IV.

FORMS OF ETIQUETTE AND MANNERS.

§ 1.

"Red Eagles,"—Titles—and Models of Letter-writing.

The key to the manners of the Prussians—apart from their behaviour at table and their utter want of decency and refinement at home—is to be found in the fact that they are a people only just emerged from "predial slavery." Even as recently as 1807, none but nobles or other privileged persons could acquire property, it being impossible till then for tradesmen and peasants to possess even the smallest portion of a landed estate in their "own right." Those plebeians who occupied farms then, did so by the favour of their "lords," and were bound in return either to help to till the lord's own land, or else to give him as much as *half* of the produce of theirs—though many were compelled to do both the one and the other. Nor was it till the year 1811 that the peasants and merchants were allowed to become the unconditional proprietors of the lands they held; and to obtain this privilege, they had to surrender to the lord one *third* or one *half* of the entire estate, according as they had been previously bound either to do services or to pay rent for the same.

In a nation, therefore, in which the great body of the people, only forty odd years ago, existed in a state of serfdom, we can hardly expect to find much liberty or independence of feeling; for it is the peculiar character of slavery, that the condition is

scarcely so intolerable to the slaves themselves as it is to the members of free and enlightened communities. Who, for instance, are so proud of their liveries as footmen? and as Jeames believes his crimson plush to be a dignified rather than degrading costume, even so do the half-feudal Germans see no moral debasement in the slavish forms to which they have to submit when addressing princes and graffs, who, as regards either landed possessions or intelligence, are not comparable to our yeomen.

At the court of Siam his barbarous majesty expects every one who enters his presence to prostrate himself on his stomach at the foot of the throne, and Englishmen alone have had spirit enough to break through the custom; whereas in Great Britain nothing is so hateful to the members of the aristocracy as to hear themselves beslavered with the repetition of their titles at each sentence. It is the mark of a true gentleman, indeed, to desire to raise others to his own dignity, and to behave towards all persons as if they were on an equality with himself: whilst it is the act only of a titled tom-fool, that some crowned head has been pleased to nickname noble, to conduct himself with arrogance towards those whom he fancies to be his "inferiors."

During the Congress at Vienna, where all the foreign ambassadors appeared in a blaze of stars and garters and "orders," the English minister presented himself in the unpretending costume of a simple gentleman. "*Il n'a pas de décoration,*" whispered one of the envoys to Prince Metternich, on learning from him the dignity of the potentate in plain clothes. "*Ma foi!*" replied the Prince; "*c'est bien distingué.*"

At a recent concert of Jenny Lind's at Ems, however, almost all the Germans occupying the front seats came placarded with their rank, their coats being decorated with stars like the front of a tradesman's house on an illumination night. But as it is a very bad portrait of a "Red Lion" that requires to have

the title affixed to it before it can do duty as a tavern sign, even so he who must have his nobility branded always on his breast cannot but be a very poor specimen of the species—as if your peers required, like magnums of fine old Port, to have a label hung about their neck, marked "VERY SUPERIOR;" and assuredly, had the trumpery princes, present on the occasion above alluded to, come *unticketed*, we should have found great difficulty in taking them even for gentlemen.

A gentleman has remarked, that "the height of human happiness consists in having 1000*l.* a-year and a toady;" and toadyism, doubtlessly, is particularly sweet to the toadied. Your German Princes, indeed, seem to think it as great a delicacy as the French do frogs' legs, and appear determined, even if they cannot boast the thousand *per annum*, to take out in sycophancy the amount of happiness which they are unable to make up in cash.

As an illustration of the servile tone in which the nobles of Deutschland require others to address them, even when soliciting the most paltry favours at their hands, we may cite the following literal translation of a letter that was sent to a Rhenish Prince for permission to enjoy a day's fishing on his estate:—

Most Illustrious Prince,

Most Gracious Prince and Lord!

With the most thorough humility (ganz unterthänigst) I beg that your High and Princely Serenity will most graciously allow me to dare to fish with a rod for one day in your equally Princely (hochderselben) pond at ——

In the deepest awe I expire (in tiefster Ehrfurcht ersterbe ich),

Your High and Princely Serenity,

Your most submissive servant,

The length of the vertical line separating "Your High and Princely Serenity" from "Your most submissive servant," marks the extent of the assumed inferiority of the writer to the person he is addressing; and such people as would debase themselves to an unusual degree extend the line to an inordinate length, taking care to prolong their letter so that the conclusion, as here printed, may fall upon a fresh page, and thus leave them an entire side of appropriate foolscap to indicate how much lower they consider themselves than the noble to whom they are writing.

Now, it is easy to make allowance for the wretched vanity of the Emperor of China, when, to mark his fancied superiority to his earthly subjects, he translates himself titulary to the Heavens; and in proof of his celestial nature declares that he is "brother of the sun" and "grandfather of the moon." But if a sense of human frailty teach us merely to smile at such fanatical conceit on the part of his lunatic majesty (for self-love lifts us all, more or less, to the seventh heaven of our own admiration), we can but feel an indignant contempt for those poor abject toadies who, without the excuse of self-esteem, are mean enough to apply such monstrous terms of adulation to a being like themselves.

We are taught, however, to regard the Chinese as a barbarous nation; whereas the Germans are ambitious of being ranked as a thinking race, and pretend to look beneath the surface into the "*essences*" of things, setting themselves up as the "Critics of Pure Reason," and reducing the understandings and consciences of all men to an abstract psychological "oneness." And yet in this same nation, which assumes to be civilised, and aspires to be rational and conscientious, we find the great body of the people—professors and philosophers included—so deficient of all sense of real human dignity—so utterly wanting in independence of spirit on the one hand, and

generosity of nature on the other—that the so-called nobles are as arrogant as dunghill-cocks, and the people as fawning and servile as hounds: the one class exacting an amount of sycophancy from the other that would be absolutely nauseous to every right noble nature (as if your true German Prince, boa-like, could swallow nothing but what was well covered with slaver), and the other ready to stoop to an act of self-degradation, against which even an educated negro would rebel.

How different is this arrogance of the titled "*Hunger-leute*" of Deutschland from the unassuming dignity of our own monarch, who, though Queen of the richest and greatest nation in the world, can yet afford to be addressed as simple "Madam;" as if among enlightened people there were really no title higher than that of *gentlewoman!* How different, too, on the other hand, is the sycophancy of the German people from the manliness of Englishmen, who, while maintaining the *social* distinctions of Majesty and Nobility, yet do not attribute to them any *moral* or *intellectual* superiority; so that each member of the State, asserting his own innate dignity as a gentleman, does not hesitate to apply the same language, even to the head of the nation, as he would use to any and every person of a refined and honourable nature.

Indeed, the parade of mere nominal titles throughout Germany is not only offensive to every unprejudiced mind, but we are happy to add it has already began to appear ridiculous even in the eyes of the solemn natives themselves. What a profound insight into the apishness of human nature did the First Napoleon exhibit, when he invented a little strip of red ribbon for the would-be ennoblement of French government-clerks and tradesmen! Monboddo thought that the human race had a brace of baboons for their original ancestors; and assuredly, if mankind *had* been descended directly from the simian

species, we could not have been more fond of indulging in the monkey mimicry of the manners of others. A Chinaman is in the very elysium of delight if he can only be allowed to wear a peacock's feather, because, poor human mandrill! (rather than mandarin,) some harmless idiot before him thought it a sign of moral greatness to do so. In like manner the Red Indian Chief, "Thunder Cloud," scores his cheeks after the fashion of our legs of roast pork, carving his fancied nobility upon his face, as young people cut their title on the bark of trees; and then immediately all the other red-faced apes proceed to disfigure their countenances, in the hope of being thought better than their neighbours.

But as the homely proverb tells us, "good wine needs no bush," so a really great character requires no bit of red ribbon on his coat to ruddle him with the mark of a superior breed. Arago had ribbons enough to decorate a May-pole rather than a man, and yet he could afford to appear in public with nothing but his brains and his worth to distinguish him from the ordinary run of humanity. In Prussia, however, no person could venture to make the same sacrifice, for with the *Preussen* it is mostly the same as with our booths at a fair,—the external decorations are of the showiest kind, whilst the interior is of the meanest and dirtiest character. Spies are decorated—postmen are decorated—policemen also belong to the distinguished classes—whilst turnpikemen and tax-collectors can hardly avoid the vulgar honour of ribbons. "Two things," says the "*Eckensteher*," "are inevitable to a Prussian government officer—death and the third class of the 'Red Eagle';" for medals that seem equal in costliness to new halfpennies are distributed to the "*beamte*" as plentifully as silver pennies to our old women on Maunday-Thursday: so that it is no extraordinary sight to meet an official with a row of coins displayed upon his coat as

thick as "bachelors' buttons" on a sheet of paper. It is merely by such means that the ricketty state is kept from falling to pieces; for the Prussian government is very much like the chickens popular at English supper-parties — the several members being held together merely by ribbons.

Not only, however, are "Red Eagles" more plentiful than "*Groschens*" in the land,—a Preussisch *Ritter* often having a greater supply of coins on his breast than in his pocket,—but titles are as common as nicknames among our thieves and beggars.

However paltry the government post that a person may happen to fill, the denomination of his office is used upon all occasions as a "handle" to his name; and this, with the ordinary prefix of "Sir," tends to make such a title as "Herr Privat-Brief-Eröffner Schleicher" sound almost as imposing as that of "Lord High-Chancellor of England."

Indeed, nearly every person belonging to the middle classes (with the exception of shopkeepers) has some long-winded official addition to his patronymic. A petty clerk of the works, for instance, is "Herr Bau-Inspektor Dummkopf," and a mere tide-waiter, "Herr Zoll-Einnehmer Keinstrumpfe;" then the law-stationer to the Courts is addressed as the "Herr Gerichts-Schreiber Nudelnfresser;" whilst the book-keeper at the garrison has the outlandish designation of the "Herr Rechnungsrath-und-Garnison-Verwaltungs-Director von Rüchzugführer;" and, to crown the whole, the principal police agent is for the future, it is said, to be styled—we *must* have an entire line for the euphonious appellation—

"Herr Andern-Menschen-Geschäften-Nase-Darinstecker Spitzbube."

Now these Ojibbeway-like, crackjaw titles, if rendered into

English, would sound about as rational to plain British ears as would the designation of "Mr. Purveyor-of-Asses'-Milk-to-the-Royal-Family Dawkins," or "Mr. Dust-and-Rubbish-Collector-to-the-United-Parishes-of-St.-Pancras-and-Mary-le-bone Gore.

Even a German writer—though the people are sad, dull dogs at a joke, being about as funny as mutes—has endeavoured to show the absurdity of the practice by the invention of such a denomination as,

Herr Hühneraugen-und-Ueberbeinen-Vertreibungs-Mittel-Lehrbuchs-Stämpel-Kosten-Ersatz-Berechnungs-Kommissions-Assessor Schmidt;*

which, literally translated, means—

Mr. Assessor-of-a-Commission-for-Estimating-the-Amount-of-Compensation-due-for-the-cost-of-a-Stamp-on-a School-book-concerning-the-means-of-eradicating-Corns-and-Bunions Smith.

The death-blow to the Bloomer agitation for universal pantaloons, was the introduction of some fair damsel in inexpressibles behind almost every public-house bar; as well as a like means of attracting custom being adopted—"to extend the cause," as the announcements ran,—at each of the more enterprising eel-pie shops and sweet-stuff establishments throughout the metropolis; for such bigots to "fashion" are mankind, that the sure way to blight even a far more righteous object than the attainment of trowsers for the ladies, is to put the taint of vulgarity upon it. Hence, as titles have got to be "*low*" in Germany, we may soon expect to see every real gentleman in the land (for such prodigies must spring up shortly—even among their Teutonic "Excellenzes" and "Magnificenzes") begging to be allowed to bear a name as plain and unadorned

* Jean Paul Richter—but with a slight alteration, for the sake of decency.

as Adam himself; since in a country where even the royal diligence conductor ranks as a state-dignitary, and the head watchman has some polysyllabic titular prefix to his name, it is evident that mere *nominal* nobility itself must soon come to be regarded as ignoble, and that none but those who are reckless of reputation will, eventually, consent to suffer the indignity of having any social dignity thrust upon them.

Titles for the million are like pine-apples for the same multitudinous class,—the increase in the quantity of the article is accompanied with a proportionate decline in "the quality;" and in illustration of the point we may add, that at the time of the last Coblenz Schützenfest (shooting-feast), one of the little beer-and-sausage booths outside the grounds was kept by the Herr Baron von Ellenwurst.*

"Great judgment," says Otto Friedrich Kammler, in his "*Universal-Briefsteller und Musterbuch*,"† "is required in addressing people of rank—German titles being very critical things to deal with. Many persons, for instance, pretend to be of higher birth than they really are; consequently, it is necessary to be very careful when speaking with such arrogants. Though there are some who have little or no title-vanity, there are others, again, with whom the passion is so extravagant, that they would feel insulted if one were to make the slightest mistake as to their social dignity." The same author farther assures us, that if a letter beginning with "Most gracious Lord," were to end with "your most *devoted* servant," instead of "your most *submissive* ditto," it would be highly improper; the term "gracious," he tells us, is applied only to the characters and acts of "kings, emperors, and princes,"

* A fact—of course, with the exception of the name.

† We quote from the edition of 1846, by Dr. Wilhelm Hoffmann—this being at present the work of reference upon all such subjects at the principal Prussian schools.

and the proper designation for *ourselves*, in juxtaposition with such personages, is "most submissive," or "most humble."

Kammler, moreover, favours us with several curious specimens of the various modes of addressing the different grades of rank, "*down* to our own equal"—as he says, with exquisite snobbishness.

To a prince, he tells us, we must begin by saying, "The great Benevolence and Grace with which your Serenity has favoured me," &c. &c., and wind up our epistle by protesting (even though we be in the most robust health at the time) that we "die," or are "extinguished," "with the deepest awe, submissiveness, and humility,"—for the groschenless nabob.

To lesser nobles, such as barons, &c., we are, however, to write, "I shall be proud to follow the commands with which your high-and-nobly-born-ship," or "your high-and-well-born-ship," or else "your (mere) high-born-ship (as the case may be)—has deigned to honour me;" and to conclude with, "I commend myself to the high kindness and condescension of your nobleness, and remain, with the deepest regard," or "tremendous respect," or "with the highest consideration, Your devoted," &c. &c.

To our equals and relatives, however, we are to begin with, "Honoured, true, and never-altering friend," and finish by remaining "with the sincerest," or "unchanging," or "ever-enduring esteem," &c. &c.

Again, under the head of "State-titles," the same epistolary authority informs us, that in writing to a high military officer we should address him as "*Dread*," or "*Most powerful* Mr. Lieutenant-General" (even if the bugaboo have never been exposed to any fire severer than that of his own pipe).

The Rector of a University is, on the other hand, to be styled "*Magnificent;*" and even the burgermeisters of the cities to be dubbed "Your *Magnificences*" also.



B. Foster

A. Willmore

Freiburg

Finally, we learn, "that well-to-do merchants and manufacturers," &c. (though their grandfathers, maybe, had their ears cropped for giving short weight), are, among others, to be denominated "Most *high-born* Sirs."

So necessary, too, are the professional titles considered by the supreme Snob of an authority from whom we quote, that he tells us, "if the family or birth-titles were to be abolished, still the professional ones *must* be retained, in order to show the occupations to which the people belong." So that, even among informed Germans, there is a vulgar belief extant, that it is impossible for society to be carried on without indulging in such absurdities as giving even to the editor of a paltry provincial newspaper the Chrononhotonthologos-like appellation of "HERR HERAUSGEBER-DER-COBLENZER-PAPILLOTE LANGSAM-KUTSCHE."

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(7.)

FREIBURG.

"By a remarkable symmetry," says a French topographer of the Rhine, "the extremities of the Grand Duchy of Baden are occupied by two towns, famous alike for their relics, their wars, and their colleges,—*Heidelberg* (once the capital of the Palatinate), and *Freiburg*, (formerly the *Haupt-Stadt* of Breisgau)."

Between these distant points lie the cities of Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden; the former being the "*Badische-Hauptstadt*," and built with the same unpicturesque eye to "system" as Mannheim—with the blocks of houses arranged in the form of a half wheel, like the wings of a model prison; and the latter

being celebrated for its lovely environs, its fashionable company, its splendid *Trink-halle* and *Conversations-haus*, as well as its far-famed gaming-tables; or, in other words (if we may be allowed so strong an expression), being the most perfect "hell upon earth."

The city of Freiburg stands some dozen miles from the Rhine side, nestled in one of the prettiest spots on the outskirts of the Black Forest. It is set, as it were, at the crown of the large prairie known as the valley of the Dreisam, and ringed in by the jagged mountain chain of the Schwarz-wald, the steep green sides of which rise like an enormous earthwork immediately at the back of the town, while the "*Kaiserstuhl*" towers far away in front of it; so that, seen from a distance, the dark mountain escarpments form, as it were, a fine foil to the beauties of the graceful red spire of the Münster, whilst the silver ribbon of the pretty little river comes sparkling across the broad velvet plains in a bright zigzag line.

Excepting the Cathedral and the old *Kaufhaus*, Freiburg, despite its ancient origin, has but few relics to interest the stranger; for, as usual, the French have repeatedly laid waste the town, more particularly in the Thirty Years' War, during which it was taken and sacked by the troops of the "God-gifted" Louis XIV.: again, in 1713, it was besieged by the same sanguinary power under Villars; once more in 1745; and finally rased almost to the ground in 1747 by the aforesaid lively nation, under the command of Maréchal de Coigny.

The city, it seems, was founded by the Princes of Zähringen, the ancestors of the reigning family of Baden, and for three centuries formed part of the Austrian Empire; the whole of the province of Breisgau having formerly been styled "Anterior Austria." Towards the close of the 17th century, however, it was ceded to the French at the peace of Nimegen, but was

given back to Austria at the peace of Ryswyk. After that it was twice recaptured by the French, and twice more made over to the Austrians by different treaties. In 1806, however, at the peace of Presburg, it was transferred to its original possessors, the Grand Dukes of Baden—to whom it at present belongs.

The construction of the town itself has little worthy of remark, with the exception that the streets (which are mostly broad and trottoired, and in places bordered with a kind of mosaic pavement, done in black and white pebbles) are generally channeled by "runlets" of the Dreisam river, or rather brook. These runlets are boarded over, and are like large mill-shoots sunk in the ground, "affording," says the author of one of the French Guide-books—with a fine national love of gutters,—"a refreshing coolness during summer," (to say nothing of winter,) "and contributing greatly to the cleanliness" (and let us add, sloppiness) "of the place."

But far better, and infinitely more pleasing to the eye than these "runlets," are the street-fountains of Freiburg, which are erected at intervals along the principal thoroughfares—a pretty enough custom, borrowed from the neighbouring Swiss. Some of these fountains are in the very best taste—more especially the one at that part of the Kaiser-strasse which is intersected by the Münster-gasse. This reminds the English visitor somewhat of the crosses in many of our old towns, being in the fretted Gothic style, and consisting of a small telescopic rhomboidal pillar, ornamented with statues at the thicker part of the shaft and statuettes at the thinner, and with the figures set in gabled niches, while the crown of the column finishes in a fine porch-like four-sided pinnacle, that serves as a canopy for the smaller and upper images. To these fountains come men and women, carrying huge wooden grape-tubs (in shape

like chiffonier-baskets) strapped to their back, and having filled these with the spring-water, wend their way with their heavy liquid load, bending their bodies almost double.

Some of the town-gates, moreover, are sufficiently peculiar to claim a line or two of notice. These are merely tall square turrets, like the towers to our village churches, standing alone in the roadway, and with a little arched entrance below.

St. Martin's Thor, at the end of Kaiser-strasse, has a large rude fresco on its front of the saint on horseback, habited as a Roman knight, giving his cloak to an old man who is lying on the ground. Underneath this is a "*Denkmal*" inscription, recording that the gate was erected to commemorate the fighting of the men of Freiburg, "*für Kaiser und Vaterland,*" against the French, on July 7th, 1796.

The *Schwaben Thor,* on the other hand, stands at the end of the *Pfaffen-gasse* by the *Oberlinden,* and leads to the Castle Hill, immediately behind the town. The walls of this gate are decorated with a crude painting of a peasant, with a wagon and six horses laden with casks of wine. Some of the townsfolk tell you that these represent the first butts of wine brought from the Black Forest after a seven-years' war. Others, on the contrary, assert that it depicts the vintners bringing their offerings towards the building of the Cathedral.

But the capital ornament of Freiburg is the magnificent Münster, or Cathedral; and which is the more wonderful, as being the one large Gothic Dom-kirche in Germany that is not only free from scaffolding-poles, but has its towers in a perfect state; or, more marvellous still, has escaped destruction from both fire and war.

The Münster is said to have been founded by Conrad III. of Zähringen, in 1122; but the finer parts of the building—such as the tower and west front and porch—are a century

older; whilst the choir—which is far inferior in elegance—dates from the year 1513.

The structure is of red-stone, but the name of the architect is lost, though it is supposed that Erwin of Steinbach (he who built Strasburg Münster) may have been his pupil; and some fancy that the plans for the older portions of the Freiburg Cathedral were based upon the design of Basel, which dates from the year 1013.

Assuredly, the open spire of the more primitive Swiss Dom may have suggested that of Freiburg, while Freiburg in its turn (especially as the village of Steinbach—Erwin's native place—is not many miles from the ancient capital of Breisgau) may have furnished the idea of that of Strasburg; though beyond the fact of each of the triad of Münsters having an octagonal turret based on a square tower, and being surmounted by a perforated steeple, there is no resemblance whatever in the buildings.

The main beauty of Strasburg, to our mind, consists in the elaborately sculptured and open cage, as it were, of stone trellising over the western front: and the slender spiral tubes of stone breaking the octagonal form of the turret. The open and graduated spire itself, we must confess, has hardly the same charm to our eye as it has to the generality of people, and we are inclined to believe that it is the difficulty of the mere mason's work that makes persons mistake a fine bit of engineering for choice architectural taste.

Certainly the spire of Strasburg is by no means so open and elegant as that of Freiburg, whilst Basel, on the other hand (were it not for its having been the original of this crowning grace to ecclesiastical architecture), would hardly bear comparison with the Breisgau Münster; for whilst the light struggles with difficulty through the pin-hole-like perforations of the Swiss steeple, it streams in large dabs of blue

through the red-stone lace-work, as it were, of the Freiburg Dom-kirche.

We saw this same Freiburg Dom by moonlight, and a grander, and yet prettier sight, never charmed the senses.

It was one of those autumn evenings, when the clearness of the sky smacks of the coming winter. The cold blue-grey vault of the firmament was literally cloudless, and sparkled so intensely with the dense crowd of constellations, that the heavens seemed to be positively frosted over with what astronomers call "star-dust;" while the broad phosphorescent band of the Milky Way glittered with its millions of worlds as thickly as the sea by night with its countless animalcules.

The moon was newly risen, and hung like a bright silver shield just above the mountain chain, that, wrapped in a deep black mist of shade, appeared like monster masses of black marble, while the beams slanted down from behind their summits and fell upon the earth white as hoar-frost, so that the house-tops and street-fountains appeared to be half covered with snow.

To see the Münster spire at such a time intercepting the rays, and the bright white light pouring through its stone meshes in broad luminous beams, was a sight never to be forgotten; for the finely-varied devices of the lattice-work shone out in all the deep contrast of light and shade, the pierced embroidery of the steeple seeming to be picked out with silver—here revealing some handsome trefoil design, there displaying the petal-shaped tracery of a Gothic window, and there the web-like mullions of a "*rosace.*"

Then, as the moon tipped the fretted rafters, as it were, of the spire with the chaste lustre of its rays, and lighted up the edges of the ornamented gables and pinnacles to the octagonal turret, the edifice seemed to bristle with a thousand icicles, as

if it had been some fairy-like piece of polar architecture that the icebergs are said occasionally to represent, while the unglazed long-lancet windows to the tower appeared to have their tracery filled with sheets of polished metal.

Indeed the Dom at Freiburg is a rare bit of architectural elegance. The porch to the front entrance is as finely carved almost as that of Strasburg—the ribs of its deep arch being embossed all over with statuettes, and the stained windows of the interior even more handsome and gorgeous perhaps than those of the Alsatian Münster, while the old carved screens and pulpits, and early German altar-pieces, with which the different chapels are ornamented, are rich bits of mediæval beauty.

The Münster Platz, or space round about the Cathedral, is worth visiting also, for the peculiarity of the costumes one sees congregated at the spot. This is the principal market-place, and the head-dresses of the peasants here are of the most peculiar character. Most of the women wear two huge black ribbon bows perched right on the crown of the head, each bow being spread out fan-shape, and the two together seeming like the enormous wings of a gigantic black butterfly that has settled on top of the skull. This is the true Margravia or Breisgau fashion—the Catholics wearing the bows embroidered with gold at the back, and the Protestants preferring them plain. Other women, again, have straw hats of a most masculine shape, poised as it were on the head, and bright red handkerchiefs tied over their ears, while long Swiss tails hang down the back in double Chinese fashion, and are tied with ribbon, that reaches literally down to the heels. One market-woman we saw had come out very strong in a bright red leather hat, and though in our "little village" she would have been mobbed, still, in the streets of the quiet Freiburg, she attracted not the least attention whatever. Then,

again, the *Dames de la Halle* of Freiburg seem to have a violent passion for petticoats, and, not content with a single *unterrock*, or even two, delight in a whole quire of thick, plaited, linsey-wolsey things—a style of costume which has very much the appearance of a coachman's box-cape worn about the legs instead of the shoulders. Some young girls may be seen thus habited carrying large tin milk-cans strapped at their back.

The old *Kaufhaus* at the side of this market-place is *peculiar*, and that is all, for it is far from being either handsome or picturesque. It is merely a long, one-storied building, with a high roof castellated at the gables, and the front walls painted red, with a small arcade below. At either end of the first floor it has octagonal projections—huge battlements, as it were, like the quarter-galleries at the stern of the old-fashioned ships; and there is a row of statues set under pinnacled canopies between the several windows—the said statues being the size of life, and representative of Maximilian I., Philip I., Karl V., and Ferdinand I.

The statue of Bertholdus Schwarz, the Franciscan friar who is said to have discovered the *Schiess-pulver* (gunpowder) some fifty years after it was used in cannon by the Venetians, is in the *Franciscanner Platz* not far from the University. The figure is that of a monk, with shaven crown and frock, and with one hand resting on a book (the finger between the leaves), and the other supporting the chin, as if in thought. The "*pose*" is good and grand, and the expression that of one pondering over the probable results of the immense new power he is supposed to have discovered. The pedestal is set with bas-reliefs—one representing the monk at work with his crucibles and mortars beside a chemical furnace, and the other the friar startled with the explosion of the new compound. This statue is by Knittel, and in grey sand-stone, with a red

pedestal of the same material. It bears the following inscription:—

BERTHOLD SCHWARZ.
ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1853,
IN
COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTH CENTENARY
OF
THE DISCOVERY OF GUNPOWDER.

The precise date of the *German* discovery is stated at 1340; but since it is proven that the Venetians employed cannon in the year 1300, and the composition of the marvellous powder is, moreover, expressly described by our own Roger Bacon, in his treatise "*De Nullitate Magiæ*," which was published at Oxford in 1216, we cannot exactly admit the claims of the Franciscan monk to the invention.

§ 2.

FEMININE HONOURS—LOW-BRED LOOK OF THE PRUSSIAN "EXCELLENCES" AND "MAGNIFICENCES"—FORMS OF POLITENESS—BOWING IN THE STREETS—IMPORTANCE OF THE "BLICK."

Burlesque as the Teutonic titulary forms may sound to Englishmen, still those applied to the wives and daughters of the so-called dignitaries are more "extravagansical;" for the titles of married women are the same as those of their husbands, even though the titular prefix of the latter be expressive

of some civil or military duty performed by gentlemen only. Thus, the lady of one of the Ministers of State is not only addressed as "your Excellency," but styled in addition, "Most highly-honoured Mrs. State-Ministeress." In like manner, too, the fair partner of a Lieutenant-General is called "*Dread* and *most powerful* Mrs. Lieutenant-Generaless"—as if the latter lady were really one of the leaders of the Prussian Amazons, and the former were a member of the petticoat government of the country.

Indeed, whatever function the husband virtually performs in the state, the wife does so *nominally*. Hence, in German society, you are introduced to a swarm of Mrs. Counselloresses, and Doctoresses, and Railway-Directoresses, and Police-Inspectoresses, and Barristeresses—together with a multitude of other Mrs. High-and-Mightinesses.

True, the marital honours of literature and science have not yet been appropriated by the German wives in common with those of the State—though surely a lady has as much to do with the composition of her husband's book as with his last Act of Parliament, and is as much entitled to take rank as a labourer in the field of science as she has to be styled a leader in the field of battle. Hence, though the country has not yet classed among its dignitaries THE HIGHLY-IMAGINATIVE MRS. AUTHORESS-OF-THE-"SONG-OF-THE-BELL"-AND-"WALLENSTEIN" SCHILLER, it may nevertheless soon have to number among its she-bigwigs THE RIGHT-PHILOSOPHICAL MRS. INVENTRESS-OF-THE-GUN-COTTON SCHÖNBEIN,—or MRS. DISCOVERESS-OF-THE-CHEMISTRY-OF-ANIMAL-AND-VEGETABLE-PHYSIOLOGY LIEBIG.

Now, it would hardly be believed that a nation of people possessing more than an egg-cup full of brains could descend to this mere child's play at grandeur, under the idea of such

big names having the least smack of dignity about them. But so it is—and in educated Prussia, too; where, if you believe the simple natives, every other man is either a poet or philosopher!

If, however, such titles sound like insanity to those who have never lived in the country, assuredly they seem like downright idiocy when you come to get a peep at the feminine "Excellences" and "Magnificences" to whom they are applied; for the titled ladies may be seen creeping in and out their rooms, till twelve in the day, in their filthy chintz bed-jackets (white night-gowns being articles of luxury in which their "noblenesses" never indulge), and with their unkempt heads encased in night-caps that are worn for six weeks at a stretch—so as to save the necessity of washing the pillow-cases oftener than once a-quarter.

Yet these same draggletail bits of beggarly pride, who look neither as respectable nor as tidy in the morning as the cooks that are seen cleaning the door-steps in the London streets, are such sticklers for their full allowance of nominal dignity, that we have positively known a Mrs. Architectress give her maid-of-all-work warning for omitting to address her, while handing her a glass of water, as "most *gracious* madam." Nor is it unusual for the wife of a petty official to call back a peasant, who has happened to pass her in the garden without raising his hat, and say to him, with a toss of her head, "Do you know, man, I am the Mrs. Medicinal-Councilloress, and yet you dare to go by me with your cap on?"

Moreover, the daughters expect to be *titulirt* (betitled) as well as the wives,—standing out for their "*gracious Fräulein*" as vigorously as their tom-fool of a mother does for her "*gnädigste Frau.*" This, too, the young ladies demand, even while helping the servant to lay the cloth or make the beds,—for the titled Misses are expected to save the expense of another do-

mestic by assisting in the duties of the house; and we ourselves have seen the daughter of a Prussian banker engaged in opening the parlour shutters outside the windows on a Sunday morning.

The reader, however, must not imagine that we believe such acts to be mean or degrading in themselves; on the contrary, our object is merely to draw attention to the contemptible absurdity of people, who are compelled to be industrious, aping the pomps and vanities of those who can afford to be idle. What we really desire to see is industry possessed of sufficient moral courage to claim rank upon its own merits, and not be itself the first to cast a stigma upon its function by assuming that other social positions are more honourable than its own.

Nor have we, on the other hand, any disposition to decry an aristocracy of birth or possessions as a social institution: for there is not one of us, however violently opposed to hereditary honours, that would not rather have sprung from the family of the Russells than that of the Greenacres; and we know full well, that so long as wealth is to the million the most desirable of all things in the world, so long must the possessors of it seem the most admirable and powerful in the nation. Still we cannot but hold *that* lordly pride in derision which assumes that there is necessarily any innate nobility connected with a mere grandiloquent cognominal prefix (a prefix that is simply a state-flam at best), and which not only arrogates to itself the highest mental and moral excellence solely on account of its nominal superiority, but has the insolence to affect to scorn the very industry or commerce from which, by a lucky accident merely, it has escaped.

From the tenor of our remarks, the reader will not accuse us of any extreme patrician or plebeian tendencies; we can, therefore, without fear of being thought prejudiced in favour

of lordly qualities, confess that our "higher classes" appear to us to bear all the impress of "high breeding" in their features and frames—it being as easy to distinguish an English noble from an English navvy as it is to tell a blood-horse from a cob.

It is but natural, too, that such should be the case: for it is well known to physiologists that the superior housing and feeding of animals, called the "domestication" of them, tends not only to change the character of the tissues, but to modify the development of the very bones themselves,—the pig, in its wild state, having its hinder legs considerably higher, and its back consequently less straight, than its "dairy-fed" descendant.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a race of people who, like the aristocracy of England, have for a long course of years neither had their bodies stinted by want or bad food, nor their tissues hardened by continuous labour, nor their skin and complexions tanned by long exposure to the weather, should be characterised by the most perfect regularity and softness of feature, as well as by the extreme delicacy of their hands and feet.

Surely such results are no more extraordinary than that one should find among savage tribes a prevalence of high cheek bones and prognathous jaws; or, more strange than that, the feet of slaves, whose forefathers never knew the protection of a shoe, should have a peculiar flat conformation by which to distinguish them.

Now, if there be truth in the above principles, it must be confessed that the German nobles have few external marks of what is called "blood" about them. But when we come to contrast the state of domestic comfort in Deutschland with that prevailing throughout our own country, and to see how deficient the houses of the rich are in all matters of comfort and cleanliness, as well as ventilation and sanitary regulations, as compared with those in England; and to notice, moreover,

the coarseness of the food common to the German people, —the delight of all in raw fish and sour putrid cabbage —we can hardly be surprised to find even the best-conditioned of the Deutschers with features and complexions barely as refined-looking as the English domestic servants.

At Ems one sees what is called the most "select" portion of the nation concentrated, occasionally, under one roof; and there we find men with stars at their breasts, having skins about as coarse and brown as the well-known freckly sheepskin binding to our school-books; and *Grosherzogins* and *Gräffins* with cheeks as florid as poppies, and mouths as ill-formed as those of bull-dogs; while their hands are almost as huge and red as the painted tin signs that are hung outside the French glovers, and their feet as splay as those of the London policemen, and possessed of no more instep than a duck.

Then, what a certain criterion is the female voice as to the culture and gentleness of the individual; and assuredly as the vocal tones are the exponents of our emotions (or, as Dr. Reid has called them, "the natural cries," by which infants, and even animals, are able instinctively to understand the passions affecting us for the time being), even so is it impossible for an affectionate-natured and kind-hearted woman to speak in harsh accents, or to utter words in a tone that grates upon the ear like the creaking of some jail-door.

We may be judging the Prussian ladies unfairly, but we *must* say we never heard one gentle-voiced woman during the whole of our stay in the country—the majority of the *Fraus* and *Fräuleins* having positively as husky throats as costermongers, and many so masculine an utterance, that on hearing them speak outside our door we have often mistaken them for gentlemen. The defect may be partly owing to the national habit of indulging in rough sour drinks; though even *that* cannot account for the utter want of tenderness in the

tones, which, we fear, can but proceed from an imperfect development of the softer emotions of the feminine character.

There remain but a few other social forms and ceremonies to be cited as distinctive of the Prussian people.

In all countries we find a considerable part of the etiquette to consist of certain kinds of bodily gestures and movements, which may be called the *pantomime of politeness*, and which are usually considered as characteristic of what "Jenkins" of the "Post" styles "breeding:" and certainly, if a man salute another by pulling his head down into a bow by means of his front hair, even an ascetic would be able to distinguish the class among which he had been reared.

Indeed, the most philosophical of men can hardly help judging people by the grace and ease of their muscular motions. That angularity of action which is called "awkwardness," is not only ugly in itself, from its violation of the curvature of line upon which some consider the beauty of form to depend, but it is offensive, because it either shows such a stiffness of joint as is consequent upon hard labour and defective housing, or indicates a sense of constraint arising from a feeling of unfitness on the part of the individual for the society amid which he is placed.

The polite pantomime of Englishmen, doubtlessly, appears to foreigners to be of so staid a quality as to induce a notion either of extreme haughtiness or coldness on the part of the people. But certain it is, that the reduction of these same salutatory gesticulations to the least possible bowings and scrapings, betrays perhaps more *real* heartiness on the part of our countrymen, than does the violent extravagance of action —that "tombeler"-like oscillation of the body, as well as that puppet-like, paroxysmal jerking of the limbs, which stands for warmth of feeling in foreign nations.

Englishmen know full well that these mere muscular marks of respect can be imitated with ease, and therefore *assumed* by those who are really impressed with the very opposite feeling to that which their gestures would signify; and assuredly on the Continent, though all indulge in the caricature of bodily emotions, none for a moment *believe* in such displays.

Further, it is uncongenial to the nature of an Englishman, on his first introduction to a stranger, to pretend to any excessive veneration for a person with whose character he is most probably wholly unacquainted.

Foreigners, however, think differently on such subjects, and we have seen a Parisian beau go half-way down the Boulevards, with his hat in his hand, as, bowing, he jabbered those social taradiddles called compliments to a couple of be-crinolined old dames, whom, perhaps, in his heart he was wishing at the bottom of the Seine.

In Prussia, it was formerly the fashion to see which could outdo the other in the enormity of his gesticulations when any acquaintance was recognised in the street; for then literally a bowing-match commenced, and he was considered the most polite who by his perseverance obtained the last scrape.

Matters are hardly carried to such an extreme now-a-days, even in a nation which has made less progress than any other during the past century. Nevertheless, you find in the Rhenish capital at the present time a style of manners that carries your mind back to the days of Louis Quatorze; for the would-be elegance of the German gentry has all that burlesque style of grace about it which formed part of the old "Minuet de la Cour."

It is still a custom in Coblenz, if a party of gentlemen be walking together, and one of them happen to meet a friend by the way, for the whole of the company (though utter

strangers to the individual) to bare their head to their friend's friend. Hence, if you chance to form one of three or four in a promenade, your hat has to be removed from your head just that number of times more than it would be if you were strolling alone.

Moreover, the German salute is really a work of no mean labour; for when we said above that the head must be *bared* to all acquaintances passed in the street, we used the phrase advisedly, since a Prussian would hardly give a "*danke*" for a slight elevation of the hat—the approved sign of respect, as indicated by the beaver, being not only to remove it bodily from the head, but to describe a semi-circle with it at arm's length, and so bring it almost to the ground. This, as may be readily expected, is sad trying work to the brim, and we have known many a "*gibus*" give way in that part to even a small circle of acquaintances after a month's wear.

Nor is it only your *acquaintances* who demand this bare-headed reverence: politeness says, that you must uncover yourself not only to those you really respect, but also to "your butcher, your baker, your candlestick-maker," for whom, perhaps, owing to their scoundrelly adulterations and commercial meannesses, you have a hearty contempt.

In polite Paris you raise your hat, of course, to "*la dame du comptoir*," who sits in an arbour of "*desserts*," or else in a grotto crystalline with innumerable "*portions*" of lump-sugar, either at the *restaurant* or the *café* you frequent. You bow also to the pretty cigar-girl where you buy your packet of "*corporal*." You raise your hat, too, on entering the omnibus that is to carry you by "*correspondance*" even to the very gates of ———, the "*Barrière d'Enfer*," we mean.

In Coblenz you might, in deference to the national custom,

perhaps, be induced to do the same thing were there any pretty "*dames du comptoir*," lively cigar-girls, or, indeed, any omnibuses to carry you anywhere—if we except the prison-van-like conveyance to Ems, in which it is impossible to see your fellow-travellers for tobacco smoke.

In the Rhenish capital, everybody bares his head to everybody. Little boys drag their caps off to their teachers—lodgers uncover themselves to their fellow-lodgers as they pass them on the joint-stock stairs. In the street, too, you have either to take off your hat to the procession of pilgrim-farmers and market-women with a "*geistlich*," old gentlemen in lace petticoats and fur tippets squalling hymns at their head; or you are expected to give a jerk down, as if you were going upon your bended knees, while you snatch your profane beaver from your caput in reverence for some small boy in a scarlet serge gown, who is carrying a silver crucifix on a pole before a masculine old woman of a priest.

Or else you have to uncover yourself to some passing hearse, for the beavered head is considered disrespectful, not only to the living, but to the dead.

So that, what with bowing to priests, and pilgrim processions, and fellow-lodgers, and tradesmen, and friends, and acquaintances, and—Heaven save the mark!—to corpses, the arm fairly aches before you get home, whilst the limp state of your hat-brim soon makes you disgusted with the inanity of the ceremony.

The Prussians, however, delight in such tomfoolery, and we have seen an antiquated "blood"—a kind of dandy Methuselah—at the public gardens at Moselweis, stand bare-headed for about a quarter of an hour, in the attitude in which our own obsequious Simpson loved to welcome visitors to the "ROYAL PROPERTY," and with his poor bald old noddle baking like a dumpling in the sun, while he mumbled small nothings to a

group of dames, whose figures and movements were about as graceful as those of a hippopotamus.

The Prussian officers, on the other hand, never uncover, their usual mode of salute being by placing the hand at the side of the head, in the same manner as a deaf man does when he requests you to "speak up." To do the military gentlemen justice, too, they certainly endeavour to be more sprightly in their manners on recognising a lady out-of-doors than was the aforesaid Teutonic Simpson; though this sprightliness consists of a succession of indescribable bobs and scrapes —such as dogs give with their hind legs when kicking up the hay in a field.

Indeed, it seems to be a vulgar error on the part of the German gentry, that the jigging of the body gives apparent lightness to the movements; for you will see fat ungainly-looking *Fraus* begin skipping about, immediately on being introduced to a gentleman, as if they were some corpulent coryphée practising their steps behind the scenes at the Opera.

The Germans, moreover, pay great attention to what they call the "*Blick*" (*Angl.* the look); and in their "*Complimentir-Bücher*"—their "Books of Etiquette" (and, though such works are generally somewhat caricatures of the manners of a people, they may still be cited as indices of that which is supposed to constitute politeness by the large majority of the trading classes) we are told that there are five kinds of "looks" which people should take pains to cultivate.

"If you wish to make your fortune in the world," says the "*Neuestes*," Manual of Politeness, "you should accustom your eye to such looks as will suit everybody. The following are the different looks necessary to be observed:—

"(1.) *The open look;* that is to say, the candid, soft, smiling, and trusting look. It shows attention and sympathy, as well

as noble consciousness. This is the look to excite confidence and affection.

"(2.) *The firm look*, which can meet the gaze of other men with composure. It shows firmness and sincerity of character, as well as manly courage, determination, and truthfulness.

"(3.) *The modest look*. This displays our own humility or gratitude for a past favour. It always wins the heart.

"(4.) *The friendly look*, by which we express our regard for a person. This makes us agreeable and beloved.

"(5.) *The cheerful look*, from which all gloominess and melancholy are banished. It shows contentment of mind, and often speaks more than the most impassioned conversation.

"These are the five looks," adds the author, "which one should cultivate. By them we can win the hearts of others, and, therefore, we should work hard to become perfect in their use."

To us, however, such "looks" are simply acted lies—facial falsities that would reduce politeness to mere elegant hypocrisy. True politeness, on the contrary, it appears to us, springs from a consideration for the feelings of others, and all its best forms arise out of an indisposition to wound, as well as a desire to please those with whom we may happen to be associated. But such as would endeavour to uphold cheats and tricks as grace of manner—and that merely with the view of promoting our own interest by their use—are not only ignorant of what good manners really consist, but would degrade that which, when rightly viewed, is strictly the Christianity of every-day life—the assumption of an air of loving-kindness—into the artifices and snares of that counterfeit "*gentleman*" the "Prince of Darkness."



B. Foster

E. I. Roberts

Basle

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(8.)

BASEL.

Rhenish France extends along the left bank of the Rhine, *from* the point where the river Lauter unites with the great German stream by Lautenberg (nearly opposite Carlsruhe), *up* to a mile or two below the confluence of the river Birs at Basel. Beyond this limit the left bank forms part of the Swiss territory, while the right one, for a considerable distance still, belongs to the Grand Duchy of Baden, whose Rhenish possessions reach *from* Lampertheim (a little below Mannheim) *up* to Immenstadt (between Meersburg and Freidrichshafen) on the Lake of Constanz.

Basel, then, is the border-town of Rhenish Switzerland, being situate a few miles below where the Rhine first becomes navigable, in an angle on the frontiers of Germany, France, and Switzerland. It is also the capital of the half-canton called "*Basel-ville*," in contradistinction to its fellow moiety, entitled "*Basel-campagne*."* But the traveller must not expect to see a city of Swiss "*châlets*," or streets full of Swiss peasantry in very large "mushroom-hats," and very short petticoats, as well as very extensive chemisettes; neither must he look for mountain-chains hoary with "eternal snows," nor have a

* After the revolution of 1830, such furious differences arose between the citizens and country-people of the canton of Basel that a kind of civil war raged in the district, and a violent fight took place between the townsmen and peasants near Liesthal, so that the Diet of the Helvetic Confederation had to pass an Act for the division of the canton into two parts, styled "Basel-town" and "Basel-country;" and though it gave a deputy to each of the divisions, it allowed them respectively only half a vote: but as the civic and rural deputies of Basel still agree to differ, and their votes on opposite sides do not count, the citizens and rustics now have virtually no vote at all.

notion that he is to be roused at day-break with the "lul-la-*li*-etee" of the "*Ranz des Vaches*"—there being nothing Swiss about Basel, except the indigo-blue coated soldiers and an occasional fountain or two in the streets. For, though the city has formed part of the Swiss Confederation since 1501, it belonged to the German Empire for 500 years previously; and as the manners and customs of a people are not quite so easily changed as the political "Constitution" of a country, Basel remains to this day far more Teutonic than Helvetic in its character.

The town of Basel, like the twin Rhenish towns of Köln and Deutz, Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein-Thal, Mainz, and Castel, Mannheim and Ludwigshafen, Strasburg and Kehl, is linked, by means of a rudely-constructed bridge, with a kind of supplementary colony on the other side of the water. The Rhine, which has been gradually greening in tint as we ascended the upper portion of the stream, has now become perfectly bright and clear, and of the same delicate colour as the "Riesling" grapes that grow on its banks, so that as we behold it here, rushing through the wooden and stone piers of the long Rhine bridge in a broad transparent flood, we can hardly believe it to be the stream whose drab and muddy current we noted at Köln, and which has been calculated to contain at Bonn half-a-pound of mud to every thousand gallons of water.

Viewed from the opposite shore, the *Grosse Stadt* of Basel reminds one somewhat of the *Cité* at Paris, seen from the Luxembourg side of the Seine, though the intervening river is ten times as broad and beautiful as the French canal-like stream.

The houses, which stretch for upwards of a mile along the high bank close beside the river, are of all sizes and colours, but generally tall and narrow strips of dwellings.

They seem as if they had been squeezed together at the extreme ends of the town, and as if the compression had not only narrowed and elongated their walls, but driven the centre ones higher than the rest.

Some are built on the top of the steep, green, escarpment-like bank, while others are perched on high walls, and appear as if standing on two storeys of ramparts, by way of basement. These basement-walls in some places are arranged as garden terraces, and in others are made to form part of the house, so that the domicile appears as gawky as those in the old town of Edinburgh, being furnished with several tiers of kitchens, while it seems to require the aid of a balloon in order to reach the attics.

The long strips of walls, too, are painted of all colours—a light pea-green exterior being particularly popular, and a pink or delicate salmon by no means unfashionable, whilst a deep drab or nankeen tint appears to be possessed of considerable charms in the eyes of the good folk of Basel.

But the most peculiar of all the styles of house decoration consists in painting the long and lanky walls a light ink colour—the very tint, indeed, of the paper in which sugar-loaves are wrapped; and this is assuredly the most hideous mode of house-painting that ever irritated the eye of mortal man. One large pedimented dwelling (near where the narrow, gabled steeple—like a cottage perched pick-a-pack on a church roof—of St. Martin's is seen peeping over the tiles at the end of the bridge) seems positively as if its walls had been brushed over with several bottles of "Stephens' best Blue-black Writing Fluid;" and as the house is to all appearances a leader of fashion in the place, the inky style of decoration must clearly be regarded as the "correct thing" in Basel.

The streets of Basel have little peculiar about them. The

French Guide-books tell you that "*la promenade*" being the principal pleasure of the inhabitants of the town, there are many places "*consacrés à cette récréation.*" But these same "consecrated" bits of ground consist of mere planted patches; such as "*Peter's Platz*" (a kind of German Gray's-Inn Square, set with a few scrubby trees), and the river-side terrace, called "*Pfalz*,"—which is not unlike a corner from the ramparts at Boulogne, but commanding a pleasant-enough view of the river, with a leash of the Schwarz-Wald mountains towering over the opposite shore.

The most remarkable objects about Basel, indeed, are the old gates, the fountains, and the Rathaus; for, with the exception of these, the buildings and thoroughfares remind one somewhat of the High Street in a second-rate French town.

The *Spahlen Thor*, however, is particularly picturesque, and is part of the ancient defences of the city, dating from the year 1400. It consists of a narrow, square turret, ornamented with two telescopic martello-like towers at each of its front corners, and surmounted by a steeple-like roof—sharp and peaked as the crown to a witch's hat. This roof is slated, so to speak, with "fancy" tiles of different colours, which are worked into lozenge-shaped patterns, that have somewhat of an oil-clothy look. The front of the narrow, square turret is "machicolated," as it is termed, or, in other words, balconied at the upper part with parapets that are supported by a scalloped border of arches springing from the walls, whilst the lower part is embossed with large statues under Gothic-pinnacle-like canopies.

In front of the gate projects a kind of castellated porch-work, or "barbican," as it is called, having a row of grotesque little figures under its scalloped cornice. Just behind this hangs the double portcullis, with the spikes showing below the arch, like a double row of teeth within

a shark's jaws, while the square space within the tower has its roof groined like a cloister.

The Swiss soldier, in his dark blue coat, with broad white cross-belt and red epaulettes, pacing in front of the little wooden guard-house—and the deep broad moat beside the gate planted with its fruit-trees and cabbage-gardens—and the houses of the town seen peeping over the rondels and between the notches of the castellated ramparts at the gate-side—complete a pretty-enough picture, "set off" as it is with all the pleasing incongruities of peace and war, the past and present time.

The *Fischmarkt-Brunnen*, again, is almost as fine an object as the *Spahlen Thor*. It is somewhat after the style of the street-fountain already described at Freiburg, but more light and elegant still. It consists of the same telescopic prism-shaft, ornamented with fretted Gothic canopies for the statues with which its sides are set. But here the sculpture is superior as a work of art, while the pinnacles canopying the figures are of the most delicate open tracery-work, and the little notched spire at the top of the column is crested with a tiny golden angel; so that the details are exquisitely varied, and the effect of the whole light and graceful as the lines formed by a fountain itself.

The design of the *Spahlen Brunnen* is hardly of such choice architecture as that of the Fish-market fountain, though the sculptured figures about it are admirable. These are said to have been copied from a design by Albert Dürer, and represent the *Dudelsackpfeiffer* (bag-piper) playing to a group of peasants dancing round the base.

The *Rathaus*, which faces the Fischmarkt-brunnen at the bottom of the "*Freie Strasse*" (the principal street of the town), is a pleasing specimen of what is called the "Burgundian style," so popular in the Netherlands, and dates from the beginning of the 16th century. The walls are

decorated with frescoes, the upper part being castellated, and the lower arched. The frieze along the top displays the arms of the three primitive Swiss cantons—Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, besides those of Basel (a bishop's crook and fish-hook). The frescoes on the front represent Justice with her sword, and nobles going out hawking, and knights bearing shields. In the small hall at the foot of the stairs, too, there is a statue of Munatius Plancus, who is said to have been the founder of Basel, as well as of the Roman "*Augusta Rauracorum*," now called "Augst," and situate some seven miles out of Basel, on the Schaffhausen road.

But the *Münster*, or Cathedral, occupies the first place among the sights of Basel. Its red sandstone walls are exactly the colour of hæmatite, or red iron ore, and it has two small, open, fretted spires, somewhat similar to Freiburg, though not nearly so light and diaphanous: indeed, you can see only little dots of white light peeping, here and there, through the steeple sides. The roof, like that of the Spahlen Thor, is covered with coloured tiles, which are worked so as to assume a large diamond pattern, and give the edifice the appearance of having been slated with slabs of mosaic pavement.

Thus much of the peculiarities of the Münster at Basel are visible from almost every point of view, but on closer inspection the edifice by no means improves in beauty. The building, indeed, is more interesting than elegant—having been founded by the Emperor Henry II., at the beginning of the eleventh century.

The towers are of different size and shape—one being square and telescopic, and the other square at the base and surmounted by a short octagonal turret; whilst they are both surrounded at irregular distances with stone balconies, that have anything but a light or elegant look.

The base of the front, however, with the chief portal, is better than the upper part, being ornamented with some old Gothic sculptures and quaint statues. Four figures of limp-looking mediæval monarchs (names unknown), each perched on a column and set in a pinnacled niche, stand beside the door-way; on one side of the wall, too, (near the bright blue-and-gold clock-face painted on the front) there is a large life-size figure of St. George on the top of another column, and riding a kind of stone rocking-horse, while he thrusts a spear, several yards long, down the mouth of a dragon that projects from the wall a good distance off—the said dragon being represented as seated on its hind-legs, after the fashion of the monsters in china-ware, and swallowing the spear-head as calmly as if it were being fed with a spoon. On the other side of the entrance is an equally droll equestrian figure of St. Martin; and this, like that of St. George, is of such commanding proportions, that some seem to mistake size for boldness, and describe that as admirable which at best is merely *odd*.

The door at the northern side, next the planted Platz, is known as the "*Portal of St. Gallus.*" This has some very remarkable—though far from handsome, but intensely quaint—figures, illustrative of the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, carved in the semicircular arch-head of the porch.

Here Christ is represented seated on a camp-stool, as it were, with his hair over his shoulders, and a gold platter-like "glory" at the back of his head. On the right of this figure is a small St. Peter, with a huge street-door-key in his hand, and a tinfoil circle about his wig; whilst on the other side is some other saint with a peaked beard, and another disc of Dutch-metal surrounding his face. Near these figures are the "Wise and Foolish Virgins,"—five of them with lamps (like money-bags) in their hands, habited in costumes like riding-habits, and with their hair streaming down their back.

A closed door separates these from the foolish young ladies, and in front of it stands a dame with her finger up, and a cymbal-like glory round about her back hair: while beside this lady is one of the foolish virgins, with her head down and a large vessel in her hand, and with her four companions at her heels, all looking lop-sided in the true, limp Egyptian style.

The interior of the Cathedral contains but few remains of its ancient riches — the iconoclastic zeal of the Reformers having stripped it of its choicest ornaments. There are, however, still to be seen here some fine specimens of antique wood-carving, besides a rich Gothic "rood-loft" of the 14th century, in which the "rood," or cross, formerly stood, but which is now appropriated to the organ.

Here, too, on a pillar to the left of the communion-table, stands the red marble monument erected to the memory of Erasmus, who died in Basel, 1536. In the choir, too, is the tomb of the Empress Anne, the wife of Rudolph of Hapsburg, and mother of the Austrian line of princes — though the body was removed to St. Blaize some 200 years back.

But Basel is more interesting from its early history and its religious and artistic associations, than for any architectural beauties or national peculiarities appertaining to the place.

Some historians refer its foundation back to the Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate, who is said to have founded a colony here in honour of his mother Basiliana, A.D. 362. (The name Basel, however, means evidently the "*Basilic*," or cathedral city.) The tradition current in the town, makes the origin of Basel coeval with that of the great Roman military post Augusta Rauracorum, now called Augst (and where the remains of an amphitheatre have been discovered, as well as traces of an aqueduct), and refers it to Lucius Munatius Plancus (he whose statue stands in the Hall of the Rathaus), in the reign

of the Emperor Augustus, 27 B.C. At the end of the ninth century it was annexed to the kingdom of Burgundy, and in the year 1032 was attached to the German Empire.

During the fifteenth century Basel stood at the height of its pre-eminence, as the most powerful of the Imperial Free Cities on the Upper Rhine. At this period, two memorable events occurred: the first of these was the great Ecclesiastical Council held in the city; and the second, the heroic death of the Swiss at the village of St. Jacob by the Birs.

The battle of St. Jacob is referred to by the Swiss as the Thermopylæ of their history. It took place about a quarter of a mile beyond the gates of Basel, in the angle between the roads on the way to Berne. A Gothic column has been raised at the burial-place of the heroes, to commemorate the great fight of August 26th, 1444, when 1300 Swiss had the courage to attack and resist the French army under the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI.), though it numbered as many thousand men as they had hundreds.*

"Again and again," says the national historian Zschokke, "the Swiss threw themselves upon the innumerable host of their foes. Their little force was broken and divided, yet still they fought. Five hundred maintained the contest upon an open meadow, the rest behind the garden-wall at the Siechenhaus at St. Jacob. Wrathful as lions they fought in the meadow, till man after man fell dead upon the corpses of the numberless

* In 1844 a marble tablet was placed in the Church, bearing the following inscription:—

OUR SOULS TO GOD,
OUR BODIES TO THE ENEMY.
HERE DIED, UNCONQUERED,
BUT EXHAUSTED WITH VICTORIES,
1300 CONFEDERATES AND ALLIES,
IN CONFLICT WITH FRENCH AND AUSTRIANS,
AUGUST 26TH, 1444.

enemies . . . . . The Confederates, to the number of 1300, died like heroes; but the French, with their horses, fell by thousands and thousands from Pratteln to St. Jacob. There stood the Dauphin still upon the field, but would not venture onwards. 'I will provoke this obstinate people no farther,' he cried; and full of reverence for so much bravery, he met them afterwards at Ensisheim, and concluded a peace."

The Swiss youths of the "Singing Unions" and "Federal Rifle Clubs," celebrate this event every year by vocal and military *fêtes*. And not far from the field of battle the vineyards of Wahlstadt produce a red wine, which the people delight to call "Swiss blood,"—"*Schweizer-blut*."

Basel, throughout the Middle Ages, obstinately resisted every attempt at innovation in the manners and customs of its people. It was called in those days "the reverend city of Basel," and its councillors bore the title of "the noble, dread, pious, resolute, circumspect, wise, and honourable lords." Such sticklers, too, were the Burgomeisters for their full measure of civic honours, that in 1501 the town-council issued a decree, that "if it so happened that, either through scorn or through envy, any person should curtail our civic title in any manner whatsoever, and neglect to address us as our ancestors were wont to be styled, all letters and messages will be sent away without the least notice being paid to them."

Moreover, down to the end of the last century, it was the custom in the city of Basel for the clocks to be set an hour in advance of all others in Europe. This practice tradition ascribes to the circumstance of a conspiracy, to deliver the town over to an enemy at midnight, having been defeated by the Münster clock striking one instead of twelve.

But whatever might have been the origin of the absurd practice, the citizens clung to it with such pertinacity, that

though in 1778 the municipal authorities issued a decree that all the clocks of Basel should, after the first of January next, be regulated by solar time, the alteration excited so much indignation among the citizens, that the town-council was compelled, fifteen days afterwards, to issue another decree repealing the first. Nor was it until nearly twenty years later that the "fast" clocks of Basel could be got to conform to regular hours.

In the Puritanical times that succeeded the Reformation, Basel was the head-quarters of the Evangelical party, and the Methodistical character of the townspeople broke out even in their ordinary trade announcements over the shop-doors. One of these was as follows:—

"Wacht auf, ihr Menschen, und thut Buss,
Ich heiss zum goldenen Rinderfuss."

A sentiment which may be paraphrased, by supposing a psalm-singing publican of the present day to set the subjoined couplet under his sign,—

I long every day to be called up to Zion,
Still my dwelling on earth is the 'Goose and Gridiron.'

But while these *literally* "outward and visible *signs*" were being displayed in Basel, there was, according to the best accounts, but a small proportion of "inward and spiritual grace" prevalent among the people; for, so far from despising the treasures that "moth and rust corrode," a proclamation of the town council towards the end of the 17th century denounced all those who lent money to the needy at less than the "Christian usance" (*Christlichen Zins*) of five per cent as persons who, "by their avarice, did irremediable injury to churches and church property!"

Under such a state of Puritanism, it may be readily

imagined that the magistrates at Basel did not fail, like the rest of the world, to look after, with all the sharpness of sumptuary laws, the cut and quality of the clothes, as well as the kind and quantity of viands indulged in by their neighbours. At one time these worthies were violent in their attacks against the vanity of "doublet and hose." They would not allow women to have their hair dressed by men, nor could any one give a dinner-party without first having the bill of fare *visé-ed* by the town officials. Moreover, all were obliged to go to church dressed in black; and no carriage could pass through the gates during the forenoon service on Sundays—a rule, by the by, which continues to be enforced to this day.

This extreme Christian zeal, however, on the part of the people of Basel, did not tend to breed anything like brotherly love between them and their neighbours; for the most violent local feuds raged, until very recently, between the inhabitants of the *Klein* and *Grosse Stadt*. A curious memorial of this fact existed in the image called "*Lallen-könig*" (the stuttering king), that is so often mentioned in the "Folks' Books" of the Middle Ages. A tower stood on the left bank of the Rhine, at the entrance to the *Grosse Stadt* by the bridge. At the upper part of this was a clock, with a giant's head wonderfully carved in wood, protruding from the walls above it. From the mouth of the monster figure a long tongue was thrust out, and this being connected with the machinery of the dial, was made to wabble (*lallen*, and hence the meaning of the name) derisively, with every beat of the pendulum, in the face of the people inhabiting the *Klein Stadt* on the opposite shore.

But the *Klein Baselers* were not long in producing a wooden repartee in the shape of another image, more insulting than the first; and accordingly they set up, at *their* end of the bridge, a huge carved figure, with its back turned to the

Lallen-könig, and in a most offensive attitude. Nor was this removed until the year 1830.

The ecclesiastical history connected with Basel is as interesting as its mediæval customs.

Basel is to Constanz what Speier is to Worms. In the two German cathedral towns we read the struggles of Martin Luther and Protestantism—the one town continuing the stirring page of history that was begun by the other. So in the Swiss *Dom-stadts*, the one tells us of the martyrdom of John Huss and Jerome of Prague—the valiant champions of "Gospel liberty," who prepared the way for the Reformation; and the other gives us the sequel of the story in the Jesuitical attempts of the priests to pacify the demands of the early Reformers, and so put a stop to the coming revolution.

The Council of Basel, which met in the body of the Cathedral on the 14th of December, 1431, and was attended by upwards of 500 of the principal clergy, had for its object "the restoration of peace and unity to Christendom, the adjustment of the Hussite differences, and the improvement of the Church."*

These "Hussite differences" were the natural consequence of the double martyrdom of the Bohemian preacher, who has been styled "the John the Baptist of the Reformation," and his faithful friend Jerome of Prague.

The burning of these two champions of Gospel freedom

* The assembly at Basel, however, sought also to establish the principle that the authority of the Council was greater than that of the Pope. His Holiness, Eugene IV., on the other hand, was determined to maintain *his* supremacy, and accordingly issued a decree dissolving the Council, as well as excommunicating its members. The Council, again, on their part, declared Pope Eugene to be deposed, and announced that they had elected Duke Amadeus VIII. of Savoy to the Papacy in his stead. The contest between these rival powers lasted for 17 years, after which the Council of Basel dissolved itself in 1448, and acknowledged Nicolas V. as the head of the Romish Church.

had created a deep sensation in Bohemia. The fury of their followers was first directed against the churches and monasteries. These they not only sacked but often consumed by fire; and though the ranks of the Hussites were at the beginning filled only with the vulgar, they were soon joined by several ecclesiastics—even by monks—and many nobles.

A large number (not less than 40,000, it is said) of the body assembled on a hill, to which they gave the puritanical name of "*Tabor*," and there they preached continually against the avarice, the debauchery, and other vices of the Romish clergy; and while one portion remained praying on the summit, another sallied forth to plunder the neighbouring monks and priests, in order to obtain food for their brethren.

Those of the sect, on the other hand, who had continued in Prague had public processions almost daily in the streets, and did not fail at such times to insult and revile the Romish practices and doctrines in every possible manner. The Bohemian king, Wenceslas IV., commanded the magistrates to suppress these scenes, but the Hussites were too strong for them. One day, however, as one of the processions passed the *Rathaus*, a stone struck one of the priests of the sect, and in a moment a leader of the body, named Ziska, rushed at the head of a furious band into the Town-hall, and threw thirteen of the magistrates from the windows on to the pikes of the multitude below. The news of this outrage is said to have caused the death of King Wenceslas.

After the decease of the King, Ziska, at the head of a large force, made himself master of the city of Prague; and to quell the insurrection, the Emperor Sigismund, having assembled a large German army, led the troops himself against the Bohemian capital. But such was the enthusiasm or fanaticism of the new Reformers, that they signally defeated the Germans —12,000 of whom were left dead on the field.

In this extremity Sigismund was glad to sanction a truce —even at the cost of conceding four of the Reformers' chief demands, viz.:—(1), The abolition of Latin prayers; (2), The administration of the Sacrament with the cup as well as the wafer; (3), The confiscation of the landed and other secular property of the clergy; (4), The punishment of moral crimes with the same severity as political ones.

The suspension of hostilities, however, was but for a moment. The four articles which the Hussites of Prague had exacted from Sigismund were by no means pleasing to the "Taborites," who demanded that much greater concessions should be made; and these not being granted, Ziska and his army once more began to ravage the country. The Emperor sent frequent bodies of troops into Bohemia to arrest their course, but the Germans were in all cases defeated, so that they got at last to believe the Hussites were magicians and invincible.

Mortified, however, at the repeated reverses of his army, the Emperor at length consented to negociate with the Hussite leader; but Ziska died before the treaty was completed. Never was chief so lamented by his troops,—his followers regarding him at once as a saint and a hero.

Another leader, Procopius Raso—no less valiant a warrior than Ziska—was soon chosen, and under his generalship fresh irruptions were made into Hungary, Austria, Bavaria, and Saxony, until the whole empire was filled with consternation. Army after army was again and again defeated, and legate after legate compelled to abandon with humiliation all attempts at reconciling the differences of the Church. The Germans, indeed, often fled in panic at the mere approach of the Hussites.

Under these circumstances, Sigismund promised not to disturb the religious doctrines of the "heretics" until the

Council of Basel, which had been convoked for the year 1431, should have decided respecting them.

All minds, therefore, were fixed on the ensuing Council, which, it was hoped, would be the means of restoring peace to the distracted Empire.

One of the first acts of the Council was to cite the Hussites to appear by their deputies and state their grievances; and the summons was obeyed the more willingly because, owing to their victories, there was no longer any danger in the mission.

The proceedings were opened by Cardinal Julian; after which the Hussite deputies laid before the Council the four demands which Sigismund had sanctioned.

The article relating to the Communion, both with the cup and the wafer, was first discussed. Its explanation occupied the Bohemian deputies three mornings.

The deputies were followed by John de Ragusa, the procurator of the Dominicans, who, in answer to the "Callixtines," or "cup-ites," as they were called, harangued for a whole week on the sufficiency of the wafer alone.

This polemic was answered, in its turn, by Roskyczana, a Hussite leader, in six mornings, his colleagues speaking at equal length on the other articles.

Unanimity on any one point, however, seemed to be hopeless. Each party appeared to have indulged in the vain hope of vanquishing the other by argument. Irritation showed itself on both sides, and it was subsequently agreed that a certain number of the members of the Council should meet in Prague, and decide on the point in a friendly manner.

Accordingly, as the Hussites refused to hear of peace until the four articles were sanctioned by the legates, it was ultimately conceded (but not until the festival of the Holy Trinity, 1433) that the cup should for a time, and under certain re-

strictions, be allowed to communicants; and, moreover, that moral offences should be punished agreeably to the ancient canonical law.

At a later period, however, the Council of Basel sanctioned the "unrestricted use of the cup," and this for a time had the effect of *smothering* those religious dissensions, which were afterwards destined to "light up a greater fire than ever."

The *Concilium-Saal* (or Chapter-house), in which, during the session, some of the committees held their deliberations at Basel, is still attached to the Cathedral—a small staircase leading to it from the choir. It is merely a low room, with four Gothic windows, and is so far worthy of inspection that it exists in precisely the same state as it did at the time of the sitting of the Council.

In one corner of the square, too, in which the Münster is situate there stands an old building called "*zur Mücke*," and in this assembled the conclave during the Council which elected Felix V. (Duke of Savoy) Pope, in the place of Eugene IV.

The other associations in connexion with Basel are of a literary and artistic character.

Erasmus, the learned and witty assailant of the doctrines of the schools and the vices of the monastic orders, as well as the preparer of the way for Luther and the Reformation, closed his labours and his life in Basel. Born at one end, as it were, of the Rhine, he made the other end of it the scene of his highest literary labours.

In a small street (*Breede Kerk Straat*) in Rotterdam, near the "*Groote Markt*," we noted, at the beginning of our Rhenish trip, the house in which the author of "The Praise of Folly" was born; and here, in Basel, we walk the cloisters beside the Münster which are said to have been his favourite resort in

his old age, and where, maybe, he planned his "*Ecclesiastes*' (or Art of Preaching), that was first printed by his friend Froben in Basel town, not long before his death.

The entry of Erasmus into the world was as romantic as his departure was glorious.

A young man named Gerritz, a native of Gouda, in the Low Countries, loved a physician's daughter. His family sought to make him embrace a monastic life; but the youth fled—leaving the object of his affections about to become a mother—and repaired to Rome. The frail girl gave birth to a son; Gerritz, however, was not apprised of it, but, shortly afterwards, was informed by his parents that she whom he had loved was no more. Stricken down with sorrow and remorse he took the priestly vows, and gave himself up to the service of God. In a short time, however, he made his way back to Holland, and there he found his beloved still living. She refused to be wed to another, and Gerritz, remaining faithful to his sacerdotal vows, concentrated, with her, his affection on their son. The boy was sent to school when only four years old, and was hardly thirteen when his teacher, Sinthemius of Deventer, one day, enraptured with his little scholar's quickness, embraced him as he exclaimed—"This child will attain the highest pinnacle of learning."

That child was Gerritz Gerritz, or as he afterwards translated his name into its Latin and Greek equivalents, "*Desederius Erasmus*"—though he generally signed himself "*Erasmus Roterodamus*" (Erasmus of Rotterdam). He was a mere lad when both his parents died, and the three guardians to whose tender mercies he was bequeathed squandered his property and forced him into a monastery in Brabant, so as to get possession of the whole of his patrimony and conceal their villany. He subsequently assumed the monastic vows at Stein, in 1486, where he became one of the regular canons.

Luckily, however, for the young scholar, and the world as well, Erasmus was not destined to be buried in a monastery, for his classic acquirements attracted the attention of the Bishop of Cambray, who made him his private secretary, and then franked him to Paris, so that he might complete his studies. In the French capital, however, the learned young Dutchman fell into abject poverty, and for years wandered about the Continent, living in the most precarious manner upon the generosity of his patrons. Nevertheless, as soon as Erasmus could procure any money, he employed it in purchasing, first, Greek books, and then clothes; and often did the poor Hollander solicit, in vain, the bounty of his protectors.

The poverty and privations of his early life rendered it the greatest delight of his after years to furnish the means of support to youthful, but poor students; and it is recorded that Holbein would have starved during his early career at Basel, had it not been for the generosity of the quondam poor scholar, but then affluent and illustrious writer, Erasmus.

The habit of study which Erasmus acquired during this part of his career remained with him to the rest of his days. Even while travelling, which he mostly did on horseback, he was accustomed to compose on the way, and to reduce his ideas to writing when he reached the inn at which he was to rest for the night. His celebrated Ἐγκωμιον Μωριας (Praise of Folly), of which seven editions were sold in a few months, was composed in this manner in the course of a journey from Italy to England.

In this work, Erasmus introduces Folly in her own person, Moria, making her the daughter of the God of Riches, and assigning the Fortunate Isles as the place of her birth. She is reared on drunkenness and impertinence, and becomes the queen of a powerful empire. She depicts successively all the States in the world that belong to her, as well as the classes

of people that are her favourite subjects, dwelling particularly on the Churchmen, whom she says she loads with favours. She delights in deriding the labyrinth of dialectics in which divines have entangled theology, and in ridiculing those extravagant syllogisms by which they seek to uphold the Church.

This little book produced the most startling effect at the time of its publication—no less than twenty-seven editions appeared in the lifetime of Erasmus, and it was translated into every European language; thus contributing more than any other to confirm the antisacerdotal tendency of the age, and to fit the public mind for the reception of the coming Reformation.

In 1506 Erasmus travelled into Italy, and there obtaining from Pope Julian II. a release from his monastic vows, joyfully changed his monk's frock for the black tunic of the lay schoolmen.

At the invitation of Henry VIII., in 1510, he revisited England, and taught in Cambridge as a lecturer on Greek, maintaining with the most illustrious men of the country—such as Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet, &c.—those friendly relations which endured for their lives. In 1514 he returned to the Continent, and after several changes finally settled down at Basel in 1521, to complete many of his best works.

Eight years afterwards, however, the principles of the Reformation triumphed in that town, and then the timid satirist of monks and popish ceremonies fled in fright to Freiburg. Nor did he return until 1535, when his health was fast declining—gout and gravel having for some years severely tortured him. He was at length seized with dysentery, and died at Basel on the 12th of July, 1536.

His body was followed to the grave by all the most eminent persons of the town, and on his tomb was engraved the motto, "NEMINI CEDO" (Second to none).

In personal appearance, Erasmus is described as having been a fair little man, with half-closed blue eyes, that keenly observed all that was passing, and with lips that were continually curled with faint sarcastic smiles. His frame is said to have been so slight that it seemed as if a puff of wind would have blown him down, whilst his manner is characterised as timid and embarrassed. His company is spoken of as a feast of refined enjoyment—his fund of anecdote being inexhaustible, and his love of literature the passion of his life. His works abound with scholarship at once extensive and elegant—for Latin was more familiar to him than his mother-tongue—and are replete with a dry wit that sparkles through the pages with pleasant variety. In his various prefaces and dedications he nobly and elegantly vindicated the circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongues of Europe, and his writings largely contributed to the success of the Reformation—though he himself wanted the courage to take rank among the heroic band of the early Reformers.

The other great glory of Basel is Hans Holbein, the illustrious painter of the 16th century.

In the narrow *Augustiner-gasse* that leads from the Rhine bridge to the Münster, there is a handsome club-house-like building, with some fine bas-reliefs on the frieze emblematical of Art and Industry. This is the new Museum, and contains a collection of paintings and drawings by the great artist of Basel.

Here may be seen Holbein's wonderful portrait of himself, together with some beautiful pen-and-ink studies of the heads of the family of the Burgomeister Meyer, sketched for the masterpiece of his works which is now in the Dresden Gallery; as well as the original sketch of his famous picture of the family of Sir Thomas More, and portraits of his generous friend

Erasmus, and of Erasmus' friend Froben, the printer; besides the exquisite picture of the Passion of Christ in eight compartments, for which the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, many years since, offered 30,000 florins; and the Dead Christ, said to have been drawn after a drunken Jew. There are, indeed, a multitude of like gems of art—the very recalling of which is a source of pleasure for life.

The public library at Basel, too, contains amongst its 70,000 volumes a copy of Erasmus' *Laus Stultitiæ* (Praise of Folly), embellished with Holbein's marginal caricatures, which are said to have amused the author so much that he laughed himself out of a fit of illness when they were shown to him.

Though born at Augsburg, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, Holbein was removed in the year 1519, when but a mere lad, to Basel, whither his father came to settle. In his younger days he was distinguished by a genius full of whim and originality, and yet so insensible were the Baselers to the beauties of his art, that he lived with his family in extreme misery, and was even reduced to paint signs and decorate houses—many of his most original works having been thus exposed to the mercy of the wind and rain. Indeed, the two pictures of a School, which are now treasured in the Museum, were painted in the 14th year of the artist's age for a schoolmaster's sign-board, and for several years hung in the streets at Basel.

Young Hans gained so little by his trade, that he often wanted for the commonest necessaries of life, and must, it is said, have repeatedly perished from hunger, had it not been for the generous assistance of Erasmus, who, remembering his own sufferings during his struggles after fame, never failed to help the poor lad to the utmost of his power.

The youthful artist, however, is said to have been imprudently fond of visiting the wine-shops in the city, and a

story is told of him, that on being engaged to decorate the ceiling of the shop of an *Apotheke* in the town, and finding the druggist was loth to let him quit his work for his customary glass, Hans painted a pair of legs on the wall immediately beneath the scaffolding, and so true to nature, as well as so perfectly like his own, that the apothecary on looking up from his desk below, and seeing (as he thought) the lad's calves dangling beneath the planks, was wont to fancy he was still overhead, busily engaged at his work.

Holbein, however, finding his talents but little appreciated in Basel, and being worried by the temper of his wife even more than by his pecuniary troubles, finally made up his mind to visit England. Erasmus kindly wrote him several letters of introduction to his friends in the English capital, and in the one he addressed to Sir Thomas More he says, "here the arts perish," and confesses that it is the want of encouragement that drives Holbein to seek his fortune in London.

The English Chancellor received the artist with distinction, and in return for his hospitality Holbein embellished his mansion with many fine paintings. Sir Thomas More was not long in presenting him to Henry VIII., and the king was so struck with his genius, and so taken with his manners, that he conceived a high admiration for him, and attached him to the Court.

An anecdote is told, that an English nobleman of high rank once came to the *atelier* of Holbein at a time when he was engaged upon some important picture that he wished to prosecute in secret. Holbein begged his illustrious visitor to come to him on some future day, but his lordship, snob-like, fancying that an artist should consider it an honour to receive a person of his quality at any time, insisted upon entering; whereupon the quondam sign-painter of Basel, who had been little used to the forms and ceremonies of a Court, took the bestarred and begartered puppy by the shoulders, and thrusting

him from the door, pushed him from the top to the bottom of the stairs.

The lord hastened to the king, and recounting the ignominious treatment he had received at the hands of a vulgar painter, demanded that the fellow should be punished in a most exemplary manner for the base insult heaped upon him.

The monarch, however, replied, that he set more value upon an artist such as Holbein than upon all the great lords of his kingdom; "for," said he, "I have only to take so many peasants to make out of them as many noblemen as I will, but if I were to take the entire peerage, I could not get one such genius as Holbein out of all the noblemen in the land."

In 1538 Holbein revisited Basel, when the city which formerly could hardly find him subsistence even at sign-painting was, now that he was the favourite painter of the King of England, so deeply impressed with his genius, that the Municipality granted him a salary of 50 florins per annum. This was done principally with the hope of retaining the artist in the town; but he returned to London, where he died of the plague in 1554.

The style of Holbein's works, though somewhat hard and formal, is manly and correct, while many of his portraits are marked by great character and individuality.

The "Dance of Death" has been attributed to his pencil; but it is known to have adorned the walls of the Dominican Church in Basel at the time of the assembling of the Council—some 50 years, at least, before Holbein's birth.

Basel is now the centre of a comparatively busy trade, the chief of which lies in the ribbons and paper which it produces, and the residence of the great chemical philosopher Schönbein, the discoverer of "gun-cotton," and more particularly of that wondrous allotropic element termed "*Ozone.*"