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INTRODUCTION.

—
“Now all the clouds that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the sea are buried.”—SHAKESPEARE.”

“Wer gründlich weiss die Mitwelt zu verheeren,
Muss unvergesslich zu der Nachwelt werden!”

CHAMISSO.

—
THE moral phenomena of any country are what influence its social relations, and evince its religious condition. In shortly sketching those of Germany, I shall not add another to the many descriptions of things which lie on the mere surface of society; nor shall I imitate those who seek to give interest to their remarks, by betraying the confidence of those among whom they have been. My object is to meet the desires of those who, while owning both a country and a home, can duly appreciate and would rightly use what is to be found in the rest of Christendom, and to whom the institutions, manners, and literature of a country are interesting, chiefly as exponents of its moral condition.

B

It is a good old saying, that blood is thick than water. Although all nations be of one blood some are nearer of kin to us than others.

In many things, indeed, the German and British characters differ. In some things, one has the advantage—in others, the other. Neither British cautious, and saturnine, like the Scotsman—nor frigid, insolent, and self-contained, like the Englishman—the German lacks the pushing perseverance of the former, and the unsentimental energy of the latter. Yet, after all, the German and the Briton bear abundant marks of a common origin and, with the subsidence of the Gallic fever, the consciousness of kindred has revived. France no longer rules the language and fashion of Europe as in the last century, or its destinies as in the present. The two great Saxon families now feel more than ever the pleasure and profit of mutual interchange; and this relation, which may become injurious, if they imagine that they can of themselves combine to form anything perfect, whether ecclesiastical or social, may be the first step to the harmonious union of other parts of Christendom more diverse, if these two approximate, not by a coalition exclusive of all beyond their own limits, but by a reconciliation tending to further enlargement; and if the structure which they

frame be based not on indifference and compromise, but on truth and faithfulness.

Napoleon, of whom it has been wittily yet truly said—

“Er bürstete die Fürstenkinder,
Und fürstete die Bürstenkinder,”

culminated as a hero, but fell as an antichrist. The first French Revolution came unexpected, because men did not consider how great a matter a little fire kindleth. The superstition of the Roman, the lethargy of the Greek, the philosophy of the Protestant, had left hardly a living ember of faith; and if darkness covered the world, grosser darkness covered the people. The bars of ancient prejudice could not inhibit the rising volcano. The Moravian, Wesleyan, and other religious revivals, unavoidably irregular and destructive, subjective and misthruven, did not touch the region where the evil wrought. The introverted eye of the awakened, in bidding adieu to the world, bade adieu also to the great truth that Christianity must steer the world. The microcosm of the individual was all in all. That earth of which Jesus is the heir, and His saints are the salt, was left to its fate; and when the evil burst forth, there was no voice of witness, as there had been none of warning, against it. The