

The Siege of Frankenthal and the Notklippen of 1623

«On the money newes so generally currant in Frankendale about June 1621.»

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PROLOGUE

In the Thirty Years War King James I of England supported his son-in-law Frederic V — Elector of the Palatinate and unfortunate «Winter King» of Bohemia — in his fight as leader of the Protestant Union against the Catholic League.

This explains why not only Flemish, Walloon and German troops had joined to defend the fortified town of Frankenthal as one of the richest and most developed places in the Palatinate. In October 1620 also British soldiers under the command of Horatius de Veer arrived and they even stayed in Frankenthal and the Palatinate, when the army of the Protestant Union was dissolved in April 1621.

In October 1621 the English together with local citizens and soldiers and under the command of John Borres defended Frankenthal successfully against the attacking troops of the Catholic League under Gonzalo de Cordova who held the encircled town under cannon fire for days. When the besieged town left a final ultimatum to surrender unanswered, Gonzalo de Cordova and his troops retired over night.

In November 1622 Count Tzerklas von Tilly, field marshal of the Catholic League, tried to besiege and conquer the town, but was fought off, as was Guillermo Verdugo in early 1623, when the British defended Frankenthal almost on their own.

King Jacob however wanted to put an end to his military engagement in the Palatinate. On March 29, 1623, a treaty was concluded in Brussels, which brought the withdrawal of the British troops from Frankenthal. So to the great surprise and di-

sappointment of the civil authorities and citizens of Frankenthal, the British had to leave, which took place on April 14, 1623. The Spaniards under Guillermo Verdu-go entered the town, first for the limited time of 18 months only, but at the end they stayed longer than any body had expected; the Spanish forces finally left on May 3rd 1652, nearly 4 years after the treaty of Munster and the end of the Thirty Yars War.



Gold «Jacobus» Half Crown, weight 1.125 g., struck 1603-1619.

Obverse: King Jacob facing right, inscription I (=Jacob) DG ROSA SINE SPINA.

Reverse: Crowned royal arms with I and R to left and right of crown, inscription
TUTEATUR UNITA DEUS.

While the «Jabocuses» — so happily announced at the end of the «money newes» — most certainly never arrived, Frankenthal did strike emergency klippen in 1623 in silver 71 Batzen, 15 Batzen, 1 Gulden, 2 Gulden and 4 Gulden) and gold (1 Dukat and 2 Dukaten).

These «Notklippen» were probably minted in the early months of 1623 — most definitely before the British soldiers left! — to meet payment obligations towards the defending troops, but this remains undocumented.

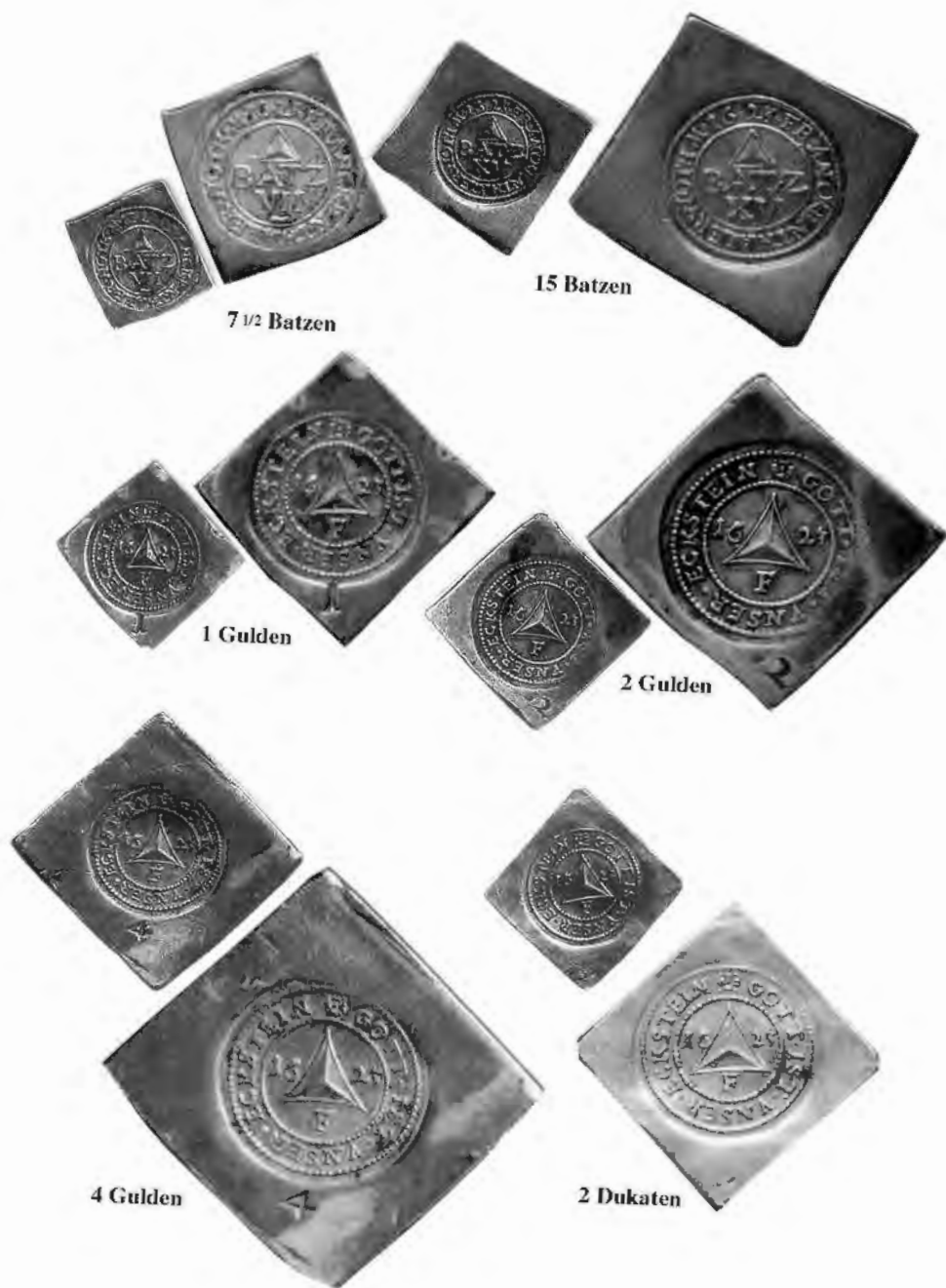
The poem «On the money newes so generally currant in Frankendale about June 1621» (whose author is unknown) has been received as a machine typed copy from Courtney L. Coffing, numismatist, from Iola, Wisconsin, who obtained it years ago from a then retired Professor of English, who had discovered it in a British Library, further details unknown.

There seems no doubt about the genuineness of the «poem», which gives us a colourful, vivid and drastic picture of the difficult life experienced by the defenders of Frankenthal surrounded by their Catholic enemies, due to the lack of pay and food.

ON THE MONEY NEWES SO GENERALLY CURRANT IN FRANKENDALE ABOUT JUNE 1621

Souldier, stand vp and liue, and do no more
Faint at the breakinge length of thy bold score
That so inuadingly makes the walls white
Within a Towne in which thou scarce canst sh-te
(Scorninge the crombled Boor's cheeke or his leeke)
More then three visible excrements, the weeke !
But bee coragious ! There now comes coyne enough

To find thy belly beefe, and thy backe buffe.
 Thinke now on rich amendments; hope to lay by
 With this month's snake thy sluffe, in which do lye
 Armies of lice incampt, to vndermine
 Thy other halfe of vigor, which doth pine
 In clothes more wretched then those first which *Adam*
 Patcht vp through shame, to hide him and his Maddam.
 But let this pass, for now of tidings gladd
 I meane to singe: first, Inuocation had
 For some slight rapture to Poet's freend *Apollo*
 The *Pythy-ass* — and sure hee heares mee hollow —
 In doinge which, whilst I so busie am
 Mee thinks I feele a fierce *Ethusiame*
 That mulls my Intrailes and makes mee thus aduenture
 And speake as freely as if I were *Stentor* !
 It doth appeare by inke, squirted from *Brittaine*,
 That our *King lames*, who *Spainardes* now doth spilt on,
 Now meanes to cast his scabberd full of rust,
 Which whilom was a sworde which in their teeth lust
 To bee his foes — I say, it doth appeare
 That this our Pilott will a new course steare,
 And minds to powre his pocketts out on warfare
 To maintaine his bold *English* which now are farre
 Dispersed in the spatious *Germaine* Climate,
 Some in rude *Bohem*, some in the *Palatinate*
 But since the former forsaken haue their vandall.
 And to their Nation are become a scandall
 By sneakinge all a way when euery man drewe, I haue no Newes for them, nor
 their *St. Andrewe*.
 Fel lowes at armes, Protectors of the *Rhine*,
 To whose faire *Eden* you are *Seraphine*,
 'Tis you to whome I singe this newes of mine !
 Know then, cadd Souldiers, that that selfe same Kinge,
 Who neuer yet did eat Swines flesh or Linge,
 On Information of your wants, hath sent
 As much as from the Chequor could be rent,
 For your releife — Huge Mountaines of bright Ore
 Comes rowling towards you (come thinke [what] *Rawleighe bore*
 Away with him, when he returned home-a
 From the disfated conquest of *St. Toma*.)
 Nor is this all; besides it is provided



«Notkippen» minted in 1623. Reproduced in its real size and amplified $\times 1,5$.

That hence forth our affaires bee better guided:
 Hence forth the wall-nut-man shall rest in quiett Nor shall the rascall Puddinge
 (or Dogge a-dyett)
 Which on the Markett place was wount to acte
 Such greasie agonies, when souldiers sackt.
 Henceforth wee shall no more bee our owne moathes
 For very hunger to goe eat our clothes;
 All faults shall now bee mended, and our wages
 Shall bee as good as 'twas in elder ages;
 Indeed, his highness heares that for our labours,
 and marching for longe after pipes and tabours,
 For weekly pay wee take no more, nor can,
 Then three pence, or two Coppsticks, by the man.
 And herevpon (they say) at this his Maiestie
 Storm'd beyond measure, and («by my saule») grew teastie
 With doggs and men, and (with «god's wounds») hee mused
 Wee should so longe with bald pates bee abused!
 Hee swears hee doth allow the meanest Centrie
 Seuē shillings English, and [also] to the Gentry Some shillings more, and
 («faith») it is no ill Lawe
 That yonkers should distinguisht bee fro' th' *Quiu'la* !
 Old *Jemie* stopes his Nose att this, but not his eies:
 He's none of your Coniurers, he'll chastise
 And *Nimrod-like* will hunt those foolish men,
 That thinke to put vs off with 2 for ten,
 The winds are turn'd ! O Captaines, whither run yee ?
 'Tis true — the King hath sent's great store of Moneye. But soft, 'fore ere you
 touch't looke that yee sweare
 You'le pay the King's allowance to a haire,
 Els, by the Lyon on his breast, he vowes
 He'll bend his bowe att you, as well as browes !
 Hath hee [not] through all his Teritones, and through *London*,
 Caus'd Collections — by which some are halfe vndone —
 To hide a Captaine's Leather coate in gould
 When his powld Souldier for hunger died, or could,
 And had not cash enough to reach the price
 Of so much vnguent as would kill his Lice ?
 No, no ! 'twas meant that by such contributions
 The Souldier might confirm his resolutions
 For victorie: for neuer *English* yet feared harme
 Haueinge wherewith to eate & drinke & keepe him warme !

Then thank, 0 mortall *God, Albion's* anoynted,
 That saist wee shall no more bee disappointed
 Of what is ours, and that ere wee shall want
 Thou'lt make thy breeches without pleates, and scant,
 And ere wee take more deaths from hunger, could and vermine
 Thou'lt pawn, thou saist, thy *Buck in!*
 Wher art thou, Souldier, whil'st I tell thee this ?
 Wher is thy voice, or face, to express thy bliss
 By such great Newes ? canst thou nor smile, nor speake,
 And is thy Constitution growne soe weake
 Since the long exp[i]red date of Crowd and Sallate
 Thou canst not breake the Cobwebs of thy pallet
 Caused by to much lawe-rest? or dost thou feare
 Thy teeth, soe arm'd with settled rust, should teare
 Thy tongue; like straw in *Bedlam*, should it but dare
 To frame weake words and send them in the ayre?
 Fyc, vp for shame ! show what thou oughts, a spright
 That makes the[e] spume the fates as well as fight !
 Haue I reported Newes for thy erection,
 And newes that might almost giue resurrection
 To bodyes dead, and art thou still dejected,
 Looking as though thou wer't perboyl'd, or de,ected —
 Worse then if some feirce Limbicke has suckt out
 Thy Quintisence and vitalls, to make a doubt
 Whether thou wert an Embrion borne, or not ?
 Weake man, art thou a Souldier, and dost languish
 For each slight storme of fate ? doth anguish
 Sitt well on *Mars* his browe, and art thou sadd Because the voyage and the
 men are badd ?
 Because a Captaine that the other Day
 Durst not waake *fleet street*, no, [nor] see a play,
 And who for feare of briers could not come free
 To *Paules* that he might dine there with *Duke Humfrey*,
 Who, to preuent his 4th Days fasting 'spiteall
 Was wonnt to seeke th' euerlasting spittall,
 And faine him pockey, to compass broth and mutton
 Amongst the gowtie guests of famous *Sutton* ? Or, if hee faild of that, would
 lie in waight For *Ludgate-baskett* when it past a-straight;
 And, with a rageinge stomack hath beene glad,
 With Patience, halfe-naked and halfe-clad,
 On *the Bankeside* such wished floates

As might come from the wracke of Oyster boats ?
 Because, I say, that such a one doth keepe
 Halfe thy meanes backe when hee thy armes doth sweepe
 With any Oyl'd feather, wilt thou bee so vnholly
 To fall straight on the dint of Melancholy ?
 And wilt thou dye if hee do the[e] stop a shilling
 For thy lewd absence from the Church, or Drilling ?
 Cannot a foolish Driller that's misled
 With Choler, breake his rest athwart thy head
 But straight thou feelst it, and laught not at ye iest
 That when hee Bleeped not, he brake his rest ?
 O? Here's a Humor? On such weake groundes To greiue, to sigh, to faint, to fall
 in sounds,
 Yea, euen giue vp the Ghost ? some officer that's meeke,
 Lend mee — for I am bloudless — halfe a cheek
 To blush at this ! will any that shall fight
 'Gainst daring *Spin'la*, craue that hee might Couer his Drum-head with thy
 skin, and think,
 By th' sound, to make that fierce [invader] shrink ?
 Away with this foule softnes ! Lett *Heraclitus*,
 Or els some Phlegmatick vnweaned sh-t-house,
 Claime title to't! but, man at armes, bee thou
 Of such a harsh composure, such a brow
 That if thou sawest the lightnings did intend
 To burne the earth's faire face, thou wouldst not send
 From of[f] thy heart one sigh for't, but rather puffe
 And helpe that fire to make the world a snuff !
 Thou'rt not cut out for niceness; thou art meant for one
 That should triumph in the Confusion
 And wracke of mankinde: like *Tamberline* to bee
 An Instrument of sad mortalitie,
 Whipping all Nations — sent to the Earth
 To doe the office of a Plague or dearth !
 Is this the [thy] vocation, and is that trance Of heuing still on thee ? for shame !
 aduance,
 And be brauely Merrie, and from hence
 Of those Mortification haue no sence,
 Thy Lice and hunger ! Not many howres shall run
 Ere thou shalt haue redress, for by the sunn, Ther's send from *England a Hei-*
delbergian Tun Of good Iacobuses — which now are in *Alsatia*,
 Thanks to that honest fellow IACOBUS DEJ GRATIA !