VARIOUS

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Содержание

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A GLIMPSE AT GERMANY AND ITS PARLIAMENT

We are not old enough to have been politically detained at Verdun. Our impressions of Napoleon are soured by no recollections of personal tyranny; and though a near relative wasted the better portion of his life in the dreary enjoyments of that conventional fortress, we do not carry the spirit of clanship so far as to entertain on that account a revengeful hatred towards the memory of the Corsican. At the same time, it must be confessed that, towards the latter part of this past August, the idea of Verdun more than once recurred unpleasantly to our mind. It became clear to us that, for this year at least, there was little probability of our realising certain visions of Highland sport which had been called up by a perusal of the exciting work of the Stuarts. Her Majesty was coming down to Balmoral, and, in consequence, the red deer of Aberdeenshire were safe, at least

from a private rifle. The grouse, with a degree of obstinacy truly irritating, had again failed, and we were little disposed to levy war against the few and feeble remaining broods of the cheepers. The Duke of Sutherland, with a just economy, had shut up his rivers, and given the salmon a jubilee; so that there was no hope of throwing a fly on the surface of the Shin or the Laxford. On the other hand, there seemed to be plenty of sport, and no want of shooting on the Continent. Licences were not required, and restrictive seasons unknown. The odour of gunpowder was distinct in Paris as early as the month of February; and ever since then there had been occasional explosions and discharges all over the face of Europe. True, a *garde mobile*, or a gentleman in a blouse, especially when provided with a rusty detonator and bayonet, is an awkward kind of sportsman to encounter. Barricades may be curious structures to inspect; but it is not pleasant to be on either side of them when the Red Republic is in question; and still more ungenial to be placed exactly in the centre, as once occurred to a worthy bailie of our acquaintance, who, having been sent to Paris in 1830, on a special mission to fetch home some stray voters for an impending election in the west, found, to his intense horror, that the diligence in which he was located was built up as a popular defence; that the bullets were whistling through the windows; and that even his patron, St Rollox, seemed deaf to his intercessions for rescue.

But as we do not happen to hold stock in the French lines, and therefore have not thought it necessary, as yet, to identify

ourselves with any of the parties who are presently contending for the palm of mastery in France; as the crusade under the white flag or the oriflamme in favour of the descendant of Saint Louis has not yet been openly proclaimed or enthusiastically preached by any bearded representative of Peter, the Miraculous Hermit; and as, moreover, we had seen quite enough of France in her earliest stages of paroxysm, and had no wish to behold the professors of the vaudeville and palette engaged, in the present dearth of money, at the novel occupation of cobbling shoes for the Sardinian soldiery in the *ateliers nationaux*– we resolved to abstain from Paris in the meantime, and rather to bend our steps towards Germany, then in the full ferment of the Schleswig Holstein affair. Germany has been an old haunt of ours from our boyhood. So far back as 1833, we had the pleasure of witnessing a tight little skrimmage between the Heidelberg students and the soldiery in the square of Frankfort; and since that time we have watched with great interest the progress of the arts, literature, and sciences, and the development of the interior resources of the country. Right sorry were we, though not altogether surprised, to learn that quiet Germany had lighted her revolutionary pipe from the French insurrectionary fires; that Mannheim, Heidelberg, and Hanau, those notorious nests of democracy, had succeeded in perverting the minds of many throughout the circle of the Rhenish provinces; and that studentism, once comparatively harmless, had become utterly rampant throughout the land. For although we never could, even in our earlier years, take any deep

pleasure in cultivating the society of the Burschenschaft, but, on the contrary, rather regarded them as a race to be eschewed by all who had a wholesome reverence for soap and a horror for the Kantean philosophy, we were not unpleased at the national spirit which they exhibited long ago; and more than once, in the vaults of the *Himmels-leiter* and *Jammerthal*, at Nuremberg, we have joined cordially in the chorus of defiance to French aggression —

'Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den Deutschen freien Rhein!'

That Germany, under her peculiar constitution, should retain her own, and that the boundaries should be strictly preserved, seemed to us a highly proper, laudable, and patriotic sentiment; but, when the Teutonic youth went further, and demanded an immediate return to the mediæval system, and the glorious times of the Empire, we must confess that their aspirations seemed to us to savour slightly of insanity. We are, constitutionally, an admirer of the ancient times. We do not think that people are happier, or wiser, or better, or that they fulfil one whit more conscientiously their duties to God and man, when cooped up and collected within the dingy alleys of a commercial town, instead of treading the free soil which gave their fathers birth. We are not especially affected to the over-increase of factories, neither would we award an ovation to any one for breeding up

human beings expressly for the production of calico. But not, on that account, would we willingly recur to the days of the forays and the raids. We don't want to see the clans reintegrated, the philabeg on every hip, and the hills covered with caterans, each ettling at his skian-dhu. We have no desire to cross the Border of moonlight night at the head of a score of jackmen, and, *more majorum*, regale our ears with the lowing of the Northumbrian kine. We do not consider such a feat necessary, simply because a remote ancestor was afflicted with too earnest a desire for the improvement of his patrimonial breed of cattle, and, having been unluckily found on the wrong side of the Tweed, died, like a poet as he was, with some neck-verses in his mouth, at a place denominated Hairibee. But our German friends – more especially the students – have long been haunted by some such ideas. *The Robbers* of Schiller, and the *Goetz von Berlichingen* of Goëthe, have had a poisonous effect upon the fancy or fantasy of the young. They have long been dreaming of doublets, boots, and spurs, and it needed but a little thing to set them utterly crazy. Their modern school of painting has for years been even more mediæval than their literature; and what the poets began, Schnorr and Cornelius have been rapidly bringing to a head. No one who is intimate with the German character, will lightly undervalue the effect of such a popular sentiment, when an actual opportunity for outbreak is afforded in revolutionary times.

This feeling, absurd as it is, has been greatly favoured and fostered by the infinitesimal division of Germany at the Treaty

of Vienna, and the maintenance as sovereignties of small states, which ought long ago to have been remorselessly absorbed. By that settlement Germany was declared to consist of no less than thirty-eight separate and independent states, with no other tie of union than an annual diet at Frankfort. Previous to the Revolutionary wars, there were actually about three hundred sovereign rulers in Germany, each of whom might have worn a crown, if he could only have found money enough to buy one. This was a miserable farce and a caricature, and it could not possibly last. The King of Man was a powerful potentate in comparison with some of these autocrats; and if there had been a royal house of Benbecula, the crown-prince of that insular Eden would have been a proper match for the daughter of their sublime Highnesses of Fugger-Kirchberg-Weisenborn, or Salm-Reifferscheid-Krautheim. The French invasion blew away a crowd of these little sovereigns, like mites from the surface of a cheese; but, very unfortunately, a tithe of them were permitted to clamber back. Some of the larger German states thought to fortify their position, and to obtain an ascendency in the Diet, by maintaining several of the minor principalities intact, and, in return, commanding their votes. Hence the retention as sovereign princedoms of the three Anhalts, the two Schwartzbergs, the two Hohenzollerns, the two houses of Reuss, the two Lippes, Waldeck, Lichtenstein, and Homburg – territories, the outlines of which you can hardly discover on an ordinary map of Europe, or even on one of Germany. These are the instances which we

think the most objectionable and absurd, but the case of several others is not much better. For example, there are four sovereign Saxe Duchies, besides the kingdom of Saxony proper.

Thirty-eight, then, were preserved by the Congress of Vienna, whereas, for the sake of stability, there should not have been more than five. The remaining German states might have been absorbed, as were many more, into Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Hanover; and, in this way, power would have been consolidated, a balance preserved, and entire centralisation avoided. Instead of which, for more than thirty years there has been a constellation of princes and of petty courts throughout Germany, to its infinite detriment and discredit. Magnificent Lichtenstein, with a territory of two square miles, and about five thousand subjects, takes rank with imperial Austria; and Henry, styling himself the twenty-second of Reuss-Lobenstein and Ebersdorf, has as good a patrimonial sceptre as Frederick-William of Prussia. Out of all this, what could arise save endless wrangling and confusion?

The smaller states, especially those which border on the Rhine, gradually became the acknowledged hotbeds of sedition. It was there that the expatriated journalists and crack-brained patriotic poets sought refuge, when their articles, pamphlets, and ditties, became too strong for the stomach of the legitimate censor; and there they have been for years hatching treason upon unaddled eggs. The old influence exercised by France over the Rhenish Confederation has never utterly decayed. Each

fresh insurrectionary leap in Paris has been followed by a convulsive movement in the western Germanic princedoms; and no pains have been spared for the dissemination of the republican propaganda. Even this evil might have been checked, had Austria and Prussia acted in unison and good faith towards each other; but, unfortunately for Europe, the policy of the latter power has always been of the most tortuous and deceptive kind. Prussia, raised to and maintained in the first class of European states, solely on the strength of her military armament, and jealous of the superior strength of her southern rival, has for many years been engaged in intrigues with the minor states, for the purpose of securing to herself an independent position, in the event of the dissolution of the great German confederation. Unable to obtain her object through a legitimate supremacy in the Diet, Prussia has gradually withdrawn from the proceedings of the Federal Congress, and apparently surrendered to Austria the command of that feeble body. But by means of the Zollverein, or Commercial League – a scheme which she maturely prepared and perseveringly pursued – Prussia had contrived to secure the adhesion of fully three-fourths of the Germanic states – thus expecting to constitute herself a protectorate in reality, if not in name, and to set the authority of the Diet at absolute defiance.

In England, where very little is known of the secret springs of continental diplomacy, the Zollverein was regarded as a mere commercial measure. It was, in reality, nothing more than a preparation for the coming crisis, in the course of which, as

Prussia fondly hoped, Germany might be rent asunder, and the larger portion of the spoil accrue naturally to her share. As if to make the distinction between herself and Austria more apparent, Prussia began to affect liberalism in a remarkable degree. Her talk was of constitutions on the broadest basis; and her king was, in words at least, a Quixote in the cause of freedom. But words, however skilfully uttered, cannot, in the total absence of action, deceive a people long. The king of Prussia's promises were not a whit more fruitful than the prophecies of the free-traders, who told us of an immediate millennium. The censorship of the press was maintained as stringently as ever, and no concession was made to the popular demands, naturally stimulated to excess by this show of liberality on the part of the sovereign.

At the commencement of the present year, the affairs of Germany were thus singularly complicated. Austria stood alone on the basis of her old position, as an absolute and paternal monarchy, refusing all innovation. Prussia appeared to favour liberal institutions, but delayed to grant them – professed her willingness to take the lead in a new era of Germany, but gave no guarantee for her faith. In consequence, she was not trusted by the revolutionist party in the south and west, who, having altogether got the better of their princes, were determined, on the very first opportunity, to try their hands at the task of regenerating the whole of Germany. Central authority there was none, for the Diet, deserted and disregarded by Prussia, had sunk into utter insignificance, and hardly knew what function it was

still entitled to perform.

At the tocsin of the French revolution, the south-west of Germany arose. The princes bordering on the Rhine had long been aware that they were quite powerless in the event of any general insurrectionary movement, and, accordingly, they were prepared, without any hesitation, to grant constitutions by the score, whenever their bearded subjects thought fit, in earnest, to demand them. A constitution is a cheap thing, and, to a princely proprietor of limited means, who needed no seven-league boots to traverse the circle of his dominions, must be infinitely better than forfeiture. Baden began the dance. The Grand-duke made no difficulty in granting to his loving liegemen whatever they were pleased to require. The last of the Electors – he of Hesse-Cassel – was equally accommodating; and, in such circumstances, it would have been madness for the King of Wurtemberg to refuse. In Bavaria, the government attempted to make a stand; but it was of no use. The late king, one of the most accomplished of dilettantes, worst of poets, and silliest of created men, had latterly put the coping-stone to a life of folly, by engaging, though a prospective saint of the Romish calendar, in a most barefaced intrigue with the notorious Lola Montes. The indecency and infatuation of this last *liaison*, far more openly conducted than any of his former numerous amours, had given intense umbrage, not only to the people, but to the nobility, whom he had insulted by elevating the *ci-devant* opera-dancer to their ranks. Other causes of offence were not wanting; so that

poor Ludwig, though the best judge of pictures in Europe, was forced to give in, and surrender his dignity to his son. Then rose Nassau and Frankfort, Saxony and Saxe Weimar, and what other small states we wot not.

Constitutions became as plenty in the market as blackberries; indeed, rather too much so, for at last there was a sort of glut. If the Germans had merely desired freedom of the press, trial by jury, burgher-guards, and the repeal of exceptional laws, the gift was ready for them; but they wanted something more, which the separate sovereigns could not give. In the midst of the haze of revolution, the popular eye was fixed upon a dim phantom of German unity – upon the eidolon of old Germania, once more compact and reunited. True, the old lady had been laid in her grave long before any of the present generation were born, not in the fulness of her strength, but after a gradual decay of atrophy. This, however, was a sort of political resurrection; for there she, or her image, stood, comely as in her best days, and clothed in mediæval attire. The dreams of the students seemed to be in the fair way of accomplishment, and a loud shout of "*Germania soll leben!*" arose from the banks of the Rhine.

At Heidelberg, on the 5th of March, an assembly of the German notables was held. This was a self-constituted congress of fifty-one persons, and represented eight states, in rather singular proportions; for while the duchy of Baden contributed no less than twenty-one members, Wurtemberg nine, and Hesse-Cassel six, Austria was represented by one individual, and

Rhenish Prussia by four. These gentlemen passed resolutions to the effect that Germany should become one and united; that her safety lay in herself, and not in alliance with Russia; and that the time had arrived for the assemblage of a body of national representatives. In the list of the parties so gathered together, we find the honoured names of Hecker and of Struve: the star of Von Gagern of Darmstadt was not yet in the ascendant. After having delegated to a committee of seven the task of preparing the basis of a German parliament, this meeting separated, to assemble again with others on the 30th of March at Frankfort, in the character of a legislative body.

Although insurrectionary symptoms had been shown at Cologne and Dusseldorf – both of them especially black-guard places – Prussia remained tolerably quiet for a week after constitutions were circulating like currency on the Rhine. But on the 13th the storm burst both at Berlin and Vienna. Austria did little more than shrug her shoulders and submit. Prince Metternich, the oldest statesman of Europe, and the man most personally identified with the ancient system, was the main object of popular obloquy; and the master whom he had served so long and so well was physically incapable of defending him. The Archduke John espoused the popular side, and the result was the self-exile of the Prince. The King of Prussia remained true to his original character of charlatan. First of all, his troops fired upon the mob; then came a temporising period and a public funeral, spinning out time, until the result of the Vienna insurrection was

known; and at last Frederick-William appeared to astonished Europe in the character of the great regenerator of Germany, and as candidate for the throne of the Empire. The impudence of the address which he issued upon the memorable 18th of March, absolutely transcends belief; and that document, doubtless, will remain to posterity, to be marked as one of the most singular instances on record of royal confidence in public sottishness and credulity. Here is a short bit of it; and we are sure the reader will agree with us in our estimate of the character and sincerity of the august author: —

> "We believe it right to declare before all – not only before Prussia, but before Germany, if such be the will of God, and before the whole united nation, what are the propositions which we have resolved to make to our German confederates. Above all, we demand that Germany be transformed from a confederation of states into a federal state. We admit that this implies a recognisation of the federal constitution, which cannot be carried into effect save by the union of the princes with the people. In consequence, a temporary federal representation from all the states of Germany must be formed, and immediately convoked. We admit that such a federal representation renders constitutional institutions necessary in the German States, in order that the members of that representation may sit side by side, with equal rights. We demand a general military system of defence for Germany, copied, in its essential parts, from that under which our Prussian armies have won unfading laurels, in the war of liberation. We

demand that the German army shall be united under one single federal banner, and we hope to see a federal general-in-chief at its head. We demand a German federal flag, and we hope that, in a short time, a German fleet will cause the German name to be respected on neighbouring and on distant seas. We demand a German federal tribunal, to settle all political differences between the princes and their estates, as also between the different German governments. We demand a common law of settlement for all natives of Germany, and perfect liberty for them to settle in any German country. We demand that, for the future, there shall be no barriers raised against commerce and industry in Germany. We demand a general Zollverein, in which the same measures and weights, the same coinage, the same commercial rights, shall cement still more closely the material union of the country. We propose the liberty of the press, with the same guarantees against abuses for every part of Germany. Such are our propositions and wishes, the realisation of which we shall use our utmost efforts to obtain."

It certainly is to be regretted, for his own sake, that the King of Prussia, if he really had the above projects thoroughly at heart, did not announce them a little sooner. Had he done so, there could have been no mistake about the matter; and he can hardly plead want of opportunity. But to delay the annunciation of the above sweeping scheme until the French revolution had given an impulse to the turbulent population of the Rhenish states – until constitutions had been every where granted – until

the foundations of a German National Assembly had been laid – until Austria was paralysed by domestic insurrection – and finally, until Berlin itself had been in temporary possession of the mob – does most certainly expose his Majesty of Prussia to divers grave insinuations affecting his probity and his honour. Sir Robert Peel, in like manner, told us that, for several years, he had been secretly preparing matters for the repeal of the corn-laws. We believe in the admitted treachery; but what shall we say to the occasion which caused it to be developed? Simply this, that in both cases there was an utter want of principle. The King of Prussia, like Peel, thought that he perceived an admirable opportunity of obtaining power and popularity, by not only yielding to, but anticipating, the democratic roar; and, in consequence, he has shared the fate which, even on this earth, is awarded to detected hypocrites. The south-west of Germany looked coldly on this new ally. The democratic leaders, however wild in their principles, were, after their own fashion, sincere; and they had no idea of intrusting the modelment of their new government to such exceeding slippery hands. Accordingly, the Frankfort Assembly met, discussed, and quarrelled, fixed upon a basis of universal suffrage, and summoned together, of their own authority, though not without recognition of the princes, the first German Parliament, of which more anon. In the mean time, valorous Hecker and sturdy Struve, choice republicans both, had hoisted the red banner in Baden, but were somewhat ignominiously routed. The Parliament finally met, annihilated

the Diet, and resolved that the provisional central power of Germany should be vested in a Reichsverweser, or Administrator of the Empire, irresponsible himself, but with a responsible ministry; and – no doubt to the infinite disgust of Frederick-William of Prussia, who was not even named as a candidate – the choice of the Assembly fell upon Archduke John of Austria, who, as we have already seen, had embraced the popular side, and forced on, at Vienna, the deposition of the venerable Metternich.

The Reichsverweser was not summoned to occupy a bed of roses. Nominally, he was constituted the most powerful man in the whole German confederation, the sovereign of an emperor, and the controller of divers kings, princes, grand-dukes, electors, and landgraves. In reality he was nobody. Universal suffrage and empire are things which can hardly exist together; and it very soon appeared that the motive power, whatever that might be, was exclusively in the hands of the six hundred and eighty-four individuals who occupied the church of Saint Paul. To chronicle their doings is not the object of the present paper. It may be sufficient to remark that the first stumbling-block in the way of German unity was to discover the limits of what properly might be denominated Germany. On this point there were many strange and conflicting opinions. Some were for incorporating every possession which had fallen under the rule of any German house, – in which case, Hungary, Lombardy, and part of Poland, would have fallen under the protection of Frankfort. Some, with more classical tastes, were desirous of extending their claim

to every country which at any time had been under Teutonic rule, – in which case, Palestine and Sicily, if not Italy, would fall to be annexed, and the shadow of the Empire be thrown as far as the Euxine, on the strength of the ancient tradition that Ovid, in his exile at Pontus, had studied the German language and composed German poetry. The map of Europe afforded no solution of the difficulty. There had been cessions, and clippings, and parings innumerable during the last century and a half. Limburg had been annexed to Holland, and Schleswig was clearly under the dominion of Denmark. In this position the Germans committed the enormous folly of adopting the cause of the Schleswig malcontents, and of plunging, before their own house was set in order, into the dangers of a European war.

Having proceeded thus far in the exposition of German affairs, we now cede the narrative to our excellent friend Dunshunner, who, with characteristic kindness, accompanied us in this expedition. Notwithstanding some few omissions, such as that of entirely forgetting to muniment himself with letters of credit, we found him a very agreeable companion. He was perfectly acquainted with Frankfort and elsewhere, and, we suspect, better known than trusted throughout the valley of the Rhine. On looking over his notes, we observe that, with his usual devotedness, he has entirely dispensed with any notice of our existence – a circumstance which we are the more ready to pardon, as it relieves us from the necessity of pledging ourselves to the minute accuracy of his statements. But whatever ingredient

of fiction there may be in his dialogue, this at least is certain, that as a general picture it is true.

No man – says Dunshunner – who has this year visited Germany, could believe that it is the same country which he knew in the days of its tranquillity. In former times, the tourist, if his opinions happened to be extra liberal, or slightly savouring of republicanism, would have done well to abstain from proclaiming them over loudly in the streets. I have myself seen a dirty Frenchman, of the propaganda school, ceremoniously conducted from the hotel to the guard-house of Mayence, by a couple of armed police, in consequence of a tirade against royalty; and I recollect that, for some time afterwards, there was considerable speculation as to the place of his ultimate destination. Now, the danger lies the other way. The more radicalism you can muster up, the better you will be appreciated in such cities as Cologne and Frankfort, – the former of which places, if I had my will, should be deliberately devoted without mercy to the infernal gods. Always a nest of rascality and filth, Cologne now presents an appearance which is absolutely revolting. Its streets are swarming with scores of miscreants in blouses, belching out their unholy hymns of revolution in your face, and execrating aristocracy with a gusto that would be refreshing to the soul of Cuffey. The manners of the people even in the hotels, which I was glad to find nearly deserted, are rude and ruffianly in the extreme. The very waiters seem impressed with the idea that civility is a failing utterly inconsistent with the dignity

of regenerated patriots; and they take such pains to show it that I could well understand the apprehensions of a timorous countryman, who confessed to me in the steam-boat that he had been so alarmed at the threatening aspect of a democratic *kellner* as to take the precaution of locking himself up in his bed-room, lest haply, in the course of the night, his weazand should be made an offering to Nemesis, and his watch and purse transferred upon the communist principle.

The traveller who, this year, passed for the first time from Belgium into Germany, must have been deeply impressed with the marked difference between the manners of the two people. In Belgium all is tranquillity, order, and apparent ease. Neither in the towns nor in the country is there discernible the slightest trace of disaffection or turbulence. Citizens and peasantry are pursuing their usual avocations in peace, and the contentment which reigns throughout bears testimony to the blessings of a firm and prudent government. But the instant the boundary is passed, you are immediately and painfully reminded that you have left a land of order, and entered into one of anarchy. Instead of the quiet civil Belgian traders and *negociants*, the carriages on the railway – especially the third class, which I invariably preferred for the sake of enjoying the full flavour of democratic society – are crowded with every imaginable species of pongo pertaining to the liberal creed. Your ears are filled with a gush of guttural jargon, in which the words *einigkeit*, *despotismus*, and *unabhängigkeit* prodigiously preponderate; and ever and anon

some canorous votary of freedom shouts out a stave of a song, constructed upon any thing but constitutional principles. The first feature which strikes you in the male portion of the population is, the preposterous length of their beards. Formerly the Germans used to shave; at least they kept their chins reasonably clean, and if they cultivated any extra capillary growth, reserved their care for their mustache. Now every one of them has a beard like a rabbi, and to use razors is considered the sure and infallible sign of a loyalist and an aristocrat. At Juliers I had the pleasure of encountering the first specimen of Young Germany that crossed my path, and a precious object he was. I had been sitting for some time *vis-a-vis* with a little punchy fellow from Vienna, with a beard as red as that which the old masters have assigned to Barabbas; and as he spoke little, but smoked a great deal, I was inclined to think him rather a companionable sort of individual than otherwise. But, at the station, in stepped a youth apparelled precisely after the fashion of an assassin in a melodrama. His broad beaver hat, with a conical crown, was looped up at one side, garnished with an immense cockade of red, black, and gold, and surmounted by a couple of dingy ostrich feathers. I lament, for the sake of our home manufactures, to state that he exhibited no symptom of shirt-collar; nor, so far as I could observe, had he invested any portion of his capital in the purchase of interior linen. Over his bare neck there descended a pointed Maximilian beard. A green blouse, curiously puckered and slashed on the sleeves, was secured round his person by a glazed black belt and

buckle, and his legs were cased in a pair of rusty Hessians. In short, he needed but a dagger and a brace of pistols to render him theatrically complete; and had Fitzball been in the carriage, the heart of that amiable dramatist would assuredly have yearned within him at the sight of this living personification of his own most romantic conceptions. I had forgotten to state that the patriot had slung by his side a wallet, of the sort which is familiar to the students of Retzsch, in which he carried his tobacco.

To my amazement, nobody, not even the gens-d'armes on the platform, appeared to be the least surprised at this formidable apparition, who commenced filling his pipe with the calmness of an ordinary Christian. For my own part, I could not take my eyes off him, but sate speechlessly staring at this splendid specimen of the Empire. Nor was it long before he thought fit to favour us with his peculiar sentiments. Some sort of masonic sign was interchanged between the new comer and Barabbas, and the former instantly burst forth into a lecture upon the political prospects of his country. It has been my fortune to hear various harangues, from the hustings and elsewhere – and I have even solaced my soul with the outpourings of civic eloquence – but never was it my fortune to hear such a discourse upon constitutions as that pronounced by this interesting stranger. The total demolishment of thrones, the levelling of all ranks, the abolition of all religions, and the partition of property, were the themes in which he revelled; and, to my considerable surprise and infinite disgust, the punchy Viennese assented to one and

all of his propositions. Some remark which I was rash enough to hazard, impugning the purity of the doctrines professed by the respectable Louis Blanc, drew upon me the ire of both; and I was courteously informed, in almost as many words, that freedom, as understood in Britain, was utterly effete and worn out, – that Germany was fifty years in advance of the wretched island, – and that, when the German fleet was fairly launched upon the ocean, satisfaction would be taken for divers insults which it did not seem convenient to specify.

It is, of course, utterly out of the question to reason with maniacs, else I should have been very glad to know why these new republicans entertained such a decided hatred of England. One can perfectly well understand the existence of a similar feeling among the French, – indeed, abuse of our nation is the surest topic to win applause from a Parisian audience, and it has been, and will be, employed as the last resource of detected patriots and impostors. But why Young Germany should hate us, as it clearly does, is to me a profound enigma. During the Revolutionary wars, we allowed ourselves to be plundered and subsidised in support of the freedom which the Germans could not maintain. Prussia, after taking our money, most infamously went over to France, and laid her clutches upon Hanover. We forgave the aggression and the treachery, and still continued to lavish our gold and our blood in their defence, performing, up to the close of the struggle, the part of a faithful and by far too generous ally. Notwithstanding all this, which is clearly written in

history, the fact is certain, that every one of these revolutionists devoutly longs for the downfall of Britain, and would gladly lend a helping hand to assist. Cobden was fêted on the Continent, not because he was a commercial reformer, but because he was known to be a determined enemy to the British aristocracy, and a virulent and successful demagogue. It was for that reason, and for that alone, that he was greeted on his progress by the rising rascaldom of Europe: he was to them the mere type of a coming democracy, and they cared not a copper for his calico.

It is comfortable, however, to know that Young Germany has other enemies, whom she regards with even more jaundiced eyes. There is not one republican rogue on the Rhine but feels a pang of terror at the mere mention of the name of Russia. They are perfectly well aware that Great Britain has no intention of meddling with them, and that they may cut and carve at their own constitutions without the slightest risk of exciting an active interference. But they are not so sure of the permanent neutrality of Nicholas; and an unwholesome suspicion is constantly present to their minds, that, in the progress of events, Russia may combine with the constitutional party in Austria and Bavaria, and restore order by sweeping from the face of the earth the whole revolutionary gang. And it is not at all impossible that such may be the result, when the government of Prussia awakes to a sense of its duty, and their king becomes thoroughly ashamed of the unworthy part he has acted. At present, he has the merit of having stirred up a conflagration which he is not permitted to direct,

and the misfortune of finding that, besides his neighbour's house, his own is threatened with the flames. He has thrown himself into the arms of the ultra-democratic party, without the slightest symptom of recognition on their part. His name is in every mouth a by-word. He is cursed by the constitutionalists for his treachery and fickleness, and laughed at by the movement party, whose aim is a pure republic.

I took the earliest possible opportunity of treating both of the admirers of freedom to beer at a station, and, in consequence, rose somewhat in their good graces. He in the garb of the middle ages had evidently been refreshing himself already in the course of the forenoon, and proceeded to vary the monotony of the journey by chanting a hymn of Freiligrath's, which, it struck me, might have been improved by the omission of considerable bloodthirstiness. I was not sorry when we arrived at Cologne, and had to submit our baggage for inspection to the custom-house officers – an operation which they performed with much civility; nevertheless I thought it incumbent upon me, before parting, to point out this remnant of feudal tyranny to my companions, and to request that, when Germany had become a republic, and kings and kaisers were no more, the grievance might be redressed. Though neither of them were burdened with goods, they were kind enough to assure me that my recommendation should be attended to – a promise which they sealed with oaths; whereupon we shook hands, and parted, I sincerely trust, for ever.

Not having the slightest wish to renew my acquaintance

with the skulls of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, or with the interesting relics of Saint Ursula and her plurality of virgins, I set off early next morning on the customary passage up the Rhine. Judging from the diminished numbers and appearance of the passengers, the hand of revolution has already weighed heavily upon the industry of this district. There were none of the English travelling carriages on board – none of the merry groups that used to congregate under the awning, and spread the echoes of their laughter and merriment over the bosom of Father Rhine. Even the artists, that ubiquitous class, were unrepresented. The quarter-deck was sparsely tenanted by a few Germans wearing the national cockade, who were evidently on their way to Frankfort; one or two Frenchmen, who, having nothing to do in Paris, were killing time by a short summer ramble, and a single enterprising Cockney and his bride. Every one seemed dull and dispirited, and utterly without that store of enthusiasm which used to be expended as a sort of necessary tribute to the glorious scenery of the river. I made acquaintance with a young Parisian banker, a gay good-humoured fellow of Herculean proportions, who had fought on the side of order in the bloody affair of June. He was a decided Orleanist in his politics, and had no faith whatever in the ultimate stability of the Republic.

"I turned out," he said, "with the national guard, and a hard time we had of it at the barricades. The *canaille* fought like devils. But what would you have? – it was neck or nothing with

us. Property is worth little in France, thanks to Lamartine and the rest; but there is a worse thing than the loss of property —*le pillage et le viol*! So I fought for the Republic, bad as it is, being the only barrier between us and absolute ruin. For myself, I am heartily tired of the whole concern. I have come away with fifty louis in my purse, to amuse myself for a month; and then I shall return to Paris, in the full expectation of being shot before the month of February."

His disgust at the present aspect of Germany was excessive.

"The fools! the imbeciles! What possible good can they expect to receive from their revolution? My countrymen were foolish enough – but we laboured under the curse of centralisation in Paris, and, heaven knows! we are paying the penalty. The departments of France did not want a change; but here the infection appears to be universal. Look at that fat fool with the absurd cockade! – I take him to be a substantial merchant in one of their towns – he may not have felt the pressure as yet, but before six months are over his stock will be lying useless on his hands, and his affairs utterly bankrupt. That is the price he must pay for national unity, and the privilege of wearing in his hat a badge about the size of a soup-plate!"

Presently we were favoured with a specimen of the warlike preparations of the assembly at Frankfort. That body had, a few days before, refused their consent to the armistice which the regent had been empowered to conclude with the king of Denmark; and steamer after steamer dashed past us, conveying

Prussian, Nassau, and Darmstadt troops from Mayence to the scene of action. With the new gaudy colours of the Empire trailing at the stern, these vessels came down the stream, the troops cheering as they went by, and apparently in high spirits.

"Very well, gentlemen!" thought I, "go on. The attack on little Denmark by a great bully of a power may seem a very creditable thing at present, but we shall see how it will end. Take care you don't run your heads against a certain individual to the northward, who is popularly supposed to subsist principally upon spermaceti, and who would ask no better amusement than that of extracting a little of your extra democracy with the knout. There would be some grimacing in Cologne at the sight of a pulk of Cossacks!"

Coblentz, that pretty little town which reposed so quietly under the huge shadow of Ehrenbreitstein, was crowded with troops, waiting for the opportunity of transport. I had scarcely stepped upon the quay when I found myself enveloped in the embrace of a gentleman in military accoutrements, who exclaimed with Teutonic fervour —

"*Du lieber himmel! Er ist's! August Reignold von Dunshunner, wie geht's?*"

I looked up, and presently recognised an old acquaintance in the person of one Ernest Herrmann, formerly *fahntrager* or ensign in a regiment of Wurtemberg infantry, and now a captain in the same distinguished service. Years before, I had seen a good deal of him at Stuttgardt, and still remembered with pleasure his accomplishments in the ball-room and the skittle-ground.

"Herrmann, my dear fellow!" said I, "is it possible that I meet you here? Have you changed service, or what brings you here from Stuttgardt?"

"Not I," replied Herrmann. "Still true to the old colours; but you see we have added another since you were last here. The fact is, that our regiment is on its way for a brush with the Danes, and we expect to take up our winter-quarters at Copenhagen."

"Indeed!"

"Will you not join us? I have no doubt it will be the rarest fun – and I am sure the colonel would not have the least objection to your being of our party."

"Thank you!" said I drily, "I am afraid I should be rather in the way. And how are our old friends Krauss and Bartenstein, and the rest?"

"All well and all here! Come along with me, we are just going to dinner, and you positively must spend an hour with us. Not that way!" said my friend, as I was making for one of the larger hotels, at the door of which two waiters were waving napkins, as if to allure the unwary passenger – "not that way! We have a quiet *gast-haus* of our own, and I think I can promise you a tolerable spread."

I yielded to the suggestion, and accompanied Herrmann down a back street until we reached a tavern, which, certainly, I would not have been inclined to select as my own peculiar domicile. Several Wurtemberg soldiers were smoking their pipes in the passage, and the aroma which issued from the *Stuben* was far

more pungent than pleasant. We ascended a wooden stair leading to an upper apartment, in which a number of officers were already seated at table.

"Whom do you think I have here?" cried Herrmann. "Krauss, Offenbach, Bartenstein – have you forgot our old friend the Freyherr von Dunshunner?"

In an instant I was pounced upon by Krauss, who, after a hug of German fraternity, passed me to his nearest comrade; and in this way I made the round of the table, until I emerged from the arms of an aged major, as odorous as Cadwallader when mounted on his goat after a liberal luncheon upon leeks.

I used to like the German officers. They were a frank, good-humoured, rough-and-ready sort of fellows, decently educated, as times go, and easily and innocently amused. I would rather, however, not mess with them, for they are extremely national and economical in their diet; and I never throve much upon the bread soup, sauer kraut, and pork, which constitute the staple of their entertainments. But I was gratified at meeting once more with old companions, though under circumstances singularly changed. The senior officers, I could see, were not very sanguine as to the results of their expedition, and it was only among the younger portion that any enthusiasm was exhibited. So we talked a great deal, and consumed a considerable quantity of indifferent Moselle, until a messenger announced that time was up, and the steamer ready to depart. I accompanied my friends to the quay, and bade them farewell, with a strong conviction that, from the

present state of European affairs, it was highly improbable that we should ever meet again.

Two days afterwards I arrived at Frankfort, every hour upon the road having afforded farther evidence of the entire disorganisation which is prevalent throughout Germany. In Mayence, that strong garrison town, any thing but a friendly feeling subsists between the military and the populace. The latter, long accustomed to strict rule, have become turbulent and insolent, never omitting any opportunity of displaying their ill-will, especially to the Austrians, who have as yet received such demonstrations with the phlegm peculiar to their nation. But it is very evident that the Austrian soldiery are sick of this order of things, and that, whenever an opportunity of action may occur, they will not be slow in taking a summary vengeance on the blouses. In the mean time discipline is relaxed, and men seem hardly to know who is their legitimate master. France never yet had so good an opportunity of achieving that old object of her ambition – the boundary of the Rhine; and, in the event of a European war, it is almost certain that the attempt will be made.

Frankfort, to outward appearance, is, or at least was when I entered it, as brisk and bustling as ever. The tradesmen, with the exception of the publishers, to whom the Revolution has been a godsend, may not be driving so profitable a business, but the influx of strangers since the Assembly met has been remarkable. Here Young Germany flourishes in full unwashed and uncontrolled luxuriance. Every kind of costume which

idiocy can devise is to be met with in the streets, and the conical parliamentary hat confronts you at every turn. The bustle of politics has superseded that of commerce, and the conversation relates far more to democracy than to dollars. The hotels are still crowded, it being the fashion for members of the same political views to dine together at the *tables-d'hôte*– so that the traveller who is not aware of this arrangement may, by going to one house, find himself a participator in a red republican banquet; whereas, had he merely crossed the street, he might have fed with moderate conservatives. My old quarters used to be at the *Weidenbusch*; but by this time I had become so disgusted with everything savouring of liberalism that I directed the coachman to drive to the *Russischer Hof*, where I trusted to find rest and peace under the protecting shadow of Saint Nicholas.

I was leisurely washing down my evening cutlet with the contents of a flask of *Liebfrauenmilch*, and wondering whether the pleasant *cafés* outside the city gates were still in existence, when a huge colossus of a man entered the *salle-à-manger*, seated himself immediately opposite me at table, and demanded a double portion of *kalbs-braten*. I could not refrain from taking a deliberate view of the stranger. He appeared to be upwards of sixty, was curiously clad in duffle, possessed a double, nay, a triple chin, and his small pig eyes peered out from under their pent-house above a mass of pendulous and quivering cheek. His stomach, enormous in its development, seemed to extend from his neck to his knees; his short stubby fingers were girded with

divers seal-rings of solid bullion, and he spoke in the husky accents of an ogre after too plentiful a repast in the nursery.

As I gazed upon this marked victim for apoplexy, his features gradually seemed to become familiar to my eyes. I was certain that I had heard that short asthmatic wheeze, and seen that pendulous lip before. Strange suspicions crossed my mind, but it was not until I saw him produce from his pocket a pipe well known to me in former days, that I felt assured of being in the presence of my old preceptor the Herr Professor Klingemann.

The worthy man had, in the mean time, honoured me with a reciprocal survey; but either his eyes had failed him, or his memory was not so retentive as mine, for he betrayed no symptoms of recognising his quondam pupil. Much affected, I rose up, extended my hand, and inquired if he did not know me.

He stared at me in bewilderment until I mentioned my name, and then suddenly, with a chuckle of delight, he extended his arms, as if to embrace me across the table – a ceremony which I wisely avoided, as I have observed that glasses broken in a hotel are invariably charged at double the original cost. I made the circuit, however, and, after undergoing the usual hug, and a world of preliminary inquiries, sat down by the side of my former guide, philosopher, and friend.

Klingemann had always been suspected to be somewhat of a democrat. He had smoked his way through all the intricate labyrinth of German philosophy, in search of what he called the universal system of reconcilement of theory, until his brain

became as muddy as the Compensation Pond which supplies Edinburgh with water. Of course, as is always the case under such circumstances, he acquired a corresponding reputation for profundity, and was, by many of his students, esteemed the leading metaphysician of Europe. If a man cannot achieve any other kind of character, he has always this in reserve: if he will make a point of talking unintelligibly, and of employing words which nobody else understands, he will, in time, be raised to the level of Kant and Hegel, without giving himself any extraordinary trouble in the search for fugitive ideas. But the politics of Klingemann – at least in my university days – never used to emerge until he had moistened his clay with a certain modicum of liquid. Then, to be sure, he would descant with almost superhuman energy upon constitutional and despotic systems. He used to demonstrate how perfect liberty was attainable by an immediate return to the noble principles of the Lacedæmonians, whose social code and black broth he esteemed as the perfection of human sagacity. He also held in deep respect the patriarchal form of government, and was of opinion that the soil of the earth belonged to nobody, but ought to be cultivated in common.

Solomon was right when he averred that there is nothing new under the sun. The principles of communism, as at present advocated on the Continent by Messrs Louis Blanc and Prudhon, and in England by the unfortunate Cuffey, were long ago expounded and practised by Luckie Buchan and Mr Robert

Owen. Let us be just in our movement, and pay honour where honour is due. Let those who embrace the creed do justice to the manes of its founder, and style themselves Buchanites, in veneration of that estimable woman whose attempted apotheosis has been so well described by Mr Joseph Train. Professor Klingemann, with all his erudition, had never heard of Luckie Buchan; but, for all that, he was completely of her mind. Had his views been openly promulgated, there can be little doubt that his labours in the university would have been cut short in a somewhat despotic manner; but he had sense enough to avoid observation, and never lectured upon politics except in private, to a select circle of his acolytes.

Such was Klingemann when I knew him first. We had corresponded for a short while after I left the university, but I soon got tired of the professor's hazy lucubrations, and undutifully omitted to reply, which in time produced the desired effect. For years I heard nothing of him, save on one occasion, when he did me the honour to send me a copy of his *magnum opus*, entitled "An Essay upon the Ideality, Perceptiveness, and Ratiocination of Notions," closely printed upon two thousand mortal pages of dingy paper, with a request that I would be kind enough to translate and publish it in the English language. As I bore no spite at the moment against any particular bookseller, and was by no means covetous of working out my own individual ruin, I did not think it necessary to comply with this philanthropic suggestion; and the original of the work is perfectly at the

service of any gentleman who may have the fancy for attaining a European reputation. Klingemann, I dare say, was disappointed, but he bore no manner of malice.

"My dear professor," said I, "you are the last man whom I should have expected to meet in Frankfort. I thought you were far away at the university, occupied as usual with those sublime works which have made your name immortal."

"Ah, Augustus, my dear child!" replied the professor with a deep sigh, "things have strangely altered since you were here last. I used to think that I was labouring in the sphere of usefulness, by concentrating into one focus of ever-brilliant illumination the scattered rays of human idiosyncrasy and idoneousness; but I find now that, for many years, I have been sending the plummet vainly down the deep unfathomable chasm of psychology and speculation! *Wass henker!* what keeps that *schelm* with my *kalbs-braten*? No, my son; I have discovered, though late, that I am made for action, and henceforth I shall devote my energies to the amelioration of the human race."

"As how, my honoured sir? I am somewhat at a loss to understand you."

"By taking an active interest in the affairs of the outer and living man, as contradistinguished from the internal reflective being. Know, August Reignold von Dunshunner, that I am a member of the German parliament!"

"You, my dear professor! Is it possible? And yet why should I doubt?" continued I, bowing reverently to the illustrious man;

"at this particular crisis, Europe imperatively needs the services of her master spirits."

"She does," replied the professor, "and Germany requires them in particular. You see our system was old and antiquated. We were pressed upon from without, and the dark subtile spirit of the Metternichian policy spread like a poisonous miasmatical exhalation over the whole surface of the land. It was time to alter these things – full time that the most gigantically-gifted and heroical race of the world should escape from the insidious fetters of a low and degrading despotism!"

"Pardon me, my dear professor, but so long a time has elapsed since I left the university, that I can hardly follow the meaning of some of these very lengthy words. But am I right in addressing you by your academic title? Do you still retain possession of your chair?"

"Of course," replied Klingemann, with a twinkle of his eye. "I should like to see any of the princes venture just now to infringe the rights of the universities! Our noble German youth have been the first to assert the grand principle of unity, and future ages will record with triumph their deeds at the barricades of Vienna and of Berlin."

"And your salary?"

"I draw it still, with compensation for the loss of students."

"That must be a pleasant arrangement!"

"It is. I have left my lectures with a famulus to be read next winter, in case there should be any class. But, before then, I

expect that Germany will require the active service of its youth."

"Indeed!" said I; "are you then apprehensive of a general European war?"

The learned man made no reply, being intently occupied with his victuals. There was silence in the room for about a quarter of an hour, until the professor, having finished his meal, and mopped up the last drop of gravy with a morsel of bread which he incontinently devoured, removed the napkin from his bosom, filled out a tumbler of Moselle, and thus resumed: —

"Hear me, young man! I always loved you; for, in the midst of a certain frivolity of disposition, I discerned the traces of a strong practical enterprising genius. Nay – I am serious. Often, in the course of the speculations which have been forced upon me, during the late headlong current of events, have I thought of you in connexion with the coming destinies of your country. For – do not mistake my meaning – the avalanche which is now sliding down the mountain, with terrific velocity, will not stay itself until it reaches the valley. The rights of the people are not the sole object of the present movement. The awakening of the great heart of Germany is the mere prelude to events that will upset monarchies, overthrow thrones, and shatter society to its deepest foundations, until, by an unerring law of nature, which provides that light shall emerge from darkness, order will uprear itself from the shattered elemental chaos, and the work of social reorganisation be commenced anew. You see my purpose?"

"Why, to say the truth, profoundest of professors, I have not

the slightest glimmering of your drift!"

"You are dull, Herr von Dunshunner!" replied Klingemann, knitting his brows – "much duller than I could have expected from one who has attended my lectures. In Britain, you have not yet attained that point of exalted *rationalismus*, from which alone the true surface of society can be surveyed. You think, I presume, that your own present system of government is perfect?"

"If you mean government by Queen, Lords, and Commons, I am clearly of opinion that it is. But if you mean to ask my impressions of the present Cabinet, I rather think I should give you a very different answer."

"You mistake me altogether," replied the professor. "What are you, in Britain but a heterogeneous mixture of all possible races, without unity of blood, and sometimes even unity of language? Are not Celt and Saxon, Dane and Norman, jumbled together in the great social sphere? And can you expect, out of these warring elements, ever to produce harmony? No, August Reignold! One great error – the total disregard of unity of race – has hitherto been the enormous stumbling-block in the way of human perfection, and it is for the cure of that error that Germany has arisen from her sleep!"

"And what the deuce – excuse my profanity – do you intend to do?"

"To reunite and reconstitute the nations upon the foundation of unity of race," replied the professor.

"It would be rather a difficult thing to accomplish in my case,

professor." I replied. "Without raising a multiplepoinding; as we say in Scotland, I could hardly ascertain to which race I really belong. My father was a Saxon, my mother a Celt – I have a cross of the Norman ancestry, and a decided dash of the Dane. It would defy anatomy to rank me!"

"In cases of admixture," said the professor, lighting his pipe – "which, be it remarked, are the exceptions, and not the rule – we are willing to admit the minor test of language. Now, observe. Western Europe – for we need not complicate ourselves with the Sclavonic question – may be considered as occupied by four different races. It is, I believe, quite possible to reduce them to three, but, in order to avoid controversy, I am willing to take the higher number. In this way we should have, instead of many separate states, merely to undertake the arrangement or federalisation of four distinct races – the Latin, the Teutonic, the Celtic, and Scandinavian. Each tree should be allowed to grow separately, but all its branches should be interwoven together, and the result will be a harmony of system which the world has never yet attained."

"You hold France to be Celtic, I presume, professor?"

"Decidedly. The southern portion has an infusion of Latin, and the northern of Scandinavian blood; but the preponderance lies with the Celt."

"And who do you propose should join with France?"

"Three-fourths of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, and the Basque Provinces."

"So far well. – And England?"

"England is confessedly Saxon; and, as such, the greater portion of her territory must be annexed to Germany."

"While Northumberland and the Orkney islands are handed over to Scandinavia! I'll tell you what, professor – you'll excuse my freedom; but, although I have heard a good deal of nonsense in the course of my life, this idea of yours is the most preposterous that was ever started."

"We are acting upon it, however," replied Klingemann; "for it is upon that principle we are claiming Schleswig from Denmark, and Limburg from the crown of Holland. But for that principle we should be clearly wrong, since it is admitted that, in all past time, the Eyder has been the boundary of Germany. All territorial limits, however, must yield to unity of race."

"May I ask if there are many members of the German parliament who favour the same theory?"

"A good many – at least of the left section."

"They must be an enlightened set of legislators! Take my word for it, professor, you will have enough to do in settling the affairs of Germany Proper, without meddling with any of your neighbours."

"It must be owned," said the professor, "that we still require a good deal of internal arrangement. We have our fleet to build."

"A fleet! – what can you possibly want with a fleet? And if you had one, where are your harbours?"

"That is a point for after consideration," replied Klingemann.

"I am not much acquainted with maritime matters, because I never have seen the sea; but we consider a fleet as quite essential, and are determined to build one. Then there is the settlement of religious differences. That, I own, gives me some anxiety."

"Why should it, in a country where three-fourths of the population, thanks to metaphysics, are rationalists?"

"I do not know. There is a proposal to construct a pantheon, somewhat on the principle of the Valhalla, in which men of all sects may worship; but I am strongly impressed with the propriety of a unity of creed as well as a unity of race."

"And this creed you would make compulsive?"

"To be sure. We expect obedience to the laws – that is, to our laws, when we shall have made them; and I cannot see why a law of worship should be less imperative than a law which binds mankind to the observance of social institutions."

Shade of Doctor Martin Luther! – this in thy native land!

"Well, professor," said I, "you have given me enough to think on for one night at least. Perhaps to-morrow you will be kind enough to take me to the parliament, and point out some of the distinguished men who are about to regenerate the world."

"Willingly, my dear boy," said the professor; "it is your parliament as well as mine, for you are clearly of the Saxon race."

"Which," interrupted I, "I intend to repudiate as soon as the partition begins; for, whatever may be doing elsewhere, there are at least no symptoms of barricades in the Highlands."

Although it exceeded the bounds of human credulity to

suppose that a majority, or even a considerable section of the German parliament, entertained such preposterous ideas as those which I had just heard from Klingemann, it was obvious that the supreme authority had fallen into the hands of men utterly incapable of discharging the duty of legislators to the country. A movement, commenced by the universities, and eagerly seconded by the journalists, had resulted in the abrupt recognition of universal suffrage as the basis of popular representation. There had been no intermediate stage between total absence of political privilege and the surrender of absolute power, without check or discipline, to the many. What wonder, then, if the revolution, so rashly accomplished, so weakly acquiesced in by the majority of the princes of Germany, should already be giving token of its disastrous fruit? What wonder if the representatives of an excited and turbulent people should carry with them, to the grave deliberations of the senate, the same wild and crude ideas which were uppermost in the minds of their constituency? It needed but a glance at the parliamentary list to discover that, among the men assembled in the church of St Paul, there were hardly any fitted, from previous experience, to undertake the delicate task of reconstructing the constitutions of Germany. There were plenty of professors – men who had dreamed away the best part of their lives in abstract contemplation, but who never had mingled with the world, and who formed their sole estimate of modern society from the books and traditions of the past. The recluse scholar is proverbially a man unfit to manage his own affairs,

much less to direct the destinies of nations; and all experience has shown that the popular estimate has, in this instance, been strictly true. There were poets of name and note, whose strains are familiar throughout Europe; but, alas! it is in vain to expect that the power of Orpheus still accompanies his art, and that the world can be governed by a song. There were political writers of the Heine school, enthusiastic advocates of systems which they could neither defend nor explain – worshippers of Mirabeau and of the heroes of the French Revolution – and most of them imbued with such religions and social tenets as were promulgated by Thomas Paine. There were burghers and merchants from the far cities, who, since the days of their studentism, had fattened on tobacco and beer; gained small local reputations by resisting the petty tyranny of some obnoxious burgo-master; and who now, in consequence of the total bouleversement of society, find themselves suddenly exalted to a position of which they do not understand the duties, or comprehend the enormous responsibility. Political adventurers there were of every description, but few members of that class which truly represents the intelligence and property of the country. In the preliminary assembly, the names of five or six mediatised princes – particularly those of the house of Hohenlohe – and of several of the higher nobility, were to be found. Few such names occur in the present roll, – the only mediatised member is the prince of Waldburg-Zeil-Trauchburg. This is ominous of the tendency of the parliament, and of its pure democratic condition.

So much I had learned from a perusal of the debates, which are now regularly published at Frankfort, and which hereafter may be considered as valuable documents, illustrating the rise and progress of revolution. But I was curious to see, with my own eyes, the aspect of the German parliament, and not a little pleased to find that my old friend, the professor, was punctual in keeping his appointment.

Saint Paul's church, a circular building of no great architectural merit, has been appropriated as the theatre of council. Thither every morning, a crowd of the enthusiastic Frankforters, and crazy students in their mediæval garbs, repair to pack the galleries, and bestow their applause upon the speeches of their favourite members. It is needless to say that, the more democratic the harangue, the more liberal is the tribute of cheering. The back benches on one side of the main body of the hall are reserved for the ladies, who, in Frankfort at least, are keen partisans of revolution. The volubility with which these fair creatures discuss the affairs of state, and questions of political economy which the science of Miss Martineau could not unravel, is really quite astounding. Whenever you meet a German woman now, you may prepare to hear a tirade upon popular freedom: they are, as might be expected, even more bitter than the men in their denunciation of artificial rank; nor do they seem to be in the slightest degree aware of the fact, that of all hideous objects on earth, the worst is a patriot in petticoats. I have heard such venom and bloodthirstiness expressed by a pair of coral lips that,

upon the whole, I should rather have preferred soliciting a salute from Medusa.

Above the president's chair, and painted in fresco upon the wall, is a very dirty figure intended to represent Germania, clad in garments which, at first sight, appeared to be covered with a multitude of black beetles. On a more close inspection, however, you discover that these are diminutive eagles; but I can hardly recommend the pattern. The president, Von Gagern, a tall, dark, fanatic-looking man, is seated immediately below, and confronts the most motley assemblage of men that I ever had the fortune to behold.

Klingemann, having intimated to me that it was not his intention to illuminate the mind of Germany that day by any elaborate discourse, was kind enough to place himself beside me, and perform the part of cicerone. My first impression, on surveying the sea of heads in the assembly, was decidedly unfavourable; for I could hardly discern amongst the ranks one single individual whose appearance bespoke him to be a gentleman. The countenances of the members were generally mean and vulgar, and in many cases absurdly bizarre. Near me sate an old pantaloon, with a white beard flowing over a frogged surtout, his head surmounted with a black velvet scull-cap, which gave him all the appearance of a venerable baboon just escaped from the operation of trepanning, and a staff of singular dimensions in his hand. This, Klingemann told me, was Professor Jahn, formerly of Freiburg, and surnamed the father

of gymnastics.

This superannuated acrobat seemed to be the centre of a group of literary notables, for my friend pointed out in succession, and with great pride, the burley forms of Dahlman and other thoroughgoing professors. In fact, one large section of the hall was nothing but a Senatus Academicus.

"But where," said I, "are the poets? I am very curious to see the collection of modern minstrels. I presume that young fellow with the black beard, who is firing away in the tribune, and bawling himself hoarse, must be one of them. He can, at all events, claim the possession of a full share of godlike insanity."

"He is not a poet," replied the professor; "that is Simon of Treves, a very intelligent young man, though a little headstrong. I wish he would be somewhat milder in his manner."

"Nay, he seems to be suiting the action to the word, according to the established rules of rhetoric. So far as I can understand him, he is just suggesting that divers political opponents, whom he esteems reactionary, should be summarily ejected from the window!"

"Ah, good Simon! – but we have all been young once," said the professor. "After all, he is a stanch adherent of unity."

"Yes – I daresay he would like to have every thing his own way, in which case a certain ingenious machine for facilitating decapitation would probably come into vogue. But the poets?"

"You see that old man over yonder, with the calm, benignant, nay, seraphic expression of countenance, which betokens that his

soul is at this moment far withdrawn from its earthly tabernacle, and wandering amidst those paradisaical regions where unity and light prevail."

"Do you allude to that respectable gentleman, rather up in years, who seems to me to have swallowed verjuice after his coffee this morning, or to be labouring under a severe attack of toothache?"

"Irreverend young man! Know that is Ludwig Uhland."

"You don't mean to say that that crossgrained surly old fellow is the author of the famous ballads!" exclaimed I. "Why, there is a snarl on his visage that might qualify him to sit for a fancy portrait of Churchill in extreme old age!"

"He is the last of a great race. Look yonder, at that other venerable figure – "

"The gentleman who is twiddling his stick across his arm, as though he were practising the bars of a fandango? Who may he be?"

"Arndt, the great composer. Have you men like him in your British parliament?"

"Why, I must confess we have not yet thought of ransacking the orchestra for statesmen. Any more?"

"Yes. You see that tall grizzled man over the way. That is Anastasius Grün."

"Graf von Auersperg? Well, he is a gentleman at least; though, as to poetical pretension, I have always considered him very much on a par with Dicky Milnes. But where are your statesmen,

professor? Where are the men who have made politics the study of their lives, who have mastered the theories of government and the science of economics, and who have all the different treaties of Europe at the ends of their fingers?"

"As we are commencing a new era," replied Klingemann, "we need none of those. Treaties, ideologically considered, are merely the exponents of the position of past generations, and bear no reference to the future, the tendency of which is lost in the mists of eternity. Such men as you describe we had under the Metternich system, but we have discarded them all with their master."

"Then I must say that, idiotically considered, you have done a very foolish thing. Where at least are your financiers?"

"My dear friend, I must for once admit that you have stumbled on a weak point. We are very much in want of a financier indeed. Would you believe it? the sum of five florins a-day, which is the amount of recompense allowed to each member of the Assembly, has been allowed to fall into arrear!"

"What! do each of these fellows get five florins a-day, in return for cobbling up the Empire? Then it is very easy to see that, unless the exchequer fails altogether, the parliament will never be prorogued."

"Certainly not until it has completed the task of adjusting a German constitution," observed the professor.

"Which is just saying the same thing in different words. But, pray, what is exciting this storm of wrath in the bosom of the

respectable Mr Simon?"

"He is merely denouncing the sovereigns and the aristocracy. It is a favourite topic. But look there! that is a great man – ah, a very great man indeed!"

Without challenging the claim of the individual indicated to greatness, I am committing no libel when I designate him as the very ugliest man in Europe. The broad arch of his face was fringed with a red bush of furzy hair. His eyes were inflamed and pinky, like those of a ferret labouring under opthalmia, and his nose, mouth, and tusks, bore a palpable resemblance to the muzzle of the bulldog. Altogether, it is impossible to conceive a more thoroughly forbidding figure. This was Robert Blum, the well-known publisher of Leipzig, who has put himself prominently forward from the very commencement of the movement; and who, possessing a certain power of language which may pass with the multitude for eloquence, and professing opinions of extreme democratic tendency, has gained a popularity and power in Frankfort, which is not regarded without uneasiness by the members of the more moderate party. As this worthy was a bookseller, and Klingemann still in possession of piles of unpublished manuscript, I could understand and forgive the enthusiasm and veneration of the latter.

Simon having concluded his inflammatory harangue, the tribune was next occupied by a person of a different stamp. He was, I think, without any exception, the finest-looking man in

the Assembly – in the prime of manhood, tall, handsome, and elegantly dressed, and bearing, moreover, that unmistakeable air which belongs to the polished gentleman alone. His manner of speaking was hasty, and not such as might be approved of by the practised debater, but extremely fluent and energetic; and it was evident that Simon and his confederates writhed under the castigation which, half-seriously, half-sarcastically, the bold orator unsparingly bestowed. Judging from the occasional hisses, the speaker seemed no favourite either with the members of the extreme left or with the galleries; but probably he was used to such manifestations, for he went through his work undauntedly. I asked his name. It was Felix, Prince of Lichnowsky.

Poor Lichnowsky! a few weeks after I saw him in the Assembly, he was barbarously and brutally murdered by savages at the gate of Frankfort – the flesh cut off his arms with scythes – his body put up as a target for their balls – and every execrable device of ingenuity employed to prolong his suffering. O ye who wink at revolutions abroad, and who would stimulate the populace to excess – ye who, in days past, have written or been privy to letters from the Home Office, conniving at undeniable treason – think of this scene, and repent of your miserable folly! In a civilised city – among a Christian and educated population – that deed of hideous atrocity was perpetrated at noon-day: the young life of one of the most accomplished and chivalrous cavaliers of Europe was torn from him piecemeal, in a manner which humanity shudders to record, and for no

other reason than because he had stood forth as the advocate of constitutional order! Liberal historians, in their commentaries upon the first French Revolution, spare no pains to argue us into the conviction that such tragedies as that of the Princess de Lamballe could not be enacted save amongst a people degraded and brutalised by long centuries of misgovernment, oppression, and superstition. They have lied in saying so. A pack of famished wolves is not so merciless as a human mob, when drunk with the revolutionary puddle; and were the strong arm of the law once paralysed in Britain, we should inevitably become the spectators, if not the victims, of the same butcheries which have disgraced almost every country in Europe now clamouring for independence and unity. The sacerdotal robes of the Archbishop of Paris – the gray hairs of Major von Auerswaldt – the station and public virtue of the Counts of Lamburg, Zichy, and Latour – could not save these unhappy men from a fate far worse than simple assassination: and this century and year have likewise been reserved for the unexampled abomination of Christian men adopting cannibalism, and feeding upon human flesh, as was the case not a month ago at Messina! Well might Madame Roland exclaim, "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name!" Poor Lichnowsky! Better had he fallen on the fields of Spain, in the combat for honour and loyalty, with the red steel in his hand, and the flush of victory on his brow, than have perished so miserably by the hands of the cowardly and rascal rout of the *free* city of Frankfort!

"That's Zitz of Mayence," said the professor, as a heavy-looking demagogue stumbled clumsily up to the tribune.

"Oh! that's Zitz, is it?" replied I. "Well, professor, I think I have had quite enough of the Assembly for one morning, and as I feel a certain craving for a cigar, I think I shall leave you for the present."

"Won't you dine to-day at the Swan?" said Klingemann, "most of my friends of the left frequent the *table-d'hote* there, and I should like to introduce you to Zitz."

"Thank you!" said I, "I shall be punctual, and pray keep a place for me;" and so for the present we parted.

"The dunderheads!" thought I, as I emerged into the street and lit an undeniable havannah, "here is a nation which, for thirty years past, has been eating its *sauer-kraut* and sausages in peace, paying almost no taxes, and growing its own wine and tobacco, about to be plunged into irretrievable misery and ruin, by a set of selfish hounds who look to nothing beyond their stipend of five florins a-day! Heaven help the idiots! what would they be at? They have got all manner of constitutions, liberty of the press – though there is not a man in Germany who could write a decent leading article – and a great deal more freedom than is good for them already. And now the world is to be turned upside down, because a parcel of trash, not a whit more respectable than Cuffey and his confederates, and very nearly as stupid, have taken the notion of unity into their heads, and are resolved to build up, with rotten bricks, the ricketty structure of an empire. Nicholas,

my dear friend, there is work chalked out for you, and ready. If these scum presume to meddle with their neighbours, they must be crushed like a hive of hornets; and I do not know any foot so heavy and elephantine as your own!"

Pondering these things deeply, I strolled on from shop to shop, gleaning everywhere as I went statistics touching the manner in which our free-trade innovations have affected the industry of Great Britain. For a year and a half, the boot and shoe trade has been remarkably thriving; the London market being the most profitable in the world, and nothing but British gold exported in return. As to cotton manufactures, Belgium and Switzerland have the monopoly of Southern Germany. The trade in Bohemian glass is rapidly superseding at home the labour of the silversmith. A complete service, so beautiful that it might be laid out on the table of a prince, costs about thirty pounds; and the names of the British magnates, which the dealer pointed to with ineffable triumph as purchasers, were so numerous as to convince me that the deteriorating influence of free trade was rapidly rising upwards. The same may be said of the cutlery, which is now sent to undersell the product of the British artisan in his own peculiar market. When we couple those facts, which may be learned in every Continental town, with the state of our falling revenue, and the grievous direct burden which is imposed upon us in the shape of property and income tax, it is difficult for any Briton to understand upon what grounds the financial reputation of Sir Robert Peel is based, or to comprehend the wisdom of

adhering to a system which sacrifices every thing in favour of the foreigner, and brings us in return no earthly recompense or gain.

I duly kept my engagement at the Swan, and was introduced by the Professor to Zitz, Gervinus, and some more of the radical party. The dinners at the Swan are unexceptionable; indeed, out of Paris, it is impossible to discover better.

"What do you think of our German parliament?" asked a deputy of the name of Neukirch, next whom I was seated. "It must be an interesting sight for an Englishman to behold the aspirations of our rising freedom."

"Oh, charming!" I replied: "and such splendid oratory – we have nothing like it in the House of Commons."

"Do you really think so?" said Neukirch, looking absurdly gratified.

"I do indeed. The speech which I had the privilege of hearing this morning from the gentleman opposite – " here I bowed to Simon of Treves, who was picking the backbone of a pike – "was equal to the most elaborate efforts of our greatest orator, Mr Chisholm Anstey. It is not often that one has the fortune to listen to such talent combined with patriotism!"

"You speak like a man of sense," said the flattered Simon. "I believe that I have given those infernal princes their gruel. Lichnowsky had better hold his peace, for the time is coming when a sharp reckoning must be held between the aristocrats and the people."

"*Potz tausend!*" cried Zitz, "do they think to lord it over us

longer with their stars and ribbons? I hold myself to be as good a man as any grand-duke of them all, and a great deal better than some I could name who would give a trifle to be out of Germany."

"And how does the cause of democracy progress in England?" asked Neukirch. "We are somewhat surprised to find that, after all the preparation, there has been no revolution in London."

"As to that," said I, "you must hardly judge us too rashly. Two distinguished patriots, called Ernest Jones and Fussell, were desirous of raising barricades; but, somehow or other, the plan was communicated to Government, the troops refused to fraternise, and the attempt was postponed for the present."

"I see!" cried Zitz, "Russian influence has been at work in England too. Nicholas has been sowing his gold, and the fruit is continued tyranny."

"The fact is," said I, "though I would not wish it to be repeated, that a good many of us are of opinion that we have no tyranny at all, but rather more freedom than is absolutely necessary for our happiness."

"No tyranny!" shouted Zitz; "is there not a chamber of peers?"

"Too much freedom!" roared Simon of Treves; "have you not an Established Church?"

"Is not your sovereign a niece of the odious despot of Hanover?" asked Neukirch.

"Is there not a heavy tax on tobacco?" inquired my friend and preceptor Klingemann.

"Gentlemen all," said I, "these things must perforce be admitted. We have a chamber of peers, and are thankful for it, because it curbs democracy in the Commons. We have an Established Church, and we honour it, because it has taught the people to fear their Creator and to reverence their queen. Our sovereign is a niece of the King of Hanover, and she has no reason whatever to be ashamed of the connexion. And as to the article of tobacco, I may remark to my learned friend the professor, that revenue must necessarily be raised, and that, moreover, I have not smoked a single decent cigar since I set foot in Germany."

"These are reactionary doctrines!" growled Zitz; "I fear you are no true friend of the people."

"A firmer one never sat under the sign of Geordie Buchanan," said I; "but I suspect your estimate of the people is somewhat different from mine. Pray, Herr Neukirch, will you pardon the curiosity of a stranger, if I ask one or two questions upon points which I do not thoroughly comprehend? I observe, from the tenor of the proclamations issued by Herr von Soiron, that you contemplate the erection of one free, united, and indissoluble Germany."

"That is precisely our object."

"Then, am I right in holding that the Reichsverweser concentrates in his own person the whole power and puissance of the different states?"

"Just so. He is president of Germany."

"So that with him and his council rest the whole responsibility

of disposing of the troops of the confederation, of making treaties, of proclaiming peace and war, of regulating coinage and customs, and, in fact, of exerting every royal prerogative?"

"Always with consent of the German parliament," said Zitz. "You may believe we are not such fools as to substitute one tyrant for thirty-eight."

"Then, gentlemen, it appears to me that your whole scheme, upon which I am not qualified to express an opinion, resolves itself into one of extensive and entire mediatisation. If the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia have no power to declare peace or war – if their armies are to obey the orders of the central power at Frankfort – it will follow, as a matter of course, that their kingly privileges are at an end. The interchange of ambassadors with foreign states will be a ceremony so clearly futile that it must at once be abandoned, and the monarchs will become merely the first of a titular nobility."

"That is the inevitable and glorious consequence!" cried my new acquaintance, Neukirch. "You see the whole subject in its proper light. First, we clip the wings of the princes till they can do no more than hop about their own home-yards; then we control the proceedings of the Reichsverweser by a parliament elected on the principles of universal suffrage; and finally, we can eject the puppet if necessary, and resolve ourselves into a pure democracy."

"One thing, then," said I, "is only wanting for this desirable consummation, and that is, the consent of the princes. I admit

that you may have little trouble with Baden, Wurtemberg, and the like, but what say Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria to this wholesale abdication of their thrones?"

"We don't affect to deny that there may be a crisis approaching. Austria has her hands full for the present with Italy and Hungary, and has given no definite reply. But the clubs are strong and active at Vienna, and on the very first opportunity you will see a general rising. 'Anarchy first – order afterwards,' is our motto. Then, as to Prussia, we do not want to push on matters too rapidly there. The king has been playing into our hands; and, to tell you the truth, we depend upon him alone for the continuance of our five florins a-day. So that, in the mean time, you may be sure we shall be moderate in that quarter. Bavaria may do as she pleases. If the others yield, that power must necessarily succumb."

"Then I want to understand a little about the justice of your cause. You have claimed Schleswig-Holstein as part of Germany, and you have sent German troops, for the purpose of recovering it as your right?"

"Quite true."

"And at the same time Germany, or you as its representatives, have acknowledged the right of all foreign nations to their own independence?"

"We have."

"Then, will you have the kindness to explain to me how it is that your philanthropic parliament, holding such principles, has

not thought proper to insist that every Austrian soldier, belonging to the confederation, should be immediately withdrawn from Lombardy and Hungary? How is it that General Wrangel, in the north, has ceased to be a Prussian, and become a German soldier, whilst Marshal Radetsky, in the south, is fighting without remonstrance at the head of troops which you claim as your own, and against that independence of a foreign nation, which you have thought proper expressly to recognise? If Germany claims Schleswig on the ground of unity of race and language, how can she, at the same time, countenance a subordinate German power in infringing the very principle which she has so determinedly proclaimed?"

Neither on this occasion, nor on any other, could I obtain a satisfactory reply to the above question. In fact, from the very beginning, the conduct of the men who have put themselves at the head of the present movement, has been checkered by contradictions of the most glaring and obvious kind. On the fifth of May, the present vice-president, Von Soiron, put forth an address to the inhabitants of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, calling upon them to co-operate and join with the German confederacy, and to send representatives to the union. Two of these states are comprised in the Austrian, and one in the Prussian dominions; *but none of them are German*. If nationality is to be recognised as the ruling principle – and the scheme of German confederation and empire contemplated nothing else – these countries would fall to be excluded, since, by language and

race, they form part of a totally different branch of the European family. But before the ink on their proclamation of strict unity and independence was dry, – that proclamation containing the following remarkable words, "The Germans shall not be induced, on any consideration, to abridge or deprive other nations of that freedom and independence which they claim for themselves as their own unalienable right," – we find the Germans calmly annexing Polish Posen to their league, proposing to include Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia in the limits of the empire, and by their official congratulatory address to Radetsky, giving national countenance to the war of subjugation in Lombardy. Even were their case otherwise good, such acts as these form an irresistible argument against their present claim for Schleswig; for upon no principle whatever are they entitled to add, on one side, to the possessions of the empire by foreign annexation, and on the other to repudiate annexation, when in favour of a foreign power.

But it is useless, in their present state, to demand explanation from the Germans. They are like men who, in attempting to cross a ford, have been carried off their feet by the swollen waters, and are now plunging in the pool, unable to reach the shore. *Imperium in imperio* is clearly unattainable. German unity, as at present contemplated, with a common army, common taxes, and common constitutions, under one central government, can only be achieved by an entire prostration of the princes, and the abolition of the kingly dignity. Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and all the states, must be blotted from the map of

Europe, their boundaries erased, their conditions forgotten, and their names for ever proscribed. The republican party know this well, and it is in this conviction that they are still labouring on, taking advantage of the unhappy state of Austria in relation to its foreign possessions, sympathising with the Hungarian revolt, and exciting the clubs at Vienna; whilst, at the same moment, they are availing themselves to the utmost of the weak and foolish blunder committed by the king of Prussia, and appealing to his own declaration in favour of German unity, whenever he shows the slightest symptom of receding from the popular path. There is hardly a shade of difference between the opinions entertained by a large mass of the Frankfort parliament, and those professed by Hecker and Struve, the leaders of the Baden insurrections. The aim of both parties was the same; but the insurgents sought to attain their end by a speedy and violent process, for which the others were not prepared. They proposed to undermine the power of the sovereigns by a continued course of agitation, to arm a burgher guard throughout Germany, as a countercheck to the troops, and, wherever it is possible, to seduce the latter from their allegiance. In this latter scheme, as recent events have shown, they have been unfortunately too successful; and the military system of Germany had afforded them great facilities. The German regiments are not, as is the case in Britain, transferred from town to town, and from province to province, in a continual round of service. They are quartered for years in the same place, make alliances with the town-folks, and become

imbued with all their local and prevalent prejudices. They are, in fact, too much identified with the populace to be thoroughly relied on in the case of any sudden emeute, and too much associated with the landwehr or militia, to be ready to act against them. Let those who have not reflected upon this serious element of discord, consider what in all probability would be the state of an Irish regiment, if quartered permanently among the peasantry of Tipperary – exposed, not for a short time, but for years, to the baneful influences of agitation and deliberate seduction, and never having an opportunity of contemplating elsewhere the advantages of order and obedience? The circumscribed dimensions of some of the German states has increased this evil enormously; and the example set by General Wrangel, when, in the case of the Swedish armistice, he declared himself to be an Imperial and not a Prussian commander, cannot but have had a powerful effect in sapping the loyalty of the troops. If Wrangel took that step in consequence of secret orders from his master, as is by no means improbable, he may be personally absolved from blame, but only by shifting to the royal shoulders such a load of obloquy and scorn as never monarch carried before. If, on the contrary, Wrangel did this on his own authority, the Prussian government has evinced lamentable weakness, in not having him tried by a court-martial, and shot for audacious treason.

If the monarchies of Germany are to be preserved, it must be through the resolution of the troops. A congress is at this moment obviously impossible, nor can it be attempted until

the Frankfort parliament has ran its course – a consummation which some people think is not only devoutly to be desired, but very near at hand. Things have now gone so far, that it is difficult to see how any kind of order can be restored, without the disastrous alternative of commotion and civil war. There are again symptoms of republican gatherings in the north, which Prussia cannot this time overlook, without sacrificing the fragments of her honour. At Vienna, the insurrection has been successful. The emperor has, a second time, quitted Schönbrunn, and has openly announced that, when he next returns to his capital, it will be at the head of an avenging army. There is nothing improbable in this announcement. The Austrian army is less liable to the impairing influence already noticed than that of any other German state; and though there never was a time when its services were so urgently required at so many menacing points as at the present, there may yet be strength enough left to crush the insurgent capital. Of course, in such an event, all men may be prepared to hear from the liberals the same howl of horror which issued from their sympathising throats, when the populace of Naples manfully and boldly espoused the cause of their legitimate sovereign. Sicilian cannibalism can be pardoned, but Neapolitan loyalty, never!

It is a vain dream to associate German unity with the existing system of principalities. Whether Von Gagern is really in earnest, in attempting to labour towards this end, or whether he is merely keeping up the appearance of such a union, for the purpose

of paving the way to a more sweeping measure of democracy, may be the subject of legitimate doubt. If the former be the case, he has committed a grave error, in allowing the Diet to be annihilated. Though difficult, it was by no means impossible to have adjusted the separate constitutions of the German states upon a liberal basis, and to have devolved upon the chambers the right of nominating the members of the imperial diet. Such a system might have secured as much unity of purpose as was requisite for general administration, without resorting to the dangerous experiment of a parliament elected by universal suffrage. But nothing of this sort was attempted. On the contrary, the Diet fell without a struggle: its old functions had ceased when Prussia deserted it for the carrying out an independent policy of her own; and no one attempted to resuscitate it by the infusion of novel blood.

Notwithstanding such charm as might be derived from the society of Messrs Zitz, Simon, and Co., and the fund of information which professor Klingemann was ever ready to pour into my ear, I soon became tired of Frankfort, and betook myself to the watering-places. This was a good year for calculating what proportion of the company usually located during the summer months at Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden, sought those places for the benefit of the Hygeian springs, in contradistinction to those whose main attraction was the Casino. The number of the former class, I should say, was comparatively small. Although one cannot feel much sympathy for such nests of gambling,

maintained, to the discredit of the smaller German princes, for the sake of the revenue obtained from the Israelitish proprietors of the banks, it was yet painful to observe the dull appearance of the towns. There was hardly any remnant of that gaiety and sprightliness, which used to characterise these haunts of fashion and dissipation – none of the equipages which were wont to roll along the environs, with ducal coronets on their blazon. The bazaars were deserted: the *tables-d'hôte* miserably attended. If thirty people assembled in one of the great saloons, which formerly used to be occupied by two hundred, the countenance of the host relaxed, and lie evidently caught at the circumstance, as a gleam of returning prosperity. There were still one or two desperate gamblers to be seen at the roulette and rouge-et-noir tables, staking their gold with as much eagerness and stern determination as ever; but, in general, there seemed to prevail such a serious scarcity of bullion, that those who possessed any were chary of hazarding their florins. The brass bands still played as of yore, but their music sounded dull and melancholy. Few subscribed to raffles, and the balls were miserable failures.

The state of the small capitals is still worse. Darmstadt, never a lively town, is literally shut up. You may wander through the streets of Carlsruhe, as in the solitudes of Balbec, wondering what on earth can have become of the whole population, and not be able to solve the problem, unless, indeed, you should happen to hear the clattering of the hoofs of the Baden cavalry awakening the dormant echoes of the street. Then, with a shrill whoop

of "Hier kommt die Badische cavallerie!" man, woman, and child, – chambermaid and waiter, rush to the windows to admire the exciting spectacle of their native heroes, mounted upon animals not very much larger than ponies, and, the moment the procession has passed, relapse into the same state of somnolency as before. The palaces do not seem to be occupied, and the voice of the syrens on the boards of the theatres is mute.

Perfectly disgusted with the change, which was too conspicuous everywhere, I bent my way towards Switzerland; and there, amidst the mountains, snows, cascades and glaciers of the Oberland, strove to banish from my mind all thoughts of revolution and its concomitant ruin. But Switzerland has suffered, in its way, almost as much as Germany. Although the central point of Europe to which the steps of the tourists tend, it furnishes ample proof of the general consternation and misery in its lonely roads and empty hotels. There are no English travelling abroad this year. Sometimes you encounter an American party who have crossed the Atlantic, curious to see how the old countries are getting on in their novel craze for republican institutions, but the staple of the travelling commodity consists of Italian refugees from Lombardy. These men also seem to have adopted a kind of mediæval garb, more graceful than that of the Germans, and are, to outward appearance, no despicable specimens of humanity. They vapour and bluster, largely about their exertions for Italian independence, though I never could meet with one who had actually struck a blow in its behalf.

They were furious at Charles Albert, whom they characterised as a "traditore sceleratissimo," and vaunted that, but for him and his Piedmontese troops, they would long ago have freed their country from the grasp of the Austrians. I was not altogether able to comprehend by what process of ratiocination these illustrious exiles arrived at this result. It would appear odd if they could not accomplish, with the aid of allies, the very same task for which they asserted their notorious unassisted competency. This is a political riddle of such a nature, that I shall not attempt to solve it.

It is, however, comfortable to remark, that Swiss industry, in many of its branches, still continues undiminished. The squat and unwholesome hunter, who for years has infested the Rosenthal, still pursues his prey, in the shape of the unwary traveller, with perpetual impudence and importunity. Out of his clutches you cannot get, until you have purchased, at triple its artificial value, the wooden effigy of a chamois, a horn whistle, or the image of an Alpine cow; and even after you have made your escape, crossed the bridge, and are in full retreat up the valley, you hear him clamouring behind you with offers of a staff to sell. From every cottage-door rush forth hordes of uncompromising children; nay, they surprise you in the very wastes, far from any human dwelling, and their only cry is "*Batzen!*" Approach a waterfall, and you are immediately surrounded by a plump of those juvenile Cossacks, seizing hold of your skirts, thrusting their hands upwards in your face, and denying you one moment's leisure to survey the scene. Their yelp for pence is heard above

the sullen roaring of the cataract. In vain you take to flight – they cleave to you like a swarm of midges. You leap brook, scale bank, and scour across the meadow towards the road, but you fare no better than the Baron of Cranstoun in his race with the Goblin Page; and at last are compelled to ransom yourself by parting with the whole of the change in your possession.

If I can judge from the present temper of the Swiss, they are not likely to return a very complacent answer to the charge made against them by the central power at Frankfort, of having harboured Struve and his gang. The German troubles have kept back so many visitors from their country, that the Swiss are not inclined to be particular as to the political opinions of any one who may favour them with a sojourn; and in the present state of matters it is rather difficult to determine who are rebels or the reverse. Bitterly at this moment is Switzerland execrating a revolution which has entailed upon her consequences almost equivalent to the total failure of a harvest.

After spending a fortnight among the mountains, I retraced my steps to Frankfort. There I discovered that, in the interim, some little change had taken place in the aspect of political affairs. Prussia had at length taken heart of grace, and had remonstrated against the arbitrary refusal of the armistice with Denmark, which she had been expressly empowered, by the authority of the Reichsverweser, to conclude. This tardy recognition of the laws of honour had, of course, given enormous umbrage to the Frankforters, who now considered themselves as

the supreme arbiters of peace or war in Europe; the more so, because they were not called upon to pay a single farthing of the necessary expenses. They appeared to think that, *jure divino*, they were entitled to the gratuitous services of the Prussian and Hanoverian armies; and, with that sublime disregard of cost which we are all apt to feel when negotiating with our neighbours' money, they were furious at any interruption of the war unworthily commenced against their small but spirited antagonist. Such, at least, was the feeling among the burghers, in which they were powerfully encouraged by the co-operation of the women. It is a singular fact that, in times of revolution, the fair sex is always inclined to push matters to greater extremity than the other, for what reason it is literally impossible to say. I had the pleasure of spending an evening at a social reunion in Frankfort, and can aver that the sentiments which emanated from the ladies would have done no discredit to Demoiselle Theroigne de Mericourt in the midst of the Reign of Terror.

But other motives than those of mere abstract democracy had some influence with the members of the parliament. Many of them who, in the first instance, had voted for the peremptory infraction of the armistice, were fully aware that they could not afford as yet to affront Prussia, or to give her an open pretext for resiling from the movement party. Such a step would have been tantamount to annihilation, and therefore they were disposed to succumb. Others, I verily believe, thought seriously upon their five florins a-day. Hitherto Prussia had been the only state which

had granted a monetary contingent, and to refuse compliance with her wishes would inevitably involve a sacrifice of the goose that furnished the supply of metallic eggs. Therefore, after a long and rather furious debate, the assembly retracted their former decision, and consented to a cessation of hostilities.

A parliament, chosen upon the basis of universal suffrage, is only safe when its opinions coincide with those of the mob. In the present instance they were directly counter to the sweet will of the populace, and of course the decision was received with every symptom of turbulence.

"Professor," said I to my learned friend, on the evening after this memorable debate, "you have given one sensible vote to-day, and I hope you will never repent of it. But, if you will take my advice, you will do well to absent yourself from the parliament to-morrow. There are certain symptoms going on in the streets which I do not altogether like, for they put me forcibly in mind of what I saw in Paris this last spring; and, unless a German mob differs essentially from a French one, we shall smell gunpowder to-morrow. I should be sorry to, see my ancient preceptor fragmentally distributed as an offering to the goddess of discord."

"Don't speak of it, August Reignold, my dear boy!" said the Professor in manifest terror. "I wouldn't mind much being hauled up to a lamp-post, for I am heavy enough to break any in Frankfort down; but the bare notion of dismemberment fills my soul with fear. Well says the poet, *varium et mutabile*; and he

might safely have applied it to the people. Will you believe that I, whose whole soul is engrossed with the thoughts of unity and the public weal, was actually hissed and hooted at as a traitor, when I emerged to-day from the assembly?"

"It is the penalty you must pay for your political greatness," I replied. "But, if I were you, I should back out of the thing altogether. Cobbling constitutions is rather dangerous work in such times as these; and it strikes me that your valuable health may be somewhat impaired by your exertions."

"Heaven knows," said the Professor devoutly, "that I would willingly die for my country – that is, in my bed. But I do begin to perceive that I am overworking this frail tenement of clay. Once let this crisis be past, and I shall return to the university, resume my philosophic labours, and finish my inchoate treatise upon the 'Natural History of Axioms.'"

"You will do wisely, Professor, and humanity will owe you a debt: only don't employ that fellow Blum as your publisher. *Apropos*, what is Simon, of Treves saying to this state of matters?"

"Simon of Treves," replied my learned friend, "is little better than an arrogant coxcomb. He had the inconceivable audacity to laugh in my face, when I proposed, on the ground of common ancestry, to open negotiations with the Thracians, and to ask me if it would not be desirable to include the whole of the Peloponnesus."

"He must indeed be a blockhead! Well, Professor, keep quiet

for the evening, and don't show yourself in the streets. I am going to take a little stroll of observation before bed, and to-morrow morning we shall hold a committee of personal safety."

On ordinary occasions, the streets of Frankfort are utterly deserted by ten o'clock. This night, however, the case was different. Groups of ill-looking, ruffianly fellows, were collected at the corners of the streets; and more than once, beneath the blouse, I could detect the glitter of a furtive weapon. There were lights and bustle in the club-houses, and every thing betokened the approach of a popular emeute.

"You will do well," said I to the Swiss porter of the *Russischer Hof* on re-entering, "to warn any strangers in your house to keep within doors to-morrow. Unless I am strangely mistaken, we shall have a repetition of the scenes in Paris to-morrow. In the mean time, I shall trouble you for my key."

I rose next morning at six, and looked out of my window, half expecting to see a barricade; but for once I was disappointed – the Germans are a much slower set than the French. At nine, however, there were reasonable symptoms of commotion, and I could hear the hoarse roar of a mob in the distance whilst I was occupied in shaving.

Presently up came a waiter.

"The Herr Professor desires me to say that, if you have no objection, he would be glad to breakfast in your room." My apartments were on the third story.

"Show him up," said I; and my friend entered as pale as death.

"O August Reignold, this is a horrible business!"

"Pshaw!" said I, "how can you expect unity without a row?"

"But they tell me that the mob are already breaking into the assembly – into the free, inviolable, sacred parliament of Germany!"

"Is that all? They might, in my humble opinion, be doing a great deal worse."

"And they are beginning to put up barricades."

"That's serious," said I; "however, one comfort is, that they expect somebody to attack them. Take your coffee, Professor, and let us await events with fortitude. You are tolerably safe here."

The Professor groaned, for his spirit was sorely troubled. I really felt for the poor man, who was now beginning, for the first time, to taste the bitter fruits of revolution. They were as ashes in his academical mouth.

There was a balcony before my window, from which I could survey the whole of the Zeil, or principal street of Frankfort. The people were swarming below as busy as a disturbed nest of ants. A huge gang of fellows, with pickaxes, took up their post immediately in front of the hotel, and began to demolish the pavement with a tolerable show of alacrity.

"Here is the work of unity begun in earnest!" I exclaimed. "Where is your armed burgher guard now, Professor? This is a glorious development of your national theories! Quite right, gentlemen; upset that carriage – roll out those barrels. In five

minutes you will have erected as pretty a fortalice as would have crowned the sconce of Drumsnab, if Dugald Dalgetty had had his will. The arrangement also of stationing sharpshooters at the neighbouring windows is judicious. Have a care, Professor! If any of these patriots should chance to recognise a recusant member, you may possibly have the worst of it. For the sake of shelter, and to prevent accidents, I shall even put my portmanteau in front of us; for damaged linen is better than an ounce of lead in the thorax."

In a very short time the barricade, was completed, but as yet no assailants had appeared. This circumstance seemed to astonish even the insurgents, who held a consultation, and then, with tolerable philosophy, proceeded to light their pipes. They were not altogether composed of the lower orders; some of them seemed to belong to the middle-classes, and were the active directors of the defence. We could not, of course, tell what was going on in other parts of the town, for all communication was barred. Better for us it was so, for about this time Prince Lichnowsky, and Major von Auerswaldt were murdered.

A considerable period of time elapsed, and yet there was no appearance of the soldiery. I had almost begun to think that the insurrection might pass away without bloodshed, when a mounted aide-de-camp rode up and conferred with the leaders on the barricade. From his gestures it was evident that he was urging them to disperse, but this they peremptorily refused. Shortly afterwards a body of Austrian soldiers charged up the street at

double-quick time, and the firing began in earnest.

"I am a doomed man!" cried the Professor, and he leaped convulsively on my bed. "As sure as Archimedes was killed in his closet, I shall be dragged out to the street and massacred!"

"No fear of that," said I. "Body of Bacon, man! do you think that those fellows have nothing else to do than to hunt out philosophers? That's sharp work though! The windows are strongly manned, and I fear the military will suffer."

The loud explosion of a cannon shook the hotel, and a grateful sound it was, for I knew that, if artillery were employed, the cause of order was secure. It produced, however, a contrary effect on the Professor, who thought he was listening to his death-knell. On a sudden there was a trampling on the stairs.

"They are coming for me!" groaned the Professor. "*Ora pro nobis!* I shall never read a lecture more!" And sure enough the door was flung open, and five or six Prussian soldiers, bearing their muskets, entered. Klingemann dropped down in a swoon.

"You must excuse ceremony, gentlemen," said the corporal; "we have orders to dislodge the rioters." And forthwith the whole party stepped out on the balcony, and commenced a regular fusillade. Presently one of them dropped his weapon, and staggered into the room; he had received a bad wound in the shoulder. Immediately afterwards a bullet went plump into my portmanteau.

"Oh confound it!" cried I; "if they are beginning to attack property, it is full time to be on the alert. With your leave, friend,

I shall borrow your musket."

Next morning I took a final farewell of the Professor. The good man was much agitated, for, besides his bodily terror, he had been suffering from the effects of a violent purgative attack.

"I have thought seriously over what you said, my dear boy, and I begin to perceive that I have been acting very much like a fool. I shall pack up my chattels this evening, wash my hands of public affairs, and return to lay my old bones in peace beside those of my predecessors in the university."

"You can't do better, Professor; and if, in your prelections, you would omit all notice of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and say as little as possible about the Lacedæmonian code, it might tend to promote the welfare of your students, both in this world and in the next."

"Of that, my dear August Reignold, I am now thoroughly convinced. But you must admit that the abstract idea of unity – "

"Is utter fudge! You see the result of it already in the blood which is thickening in the streets. Adieu, Professor! Put your cockade in the fire, and offer my warmest congratulations to your friend Mr Simon of Treves."

Two days afterwards I experienced a genuine spasm of satisfaction while setting my foot on Dutch ground at Arnheim. The change from a democratic to a conservative country was so exhilarating, that I nearly slew myself by drinking confusion to democracy in bumpers of veritable Schiedam.

SATIRES AND CARICATURES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. [1]

A Comic History of England would be an exceedingly curious, and even a valuable work. We do not mean a caricatured history, with great men turned into ridicule, and important events burlesqued; such absurdities may provoke pity, but they will hardly extort a smile from any whose suffrage is worth courting. We have had a vast deal of comic literature in this country during the last dozen years; quite a torrent of *facetiæ*, a surfeit of slang and puns. One or two popular humorists gave the impetus, and set a host of imitators sliding and wriggling down the inclined plane leading from wit and humour to buffoonery and bad taste. The majority reached in an instant the bottom of the slope, and have ever since remained there. The truth is, the funny style has been overdone; the supply of jokers has exceeded the demand for jokes, until the very word "comic" resounds unpleasantly upon the public tympanum. It were a change to revert for a while to the wit of our forefathers, at least as good, we suspect, as much of more modern manufacture. And therefore, we repeat, a comic English history, whose claims to the

[1] *England under the House of Hanover; its History and Condition during the reigns of the three Georges, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the day.* By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A.F.S.A. &c. With numerous illustrations, executed by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. In two volumes. London: 1848.

quality should be founded on its illustration by the songs, satires, and caricatures of its respective periods, would be interesting and precious in many ways; particularly as giving an insight into popular feelings and characteristics, and often as throwing additional light upon the causes of important revolutions and political changes. It would certainly be a very difficult book to compile. Instead of beginning at the usual starting-post of Roman invasion, it could hardly be carried back to the first William. The Saxons may possibly have revenged themselves on their conquerors by satirical ditties, and by rude and grotesque delineations; but it may be doubted whether any authenticated specimens of either their poetry or painting are in existence at the present day. It would not surprise us if King John's courtiers had curried favour with their master by lampooning the absent Cœur-de-Lion; and doubtless when there were men sufficiently sacrilegious to slay a churchman at the altar, others may have ventured to satirise in rude doggrel the pride and presumption of Thomas à Becket. But have their graceless effusions survived? Can they be traced in black letter, or deciphered on the blocks of wood and stone referred to in Mr Wright's preface? We fear not; and we believe that, up to the date of the invention of printing, the history suggested would be very meagre, and the task of writing it most ungrateful. For some time after that date the humorous illustrations would be written, and not pictorial; songs and lampoons, perhaps, but of caricatures few or none. For although caricature, in one variety or other, is ancient as the

Pyramids, its introduction is recent into the country where, of all others, it seems most at home. Fostered by political liberty, it has naturalised itself kindly on English soil, but its foreign origin remains undeniable. Already, in the sixteenth century, Italy had her Caracci, and France her Callot; whilst in England we vainly seek, until the appearance of Hogarth, a caricaturist whose name abides in our memories, or whose works grace our museums.

It is evident, then, that the easiest way to write a history of the kind we have spoken of, is to begin at the end and write backwards. At any rate the historian avoids discouragement, at the very commencement, from the paucity of materials. And that is the plan Mr Wright has adopted. Breaking new ground, he naturally selected the spot most likely to reward his toil, and pitched upon the reigns of the first three Georges. He could hardly have chosen a more interesting period; and certainly, without coming inconveniently near to the present day, he could have fixed on none more prolific in the satires and drolleries he has made it his business to disinter and reproduce.

The contents of Mr Wright's book would sort into two comprehensive classes – the social and the political; the former the least voluminous, but the most entertaining. Political satires and caricatures, under the first two Georges, possess but a moderate attraction at the present day; and it is not till the period of the American war – we might almost say not until that of the French Revolution – that they excite interest, and move to mirth. The hits at the follies of society at large have a more

general and enduring interest than those levelled at individuals and intrigues long since passed away. The first ten years of the accession of the house of Hanover were poor both in the number and quality of caricatures; and the remoteness of the period has enhanced the difficulty of finding them. Written satires and pasquinades were abundant, but, to judge from those preserved, few were worth preserving. Of these ephemeral publications there exists no important collection, either public or private. Of caricatures, more are to be got at, although, strange to say, the British Museum contains very few. There was far less of humour and spirit in those that appeared during the early part of the eighteenth century than in those produced during its latter portion. In fact, until the reign of George II., the art could hardly be said to be cultivated. In the first hundred pages of the book before us, which comprise nearly the whole reign of George I., we find only fourteen cuts – a small proportion of the three hundred scattered through the two volumes. And scarcely one of the fourteen has the qualities essential to a genuine caricature. They aim at telling a story, or conveying an insinuation, rather than at burlesquing persons. Sometimes the prints or medals (the latter were a favourite vehicle for the circulation of satire) were simply allegories, and as such are incorrectly designated by the word caricature, which, as derived from the Italian *caricare*, implies a thing overcharged or exaggerated in its proportions. As an instance of these allegories, we may cite a Jacobite medal, where Britannia is seen weeping, whilst the horse of

Hanover tramples on the lion and unicorn. The English nation was at that period usually personified by Britannia and her lion, until Gillray, much later – taking the idea, it is said, from Dr Arbuthnot's satire – hit off the humourous figure of John Bull, which has been preserved, with more or less modification, by all subsequent caricaturists. Hogarth, who first attracted notice in 1723-4, by his attacks upon the degeneracy of the stage – then abandoned to opera, masquerade, and pantomime – brought up a broader style of caricature than his predecessors, but still he was too emblematical. Then, for a time, caricature got into the hands of amateur artists – female as well as male. Thus a humorous drawing of the Italian singers, Cuzzoni and Farinelli, and of Heidegger the ugly manager, is attributed to the Countess of Burlington. Then, after an interregnum, during which caricature languished, Gillray arose – Gillray, who, coarse and often indecent as he was, (in which respects, however, he did but conform to the tone and manners of his day,) was unquestionably the ablest of his tribe, the most thoroughly English, and the most irresistibly humorous caricaturist we have had. The refined might tax him with grossness, but his delineations went home to the multitude; and to the multitude the caricaturist must address himself, if he would produce effect, and enjoy influence. For a while, during the war with France, Gillray's active pencil was a power in the state. In his turn he was surpassed in coarseness and vulgarity, but not in wit, by his contemporary Rowlandson.

The sketches before us, of the history of England under the

house of Hanover, are not to be considered as dependent on the satires and caricatures used to illustrate them. They form a general narrative of the most prominent events of a very important century, with which are interwoven, when opportunity offers, the most remarkable pen and pencil pasquinades of the day. The latter, however, have not always been obtainable, or are not worth recording. As we have already mentioned, they are scarce at the commencement of the book, which opens at the death of Queen Anne in 1714. When Jacobite plots were rife, and party-feeling ran so high as to produce frequent bloody struggles in London streets, between the Whigs or Hanoverians and the "Jacks," as the adherents of the Pretender were styled by their opponents, there appear to have existed no draughtsmen of much talent for caricature; whilst the poetical satires, judging from the specimens furnished by Mr Wright, are very middling in merit, although exceedingly numerous. If there was little wit, there was much violence and abuse on both sides. On the part of the Jacobites, agitation was the order of the day; and the mob, both in London and the provinces, were incited to many excesses – such as attacking houses, robbing passengers, pulling down Dissenting chapels, and drinking James the Third's health in the open streets. In Manchester, in June 1715, the population were for several days masters of the town. The results were the passing of the Riot Act, and the quartering of cavalry in the places most disaffected. The Whigs, on their part, were not idle, but carried on a brisk war of words, and raked up all the old stories

about the Pretender – that he was no king's son, but a miller's offspring, conveyed into the Queen's bed in a warming-pan by the Jesuit Father Petre. Of course such tales as these gave a fine handle to squib and lampoon; and, in reference to the Jesuit's name, the Whigs designated the Pretender as Peterkin or Perkin – an appellation offering a convenient coincidence with that of a previous impudent aspirant to the English crown. To sneers of this kind the Jacobite minstrels manfully and spiritedly replied; and although the muse was less propitious in England than in Scotland, there is no doubt these effusions had a considerable effect upon the people. But the suppression of the rebellion damped their spirits, and with it their poetic fire; whilst the exulting Whigs triumphantly flapped their wings, and crowed a yet louder strain. Perkin and the warming-pan were the burden of every lay, and a peal of parodies celebrated the flight of the Stuart.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.