# II.

# STYLE OF LIVING.

## § 1.

### The Kind of Meat, Horseflesh, Black Bread, Coffee, etc. consumed by the People.

There is the same melancholy tale to be told concerning the want of refinement at table among Prussians, as there is respecting their want of cleanliness both in their persons and houses.

Barbarism, and even animalism, is never so conspicuous among people as when you see them at their food. Eating, or indeed any act of mere sensuality, every refined nature knows, is so repulsive to others, that gentlefolks with us are naturally studious how to avoid offending the susceptibilities of those who may happen to sit at the same board with them. Some of our poets have been unable to bear the sight of a lady eating, even though the act were performed with all the delicacy of the most polished manners. But, without going to such absurdly sensitive extremes, it is highly necessary that dames who would be regarded as a grade above carnivora in the scale of creation, should learn to perform an animal function after the least possible animal fashion.

Again, the quality of the food indulged in is a sure criterion as to whether the people have got beyond that primitive coarseness of palate which delights only in the strongest flavoured

viands—even as the eyes of savages find pleasure merely in the gaudiest colours; or as to whether, by a long course of superior breeding, the nerves of taste have become daintily discriminative between the more delicate of the sapid qualities of things—in the same manner as the educated retina of the artist feels its greatest charm to lie in the fine harmonies of tint, and light and shade.

The scavengers, flushermen, nightmen, and sweeps of London, live upon the coarsest possible food, for, to their leathery tongues, raw onions, pickled whelks, and the disgusting compound called "fagots," have alone power to sting their nerves into sensation; and we should as soon expect to find *them* tickled with the subtle nicety of a French made-dish, as to discover their rooms ornamented and perfumed with flowers. But even with these people, who rank as the lowest of our nation, we never knew one of them (and we have paid some little attention to the study of their idiosyncrasies) to be so nearly allied to the beast of prey as to delight in eating a considerable part of his animal food raw—as the barbarous Preussen do.

Man has been defined, by logicians who have puzzled their brains to arrive at some more essential difference than his reason whereby to distinguish him from other sentient creatures—as "a cooking animal;" since it seems to be the custom with all persons taking rank as human beings to abstain from eating their meat in a crude condition, like less culinary creatures. Such a definition, however, hardly applies to the Prussian family, for it is the fashion with them to partake of raw herrings, raw ham, raw dried salmon, raw sausages, raw dried geese, and a variety of equally revolting articles.

In the Government-School reading-book ("*für die erste Elementarklasse*") occurs the following passage:—"One eats bread, pastry, meal-food, vegetables, egg-food, flesh, fish, roast-

meat, milk, butter, cheese, honey, fruit, berries, and nuts. Some things one eats raw—what?" Whereupon the child has to answer, "Ham, sausages, herrings," &c. &c.

Now the eating of flesh, even to those who are not of the Vegetarian persuasion, is at all times no very angelic operation, and we have known English surgeons who could not be prevailed upon to carve the roasted and boiled meats at dinner. But a Preusse is not afflicted with any such sensibility, for, to *his* coarse mind, there appears to be no smack of cannibalism in eating the flesh of geese,—that once breathed and felt, ay, and perhaps thought like himself,—in its pure state of mere dried animal tissue.

We will, however, proceed to deal *seriatim* with the several subjects which stand at the head of the present section.

The Prussian meat consists principally of "*Rindfleisch*," literally bullocks'-flesh, and *Anglicè*, beef, and this is sold at five groschens (about sixpence of our money) per pound, for what we call the "prime parts." The reader, however, must not fancy that the Rhenish bullock is like our own—bred and fed for the sole purpose of the table; for in Rhineland the wretched creature, instead of living a life of luxury and ease, as with us, is used as a draught animal, and does almost as much work as an omnibus horse previous to being slaughtered,—nearly all the "wagons" being drawn by the future beef of the country.

Now this custom has a double inconvenience: first, the utility of the animal as a beast of burden tends to prolong its life far into the years of toughness; and secondly, the hard labour which the poor brute has undergone not only wears every ounce of fat off its bones, but gives a sinewiness and gristly character, as well as coarse grain to its flesh, that make it eat about as tender and toothsome as would a joint of the Egyptian Sphynx when boiled.

But if the beef is of too ancient and tough a nature to please pampered English palates, the veal has the very opposite defect, and is far too young, and the flesh too pappy, to be eatable by any but semi-savages. Indeed, the poor calves are killed in their very babyhood—when only a week old; and the custom, we must confess, smacks to our mind of such an over-greediness to turn a groschen out of the young things' lives, that we always sicken at the sight of the eternal "*Kalbfleisch*"—a viand which is more popular than any other in Rhineland, simply because it is little better than half the price of beef, or a fraction more than threepence a-pound.

Mutton (*Hammelfleisch*) is a luxurious rarity, fetching rather more than sevenpence a-pound; for the hills, upon which we should graze sheep, are either planted with vineyards or covered with wood, so that during our stay in Prussia we saw only one flock. Lamb, on the other hand, is unknown; for if the calves are killed almost as soon as born—to prevent them having any share of their mothers' milk—the young of the ewe (owing to the produce of its udder having no commercial value attached to it) are allowed to live on to a respectable old age, in order that they may bring more groschens to the breeder.

German pork (*Schweinfleisch*) is positively uneatable by English people. Dairy-fed animals are unknown in the country, the Rhenish porkers being literally *gutter-fed*. Nor is this all. A large proportion of this same German pork consists of the flesh of elderly sows that have borne multitudinous families; for the German "*Bauers*" (peasants) never think of killing any animal for food until they have got their last *Pfennig* out of it. The consequence is, that the fat of this same pork is positively yellow, and the flesh itself red and leathery, as well as coarse and rank to the palate. Such as it is, the pork fetches about five gros (sixpence) the pound, whilst

sucking-pigs (*Spanferkel*) may be had for twenty gros (two shillings) in town, and for half that sum in the country. Pork, however, is a dish seldom seen on a German table, the greater portion of the swine-flesh being made into *Schinken* (ham), ("for that gives more," say the *Bauers*,) and the rest converted into *Wurst* (sausages).

Of poulterers there are none in Coblenz, though it is the site of a royal "*Residenz*"—the fowls and pigeons being taken to the market alive in sacks, and the housewives either standing by while their necks are twisted, or else carrying the fluttering birds home by their legs, and playing the executioners themselves. Chickens cost from 6*d.* to 1*s.* each (according to size), and pigeons about 7*d.* the pair, though it must not be imagined that for this price the birds are anything like our own in quality, it being the custom of the Rhinelanders to fatten no animal for food. Indeed, the people tell you it will not pay to prepare any living thing for the table.

The fish is all freshwater; for at the rate of Preussisch locomotion, where the quickest conveyance is the "*Schnell-post*," (or, to speak more correctly in these fast days, the *snail-post*), of course it would be madness to expect that such delicacies as turbots and soles should be brought up to Rhineland from the sea. Of the freshwater kind, the St. Goar salmon (caught under the Lurlei rocks) is peculiarly fine, though rather scarce and dear, costing as much as 20 gros (2*s.* English) per lb. The "May-fish," as it is termed in Germany—or "the chad," as it is denominated by us—is, however, sufficiently abundant to be had at the rate of 5 gros (6*d.*) each, even though they be as large as ordinary salmon. This fish is purchased principally by the poorer classes—the rich generally despising it, not because it is bad-flavoured, but on account of its being brought to market *dead;* whereas the carp, tench, pike, &c., come alive in tanks.

The May-fish is generally eaten "souced;" nor is it at all unpalatable.

To the above list of the kinds of animal food consumed in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia must be added that which in England is considered fit only for cats and dogs—viz. horse-flesh (*Pferdfleisch*); but which in Germany constitutes a proportion of the *meat* eaten by the poorer classes. Philosophically viewed, there is, of course, no reason why a fillet of pony should not be as toothsome as one of veal, and a loin of a galloway even more palatable than one of a porker—seeing that the horse is a far more dainty-feeding animal than the pig. This view of the matter, however, requires that the beasts should be alike bred *specially* for the table, and killed, too, not only when young, but in good and sound condition. At the price of horses, however, it is obvious to common sense that no *Bauer* could afford to send his healthy colts to market to be slaughtered for food; so that the great objection to hippophagy in a country lies in the fact, that only the aged and diseased hacks—such, indeed, as are unfit for further work and are sent to our knackers—can possibly find their way to the national shambles. That this is considered *likely* to be the case in Rhineland, is shown by the stringent Police Regulations (quoted below),* in order to guard against the slaughtering

* Police Regulations

Respecting the slaughtering of Horses for the Police District of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

E. In conformity with the Police laws of the 11th March, 1850, and after a consultation with the Magistrates of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, the following orders are herewith given concerning the slaughtering of horses:—

§ 1. Every butcher who wishes to slaughter must first obtain the permission of the Royal Police direction, and he must specify the place of slaughtering the horses, as well as the place of selling the horse-meat: in order to obtain such permission.

of unwholesome nags. Hence, though the following disgusting advertisement is frequently seen in the newspaper of the Rhenish capital,—

**Fresh, salted, and smoked Horseflesh, always to be had of Weber, Weissergasse, No. 7,—**

the Englishman thanks Providence that beef—and the best

§ 2. The horses intended to be slaughtered must not only be healthy, but likewise in good condition.

§ 3. For ensuring the last-mentioned particular, the horses must first be inspected by Mr. ——, of the Veterinary Surgeon's Department, both before being slaughtered as well as during the slaughtering.

The slaughterer must produce the attestation of the preceding officer concerning the inspection and permission for the sale of the slaughtered animals; and this attestation must be laid before the proper district Police Inspector, and afterwards fastened into the slaughter-book with his *visé*. (See § 4.)

§ 4. The horse-butchers are bound to keep a slaughter-book that has been paginated by the proper Police Inspector; and in this must be entered the name of the sellers, the day of the sale, and that on which each of the slaughtered horses was killed, together with a statement of the weight, and the attestation of Mr. ——, the Veterinary Surgeon, annexed. (See § 3.)

§ 5. The horse-butcher is not allowed to have any meat brought in from outside the town without the special license of the Police; and in like manner he is not to be permitted, on any pretext whatever, to receive horse-meat from private persons. If, however, he obtain some from other horse-butchers, he must not only write it immediately in his slaughter-book, with all the particulars relating thereto, but must get permission to receive it.

§ 6. The slaughter-book must be shown monthly to the proper District Police Inspector; and at each time of the examination of the selling-place by the police and sanitary officers, this book must be laid before them, and also all the unsold meat pointed out.

§ 7. In general, the horse-butchers must take care that all articles in the selling-place be kept free and open, and the utmost possible cleanliness be observed; for all secreted and by-laid meat, as well as any showing the slightest trace of corruption, will be destroyed at the cost of the slaughterer.

§ 8. Any opposition and neglect of the orders above given, as well as of others that may be issued hereafter by the Police Senate, will be punished with a fine of from 1 to 3 thalers; and if the slaughterer be unable to pay, he will be imprisoned for a time, which will be in proportion to the amount of the fine, with consideration to the withdrawal of his license.

Coblenz, 30th January, 1855.

Royal Police-Direction of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

beef in all the world, too — is still the staple food of his native land, and that his countrymen have not yet sunk to such an abyss of barbarism and squalor as to get their joints from the knacker's yard, and to be able to obtain a taste of *meat* only by robbing the kennel.

As regards bread, the same wretched account must be given.

In even the wealthier families, *white* bread is eaten only as cake, whilst the ordinary household loaf consists of a composition that is the colour of mill-board, being several shades darker than our gingerbread, as heavy as over-boiled yeast-dumplings, and as sour as "turned" beer.

The gentry, however, occasionally regale themselves with a "*Milch*-" or "*Wasserbrödchen*" (milk or water rolls), but such things are classed in the same dainty category as buns with us.

It will be seen by the official price-list given below* that the town or baker-made varieties of the German staff of life are classified by the police, with all the pedantry of schoolmen, into the A, B, and C genera, whilst the country-made

* Price-List of self-rated Bakers' Wares.

At Baker Creaelius,

Lawful for 14 Days, reckoned from to-day.

| | | Sgr. | Pfg. | Pence, Engl. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. Rye-bread | of 6 lbs .. .. .. | 8 | 4 | 10 |
| B. Mixed (white bread) | 4 „ .. .. .. | 7 | 4 | 8¾ |
| „ „ | 2 „ .. .. .. | 3 | 8 | 4½ |
| „ „ | 1 „ .. .. .. | 1 | 10 | 2¼ |
| C. Wheaten bread .. | .. .. .. .. | — | — | — |

Approved, Coblenz, the 22nd of March, 1855.

Royal Police Direction of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

black bread is subdivided into the "lower-case" *a* and *b* species.

For the enlightenment, however, of those who are not quite so metaphysical as German policemen, we may state that there are three distinct kinds of Rhenish bread,—rye, wheaten, and mixed. The first constitutes what to English minds belongs to the *black* class, the second to the *white*, and the third (which is merely a compound of the other two) to the *whitey-brown*.

Of the black species of bread there are three distinct

Subjoined is the Tariff of the Mountain bread :—

**Police-Tariff of the Upper-Country Rye-Bread.**

Lawful for 8 Days, reckoned from to-day.

| | Sgr. | Pfg. | Pence, Engl. |
|---|---|---|---|
| a) of 4 lbs .. .. .. .. .. | 5 | 1 | 6 |
| b) of 2 ,, .. .. .. .. .. | 2 | 7 | 3 |

Confirmed, Coblenz, the 22nd March, 1855.

Royal Police-Direction of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

The police regulate the *maximum* price of bread, and allow bakers to make loaves at a price as much below that as they please, and hence the reason of the term "self-rated bakers' wares."

The police prices are printed at intervals in the local journals, as well as the prices of the several kinds of corn, a copy of which is appended :—

Bread-Tariff from the 30th April, 1856.

| | S. | P. | Eng. d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4 lb. Upper country (rye-bread) .. .. .. .. | 4 | 7 | 5½ |
| 2 ,, ,, ,, .. .. .. .. | 2 | 4 | 2¾ |

Royal Police Administration.
Junker.

Coblenz, 30 April.

| | T. | S. | P. | Eng. s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat (per scheffel of 60 lbs.) .. .. .. | 3 | 16 | 1 | 10 | 7¼ |
| Rye ,, ,, .. .. .. | 2 | 21 | 10 | 8 | 2¾ |
| Barley ,, ,, .. .. .. | | — | | — | |
| Oats ,, ,, .. .. .. | 1 | 1 | 10 | 3 | 2¾ |

subdivisions:—1. The "CAMIS-BROD," or soldiers' black bread, which is made of the coarsest rye flour with the husks intermixed: 2. The "OBERLÄNDISCHE ROGGENBROD," or upper-country rye-bread, which is more sour and *fest* (solid), as the Germans call it, than—3. The "BÄCKERS' ROGGENBROD," or ordinary bakers' rye-bread; for it is the economical property of the second sort that the least bit of it "lasts" (as a German described its character to us) "a long time in the mouth."

The soldiers' bread is not purchasable in the ordinary way, but the country bread is brought to the town twice or thrice a-week in small covered ox-wagons, and sold at the corners of the streets. The mixed, or whitey-brown bread, is eaten only by the rich; whilst it will be seen by the before-cited official document, that wheaten bread is a luxury too costly to be made into loaves for *any* class of German people —small halfpenny rolls alone being composed of that dainty material.

Butter is a luxury seldom used to give relish to the acid, dark-brown paste which, in Rhineland, passes by the name of bread; the "fresh" kind costing 8 gros (9½*d.* English) the pound. Even in the families of the so-called gentry, dry black bread is the ordinary food at breakfast on week-days, whilst on Sundays some of the *very* rich *do* certainly indulge in a penny pat.

"What! do *you* have butter on your bread every day?" said a Professor's child to our little boy. "Oh, Je——, how rich your father must be!" *

The coffee drunk in Germany (tea is seldom or never

* A friend in Germany has furnished us with the following list of prices respecting the principal articles of consumption in Coblenz during a series of years, and by which it will be seen how the various necessaries of life have been

tasted), we have before hinted, is no very delectable decoction; but even those who can afford to indulge in the pure article, rather than the burnt acorn compound, put up with the most common and flavourless kinds, so that such a costly delicacy as real Mocha is positively unobtainable at the shops in Coblenz. The ordinary coffee mixture used by the middle classes consists of part acorns, part chicory, and the residue Java coffee; though, even if the coffee itself were of the finest possible character, the mode of roasting it would be a sure method of making it about as palatable as charred horse-beans.

Every one who has lived in Paris is well acquainted with the delicious aroma that salutes the nostrils on passing the grocers' during the roasting of the berries at the kerb-stone.

regularly growing dearer there, and this while the wages of the people have remained almost stationary, so that each year the poor have found themselves poorer than the last:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A cart of coals | (1846–55).. .. .. | 22–23 sgr. | = 2*s.* 2½*d.* – 2*s.* 3½*d.* |
| ,, | (1855–56).. .. .. | 32–33 ,, | = 3*s.* 2½*d.* – 3*s.* 3½*d.* |
| 4 lbs. bread .. | (1835–36).. .. .. | 2½ sgr. | = 3*d.* |
| ,, | (1847) .. .. .. | 7 sgr. 2 pfg. | = 8½*d.* |
| ,, | (1850), for a fortnight | 2 ,, 5 ,, | = 3*d.* |
| ,, | (January 1856) .. | 6½ ,, | = 7¾*d.* |
| ,, | (February ,, ) .. | 5⅓ ,, | = 6½*d.* |
| 110 lbs. of potatoes | (1836–45) .. | 7 ,, | = 8½*d.* |
| ,, ,, | (1856) | 1 thlr. 1 sgr. | = 3*s.* 1¼*d.* |
| 1 lb. of beef .. .. | (1835) .. .. | 2½ ,, | = 3*d.* |
| ,, | (1836–54) .. | 3 sgr. 4 pfg. | = 4*d.* |
| ,, | (1856) .. .. | 4 ,, 8 ,, | = 5½*d.* |

Veal fluctuates from 2½ sgr. (3*d.* English) per lb. in summer, to 4 sgr. (4¾*d.* English) per lb. in winter.

Formerly pork was the same price as beef, but now (1856) it is 5 sgr. (6*d.* English) per lb.

From 1828 to 1854 twenty-five eggs cost (in summer) 5 sgr. (6*d.* English), but during Lent in 1855 the price was 1 thlr. 10 sgr. (4*s.* English) for the same number. Skim-milk was 7 pfg. (¾*d.* English) the maas (about ½ gall. English) in 1835, and for many years afterwards; but 1855–6 the maas cost 18 pfg. (1¾*d.* English) to 2 sgr. (2½*d.* English).

But the process which is productive of a positive perfume in the French capital, begets only a nauseous stench in the Rhenish one. We had the misfortune to live over a grocer's in Coblenz, and on roasting-days we were forced to close our back windows, for the smell that came up from the yard was more than English noses could bear; and when the reader is informed that it is the Rhenish custom to fry the berries in fat, he will readily understand that the aroma developed by the Prussian operation must be very like that of the streets of Paris on an illumination night. Further, some grocers, for the purpose of giving additional weight to the burnt berries and colour to the decoction produced by them, prefer to roast their coffee with several pounds of coarse sugar, which, when melted, soaks into every grain, and adds considerably to the weight.

But, even if such methods of sophistication were not practised on the poor coffee-berries, the tasteless and scentless Prussians would burn every particle of aroma out of them; for, believing that a cup of good coffee should be black to the eye rather than aromatic to the palate, they resolutely roast the berries to charcoal, and offer you an infusion of cinders as refreshment either for your breakfast or tea.*

Sugar, again, is seldom used by the middle class except as a Sunday or holiday treat. The majority of the people drink their coffee-water unsweetened, whilst those who are more prodigal boil beet-root with the Java powder in order to give it somewhat of a saccharine flavour. Nor is it all uncommon for gentlefolks to have their coffee grounds re-

* The price of coffee ranges from about ninepence to fifteenpence the pound. Tea, which is a luxury procured mainly for the English residents, is two thalers (6*s.*) a-pound, though there is no duty! and if procured in ¼-lb. packets at Neurohr's, the principal Coblenz grocer, consists of two ounces of lead-foil out of the four that have been purchased as souchong. Loaf-sugar—the light, spongy article made from beet-root—costs a fraction more than sevenpence the pound.

B. Foster. E. I. Roberts

*Mannheim*

burnt, and then handed over to their servants to make an infusion for the kitchen breakfast.

In fact, in a true middle-class German household, the children hardly know the taste even of sugar.

"Help *her*, indeed!" said a German lady, in reply to a request for charity on behalf of a widow who had "seen better days;" "not I! for your grand ladies who *must* have milk and sugar in their coffee should be taught to know what want is."

---

## Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

### (3.)

### MANNHEIM.

As Coblenz stands on the tongue of land at the very junction of the Mosel with the Rhine, so is Mannheim situate on the narrow Cape of marshes formed by the meeting of the river Neckar with the great German stream. It is, indeed, the City of the Confluence of the "*Ober-Rhein.*"

But the beauty which the lower "*Confluentia*" derives from the union of the two rivers, pouring from out their different mountain channels, is utterly lost at Mannheim—the river scenery at that point being as flat and unpicturesque as that of Battersea, at the "*eck*" where the muddy Wandle trickles into the drab-coloured Thames.

Nor is the architecture of Mannheim more attractive than the scenery amid which it is set. The new stucco Stadt is, indeed, the civic antithesis to the quaint old tumble-down towns of Worms and Oppenheim, being closely allied in urban

ugliness to *Neuwied*—the paradise of the Moravian Brothers, where the streets are cut as trim and square as a Quaker's coat, and the town has been devised after the parallelogram primness of some "New Harmony," or "Abode of Love."

The ground-plan of Mannheim, indeed, is a kind of civic chess-board, where rectangular blocks of houses stand for the "chequers," and cross-bar streets, intersecting each other at equal distances, represent the lines separating one square patch from another. In a word, the reader has but to imagine a town laid out like a draft-board, with a palace (about as palatial in design as an Industrial School) situate at the upper end, and a suspension bridge (fashioned after the style of our own *Pont de Hammersmith*) at the lower one; and with a broad street running *up* between the "chequers" from the *Neckarbrücke* to the *Schloss*, and an equally wide roadway stretching *across* the civic draft-board, and planted with a few stumpy trees;* while here and there one of the chequers, as it were, is left blank, so as to serve for an open "*Market Platz*," or "*Parade*," or "*Theater*," ditto;—the reader, we repeat, has but to form a mental bird's-eye view of such a town in order to have a tolerable notion of the architectural beauties of Mannheim and its principal thoroughfares.

Moreover, the street nomenclature (if such a term can be applied to thoroughfares that have only initial letters and figures to mark them), has the same uninviting air of "system" about it as the laying out of the town itself—the different blocks of residences being distinguished like policemen with us, as A 1, A 2, &c.; B 1, B 2, and so on; so that an inhabitant of the town, instead of boasting a square, or terrace, or crescent,

* This planted roadway is the only thoroughfare in Mannheim that rejoices in the singular distinction of a name—it being known as the "Planken" (*Planches*).

for his address, must content himself with a simple letter and number—as if he were living in a "pigeon-hole" for papers rather than in a human habitation. For instance: a townsman will tell you that he resides at Q 1, 16; which means, *not* that he lodges at No. 16 in Q 1 street (there being, as we said, no names at all given to the streets—the square clumps of buildings being christened instead), but simply that he is to be found at the 16th house in the first block of dwellings along the row marked Q; a state of things that would assuredly drive an English postman mad.

The blocks of houses here spoken of are each about a hundred yards square, and almost all built in the baldest Italian style, with eaves projecting as far forward as a French cap-peak, and the broad acres of walls unbroken by the least attempt at ornament; while every window is fitted with venetian-blinds, that are painted the same colour as the houses themselves; that is to say, either drab, or olive-green, or light pickled salmon, or pale nankeen colour: so that it does not require a very lively imagination to conceive the degree of ugliness that must prevail in an entire town built upon such tasty principles.

The public buildings, too—like the Kaufhaus and the Stadthaus in the open Platzes—all appear to partake of the clumsiness of the telescopic cupola-style of our own Horse Guards; while the *Jesuiten Kirche* (Jesuits' Church), which is considered to be the most remarkable edifice in the town (you can see it in the engraving, with its huge pepper-castor-like dome and bulbous-tipped towers peeping above the trees by the river side), is in the same heavy dustman's-bell-like order as the other structures; and though fitted up inside with white marble and gold, is oppressive rather than imposing with the massiveness of its decorations.

The Palace, moreover, has not an architectural grace to

recommend it to the eye, being merely one long, ungainly, barrack-like building (indeed, a wing of it forms the quarters of the Baden cavalry), with so-called "gardens" at its rear, extending to the river side; though the said gardens are little better than a mangey coppice, and certainly not equal in beauty or neatness to the humblest of our parks.

Mannheim, however, is but a mere mushroom city—a Stadt that can trace its bricks and mortar back no farther than the 17th century; for it was founded in 1606 by Frederick IV. Elector-Palatine of Germany, who built a castle near the mouth of the Neckar. But this, together with the first mural attempts at a city, was rased to the ground long before the rooks had time to build their nests in the sapling elms around the Royal Residenz.

The town was afterwards rebuilt and strongly fortified by the Elector Charles Philip; but the fortifications intended for its defence were the cause of its being repeatedly besieged, and converted either into a mass of cinders, or levelled with the dust, at frequent and regular intervals. Indeed, during the religious wars, the city had to be twice rebuilt within a century.

The story runs that the French Commander, who in 1689 caused the placed to surrender, summoned the people immediately after his entry into the city, and told them that his master, Louis XIV., had given strict orders that the town should be reduced to a rubbish-heap. However, he added, that as a mark of special favour, he would allow them twenty days to rase their houses to the ground themselves. But the townspeople wanted the heart to destroy their own dwellings; accordingly, at the expiration of the term, the General summoned his soldiers to execute the work, and they having driven out the lingering inhabitants, fired all the houses and

churches, and left not one stone of the ramparts standing on another.

In the year 1794, the city was again bombarded by the French, and once more in 1795 by the Austrians, when only fourteen houses remained uninjured. In fact, from the very first moment of the fortifications having been constructed, Mannheim became the seat of continual warfare; but since its ramparts have been removed, it has been changed into a place of such special security, that it has risen to be one of the principal merchant-towns of the Upper Rhine, with harbours and railways on both sides of the river, and with a bevy of English residents pervading the domiciliary "blocks" from A 1 down to T 4.

Goethe styles it the "friendly, cleanly Mannheim;" and it must be admitted, that though the place has no picturesque advantages, it has social comforts that, in a Rhenish town, are sufficient compensation for its want of beauty; for (prodigy of German "progress!") it has actually "trottoirs" and streets without an open sewer meandering down the middle of them. It boasts a theatre, too, that has long ranked as one of the best in the south of Germany; for it was here that Schiller's play of "the Robbers" was produced under his own direction in 1782—the author having resided on the Parade Platz, in the house called "*zum Karlsberg;*" and it was in one of the dwellings opposite the principal entrance to the theatre that Kotzebue, the author of "the Stranger," was assassinated by the mad student Sand.

With this brief catalogue, however, end all the points of interest in connexion with the "friendly, cleanly" (and anything but pretty) Mannheim.

## § 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 71·0°."

At Frankfort and Heidelberg, however, the mean temperature for the entire year is, according to the table published by the same eminent authority, 49° 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 Autumn Temperature. | Number of Years' Observation. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bordeaux | 44° 50′ | 25·6 | 57·0 | 43·0 | 56·0 | 71·0 | 58·0 | 10 |
| Strasbourg | 48 35 | 479·0 | 49·6 | 34·5 | 50·0 | 64·6 | 50·0 | 35 |
| Heidelberg | 49 24 | 333·5 | 49·5 | 34·0 | 50·0 | 64·3 | 49·7 | 20 |
| Mannheim | 49 29 | 300·5 | 50·6 | 34·6 | 50·8 | 67·1 | 49·5 | 12 |
| Cherbourg | 49 39 | 0·0 | 52·1 | 41·5 | 50·8 | 61·7 | 54·3 | 3 |
| Wurzberg | 49 48 | 562·5 | 50·2 | 35·5 | 50·5 | 65·7 | 49·4 | 27 |
| Frankfort-on-Maine | 50 7 | 388·5 | 49·5 | 33·3 | 50·0 | 64·4 | 49·4 | 19 |
| Berlin | 52 31 | 102·3 | 47·5 | 31·0 | 46·6 | 63·6 | 47·5 | 23 |
| Dublin | 53 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° 39′, does *not* produce wine, whilst Frankfort *does*, though its latitude is but 50° 7′. Coblenz, again, is about the latitude of Plymouth, 50° 22′, whilst Mayence is nearly upon the parallel of the Lizard in Cornwall, 49° 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° 1′, and Frankfort only 49° 5′. Neither is it regulated by the mean *autumnal* temperature, that of Cherbourg being 54° 3′, and that of Frankfort 49° 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 (= $1\frac{1}{8}$ 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 22*s.* per year .. .. .. .. | 4 | 8 | 0 |
| Cost of 3000 poles, at $1\frac{1}{2}$*d.* each .. .. .. .. .. | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Land-tax for 5 years, at 4*s.* $0\frac{3}{5}$*d.* 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 | $1\frac{4}{5}$ |
| Willow-twigs and tying .. .. .. .. .. .. | 0 | 8 | $3\frac{3}{5}$ |
| 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 | $0\frac{3}{5}$ |
| 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 .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | $265\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 1839, to .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | $338\frac{2}{5}$ |
| 1834, to .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | $446\frac{3}{5}$ |
| 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 | $1\frac{4}{5}$ |
| Hence the average money-yield for a Morgen of vineland was .. | 7 | 3 | $4\frac{1}{5}$ |
| 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 | $1\frac{1}{5}$ |

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 Braune-berger 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 quatres 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 qualites 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 3*s.* for 110 lbs., which is at the rate of 3 lbs. for a penny. Cabbages average from 10 to 15 gros (1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*) the hundred plants. Carrots (which are sold by weight) are about the same price as potatoes, whilst turnips cost 4 gros (5*d.*) for a large basketful, holding about 3 English bunches, and peas fetch about 3 gros (3½*d.*) 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 ¼*d*. to 1*d*. per lb. Apples are 20 gros (2*s*.) for 50 lbs. Gooseberries, 1 penny the pound. Grapes, 1*d*. to 2½*d*. the lb. Wild strawberries, 2*d*. the plateful. Plums, ½*d*. to 2*d*. the hundred. Walnuts, 1½*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 (2*s* 6*d*.) 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 (1*s*. 6*d*. English). At the "*Restaurations*" the viands are sold by the plate, or "portion,"—mutton costing 2*d*. the portion and beef the same, whilst a small supply of ham may be had for 1*d*. Soup, again, is 1*d*. the plate, and coffee 1*d*. the cup. At one of the suburban gardens our children and their maid had tea for 3*d*. (or 1*d*. 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 1*s*., 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

B. Foster. W. H. Capon.

Speier.

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 Kaiserdom 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 glacis-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 sieze 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 Kreig*" (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.