  
 Be blown and scattered o'er the Bosphorus !

Yet near to these which the world-spirit's motion  
 Shakes from the bough with its resistless might—  
 Others we see full of young life's commotion  
 Clear-eyed and joyous pressing towards the light.  
 Ah, what a budding! what a rich unfolding!  
 What thronging germs in young wood and in old!  
 How many buds have burst for our beholding—  
 How many crackle loud and full, and bold !

And Germany's rich bud too, God be praised  
 Stirs on the stem!—It seems to bursting nigh,—  
 Fresh, as when Hermann on its beauty gazed—  
 Fresh, as when Luther from the Wartburg high.  
 An ancient growth!—with life still proudly teeming,—  
 Still yearning towards the genial sunbeams ever—  
 Still ever spring—still aye of freedom dreaming—  
 O shall the bud become a blossom never? .

Yea, with full chalice—if our care but tendeth  
 That which with joy and freedom doth expand—  
 Provided that which bounteous Nature sendeth  
 We lop not as wild shoots with savage hand.  
 Provided that we let no mildew cling  
 To the young leaves—a canker many-sided—  
 Provided brand and sheers away we fling—  
 Provided—yes, I only mean—provided!

Thou at whose touch the flowers unfold their glory,  
O breath of spring, on us too warmly blow!  
Thou who the germs of nations ope'st in story,  
O breath of Freedom—on this pour thy glow!  
Thy stillest, deepest sanctuary under,  
O kiss it into fragrant splendour free;  
Lord God in Heaven! what a Flower of Wonder  
One day shall Germany all peerless be!

On manhood's tree spring crowding flower on flower;  
By an eternal law they wave thereon;  
As here one withereth in its final hour,  
There springs another full and glorious one.  
An ever coming and an ever going—  
And never for one hour a sluggish stand!  
We see them burst,—to earth then see them blowing,  
And every blossom is a Folk—a Land!

*Ferdinand Freiligrath.*

## CHAPTER X.

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NATIONAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY; ITS OBJECT AND EFFECTS; VIEWED WITH REFERENCE TO NATIONAL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

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VAST standing armies—every man, as in Prussia, converted into a soldier; other standing armies of police,—troops of gens-d’armes,—other standing armies of officials,—an active army of censors, or literary policemen,—a stupendous system of government patronage and employment,—a terrible inquisition,—a system of secret courts and trials; all this array of machinery on the part of government it might have been imagined, would have proved enough to satisfy the jealousy of the German governments, of their secure enthrallment of so passive a people. But as the chapter of political poets demonstrates, this is not the case. There is an old proverb to be found in almost every country, “Tread on a worm, and it will turn again.” There is no people so utterly drilled and trained to the purposes of a government, which now-a-days, amid the growing intelligence, and the active political

spirit of the world, will not still be found to have a considerable portion of spirits amongst it, who kick at their prison bars, and call on their fellow men like Satan to his hosts—

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!

The close neighbourhood of restless France—the growing intercourse with the free spirit and free literature of England,—the nearer acquaintance through the vast amount of emigration to that continent which has established a sort of colony and second Germany in the United States of America; and through growing commercial relations, all this rendered it impossible to keep out the light and the leaven of freedom altogether. If knowledge then *would* come in, there was but one remedy, and that was to prepare the ground for it, in such a manner as to neutralize its arousing effects. The mode of preparation, as I have already observed, was thousands of years ago suggested by king Solomon, “Bring up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” The way that the German governments wanted the public to go, it had pretty well indicated. It was therefore, as I have stated in the chapter on the Political Poets, a master-piece of Metternich’s policy to take the bull by the horns, and set about bending the twig of the public mind in infancy to the purposes of despotism; “teaching the young idea to shoot” up

in the form that all the previous institutions of the Germanic paternal governments demonstrated to be the desired one. The plan commenced in Austria, was speedily adopted in Prussia, and carried out with the regular systematizing spirit of the Prussian government, into the most complete practical scheme imaginable; and thence it not only became imitated and diffused all over the rest of Germany, but, through the medium of Cousin's account of it, excited the most lively attention in England. The feeling which had long been existent in the public mind, and of late years had rapidly developed itself, that a more general extension of education was requisite amongst our working classes, took from this flattering account of what was doing in Prussia, a wonderful excitement. It was rung from side to side of the island, that Germany was outstepping us in the race of knowledge; that the flame was spreading, and would spread, all over the continent; that we were the last in the race of nations; and that our neglect of the *people* in the matter of information was a national disgrace.

In this there was, as is always the case on such occasions, much that was true, and much that was untrue. Our *people* needed a more general extension of the benefits of education; they had a right to it—when it was considered what the people, the most active, the most industrious—and, spite of the want of education, the most intelligent people in the world, had done, by their incessant labours

and ingenuity, for the wealth of the whole community. It was true too, that Prussia had hit on a most thorough scheme to convey a *certain* education to every individual of its population; that that scheme did all that Prussia wanted; but it was not thought necessary to inquire what this scheme really *did* effect; and whether the scheme itself was consistent with our free constitution, or was practicable with our very different state of opinions and temper in religion, in politics, and the very being of our minds, moulded to a life, activity, and independence, by ages of self-exertion and manly resistance to all despotic attempts of government, to something the very antipodes of German apathy and waxlike pliancy.

In our eager enthusiasm, in our national pride and jealousy lest we should be outdone in the glorious cause of national intelligence, we leapt over a mighty gulf, and called at once for an impossibility, most happily an impossibility, and for a horrible nuisance in the disguise of a national blessing. The public enthusiasm kindled of itself, and thus, as is certain to such a state of mind, not pausing to examine with sufficient accuracy that which was recommended to its notice, was also whenever it was inclined to cool, again excited and hurried on by the florid declamations and eulogiums of certain *Education-mongers*, who were very sensibly looking out for a Board of Education Commissioners, and a snug birth therein, each with their 800*l.*

a year. The indefatigable exertions of this class of agitators, and a very numerous one it is, backed by the just and general feeling that a popular education was a popular and national right, urged on the question till it came to a parliamentary discussion, and till government began the grand attempt of shaping out of the Prussian clay brought over, a model for the national instruction of the English people.

Here, thanks to Providence and the true English spirit, every model that the plastic hands of Lord John Russell, or Sir James Graham, or any other political artist could fashion, was knocked all to atoms by public indignation the moment it was seen. It was then found that we were *English* and not *Prussians*, from whom they had to work and model. That we had our sturdy opinions, political and religious, our jealousies, our antipathies, our pugnacious dislike to everything like being squeezed into one government mould and shape; and still more of putting our children to school under the bigotry and tenacity of the state clergy, who had never taken any pains to conceal their contempt for us, or their notions that every dissenter was an enemy and a thief to the good motherly establishment.

This was seen, and a wonderful illumination and revulsion of feeling was the consequence. The "Factory Education Bill" of last year did infinite service to the cause of sound sense and reason on

the subject of a GOVERNMENT EDUCATION. The fate of the question is decided for ever. The thing wanted by interested parties—a GOVERNMENT EDUCATION of the people of England, will never be obtained. The great and enlightened body of Dissenters are become convinced of this, nay, the very Church itself is convinced of the vain attempt to drive all the young lambs of England into a state fold, to be by them there clipped and branded as their own flock. *The thing is done, thank God for it!* The people of England are saved from the greatest danger of falling, by their generous and eager zeal for the enlightenment of the people, into the most fatal snare of political craft which ever was invented. They are now put on the right track, that of doing for themselves what no government can do for them. They are now setting to work heartily to educate the working class; each religious body forms its own funds, and according to its own fashion. The Church has raised its 150,000*l.* and talks confidently of its 400,000*l.*; the Methodists have resolved on their 200,000*l.* And other Dissenters are doing the like. It may be taken for granted that *Government* will never again be asked to educate the people. The *people* will educate the *people*. The spirit of mutual emulation is worth ten government spirits, and ten thousand Government Commissioners living on that wealth which should pay schoolmasters.

But there is yet much which may be done to



throw light on this great and most important subject. It is at present seen rather that the question of a government education is impracticable, from the religious or rather dogmatical difficulties on English ground, than that a government education, if it could be carried, would be, instead of the greatest blessing, the greatest curse that could be inflicted on the country. It wants yet to be known fully and fairly what this Prussian system is, that certain persons are so anxious to introduce amongst us. What are its real objects, its real effects; and how totally incapable it is of being transplanted hither; how undesirable that it should be. To arrive at a clear and settled conviction on this subject, we must first have a real knowledge of what is the state of German political institutions, and what the state of the public mind under them,—what is really the comparative state of *real* education between the working classes of Germany and our own. I have, therefore, in these pages laid open the real condition of the German people in the hands of their governments, and I have asked, and now ask again, is this a people for us to imitate? Is it from such a people that we are to copy, without most cautious investigation, social and political institutions? We, a free people, shall we voluntarily suffer ourselves by degrees to be enslaved by police, by boards of commissioners, and above all, by a government nursery institution for moulding all our working classes into passive obedience?

Before I went to Germany, when I heard of the King of Prussia establishing a system of universal popular education, I thought he must be mad, or dreadfully short-sighted! What, I asked, will this monarch have at once a military despotism and an educated and enlightened people? The things are incompatible! The knowledge will break the arms, and overturn the arbitrary power of the monarch. But I had not been long in that country when I perceived that, on the contrary, this was the most subtle measure, founded on the knowledge of those with whom he had to deal, that ever was devised. The more I saw of this system and its effects, the more I resolved on my return to make known what these really were. On my return, however, I was agreeably surprised to find I had been in some degree anticipated by Mr. Laing, in his "Notes of a Traveller," and that the light which he had cast on the matter had been made good use of by the press, in the discussion of the "Factory Education Bill" question. Mr. Laing, like other travellers, has fallen into some ludicrous errors, which would have stared him strongly in the face had he remained to become a *resident*.

He astonishes us with a relation of *German students* begging on the highways; particularly one at Bonn, and adds, that at Bonn, Heidelberg, etc., nothing is more common than to see *students begging!*

Now these are mistakes of a *traveller*. Had

Mr. Laing become a resident he would have been the first to correct these mistakes himself. I have lived three years in Heidelberg, and have spent some time in most of the University towns of Germany; but so far from ever seeing a student begging, I know that the thing is impossible, and such an assertion immediately excites the laughter of every one really acquainted with German society. There was a time in this country when *Oxford* students might be plentifully found begging all over the country; but you would now just as soon find an *Oxford* student as a German student begging on the highway. The young men whom Mr. Laing mistook for students were the *Handwerks-Burschen*. It is a mistake which English often make when they are new to the country.

I notice these errors here because, though not belonging strictly to this Chapter, they are too striking to be entirely passed over in a volume of German experiences; and moreover, to shew that, though far from taking Mr. Laing's evidence on German affairs generally, I must testify for him that he has perceived the real nature of the Prussian educational system.

He gives us a very just view of the passive spirit of the German people, and yet gravely tells us, "That the great proof of the deteriorating working of the Prussian educational system upon the public mind is, that the public mind lay torpid and unmoved when the religious establishments of

the Protestant churches were abolished by royal edict, and a third thing—a new Prussian Church, neither Lutheran nor Calvinistic—was set up and imposed,” etc. Page 176.

This is, in fact, putting the cart very curiously before the horse; taking an effect for a cause. So far, indeed, from the apathy of the Prussian public in regard to the amalgamation of the Lutheran Church with what is called the Reformed Evangelical Church, being a proof of the deteriorating influence of the Prussian educational system, the system itself, its adoption and working, is a most striking proof of the pliancy and passive obedience to which the steady exercise of despotic government for ages has brought the public mind in Germany. Let any one who has perused these pages recal in his mind the singular mechanism of despotic institutions by which the whole political and social movement of the German public is held fast and guided by the government, and he will need no reminding that the government system of national education, which is comparatively a new thing, could not be guilty of establishing the passive state of feeling which allowed the crushing together of the churches, but that it is another and cunning instrument, added to the multitude before at work, for confirming and perpetuating beyond all hope of remedy this deplorable state of national spirit.

As to the true character, object, value, and prac-

tical results of the government system of education, however, Mr. Laing has a true conception of them, and deserves well of his country for his able and candid exposition of them.

“Truly,” says he, “much humbug has been played off by literary men—unwittingly, no doubt, for they themselves were sincere dupes—upon the pious and benevolent feelings of the European public, with regard to the excellence of the Prussian educational system. They have only looked at the obvious, almost mechanical means of diffusing instruction, viz: schools for teaching the people to read and write, and have, in their estimates and recommendation of the means, altogether overlooked the all-important circumstance that, if these means are not in free action, they will not produce the end—the moral and religious improvement of the people; and that the almost mechanical arts of reading and writing may be acquired with as little moral, religious, and intellectual improvement as the manual and platoon exercise. In their admiration of the wheels and machinery, these literary men have forgotten to look under the table, and see what kind of web all this was producing. Who could suppose, while reading pamphlets, reviews, and literary articles out of number on national education, and on the beautiful system, means, and arrangements adopted by Prussia for educating the people, and while lost in admiration in the educational labyrinth of country schools and town

schools, common schools and high schools, real schools and classical schools, gymnasia, progymnasia, normal schools, seminaries, universities—who could suppose that with all this education, no use of education is allowed; that while reading and writing are enforced upon all, thinking, and the communication of thoughts, are prevented by an arbitrary censorship of the press?" etc.

It is quite true that much humbug, and perhaps unconscious humbug, has been practised on the English public on this subject; yet these remarks do not go quite to the root of the matter. It requires to be pointed out and made plain to the public mind, that clever as is the arrangement and classification of schools for the different classes of society in Germany, this has no practical merit whatever, so far as concerns us. *We* want merely schools for the working classes, and therefore, all the long array and gradation of schools existing in Germany, and detailed here, is for us of no value whatever. The free spirit of England and private interests will never permit government here, as in Germany, to take charge of, regulate, and enforce the education of *every* class of the community. All that the most sanguine advocates of the German system have ever contended for, is the introduction of the lowest class of schools, those for the working classes. And, in the next place, to tell us that this system in Prussia is an absurdity, because while this education is given, the

practical application of it is forbidden, is to tell us little, because the application of it in England would not, and could not, be forbidden or restricted. The whole system would be placed on a different ground, under different circumstances, and must and would produce different fruits. That is not the real danger. It is rather, as regards ourselves, as I have myself already stated on different occasions, and as is well stated here, that this system "*is the government of functionarism and despotism united, endeavouring to perpetuate itself by turning the education of the people, and the means of living of a great body of civil functionaries placed over them, into a machinery for its own support,*" p. 233.

Here indeed lies one of the grand truths that require our serious attention, in discussing the question of a national education, and to which I will speedily advert. But first to clear our ground, let us take another passage from Mr. Laing.

"The social value, or importance of the Prussian arrangements for diffusing national scholastic education, has been evidently overrated; for now that the whole system has been in the fullest operation in society upon a whole generation, we see morals and religion in a more unsatisfactory state in this very country than in almost any other in the north of Europe. We see nowhere a people in a more abject political and civil condition, or with less free agency in their social economy," p. 230.

This is also perfectly true; but it may justly

be said, that it is true only of national education under these particular circumstances. It is proper to look the thing fully in the face, and state from what causes this peculiar working of the system arises, and how the same system would work under quite other circumstances ;—that is, so far as we are concerned, how it would work on British ground, under British institutions, amid the influences of British spirit on the mind of that large class of the British public for which it is intended, with the present state of preparation, intellectual habits, and character of that class. To ascertain this, let us draw the necessary comparisons and conclusions on the clear ground of a fresh chapter.



## CHAPTER XI.

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HOW WOULD THE PRUSSIAN SYSTEM OF POPULAR  
EDUCATION OPERATE IN ENGLAND?

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THE grand fact, that the Prussian system of popular education is almost totally destitute of personal, intellectual, and moral effect, I stated in my "Rural and Social Life of Germany." I simply and briefly there stated the causes, and supported my assertions by extracts from the absurd books still chiefly read by the rural population educated on this plan. Mr. Laing has made the like statements, and drawn the like conclusions. Mr. Bisset Hawkins, in his comprehensive account of the statistics of Germany, a work not less distinguished for its careful research than for its fair, moderate, and impartial character, after giving a very lucid detail of the whole Prussian educational system, concludes with these remarks:—

“After this compact and pleasing picture of the Prussian system of public education, it is natural to inquire into the results which it has actually produced. On this subject I find it impossible to produce any satisfactory authority. It is in vain

to seek for results in the works of those who have only studied the plan in its programme, and in decrees, and who have not looked into the farmhouse, the barrack, the manufactory, and the cottage, for the measure of its realization.

“Let me not be understood to speak with disrespect of a noble attempt to advance humanity. I only maintain that such measures are to be tested by their operation on the mass of society, and that in appreciating political experiments, we are not merely to analyse them upon paper. An admirable feature of it is the reverence which it encourages for the Christian religion. I am the last person to attach much weight to my own observations, but in default of the remarks of others, I have not succeeded in discovering that the Prussian peasant or citizen is better informed or more moral than his neighbours. His manners are not superior, nor does he appear to solace his hours of leisure, more than others, with study or books. But the formation of character is so continually blended in Prussia with the military system, which converts every man into a soldier, for a certain period of his life, that it is difficult to ascertain the respective share which is to be ascribed to the various elements which combine to mould the individual. The most intelligent and best-informed peasantry in Europe has appeared to me to be the Scotch, while the Austrian rustic is, perhaps, the happiest.”—pp. 328—29.

From this concurrent testimony, a testimony which every impartial and intelligent Englishman would, while he wondered at the fact, confirm on observation, the Prussian national education produces no obvious result. It does not increase the intelligence, it does not quicken the moral, the religious, the political feeling of the great mass of the working class.

The causes of this are two. The previous state of the mind and intellect of that class, and the restrictive powers of government. On a *prima facie* view of the case, one would be inclined to assert that no government, however arbitrary and strong, could check, and in fact render perfectly abortive the influences of education. This was my impression before going to Germany; but, as I have observed, I then saw that the Prussian government knew better. It knew that a people might by the long operative agency of government be rendered so passive, sluggish, and inert, that a certain portion of instruction might be administered without any danger of actually awakening the mind, and also with the certain effect of bending that mind irrevocably to the bias of that system.

The German working class is nine-tenths of it an agricultural class. It is, moreover, a class of small proprietors, who all, feeling a naturally lively interest in their own property, work—men, women, and children—upon it, so as to leave little leisure for reading, reflection, or inquiry. The possession of

this property also gives a totally different character to poverty in that country to what it bears in ours. The prevalence of agricultural pursuits, the absence in most parts of manufactures, and the healthy, active life of the infancy of manufactures where they do exist, combine with this possession of small sections of land, to render such a mass of indigent people as we see together in England, totally unknown and almost inconceivable. Poverty in England, where the poor possess nothing but their hands, and exist under a dreadfully forcing system of high rents and taxation, is a perpetual gnawing and heart ache. It is an everlasting wrestling with care and anxiety. But the poverty of the German working class is an easy and care-free poverty. Poor as may be the support of the whole family, it is a *certain* support. It is liable to few fluctuations. It depends on no one else but the family itself. It is the perpetual produce of a fixed heritage, and from this cause the great stimulus to mental activity is wanting. The German peasant, or artizan, can live with such ease and freedom from harassing cares, that he becomes, to a degree, with all his plodding industry, inert of mind; and presents the finest proof in the world, that the mere possession of reading, writing, and arithmetic, are a mechanical possession, and do not necessarily in the least stir the faculties or awake a craving for knowledge. It is one thing, as Mr. Bisset Hawkins observes, to study a plan of education in its programme and

its decrees, and another to observe its effects in the workshops, the cottage, and the farm-house. I have studied it in the latter places, and find it a nullity. The schools which succeed best are those higher ones which prepare the young gentry for the universities, and the shop class for their trade. But no government in England would be allowed to interfere with the education of these classes, and it is precisely in these classes that governments in Germany find themselves at all alarmed at the effects of their education, and are most anxiously employed in neutralizing or counteracting those effects. This they do partly by the restrictions, the rewards, the official provisions and honours, that we have already spoken of. Yet with all this they cannot entirely quench the spirit of liberty in these classes.

It has been the fashion of certain parties in England to abuse and ridicule the German students for their peculiar college habits. Their dress, their singing, and drinking toasts to liberty. This is the result of the deep ignorance of the real state of things which prevails on this side of the water. The blame belongs not to the students, but to the governments. There it ought to be laid, and there it cannot be too vehemently denounced. For my part, I have never ceased, and never shall do, at whatever cost of abuse, to represent the German students, with all their extravagance, as amongst the most estimable class in Germany. In private life I have always found these young men most

gentlemanly, accomplished, agreeable, and unassuming. Without any desire to palliate what is bad in their system of college life, it is but just to say that its worst features have been much exaggerated, and the blame laid on the wrong shoulders. The drinking is really that of *small beer*. The duelling, again, is merely fencing under another name. The youths might be much better employed, that is certain, but they are so defended with a sort of leathern armour, that they rarely can be hurt, except they get a cut on the cheek, as a mark of their folly. In their ordinary duels such a thing as a death is rarely known. More Englishmen, and men of mature years, and with families too, shoot one another with pistols in any one year, than there are German students killed in their duelling in any one century. Often as I have seen these exhibitions, *I have never yet seen blood drawn*. I once introduced a clergyman, the brother-in-law of the Bishop of London, to a sight of this duelling, at his particular request. There were six duels fought while we were present, in which four swords were broken, but not a scratch given! "Is that the duelling," exclaimed the clergyman, "of which we have heard such horrid accounts? Why, it is perfectly ridiculous!"

In the matter of national liberty and liberal opinion, however, how striking is the balance in favour of the students. On all occasions the German students have stood for liberty. They stood

by Luther. They stood by the Protestant cause in the Thirty Years' War to the death. They stood by their country in the expulsion of Napoleon and the French. Were it not for the youthful effervescence of their spirit of freedom, freedom itself would long ago in that country have ceased to exist; to have lost its only living evidence of ever having existed. As to their extravagances and drinking,—who, let us ask again, are, in fact, really to blame? The Government! The Government could in any one day put down the whole of the peculiar student-life of Germany as they put down the Burschenschaft, by simply declaring that no young man connected with a club should ever receive office. But, on the contrary, and it is a black fact in the history of nations, *the German governments are the sole cause of the existence of this system. It is their act and work. They have positively prevented the abolition of the system. They carefully encourage and maintain it.* They know that had the students lost this sort of club life and its excitement, they would speedily turn their eyes on the enslaved and degraded state of their country, and plunge boldly into politics. After the expulsion of the French from Germany, the students, as I shall presently shew, made a glorious effort to throw off this system of club life, and to adopt instead of it the most ennobling and religious practices, and what was the fact? They were violently forced back on this old system, and deprived of

every resource, but their drinking, singing, and fighting! But last year, again, the more sensible and reflecting portion of the students in various universities set on foot a plan to wean their fellows from club life. They entered into associations, called *Lesevereins*, or reading societies, for mental amusement and improvement, in opposition to the drinking and duelling system,—and what was the result? Government orders, in every state where these praiseworthy associations appeared, were speedily issued, that they should be abandoned; and the whole body of students were thrown back on this course of life for which they have been so much condemned abroad. To this hour these reading societies are most jealously prohibited; and whenever they shew themselves in Berlin, in Leipsic, in Heidelberg, in Göttingen, in Halle, everywhere, they are constantly put down; the leaders in these matters being banished from the universities, that is, ruined for ever. Are these young men then the juster objects of pity or censure? They are objects of the truest commiseration and commendation, while the governments are the real objects of the most unmitigated censure.

It was justly said the other day by a German gentleman, who feels for the condition of his country, that the treatment of the students by the present monarchs of Germany, the disgraceful breach of all promise to them, as well as to the country at large, after they had so gloriously exerted themselves



for the rescue of these Princes from their French conqueror, the crushing of every plan of moral reform which they attempted, of every noble sentiment, the forcing of them back on their old system of drinking and duelling, was one of the most outrageous sins against virtue and human nature that ever was perpetrated by callous tyranny from the foundation of the world. It is, indeed, a crime over which every lover of the noblest aspirations of youth, and of the onward progress of nations, might weep tears of blood. Let the fiercest weight of indignation then fall on the real criminals, and let the brave students themselves receive the sympathy that is justly their due.

As I have already said, not only did the students of Germany stand for the good cause in all ages, but in the last War of Liberation, in the last grand national arising to expel the enemy from their native land, they were amongst the most ardent and beautiful of the deliverers. At the Battle of the Nations before Leipsic, they fought like lions, and in the front. On the great march after the retreating foe, when the whole population seemed to pour itself out after it, there were none so fleet, so alert, so joyous, and so gallant as the students. They proved then that all their songs and toasts to liberty were not the mere noise and foam of idle and boasting hours. They did deeds worthy of the heroes of the most heroic ages. They fought and fell as freely, and as exultingly, as they had sung

the song of the Fatherland. Far a-head of millions, hanging on the closest rear of the hated enemy, was seen one brave and devoted band—it was the gymnastic troop of the dauntless, the patriotic Jahn. Long before, long ere the spirit of Germany was roused, when the proud foot of Napoleon stood in the heart of the empire, and on the very necks of the fallen Princes, where he picked out with searching eye, every prominent patriot for disgrace or death. Then had Jahn preached from his school chair, resistance to the tyrant, and freedom or death to the empire. He had gathered into his school every brave beating heart of the youth around him. He had told them that if ever they meant to achieve the freedom of Germany, and retrieve its lost honour, they must arouse themselves from sloth and effeminacy. They must practise temperance, moral purity, and physical exercises, to endow them with vigour and activity. He had erected his gymnastic school; and while he gave to their frames pliancy and hardihood, he breathed into their spirits the most imperishable love of liberty, of honour, and of native land. By his “*Teutsches Volksthum*,” he sounded abroad, from end to end of Germany, the same great and indomitable spirit. The flame caught, and spread—it kindled in every German university; and morals, religion, patriotism, and gymnastics became everywhere the sacred practice of the youth, founded on their sacred hope of working out the salvation of their country.

The great day of opportunity came. The battle of Leipsic was fought. There was a loud call by the Princes to arms. Gloriously did the students answer to the cry. They were promised by all the Princes, as the price of victory over their foe—a liberty, a constitutional liberty worthy of Germany and Christianity. From every university poured forth the youth in glowing enthusiasm—far a-head of them went Jahn and his band. The armies returned to Germany with shouts, and the pealing music of trumpets. The band of Jahn had shrunk into a mere shadow—into a little, very little troop—it had been cut to pieces in its daring onslaughts on the foe. The greater portion of the young heroes, of the inspired boys of Jahn, had fallen in the field; and yet happy indeed were they, compared with those who returned! These returned to the bitterest fate. They came back with hearts burning with the victories achieved, and the reward of liberty to come. But it never did come! The traitors who had promised never performed. They had got rid of *one* tyrant, and now resolved to erect themselves into a *legion*. They refused all demands for constitutional rights. They trod even on the very hearts of their rescuers. They flung cold water on the flames of patriotism, which had consumed their oppressors. Everywhere the noblest spirits were treated as the worst of men. Instead of freedom, they were now promised chains and dungeons as their reward.

Never, in the history of mankind, did a more beautiful and Christian spirit animate the whole student youth of a nation. They maintained everywhere their gymnastic schools; they practised the strictest morality; they framed associations to put down all duelling and drinking; they breathed the most religious spirit. The songs sung by the Burschenschaft of that period are not more distinguished for their great poetical power, and their ardent spirit of patriotism, than for their fine religious faith. In their great song—Das Grosse Lied—they exclaimed—

Yes! liberty in love  
Shall yet be glorified;  
Faith shall approve itself  
In glorious deeds.

As the free cloud from ocean rises,  
Humanity shall from the people rise;  
Where right and liberty prevail,  
In human nature, the divine unfold.

*Free translation by Mrs. Follen.*

When these glad hopes were crushed by the perjured Princes, they dispersed their Burschenschaft with the same Christian spirit. They say, alluding to this Union—

We builded ourselves a house, stately and fair,  
And there in God confided, spite tempest, storm, and care.

\* \* \* \*

What God laid upon us was misunderstood;  
Our unity excited mistrust e'en in the good.

\* \* \* \*

Our ribbon is severed, of black, red, and gold,  
Yet God has it permitted, who can his will unfold?  
Then let the house perish! what matters its fall?  
The soul yet lives within us, and God's the strength of all!

The spirit which animated the forsworn Princes was as despicable as that of the youth was noble. They put down the schools of gymnastics, seized the very machinery, even that of Jahn himself, who had played so conspicuous a part in the drama of their liberation, and never allowed him a penny for it. They imprisoned and persecuted him. They have done it to this very day, when the old man, ruined by the government, is, I believe maintained by a subscription amongst the better spirits of his country. But they persecuted not alone him, but the whole host of patriots who had aided them to drive out the French. These were pursued from city to city wherever they took refuge by the orders and the emissaries of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. They fled to Switzerland, to France,—nowhere were they safe. Some escaped to America, some to England, and other countries. What a constellation of noble spirits was thus dispersed by the breath of despotism into a scattered remnant of unhappy fugitives; Arndt, the Follens, Börne, Forster, etc. etc. Many were crushed into indigent insignificance—many were swallowed up by secret dungeons, such as those of Austria, which Silvio Pellico has described. But if any

one will know what sort of men these were, of which the studentdom of Germany was at that time composed, what they did, and what they suffered, they have only to read the most interesting life of Charles Follen, now published by his wife. So far as the students of Germany are at present concerned, they are, as we have seen, forced back by the Princes of Germany, the most shameless and disgraceful set of tyrants, who ever held the panting heart of humanity under their cloven feet, into this barbarous system of drinking and duelling, for which the unhappy young men themselves have been so unjustly blamed. They are actually left by these Princes without any other resource, either physical or intellectual. They are not allowed to practise gymnastics, lest they should turn their adroitness against their oppressors. They are not allowed to have reading societies, on the wretched plea, that they would there *read those newspapers* which they now can see on every hotel table where they daily dine.

When the oaks and flowers wither  
In the wasting, parching sun,  
When the people are but shadows,  
And the land a grave for men;  
When tyrannic power presses  
Like a nightmare on the land,  
Then no little bird can sing  
His heartsome freedom-song.  
When the streams are changed to marshes,  
And when all the hills and fountains

Send forth only poisonous vapours,  
 And the merry fishes die,  
 And the toads and vermin fatten,—  
 Then the lightnings must descend,  
 And the angry tempests roar,  
 That mankind may rise from shadows,  
 That the day may dawn from night!

*Free translation from the Great Song.*

How completely it is the case in Germany, that

—— the people are but shadows,  
 And the land a grave for men,

this volume will amply, I trust, shew. That which has made the country what it is,—the nightmare of the most hateful description that ever sate on the souls of enlightened men,—has also made German student-life what it is. What sort of men are crushed, or wronged, or compelled to shroud their indignant thoughts from the light, or to flee into distant lands, may be seen in Charles Follen, who made himself a great name in America as the friend of Channing and of mankind, and whose “Great Song” is perhaps the finest thing which has issued, in the form of poetry, for twenty years from the press of Germany. It has all the fire and the genius of Shelley, and shews us that if America had not found in Follen a great preacher, she would have probably found in him her greatest poet! But to return from the lamentable scene of what the Princes have annihilated in Germany to what exists.

The shop and humble citizen class make good use of their schools. They are the only class in Germany which can be said to be better educated than the parallel class in England; and it is principally amongst this class that the spirit of more active trade, of manufacturing, and of political liberty appears. Everywhere I have found this class extremely well informed, full of zeal for liberty, and of personal integrity. Even in Heidelberg, notorious, as I have shewn, amongst what is called its better classes, for political subserviency, arrogance, and base moral character, this class, wherever I came in contact with it, I found always most manly, upright, and ardent in their aspirations for a freer state of things; and the Baden Chamber of Popular Representatives has of late years distinguished itself by its demands for a free press and free institutions in the highest manner, far beyond all other in Germany.

But the parallel classes in our country, as I have observed, cannot be subjects of government school regulations. They can afford schools of their own, and are too sturdily independent to suffer any government interference with their children. The working classes are the only ones on whom the government experiment could possibly be tried, and on these classes the government system of education in Germany is a decided and notorious failure.

When I have gone amongst the working classes



I have found them all educated to the amount of the government intentions. They could read, write, cast accounts, and sing. But, what more? Nothing. They did not read more than their fathers did before them; the greater part not at all. As children, they went to school till eleven or twelve years of age, but chiefly from six to eleven o'clock in the day, and then had to help in the house or the fields. The parents complained, in many cases, that they learn little when there. A regulation in Prussia is that no master shall teach more than 100 boys; but even in Prussia, in populous villages, this is not and cannot be adhered to, and in other states the whole rising generation of one parish are often crushed into one school in such a manner that the main thing which *can* be learned must be not to tread on one another's toes. When they left school at the legal age, they seldom seemed to open a book afterwards, except round the winter stove, and of the kind mentioned in my chapter on this subject in my "Rural and Social Life of Germany." Their ignorance, compared with that of our country population, even with those who cannot read, was astounding. Their education did not seem to shew the slightest trace of awaking effect on their minds. They vegetated on one spot, and knew little of any other. I have stood with the peasants on a hill top, and that in the neighbourhood of a city too, and found that they had never in their lives been ten miles from home, nor could tell me the names

of the towns and villages in view. They appeared never to have inquired or thought of the matter. They saw the landscape and its scattered plains without an interest about them. And yet these were *not only nationally educated persons, but nationally educated proprietors!*

The savage wildness of the common boys playing in the streets of German towns has perhaps no parallel in Europe; yet all these boys go to the government schools. As you walk along, these boys, who are pelting at one another, will very coolly make a shelter of you, and their fellows will fling their pebbles at them while they stand close under your nose with the most savage recklessness, whether they hit you or not. It is in vain to order them off; and if you strike them they raise a hallabaloo, and the police are upon you. Against English boys at school, they have the utmost rancour; and not only insult them if they can find them alone in the streets, but will fall on them, eight or ten great fellows on one boy, and kick and scratch like cats or monkeys. One of my boys was thus beaten, and had his face literally pealed by seven great fellows before he could rescue himself. Accidents from these Gassenbuben, as they are called, are of frequent occurrence. In Heidelberg, last year, one boy lost an eye and a considerable number of his front teeth from a stone flung by them. An English gentleman living there had his servant's eye knocked up by them, and

when he complained to the police, they replied that “They took no cognizance of boys, he must apply to the parish schoolmaster;” who in the consequent application replied, that “he had only jurisdiction over his boys *in* the school!”

But the worst of all remains behind. While the government education leaves the mind where it found it as to all real enlightenment and awakening, it does not neglect the power which it possesses to bend the young subject early to the yoke of passive obedience. This government influence operates through the whole system, its vigilant eye is always fixed upon it; every parish schoolmaster is under the surveillance of superiors and boards, whose converging lives all terminate in the bureau of an especial minister—the minister of an arbitrary and irresponsible king. So far is every schoolmaster from daring to teach any liberal opinions, on any subject, he has his printed instructions from the royal cabinet to inculcate sedulously, and with all his power reverence to royalty, and implicit obedience to all its injunctions.

Is this the beautiful and eulogised Prussian system? Is this such a system as we would seriously ingraft on our English institutions? Such a system could no more be introduced here, than an order of Chinese mandarins. Thank God, all our indomitable soul of independence—political, moral, religious, intellectual—spurns at the slavish idea. But this system, which produces no results

but of succumbing to any government pressure, would produce strongly different ones here. It would fall into the minds of our working classes, not like an additional drowsiness on a drowsy generation, but like a spark into a train of gunpowder. The mind of our working classes is already quiveringly alive. It is alive through its necessities, alive to oppressions, alive to what it sees, hears, and feels around it. It has existed too long in a free nation, in a struggling and ever-advancing and aspiring nation. It has seen too much of the mighty contentions of mighty powers and parties, between whose clashing battalions it has been often in danger of being crushed, and beneath whose hurrying feet it has not seldom been trodden. It has heard from the broad-sheet—the true flag of British and deathless freedom—the startling watchword of zealous alarm too often read. In the tavern and the news-room, it has found a school-bench and a teacher, when all other schools were closed against it. It has listened too eagerly to the debates of parliament, to the harangues of public meetings, ever to be again *uneducated*, even when it had itself no mechanical power of deciphering a hornbook. In the workshop, in the public street, in the village lane and the village alehouse, the discussion of every principle, religious or political, has been zealously going on for three centuries, and within the last half century far too warmly, for the mind of the working classes

of England not to be deeply learned in that knowledge which is life and power, and which, if books were destroyed and schools burned down, could never be annihilated with them.

Give what education you will to such a population, that is, to a population with its mind wide awake, and some sort of education it *will* have,—if not within the parish school, then in the parish alehouse,—and in the active strife of types with types, paper with paper, and the ragged, but reasoning workman, with his fellow,—give such instruction as you will, and it will go like wildfire. You cannot say to such a people, “thus far shall you go in A. B. C. and no further.” As the German working classes are still *uneducated*, that is, still unawakened, with all their mechanical knowledge of reading and writing, so your working classes are already educated without knowing a letter. Your letters will be only additional tools to work with, spades and picks wherewith to delve in the mines of intelligence; and believe me, they will use them while they have strength and breath.

It is then of a thousand times more consequence what kind of education we give our population, than what the Germans give to theirs. Some ages hence *their* seed, even under the chilling soil of their government system, *may* produce some fruit; yours would produce instant coruscations of flame,

As of a tree on fire by lightning.

Such is the preexisting sensitiveness and excitability

of the British popular mind, especially in the working class, from the stimulus of personal and political causes, that an incalculable amount of good or evil will depend upon the kind of instruction given.

Would you then begin, not by a popular but a government bias? Would you entangle the great question of national instruction at its very outset with the whole bitter and poisonous mass of party, political and ecclesiastical biasses, antipathies, and prejudices? Having seen and felt the mischievous working of a state church, prejudicial, most prejudicial, to the real prosperity of that church itself, would you run headlong, and with your eyes open, into the pitfall of a state education? Would you voluntarily establish a new and most monstrous government influence? Would you put the soft and wax-like minds of the whole body of children of the working class in the British empire under the immediate hand of government, government commissioners, government superintendents, government inspectors, and government schoolmasters?

It would be the most fatal mistake that ever was made by the people of England. Will you say that in this country, give but the people education and they will think for themselves? Look at the spread of Catholicism. Is that the result of thinking? Is that the result of such thinking as you would have expected at the present day? Is that what you would have looked for from the character

of the Catholic church, which, when it was in power, was a church which drenched itself in the blood of Protestantism, and only extirpated the traces of that blood with fire? and which, now that its political power is gone, appeals not to the understandings but to the senses and fancy of its votaries? Catholicism, in this free country, has as much right to exert itself and recommend itself to the public mind as any other form of religion, and no doubt our present Catholics do this most devoutly and sincerely. For myself, I care not of what religious denomination a man is, so that he be a conscientious man, and I am the last person to suppose that Catholics now-a-days would desire to perpetrate the tyrannies of the dark old times; but as a religion, which commands the people to pin its faith on the sleeves of its priests, and to reverence cardinals and popes, as dictators to all others, how it can recommend itself to active, thinking, inquiring, and independent-minded English people? But this phenomenon may be regarded as anomalous; look then at the number of artizans that the tories have led up in Conservative Artizan Societies to vote against the plainest privileges and rights of Englishmen. Look again at the ease with which a government commission, with all its subordinate tools, has fixed on the nation, spite of outcries from all sides, the base and anti-Christian New Poor Law,—a law which is as opposed to the merciful character

and precepts of our Saviour, as a pebble is to a peach, and which laughs at the divine command, "Those whom God has joined let no man put asunder;"—a law characterized by heartlessness in the guise of prudence, and which particularly grinds the widow and the fatherless, as amongst its most distinguished recommendations. Look on these things, and do not imagine that the age of folly, on the one hand, and of mischievous influence, on the other, is over. Even if the public mind *should* be fortunate enough to resist the warping effects of this influence, you would still have that influence mightily at work, hampering, embarrassing, irritating, and benumbing all popular life and free movement. You would have set up a new piece of machinery, spreading itself from the cabinet, however despotic that might be, through all the towns and villages of the kingdom, amongst the whole host of country squires and country schoolmasters. You would have created a bench of commissioners, with all its inspectors and its influences;—another regiment in that army of paid myrmidons, by which our government, in imitation of those which I have in this volume depicted, has long been surrounding itself with means of most effectual power. By these benches of commissioners you set agape the innumerable swarm of men who, in this age and country, look hungrily to government for a post and a pittance, rather than to honest labour or wholesome emigration. We



have already too much of this, and let me shout the warning into the ears of my countrymen, that if they do not check the scheme of these Boards of Commissioners, they will one day most bitterly repent it. They will grow, as they have grown in Germany, into the most impregnable bulwarks of despotism, because they extend their scheming spirit of official employment over a vast surface, and through a vast host of families agape with needy gentility,—for any office that would add the sons to the already overwhelming multitude who swear by the government loaf, to cut and come again themselves, but to turn a most crusty front to all cries for reform.

I trust that I have shewn in the enslaved and abject political condition of our German neighbours the dangers of this tendency to Government intrusion into social institutions. Let us assure ourselves then, once for all, that a NATIONAL EDUCATION in England MUST PROCEED SOLELY FROM THE NATION. That a NATIONAL EDUCATION must be carefully contradistinguished from a GOVERNMENT EDUCATION. Yes, the education of the people must come, as all our other institutions have come, *from the people*. It is the people who in England have done every thing to build up the nation in body and in spirit. It is the people, and not the government, who have created our mighty commerce, our amazing manufactures, who have built our ships, and our shops, and our machinery. It

is the people who have gone out and discovered countries, and founded colonies; the government has only stepped in afterwards to stock them with officers, or to lose them, as it did in America. It is the people, and the money of the people, which have cut our canals and thrown up our railroads, and sent the fiery trains in the magnificence of scientific glory along them. It is the people and its money that have established Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, Peace Societies, Anti-Slavery Societies, Provident Societies, Savings Banks, and all the good and philanthropic associations which distinguish and dignify the English character. It is the English people and its money that have visited the heathen in all their remotest isles and forests, and reared before their eyes the arts and cities of civilized life, and called on them to come to school to learn these arts, and the literature and religion of so great a people. And shall the English people now abandon this glorious and unparalleled career, and adopt that which has enslaved the whole intellectual German race? Shall it, in the only instance, and the most monstrous of all, weakly look to government to do that which it can itself alone do well and soundly? God forbid it, and every sense of prudence and protection forbid it.

And where, indeed, shall the money come from to do this? Has the government got some extraordinary fund for this purpose? No, the govern-

ment has got no money at all. If the government were to undertake the education of the people, it must first take the cash out of the people's pockets; and how could it spend it, how does it spend the people's money? It would first sift out all the gold for its machinery, its commissioners' genteel salaries, its inspectors and superintendents and collectors, and then bestow the small change on the parish schools. Is this a process that the English people would stand gently by to witness? No, the sickly dream is at an end. Let the Church raise its million if it pleases, and it can readily do it; let the Methodists raise their hundred thousand, they could soon raise their five hundred thousand; let the Congregationalists raise their proposed five hundred thousand, they could readily do far more; and let the fire of emulation burn from end to end of the Empire. Better ten thousand times that the system should grow gradually, than start into life at once a government monster. Better that there should be, as we are so often told, vast masses that none but a national power can at once reach, than that these vast masses should be put under the yoke of government guidance and surveillance. The power of the emulative British people will, under the voluntary system, rapidly become a *national* power. Church will contend with church, sect with sect, party with party, who shall educate the most children that it may rear the most proselytes. There is no impulse in England so strong

and effectual as this. And on this system you need no plottings and plannings as to who shall teach your children religion. You need not waste a moment's thought on this subject. You will do that yourselves. Let us have jealousies, and heart-burnings, and rivalries, as many as you please,—anything but a government literary police. The fire of popular emulation is a noble fire. Let every man and every woman fling into it *his* gold and *her* jewels, and out of it will come not the golden calf of political servility, but the British John Bull himself, purified from his rustic rudeness—the perfect gentleman and the scholar; he will come forth in all his glory—enjoying the proud satisfaction of having, instead of laying an additional government chain on his neck, paid with his own hands for his own education.

Before closing this subject, let me suggest what may become very important when the people, as it will do, fairly sets about to educate itself: that for carrying out a vast extent of education, very little expense is really required. Instead of those great new parish schools, a second edition of the huge parish unions, with all their masses of brick-work and masses of jobbery, which we should have to pay for under a *government* system of education—a consideration not trivial in the question—it is a fact that almost all the working class might be educated with very little original outlay. Mrs. Hippersley Tuckfield has long been at work de-

monstrating how great is the mistake that great school-houses and expensive establishments are at all requisite for educating the people. On their own estates, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, she began by teaching the poor children herself, taking an empty cottage for the purpose. She soon found proper teachers to take the actual business of instruction off her hands, and could educate all the poor of their parishes for a most trifling sum. In her little works on this subject, published by Taylor and Walton, she tells you that it is a great mistake to be looking for great school-houses, and great gatherings together of children, for the education of the people. That the whole thing may be managed on the simplest and most inexpensive scale. "Considering," she says, in one of these excellent little volumes,\* "the subject of education in itself, apart from the difficulties we have now to encounter, large schools are not calculated to answer the true, the legitimate end of education—the formation of moral and religious characters—and, therefore, *our ultimate end ought to be to establish small schools.*"

She reminds us very truly, how easy it is to procure an empty room or cottage in almost every village or parish, where some young man or woman may educate as many children at little cost, as

\* Education for the People, by Mrs. Hippersley Tuckfield containing:—I. Pastoral Teaching; II. Village Teaching; III. The Teacher's Text Book; IV. Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. London: Taylor and Walton.

ought to be brought together, either on account of health or morals. As to teachers, she says truly, we do not at first so much want *very* accomplished people, as good people whose hearts are in the work; and she says, it is amazing when you come earnestly to look out for them, what vast numbers of excellent young women, and young men too, may be found, quite sufficiently qualified, and quite willing to undertake the task at a moderate salary. How much then might be done almost without any preparation, in every village of the empire, by people of comparatively small means. How very much by people of large means, or by the combination of a few respectable inhabitants. How many young people are there, vainly seeking employment, who would rejoice to become schoolmasters and schoolmistresses on this simple plan! How much interesting employment would it find for young gentlemen and young ladies, in town and country, who now have little to occupy existence, beyond the daily drive, the daily gossip, the daily dinner, or the last new novel! The whole population of poor children might, in a very few weeks, on this plan, be put to school almost without an effort, or sensible cost, and the nation be astounded at the sudden accomplishment of that which it has so long looked upon as an Herculean labour, achievable only by the whole force of a national government, which, by the bye, has already by far more on its hands than it can or does manage to public satisfaction.

This view of things is well worthy of consideration, but there is also an auxiliary plan not the less so, and that is that of Working Schools. These, especially in the agricultural districts, appear most admirably adapted to give at once an excellent education, to teach the rudiments of trades, gardening, management of household offices, and to reduce, if not to annihilate, the expense of education itself. Such schools may be seen in operation on the estates of Lord Lovelace and Lady Byron; in several places amongst the Society of Friends; nay, in the very heart of Whitechapel, in London, there is a working school which, chiefly by printing amongst the boys and sewing and knitting amongst the girls, entirely maintains itself, and at the same time so well educates the children, not only in school instruction, but in habits of industry and adroitness in labour, that they are eagerly sought after by tradesmen and housekeepers. Is there any reason why these admirable schools, so adapted to the national wants, should not be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Depend upon it, if the people of England will themselves awake to a sense of the real powers and facilities in their own hands, they will begin most heartily to wonder why they have been calling on government so long and clamorously.

## CHAPTER XII.

## CONCLUDING REMARKS.

IN closing this little volume, let me once more recal to the reader's mind its object. It is simply to furnish to my countrymen some useful guidance in visiting Germany, and some still more useful warnings as to what we are in danger of importing thence. But let no one fall into the error of supposing that I am hostile to Germany itself, and would willingly foment a spirit of dislike between ourselves and its people. On the contrary, I am convinced that a better knowledge of each other can only produce mutual advantage and pleasure. Here I have described the unholy nature of the German governments, and the grand failing of the people, their subservience to them; in my "Rural and Social Life of Germany," I have described the people as they are, socially and intellectually; and I am convinced that time will only bind the two nations more closely together, and augment the interchange of commodities and ideas between them. But I would most clearly demonstrate, that *it is not from Germany that we*



*must receive political institutions.* In social life, there is much that we might with benefit adopt from them—more simplicity of life, more ease and inexpensive habits; less feverish thirst after immense wealth, and more calm enjoyment of nature, of music, and of social amusements. If we could resemble them in the more equal diffusion of comfort, it would be a great advance in national and individual happiness; and this we may, no doubt, to a great degree effect, by encouraging our facilities of trading with them. The abolition of our corn-laws will, unquestionably, do much in this direction.

I have quoted Mr. Laing on the subject of education, but, in opposition to his reasonings, I must here remark, how rapidly the demand for our manufactured articles increases in Germany, spite of these laws and of the counter impositions of the Zoll-Verein; an increase which must be astonishingly stimulated by the removal of these obstacles.

In his chapter on the German League, in his "Notes of a Traveller," Mr. Laing shews, to the complete satisfaction of himself at least, that there is no chance or possibility of Germany ever raising a manufactory for home consumption, because nearly everybody, he says, manufactures for himself, and therefore we can lose no trade on that score. Now the very fact of the German League putting protective duties on our manufactures might have been proof enough to so acute a person as

Mr. Laing, that there *were* consumers of manufactured goods in Germany. To lay duties on what did not come into the country, and could not come into it, if there were no consumers, would have been the act of idiots. He represents the Germans, therefore, as not at all hoping to supply a home demand, which does not and cannot exist, but to be engaged in a mad scheme of foreign exportation of their manufactured goods,—a trade, he tell us, that England by her power at sea, can on any occasion of war cut off at once. But Mr. Laing vindicates the League from these absurdities, by himself shewing immediately afterwards, and in direct opposition to his own statements and reasonings, that Germany does import and consume amongst its own domestic population, vast quantities of manufactured goods; and that we export to Germany annually, spite of their duties, from six to eight million pounds sterling worth of produce and manufactured goods; and of this expressly upwards of fifty millions of yards of cotton goods alone!

A country, indeed, where every family manufactured its clothing, would be a country without drapers' shops, and one wonders where Mr. Laing's eyes must have been when he did not see the numerous drapers' shops in all their towns, and well-stocked ones too. The simple fact is, that the peasantry and whole agricultural population grow their own flax and hemp, and manufacture linen

for themselves; but the greater part of these people have no wool, except in a few particular districts, and therefore *must* buy their woollen garments. The population of the towns manufacture very little for household wear, except coarse linen and stockings; and every person who uses his eyes will see the bulk of the town population clothed in purchased linens and broad cloths.

What is more singular in Mr. Laing's statements is that, having set out with the extraordinary assertion that Germany, wanting not even its own manufactures, must therefore attempt to drive a *foreign* trade, goes on directly to say that the Zoll-Verein can do us no harm on another ground. That spite of its protective duties against our manufactures—strange protective duties if these manufactures are not and cannot be on demand!—the richer Germany becomes through the Zoll-Verein, the more goods it must take of us!

What goods? Surely not goods that it does not want! Surely not goods that it manufactures and yet has no consumers for? But yes, strange as it may seem, he assures us that every year since the establishment of the Zoll-Verein, its demand for our manufactured goods has risen rapidly, so that while in 1829 it took only 6,712,580*l.* worth of these, in 1837 it took 8,876,498*l.* worth.

These are strange mistakes, and shew that so far from Germany not manufacturing for itself, nor wanting manufactures from us, spite of all its rapidly

increasing manufactories, it cannot supply itself, but, on the contrary, every year demands more and more from us. The following Tables of Exports of woollen and mixed woollen and cotton goods alone will shew this most strikingly.

## STUFFS.

	1820—4	1825—9	1830—4	1835—9	1840—2
	Annual Av. No. of Pieces.	Annual Av. No. of Pieces.	Annual Av. No. of Pieces.	Annual Av. No. of Pieces.	Annual Av. No. of Pieces.
Germany .....	274,073	425,000	446,081	358,500	519,471
Italy .....	84,725	73,677	98,287	100,591	115,811
The Netherlands ..	50,104	85,541	105,221	151,676	221,353
Portugal & Azores	26,991	25,291	22,477	32,148	39,832
Russia .....	52,448	31,457	30,307	35,986	56,690
Spain & Canaries	8,388	27,813	35,876	14,336	25,691
To all Europe	535,272	698,895	774,505	752,586	1,080,899
East In. & China ..	194,295	183,682	162,149	124,000	137,427
Brazil .....	18,093	38,341	34,890	34,427	72,882
Mexico .....	21,425	21,914	31,236	28,717	97,243
United States ....	248,436	228,602	419,534	392,288	351,388
British Colonies ..	40,585	47,743	70,620	83,230	140,795
Total Annual Average to all Countries }	1,064,441	1,228,238	1,505,988	1,428,914	1,901,734

## WOOLLENS MIXED WITH COTTONS.

Germany .....	58,914	99,178	287,461	263,832	568,378
Italy .....	48,168	87,090	71,780	116,967	305,589
The Netherlands	169,515	286,082	248,235	154,061	531,336
Portugal & Azores	42,223	37,693	48,630	47,023	68,537
Russia .....	23,966	17,674	5,014	17,675	92,216
Spain & Canaries	15,125	31,939	35,415	2,267	11,310
To all Europe	499,177	610,069	753,305	723,400	2,032,449
East In. & China ..	7,121	23,491	42,456	59,454	76,788
Brazil .....	50,352	81,791	71,261	114,034	113,717
Mexico .....	105,589	124,571	99,613	109,184	511,421
United States ....	138,513	125,544	309,331	579,790	1,825,456
British Colonies ..	73,268	57,078	57,370	98,846	591,660
Total Annual Average to all Countries }	893,470	1,043,365	1,352,347	1,705,038	3,199,244

Here we see that Germany actually takes yearly from us more stuffs by far than any other country in the world, not even excepting the United States of America, or our own colonies. That it takes more mixed woollen and cotton cloths than any country in the world, with those two exceptions; that it took in 1820, only 274,073 pieces of stuffs, in 1840 not less than 519,471 pieces. In 1820, of mixed cotton and woollens, only 58,914 pieces; in 1840 not less than 568,378 pieces. By the same returns it also appears that Germany took in 1841 not less than 3,251,106 lbs. of woollen yarn, while the proportions which other manufacturing countries took from us were—

United States . . .	213,513 lbs.		France . . .	363,988 lbs.
Holland . . .	1,480,400		Russia . . .	332,907

Not to occupy too much space with these particulars, I will only state that this increase of our exports of manufactures to Germany, since the establishment of the Zoll-Verein, applies not merely to these articles, but to all articles, as is evidenced by the sum total of these exports in the government returns. In 1831, the value of our exported manufactures to Germany was 3,642,952*l.* These have since steadily advanced, till, in 1840, the value was 5,408,499*l.*;—while those of the United States of America, which in 1831, were 9,053,583*l.* have, during the same period, fallen to 5,283,020!!! affording not only a striking contrast, but also a solemn warning, on the folly of throwing obstructions by our corn-laws in the way of commerce.

Mr. Laing tells us that we get little or no corn from Germany, and that both Dr. Browing and Mr. Jacobs are wrong on that head. That we get it from the banks of the Vistula; and yet afterwards shews us, that from Hamburg, Bremen, etc. are received very large supplies of corn out of the territories of the Zoll-Verein. Prussian Poland included in this and the immense corn plains of the north of Germany, send us vast quantities, and could, under a steady and safe demand, send us much more. It has been shewn that, under the effect of our corn-laws, not only have vast quantities of corn been suffered to spoil in this country when thousands were famishing,\* but immense quantities also

\* EFFECT OF PROTECTION.—On Wednesday, a quantity of foreign wheat, which had become heated, was taken out of a bonding warehouse at Sunderland, and conveyed to a large dunghill in carts, where it was mixed with the manure, so as to prevent it being used as food, the duty not having been paid on it.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

[This is a counterpart to the fact disclosed to the House of Commons in 1339, by Mr. Baines, the then M.P. for Leeds, who moved for “a return of the quantity of corn and other grain, abandoned in bond and *destroyed* since 1828,” when the following return was made to the Parliament under “our most *religious* and gracious Queen,” then assembled:—

2330	quarters of	Wheat.
63	do.	Barley.
738	do.	Oats.
23	do.	Peas.
4	do.	Rye.
38	do.	Beans.
43	do.	Indian Corn.
26	cwt. of	Flour.

The return is very particular; fiscal laws made by landowners are very precise. To make sure that not a grain of these more than 3000 quarters of corn should be used, it was “all destroyed,”—so says the return; “*all destroyed under the*

in the warehouses on the Danube, the Vistula, and other rivers. Nay, Mr. Laing himself, when he comes to combat the assertions of certain authorities, that the Continent cannot send us corn at a less price than 45s., and to tell us that there can be no minimum price on the Continent, tells us the same thing himself, p. 285.

The very alarm which the Germans testify at the prospect of the abolition of our corn-laws, and which rises in their newspapers to a perfectly frantic tone, is proof enough of their internal conviction that they cannot maintain their manufacturing system, if we can manufacture on the strength of their and other countries' cheap corn. The very wealth, size, and prosperity of Hamburg, which is a city based not on any particular internal trade or manufactures of its own, but has arisen almost entirely to its present importance on the profits of its carrying trade between Germany and other countries, but especially ours, is another sufficient proof what that trade will be when we have abolished our corn-laws. In the very face of these laws, and in the face of the vaunted growth of German manufactures, of which the district of Düsseldorf, including Elberfeld, is said by their statistical writers to contain above 160 iron founderies, 142

*inspection of the proper officers."* The foreign corn thus destroyed under this wicked law, would have furnished bread for 6000 souls during a whole year!!! Such are the laws of the British Legislature, sanctioned and upheld by Bishops, calling themselves the descendants of the Apostles! "BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM." ]— *The League*.

iron and steel manufactories, 6000 silk, and more than 8000 cotton power-looms, Hamburg has grown to a population of 122,000 within the city, and 30,000 in the environs; is full of wealth; and with its own 200 merchant vessels, and in the bottoms of all other nations, drives a trade not only with every country of Europe, but with America and the East and West Indies.

Let our corn-laws once be abolished, and not all the powers on earth can prevent the active inhabitants of Hamburg driving a great trade between the two countries, pouring their corn and wine into ours, and our manufactures into theirs.\*

But in matters of institutions it is to us that the Germans must look, not us to them. The popular progress going on steadily in our country will not only renovate, in a few years, all the magnificent powers of our constitution, but will kindle a flame that will burn far and wide through other kingdoms. England, oppressed as she is at present with debt, manufacturing distress, and aristocratic impositions, is destined, at no distant period, to be not only free and great herself, but the liberator of Europe and the Civilized World.

\* Not only ought our corn laws to be abolished, but the duties on German wines to be reduced, as furnishing a much more agreeable and wholesome wine for summer than the hot and brandied Spanish wines.

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