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