

§ 2.

THE RHENISH "VIN ORDINAIRE"—COOKING—DINNERS—
AND MANNERS AT TABLE.

Of the first-class German wines there is no occasion to speak here, the subject having been exhausted by Cyrus Redding and others.

Of the ordinary "*Tisch-wein*," or table-wine, however—the German *vin ordinaire*, and the national equivalent of our porter—we feel bound to add a few words of honest abuse.

The Rhenish wines (unless of the very first class) are no great favourites of ours; for though we have certainly drunk at the vineyards of Rüdesheim, and Johannisberg, and Steinberg, and Hochheim, some marvellously fine "tipple"—rich with all the perfume of the choicest grapes, and glowing and exhilarating as the very sunbeams that ripened the fruit—we never yet tasted a glass of the second-class "Rhein-wein" that was worthy of being ranked above our white-wine vinegar.* Indeed we are satisfied that if your "*Zeltingers*" and "*Piesporters*," "*Stiegers*," *Niersteiners*, &c., were only sent to table in cruets instead of wine-bottles, English people would no more think of indulging in them than they would dream of drinking off the contents of a pickle-jar. For if we be desirous of testing chemically whether the liquid in the bottles at a German *table d'hôte* belong really to the *vinous* or *acetous* class, we have merely to provide ourselves with a small packet

* The price of ordinary "*Tisch-wein*" is about 5 gros (6*d.*) the bottle. It may certainly be had as low as 4 gros, on the one hand, but at that price it is sad dysenteric stuff; and on the other hand, as high as 10 or 12 gros the bottle—though the latter can hardly be classed as "*vin ordinaire*." The red wine, as a rule, is rather dearer than the white. *Tisch-wine*, if bought by the "*fass*" (barrel) of 180 bottles, costs from 5 to 6 thalers (15*s.* to 18*s.* English). *Apfel-wein* (cider) may be had from 2 to 2½ gros (2½*d.* to 3*d.*) the bottle.

of carbonate of soda, and note the violent effervescence that ensues, immediately the alkali is added to the "sour stuff," as well as the quantity of the alkaline carbonate that it is necessary to use before the effervescence ceases — or, in other words, before the integrant acid is entirely neutralised in the so-called wine. This, to those who know anything on the subject, will indubitably prove that they are tippling under the name of "*Tisch-wein*" a mild verjuice, rather than hock—a kind of vinous lemonade—a liquid that, like tea, certainly cannot be said to "inebriate," but which, unlike it, cannot be said to "cheer" either—a pickle that may be excellent for young ladies who wish to thin themselves, but which is sad stomach-achey wash to gentlemen who like anything more generous than a gargle with their dinner.

The fact is, the vineyards of Germany lie at the very verge of the wine-making countries. It is well known to geographers, that there are not only "snow-lines" and "heat-lines" belting the earth, but distinct zones of land for the growth of a certain kind of fruit, or a particular sort of vegetable, grain, or flower; and as on ascending a tropical mountain the traveller passes thermally through the several climates of the globe, from the equator to the pole, even so he traverses, at the same time, horticulturally and floriculturally, through distinct belts of fruits and flowers, the same as if he were journeying *along* the world rather than *above* it.

"In order to obtain a potable wine," says Humboldt in his *Kosmos* (and the epithet, *potable*, should be well impressed on the reader's mind), "it is requisite that the mean annual temperature should exceed 49° Fahrenheit, and that the winter temperature should not be lower than 33°, whilst that of the summer months should exceed 64°:" for "in the plains of the Baltic," he tells us, "where a wine is produced that can scarcely be called *potable*, the mean annual heat is 47° 5', that of the

winter 31° , and summer 63° ;" whilst in the rich wine district of Bordeaux, he says, "the mean annual heat is 57° , that of the winter not lower than 43° , and of the summer as high as 71° ."

At Frankfort and Heidelberg, however, the mean temperature for the entire year is, according to the table published by the same eminent authority, $49^{\circ} 5'$ respectively; and that for the winter months as low as between 33° and 34° , whilst for the summer it seems to be, after a long series of observations, only a fraction above 64° .* Hence it will be perceived, that

* "The following table," says the author of "Kosmos," (vol. i. p. 30, Bohn's Edition,) "illustrates the cultivation of the vine in Europe, and also the depreciation of its produce according to climatic relations. Cherbourg and Ireland show in the most remarkable manner how, with thermal relations very nearly similar to those prevailing in the interior of the Continent, the results are nevertheless extremely different as regards the ripeness or unripeness of the fruit."

TABLE SHOWING THE LATITUDES AND CLIMATIC RELATIONS OF THE UNDER-MENTIONED WINE-GROWING AND NON-WINE-GROWING COUNTRIES.

PLACES.	Latitudes.	Elevation in feet.	Mean Annual Temperature Fahrenheit.	Mean Winter Temperature.	Mean Spring Temperature.	Mean Summer Temperature.	Mean Annual Temperature.	Number of Years' Observation.
Bordeaux.....	$44^{\circ} 50'$	25.6	57.0	43.0	56.0	71.0	58.0	10
Strasbourg.....	$48^{\circ} 35'$	479.0	49.6	34.5	50.0	64.6	50.0	35
Heidelberg.....	$49^{\circ} 24'$	333.5	49.5	34.0	50.0	64.3	49.7	20
Mannheim.....	$49^{\circ} 29'$	300.5	50.6	34.6	50.8	67.1	49.5	12
Cherbourg.....	$49^{\circ} 39'$	0.0	52.1	41.5	50.8	61.7	54.3	3
Wurzberg.....	$49^{\circ} 48'$	562.5	50.2	35.5	50.5	65.7	49.4	27
Frankfort-on-Maine..	$50^{\circ} 7'$	388.5	49.5	33.3	50.0	64.4	49.4	19
Berlin.....	$52^{\circ} 31'$	102.3	47.5	31.0	46.6	63.6	47.5	23
Dublin.....	$53^{\circ} 23'$	0.0	49.1	40.2	47.1	59.6	49.7	13

The above table proves that the production of "potable wine" does not depend on *latitude*; since Cherbourg, whose latitude is only $49^{\circ} 39'$, does *not* produce wine, whilst Frankfort *does*, though its latitude is but $50^{\circ} 7'$. Coblenz, again, is about the latitude of Plymouth, $50^{\circ} 22'$, whilst Mayence is nearly upon the parallel of the Lizard in Cornwall, $49^{\circ} 57'$; and all the best wines of Germany are grown between these places—that is to say, either on the Rhine or its tributary rivers. None of the better wines of France, however, are grown so far north.

Nor does the production of a *potable* wine depend on the mean *annual* tem-

the wine-growing districts of the Rhine are, thermally, *but one degree superior to those of the Baltic*, where the juice obtained from the grapes is said to lie at the very extreme of potability, or, more graphically speaking—on the verge of verjuice.

The consequence is, that though the vineyards in the sunniest situations on the banks of the Rhine *may* produce good wine in warm seasons, nevertheless, in milder years, it is obvious, that the grapes, in those *Weingartens* which have a less directly southern aspect, and upon which the noonday rays fall obliquely rather than “full butt,” cannot be ripened sufficiently for the juice to be “potable” by really educated palates; or, indeed, for the liquor yielded by them to have the faintest vinous quality.*

perature of different localities, since the average yearly heat of Cherbourg is $52^{\circ} 1'$, and Frankfort only $49^{\circ} 5'$. Neither is it regulated by the mean *autumnal* temperature, that of Cherbourg being $54^{\circ} 3'$, and that of Frankfort $49^{\circ} 4'$. The heat of *summer*, indeed, appears to be the main circumstance; for the above table shows, that when the summer heat is below 70° the wine has a “hock” character, and when below 64° it is barely “potable,” whilst below 63° no wine at all is produced.

“A hot year, with occasional showers, gives better grapes than a hot dry year. The best wine of the present century was produced under great summer-heat, as well as in connexion with frequent thunder-showers, which moistened the earth almost every night. A moderate and a bad year for the Rhenish vintage is the result not only of a low degree of summer temperature, but of the untimely advent of the hot and rainy days. Thus the year 1848 was not particularly hot, but the weather was warm at the time of the blooming; this afterwards changed to fine light showery rains, whilst at the time of the ripening the season became warm again; so that the result was a good year. The weather for a good vintage should be hot in June, in July hot with thunder-showers, in August the same, and in September warm and dry.”—*Observations on the Growth of the Vine, kindly furnished by Dr. Wirtgen, the celebrated botanist of Coblenz.*

* The Rhenish vineyards are mostly situate on the southern slope of the mountains, or in such a position that they may be exposed to the beams of the sun during the greater part of the day; but only in the best situations, and under the screening of the neighbouring mountains, even with a *full* southern exposure, can any wine be produced at more than 500 feet above the Rhine. Generally speaking, it is unusual in Rhineland to plant vineyards in plains, because in such

To make wine from grapes, it is necessary that a *certain amount of saccharine matter* should be developed in the fruit by the action of the sun's rays; and this saccharine matter (which, when duly fermented, serves alone to form the wine) certainly does *not* possess the property of effervescing upon the addition of alkaline carbonates: indeed the best Rhenish wines, of the best vintages, are known to contain an unusually small amount of acetic acid.

But because in *warm* years the sunniest vineyards of the Rheingau are able to produce a wine that is *not* vinegar, it assuredly does not follow that every petty vine-garden which is exposed to the south-east or south-west, rather than looking directly southward, and on which the noontide rays therefore can fall only slantingly at best, is able to yield, year after year,—even though the climate has thermally been barely equal to that of the Baltic plains—a juice more vinous, or more generous, than that which could be expressed from unripe cranberries.

This, indeed, constitutes the great fallacy concerning the Rhenish wines: because the climate is *occasionally* hot enough for the vineyards of Johannisberg, and Steinberg, and Rüdesheim, to produce *good* wine, about once in *three* years;*

a position the influence of the sunbeams is found to be too weak, and the soil too cold. The celebrated vineyard at Worms, however, which produces the renowned wine called "*Liebfrauenmilch*," is a notable exception to the rule; for there the vines grow almost in a meadow. Gradually-sloping hills are preferable; and it is found that the best wine comes from the plants in the middle of the slope—those at the upper and lower part of the hill yielding a wine of more or less inferior quality.

* It is estimated, that in the course of ten years' vintages there is generally

- 1 very good year.
- 2 good, or "pretty good" years.
- 3 moderate years.
- 3 bad years, and
- 1 failure;

therefore people are gulled into the belief that the bleak mountain patches on the banks of the Mosel and the Rhine, as far down as Bonn, are capable of doing the like *every year*, even though the grapes be as hard and rough as bullaces to the palate, and contain no more saccharine than sorrel.*

so that only *one* year's yield in *ten* can really be said to produce *excellent* wine, whilst very nearly *half* the years are acknowledged to produce *bad* wine.

In the present century,

The *very good* years were, 1811, 1822, 1834, 1846; or only 4 in upwards of half a century.

The *good* years were, 1819, 1825, 1826, 1828, 1831, 1839, 1842, and 1848; or 8 in 56 years.

The "*pretty good*" years were, 1815, 1818, 1836, 1853; or 4 in 56 years.

The *bad* years, 1816, 1817, 1821, 1823, 1829, 1843, 1844, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1854; or 11 in 56 years.

The years not particularized were merely "*moderate*" ones.

* The proportion of acid in the different Rhenish wines depends upon, 1, The kind of grapes; and 2, The higher or lower degree of ripeness.

All grapes become sweet in very good years. The better the sort, the more favourable the situation, and the hotter the summer—the sweeter and richer of alcohol the wine becomes.

The Reesling grape is considered to yield the best wine with the finest aroma. But many vintners cultivate also a large quantity of the Kleinberger, Sylvaner, or some other kind of second-rate grapes, to mix with the better kind. In the Rheinpfalz, the Traminer grape is largely cultivated, and yields a pretty good wine called "*Forster Traminer*;" but though the Traminer ripens early, and possesses great sweetness, it has little perfume or "*bouquet*" connected with it: besides, this plant is more tender, being incapable of bearing the same low temperature as the Reesling and Kleinberger. The Sylvaner grape produces a fine sweet wine, with considerable aroma, being indeed the kind of fruit from which the celebrated Johannisberger is obtained; but as this species contains a large quantity of mucilage, it is not so easily pressed.

Good white-grape vines, however, are sometimes grown successfully (as at Johannisberg) in a "*heavy and fat*" lime soil; but, as a rule, the white grape requires a lighter soil than the red, which thrives best in clayey ground.

Clay slate, of which the Rhine rocks are composed, has an excellent influence on the growth of the vines; not only because it absorbs and retains the heat of the noonday sun, as well as the moisture of the atmosphere, but on account of its containing a large amount of potassium, which, as it decomposes and enters into the soil, is found to be most beneficial to the plant.

Such is assuredly the character of the berries from which the ordinary *Tisch-wein* of Germany is produced; and those who are simple enough to believe that they are bibbing a kind of mild hock, rather than dilute acetic acid, at the Rhenish

The expenses of a German vineyard are as follows per Morgen, or Prussian acre ($= 1\frac{1}{2}$ English acre):—

I. ORIGINAL OUTLAY UPON A VINEYARD—*per Morgen.*

	£	s.	d.
Cost of an acre of "vineland," calculated to grow from 3000 to 3300 plants	105	0	0
Rent for five years till the plants are fit for bearing	5	5	0
N.B. If the soil be not prepared for vine culture, the cost of the land would be less than the above; but then the expenses of the first planting would be proportionately greater.			
Planting of the vines ("das Setzen") costs on an average per Morgen	3	18	0
50 cart-loads of manure for the young plants, with cost of carting and carrying	7	19	6
Tending and rearing of the young plants (pruning, digging, and binding) for 4 years, at 22s. per year	4	8	0
Cost of 3000 poles, at 1½d. each	15	0	0
Land-tax for 5 years, at 4s. 0½d. per Morgen, per annum ..	1	0	3
Gross outlay	142	10	9

II. ANNUAL EXPENSE OF A VINEYARD—*per Morgen.*

	£	s.	d.
Planting of single plants to keep the rows full	0	3	9
Manuring, with stable-manure and bone-dust alternately every 4 years, in addition to the regular manure for the vines ..	1	1	9
Cost of pruning the vines	0	9	0
Repair and renewal of poles	0	15	3
Sticking the poles	0	3	1½
Willow-twigs and tying	0	8	3½
Digging the ground twice	0	10	0
Binding up and trimming	0	10	0
Gathering and pressing	0	15	0
Casks and tubs	0	15	0
Rent of cellars, &c.	0	15	0
Land-tax	0	4	0½
Gross annual expense	6	10	3

tables d'hôte, should resort to the unerring test we have before laid down, when they will assuredly be appalled at the amount of grape-pickle they are swallowing under the name of "a nice light German wine;" for thus analysed, even

Such a vineyard will continue bearing for 20 years, on an average, before the plants require renewing.

The wages of the labourers vary from 9*d.* to 1*s.* per diem *without* food, and are 6*d.* a-day *with* food; women and girls get a groschen or two less. In the autumn, the "carriers" are paid about 9*d.* a-day, and the "gleaners" 5*d.*, with board and lodging.

The common press for the wine costs from 11*l.* to 12*l.*

Five *Beschöffen* (porters' loads of about 20 gallons each) of good, ripe, and juicy grapes, and seven *Beschöffen* of poorer ones, will yield an *Ohm* (30 galls.) of wine.

	Gallons Eng.
The average yearly yield of one morgen of vineland (on the Lower Mosel, Winnigen district) in the course of fifteen years, was	196
The yield increased in the good years, viz. :—	
In 1846, to	265½
1839, to	338½
1834, to	446½
In the bad years, however, the yield decreased, so that the vintages of 1829, 1830, 1837, yielded scarcely anything.	
In the Ahr the average annual yield for forty-eight years was not quite	162
In the poor upperlands of the same district the average yield per Morgen for white wine was	351
And for red wine	234
	£ s. d.
The mean price of the wine in the Lower Mosel, taking an average for 40 years (1816–1855) was per 18 galls.	0 13 1½
Hence the average money-yield for a Morgen of vineland was	7 3 4½
And deducting from this the average annual expense of cultivating the same extent of vineland (see above)	6 10 3
Leaves as profit to the cultivator of each Morgen a surplus of	0 13 1½

The *Trester*, or "husks," that remain after the pressing, amount to about one quarter of the entire quantity of the grapes, and these are sold to make brandy, and generally produce sufficient to pay the cost of using the presses.

But there is still to be added to the annual expenses the cost of the "must tax" (*Most-steuer*), as well as the rent of the Morgen of land, and interest on the capital invested.

The vine culture, therefore, can be profitable only to the vintner who keeps a

the "Blessed Virgin's Milk" itself will be found to be *turned*, and the "Dragon's Blood" to be sour enough to curdle every drop of one's own: so that after a time the simple opening of a bottle of the far-famed Zeltinger will be sufficient, to the knowing, to fill the mouth with water, like the cutting of a lemon; and a mere thimble-full of Brauneberger enough to set the teeth on edge like the sharpening of a saw.

Now Germans delight in "*Essig*"—their very children loving sours as much as ours do sweets. Indeed we knew a little Rhenish girl of two years old who made wry faces at sugar-stuff, and smacked her tiny lips over pickles; and, moreover, a servant-girl whom we brought with us to England began to fall ill, after a short time, for want of the national sharp sauces and the congenial dash of sour stuff with her food. To such palates, therefore, the products of the acetous fermentation are naturally more agreeable than

stock of cattle sufficient to supply him with manure, as well as uses the young plantations to cultivate beet-root and beans, or some kind of fodder for his cattle, or food for himself and family.

The wealthier vintners, however, generally obtain a better price than that above given for their produce, owing, not only to the more careful cultivation of the vines, but to the fact of their having better land, as well as being able to avail themselves of every circumstance that may add to the value of their produce.

In the Rheingau and in the Ahr, the vineyards are mostly in the possession of large and rich proprietors. On the Mittelrhein and Mosel, however, they generally belong to, or are worked by, small peasants. The latter are mostly in a very distressed condition, being too poor to speculate on the results of the harvest, as the rich proprietors do; so that the returns of the vintage often do not cover the cost of production, and an indescribable amount of misery frequently prevails among the class. When the vineyard is let to a peasant, the proprietor generally bears the expense of all large buildings, and contributes 1*s.* 9*d.* per hundred plants towards the expense of manuring. For this he mostly takes a certain share of the grapes, and has the right of choosing the vessels in which they are kept.

The above information has been kindly furnished by Dr. Wirtgen of Coblenz, and Dr. Arnoldi of Winnigen.

those of the vinous, so that what is positive vinegar to us becomes to their tastes absolute wine.

There are, however, some peculiar "bowls" or "cups" popular in Rhineland, which, for the sake of completeness, deserve some mention. The *vin ordinaire* or "*Tisch-wein*" of Germany, being, as we have said, as sour and as mild in its exhilarating qualities as our stalest table-beer, the Prussians, love to neutralise, or rather disguise its acid by sugar, and to give flavour to it, as they do to their tasteless viands, by the addition of all kinds of fruit.

Of the drink called "*maiwein*" we have already spoken in another place, and no sooner is the month passed after which the potion is christened, and strawberries have made their appearance, than the beverage termed "cardinal" becomes popular at the casino and wine-houses. This is made up of wine and sugar and the little "*fraises des quatre saisons*" that are styled "earth-berries" by the Germans, and wild strawberries by us—the fruit being steeped in the "*Zeltinger*" or "*Piesporter*" for a considerable time before the potion is quaffed and the infusion served, like the *maiwein* at the wine-gardens, in handleless glass mugs imitative of small barrels. Indeed it is the custom to soak all kinds of fruit in the sweetened Rhenish wines. Sliced oranges, preserved apricots, grape blossoms, young filberts, &c. &c. are severally used according to the season; and many of these, it must be confessed, serve to make the sour stuffs (that in England would be added only to gherkins and walnuts) about as palatable drinks in hot weather as our raspberry vinegar.

The beer of Germany, to throats that have been accustomed to English Burton and London porter, is but wretched physicky wash, costing about threepence halfpenny a quart, and tasting so strongly of dandelion instead of hops, that a true-born Briton enjoys it about as much as he would a

course of taraxacum tea; and on the banks of the Rhine may be seen whole fields full of the bitter weed growing as thick as our clover.

The Rhenish cooking is the worthy counterpart of the Rhenish meat. We know not whether the custom arises from a sense of the antiquity of the oxen used as food, or from a vulgar belief in the nutritive qualities of soup, and a desire to obtain two dishes out of one piece of "flesh;" but not a joint—even though it be but a few pounds weight—ever comes to a Prussian table that has not been boiled for some five hours, and then baked for one—the pot liquor being served up at dinner and supper as *potage*, and the remaining mass of baked, stringy fibres, dignified by the name of roast meat (*Braten*).

Of course it is idle to tell the reader, whose palate can distinguish a decoction of burnt acorns from that of roasted coffee, that by the Prussian culinary process the entire juices and flavour of the food have been extracted as perfectly as if the joint had been submitted to a chemical operation—for such the cooking really is; while the juices themselves, by being diluted with water, have not only lost all their savoury character, but have actually been deprived of their nutritive property: for the experiments of Magendie long ago proved to the thinking world, that soup is incapable of sustaining the life of a dog—a hound fed upon it sickening in a week and dying in ten days.

There is an old story which says, that if a person be blindfolded it is impossible to distinguish port from sherry, when sipped one after another. Nevertheless, with the eyes wide open, and the palate scrutinising every morsel that is put into the mouth, we will defy the keenest English taste to tell whether they are eating Prussian beef, or veal, or chicken,

or duck, or partridge—for all, whether flesh or fowl, are put into the earthen pot alike, to wabble the entire juices and flavour out of them on the stove, and then placed in a tin pan to be dried up and soddened in the steam of a close oven—open fires being known only at the palace in Coblenz.

Now the consequence of this barbarous mode of cooking is, that in order to give something like flavour to the tasteless mass of string to which the meat is reduced, it has to be eaten with fruit instead of vegetables; so that it is not at all unusual, in Rhenish Prussia, to be served with boiled beef and cherries,—pigeons and hot boiled strawberries—pork and oranges—tongue and currants—veal and stewed prunes—and, indeed, an infinity of such messes as positively nauseate an English stomach to think of, much more to see and taste.

The vegetables, again, are as badly treated as the viands themselves. Green peas are often boiled and eaten in the shells, though *we* in England consider the pods fit only for pigs; and even when the peas alone are cooked in Deutschland, they are stewed in butter and sugar. Then, new potatoes are boiled and dished up with caraway seeds—the wiseacre professors declaring they do this to keep away the cholera; and to bring the matter to a fitting climax, the rotten acid cabbage, known by the name of “*Sauer-kraut*,” is eaten with wine, and when mixed with “champagne,” it is “*sehr delicat*,” say the Prussian polypes—creatures of mere stomach without either palate or brain to direct it.*

* The price of potatoes is about 3s. for 110 lbs., which is at the rate of 3 lbs. for a penny. Cabbages average from 10 to 15 gros (1s. to 1s. 6d.) the hundred plants. Carrots (which are sold by weight) are about the same price as potatoes, whilst turnips cost 4 gros (5d.) for a large basketful, holding about 3 English bunches, and peas fetch about 3 gros (3½d.) the half-peck. The Rhenish vegetables, however, are poor dwarfed things in comparison with our own.

Fruit is even cheaper than the “green stuff.” Peaches may be had at the

The mention of "*Sauer-kraut*" reminds us that almost every eatable in Prussia is acid, for even the hares are stuffed with onions and baked in vinegar; and in a true Rhenish house you get sour soup (made out of sorrel)—sour bread, (a black compound that would create a riot in an English workhouse)—sour cabbage—sour jams (for the fruits are pickled before the sugar is added)—sour wines—and even sour treacle.

Now the experiments of Dr. Stevens during the cholera have proven that acids have the effect of blackening the blood, and you can positively see in every Prussian's face that the fluid which trickles through his capillaries has been rendered muddy by the quantity of sour things he is accustomed to swallow.

The mode of serving the dinner, even in the most refined establishments, consists in cutting up every one of the viands on a chopping-board at a side-table. Here each joint or bird is removed from the dish on which it is brought into the "*Speise-saal*," and having been placed on the bare block is carved, one after another, without the least cleansing of the wood—boiled beef, wild duck, roast veal, chickens, pork, hare, &c.—no matter how dissimilar the character of the food. Nor have even the most fashionable people yet learnt to look for a change of knives with every change of dish—the same being kept for fish, flesh, fowl, and (even though the stews reek of garlic) the one "*Messer*" retained and used for the pudding.

rate of 1*d.* for 2 dozen. Cherries cost $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* to 1*d.* per lb. Apples are 20 gros (2*s.*) for 50 lbs. Gooseberries, 1 penny the pound. Grapes, 1*d.* to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* the lb. Wild strawberries, 2*d.* the plateful. Plums, $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 2*d.* the hundred. Walnuts, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 3*d.* the hundred. Pears are the same price as apples: currants as strawberries, and chestnuts as walnuts. Almost all the fruit, however, is deficient in flavour.

The Prussians, like most savage tribes, are continually eating; not that their gastric capacities amount to those of the Samoiedes, who are said to consume ten pounds of food besides a dozen tallow-candles in a day; but their meals recur at such short intervals that they seem to find their chief delight in feeding every two or three hours. As our cook-maids, when they go to the theatre, usually take a basket of provisions with them and munch now a piece of cold pudding, and now an apple, while they whimper over the sorrows of "the heroine of the domestic drama;" so a Prussian lady never attends a "*Grosses Concert*" in a public wine-garden, or a village "*Schützenfest*," (shooting-feast,) but what she must have her raw sausages or her hard-boiled eggs as refreshment there, even though it be but a couple of hours after dinner.

Early in the morning there is the "*Frühstück*," (literally, the early bit, or, in plain English, breakfast,) and this consists of a cup of so-called coffee and a slice or two of black bread. Then at ten o'clock comes another coffee-drinking — "*Zehn-ure essen*" — at which more black (or among richer folks, whitey-brown) bread is eaten. At twelve or one follows the dinner, which at the *tables d'hôte* consists of the same eternal dishes:

1st course, soup.

2nd, boiled beef.

3rd, cutlets, sausages, and *sauer-kraut*.

4th, fish and pudding.

5th, roast meat, birds, preserves, and salad.

6th, dessert, coffee, cards, and cigars.

Go where you will, you are sure to get the same invariable messes — the same *bouilli* with the same sauce — the same everlasting sponge-cake pudding — the same breaded cutlets — the

same roast veal and fruit, until you cannot bear the look of the disgusting medley.*

Family dinners are not, of course, so lavish as those at the hotels; but generally, in the houses of well-to-do people, these consist of (1), soup; (2), bouilli; (3), sausages and vegetables; (4), kalbfleische and compôte; whilst the professors' families put up with soup and boiled beef only, and those of the very poor people have horse-meat instead of rindfleische for their animal food.

Four o'clock is the hour for the "coffee-drinking;" and of this meal sausages or hard-boiled eggs are often the accompaniments. At the Kermes at Gülz, on the Mosel, we saw the wife of an officer and (we suppose we *must* add) a gentleman, eat no less than four eggs as hard as we give to our canaries, besides a large hunk of *Göttinger-wurst*, and a big wedge of cake—in addition to a "*portzi-ohn*" (portion, so pronounced) of coffee, and a glass mugful of "*Maiwein*," at a little after three one Sunday afternoon.

Lastly, at eight o'clock, occurs the "*Abend-essen*," or supper, for which some of the lucky few who are blest with a sufficiency of groschens have a second edition of dinner,

* It is but just to except here the "*Hôtel de Trèves*," at Coblenz, the "*Hof von Holland*," in Cologne, and the "*Goldenen Stern*" at Bonn, where the best cooking throughout Rhenish Prussia is to be found. The price charged for dinner at the best *tables d'hôte* is 25 gros (2s 6d.) per head, including a pint of tolerable *Tisch-wein*. At the taverns, equivalent to our commercial inns, the charge for dining at the *table d'hôte* is 15 gros (1s. 6d. English). At the "*Restaurations*" the viands are sold by the plate, or "portion,"—mutton costing 2d. the portion and beef the same, whilst a small supply of ham may be had for 1d. Soup, again, is 1d. the plate, and coffee 1d. the cup. At one of the suburban gardens our children and their maid had tea for 3d. (or 1d. per head), which included coffee, sugar, milk, butter, &c. We remember an English gentleman giving a dinner to two others at one of the principal restaurations, the whole expense of which did not amount to 1s., even though three courses were partaken of by the host and his guests.

even down to hot pudding—on which they sleep. Others, of more limited means, content themselves with soup and bouilli only; and others, of still humbler resources, with merely a bowlful of baked potatoes and black bread.

Such is, we conscientiously believe, a fair and unexaggerated statement of the food partaken of by the middle classes of Rhenish Prussia.

We now come in due course to speak of the habits of the Prussians at table.

Foreigners, generally speaking—even those belonging to “the politest nation in the world”—seem to be less refined in their conduct while feeding than the pair of Chimpanzees that daily dined in public at our Regent’s Park Zoological Gardens.

It is no unusual sight to see a Parisian dandy, while waiting for his soup at a *restaurant*, clean his nails with his fork, or use the same implement as a tooth-pick.

But if Parisians exhibit little delicacy of feeling at their meals, Prussian ladies as well as gentlemen positively appal you, as well as deprive you of all appetite for your dinner, by their barbarous mode of feeding.

The knife is not only used as a spoon, wherewith to scrape up the last drop of gravy from the plate, by even the *élite* of Rhenish society, but thrust half down the throat by ladies who affect the fancied elegance of white kid gloves. So little skilled, indeed, are the people in the use of a four-pronged silver fork, that the wife of a member of the learned professions assured us she preferred the old-fashioned two-pronged instrument; and when we remonstrated, by reminding her that it was impossible to eat peas with a miniature pitchfork, she replied that she “could do *that* quite well enough with her knife.”

The story is told of Beau Brummel, that he once made his appearance in deep mourning, and on being questioned as to the reason, he informed the inquirer that he was in black for his father. "Dear me!" said his friend, "how terribly sudden! I saw Mr. Brummel only yesterday." "Yes," returned the beau, with affected grief, "and I dined with him last night myself; but when I left him to go to the play, he was busily engaged eating peas with his knife, and so I naturally conclude the poor man has cut his throat by this time."

If, however, Prussian ladies have yet to learn the use of the silver fork, they are certainly not a whit more skilful or elegant in handling their knives, for they grasp the blade rather than the handle, and cut up their meat with about the same grace as our ploughmen hack at their hunks of bread and bacon with their clasp-knives. The approved mode of proceeding at dinner—even with the Prussian exquisites—is to thrust the fork into the meat upon the plate, and pinning it there as with a stiletto, to proceed to cut it all up at once, and then to mix the fragments into a mash with the vegetables and sauce—the mess being eaten first with the fork, and the fragments at the end of the operation duly scooped up with the knife, until every portion of the sauce is lapped from the plate: after this the plate is rubbed clean with pieces of bread, and these duly swallowed; whereupon the knife is cleaned with another bit of crust, which, in its turn, is devoured—dirt, grease, and all.

Nor is the scraping process at all times resorted to; for if the dish happen to be inordinately moist, and the gravy or sauce more plentiful than usual, the more tedious operation of *eating* it with the knife is dispensed with,—the plate itself being then raised to the mouth and the greasy liquid *drunk from the edge* of it, even to the last drop.

The story runs, that at an eating-house in the vilest part of London the announcement was made that, "to ensure a supply of clean plates, a Newfoundland dog was kept on the premises." At the first-class Rhenish hotels, however, such an animal would assuredly starve—the ladies and gentlemen there doing the duty of the fabled hound with us.

Now simple, inexperienced people, must not imagine that we are here stretching an isolated case into a type of the manners of an entire nation, or citing the habits of what are called "low people" as an illustration of the ways of gentlefolks. We are speaking of the behaviour of "officers and gentlemen"—of professors and the members of the learned professions—and indeed of those who rank everywhere as the most refined of the middle classes. Often have we seen ladies at table pour the gravy from their plates into a spoon, and thus drink off every drop of fatty moisture that remained from the meat.

Even in the families of teachers, too, who are engaged in forming the habits and manners of the Prussian youth—and in whom, therefore, one would not naturally expect to find any gross violation of decorum—the dish of baked potatoes that forms the supper of the family is placed in the middle of the table, whence all present help themselves to the vegetables with their hands; and at the *tables d'hôte* where the officers dine you will see the *soi-disant* "gentlemen" place themselves before the mirror after dinner, and, pulling a filthy hair-brush from their pockets, proceed to smooth their locks, whiskers, and moustachios with such ostentation, as plainly indicates that they believe they are performing a meritorious rather than an offensive act.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(4.)

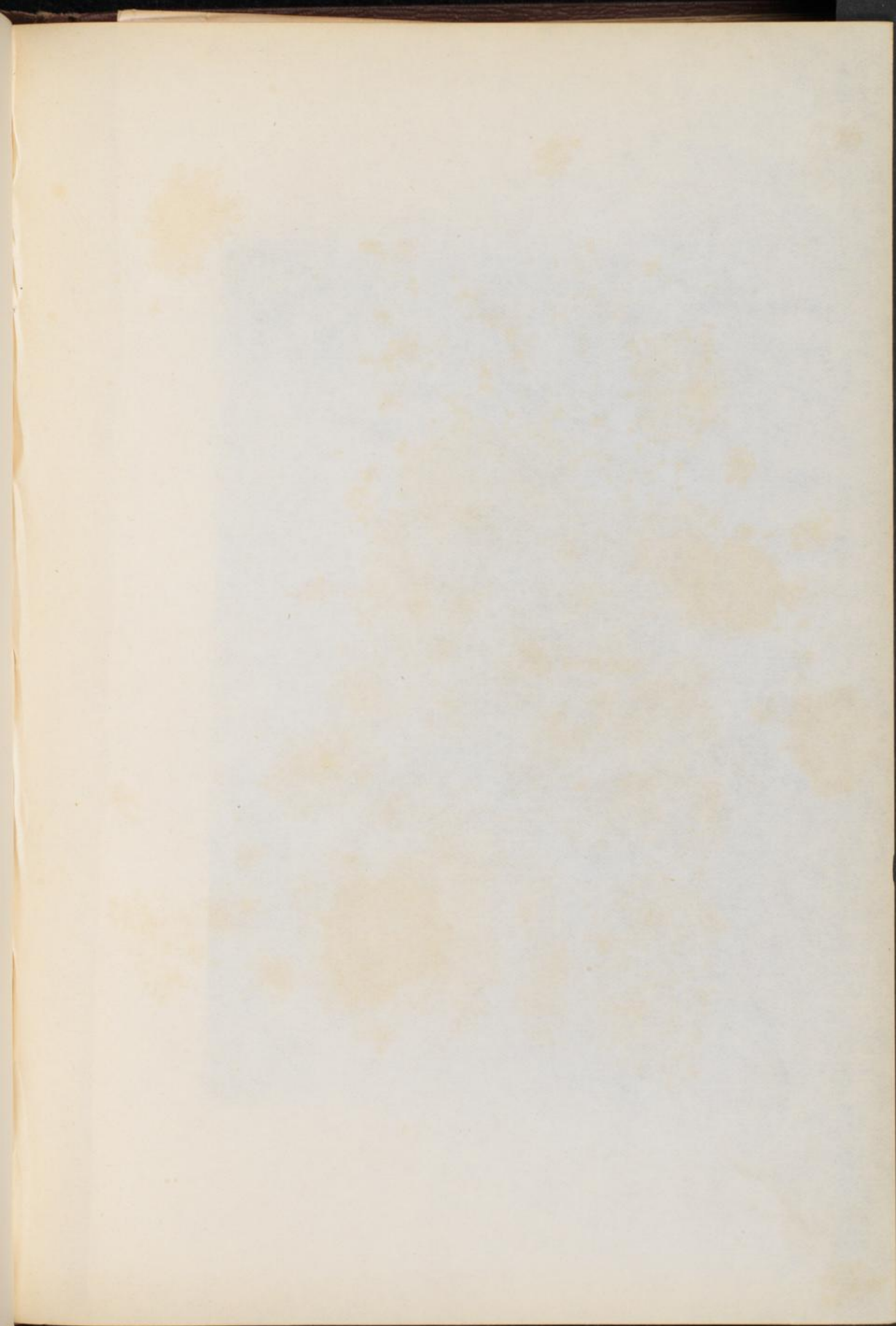
SPEIER.

The "Kaiserdom" (Imperial Cathedral) at Speier, is one of the most notable edifices in all Germany: that of Köln (or Cologne, to adopt the French corruption of the name) is remarkable for the grace of its architecture—that of Worms, for the charm of its associations with the first "decisive battle" of the Reformation—and that of Speier, as being the gaudiest bit of gilt plaster-work in Rhineland.

The little toy Cathedral of Apollinaris-kirche at Remagen (hardly bigger than a park lodge) is, as it were, a mere painted plaything of a temple—a gewgaw model of an ecclesiastical doll's house built for some puppet saint.

Still the miniature character of the shrine serves, in a measure, to sober the tawdriness of the interior down to something like barbaric prettiness. The gilt walls of the choir and nave, though gay as a harlequin's jacket with the glitter and many colours of their frescoes, belong to such a mere "*bijou*" of an edifice—a little thing that seems fit as an ivory man-of-war to be put under a glass-case—that they remind one more of the illuminated missals of the old monks than, as the Kaiserdom does, of the savage splendour of an Indian temple beplastered with mud, jewels, and gold.

At Speier, however, the eye is dazzled to surfeit with the acres of gold-leaf and long panoramas of apotheoses in fresco covering the walls; so that what had almost the grace of a cabinet picture at Apollinaris-kirche becomes vulgar as a theatrical pageant at the Kaiserdom: and no sooner do we

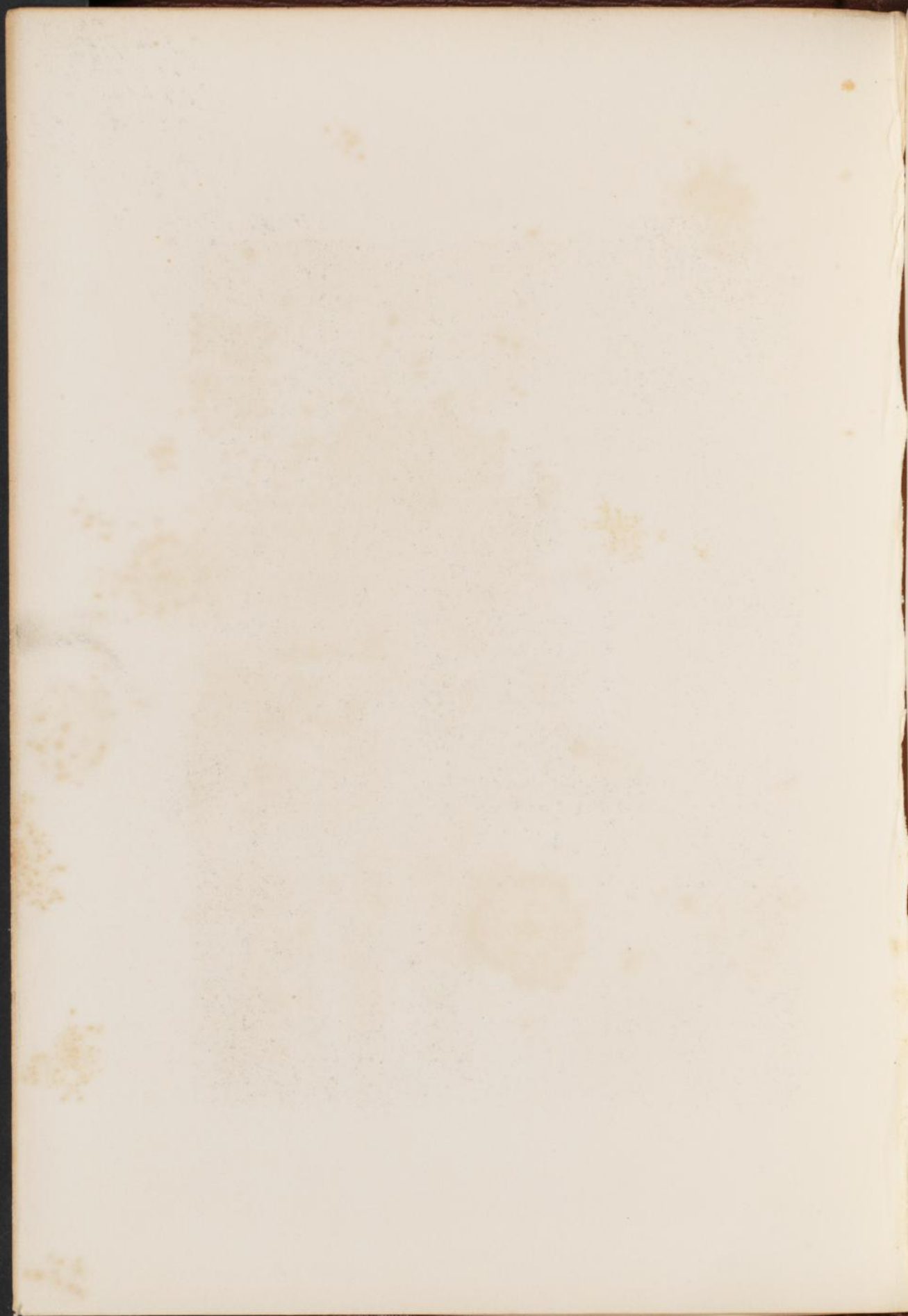




W.H. Capon.

B. Foster.

Spencer



gaze upon the Salisbury plains of Dutch metal and stagey paintings than we are set thinking on the wretched paltry tricks which are termed the "external aids" of the religion with which they are connected.

How long, we wonder, will it be before Romanists will perceive, that if converts are to be caught like insects by glitter, the very love of the glare which allures them must ultimately destroy them also? How long will they continue to connect with the worship of the All-Wise the same trashy pageantry as we dedicate merely to the honour of a Lord Mayor? How long will they believe that which is an inward and spiritual grace to be nothing but an outward piece of stage effect and display; or that the reverence of mere gewgaw can be acceptable to Him who taught that Solomon arrayed in all his glory was not comparable to a simple lily of the field? How long, indeed, will the great lesson of Protestantism be wasted on Papists, and priests persist in degrading Religion down to the muck and mire of the world; or in using that which should serve to wean men from earthly things and treasures, that "moth and rust corrode," as a showy snare and instrument of mere worldly power?

Scarcely a Domkirche exists in Rhineland but is half ruins, half scaffolding-poles—the choir crumbling to decay before the towers have been built—and missionaries sent begging from door to door for funds to complete edifices that are tumbling to pieces at one end quicker than the money can be raised to finish them at the other. Such is the case with the Dom at Köln; so it is, too, at Oppenheim; and a like condition obtains at Speier.

No sooner do we set foot on the planted kind of park that surrounds the Kaisersdom than we hear the clink of the mason's chisel, and find the principal entrance latticed rudely

over with scaffold-poles. But here the anomaly of some half-score masons chipping away at fresh blocks, in the hope of removing one day the scaffolding from the face of the at-last-perfect edifice, strikes the visitor the more forcibly from the fact of Speier having been the site of the great "Protest" from which the Reformed creed derives its name. The mind cannot help thinking of the stolidity of the bigot priests who hope, despite such protest, to see their flashy temples once more complete in all the cunning of their ancient pomp, and who believe it to be still possible to hoodwink the world into a superstitious faith in the power of the very fallible "infallible" gentleman at Rome.

Considered as a work of art, rather than an "external aid" to religion, the interior of the Imperial Cathedral (though devoid of all architectural embellishment, and originally depending for its effect on its simplicity and vastness, for it is nearly 450 feet long and 180 feet wide) is now so thoroughly Germanesque in its decorations as to be, at least, curious if not pleasing.*

* The exterior of the Cathedral (see engraving) has little to recommend it, except the two tall square towers at the end next the Rhine, and the semicircular choir—the sole remains of the original building. These towers are in the Byzantine or Romanesque style, with stunted steeples, as it were, raised on quadrilateral gables, and remind one strongly of those of the *Pfarr-kirche* at Andernach, or St. Castor at Coblenz; while the rounded chancel, with its arcade-like cornice of small Romanesque arches, is much in the style of St. Gereon at Köln.

At one side of the glaci-like grounds surrounding the Domkirche, and which formerly constituted the cathedral cemetery, is a curious grotto-like or rock-work mound, set on a six-sided pedestal, as it were, and surrounded with isolated buttress-like columns, that stand at each angle of the hexagonal base. This is called the "*Oehlberg*" (*Mount of Olives*). The huge blocks of stones of which the mound is composed are carved over in places with leaves and flames, lizards and serpents, &c., and piled up to a point on one side; there being a narrow ledge-like pathway cut in the stones, and winding round the pile from the base to the top. Lying about the mound are the remains of statues, but in so headless and limbless a condition, that in their *torsi* state it is impossible to guess to whom they refer. The guide-

The chancel is literally one large sheet of gold, and on this are painted huge frescoes, representing the principal events in the Virgin's life, by one of the finest of the modern German masters, Jean Schraudolph. Along either side of the nave, too, and between the upper arches, there are frescoes depicting incidents in the history of the Saviour. The cupola, again, is decorated with frescoes, on a gold ground, of the "Lamb

books, however, assert that these truncated figures represent the sleeping disciples, and number among them the torso of Jesus Christ. This singular heap is said to be the remains of a chapel that was erected in 1411 in the centre of the ancient "cloister" of St. Germain (long since destroyed), and which was intended to represent the garden of Gethsemane and the capture of the Saviour.

Near the Oehlberg is a large and rude stone bowl, big as a baptismal font, and not unlike the basin of an old dried-up and spoutless fountain. This is the ancient "*Domnapf*" (the cathedral bowl or cup), and formerly stood in front of the Dom, as a mark to indicate the division between the episcopal territory and that of the city. In olden times, the newly-elected bishops, after having promised to respect the privileges of the town and the rights of the citizens, used to have this bowl filled with wine, and the burghers drank from it to the health of the prelate.

At the end of the Domkirche, towards the Rhine, stands a tall square tower by itself, with battlemented corners, and seeming like one of the ancient gateways to the city. This passes by the name of the "*Heiden-thurmchen*" (the Heathen's Turret), and the base of it is said to be of Roman construction, it having originally formed part, perhaps, of the ancient temple of Mercury, on whose site the Kaiserdom is said to have been erected. The style of the upper part of the tower, however, would indicate that it had, in the middle ages, been converted into one of the gates of the old town-walls, the remains of which may still be seen girding the cathedral, and with the little ditch-like river Speier trickling (as you see it in the accompanying print) along one side of them.

The "*Antiken-halle*" (Hall of Antiquities), standing on the opposite side of the cathedral grounds to the Mount of Olives, is a small, guard-house-like building, with its ancient treasures ranged under a little railed-in colonnade. Here are old fragments of once square pillars, with the corners chipped off, and broken capitals to columns, and noseless marble busts, and bas-reliefs, with the principal figures deprived, like Roman Miss Biffins, of hands and feet. There are also small statues in red-stone, in the Chelsea-pensioner-like, armless-and-legless style of ancient remains; and Roman tiles and pots, besides lamps, and glass vessels, spear-heads and sword-blades, and eagles that once belonged to Roman legions, together with an infinity of architectural and archæological relics, sufficient to drive a gentleman from the Antiquarian Society, or Wardour Street, fairly out of his senses with delight. These constitute the Roman remains found in Rhenish Bavaria, chiefly at Rheinzabern.

immolated and triumphant;" whilst at the north and south choirs (where there are more frescoes) the subjects chosen are, respectively, St. Bernard preaching the crusade at Speier, and the Martyrdom of St. Stephen. These paintings took, even with the aid of five assistants, eight years to complete. The figures in the majority of them are larger than life, and outlined in that peculiar, hard style, which belongs to theatrical cut-pieces and German painting.

The inner walls of the Dom are painted a rich brown colour, thickly striped with gold, and with gilt capitals to the columns; while the roof is a bright blue, "picked out" with golden stars.

On either side of the stone-canopied altar, in the centre of the transept, between the nave and the choir, are two gigantic statues—the one to the right representing Rudolph of Hapsburg seated on a green marble pedestal, with his sword in his hand and his helmet at his feet; and the other to the left being the figure of Adolph of Nassau in armour, kneeling on a Byzantine sarcophagus of black marble, which rests on four winged lions. This is by Ohmacht, and was erected by the Duke of Nassau; whilst that of Rudolph of Hapsburg is the work of Schwanthaler of Munich, and was set up by the King of Bavaria.

Speier is indeed the St. Denis of Germany, where the Emperors were for many years interred. The site of the Imperial vault is still pointed out, and here once reposed the bones of no less than eight of the German monarchs: Conrad II., Henry III., IV., and V., Philip of Suabia, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Adolph of Nassau, and Albert of Austria. The French troops, however, in 1689, set fire to the Cathedral, and broke open and plundered the Imperial vault, so that it is difficult to say to whom belong the few bones that still remain.

The little outhouse-like chapel of St. Afra (a mere fragment

of the original building) is comparatively plain, with red sandstone pillars, being ornamented with only a gold niche or shell at the end. This is a peculiarly interesting spot, from its having long been the resting-place of the unburied body of the excommunicated Henry IV.—him who was the first royal rebel against the despotic power of the Pope, and whose touching story we read piece-meal, with all the vividness of associated scenery, as we ascend the banks of the Rhine. First we see in the hedge-like walls of the ruined stronghold of Hammerstein, the mountain spot where formerly the crown and royal robes of the German Empire were kept, and where the old monarch was imprisoned by Henry V., his usurper-son, till he consented to renounce them in the youth's favour. Again, at the castle of Marksburg, we behold the cramped dungeon-cell in which the Emperor was previously immured, and where he used to sit hour after hour, envying the liberty of the stream below as he watched through his prison-bars the bright waters dancing in the sunbeams. Farther on, we gaze upon the rude crumbling pile of Klopp at Bingen—another prison-house of the ill-fated, or rather ill-treated king—who, having been enticed up to Mainz by the feigned penitence of his traitor-son, had hardly clasped the rebellious boy in forgiveness to his bosom before the guards of the Papal conspirators and bigot prelates burst into the chamber, and tearing the imperial robes from his shoulders, cast him from the throne into a cell. And here, at Speier, we witness as it were the last scene of the eventful tragedy—the crowning act of the Papal spite, wreaked even against the corpse of the heart-broken monarch—the wretched rotting body itself persecuted for years after the poor unhappy soul had been worried out of it!

The ecclesiastic history connected with Speier is almost as interesting to English minds as that of Worms, and as we

follow in the Rhenish castles of Hammerstein, Marksburg, and Klopp, the several scenes in the history of the first Anti-Papal King, so with the neighbouring Rhenish cathedrals of Worms and Speier are linked the capital events of the great Protestant rising headed by the "heresiarch" monk, Martin Luther.

At Worms the first act as it were of the drama of the Reformation was played, and concluded with the mere empty railing of the Emperor's Edict, placing the heretic Luther under the ban of the Empire, and forbidding all persons to grant him or his adherents either asylum, food, or protection.* This was mere "sound and fury, signifying

* The signing of this edict was postponed till some twenty days after Luther's defence of his doctrines, and was executed by the Emperor, after mass, at Worms Cathedral. "It was a great festival," we are told, "and Charles V. went in state to the Domkirche. When the religious ceremonies were over, and a crowd of people still thronged the sanctuary, Alexander, the Papal Nuncio, robed in all the insignia of his dignity, approached Charles V. He held in his hand two copies of the edict against Luther, one in Latin, the other in German, and, kneeling before his Imperial Majesty, entreated him to affix to them his signature and the seal of the empire. It was at the moment when the sacrifice had been offered, when the incense still filled the temple, and while the sacred chants were re-echoing through its long-drawn aisles, that the destruction of the enemy of Rome was to be sealed. The Emperor, assuming a very gracious air, took the pen and wrote his name. Alexander withdrew in triumph, immediately sent the decree to the printers, and forwarded it to every part of Christendom." It ran as follows:—

"The Almighty having confided to us (Charles V.), for the defence of His holy faith, more kingdoms and greater authority than He has ever given to any of our predecessors, we purpose by every means in our power to prevent our holy empire from being polluted by any heresy:

"The Augustine Monk, Martin Luther, notwithstanding our exhortation, has rushed like a madman on our holy Church, and attempted to destroy it, by books overflowing with blasphemy In a word, not to mention his many other evil practices, this man (who is in truth not a man, but Satan himself under the form of a man, and dressed in a monk's frock,) has collected into one stinking slough all the vilest heresies of past times, and has added to them new ones of his own:

"We have, therefore, dismissed from our presence this Luther, whom all pious

nothing," and in no way respected. The Evangelical Elector, John of Saxony, however, had caused Luther to be carried off on his return from the Diet, and concealed him in the castle of Wartburg, near Eisenbach. Here, in his island of Patmos as he called it, Luther remained for a year, writing treatises against "confession," the "mass," monastic vows and priestly celibacy; and afterwards returned to Wittenberg, where he occupied himself with his translation of the Bible—a work that has done almost as much for the German language as it has for religion.

In the meantime the "heresy" of the Reformation was growing on all sides, so that at length the Emperor Charles V. determined upon a visit to Rome, in order to consult with the Pope, and then to return to Germany for the purpose of restraining the unbelievers, and enforcing the Edict of Worms.

and sensible men must deem a madman, or one possessed by the devil; and we enjoin, that on the expiration of his safe-conduct immediate recourse be had to effectual measures to check his furious rage:

"For this reason, under pain of the penalties due to the crime of high treason, we forbid you (all electors, princes, prelates, and others,) to harbour the said Luther, after the appointed term shall have expired, or to conceal him, to give him food or drink, or to furnish him, by word or deed, publicly or secretly, with any kind of succour whatever. We enjoin you, moreover, to seize him, or cause him to be seized, wherever you may find him, to bring him before us without any delay, or to keep him in safe custody until you have learned from us in what manner you are to act towards him, and have received the reward due to your labours in so holy a work.

"As for his adherents, you will apprehend them, confine them, and confiscate their property.

"And as for his writings, you will burn them, or utterly destroy them in any other manner.

"As for the authors, poets, printers, painters, buyers or sellers of placards or pictures against the Pope or the Church, you will seize them, body and goods, and deal with them according to your good pleasure.

"And if any person, whatever be his dignity, shall dare act in contradiction to the decree of our Imperial Majesty, we order him to be placed under the ban of the empire.

"Let every man behave according to this decree."

The last summons, it was arranged, was to be addressed to the heretics by the Diet of Speier, which was to take place on the 25th June, 1526.

On the opening of this Diet, the first step of the Evangelical princes, after entering the town, was "to ask," say the historians, "for a place of worship." The Bishop of Speier, Count-Palatine of the Rhine, having indignantly refused the strange request, the princes complained of it, as an act of injustice, and ordered their ministers to preach daily in the halls of their palaces, which were immediately filled by an immense crowd from the city and the country, amounting to many thousands.

In vain, on the feast-days, did Ferdinand, the ultramontane princes, and the bishops, assist in the pomps of the Roman worship in the Kaiserdom; the simple Gospel preached in the Protestant vestibules engrossed all hearers, and the tawdry pageant of the mass was celebrated in an empty church.

All the followers of the Evangelical princes in those days wore, embroidered on their right sleeves, the initials V. D. M. I. Æ., that is to say: "VERBUM DEI MANET IN ÆTERNUM" (the Word of God endureth for ever). The same inscription might be read on the escutcheons of the Lutheran princes suspended over their hotels.

In every part of the city, too, hawkers were selling Christian pamphlets, written in Latin and in German, and ornamented with engravings, in which the errors of Rome were vigorously attacked. One of these books was entitled, "*The Papacy with its Members, painted and described by Doctor Luther;*" and in it figured the Pope, the Cardinals, and all the religious orders, exceeding sixty, each with their costumes and descriptions in verse.

But in the interval between the summoning and assembling of the Diet, Pope Clement VII., whom Charles was about to

visit, had, with a strange infatuation, suddenly turned against the monarch; whereupon Charles turned as abruptly towards the Evangelical princes: "Let us suspend the Edict of Worms," he then wrote to his brother; "let us bring back Luther's partisans by mildness, and, by a good counsel, cause the triumph of Evangelical truth."

What, then, was to be done? The Edict of Worms could neither be repealed nor carried into execution. So strange a predicament led of necessity to the desired solution—Religious Liberty.

"In one place," said the deputies of the cities, "the ancient ceremonies (of the Church) have been preserved; in another they have been abolished; and both parties think they are right. Let us allow every man to do as he think fit until a council shall re-establish the desired unity of all by the Word of God."

The "recess" of the Diet, dated the 27th of August, 1526, decreed, therefore, that a national free council should be convoked within a year; that they should request the Emperor to return speedily to Germany; and that, until then, each State should behave in its own territory in such a manner as to be able to render an account to God and to the Emperor.

Thus matters continued—the Reformation still increasing, under the authority of the law as it were—until the 29th June, 1528, when a peace between the heads of the German Empire and of the Roman Church was concluded at Barcelona, based on the destruction of heresy; and in November of the same year another Diet was convoked to meet at Speier, on the 21st February, 1529.

"Never did the sacerdotal party appear in the Diet, we are told, in such numbers, or so powerful and decided, as then."

On the 5th March, Ferdinand, who was the President of

the Diet, the Dukes of Bavaria, and lastly, the archiepiscopal Electors of Mentz and Trèves, entered the gates of Speier, surrounded by a numerous armed escort. On the 13th March came John the Elector of Saxony, attended only by Melancthon and Agricola. But the Lutheran Philip of Hesse, faithful to his character, entered the city on the 18th March, to the sound of trumpets, and with two thousand horsemen.

The divergence of men's minds soon became manifest. A Papist did not meet a Lutheran in the street without casting angry glances at him, and secretly threatening him with perfidious machinations. The Elector-Palatine passed the Saxons without appearing to know them; and although John of Saxony was the most important of the Princes-Elector, none of the chiefs of the opposite party visited him.

On the assembling of the Diet, the Papal party called for the execution of the Edict of Worms, 1521; and the Evangelical party demanded, on the contrary, the maintenance of the Edict of Speier, 1526.

But the majority of the members of the Diet, rejecting the demands both of the priests and the Lutherans, came to a resolution, on the 15th of March, 1529, that "every religious innovation should continue to be interdicted in the places where the Edict of Worms had been carried out."

A declaration, however, was drawn up on the 19th April by the Elector of Saxony and his allies, and this declaration was the famous "*Protest*" that henceforward gave the name of "*Protestant*" to the renovated Church*—a protest which raised the power of the conscience above that of the ma-

* This Protest was as follows:—

"Dear Lords, Commons, Uncles, and Friends,

* * * * *

"We cannot consent to the repeal of the last recess of Speier (1526), because it concerns the glory of God and the salvation of our souls, and in such matters we ought to have regard above all to the commandments of God, who is King of

gistrate, and the authority of the Word of God above that of a mere Church—the great Bill of Religious Rights as it were—the Magna Charta of the Conscience.

These memorable Diets were held at the ancient imperial palace of Speier, called *Retscher* (probably a corruption of "*Hradschin*," the name of the castle of Prague) and of which now only an old half-hidden wall exists by the side of the bare Methodist-chapel-like Protestant Church in the "Enge Gasse" (Narrow Lane).

Nor is the civic history of Speier less eventful than the part it has played in the ecclesiastical revolutions of the world.

kings and Lord of lords, each of us rendering him account for himself, without caring the least in the world about 'majority' or 'minority.'

* * * * *

"Adhesion to your doctrine would be to act against our conscience to deny our Lord Jesus Christ, to reject His Holy Word, and thus give Him just reason to deny us in turn before His Father, as He has threatened.

"What! shall *we* ratify this edict? Shall *we* assert that when Almighty God calls a man to His knowledge, this man cannot however receive the knowledge of God? Oh! of what deadly backslidings should we not thus become the accomplices, not only among *our* subjects, but also among *yours*!

"For this reason we reject the yoke that is imposed upon us.

"Moreover, seeing that there is no sure doctrine but such as is conformable to the Word of God; that the Lord forbids the teaching of any other doctrine; that each text of the Holy Scriptures ought to be explained by other and clearer texts; and that this holy book is in all things necessary for the Christian, easy of understanding, and calculated to scatter the darkness: we are resolved, with the grace of God, to maintain the pure and exclusive preaching of His only Word, such as it is contained in the biblical books of the Old and New Testament, without adding anything thereto that may be contrary to it. This Word is the only truth; it is the sure rule of all doctrine and of all life, and can never fail or deceive us.

"For these reasons, most dear lords, uncles, cousins, and friends, we earnestly entreat you to weigh carefully our grievances and our motives. If you do not yield to our request, we PROTEST, by these presents, before God, our only Creator, Preserver, Redeemer, and Saviour, and who will one day be our Judge, as well as before all men and all creatures, that we, for us and for our people, neither consent nor adhere, in any manner whatsoever, to the proposed decree in anything that is contrary to God, to His Holy Word, to our right conscience, to the salvation of our souls, and to the last decree of Speier."

The Romans are said to have founded the city, and when Tacitus wrote it formed one of the strongest defences as well the most splendid of all the towns on the banks of the Rhine. It was called by them "*Augusta Nemetum*" and "*Noviomagus*," but later, "*Spira*."

A Roman temple to Mercury, we are told, existed on the present site of the Domkirche, and the heathen shrine was originally converted into a Christian Church by Dagobert II. Conrad II. (called the Salic) founded the present Cathedral, in 1027, as a place of burial for himself and his Imperial successors.

In the time of Charlemagne, Speier became the seat of the Germanic Diet, and the ancient Franconian and Suabian kings made it their place of residence, raising it to the dignity of a free city of the Empire.

In 1111, Henry V. granted it the monopoly of the carrying-trade up and down the Rhine, and it then became the centre of a flourishing commerce. The citizens had conferred upon them, at the same time, the right of destroying any baronial castle which might be built within three miles of their gates.

During the middle ages, Speier was alternately the scene of Imperial festivity within its walls, and of violent feuds and battles without—the citizens being then as well versed in the use of arms as in the arts of trade, and battling at one time with some neighbouring town, and at another issuing forth to punish the rapacity of some feudal baron who had plundered their merchants on the high-road. Occasionally, too, Speier was besieged by the collective armies of the barons and cities with whom they had been at war, and though the united force against them, at one time, numbered 20,000 men, the enemy was repulsed, history tells us, by the bravery of its citizens.

Nor did these struggles between the citizens and the "robber-nobles" cease until the enactment of the celebrated Edict abolishing the right of private warfare (*Faust-recht*—literally, "club-law"); and after that time the Imperial Chamber (*Reichs-Kammergericht*), for enforcing the mandate, sat at Speier for upwards of 200 years.

But the town was no sooner freed from the disaster of private warfare than it became the prey of foreign enemies. In the 14th century the population of Speier, like that of Worms, was nearly 30,000, which is about threefold what it is at the present day. In the 17th century, however, the trade and prosperity of the city began to decay; and in the year 1689 its ruin was completed by the French, during the "*Mordbrenner Krieg*" (Incendiary War) of the "Orleans succession."

The town then fell into the hands of the French, who commanded the people to betake themselves, within six days, to Alsace, Lorraine, or Burgundy, and not to recross the Rhine, upon pain of death. At the expiration of the term, one of the French provosts, the story runs, entered the city, followed by forty executioners, having a gallows and a wheel, the emblems of their profession, embroidered on their dress. By these officers the people were driven out of the city by the roll of the drum, like a horde of criminals. Then, at the orders of the French Commander, Montclair, piles of combustibles were stacked in the houses and fired, so that the "seven-and-forty streets" of which Speier was then composed, were quickly in flames. The houses continued burning for three days and three nights, during which time miners were engaged in blowing up the stronger walls and cloisters, in order that not a stone of the place might be left standing.

The enemy had promised to respect the Cathedral, and the citizens had, therefore, filled it with their goods previous to

quitting the neighbourhood; but the French, instead of fulfilling their pledge, first plundered the goods, and then used them as fuel for the destruction of the edifice. It was at this period that the ancient cupola, nave, and choir, were destroyed, and the two towers alone left standing out of six that formerly graced the pile. It was at the same time, too, that the graves of the Emperors were broken open, and their bones scattered abroad; and though before this siege the city boasted five suburbs enclosed within its ramparts, and no less than 13 gates, and 64 towers of defence provided with artillery—all of these, with the exception of the ancient gate called the "*Altpörtel*," were levelled with the dust, the town remaining for many years a mere heap of rubbish.

This ancient gateway still stands at the end of *Maximilian Strasse*, and is merely a huge square turret, tunnelled, as it were, with an archway at its base, and surmounted by a tall roof, that reminds one forcibly of the immense slate pyramids piled on top of the wings of the Tuilleries.

After the destruction of the town in 1689, Speier was long before it was rebuilt; and even when the city was reared anew, it never regained its former prosperity; but was in the year 1794 again attacked by the French army, who, after six different assaults, carried it once more by storm, and re-enacted all the brutal scenes that their compatriots had perpetrated in the preceding century.

In the year 1816 Speier came into the possession of the King of Bavaria, and at his cost principally the Cathedral has been since restored.