

child, whether married or not. All this is clearly indicated by the absence of certain flowers, as white and red roses, lilies, and so on. The garland for an old married man is merely of uniform evergreen, generally ivy. The funeral garlands are so large that they enclose a great portion of the shroud, which lies on the funeral car; and, so soon as the grave is filled in, are laid upon it in the same form. Here their social as well as all other life, making its earthly termination, naturally terminates also our chapter.

Having thus given us a picture of the outer and inner life of the Germans, with our minds prepared to enjoy it, we begin with Howitt a three month's ramble through the country,—among its capitol, watering places, and scenes of rural and storied interest. We first visit Cursruke, and then on to Baden-Baden, which perfectly answers to our preconceived idea of that most dangerous of all places, a German Spa, where the healing waters which nature pours forth for the relief of the suffering body, are turned into poison by the noxious influence of the moral leprosy of gambling, which, like the upas tree, blasts all who come within its deadly influence. After a short sojourn here, we pass on through the glorious Black Forest, with its magnificent colonades of the silver fir, which "give you a continual feeling of strength, youth, freshness and life that is most agreeable; and keep your attention upon them, comparing one with another, as you pass. They spring from the deepest glens, and still stretch their fine columns above you, and rear themselves in rivalry of the highest rocks. None are old, or allowed to attain that enormous bulk, or picturesque ruggedness and decay which we had looked for, because they are all cut in their prime, or before it, for commerce; but they are an endless series of young, mighty, and ever-springing giants, that are glorious in their youth and their boundless profusion."

The visit to Stuttgart is rendered interesting by the sketch of Donmecker and his master pieces. The figure of Christ, in the freshness of youth, as he walked the earth, filled with the consciousness of his high commission, appears before us. And Schiller, too, the well-beloved of the Germans; and Goethe, the man of the world. In a few sentences, descriptive of the statues, Howitt presents us with the essence of these two widely differing characters. The "sublime egotist," the many hued idealist, selfishly absorbed in himself, sacrificing patriotism, and all the truly noble qualities of the heart to his love of ease, and to the aristocratic prejudices which his birth engendered; and Schiller, the child-like, and loving, whose heart expanded with all that is highest and best in man, and whose universal humanity embraced all, who, by suffering or endurance, belong to the great brotherhood of man.

As we pass on through the different towns, we

pause to deliver our letters of introduction to the great and good; Schweb, Uhland, and others are presented to us, and we feel as if made personally acquainted with them, so happily does our author convey to us his own feelings. Soon the glorious Alps burst upon us, and are pictured with all the enthusiasm of a first view:

Having passed much such an agreeable night here, at five we were on our way to Chm. A lovely morning it was, and a lovely country we were in. Pleasant hills, covered with the most attractive woods, through which we walked at leisure; fields with far-off views; people busy in their corn; free air blowing over us, and as we reached an open eminence what a startling surprise awaited us. It was the Alps! Filling the whole horizon to the south, they stretched themselves into the blue ether, and glittered and flashed their eternal snows in the morning sun like the very hills of heaven. The sight was so sudden, so totally unexpected, so overpowering in its beauty and silent sublimity, that after an exclamation of astonishment we stood rooted to the spot in indescribable emotion. There needed no inquiry to learn what they were, though we had no idea that such a pleasure awaited us before we reached Munich—the magnificent features of that glorious mountain region were not for a moment to be mistaken. The feeling they inspired was too peculiar and exciting to be ever again effaced. Those proud mountains, with their eternal peaks and eternal snows, and about which so much of the sublimity of nature and of history hung; over which so many of the great spirits and rulers of the world have wandered; on which the noblest poetry of the noblest human souls has been poured in wonder, and deep homage, and glowing with words fused into the richest eloquence by the fervour of intensest emotions; how clear, how delicate, as if carved in mother-of-pearl, and yet how solemn and mysterious they lay. It seemed almost too much to believe that thus in a moment, and without a moment's anticipation, that grand region of European history and sublimity had thus spread itself out before us. Those vast Alpine masses, those glittering peaks and glaciers, which, not only the lights and shades, the tempests and the silent sunshine of ages, but the spirits of Hamlet, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, of Tell, of Hâzer, of Milton, Byron, and Shelley, of Rosseau and Coleridge, and millions of brave hearts and worshiping souls, have arrayed in an evergrowing interest, and have stood as the very ramparts of poetry and liberty in the eyes of all Europe.

At this moment we could not be less than sixty English miles from the nearest point of this great mountain range, and more than twice that distance from some of the chief peaks which were visible, for we were assured that almost every peak of greatest note might be hence discerned; the Jungfrau, Mont Blanc, and even St. Gotthard. Be that as it may, the distinctness with which they lay in the transparent blue sky was wonderful. It was not that they seemed near, for there was a feeling of their remoteness about them, a brooding spirit of dream-like silence shrouding them. They filled the whole vast range of the southwestern sky, in the very extremities of which you could discover their white and ivory-like fronts, dimly and sublimely reared, but their feet were lost in the obscurity of the far distance. They seemed to rise, as it were, out of a shadowy gulf, in mysterious contrast with their clear sharp wall of frontage, their dreamy peaks here and there raised sublimely in the blue ether, their white snowy tracks lying between them, and the star-like flashing of the glaciers, as the morning sun flamed fall upon them.