

Switzerland, Dresden, pausing only to visit Herrnhut, the original settlement of the Moravians. Our author has given us a most interesting account of the foundation of this singular community, and a fine sketch of its leader, Count Zinzendorf, who seems to have left the impress of his own noble mind, and stainless integrity, upon all who embrace the peculiar faith, and primitive habits of his followers. It is a rest to the weary mind, only to read of the quiet little town of Herrnhut; to turn from this busy world, this whirlpool of active life, where passion and interest are ever bubbling up, not only rippling, but tossing in crested foam, on the current of life, to pause and look upon this primitive, out of the world haven, where the warm affections flourish, where piety and peace walk hand-in-hand together, strewing the path of life with ever fragrant flowers, and so consecrating the spot that the unallured passions dare not enter within the charmed circle, but stand without, gazing with fascinated eye upon this Eden of content. We would fain rest here long enough to have its spirit of peace enter our hearts; but we must away to Leipsic and Berlin, and by the way cast a compassionate look at the poor thin sheep which yield us the exquisite Saxony wool, wrought by our ladies into such various forms, of mingled hues.

A sojourn at Berlin is rendered agreeable by a visit to Potsdam, and many other of the old haunts of the Great Frederick. Berlin has much of architectural beauty, and the King seems to be inspired with a desire to imitate the King of Bavaria in improving his capital; but it will be long ere the wealth of architecture can atone for the situation of the city, which has not a single natural feature to render it attractive; it is built on so dead a level that it has never been drained, and the beauty of the whole city is destroyed by the pools of stagnant water, which infect the air with their deadly malarial, and form a most unsightly object in the landscape. After leaving Berlin we soon arrive at the Harz country, so full of romantic interest, so peopled by the wild imaginings of the German mind, so fraught with traditionary lore; but our author does not linger over this part of the history; he possibly would deem it misplaced in a work of truth, and which is intended to place before us the present, not the past—the actual state of the people. But perhaps a true judgment cannot be formed of the German mind, without knowing what influences have been at work upon it. The matter-of-fact English and American mind can little appreciate the powerful effect of this mystic legendary lore, the unseen influences which the Germans believe are ever about them, the spiritual essences which pervade the whole atmosphere; the wild spirits

which come and go at their call, giving them an enchanter's power to conjure up or exorcise. It is this, which has done so much to give a speculative tinge to the German mind, and which has rendered their literature so very different from our own; supernatural agency is ever at hand to aid them in maturing a plot, and bringing about a denouement; indeed a work is hardly German without this strange admixture; to the haunted German mind it is essential, but to us revolting; none but a few master spirits are tolerated in the introduction of those beings, who, though they may exist, are never cognizable by our imperfect senses. But to return to our author. He leaves unnoticed the legends of the Harz country, giving us in lieu of them a fine description of the Brocken. The ascent up the wild and savage path, in the midst of a furious storm, is thrilling; and the stories of the Wirth, such as to make the loiterer at its foot pause, ere he dare run the risk of encountering the furious gales, which, as if hastily summoned up by the evil genius of the mountain, to guard his own land from the foot of the stranger, surround and almost overwhelm the luckless traveller; but when the danger has been once surmounted, and you stand upon the peak of Blocksberg; and look forth upon the boundless view, you are repaid for all fear and fatigue, by gazing upon an expanse of nearly five hundred English miles, presenting every conceivable variety.

But little more ground remains to be travelled over. Weimar, the court of intellect and taste, the consecrated mausoleum of Goëthe, Schiller, and Herder—Jena, with its celebrated professors, and its wild Burschen. Then traversing the Thuringian hills, resting at Frankfort, and returning through Darmstadt, we are once more with our author and his family, at their own house in Heidelberg. Here the tour ends, but not the book; for Howitt has added what perhaps ought to be considered the most valuable chapters, containing his own well digested opinions of the literature, the education, the religion, the politics and prospects of Germany. He has marked for us the difference between the English and German character and aims, and he pays a justly deserved tribute to the German schools, which have taken so much the lead of other nations, in their system of public education; and although it is not carried out in after life as it ought to be, that is the fault of the people themselves; each individual has a solid foundation of practical education laid, on which might be reared a noble superstructure, were they called to come forward, as are both the English and Americans in active political life, to exercise each their judgment for the general good of the whole. The tendency of our times, and our