

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL JOURNAL.

## A PEEP AT THE GERMANS.

There is a great deal of talk just now about Germany and as people might as well know what they are talking about, I will tell them something of Germany and the Germans. Goldsmith's little geography will tell you the latitude and longitude, the extent and population of the country, and preadventure, name its different states and governments; but while you are looking for your school-book, let us drop down at once into the kingdom of Hanover. It is a wretched country; but it sent us a royal king, for which God for ever make us truly thankful, and therefore, it is only right that our first peep should be in the dominions ruled by the royal brother of our King. Hanover has many towns; but the great bulk of the people are peasants. The northern part is tolerably productive; but as you approach the metropolis, all is sand and poverty, to the foot of the Harz mountains. The people are full of prejudice and antiquated habits, and, what is worse, they have no fuel. The forests are protected by barbarous laws; but the desire of a warm fire overcomes their terror; and the race of wood poachers exceeds our game poachers in number and recklessness. Occasionally they are hunted with dogs, like wild animals, and in return they avenge themselves *à la* Irish—they shoot the jagers or rangers in the open day with impunity. The Hanoverians are a most sober-minded, plodding, and easily contented people. Like all their brethren of the North of Germany, without possessing less kindness of heart, they have much less jovialty, less of the good fellow, than the Austrians, and are not so genial and extravagant, even in their amusements, as the Bavarian or Wirtemburger. Though quite as industrious as the Saxons, they are neither so lively nor so apt. Their neighbours of Cassel and Brunswick have the reputation of being somewhat choleric; but to this charge the Hanoverian is no degree liable: there is more danger of his becoming a grudge, than of his growing impatient. Endowed neither with great acuteness of perception nor quickness of feeling, it is long before he can be brought to comprehend the bearings of what is new to him, and it is difficult to rouse him to ardour in his pursuit. Though a strong feeling of attachment to his hereditary prince is common to every German, in none is it more deeply rooted than in the Hanoverian. It is the most inveterate of his habits, from which it would give him infinite pain to tear himself loose. It is not an opinion, for he seldom thinks, and never argues about what monarchs ought to be; though he may be affected by the personal qualities of the ruler, it exists independent of them: the most splendid could scarcely rouse him to enthusiasm, and the most degrading must descend very low indeed in abasement, before they could mislead him into hatred or contempt. Hanover has a parliament—an upper and a lower house. The Lords sit in the dining-room of the old palace, and the representatives of the towns congregate in the drawing room. The members have fewer legislative conveniences than with us. There are no continuous benches along which a noble lord may doze over the state of Europe—no gallery where an honourable member may dream a reply to a drowsy oration—no smoking room where he may digest the argument without having heard the speeches. The members are ranged behind each other on simple chairs, like the company at a Scotch funeral, and much less luxuriously than in the pit of many an Italian theatre. When the house divides, they repair into an adjoining room, where they find pen and ink, and a number of small square pieces of paper, on which the Ay or No is to be written: if the morsels be exhausted, there are scissors to cut new ones. The array of scissars is magnificent; half a dozen pairs long, sharp, and glittering, adorn the table of each house instead of a sceptre. One of their regulations might be advantageously transferred to various other assemblies, viz: that when a member appears to be wearying out the house by speaking at too great a length, the president shall put him in mind, 'that brevity is the soul of wit.' The states are dependent on the crown, and do nothing but what the crown approves of: they deliberate in private, and, of course, in the absence of reporters.

As there is no great temptation to remain in Hanover, we will be off, if you please, to Berlin, the metropolis of Prussia. The road is through a desert of sand, the approach to the seat of royalty is dotted with a few artificial plantations; the city is a handsome one enough till you go into it. The streets being low, they are filled with cholera puddles, and even the large one, that fronts the palace, is watered by two anti-odorous streams. The palace is a slightly edifice—there are slightly furniture and slightly servants in it; but the king lives elsewhere. In the presence and form of the Prussian monarch there is nothing commanding; nothing that might be termed kingly. His features are not

vulgar, but they approach the unmeaning; they do not suggest imbecility, but they speak mental inactivity. He stands much higher with his subjects on the score of heart than of head. Frequently as he appears among them, it is more as a fellow-citizen, than in the pomp or terrors of despotic loyalty. A review is the only piece of regal parade in which he seems to find much enjoyment. Since the days of Frederick the military manoeuvres in spring and autumn, have always attracted much attention and admiration in the north of Germany; but, excepting the imposing spectacle of great masses of well disciplined soldiers, in splendid uniforms, to a mere civilian, who does not understand the combinations, nor can follow the leading idea which directs the various movements, the bustle, and riding, and shouting, are scarcely more animating than that of a fox hunt. A few years ago, the manoeuvres terminated with a feigned attack and defence of Berlin. The Crown Prince, who commanded the attacking army, made his way into the town in defiance of the king, and by an unexpected movement, made his father a prisoner in his own palace. When he made this parricidal onset, a park of artillery, stationed at the palace, was discharged against him in such a hurry, that scarcely a pane of glass remained unbroken in the whole edifice. The interest which the king takes in these armed shows is much more political than military, for he makes no pretensions to any distinguished acquaintance with the art of war. No monarch can be less ostentatious: his frequent walk is along the street opposite the palace, the Rotten row of Berlin. He moves along unattended, or attended only by a single servant, his hands behind his back, and his eyes commonly turned towards the ground, enjoying the shade with as much plain heartiness as the meanest of his subjects. The loungers rise from their benches as he passes; the gentlemen take off their hats; the ladies make their best curtsy; the *Strassenjungen*, a class for whom Frederick entertained greater respect than for an Austrian army do all they can to make a bow. The king has a nod or a smile for every body, and passes on in the well-grounded assurance, that every one he sees would shed his blood for him to-morrow. Royalty in Germany, from the Emperor of Austria down to the Prince of Nassau, is accustomed to appear among its subjects with much less of majesty and reserve about it than is common among ourselves. What a bustle would be created if our king should take a walk, some forenoon from Carlton-house to the Bank, accompanied by a solitary and panting beef-eater! The Germans would find nothing remarkable in it; our political clubs would vote that the bank was insolvent, and that his Majesty had been attending a meeting of creditors. A gentleman started one evening in a mixed company, the hasty proposition, that all the Prussian monarchs had been distinguished for frugality. Of the earlier ones little seemed to be known; for Frederick he had the old story that he seldom had more than three shirts, and that, when any of them gave way in the course of campaigning, he used to write to his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, intreating her, for christian charity, to make him a new one. The late king was given up as irreconcilable with the truth of the proposition; and being hard pressed to prove, even in the reigning sovereign, any spirit of economy, which did not rise from necessity, the defender of Prussian frugality alleged the anecdote, that, on the first visit which the present king paid to the Isle of Peacock, after having had the walks laid out with gravel, the only remark he made was, "What excellent gravel this is! how it saves one's boots!" The Crown Prince, the heir apparent of the Prussian monarchy, has the reputation of being a cleverer man than his father, but does not seem to be so universal a favourite. He has always been at war with the ministers of his father, particularly with the Chancellor Hardenberg. "Can you divine, Hardenberg, what is the first thing I shall do when I am king?" said he once to the Chancellor. "I am confident," replied the latter, "it will be something equally honourable to your Royal Highness, and beneficial to the public." "Right for once, Chancellor, for it will be to send you to Spandau." Hardenberg has done a great deal for the people of Prussia; he has depressed the aristocracy and raised the people; but the nobility are still powerful enough to oppose the growth of a popular spirit, and cunning enough to prevent the establishment of democratic institutions in the state. Though Berlin is full of scientific and literary merit, the people in general are not very great readers, and what they do read has previously been purified in the furnace of the censorship. In the department of journals, few things are more dull, stale, and unprofitable, than the newspapers of Berlin. Their public politics are necessarily all on one side; and even on that side, they seldom indulge in original writing, or venture beyond an extract from the Austrian Observer; but they give more minute details of plays and operas, concerts and levees.

To be continued.

VILLAGE CHURCHYARDS.—I know of few scenes

more characteristic of the English nation, than their village churchyard; its yew-trees clipt into grotesque forms, or suffered to run luxuriantly wild; its well pruned hedge and clean gravel walks, are alike emblematic of their neatness and respectful attention to the dead. The churchyard has ever been my favourite spot;—to me it is alike suited for study or reflection; the feelings of the world, its ties, its interests, its ambition, leave us there. The humble tributes of affection, traced on the tablets of the dead, present a moral to the contemplative mind, more eloquent than all philosophy has ever written.

It has been too much the custom with mankind to sneer at these rustic epitaphs.—Criticising, standing before the escutcheoned tomb of ermined greatness, reads with respect the venal lay, which gives to infamy the meed of honour—generosity to avarice—and all the virtues that should adorn the upright honest man, to cowardice and treachery. While the rugged integrity of the peasant, resting beneath the flower-decked sod, recorded by the pencil of truth in rude unpolished phrase, is passed unheeded by, or meets at best a sneer.—Such is the world.

Though I cannot claim for my village pet the merit of pure grammatical construction, well-turned periods, or euphony of language, feeling they will frequently be found to possess, and sometimes quaintness. The beautiful and simple line of "A mother rests beneath," will touch the heart of nature,—the sacred name of mother rivets the attention, it is the password to our better feelings. How often, when the grave has long closed over that fond parent's form, and years of care and anxiety have blunted the emotions of the heart, will one word recall to mind the kindness, tenderness, of that loved being. Again her eyes, beaming with affection, seem to dwell on ours. A mother's grave claims from the world respect, and from her children honour. The poet's too often prostituted verse, graved on the marble, reared more frequently by pride than sorrow, has not half the pensive beauty, or deep feeling which marks the humbler grave.

The church, churchyard, and village of Sedbergh, are perhaps the most picturesque of any in England:—to me they are endeared by the recollection of youthful days—the grove where I have wandered with my school companions, the stream in which we bathed, the rocks which we have climbed in search of the speckled trout, found in the streams of running water which intersect them, are as fresh before my memory as though a summer cloud, or idle dream alone had passed since I beheld them. Happy were those days of innocence; their recollection falls with a freshness on my soul; a manhood of passion has succeeded the gay spring of youth, and the hand of time, who with his eager step, noiseless and swift, steals unawares upon us, sprinkled my brow with winter's frost. I have seen other lands, mixt in the world, quaffed pleasures cup even to the dregs; formed other friendships, other ties, but ne'er forgot the friends of my school days, the comates of my youthful pleasures.—From the Jesuit.

FROM SMITH'S ROMANCE OF THE EARLY AGES.

ROME.—Already we may discern by the dazzling splendour and the deafening noise that we are approaching the "opes strepitum que Romæ." Yes, there stretched upon her seven hills, is the mighty mistress of the world, the heart of the universe, the Imperial City, whose inhabitants are counted by millions, and whose encircling walls enclose a whole province. Heavens! what a magnificent and apparently interminable succession of temples, baths, triumphal arches, porticoes, aqueducts, columns, theatres, hippodromes, gardens, gates, palaces, and mansions! and how fair and resplendent appears that vast portion of the city which has been lately rebuilt after the great fire! Let us fold our wings and descend to earth—here to the westward in the Transiberina region. It is pleasant to feel our feet upon terra firma, and yet, after having had the wide unobstructed sky to ourselves, it is somewhat irksome to be shouldered and impeded at every step by this confused assemblage of passengers, while we are half deafened by the rumbling of an unbroken string of carts, carriages of every description, the hoarse voices of the chairmen, and all the Babel cries of the innumerable hawkers and vendors. Here we are at the Palentine Bridge, but when we shall be able to pass it I know not, unless we again dispread our wings, for no one dares take precedence of these sacred oxen, all branded with an arrow, attended by the priests, and destined for sacrifice at the Temple of Apollo. Behind them too, I see a train of caravans, the roaring and howling of whose inmates announce that they are wild beasts for the supply of the amphitheatres; and in front of us I behold one of the rich Roman knights going out in procession to his country house, followed by a little army of slaves, freedmen, clients, and retainers, the latter of whom mean to accompany him as far as the Janiculan gate. Now, now! let us dart across behind the oxen. There! we are fairly over, and can make