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The upper Rhine

the scenery of its banks and the manners of its people

Mayence to the lake of Constance

Mayhew, Henry

London, 1858

I. Household arrangements

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I.

HOUSEHOLD ARRANGEMENTS.

§ 1.

Lodgings, Stoves, Beds, and Bed-Chambers.

We will begin, in due order, with the German dwellings—we cannot say *houses*, as the people have a congenial love of "flats." A Teutonic home is a floor, or even half a one, for the King himself at Coblenz does not aspire to the English grandeur of an entire residence, but shares it, with true patriarchal humility, among the members of his family; his Majesty occupying, we believe, the first floor of the Schloss; the Crown Prince the ground ditto; while the young Princess, we suppose, is to be found "*au second*" (ring the middle bell twice). Moreover, as the "establishment" of a general officer seldom consists of more than one maid-of-all-work, the reader will readily understand how even an entire suite of apartments may be too spacious for so extensive a retinue.

The best floors in the best part of Coblenz usually let at the rate of 25*l.* a-year, or 2*l.* a-month, and for this sum six moderate-sized rooms and a kitchen are obtainable. Good furnished apartments average about twice the amount; and the rent of the furniture, if hired, as it often is by the Engländers, of Hoffmann in the Clemenz Platz (a very fair-dealing man, by the way), may be estimated at about as much as the house-rent itself. Such English people as cannot forego the comfort of a

carpet must expect to pay higher for the rarity; and those who prefer a bedstead somewhat bigger than a plate-chest must make up their minds to find the total inflamed by their objection to sleep in a tool-box. For the sum we have named, Hoffmann supplies all but crockery and cooking utensils, finding linen, and washing the same (though our compatriots must be prepared for Rhenish astonishment if they think it necessary to have their bed-linen changed oftener than once a-month), and providing plate — real "*German;*" for of course, in the land of nickel, we are sure to be supplied with the true "white copper," rather than silver forks.

At the above-mentioned terms, however, an English family may be tolerably lodged in the Rhenish capital; and they will find on entering their make-shift home that, in addition to their "flat," they are the temporary proprietors of a cellar on the basement and a servants' room in the attics, and are entitled to a share in a "bleaching-ground," or grass-plot, about the size of the top of a billiard-table, at the back of the premises. They will then begin to understand, for the first time in their lives, the misery of stairs held on the communistic principle, and the barbarous inconvenience of living in a house as destitute of cisterns as the deserts of Arabia; as well as the nasal annoyance of having to keep the dust and ashes and refuse of the place in a barrel by them, till the "*schmuzkarren*" comes round for the hoard the next morning.

Moreover, if the Engländer go into Prussian society, he will have an opportunity of comparing the furniture of his own rooms with that even of the Graffs in the town; and though the comforts of his hired residence may be scanty, compared with what he has been accustomed to at home, they will appear almost luxurious in his eyes when he comes to contrast them with those of the Counts round about him: for he will find even the drawing-rooms of the Prussian nobles tricked

out with home-made trumpery of every description, rather than the handsome solid furniture of an English mansion. The bell-pulls will be composed of strings of glass beads; the sofa-cushions and footstools of Berlin-wool manufacture, with hideous pictures in carpet-like mosaic work; the hand-screens of painted velvet; whilst the ornaments on the side-tables will be bead pens, and witches with huge red petticoats for pen-wipers, and hair bouquets, and bunches of wax-flowers; then the works of art about the walls will be crayon heads done at school; and there will be crochet flower-mats on the table, and baskets in rice-work, and knick-knacks formed out of coffee-berries, and a profusion of anti-macassars, and netted curtains and window-blinds, and indeed everything to convince the visitor that the room has been furnished by the handiwork of the ladies of the house rather than the upholsterer.

If such, however, be the style of the nobleman's show-room, what must be the character of the apartments in which the lordly family usually dwell? An open door, on the occasion of one of our visits, revealed to us the mystery; and we can but assure the reader that a Dutch labourer's cottage—that of a man earning but his six guilders a-week—was considerably more comfortable, and had more of the appliances of civilisation about it, than the sitting-room we beheld; while the lodging of many a journeyman tailor, in regular work at the West End of London, is a little paradise of comfort and cleanliness in comparison with the parlour of a Rhenish Count.

But the principal peculiarities of a *Preussische wohnung* are the beds and the stoves. The bedsteads are, without exaggeration, scarcely bigger than our babies' cots, and are made in the same fashion as the miniature "testers" in which we place children that are just out of their babyhood; with the exception that the German "*bettstelle*" has no protection at the sides

to keep the "child of larger growth" from rolling on to the floor. The Prussian standard of height for soldiers of the line descends as low as 5 feet 2 inches,* so that it will be readily understood that a box, which is little bigger than an orange-chest, may still afford plenty of room for a Rhineländer to stretch his legs in; though when an unlucky Englishman, who happens to stand 5 feet 10 out of his Wellingtons, comes to have his limbs stowed away in a wooden trough of more limited dimensions than a berth in a Dover steamer, it can be readily imagined that he must suffer the same physical inconvenience throughout the night as Gulliver must have experienced whilst taking a bed in Lilliput.

Further, bolsters are unknown in Rhineland; and as a substitute for a head-cushion, the sleeper is provided with half a mattrass, made in the form of a slice of Cheshire cheese: so that, being condemned to sleep on an inclined plane, he keeps sliding, as he dozes, down towards the end of the bed, and thus his soles are driven hard against the footboard; whilst in his drowsy struggles to straighten himself his cranium is pushed with equal force against the opposite extremity of the bed-press. The consequence is, that on waking in the morning the crown of the head feels positively as numb with the pressure as a Covent Garden market-woman's must after a hard day's porterage; while the legs are as stiff at the joints as a London cab-horse's.

Nor is this all. The Germans being innocent of the comforts of under-blankets, even in the best-regulated families, expect the stranger to lie upon a horse-hair mattrass that has merely a sheet over it to protect the skin from the tick; so

* A German maid-servant whom we brought with us to England, on passing the Knightsbridge barracks, and seeing one of the Blues in his undress-jacket outside the gate, exclaimed, "*Lieber Gott! Er ist ein grosser Mann!*" ("Good God! there is a big man!") adding immediately afterwards, "Why, *our* soldiers are not as long as one of his legs!"

that, owing to the sharp points of the protruding horse-hair, you enjoy your night's rest,—if you do not happen to belong to one of the pachydermatous class of animals,—about as much as you would if you were sleeping on a scrubbing-brush; and, before morning, you become so irritated with the continual chafing, that the bed on which you are lying seems to your drowsy imagination to be literally stuffed with ladies' hair-pins.

Still the catalogue of miseries is not ended—for a German bed is one of the most exquisite instruments of torture—almost as barbarous and trying to the nerves, indeed, as the sewing up of criminals in hides and leaving them to be pressed to death by the contraction of the skin in the rays of the sun. The bed-clothes are no wider than jack-towels, and therefore incapable of being tucked in under the edges of the mere ribbon of mattrass on which you have to pass the night; so that with every turn of your body you are left as lightly clad as an African prince—an airiness of costume which, in a country where the thermometer ranges from 90° in the shade to several degrees below zero, is not *particularly* recommended for rheumatism. The Prussians in winter roll themselves up in the "*bettdecke*" as tight as a grub in its cocoon; but Engländers who have never known the necessity to use their bedclothes as an Indian does his blanket, suffer severely in resorting to so primitive a mode of covering themselves by night.

Nor should it be imagined that even sheets and blankets are inventions that have yet made their way into every German dwelling. As we said before, the majority of Deutschers are as ignorant of such things as a Carib is of a tooth-brush, for it is still a national custom to sleep *between the beds* throughout Rhineland—the under-bed being often only a sack stuffed with straw, and the upper one always a gigantic

pillow-case filled (for the sake of lightness as well as warmth) with feathers. In the houses of the well-to-do, the underside of the upper bed has *sometimes* a square of white linen tacked to it, and this is changed at intervals that are longer or shorter than a month, according to the habits and refinement of the family. In remote villages, however, you find, even at the best inns, that the before-mentioned rude attempt at a white sheet has not yet reached the heart of Germany, and that you are expected to turn in (after Heaven knows whom) between beds that are covered with chintz of so dark a colour that you can tell at a glance the stuff has been chosen with the view of "not showing the dirt." At one of the principal towns in the Westerwald we ourselves were conducted to a bedstead furnished with these same black sheets, and the family of the innkeeper thought us proud out of all reason on our shuddering at the prospect of having to bury our body in so filthy-looking a resting-place, and considered us insanely fastidious when we persisted on having a couple of clean table-cloths as substitutes for bed-linen.

Then this same feather-bed positively cooks you like a potato by steam; and when you grow restless in the vapour-bath produced by the sudorific tendency of the eider-down, the huge puffy squab is sure to roll on to the floor and leave you to shiver and dream that you have joined the Arctic expedition, and that Albert Smith is desirous of showing you at Egyptian Hall as a gentleman who has been dug out of the ice in a state of complete preservation.

But if the beds punish you by night, the Prussian stoves do the like by day. Every one is familiar with the horrors of a winter in the Crimea, but we *do* verily believe we would rather have dwelt in the camp outside Sebastopol, and have suffered all the agony of Russian frost, than have lived as we

did, from December to April, in a room heated like a hot-house and as stifling as a melon-frame—a circumstance which has rendered us so exotically alive to the slightest change of temperature, that we fancy we shall have either to be done up in matting every winter for the future, or else to be wheeled, like the orange-trees of Paris, into some mild oven immediately November sets in.

It is considered by those who have never passed the brumal quarter in Rhineland, that it was a prodigious feat of M. Chabert, "the fire-king," to sit in an oven while a beef-steak was being fried; but this is the delightful verdure of inexperience. *We*, however, have unluckily learnt to look upon such an achievement as in no way worthy of the devotion of your true fire-worshipper; and we have serious thoughts, after what we have undergone, of exhibiting ourselves (according to the approved fashion of modern literary aspirants) as a human Salamander, and remaining quietly seated on the hob as we lecture through the boiling of a plum-pudding, or (what is even a longer operation) while a German joint of meat is being cooked.

Verily, we have already passed four months of our lives in rooms with the windows hermetically sealed, and heated to a temperature that has made the pomatum on the German ladies' hair trickle down their cheeks positively as if their heads were being basted; and in which, if we had only thought of keeping eggs, we might have hatched a whole farm-yard, as well as, if not better than, by a Cantelo's incubator. Physiologists tell us, that when the human body is thoroughly dried, but 25 pounds of solid matter remain of all that made up brain, heart, arteries, muscles, blood, and bones of the once reasoning animal; and so completely was the desiccating process being carried out by the German stoves upon ourselves, that we really felt day by day we were fast approaching the

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moistureless standard. Never before, indeed, were we so conscious of being made of dust; for we almost began to fear that a good puff of wind would dissipate us in a cloud, like the powdery stuff in "the devil's snuff-box," and that our frame at the next gale would assume the airy expansiveness of smoke—after the fashion of that of the Genii of the bottle in the "Arabian Nights."

Moreover, the same work of desiccation goes on among the furniture as in one's own body. To stand the baking of a German stove, it is necessary that the mahogany of the German chairs and tables be more than duly seasoned, or assuredly they will split, like bad gloves, immediately we come to use them. Often, therefore, while sitting quietly in our domestic oven, we were startled with a series of explosions like small cannon, arising first from the sudden warping of the bureau, next from the violent cracking of the card-tables, and then from the forcible parting of the planks at the back of the chiffonnier. But even the best-seasoned timber becomes, after a time, so thoroughly parched, that the material grows almost like touchwood; and thus the backs of the sofas are continually yielding to the pressure, and legs of chairs giving way under the sitter. At the *table d'hôte* at Cologne we saw the latter calamity befall a respectable British publisher; in the ball-room at Bertrich we beheld the wife of the Governor thrown from her chair suddenly on to the floor; and we ourselves have taken off as many legs as an army surgeon. Moreover, the very bed has sunk under our weight twice in one winter; so that we have been abruptly roused from our slumbers with a sense of being precipitated headlong through the trap-door of a theatre.

Then, the overpowering metallic or earthen stench of the stoves themselves is hateful to every civilised nostril; for if the retort, which in Germany does duty for a fire-place,

happen to be made of earthenware, your sitting-room smells like a brickfield of burning clay; and if it be made of iron, the apartment is filled with the same grateful odour as is evolved from the tire of a railway wheel with the drag upon it. The so-called porcelain stoves are for wood, while the metal ones are for such coals as are used at our blacksmiths'.* The latter are invariably kept in an open iron box about the size of a small portmanteau, and herein the coal-powder is mixed with water; so that the resulting slushy black mess forms about as pleasing a sight in a sitting-room as an eye with any sense of refinement can rest upon.

Of hearth there is not the least trace; neither are fenders known in the land; nor is it possible to catch sight of even so much as a twinkle of the fire. Fire-irons certainly are not wanting, but these are of such droll shapes and dimensions that we wonder why they do not form part of the United Service Museum, where all kinds of barbarous curiosities are collected. If you burn wood, the tongs you are furnished with are but little bigger than those with which *we* serve asparagus; the shovel is more like a French salt-spoon than an article designed for ladling up Walls-End; whilst the mere sight of the poker would appal an English housewife. In shape, the last-named instrument is exactly like the Indian *boomerang*, being so formed to "roke" at the burning coals from under the grating at the bottom of the stove.

Nor must simple-minded English ladies imagine that the German housewives take the same pride as themselves in having their fire-places and fire-irons beautifully polished, for the Rhenish pokers, shovels, and tongs, so far from being

* The price of coals, or rather coal-powder, is 12*s.* the small cartload (equal to about half a ton in our measure). Wood for the stoves costs 10 thalers (30*s.*) the "*klafter*" (a cart-load), and about 1½ thalers (4*s.* 6*d.*) extra for sawing and splitting it into usable pieces.

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anything like bright, are usually of the foxy complexion peculiar to the irons that stand in the water beside a smith's forge; whilst the stoves, together with the iron tubing that serves for chimney, are generally as dingy-looking as the tops of old Wellington boots.

The heating apparatus which stands in the room that we are now writing in is about as elegant in design as would be three mignonette-boxes supported one above another upon flower-pots. This is all in cast-iron of the rudest possible workmanship, and from the back of it there rises about a yard and a half of chimney like a gas-pipe.

Such is the fireside of an Englishman in Rhineland!

Still the most pernicious effects of these domestic kilns remain to be told. Open chimneys ("*Käminer*") are necessarily precluded in Deutschland by the use of chemical furnaces for grates; and the Prussians, believing that the *Kamin* serves only to carry off the smoke from the fire, have substituted a slip of iron-tubing in its stead. But in "uneducated England"—to adopt a favourite German phrase—almost every labourer's wife knows that a chimney is necessary for the due ventilation of either sitting or sleeping-rooms, whilst any one in the *least* acquainted with sanitary phenomena is well aware, that for the preservation of life and health, it is as requisite there should be some apparatus in every chamber for conducting away the products of combustion in the body, as for getting rid of the fumes of burning carbon in the stove,—the breath and transpiration of the skin being merely transparent smoke, and as poisonous to inhale even as the "choke-damp" of our coal-mines, with which, indeed, it is chemically identical.

The "educated" Prussians, on the other hand, are either ignorant of simple facts like these, that are taught daily at our Mechanics' Institutes, or else they are so fond of living amid

the foul heated atmosphere of their unventilated apartments, that by long use they are able to remain immured without fresh air, like toads in rocks, and still to exhibit signs of life upon coming into the external world. So averse, too, are they to quit their close, reeking rooms, and to venture into the cool, invigorating atmosphere without, that on arriving at a Prussian turnpike, it is most probable that the half-torpid toll-keeper appears at the window with his pipe, as big as a bassoon, dangling from his lips, and thrusts out a long pole with a bag at the end of it, like an extended butterfly-catcher, for you to deposit the "*Chaussée-geld*" in.

How the Prussians manage to live in apartments that are almost as air-tight as the receiver of an air-pump—in which, every schoolboy knows, the lowest animals will die—is a physiological mystery beyond Liebig himself to explain. But that their blood, owing to the custom of dwelling in hermetically-sealed chambers, is not duly aërated or arterialised is painted in almost every Deutscher's face in the ugliest possible colours. Scarcely a man or woman will you see without a complexion as greasy and yellow-brown as if it had been smeared with tobacco oil; and on the forehead or cheeks of many a young lady you will observe spots or bile-stains, that seem positively like patches of "poor man's plaster" on the skin. Assuredly we have not met with one really healthy-looking individual during our stay in Coblenz, and the town swarms with dwarves and deformed people of all shapes and sizes, to such an extent that human monstrosities are almost as common in the Rhenish capital as well-shapen and healthy-cheeked women and men with us; while *goîtres* (called expressively in German, "*Kropfs;*" *Angl. crops*) abound on all sides—the market-women having enormous wens at their throats, as big as the air-sack to a bagpipe; and there are whole islands

and villages full of drivelling cretins close in the neighbourhood.

That such things should come of vitiated air may, perhaps, startle those who know not that unless oxygenated blood be sent to every part of the human body, it is impossible, not only for the functions of nutrition to proceed, but even for a nerve to feel or the brain itself to think, and that no Rheinländer can have a due quantity of such aërated blood in his arteries the stifling character of the German chambers is sufficient to demonstrate.

But to make this part of the subject clearer to the reader, we will play the prosy professor for a while, and deliver as brief a lecture as possible concerning the requirements of human nature with regard to the matter of air. The atmosphere, says the learned author of "Physiology taught in Ten Minutes," in its ordinary state, contains only one-thousandth part of carbonic acid—the gas evolved from burning charcoal, which is known to be one of the most deadly products in nature. But though the inhalation of this gas, when mixed with the atmosphere in such a proportion, is attended with no noxious effect, it acts as a narcotic poison immediately the ratio is slightly increased; so that, when it forms only one part in a hundred of the volume of air round about us, the atmospheric fluid becomes poisonously injurious to life. Now this same carbonic acid is *ex*haled by every human being in return for the oxygen which is *in*haled by him, so that during respiration in closed chambers a double vitiating process goes on in the air. Not only is a given amount of the oxygen, which is necessary for maintaining existence, withdrawn from the atmosphere of the room at every *in*spiration, but very nearly an equal bulk of carbonic acid, which is unfit for continuing life, is poured into it at each *re*spiration. A full-grown individual inhales

about 27 cubic feet (46,656 cubic inches) of "vital air" in the course of 24 hours, and exhales, in lieu of this, about 24 cubic feet of "mephitic gas" in the same time. To obtain the daily cubic yard of oxygen, a person must be supplied with about 5 cubic yards of fresh air per diem (for this is the proportion in which the vital gas exists in the atmosphere), and even this quantity should be so continually changed throughout the day, that the carbonic acid evolved from the lungs may never reach the noxious ratio of 1 per cent of the air in which we live.

Now let us apply these facts, that have become almost platitudes in our own country, as tests of the sanitary condition of even the middle-class Rhenish sitting and sleeping-rooms. The bedroom in which we and our wife have to sleep measures exactly 14 feet square and 8 feet high, so that it contains not quite 1600 cubic feet of air. To this there is no inlet for any fresh supply, nor outlet for the products of respiration, except through the windows or door — the chimney to the stove consisting of a yard or so of narrow iron-piping thrust into a hole in the wall, and the 4-inch door to the cast-iron furnace being intended to be kept closed. Now the 1600 cubic feet of air locked up within the walls of our chamber contain, in an ordinary state, rather more than 1½ cubic foot of carbonic acid; but when, as we have said, the proportion of the latter gas rises to 16 cubic feet (1 per cent) the atmosphere becomes poisonous. Let us see, then, in what time this would take place. A grown person evolves, say, 1 cubic foot of mephitic gas from the lungs every hour, so that two persons would exhale 14½ cubic feet in little better than 7¼ hours; and this, with the normal quantity of 1½ cubic foot, would raise the amount of carbonic acid to the poisonous proportion. Consequently, in a night of rather more than 6 hours' duration,

the atmosphere of our "*Schlaf-zimmer*" would have reached malaria-pitch.

The bedchamber of our two children measures 17 × 12 × 8, and contains, therefore, rather better than 1600 cubic feet of air; but here there is not even a stove, nor any perforation whatever in the walls, so that if their lungs exhaled the same amount of poison as is evolved by a full-grown person, they would be stifled in their beds long before their 10 hours' sleep was ended. Our servant's bedroom measures 9 × 7 × 8, so that it has a capacity of but 504 cubic feet; consequently, if the door and window of this apartment were tightly closed throughout the night, the girl would be suffocated in not quite 4½ hours' time.

Muddle-headed Germans will, of course, sneer sceptically, in the profundity of their scientific ignorance, at such truths as these, though they themselves know that the majority of their people are obliged to sleep with their windows open; and we ourselves have lived to see our young children rise from their beds, when the nights have been too cold to admit of unclosed casements, with almost ulcerated eyelids, their bodies unrefreshed by their rest, and their cheeks pallid with the noisome vapours they had inhaled throughout the night. Even in our sitting-room it is impossible to allow a German to remain for upwards of an hour without throwing open the windows to purify the air. In all weathers—cold or wet—even though an easterly wind or damp fog prevail—the casements must be repeatedly set a-jar throughout the day, while the nights must be passed with gaping "*fenstern*," reckless of rheumatism or catarrhs; for it is impossible to sleep with open doors instead, owing to the stench that steams up, like a nauseous miasma, from the waterless "*Abtritte*" on every landing of the staircase, the festering cesspools in the yard, and the barrels of rotting dust and garbage kept on every floor.

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Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(1.)

OPPENHEIM.

Oppenheim is one of the prettiest spots in the world—upon paper.

The picturesque, however, is almost always at variance with the comfortable, and the associations in connexion with it are frequently offensive to every other sense but the one it appeals to. The artistic taste thinks only of the play of line, the balance of light and shade, and the harmony of colour; for, abstractedly considered, the painter is a mere eye,—a being in whom every other sense is merged in that of vision. And as the geologist, travelling through a country, sees only "secondary and tertiary formations," and "eocene," "miocene," or "pliocene deposits," so the artist on a tour beholds nothing but *pictures*, and though he have nose, ears, imagination, &c., like other folk, discovers, and indeed extracts, beauty from things that are generally found to be repulsive or unpleasant in real life.

What a hateful object, for instance, is the living Italian beggar! How detestable is the hypocritical whine of his mumbled Latin prayers!—how fawning and slavish the smile with which he seeks to wheedle you into charity! Was there ever so loathsome a mass of filth and sores? As he wriggles his body in his tatters, your own flesh positively creeps at the thought of the creatures infesting him. And yet, under the magic pencil of a Murillo, what an exquisite feast of visual beauty is this same revolting spectacle transformed into! for, now that the eye alone is appealed to, what chromatic loveliness is revealed in the rags that offended you before, and what

charm of tint exhibited in the very dirt that you sickened at in the original!

So utterly different is the beggar in life and the beggar on canvas.

It is the same with Oppenheim on paper here, and Oppenheim on the banks of the Rhine.

As a picture, it seems the very spot that the "*blazéed*" Londoner would select to end his days in. The little village, nestled at the foot of the old half-ruined Gothic church that stands on the hill-top, and the broad Rhenish prairie stretching far away below, with the silver band of the river sparkling in the light as it comes circling from out the distance, and the whole scene rimmed in, as it were, by the hazy hills of the Oden Wald,—all conspire to make the view as palatable to the eye as it is soothing to the imagination.

But Oppenheim in reality is something *more* than a view, and it is the extra qualities,—qualities which the artist cannot possibly render,—that make the place far from agreeable to those who have noses as well as eyes to gratify, and whose souls are not quite insensible to human misery and squalor.

The town is built on a hill, and consists principally of one long street winding up the steep slope. The habitations on either side this street are mere hovels, of the true Continental stamp, and utterly wanting in all that neatness and comfort which distinguish our own village-homes. Shops there are none, nor any manufactures appertaining to the place; neither is there any traffic to give life to the thoroughfares. The street itself is covered with an eruption, as it were, of pebbles, that are as trying to the feet as would be a paving of petrified potatoes. Drainage, or rather sewerage, is as unknown as rose-water in the town; so that every hut and gutter smells as "high" as a guano-ship: and as for the civic luxuries of

"lighting" or "watering," one might as well look for them in Polynesia as here. Indeed you see, in Oppenheim, all the degraded forms of German life, and can almost count the centuries that the Rhenish people are behind our own in the various appliances of social welfare.

It is strange that the sites of the eminent old churches were almost invariably a *nidus* for every kind of vice, infamy, and misery. This arose from the fact, that the cathedral in olden times had generally a "spittal" for the relief of the indigent, and a sanctuary for the protection of the criminal, in connexion with it; so that such spots became the centres around which the lazy, the diseased, the depraved, and the ruffian, were all huddled together in one filthy and corrupt crowd. Those who remember our own Almonry at Westminster will need no description of such places; whilst those who have read of the dense army of beggars and priests that once preyed upon the "holy city" of Cologne, or have seen the swarms of lazzaroni congregated about St. Peter's at Rome, will not require any further proof of the fact.

Such as have never visited Oppenheim, have merely to imagine the Mint in the borough of Southwark to be transplanted to the banks of the Rhine, and the hovels of Kent Street, &c., to be rendered even *less* fit for human habitation, in order to have a vivid image of the town in question.

The Church of St. Catherine at Oppenheim was once one of the proudest edifices in all Germany, and the village itself was an ancient city of the Empire,* having formed part of the associated Rhenish towns since the thirteenth century. Its ancient prosperity was due to the patronage of the Emperors of the Middle Ages, especially that of Henry IV. In 1689,

* Indeed, it dates as far back as the Romans, by whom it was called *Bonconica*, being represented in the Roman maps under that name.

however, it was entirely destroyed by the French, one house only having been left standing.

The western part of the church was begun in 1262, by Richard of Cornwall, emperor of Germany, and finished in 1317; but it was reduced to ruins by the French, in the seventeenth century. The eastern part was built in 1439, and escaped the general destruction. To this day, however, the edifice forms, in the words of the guide-books, "one of the finest monuments of German architecture," being, we are told, "a pure example of the Gothic style, and displaying the utmost richness of decoration consistent with elegance and propriety."

Assuredly the contemplation of this fine structure is sufficient to repay the traveller for the inconvenience of a sojourn at the town. It is now half in ruins, and half restored to its original grandeur; and a most interesting object, too, seeming to be formed, as it were, of three distinct edifices joined in a line to one another,—a roofless and windowless shell of a chapel at one end; a small reculver-like church, with twin square towers, in the middle; and a tiny cathedral, with a transept, and tall, elongated dome, at the other extremity.

We first saw this church at early morning, in company with a celebrated Belgian architect, and certainly the sight of the cold blue-grey of the dawn, peeping in beautiful patches through the meshes of the lace-like tracery that still remains intact at the ruined western chancel,—together with the fine twilight gloom that hung about the several pinnacles, and buttresses, and towers, gave it a solemnity and an interest (for there is always something touching in a ruin) that enchanted the pair of us.

The Belgian architect was travelling in search of the "Gothic," and when he beheld the wondrous "*rosaces*" (rose traceries) to some of the windows of the outer nave of the

church—the fine trefoil ornaments of others, and the exquisitely-various devices in all—as well as the delicate, fretted pinnacles and buttresses, and the elegant "arcade" that (like a light and graceful lattice of stone) trellises the wall above the long lancet-window of the transept gable—it was almost as pleasant to witness our friend's enthusiasm as it was to contemplate the ornaments and proportions of the edifice itself.

Then, as the daylight grew and grew in brightness, it was really like magic to watch the beautiful little bits of "filagree" work, that fretted every corner and edge of the building, start into sight, till the whole structure seemed to be carved over, and the stone wrought as finely and elaborately as if it had been so much ivory; whilst the colours of the stained glass lent the richest and most brilliant positive tints to warm and vivify the solemn neutral-grey hue of the old walls themselves.

Round about the church were the crumbling remains of an old cloister; and cresting a vineyard-hill at the back, that was grooved over with lines of vine-stocks, was all that now exists of the ancient imperial castle of Landskron,—a mere shell of walls, that seemed positively as rotten and discoloured as old cheese, whilst the windows had crumbled away into holes that looked like embrasures for cannon.

As we returned to the town, the walk along the mere ledge of the rock on which the church is built was a thing not to be forgotten; for there we saw the rich yellow vineyards slanting above and below us, and the tiny city lying far under our feet, half veiled by the white cloud of its morning fires; while the liquid-looking orb of the newly-risen sun itself stood trembling as it seemed to rest on the summit of the "Melibocus" mountain, over by the dark chain of the Oden-Wald hills, and pouring a flood of yellow lustre over the vast plains,

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till they appeared to glitter again with all the rich green hues of the beetle's back—the Rhine itself shining where the beams fell full upon it like a sheet of crumpled golden foil.

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§ 2.

Modes of Cleaning, and Habits of Cleanliness and Decency.

"Cleanliness," says Dr. Viron, the quondam Editor of the *Constitutionnel*, in his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois*, "was imported from England into France at the beginning of the present century." From our own observations we should say, that no German voyager has yet introduced the British luxury into Rhineland.

A Rhenish professor, whilst discoursing to us of the difference between the towns and the villages in his own land, assured us, that when he lived in the country he only washed himself once a-week, and was *not then* dirty. "But in Coblenz," said he, "my hands and face I am obliged to clean once every day."

A better illustration, however, of the ideas popular among Prussians concerning the proprieties of the toilet is afforded by the following anecdote:—Two German Professors were once speculating concerning some anomalies in the *Physiologie du Goût*. "How is it," inquired one of the "*Philosophs*," "that we eat hares and not foxes?" "Oh! it is merely habit," answered the other; "you might as well ask the reason why we wash our hands and not our feet!"

After this it is, of course, idle to tell the reader that such

things as baths and wash-houses for the poorer classes are unknown in the Rhenish capital; though it still may throw some light upon the subject if we say, that no hotel-keeper on the Rhine thinks it necessary to supply the traveller with soap in addition to water in his bedroom — that foot-baths are comparatively unknown — that a gentleman is considered as a wild Engländer who thinks of sponging himself with cold water every morning throughout the year — and that when we ourselves commenced housekeeping, we actually mistook and bought as pie-dishes what we afterwards discovered the Prussians used for washhand-basins, and that of these it was impossible to obtain any sufficiently large to make a tart for a small family. Need we add, that of such luxuries as water-cans, toilet-pails, and sponging-baths, the Germans, as well as the French, have no more knowledge than swine of flesh-brushes.

But let us be methodical, and deal first with house matters. Of domestic cleaning there appear to be two kinds:

(1.) The dry-polishing process as pursued in France, where the *garçon* skates, as it were, on brushes over the bees'-waxy floor.

(2.) The wet-scrubbing process of England, where the housemaid goes down on her knees, and labours away with soap and water and a hard brush, as if she were determined to have the deals as white as biscuit-ware.

For our own part we are sufficiently unprejudiced to prefer the French to the English plan; for though abroad, where carpets are scarce, the polished floors and stairs are, for walking upon, attended with all the inconvenience of ice, nevertheless, in our own country—where almost every cottage has its "Kidderminster"—we think the dirt would be more easily removed from the floor if the boards were protected by a coat of varnish, than it is by the present method of soaking them with water

every week. Moreover, we should, by such means, avoid the cold vapour-bath that an Englishman is obliged to submit to upon cleaning-days, and be no longer required to sleep in rooms the boards of which had that morning been soddened with wet, and from which an imperceptible mist must continue to rise for, at least, a day or two afterwards.

Still, some may think it a debatable matter as to whether the French-polishing plan be preferable to the English-scrubbing method of house-cleaning.

Nevertheless, there cannot be any dispute as to the Rhenish mode having all the sloppy inconveniences of the English without any of its cleanliness. A Prussian "*braves Mädchen*" (maid-servant), *when* she thinks it requisite to clean the boards of your rooms, dips a cloth into a pail of water, and twisting the wet rag round the end of a broom, proceeds to smudge the planks over with it, so that any dirt or dust that is on the floor is rubbed indelibly into it—for no previous sweeping has removed it thence. Even the stairs, common to the whole house, are never scrubbed from year's end to year's end, but merely smeared occasionally over with a moist cloth, while the stone passages are cleaned with a hard brush at the end of a long handle—"hearth-stoning" being a process of which the Rhenish housewives are supremely ignorant, and whitened doorsteps and passages never seen in the land. Indeed the staircase of the house in which we lodged—uncarpeted and filthy as it was—could have found a parallel only in a common lodging-house in St. Giles's.

The above-described muddling, slobbery mode of cleansing is practised, it should be added, only upon such parts of the rooms as are unencumbered by furniture; for your "brave girl" (*braves Mädchen*) takes care not to overheat herself by moving any table, chair, or sofa, that may be in her way while engaged in the operation, but smears her nasty damp

dishclout round about her. To remove the dust from under the beds would be assuredly considered a stretch of labour amounting to over-nicety, and we have repeatedly seen a layer of fluff and dirt under German bedsteads in which a crop of house-leek might have flourished.

Of regular "dusters," such as we use in England, the Prussian housewives are utterly ignorant, so that our servant (who, it should be stated, in order that we may seem to draw no highly-coloured picture of the people, had lived in a Princess's family, and at a *Herr General's*, before coming to us,) positively stared with wonder at being furnished with a few yards of "check," for removing the dust from the furniture, saying that she had been generally accustomed to use the stove-broom for the purpose.

Glass-cloths, again, are novelties in Rhineland,—bits of old rice or coffee bags being preferred by the "*Mädchens*," and this on the plea that the sacking soaks up the water better than the linen fabric common with us. Knife-boards, too, rank as foreign luxuries,—the approved method of brightening the "*Messers*," (though clean knives are extraordinary luxuries in the land) being by rubbing the blades with ashes sprinkled on a piece of old sacking. Your linen is washed by the laundress with black soap, so that the shirts on your back smell of pauperism as strongly as a low lodging-house. The water-bottles, even at the best Rhenish hotels, our maid assured us, are cleaned with what an English chambermaid empties into the slop-pail; the iron cooking-pans are rendered fit for use, when new, by boiling horse-manure in them; and even slop-pails themselves are comparatively unknown in the houses, the utensils being, openly and unblushingly, carried by the women down the public stairs

To an English fishwife such a state of shamelessness among

women would appear incredible. A long residence, however, of our family in the French capital, had somewhat prepared us for a greater want of decency the farther we travelled from home. In Paris we had seen the *garçon* at an hôtel ushering French ladies towards the "*cabinet*," and the "*dames*" curtseying at the door to the man with all the grace of Parisian manners for the favour. At a respectable French hôtel at which we stayed there was a placard in one of the filthy private apartments saying, "*il est défendu d'—— par terre.*" We had known, moreover, the waiters of the neighbouring *restaurant* to enter the sleeping-rooms of well-to-do ladies, in order to serve them with their breakfasts in bed. We had seen, too, elegantly-dressed women in the "*balcon*" at the theatres hold their handkerchiefs out by the corners and spit into the middle of the cambric, with a noise that made one's blood curdle with disgust. Indeed, scarcely a day had passed with us in Paris but what we were positively turned sick by the women of the "politest nation in the world," and had to thank God that our English ladies were still not *utterly* corrupted by French habits and manners.

In the Rhenish capital, the shamelessness of women and the obscenity of men are even more degraded than in the city which the French delight to call "*la plus civilizée du monde.*"

We remember once visiting Egyptian Hall during the exhibition of the Ioway Indians, and being struck with the unabashed character of the woman among the savage tribe, who stood, without the faintest blush upon her cheeks, at the edge of the small platform, suckling her infant from her nude breast in the presence of some hundreds of male and female spectators.

"Is it then *unnatural*," we asked ourselves, "for woman to be shame-faced, since there stood one in a state of nature, who was evidently destitute of any such feeling?"

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The answer soon rose to the mind—that shame in woman is as unnatural as it is to love one's enemies and to do good to those that persecute you,—as unnatural as is the love of the beautiful and the good, rather than a delight in putting the aged to death, and drinking wine out of the skulls of those whom we have slain in battle.

Shame, indeed, is one of those developed and educated feelings which, like the sentiments of the conscience itself, may often appear so utterly wanting in the raw material of human nature, that many might believe the sense to be merely the caprice of fashion,—an artificial taste, as it were, begotten by prejudice.

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But if shame be really an *educated* sentiment, what shall we think of the schooling of those where all are said to be trained, and yet where even an English hound is taught more cleanliness than the great body of the people,—where our prize-pigs' backs are less scurfy than the heads of the women of the middle classes,—where spittoons are as common at every gentleman's house as baths with us,—and where at the public gardens well-dressed ladies retire behind trees with less privacy than cats?

The Germans pride themselves that they have a high love of poetry in their nature, but, in the name of common sense, is it possible to appreciate the beautiful without having an equally lively sense of the ugly? Can we admire purity and adore virtue without loathing filth, and hating, in our inmost souls, anything that borders upon obscenity? Does the poetic quality lie in singing of the deeds of some robber noble, some chivalrous vagabond, and talking of the secret functions of nature with a gusto that might be excusable in nightmen, but which becomes unpardonable in a nation of men assuming to be the æsthetic teachers of the world? Must we not believe it to be merely morbid sentimentalism to affect raptures at the perfume of the

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rose and immaculateness of the lily, whilst fathers talk moral filth in the presence of their daughters, and men and women are nasally and mentally insensible to the stench of their own refuse?

In many a barbarous country cleanliness forms part of the religion of the people. In our own land there is a proverb current among us, which ranks the homely virtue next to godliness. In the forms and ceremonies of Christianity, too, baptism is but a type of the purity which is acceptable in the eyes of God. The Rheinländers, however, seem to have no sense of that unchastity of soul which is offensive to the Almighty, nor of that physical or mental filth that is loathsome both to the senses and understanding of every decently-educated man and woman throughout the really civilised world.

Interpolated Rhenish Scenes.

(2.)

WORMS.

"THE UPPER RHINE" differs not more in its scenery than it does in its associations from "THE MIDDLE" portion of the stream.

Between Cologne and Mayence, the Rhine shores are here solemn and sombre, with their rocky passes and mountain gorges, and there luxuriant and sunny with their rich vineyard slopes and broad orchard plains.

Between Mayence and Schaffhausen, however, the scene changes to one long, dreary, willow-tufted swamp, with the wildness of the great German river tamed down to the dullness

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of a Dutch canal, and the stream twisting and turning at every point like some thin blue vein pulsing languidly on to the world's great heart—the sea.

The memories, too, linked with the banks of the *Ober* and *Mittel-Rhein* are as different as the stocks and stones themselves.

Below the Rheingau, every mountain peak and summit is as if silvered over with the pale mythic light of some fairy legend, or else blood-stained with the barbaric glory of some "robber-noble's" deeds.

But the rocks no sooner disappear from the river banks, and nature herself begins to assume a less savage aspect, than romance ceases to people the Rhine-shores with water-sprites, and brigand-barons; and the associations, as if to harmonise with the more prosaic character of the scene, get to partake of the solid dignity of civilised history.

The three men who have influenced the world, perhaps more than any other *triumviri*, are JOHN GUTENBERG, BERTHOLD SCHWARZ, and MARTIN LUTHER: the three great originators of the three greatest of human powers—Printing, Gunpowder, and Protestantism; powers coequal in force, and yet how different in kind!—one mental, another physical, and the third spiritual in its energy—the first designed to teach, the second to slay, and the last to save.

The journey along the Upper Rhine, is one long panorama of splendid associations.

At Strasburg we tread on ground made memorable by Gutenberg's first attempts at printing with moveable types.

At Freiburg we gaze, with a quickened pulse, upon scenes which serve to realize to us the Franciscan Friar's emotions on discovering the explosive properties of a mixture of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre.

At Worms we walk in the very footsteps of Luther himself, and stand beside the spot where stood the brave Augustine Monk, as he looked round the assembly of princes and prelates that held his life in their hands, and then uttered the heroic words,—

"To THESE PRINCIPLES I AM FIXED. I CANNOT SAY OTHERWISE. GOD HELP ME. AMEN!"

To the Protestant mind there is no place in the wide world so quick with interest as the ancient Rhenish town where the Imperial Diets of Germany were wont to be held—the battlefield of one of the proudest victories ever won by mortal man—the victory of a single unarmed hand raised against all the powers of "Christendom,"—and a victory upon which the liberties of Europe depended more than upon any other "decisive" conquest in history.

What though the city walls of Worms are at present crumbling into rubbish heaps, and the fortress stones rotten as touchwood with decay; what though the dried-up moats environing the ramparts are planted with orchards now rather than cannon, and the old town, since Luther's time, has been "reduced to cinders"—(the thickness of the walls of the Cathedral and the Synagogue preserving them *alone* from the general destruction*); what though the hospital of the Knights

* The Domkirche, or Cathedral, has some few attractions for the architect and archæologist, but little or none for the general traveller. It is a solid and heavy red-stone building, with a round and pointed stone tower (in shape like a huge cut crayon) at each of its four corners. It is built principally in what is called the Byzantine, or rounded-arch style. The interior reminds the unprofessional spectator somewhat of Speier, though it hardly rejoices to the same extent in the gilt-gingerbread order of decoration. It has two cupolæ and two chancels, and an ungainly black-and-red marble pulpit, studded with plaster statuettes. The principal altar is ornamented with heavy marble pillars, and huge gilt statues the size of life; and tawdry with its golden "glories" and brass appointments. The chapels on either side are in the mongrel Renaissance style,

of St. John, where Luther sojourned for fourteen days during his stay in the city, has long since been rased to the ground, and the red-stone foundation-walls, at the farther side of the fine old *Domkirche*, that is seen peeping over the tumble-down ramparts yonder, are all that now-a-days remain of the ancient Bishop's Palace, in whose hall sat the "young emperor, and the six prince-electors of Germany, with the attendant archdukes, dukes and margraves, archbishop, bishops and abbots, ambassadors and deputies, princes, counts, and sovereigns, besides the Papal legates and commissaries," that made up the Great Im-

and gaudy with their metal figures of saints. The walls and pillars of the nave are in places stained with the remains of frescoes, that seem as if the colours and designs had been half-washed out with the damp. The "*Taufkapelle*" here is curious from the old bas-reliefs of Scripture-subjects about the walls. These are all painted a green-grey or olive colour, and many of the figures are the size of life. One tableau is a rude representation of the Saviour in the manger, with a queer-looking knubbly little angel flying down to the stable. Another exhibits a huge genealogical tree, with the roots sprouting out of a figure of Abraham at the bottom of it, and a little David with a harp peeping out from among the branches above, while the Virgin appears perched on the topmost bough of all. These, as well as the others about the walls, are all surrounded with twiggy arabesque borders, and the place is littered with Catholic ceremonial lumber, such as dusty silk banners, and stores of gaudy tall candelabra, and surplus altars that have a faded Mayday-chimney-sweep kind of look, from the dirty old artificial flowers with which they are decorated.

The other principal object of interest in Worms is the ancient Jews' Synagogue, which is situate in the purlieus, as it were, of the town, the streets in the neighbourhood having a narrow lane-like character that reminds one of the close-pent Jews' quarter at Frankfort, and somewhat of our own Holywell Street. Over many of the doorways that we pass may be seen handsome bits of Quentin-Matsys-like ironwork—the metal wrought with all the delicacy of filagree—as well as fine old oak carved lintels and porches to the ricketty old houses.

The entrance to the synagogue is as mean as the approach to a stable; and the outer tabernacle, which is said to have been built some years *before* Christ, is utterly deficient in all architectural ornament, being rude as a large cellar (which indeed it is not unlike), and fitted merely with a little red-stone seat, like a small arm-chair, set in a niche at one end for the rabbi; and with a narrow ledge of stone jutting from the wall and stretching all round the chamber for the congregation.

The inner tabernacle dates *only* from the year of our Lord 1000. It is extremely

perial Diet of the year 1521, and before whom "the well-beloved and pious Doctor Martin Luther, of the Order of Augustines," was cited to appear and "give answer touching the doctrines and the books that he had lately issued;" still, though there is hardly a building and not a street left such as it was in Luther's time, it is sufficient for the mind to know that the ground it is treading was once trodden by the valiant Reformer's foot in order to conjure the memorable old places and scenes back into life—to build up in the imagination the Imperial Council Chamber once more—to people it with its princely and papal host again—to throng the narrow streets anew, and crowd the windows of the tall old houses with the

dark, with the low roof supported by thick and dumpy Egyptian-looking columns. The antique brass candlesticks beside the desk of the high priest are peculiar, and have each nine branches to them, to hold the nine candles for Moses and his children. Here in a closet are kept Bibles and prayer-books, that are said to be 600 years old; these are written in large Hebrew characters on long skins of parchment wound on rollers, and covered with cloths embroidered with Hebrew.

The Hebrew community of Worms is believed to be one of the most ancient in Germany. A tradition asserts that such a community existed at the time of the first destruction of the temple of Jerusalem by the Babylonians—588 years before Christ; and some declare it to be *proven* by historical documents that a body of Israelites was located at Worms before the birth of the Saviour. Worms, indeed, was formerly regarded by the Hebrews as the German Jerusalem; and there was a proverb current through the country saying, "Worms Jews—good Jews." Under the Emperor Ferdinand I., in 1559, and, indeed, from the earliest dates, the Jews of this city were allowed privileges and liberties accorded to no other Israelites in the empire; they were permitted to have a chief of the synagogue, and the Grand Rabbi of Worms took precedence of every other German-Jewish priest. The origin of these special indulgences is said (according to an ancient legend) to be due to the circumstance of the Hebrew community of Worms having, in a letter addressed to the King of Jerusalem, protested against the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The legend, however, unfortunately, omits to explain how it came to pass that the news of the Saviour's condemnation travelled from Jerusalem to Worms in time sufficient for the Jews there to send a letter back to the "Holy Land," begging for a remission of the sentence—especially as the crucifixion is represented by each of the Evangelists as having been carried out on the same day as the judgment was delivered; and there were assuredly no electric telegraphs in those times!

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same dense multitude eager to see the daring Friar Martin go by.

Once on the reverend spot, indeed, and the spirit (such is the force of local association!) lives for a time in the past. We no sooner stand beside the old red walls of the Council Chamber, than the "mind's eye" beholds, as in a dream, the humble covered car (which the town-council had provided to carry the heresiarch to the Diet at Worms) waiting outside the University Gates at Wittenberg, and the little band of Reformers who have begged to accompany Doctor Martin on his perilous journey, stealing forth one after another to mount the steps of the vehicle.

First glides past the figure of Jerome Schurff, "the gentle young professor of jurisprudence,"—then the form of young Peter Suaven, the Danish student who resides with Melancthon, flits by—and after him comes the shade of "the impetuous Amsdorff." And when these have taken their seats the spirit of Luther himself appears to us, emerging from the friendly throng gathered about the college gates; and as he is seen to throw himself into the arms of the tender-hearted Melancthon—him who loved Martin "better than Alcibiades did Socrates"—the memory of his noble parting words rings in the ear,—"If I do not return, dear brother, and my enemies put me to death, continue to teach and stand fast to God's truth."

Then a hundred hands start forth clasped in prayer, and the air seems to resound with a solemn hymn from the crowd of weeping Gospel friends, as the figure of the great Reformer ascends the car and gives the herald the signal to advance.

"The Bishops and Cardinals at Worms will burn you and reduce your body to ashes as they did John Huss," we imagine we can hear the people cry, while the vision of the train moves slowly along the road, with the spectral form of Gaspard

Sturm riding at the head, clad in his herald's robe of office, and carrying the Imperial eagle in his hand.

"Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Wittenberg to Worms, the flames of which reached to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord," the fancy hears the courageous monk reply, as it conjures up his image standing up in the vehicle, with his hands raised high above his head.

On moves the dreamy cavalcade; and as the imagination follows the reverend little band through the several towns and villages by the way, it sees visions of peasants and citizens suddenly streaming forth and crowding about the car of the brave monk, as if he had been some great general returning from victory, rather than "a presumptuous heretic" on his way, probably, to the stake.

Now they are at Naumburg, in the valley of the Saale, and as the image of the Reformers' car glides before the eyes, the phantom figure of a stern and zealous priest seems to start from out the crowd, holding in his hand a picture of Savonarola the Italian martyr, who was burnt at Florence by order of Pope Alexander VI., and this he thrusts before Friar Martin's eyes in portentous silence.

Then the words of Luther seem to float upon the breeze, —"Satan would prevent by such terrors the confession of the truth in the assembly of princes;" and immediately afterwards the exhortation of the priest murmurs solemnly in the brain,—"Stand firm in the truth thou hast proclaimed, and God will as firmly stand by thee."

The next minute the scene changes to the entry into Weimar.

"Look there!" we fancy we can hear the herald cry; and instantly, as the car floats through the air-drawn picture of the town, there starts up a vision of Imperial messengers,

posting at the corners of the streets the Emperor's edict commanding the works of Martin Luther to be seized.

"Well, Doctor, will you proceed?" is suddenly whispered in our ear, as if the herald himself were at our elbow, and had spoken the words; and no sooner has the memory died away than Luther's valiant answer echoes through the memory: "Aye! though interdicted in every city I would go on."

Again the vision melts, and the instant afterwards the mind pictures the humble Gospel group advancing slowly towards the town of Erfurth; and then, in the distance, we see a dim cloud of horsemen moving towards the car. On the troop sweep, like a wraith of morning mist before the wind, and presently we seem to recognise among the imaginary throng the features of Crotus, the Rector of the Erfurth University, and Eobanus Hesse, the friend of Melancthon, and "prince of poets" (as Luther used to call him), and Euricius Cordus, and John Draco, together with a number of senators, and burghers, and members of the College—all come forth to do honour to the man who had dared to declare war against the Pope. At the head of the troop is seen a form that we know instinctively to be that of the young enthusiast Justus Jonas,—he who when a law-student had crossed forests infested with robbers, and cities devastated by the plague, to visit Erasmus at Brussels, and who, now that he has turned theologian, has come forth to beg that he may share with his beloved Luther the dangers of the journey to Worms.

Then, as the car appears to draw nearer the town, fresh crowds of horsemen and pedestrians seem to start into sight at every turn, so that by the time the city gates are reached the highways are seen to be packed with one black mass of spectators, as if it were some great potentate entering the

place, rather than the poor monk who had formerly begged his bread in its streets.

Suddenly the picture dissolves into a sadder scene; for the mind wanders to the sick chamber of Friar Martin at Eisenach, and, as if gazing into some magic mirror, it immediately beholds the wan figure of the Augustine monk stretched on his couch, with his dear companions Amsdorff, Jonas, Schurff, and Suaven, grouped in affectionate anxiety about his pillow, and the kind-hearted John Oswald, the mayor of the town, coming towards them with a cup of cordial to revive their wearied friend.

Evanescent as thought itself, the image fades—like mist in the sunshine—with the least shift of the mind; and then another phase in the journey to Worms appears painted like a mirage in the air. The little caravan has halted for a while, almost within sight of the place of their destination; between the trees the four misty spires of the cathedral of Worms are seen dimly looming in the distance; the sward on either side the roadway is dappled like a fawn's back with the sun-spots falling between the openings of the forest canopy; the horse wanders with the empty car, nibbling the fresh grass as it strays among the stems; the devoted Jerome, Peter, Justus, and Amsdorff, have sought the seclusion of the neighbouring coppice to offer up a prayer, and there, dusked by the shadow of the leafy covert, their bared heads and kneeling forms can just be seen; while, stretched on the velvet turf, beneath a broad-spreading elm, lies the form of Friar Martin himself, spent with fatigue from long travelling as well as anxiety for the doom awaiting him, and seeking by a brief slumber to brace up all his powers for the coming fight.

As drowning men are said to see in their death-struggles

the various scenes of their early lives flash one after another through their brain, so the mind fancies that Martin Luther, believing himself to be on his way to the stake, must, in his short rest under the tree that now bears his name at Pfiffligheim, have lived over again the several events of his childhood.

Now he dreams that he is the poor woodcutter's child, once more following his mother through the Mansfeldt forests, and gathering up his little fagot as she binds the broken boughs together.

Then he is with his father, tending the rude smelting furnaces recently set up in the mines, and watching, while all around is crimson with the fires and grimy with the smoke, the dazzling stream of liquid glowing metal shoot from the loosened tap of clay—white as though it were a rope of snow.

Next he is the poor scholar at the Franciscan school at Magdeburg. It is the festival of Christ's nativity, and he, in company with children poorer than himself, is wandering from house to house through the neighbouring villages, singing "in four parts" the usual carols on the infant Jesus, born at Bethlehem, in the hopes of obtaining a little food to satisfy his wants.

A moment afterwards he is at Eisenbach, and again chanting with his schoolfellows from door to door, to obtain a morsel of bread. Suddenly a woman appears on the threshold of one of the houses: it is Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, and daughter of the burgomaster of Ilefeld. She has been touched by the sweetness of Martin's voice, and recognises his figure as one she has often noted among the assemblies of the faithful. She has just seen him, too, driven with frowns and harsh words from the doors of her neighbours, and now that she beholds him standing so sadly before her own

shê beckons him to enter, and gives him food to appease his hunger, and the next day takes him to live altogether under her roof.

In another minute the dreamer is at the College at Erfurth, studying for the law. He is in the University library, opening the books one after another to learn their writers' names. One volume in particular attracts his attention: the thick coating of dust upon the edge of it tells that it has never been opened for many years. He reads the title; it is a Bible —a forbidden book in those times. His heart beats as he turns over the leaves of the inspired volume. The first page which rivets his attention is the story of Hannah and the young Samuel, and his soul can hardly contain its joy as he reads that "God raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes."

Again the scene shifts, and Martin is returning from a visit to his father's house at Mansfeldt, in order to resume his studies at the College of Erfurth. Within a short distance of the town he is overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. The heavens seem to tremble and split with the peals—the sky is in a blaze with the broad sheets of flame—the earth at his feet is blue with the lightning, and the bolt falls in a burning ball close beside him. The boy fancies his hour has come: he casts himself on his knees, and makes a vow, that if the Lord deliver him from his danger he will abandon the world for ever, and devote himself entirely to God.*

Still another memory rises to the mind of the slumbering

* It is wonderful to note how much there is of "fortuitous circumstance" in the early events of Luther's life. Had Ursula not been charmed by the sweetness of young Martin's voice, and so have been induced to take pity on him, and grant him the shelter of her roof, the poor scholar must have returned to Mansfeldt, and have been brought up, most probably, to his father's trade. Again, had Martin not taken the Bible down "by chance" among the other books that

monk. A few of his brother-students are with him at supper in the University. They sing together once more, as he shares with them the joys of the world for the last time. At last he tells them that he is about to give himself up to God for ever; nor will he listen to their remonstrances against the vow which he has made; and immediately they have left him, he takes with him his Virgil and Plautus, and retires alone, in the darkness of night, to the monastery of the hermits of St. Augustine. The gate opens, and quickly shuts again upon parents, companions, and the world without.

And now the dreamer suddenly starts to his feet, roused by the tramp of approaching horsemen. A messenger from Spalatin, the chaplain of the friendly Elector of Saxony, is at the head of the troop. We fancy we can hear him whisper as he advances to Luther, "Spalatin entreats you not to enter Worms," and instantly the sublime reply is heard again: "Go tell your master, that even if there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops still would I enter it."

At length the procession, that we have followed in fancy from town to town on its way from Wittenberg to the Diet, passes through the streets of the very city in which we ourselves are standing. It needs then but little fancy to realise the history of the eventful 16th of April, 1521.

All are expecting Luther. The news of his coming has outstripped the travellers themselves. Young nobles, knights and gentlemen, in the train of princes, to the number of a hundred, unable to restrain their impatience, ride out to meet him and surround him as an escort as he enters the barbican. A

he was idly glancing at in the library at Erfurth, he might never have seen or been touched by the sacred volume. And further, had it not been for the "accident" of the thunder-storm occurring on Martin's return from his father's to Erfurth, he might never have made the vow to enter the Augustine monastery. And, if neither of these accidental events had happened, how different a story might history have had to tell!

dense crowd waits for him at the city gates. Before the car is seen the Imperial herald riding in full costume; then comes Luther, with his friends Schurff, Suaven, and Amsdorff, seated beside him, under the awning of the humble vehicle, and Jonas follows on horseback, whilst the cavaliers throng on either side of the car. It is mid-day as they pass the gates, and though every one is at table, the watchman on the tower of the Domkirche no sooner sounds his horn than all rush forth into the streets with the cry of "Luther is come!"

Two thousand persons bear him company through the narrow thoroughfares, and every moment the crowd increases. Suddenly a court fool, dressed in a suit of deep black, and bearing a large funeral cross, forces his way through the multitude, and advances towards Luther, singing a satirical requiem for the repose of his soul. The shouts of the throng, however, soon drown the ominous "De Profundis" of the jester.

And now comes the last and grandest scene of all; a scene that, for human dignity, is without a parallel in civilised history. The hereditary Marshal of the Empire summons the monk of Wittenberg to the Diet. The herald, Gaspard Sturm, walks first; after him comes Ulrich of Pappenheim, the Marshal, and the Reformer follows. The crowd that fills the streets is greater than ever. The tops of the houses and the pavements of the streets, above and below, are all covered with peasants and citizens. It is almost impossible to advance, and the herald orders Luther to be led through the gardens and passages of private residences, so as to avoid the pressure of the multitude which heaves to and fro like a sea in a storm.

"Make way! make way!" the herald cries; but no one moves, and though the Imperial soldiers clear a passage by main force, the people rush forward directly afterwards to enter the Hall with the monk, and are kept back only by the halberds of the troops.

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In the interior of the hall, every corner is as crowded as without. In the ante-chambers and recesses of the windows, more than 5000 spectators — Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and others, are closely pressed together. As Luther advances with difficulty to the door of the council-chamber, an old general (George of Freundsberg) taps him on the shoulder and says kindly, as he shakes his head—a head blanched in many battles: "Poor monk! thou art going to make a nobler stand to-day than I or any other captain ever made in the bloodiest of our fights."

At length the doors of the hall are forced back, and Luther stands in the presence of the most august and memorable assembly recorded in history. The guards make way for him, and he advances to the throne of the Emperor. All eyes are fixed on him. The sight of so illustrious a conclave appears for an instant to dazzle and intimidate the son of the lowly miner of Mansfeldt. His evident emotion touches some of the princes present, and one of them whispers in his ear: "When ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, the Spirit of your Father shall speak in you."

A deep silence follows, broken at last by John ab Eck, the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Trèves, who rises and says in a loud voice: "Martin Luther, you are required to answer two questions. First, do you acknowledge these books to have been written by you? and secondly, are you prepared to retract such books and their opinions; or do you persist in the opinions you have advanced in them?"

Having been allowed time to consider his reply, the monk at length concludes his defence by saying, in a tone of mildness and moderation, though marked with Christian firmness: "As soon as I am convinced by the writings of the Prophets and Apostles I will retract every error, and be the first to lay hold of my books and throw them into the fire."

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The Chancellor of Trèves cries aloud: "You have not answered the question put to you: you are required to give a clear and precise answer. Will you or will you not retract?"

Luther responds without hesitation: "Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, or by the clearest reasoning, I cannot and I will not retract; for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience."

Then, looking round on the assembly which holds his life in its hands, he adds: "To this point I am fixed. I cannot say otherwise. May God help me. Amen."

The assembly is overpowered with the dignity of the simple monk arraigned before the mighty ones of the nations, but appearing in his quiet courage greater and mightier than any. Many of the princes find it difficult to conceal their admiration. The Spaniards and Italians alone attempt to ridicule a greatness of soul which they cannot comprehend.

"If you do not retract," says the Chancellor, "the Emperor and the States will consult what course to pursue against an incorrigible heretic."

The intrepid monk replies: "May God be my helper, for I can retract nothing."

Thus ends the memorable Diet at Worms: *the monk retracts nothing.* And thus begins the glorious Reformation.

And even though the city now contains not a stone nor a board that can boast of having been pressed by Martin Luther's foot, or trodden by any of the multitude of friends that thronged about the great Reformer, still the spot remains sacred to every friend of religious liberty—as the Runnymede of Protestantism.

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