

On the Bavarian frontier we had hardly remembered that there was a custom-house, and the name of student sufficed to pass us without our showing any passports ; here, on the contrary, it was another reason for the strictest examination. "Have you no forbidden books?" was the first question. By good fortune, before crossing the bridge, I had advised Trettenbach to hide his song-book in the lining of his boot. I am assured that had it been taken upon him he would not have been allowed to pass. In ransacking Braun's bag, one of the officials found a shell such as are gathered by the basketful on the shores of the Lake of Neuchâtel. His first impulse was to go to the office and inquire whether we should not pay duty on this, saying that it was no doubt for the fabrication of false pearls, and we probably had plenty more. We had all the difficulty in the world to make him understand that not fifty steps from the custom-house the shores of the river were strewn with them. . . . After all this we had to empty our purses to show that we had money enough for our journey, and that we should not be forced to beg in order to get through. While we underwent this inquisition, another officer made a tour of inspection around us, to observe our general