NUREMBERG

PAINTED BY
ARTHUR GEORGE BELL

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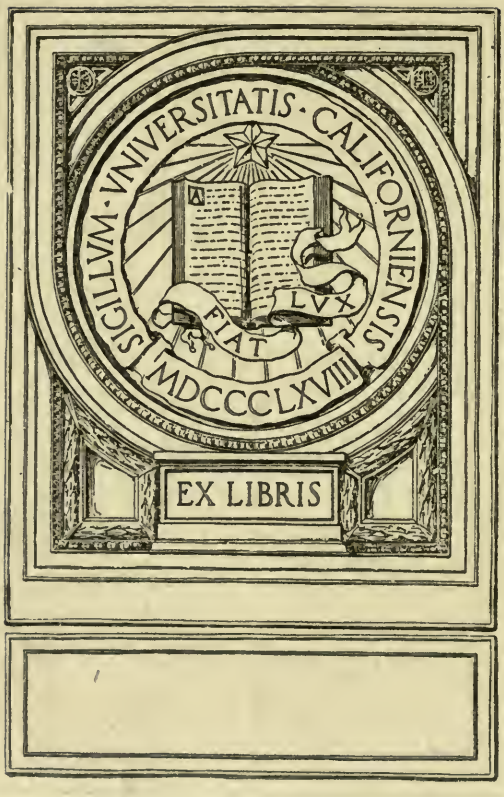
MRS ARTHUR G BELL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NUREMBERG

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PAINTED BY ARTHUR G. BELL · DESCRIBED BY MRS. ARTHUR G. BELL

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Note

THE water-colour drawings reproduced in this book were, with one exception, done on the spot direct from nature, and the greater part of the letterpress was written at Nuremberg, the remainder from notes made during a long residence there.

NANCY BELL.

RASTGARTH,
SOUTHBOURNE, HANTS.
March, 1905.

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NUREMBERG

CHAPTER I

THE BURG OF NUREMBERG

MANY are the memories, tragic and gruesome, inspiring and pathetic, that gather about the name of Nuremberg, now a thriving commercial city, once a favourite stronghold of the beloved Frederick Barbarossa, whose virile and noble personality still seems to dominate the Burg and its precincts. Proud of her hardly-won independence, yet deeply loyal to the Imperial House with which her fortunes were so long bound up, full of reverent affection for the master spirits who raised their native town to so high a position as a centre of intellectual and æsthetic culture, in mediæval and early Renaissance times, Nuremberg retains unbroken many links with the past, and in her crowded thoroughfares startling contrasts are of almost hourly occurrence.

Intensely conservative, yet abreast with the latest achievements of scientific progress, she has

through all her vicissitudes retained the individual character which is, alas! becoming ever more rare amongst continental cities. Her electric cars dash past slow-moving country carts of the heavy old-world fashion, familiar to Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs, drawn by gentle cows or patient oxen; her numerous factories belch forth black, poisonous smoke, unchecked by the sanitary inspector; ladies decked out in the height of the latest Parisian fashion, rub shoulders in public vehicles with peasant women wearing short, bright-coloured petticoats, black kerchiefs folded across the breast, and the heavy turban head-dresses introduced at the time of the Crusades. Amongst the soberly dressed merchants and shop-keepers a group may now and then be seen of the modern representatives of the old Tyrolean huntsmen, in the picturesque short green jackets and waistcoats, breeches ending above the knee, and knitted stockings leaving the ankles bare, the final touch of mediævalism supplied by the high, pointed felt or broad-brimmed green velvet hats finished off with a bunch of cock's feathers.

In the Market-place, dominated by the time-honoured Frauen Kirche, old women who might have posed for Holbein wait patiently for custom behind their stalls, piled up with fruit and vegetables, beneath umbrellas that have been handed down from generation to generation.

Round about the modern representative of the Schöner Brunnen, and the replica of the Neptune Fountain that was sold to the Emperor Paul of Russia, women gather as of yore to gossip in the early morning and the gloaming, and in the heat of the day panting dogs and weary cattle gaze wistfully at the falling water, that is not for them, unnoticed by the crowds of tourists, who, intent upon their guide-books, miss the significance of the teeming life about them.

From the gloomy recesses of the underground cells of the Rathaus, still haunted, as they seem to be, by the spirits of the tortured and often innocent prisoners who there breathed their last, after undergoing nameless sufferings, or from the dim room in the Five-cornered Tower, where the grim Iron Maiden awaits in vain fresh victims for her cruel embrace, the student of history may pass in a few minutes to the automatic restaurant, where he can obtain pretty well anything he fancies to eat and drink by putting a ten-pfennig piece into the right slot, and listen to the ear-splitting strains of mechanical musical instruments, kept constantly at work by juvenile enthusiasts.

To trace the gradual evolution of Nuremberg from a solitary watch-tower, rising up in lonely grandeur above the surrounding forests, to the fair city girt about with a strong and picturesque

enceinte, as described in Hans Sachs' famous eulogy, is no easy task. It has, however, been to a great extent successfully achieved with the aid of still existing relics and the collateral evidence of contemporary records, that have been again and again sifted by historians, so that it is possible to obtain a very clear idea of the appearance and condition of the town at various periods of her eventful career. Moreover, in her museums and private libraries are preserved many quaint old prints of mediæval Nuremberg; and several modern German artists, such as Wanderer, Heim, and Ritter, have in their paintings, now in the Rathaus, St. Catherine's Church, and elsewhere, endeavoured not unsuccessfully to reconstruct the environment of their historical subjects.

Of the origin or the meaning of the name of Nuremberg absolutely nothing is known with any certainty, and of the many conjectures hazarded on the subject not one has been generally accepted. To some the German Nürnberg is simply a contraction of the words *Nur*, *ein*, *Burg*, or only a castle; others think it is derived from the Sclavonic *Nura*, signifying a hiding- or lurking-place, whilst others assume the first form of the name to have been Civitas Montis Noricum, or the city on the hill. Noricum in course of time was shortened into Noris, and the town is still often alluded to in literature as the Jungfrau Noris, the human head

on the eagle of the civic arms being assumed to be that of a woman, though it really originally represented an Emperor, and received its feminine character in the sixteenth century. The eagle maiden and Noris gradually became identified in the popular imagination, and the two names are now sometimes used as convertible terms.

Whatever may have been the origin of the word 'Nuremberg,' there can be little doubt that the earliest settlers on the site of the future town, gathered about the base of the grand rock that rises up abruptly from the wooded plains watered by the Pegnitz, but at what date that rock was first turned to account as the foundation of a watch-tower it is impossible to determine. Archæologists and historians are, however, agreed in believing that the oldest of the existing buildings collectively known as the Burg, is the Five-cornered Tower, the name of which, though it at first sight appears misleading, really accurately describes it, a slender supplementary defence having been added to it on one side, so that from a certain point of view a fifth angle appears. Who built this quaint old tower there is no evidence to prove, the theory that it was of Roman origin being quite untenable; but the probability is that it was not erected until about the middle of the tenth century. That it was in the first place hewn partly out of the living rock, supplemented by material brought from a

distance, is also probable; but it has evidently been more than once restored, if not entirely rebuilt. Rising from the foot of the three plateaux of the Burg, it was most likely strengthened soon after its completion by an encircling wall, of which, however, no trace now remains. It is always designated by the townspeople as Alt Nürnberg, an incidental proof of its great age; and battered though it is by the wear and tear of many centuries, it still triumphantly defies decay. Fitted up as a museum of relics of the past, chiefly instruments of torture, it is a survival of a rugged age that was still dominated by the grim spirit of mediævalism. A winding staircase leads up from floor to floor, and in the dim light of the narrow rooms the horrible implements brought from the prisons of the Rathaus and of the Vehmgericht have found a fitting resting-place. Amongst them is the terrible Iron Maiden of gruesome fame, from whose embrace no victim ever escaped alive. It is said that kissing the Verflüchte Jungfrau, as the Iron Maiden was called, was a punishment reserved for those charged with political offences, who were, of course, often guiltless of the crimes attributed to them. After a night spent in her presence, the doomed man was compelled to touch the cold lips of the Iron Maiden with his own, when the figure opened, revealing a number of long spikes, into which the prisoner was forced.

The folding-doors then closed, and when life was extinct the body was dropped through a trap-door into a pit beneath it.

The Iron Maiden of the Five-cornered Tower belonged to the municipality of Nuremberg, and, according to a tradition that is probably only too well founded, she had a rival in a yet more horrible Jungfrau, the property of the Vehmgericht, who, when a victim was reserved for her, was set up against the wall of the town, near the present Maxthor. She was 7 feet high, and her long arms bristled with sharp knives, which, when her attendant executioner touched her foot with his own, closed upon her prey, cutting the body into a thousand pieces, that were flung into the waters of the Fischbach that then ran hard by. This punishment was called 'being given to the fishes,' and is said to have been inflicted upon a woman and a girl as late as 1769.

It is impossible to say how long atime elapsed before the Five-cornered Tower was supplemented by other buildings, but it is accepted as proved that the Othmar Chapel, destroyed by fire in 1420 and replaced in 1428 by the present Walpurgis Chapel, was, if not actually contemporaneous with 'Alt Nürnberg,' built soon after it. It stands opposite to its grim companion, from which a deep trench divided it, and on to it has been built a massive square tower of unknown date. Of little

architectural beauty, the Walpurgis Chapel is chiefly interesting as occupying a site hallowed by the prayers of the earliest dwellers on the Burg. It was given in 1267 by the then reigning Burggraf to the Convent of St. Egidius, and divine service was celebrated in it until the time of the Reformation, since which it has not been used.

Next in date to the Othmar Chapel is the so-called Heidenturm, the name of which is misleading, as it is certainly not of heathen origin, and the carved figures on its eastern end, that led to the mistake, are evidently Romanesque work. It rises up in solemn dignity on the left of the entrance to the castle, and contains two chapels, one above the other, now entered from the modern palace, and described in connection with it.

Not far from the Heidenturm, on the right hand going up to the castle, is a nineteenth-century two-storied house, enclosing within it the celebrated Deep Well, 335 feet below the surface of the ground, supposed to be contemporaneous with the foundation of the Burg, though access to it has been greatly improved, for it is recorded that in 1559 the Rat of Nuremberg resolved to have it restored, the obtaining of water from it being both difficult and dangerous. Hewn in the living rock, the making of the well is said to have occupied thirty years, and to have been the work of prisoners, part of whose punishment it was that

THE BAILIFF'S DWELLING, WITH THE VESTNER TURM.

they should never see the light of day. They were compelled, it is further related, to fetch the water needed for the town from the castle by a subterranean passage that still connects the Deep Well with the Rathaus.

The guide, who at present (1905) is a young girl who was born and brought up within the precincts of the Burg, enables visitors to judge of the depth of the well by lowering lighted candles into it, reflecting its surface on to a looking-glass, and by dropping water into it, six seconds elapsing before the resulting splash is heard.

Yet another relic of the early days of the Burg is the little house known as the Bailiff's Dwelling, supposed to have been originally part of a tower that commanded the entrance to the Freiung, an open space stretching in a southerly direction from it to the outer wall of the Burg, between the Emperor's castle and the Burggraf's castle, to the latter of which it belonged.

On the parapet of the Freiung the marks are shown, said to have been made by the hoofs of the horse of the robber-knight Apollonius von Gailingen, generally called Eppelein, who is credited with having escaped the death to which he was justly condemned by springing across the moat and galloping away. The remarkable incident is supposed to have occurred about 1380, and the story goes that the knight, who had stolen a great

treasure belonging to the city of Nuremberg, was shut up in the Five-cornered Tower to await his execution. On the day fixed for it he was being escorted towards the gates of the Burg, when he saw his beloved horse being led away. Turning to the captain of his guard, he begged to be allowed to bid farewell to his 'dear old friend Hans,' and, touched by his gallant bearing, the officer consented. As Eppelein patted the horse, he whispered in his ear, and then, suddenly springing upon his back, put him to the leap. Before the captain realized what had happened, his prisoner was far away. As a matter of course, he was supposed to have been in league with the evil one, and the fact that his servant disappeared at the same time as himself, though the gates of the Burg were closed, lent credence to the belief; indeed, the servant was thought by some to have been the Devil in disguise.

In the opinion of Herr Mummenhoff, whose insight into archæological problems is well known, the Freiung, which was the scene of this remarkable occurrence, did not, as was long supposed, get its name from the fact that it commands a grand view of the open country, but because it enjoyed rights of sanctuary, any fugitive from justice who took refuge within its boundaries being guaranteed freedom and peace for three days, a privilege from which murderers were, however, excluded in 1341.

On the lofty wall separating the Freiung from the Burg, and with the garden of the Bailiff's House at its base, runs a picturesque covered way, with numerous openings, called the Watchman's Secret Passage. By its means the patrolling guard could overlook the whole of the precincts of the Burg, as well as of the moat and outer defences, so that it formed an admirable means of guarding against surprise. The secret way is now let to a tenant with a small modern house that has been built on to the inner side of the wall, nearly opposite the Deep Well. It serves as a storehouse for apples, etc., and thus forms a very interesting link between the remote past and the present everyday life of the Burg, that, unlike so many historic castles, is in thorough touch with modern life—a fact adding very greatly to its charm.

In spite of the popular belief, which it is even now very difficult to eradicate, that the castle on the Burg is the very one that first rose from the lonely rock, there are really scarcely any remains either of the earliest Imperial Palace or of the residence of the Burggraves, to whom the care of the Burg was confided by the Emperor. It is generally supposed that the latter occupied the site of the present Kaiserstallung, which was built as a granary for the town in 1494 and 1495, was later used as an Imperial stable (hence its present name), and is now a barrack. A few slight relics of the

palace it replaces are preserved near by, but hidden by ivy and other creepers; and Herr Mummenhoff describes a whole series of defensive works, of which the tradition alone remains. The Kaiserstallung is flanked at one end by the Five-cornered Tower already described, and at the other by that known as the Luginsland, built in 1377, and therefore of later date than the Vestner Turm, which is the most conspicuous feature of the Burg, and was built in 1313, though the picturesque round roof and the turret with the pointed spire were not added until the sixteenth century.

The Vestner Turm was at first known as the Sinwel, a name signifying round, and was erected to enable the guardians of the Burg to overlook the town. It played a very important part in the history of Nuremberg, for it was from it that the hot-blooded young aristocrats who dwelt on the Burg, used to watch their opportunity to swoop down on the defenceless citizens. It was, indeed, with a view to playing the spy on these marauders that the townsfolk resolved to build a watch-tower of their own, to which they gave the appropriate name of the Luginsland, or the outlook on the land, its four towers commanding a view in every direction.

In the Sinwel, or Vestner Turm, is preserved the horn that used to be blown from it in case of alarm, whether of fire or the approach of an enemy.

LOOKING UP TO THE VESTNER TURM.

Watch is still kept from its turret, which is connected by telegraph and telephone with the town, the guardian making the round every quarter of an hour; and from it a very fine view is obtained of Nuremberg itself, and of the glorious scenery that surrounds it.

The old man, Christ Wildner by name, who has now (1905) charge of the Vestner Turm, and has been associated with it for a long spell of years, is deeply attached to it, and has written a charming little monograph, describing its characteristics with considerable skill. Forgetting the rôle it played in olden times, when the Luginsland rose up in rivalry to it, he claims that it has guarded the fair Jungfrau Noris for centuries, resisting—and here, perhaps, he is right—the gnawing tooth of time as no other building of Nuremberg has done.

The Imperial Castle, built on the highest of the three plateaux, from which rise the various towers, etc., that are collectively known as the Burg, has, unfortunately, in spite of its venerable external appearance, been so much modernized that very little of its original character remains. In 1893 it lost one of its most valued relics of the past, by the death of the fine elm, of which only the blackened stump, draped with creepers, now remains in the central courtyard, said to have been planted by St. Cunigunda in gratitude for the escape of her husband, St. Henry, who saved

himself from falling down a precipice, to the brink of which he had ridden, by clutching at the branch of a tree.

A modern staircase leads up from the court-yard to the living-rooms of the palace, rebuilt as recently as 1856, and as the works of art collected in them are, with some few exceptions, modern, it is not until the chapels in the Heidenturm, now entered from the castle, are reached, that any real sense of the continuity between the past and the present is felt.

The chapels, though one is of considerably earlier date than the other, practically form one building, the lower portion of which is dedicated to St. Margaret, whilst the upper is known as the Kaiserkapelle, a wide opening in the centre of the latter enabling worshippers in both to share in the same services. The Chapel of St. Margaret is generally supposed to have belonged to the first castle that rose up on the Burg, and to have been used as a burial-place for the Emperors and Burggraves. Beneath its floor were found, some few years ago, the skeletons of two bodies, over which much controversy has been waged, certain authorities believing them to be the remains of two members of the Hohenstaufen family, whilst others think they are those of two of the earliest Burggraves. In any case, the gloomy, crypt-like character of their resting-place is thoroughly suit-

able for a mortuary chapel. The massive pillars that uphold the circular vault were evidently, as was the custom when the building was erected, placed in position before the capitals were hewn, whilst the slender marble columns of the later Kaiserkapelle have finely-carved capitals and bases. Some attribute the building of the upper chapel to Conrad III., the first Hohenstaufen to occupy the Burg; others to his successor, the much-loved Frederick Barbarossa, who, as is well known, was very often resident in Nuremberg. Possibly it may have been begun by Conrad and completed by Frederick.

A quaint legend, very significant of the credulity of the time in which it was evolved, is related in connection with the building of the upper chapel, some versions making Conrad III., others Frederick I., one of the chief figures in the wondrous tale. The chapel, so goes the story, had been begun, and was already considerably advanced, when news was received that a royal guest who had arranged to pay a visit to the castle some months later, would be at the gates of the Burg in a few days. Conrad or Frederick was most anxious that the chapel should be finished before the great event, and by his eagerness so impressed the workmen and everyone concerned, that they worked day and night in the hope of meeting his wishes.

The task, however, seemed hopeless, as four marble columns which were to be brought from Italy had not yet started on their journey, and it was impossible to supply their place with any other material. No one was more anxious about the matter than the chaplain, a certain Father Cyril, and one night he had a terrible dream, in which the Devil appeared to him and made an extraordinary offer. He would bring the four marble columns from Italy in time if the priest would give him his soul in exchange for them. Naturally the holy man hesitated to pay so high a price, whereat his visitor went so far as to add, 'I can bring all your pillars, one by one, more quickly than you can say Mass. If I do so, will you pay the forfeit?' Father Cyril pondered a moment and then consented to the bargain, reflecting that, if the evil one should win, he himself would be the only loser, whilst the Devil would, for once, have aided in a holy cause. Only one condition did the reckless priest make: the other party to the wager must not start until the bell calling the congregation to the service should cease ringing. 'Agreed,' said the Devil, and seated himself on the top of the unfinished church to wait for the signal. The instant it was given he was off, a fearful storm breaking over the chapel as he disappeared in a mass of cloud, rent by lightning. The fury of the elements raged

unchecked all through the celebration of Mass, and three times the Devil dashed in, bringing with him one column. As he entered the sacred building for the fourth time, however, he heard the last solemn words: 'Dominus vobiscum ita missa est.' He realized at once that he was beaten, and as the exhausted priest fell almost lifeless before the altar, the evil one flung the last column upon the ground, breaking it in half with the force of the blow.

When the workmen arrived the next morning, they found three richly-carved pillars in the right position, and a fourth in two halves lying near. The news of the extraordinary event was quickly noised abroad, and Father Cyril, who was long in recovering from his swoon, was eagerly cross-examined. He could scarcely at first believe in his own salvation, and feared that his spiritual superiors would never forgive this traffic with the evil one. The Emperor, however, pleaded his cause so eloquently with the Bishop who came to consecrate the miraculously completed church, that he was absolved. He was even allowed to take part in the solemn service of thanksgiving that was held when the expected royal guest arrived.

Whatever may have been the origin of this remarkable legend, or the cause of the join in one of the pillars, now marked by an iron ring, there is no doubt that the marble of which the columns are

composed came from Italy, and that the chapel of which they form so distinctive a feature is a true gem of Romanesque architecture. With the building beneath it, it is a poem in stone, and its ornamentation, dating from several different periods, links it with the golden age of German art, when the great masters of carving, sculpture, and painting vied with each other in the decoration of the churches of Nuremberg. The carving in wood representing the Last Supper, above the high altar, with the paintings of the wings of the triptych, of which it forms the centre, all of very early date and unknown authorship, are very beautiful, and lead up, as it were, to the more highly-finished works of Veit Stoss and Adam Kraft in the choir, and the finely-chiselled heads that adorn the western wall are true masterpieces of the sixteenth century, though the name of their author has not been preserved. Very interesting also is the Imperial Oratory, entered from the palace by a short flight of steps, built in 1519 for Charles V., and recently well restored, the removal of the disfiguring plaster on its walls revealing some really fine frescoes. From it the Emperor, undisturbed himself, can look down upon the double chapel and join in the services that are still held in it when the castle is occupied.

The living rooms of the palace, constantly altered and added to as they have been to meet the tastes

of the various Imperial owners who have used them from time to time, retain, unfortunately, but little of the fascinating aroma of the past, that gives so great a charm to the older portions of the Burg. The chief kitchen is, however, said to be that used in the time of Frederick Barbarossa, to which two others were added in 1477 and another somewhat later. The entrance gateway is supposed to be identical with that set up in 1520, replacing a very much older one, and modified by order of the Rat of Nuremberg in 1562. A specially fine feature of one of the Emperor's private rooms is the ceiling painted by Hans Springinklee in honour of the visit of Charles V.; and, amongst the interesting domestic relics of times gone by, the stoves in the larger apartments deserve special recognition, many of them being true works of art, although the humble purpose they served has led to their being depreciated. Those designed by Hirschvogel are especially fine, but amongst the older ones by unknown designers are some of great beauty.

It is indeed remarkable that so homogeneous and harmonious an appearance should be presented by the various buildings of the Burg, dating as they do from so many different periods, and reflecting the requirements of no less than three totally distinct and often hostile communities—the Imperial and Burggravine households and the representatives

of the town. Whether the precincts of the stronghold be entered through the Himmels Thor at the top of the Burgsstrasse, or from the outer circumvallation by way of the Vestner Thor, dominated by the great tower of the same name, the effect is equally impressive and dignified; nor, in spite of the many comparatively modern houses within the walls, is there anything to detract from the general sense of congruity and fitness. The sixteenth-century cottages behind the nineteenth-century house, enshrining the Deep Well, and the quaint mediæval buildings of the Schwedenhof, are one and all in thorough touch with their surroundings. It is indeed a noteworthy element of the unfading charm of the Burg that human lives are still lived in it, and that ever fresh associations are growing up beneath its protecting shadow. It is no isolated survival of a forgotten, or at the best dimly-remembered past; it takes its share in the life of to-day, shaping that of to-morrow, and inspires in its inhabitants the strong affection given only to a home.

Something of the same welding of the past and present is a feature of the glorious view of Nuremberg and its surroundings from the summit of the Vestner Turm, the balconies of the Palace and the Freiung, for the near and the distant are welded into one symmetrical whole, over which ever broods the spirit of the long ago. All modern

THE SCHWEDENHOF ON THE BURG.

incongruities, such as the electric tram lines, the huge shops, the teeming, black-coated crowds, are lost, whilst the sea of red-tiled roofs and lofty chimneys remain much what they were when the city was the home of Albrecht Dürer and Adam Kraft.

It is in the evening light, when the sun has set, but before the after-glow has faded away, that the illusion is most complete. Then, as the twinkling lights of the houses shine out one by one, and the towers and spires of the churches and the fortifications emerge slowly from the gathering gloom, the throbbing glow of electricity from the huge goods-station beyond, that might come from some forest conflagration, forming a luminous background, Nuremberg becomes once more a mediæval city. Her long stretches of dreary manufacturing suburbs are blotted out, their faint illuminations seeming to be but the watch-fires of a warlike host, encamped in the open country, or of some charcoal-burners preparing for the vigil of the night. Then the very air seems to throb with romance; the voices of the children playing below are hushed as they whisper to each other. 'See! there comes out the White Tower; how it shines through the dark, and look how bright the towers of St. Sebald are to-night!'

CHAPTER II

THE CONNECTION OF THE HOHENSTAUFEN FAMILY WITH NUREMBERG

It can only have been for a very short time that the Burg, which has for so many centuries dominated Nuremberg, was in any strict sense isolated. The very fact that it was occupied by the Emperor, if only for a few weeks at a time, must have led to an influx of settlers in the neighbourhood; and when, as probably happened soon after the building of the first castle, the first Burggraf was appointed, he in his turn must have attracted many followers. The scattered fishermen's huts on the Pegnitz and those of the woodcutters in the forest, must soon have been supplemented by the forges of the blacksmiths, who shod the horses of the nobles, and the homes of the armourers, who forged the weapons of the knights. Moreover, the Burg and its dependencies were most likely quite unequal to the housing of the numerous retainers of the Burggraves, who, though they probably camped in tents outside the walls in the summer, must have required some shelter in the long severe winter.

The earliest actual mention of Nuremberg occurs in an edict, dated from it under the name of 'Nourenberc,' on July 20, 1050, by the Emperor, Henry III., who the same year summoned his nobles to meet him there. Henry is also said to have been the first to confer on the town the rights of holding a market and issuing her own coinage, which, of course, would imply that the place was already of considerable importance. Some say the market was only temporarily transferred from Fürth, then already a large village, to Nuremberg; but as there is no record that the privilege was ever taken away from the former, the significance of the incident remains the same. From that time the visits of the Emperors, who, through the many accidents that befell them, succeeded each other with tragic rapidity, appear to have been pretty frequent, and when Conrad III., the first Hohenstaufen, took up his residence in the castle soon after his election in 1137, the first of the three walls that were later to encircle the town was probably already completed.

The first wall of Nuremberg, in the opinion of the best German authorities, enclosed but a small area, and is supposed to have run from the western side of the Burg in a southerly direction, across what is still known as the Weinmarkt, beyond which it bent eastwards, till it reached the swampy meadows by the Pegnitz, that then, as now, cut

the inhabited districts in half. Thence the river itself formed the boundary for some little distance, and the wall is supposed to have started again from what is now the Spitalplatz, and to have run northwards to the so-called Tetzelgasse, where a relic of it remains in the form of the Romerturm, named after the family to which the house into which it was later converted belonged. The wall then passed over the hill now occupied by the church and square of St. Egidius, skirted along the seven rows of weavers' houses still standing, built in 1448 for the use of Swabian immigrants, to the Froschturm—the name of which is very suggestive of the marshy district from which it rose—now replaced by the modern Maxthor.

The church of St. Egidius, or St. Giles, supposed to have stood just outside the first wall, originally belonged to a monastery of Scotch Benedictine monks, and was built for them in 1140 by Conrad III. on the site, according to tradition, of a very much older chapel dedicated to St. Martin, erected by Charlemagne—of whose presence in the neighbourhood there is, however, no historical evidence—in gratitude for his escape when he had lost his way when hunting in the forest.

The church and monastery, with the exception of three small chapels, were burnt down in 1696, and between 1711 and 1718 another building was erected in their stead which is a truly melancholy

example of the decadence of ecclesiastical architecture, which had then fully set in. Hideous galleries disfigure the interior, but the altar-piece is a fine copy of a 'Descent from the Cross,' by Van Dyck, and on the wall behind are two charming bas-reliefs in bronze—one of the 'Entombment' by Peter Vischer, the other attributed to his son Hans. Fortunately the three chapels that escaped the flames, named respectively after Saints Eucharius and Wolfgang and the Tetzel family, are fine examples of late Romanesque architecture, the vaulting resembling that of the Kaisercapelle of the Burg, whilst the note of the approaching change to the Gothic style is struck by the combination of round and pointed arches. In the Tetzel Chapel are a few fragments of very ancient stained glass, a much mutilated 'Coronation of the Virgin,' by Adam Kraft, and a quaint 'Crucifixion' of much earlier date, in which the incident of casting lots for the coat without seam is very graphically rendered.

The principal streets of the town of Conrad III. and Frederick Barbarossa were: that called Unter der Vesten, the present Burgstrasse, and the old Bergstrasse, now the Albrecht Dürer Strasse, the former leading straight down from the Burg itself, the latter from what is now called the Thiergärtner Thor, and between the two were numerous narrow lanes with wooden houses, no traces of which

remain, though the foundations of a few somewhat later buildings near the chief market-place are supposed to be still what they were in the twelfth century.

Conrad III., who died in 1152, was succeeded by his nephew, Frederick I., who seems from the first to have had a great affection for Nuremberg, and who resided in the Burg at intervals for a considerable length of time. He probably added considerably to the castle, if not to the chapel, and it was in the former that he held his last Council before he started on the fatal journey to Palestine from which he was never to return. Of noble presence, his handsome features constantly, it is said, lit up by a genial smile, his ready courtesy, even to the most humble of his subjects, and his princely generosity, were long remembered by the people of Nuremberg, whose descendants still look back with pride upon the days when the Prince of the ruddy locks and beard, that won him the nickname of Barbarossa, was a familiar figure in the streets of the old town. None mourned more truly than the faithful burghers when the terrible news came that Frederick had been drowned in Cilicia whilst bathing, on June 10, 1190, and though they were loyal to his son and successor, Henry VI., who had been crowned Emperor during his father's lifetime, they never transferred their affections to him.

For centuries mothers still told tales of Frederick

OLD HOUSES ON THE PEGNITZ.

Barbarossa's wonderful deeds to their little ones, who were brought up to believe that he is not really dead, but is still sleeping peacefully in some lonely mountain cave, his beard growing ever longer and longer as he awaits the call of his people in their need. Now and then he turns his head to listen for that call, and to find out whether the ravens are still circling above his resting-place, for when they cease to do so the moment for his resurrection will have come.

Many years before his death Frederick Barbarossa gave to Conrad, a young scion of the then rising house of Hohenzollern, the office of Burggraf of Nuremberg, already a very important position, for it implied the dignity of a Prince of the Empire, and the new Burggraf knew well how to turn it to account. Under his energetic rule the privileges of his office rapidly increased until they became scarcely inferior to those of the Emperor himself, and from that time until the Burg and all its dependencies passed into the possession of the town the Burggraves were a power to be reckoned with, constantly at feud with the citizens, and not rarely also with the Emperors, to whom they were nominally subject.

The son of Frederick Barbarossa, Henry VI., cared comparatively little for Nuremberg, so that the Burggraves had things very much their own way. The new Emperor, however, occasionally

held his Court in the Burg, and a certain writer, with more imagination than regard for truth, describes a great tournament that took place in his honour in 1197, on which occasion the Rat, who could then have had no existence, gave a great banquet in the Town Hall, which was not built until several centuries later, to the Princes and nobles who had come to take part in the contest.

Henry VI. died in 1197, and two successors were simultaneously elected by the rival parties in the State. These were Philip of Swabia, a younger son of Frederick Barbarossa, and Duke Otto of Brunswick, son of Henry the Lion. The former was murdered in 1208 by Otto of Wittelsbach, whose ancestors were for a long period Burggraves of Nuremberg, the appointment having been given to one of them in 1127; and the surviving monarch, Otto of Brunswick, who was a man of little character, was superseded during his lifetime by Frederick II., a son of Henry VI., who seems to have inherited many of the noble qualities of his grandfather, Frederick Barbarossa. He, too, was devoted to Nuremberg, and to him the town owed her first charter, which was granted on November 8, 1219. The original document, with its seal, is preserved amongst the Imperial archives at Munich, and is, of course, looked upon as a most valuable historical relic. Except for a few words that are

now undecipherable, it is what it was when it was issued from the Burg of Nuremberg, and bears clear witness to the relations between the Emperor and the city. It confirms many privileges conferred by Frederick's predecessors, and to these adds several others, including the significant one that Nuremberg should henceforth owe allegiance to none but the Emperor, a clause that has been very eagerly discussed, for it raises the question: did the town belong to the reigning Emperor, of whatever house, or was it the private property of the Hohenstaufen family? Moreover, the fact that this famous charter makes no reference to the rights of the Burggraves over the Burg or over the town, is significant of the illegality of the devices they were so fond of advancing and so ready to maintain at any cost.

Not long after the granting of this charter Frederick II. left Germany for Italy, appointing his young son Henry his representative during his absence, and placing him under the guardianship of Engelbert, Archbishop of Cologne. Henry was then only ten years old, so that the Empire was, until his majority, practically governed by the prelate.

The young Prince spent much of his time in Nuremberg with his mother, and it was there that he was married in 1225 to Margaret, daughter of the Archduke Leopold of Austria. At the same

time Duke Henry of Austria, brother of the bride, was married to Agnes, a daughter of Landgraf Hermann of Thuringia, and a great festival was held in honour of the double wedding, which was, however, saddened by an unfortunate occurrence. It is related that a platform was erected in the Rittersaal, now the dining-hall of the Palace, for the spectators of the dancing, and that it suddenly fell with a crash upon the merrymakers, killing seventy of them, including many noble knights and fair ladies.

It is said to have been in the same room that the terrible news was brought to the newly-wedded Prince that his beloved guardian, the Archbishop of Cologne, had been murdered by his young nephew, the Duke of Isenberg. Overcome with grief, Henry, turning to the knights who were standing about him at the time, inquired what steps they considered should be taken to bring the assassin to justice. A quarrel arose, and from hot words the disputants came to blows. The struggle spread to the passage and staircase leading to the hall, and the latter gave way, crushing many in its fall. In the end the Duke of Isenberg was outlawed and excommunicated, but his life was spared.

The rest of Henry's life was clouded by a quarrel with his father, whose constant and prolonged absences from Germany caused much confusion

and mischief. It is said that Henry grieved greatly over the estrangement, and was on his way to ask forgiveness of Frederick, when the news was brought to him that his father had decided to take from him all his dignities, and transfer them to his half-brother Conrad. Henry, therefore, unfortunately gave up the idea of seeing the Emperor, who would probably gladly have hailed the chance of reconciliation, and endeavoured to escape by secret flight. He was, however, followed and brought back, losing his personal liberty as well as his kingdom. He was imprisoned first in one stronghold and then in another till his death, which took place in 1242. Frederick II. died eight years later; his son, Conrad IV., followed him to the grave in 1254; and by the death in 1268 of his grandson Conradin, who was beheaded at Naples after the Battle of Tagliacozzo, which lost him his last hope of winning back his paternal heritage, the noble house of Hohenstaufen came to an untimely end. True, the last son of Frederick II., Enzio, at one time King of Sardinia, lived on until 1270, but he had been a prisoner in Bologna for twenty years before his death, and his sister Katherine died a nun in a French convent in 1279.

CHAPTER III

CONVENTS AND CHURCHES OF NUREMBERG FOUNDED IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

THROUGHOUT the period of the supremacy of the Hohenstaufens Nuremberg continued to grow rapidly, many new houses rising up within the original boundaries of the city, whilst several convents, with the churches associated with them, were built outside the walls. The Benedictine monastery of St. Egidius, already referred to, was ere long succeeded by an Augustinian convent, which was burnt down soon after its completion and replaced by another on a different site, since removed, and now part of the Germanic Museum. In the thirteenth century many monks of the then recently-founded Mendicant Orders flocked to Nuremberg, at that time devoted to the Catholic faith. 'They resembled,' says an orthodox chronicler, 'the four rivers of Paradise,' whilst a heretic annalist likens them to the plague of locusts that ate up all the foliage and fruit of the land. For the Franciscans, a convent, of which a few relics still remain, was built near what is now called the

Museum bridge, long known as that of the Barefooted Friars, whilst part of a monastery that belonged to the Carmelite brethren was until recently used as a post-office. The Dominicans were not long in following the rival Orders, and their eloquent preachers are said to have won over many waverers to the Catholic faith.

A wealthy citizen, named Otto Winkler, is credited with having given the Preaching Friars a site and aided them in building their monastery, which now belongs to the municipality and contains the valuable town library, which, in addition to the Archives of the City, includes 2,000 valuable manuscripts, collected chiefly by Hieronymus Paumgärtner and Erasmus Ebner. Amongst these are the so-called Machsor, bearing date 1311, containing a complete collection of Jewish hymns and prayers inscribed on vellum; autograph letters from Luther, Melancthon, and Gustavus Adolphus, poems by Hans Sachs, with many other priceless treasures. A unique collection of early printed books, drawings and old prints, with many thousands of volumes of reference, combine to make the old home of the Dominicans a perfect storehouse of wealth for the student of history, literature, and art.

As a matter of course, the Poor Clares, as the sisterhood founded by St. Clara of Assisi was called, were also early represented in orthodox

Nuremberg. They were, it is said, preceded by a little party of nuns known as the Penitents, who were supposed to be under the special patronage of Mary Magdalene, and in 1240 established themselves outside the walls of the town. In 1274 their Order was incorporated with that of the Poor Clares, and a convent was built for the united community on the site of the inner Frauenthor, now destroyed, which was named after the holy women. In course of time the convent became a celebrated place of education, and until the Reformation it was the fashion amongst the well-to-do citizens of Nuremberg to send their daughters to it.

In 1295 yet another convent for nuns was erected outside Nuremberg, for a sisterhood that bore something of the same relation to the Dominican as the Poor Clares did to the Franciscan Order. They were named after St. Catherine, and, according to popular belief, were at first represented only by a few women who lived in huts on the banks of the Pegnitz and went about visiting the sick. A certain wealthy citizen, however, resolved to build a convent for them, and set aside a portion of his land for the purpose. His daughter, whose name was Catherine, took a great interest in the matter, but considered her father's gift far too small. The story goes that, thinking the end justified the means, she bribed the workmen who were marking out the boundaries to widen their

extent. They did so in the dead of the night, and when the donor came in the morning to see how the work was progressing, he jumped to the somewhat hasty conclusion that a miracle had been performed by St. Catherine, who he said had evidently intervened. He therefore made a free gift of the larger piece of ground, and the convent was built on a more extensive scale. Fired by his example, other rich men bestowed gifts on the community, till it became one of the wealthiest in the neighbourhood. Not until the Reformation did the prosperity of the convent decline, and its church, which is still standing, was long one of the most frequented in Nuremberg. It is recorded that when the Emperor Charles V. was in the city in 1541, the citizens firmly refused to allow his confessor to perform Mass in it. It became secularized, and the famous Meistersingers of Nuremberg, of whom Hans Sachs was so noted a member, used to hold their meetings in it, a fact commemorated by Wagner, who has made it the scene of an episode in his drama of the 'Meistersinger.'

Of the Convent of St. Catherine none of the buildings remain but the entrance gateway, with a figure of the titular saint on one side, in the Peter Vischer Strasse. The church, however, though deprived of all its ecclesiastical fittings, is still much what it was when first erected. It contains an interesting reproduction of a bas-relief, the original

of which is in the Germanic Museum, representing Hans Sachs in the pulpit addressing his pupils, who are picturesquely grouped below; and the whole of one of the walls is occupied by a large oil-painting by Ritter, the famous deaf and dumb artist, of the market-place of Nuremberg as it was in the sixteenth century, in which the famous gooseman, who has been immortalized by Pancras Labenwolf in the figure on the Fountain of the fruit market described below, is twice introduced.

The earliest church founded in Nuremberg independently of a monastery seems to have been that named after St. Sebald, to whom, according to a tradition dear to the hearts of the people, the town owed far more than to the protection afforded by the Burg the frequent presence of the Emperor, the fruitfulness of the neighbourhood, its richness in game, or even the rights secured to the citizens by charter.

The legend of St. Sebald is indeed one of the most beautiful that has been evolved by popular imagination, so full is it of poetry, and so vividly does it reflect the simple faith in the almighty power of God, working through His chosen human instruments, that for so many centuries characterized the sturdy peasants of Franconia.

As is the case with all legends of the saints, that of St. Sebald is variously told, being coloured by the different media through which it has passed.

The most generally received version is that he was the son of a King and Queen of Denmark, who had long earnestly prayed to God to give them a child. When they had abandoned all hope of an answer to their appeal, a son was granted to them, who from his earliest childhood seemed to be set aside for some high mission. He was educated at Paris, greatly distinguishing himself by his eager attention to his studies, and winning the devotion alike of his teachers and his fellow-pupils. On his return home at the age of eighteen, a marriage was arranged for him with a beautiful young girl of noble birth, but he had already resolved to dedicate his life to God alone, and though he yielded to the pressure put upon him so far as to go through the marriage service with his bride, he explained to her as soon as they were alone together that he could be her husband in name only. How she received this startling announcement the legend does not say, but the young Prince, having exacted a promise from her not to give the alarm until he was out of reach, fled from the palace that same night. He was never seen or heard of by his parents again, who mourned deeply over his loss, but, at the same time, were able to rejoice that their beloved son had chosen what they felt was the better part.

After being alone in the forest for some years

praying and fasting, the future saint made his way to Italy, where he was joined by a young disciple named Dionysius, who henceforth became his devoted attendant, and for whom he conceived a very deep affection—so deep, indeed, that he condoned offences on his part that he would certainly never have forgiven in himself. The story goes, for instance, that once when Dionysius had drunk the wine the holy man kept by him for the use of the sick, and in fear and trembling brought the empty pitcher to his master, St. Sebald, who knew everything, refilled it with a word, his ready forgiveness proving that his sanctity did not set him altogether above human weaknesses.

St. Sebald is said to have worked for some years with the early missionaries, the brothers Saints Willibald and Winibald, and to have been sent by them to convert the heathen in Lombardy. However that may be, the rumour of his extraordinary sanctity soon spread far and wide. It was whispered that he was constantly attended by an angel, who brought him food and drink when he was exhausted with travelling and preaching; but possibly it was only Dionysius, who was taken for a heavenly visitor, for he was never weary of waiting upon the master, who was more than a father to him.

Miracles of a most extraordinary character are supposed to have everywhere marked the course

of St. Sebald. On one occasion, for instance, when a heathen or heretic made fun of his teaching, the preacher prayed earnestly to God to give a sign that he had spoken the truth, and even as the words left his lips the ground opened beneath the feet of the scoffer, who sank up to his neck into the cleft. In his agony the man cried aloud to St. Sebald for help, declaring that he would never again doubt his word, and the holy man, who was as tender-hearted as he was devout, released his enemy with a word.

From Italy St. Sebald wandered, it is said, into Bavaria, crossing the Danube, over which there was then no bridge, on his cloak, and in due time came to the forests of Franconia, where his wanderings were marked by ever fresh wonders. A poor man who gave him shelter let him drink out of a costly borrowed glass, but as the saint restored it to him it fell to the ground and was broken into a thousand pieces. St. Sebald, however, joined them together with a touch, anticipating a similar miracle said to have been performed by St. Antony of Padua many centuries later.

On another occasion the holy man aided a labourer to find his oxen when they had strayed in a dense wood, by pointing his finger, from which shot rays of light, in the direction in which they had gone. When a churlish peasant, in whose

house St. Sebald had asked to be allowed to rest one bitter winter's day, refused to light a fire, the wanderer told him to bring some icicles from the roof. The man obeyed, wondering what his strange guest would ask for next, and, to his intense astonishment, St. Sebald quickly set fire to them, inviting the peasant and his wife to warm themselves, as he was doing.

As was but natural, all these miracles made St. Sebald very popular in Franconia, and from far and near crowds flocked to hear him preach or to ask his aid in their troubles. Hard work and fasting presently led to a breakdown, and the missionary was compelled to rest. Fears were even entertained for his life, and one day a disciple asked him if there was anything he could fancy that would tempt him to eat. St. Sebald, who was but human after all, replied that he would dearly like a bit of fish—a simple desire apparently, but one very difficult to grant in those days of the supremacy of the nobles. It was, indeed, a penal offence then (as, by the way, it still is) to take fish from the Pegnitz, or even to buy it in the market until the Burggraf's steward should have chosen what was needed for the castle. The penalty for the crime was a severe one—no less than to be blinded with a red-hot iron—yet a friend was found who dared to brave even that for the sake of the beloved saint. Whether the fish was taken straight

from the river or secretly bought, the legend does not say, but just when the peasant who had secured it was nearing the house where St. Sebald lay, the poor man was caught by the Burggraf's officers, and condemned to be blinded. After he had been deprived of his sight, the unfortunate peasant was led to the bedside of St. Sebald, who, greatly touched by his devotion, at once restored him by laying his hands upon his eyes, with a prayer to God for help.

These were but a few of the wonderful deeds performed by the holy missionary during his lifetime; and after his death his power is said to have become even greater, so that the presence of his relics in Nuremberg added much to the glory and prosperity of the town. Before he breathed his last he was asked where he would like to be buried, and replied that he would leave God to decide, only directing that his bier should be placed in a cart to which two unbroken oxen were to be yoked, adding: 'Where they take my body, there let it remain.' His instructions were followed, and the animals, all untutored though they were, drew their burden, without a moment's hesitation, to a little wooden chapel dedicated to St. Peter, on the site of the present St. Sebald, said to have been founded by St. Boniface, of whose presence in the neighbourhood there is, however, no historic record.

The sacred remains were buried in the choir, but

a few years later the chapel was struck by lightning, after which the coffin was removed to the Church of St. Egidius, where many signal proofs were given of the saint's potent influence for good or evil

The monks of St. Egidius were, of course, anxious to keep the treasure that brought renown and wealth to their convent, but amongst them was a young lay-brother who was disposed to scoff at their enthusiasm, and used secretly to jeer at the dead saint. One night he even went so far as to steal into the chapel when the brethren had all retired to rest, and to open the coffin that lay before the altar. There he saw the holy man, with no signs of decay about him, and with a smile of heavenly peace upon his lips; but even then undaunted, the intruder pulled the holy man's beard, crying out: 'Well, old fellow, what a lot of people you have fooled!' Bitterly, however, did the scoffer rue his folly, for the next moment he received a terrible blow on the side of his face, driving one of his eyes into his head.

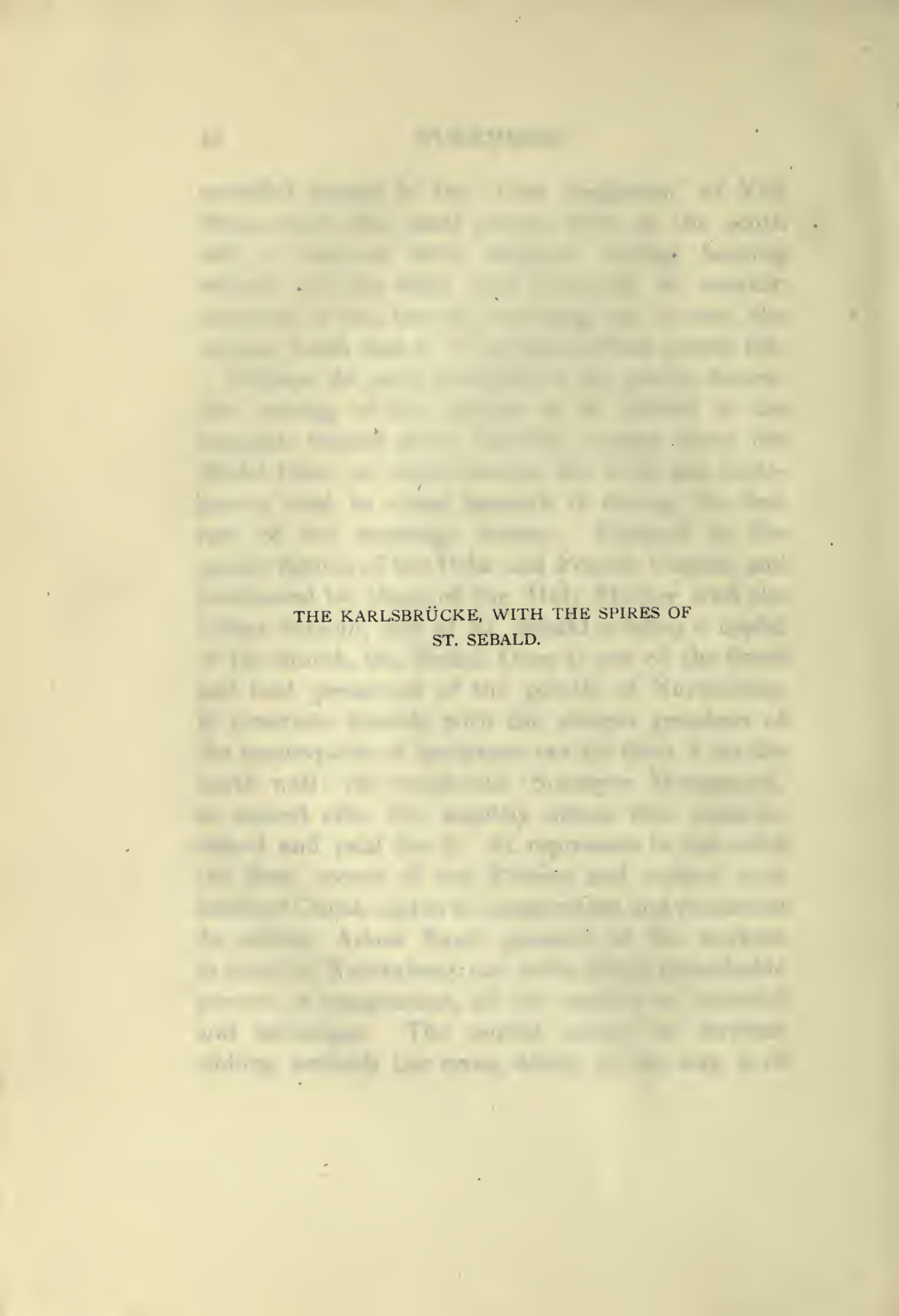
That St. Sebald forgave the insult and healed his enemy is a matter of course; but for all that, he objected to remaining any longer in the place where he had been so rudely treated. Three times, it is said, his coffin was missed from St. Egidius, and found beside the ruins of its first resting-place. It was therefore finally resolved

that a church should be built there for its reception. A building of some kind was probably erected in the tenth century, but it was not until two centuries later that the present church was begun, and it has been very much modified since its first completion.

The original form of the new building seems to have been that of a basilica, but the eastern end was pulled down in 1361, and replaced by the present beautiful Gothic choir that is now (1905) undergoing thorough restoration. The nave probably remains much what it was when it formed part of the original basilica, but the towers at the western end are of fifteenth-century origin. The result of the difference of date of the various features is a certain want of harmony in the general effect of the exterior, but this is fully atoned for by the exquisite beauty of the decoration that enriches every part, and is indeed a poem in stone in many cantos, in which many gifted craftsmen, who cared nothing for worldly fame so long as they could promote the glory of God, gave material form to their spiritual conceptions. Every delicate spire or finial seems to breathe forth the yearning of the human after the divine; every piece of sculpture, from the life-sized figure of Christ on the cross at the west end (ascribed to Hermann Vischer the elder), that compels the attention of the most callous passer-by, to the

crowded groups in the 'Last Judgment' of Veit Stoss, above the small eastern door on the south side, is instinct with religious feeling, bearing witness to the faith that animated its creator, and even at this late day teaching, not in vain, the ancient truth that it is the Spirit which giveth life.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the purely decorative carving of the exterior of St. Sebald is the exquisite tracery of the lace-like canopy above the Bridal Door, so called because the bride and bridegroom used to stand beneath it during the first part of the marriage service. Flanked by the quaint figures of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and dominated by those of the Holy Mother with the Infant Saviour, and of St. Sebald holding a model of his church, the Bridal Door is one of the finest and best preserved of the portals of Nuremberg. It contrasts forcibly with the solemn grandeur of the masterpiece of sculpture not far from it on the north wall: the wonderful 'Schreyer Monument,' so named after the wealthy citizen who commissioned and paid for it. It represents in bas-relief the final scenes of the Passion and victory over death of Christ, and in its composition and execution its author, Adam Kraft, greatest of the workers in stone of Nuremberg, put forth all his remarkable powers of imagination, all his mastery of material and technique. The central scene—the Saviour sinking beneath the cross, which, by the way, is of



THE KARLSBRÜCKE, WITH THE SPIRES OF
ST. SEBALD.

the T shape generally adopted by German artists of the sixteenth century—is almost painful in its intense realization of the weariness and pain of the Sufferer, whilst the Resurrection on the left, with the soldiers wearing the armour of the artist's time, graphically expresses the Redeemer's joy at the completion of His long and arduous struggle.

On the right is a beautiful 'Entombment,' the mourning women seeming, in the midst of their grief, to feel relief at the ending of the pain; and set in a fine landscape in the background are, on one side, Calvary, with the thieves already on their crosses, though that of our Lord is empty, and on the other a charming view of old Nuremberg.

It is characteristic of the time at which this fine creation was completed, as well as of the artist's indifference to recognition of his work, that a huge lantern, still *in situ*, should have been hung opposite the centre of the monument, hiding the chief scene, so that the design cannot even now be satisfactorily seen as a whole.

The oldest part of the interior of St. Sebald's is the chapel dedicated to St. Peter at the western end, generally called the Löffelholz, several members of the old German family of that name having been buried in it. At its entrance is a fine bronze font, with good bas-reliefs, said to have been the first important piece of metal-work cast in Nuremberg, in which the future Emperor Wenceslas was

baptized. The pillars that uphold the roof of the western end of the great church have finely-carved capitals, the walls are adorned with quaint old frescoes, and above the main arch is a gallery known as the Engelschörlein, or angels' choir, for the use of choristers ; the lofty nave, with its combination of round and pointed arches, marking the transition from the Romanesque to the Gothic style, leading up to the beautiful choir, with fine old stained-glass windows, that is now (1905), however, boarded up for restoration.

The shrine of St. Sebald, one of the greatest treasures not only of the beautiful building that contains it, but also of the town of Nuremberg, generally stands opposite the high-altar of the choir, where it harmonizes well with the architecture forming its setting ; but it is now removed to one side of the nave, where, built round as it is with a wooden hoarding, it suffers temporary eclipse. The exquisite details can, it is true, be examined, but no real idea can be obtained of its fine proportions, or of the unique harmony of every part.

Executed, as the master himself has stated in Gothic letters inscribed upon its base, ' to promote the glory of God Almighty and St. Sebald,' the shrine is justly considered the most perfect piece of metal work in the world—a masterpiece of design and execution that remains to this day exactly as it was when it left the mould in which it was cast, for

it has never been touched with file or with chisel, and the fine bronze of which it consists shows no sign of deterioration.

The Sarcophagus itself dates from 1397, and consists of an oaken chest enriched with beaten plates of gold and silver, within which are the relics of the saint; and the commission to make a fitting shrine for it was given to Peter Vischer in 1507. Aided by his five sons, he worked incessantly at his grand design for twelve years, paid for his arduous toil by voluntary contributions alone, that did little more than meet the cost of the materials required. For this, however, he cared nothing, for he had long eagerly desired to be appointed to the task, and had, it is said, already made more than one model of a shrine somewhat resembling that finally executed.

The beautiful creation rests upon twelve large snails, with a dolphin at each corner, and at the base of the four pillars that uphold the miniature Gothic chapel, with its delicately moulded canopy, are statuettes of Hercules, Perseus, Samson, and Nimrod, each with an attendant female figure, typical respectively of Justice, Wisdom, Temperance, and Strength. The Shrine is further enriched by noble presentments of the twelve apostles and the chief prophets, supplemented by some fifty other figures, including groups of happy-looking children, some playing with musical instruments,

others with animals, and giving a charming touch of naïveté to an otherwise solemn design, the whole forming a perfect poem in bronze, a dream of beauty translated into imperishable material.

No less effective are the bas-reliefs of the Miracles of St. Sebald that adorn the plinth on which the sarcophagus rests. The subjects represented are the Refilling of the Pitcher of Dionysius, the Punishment of the Man who mocked at the Preaching of the Saint, the Conversion of the Icicles into a blazing Fire, and the Restoration of the Blind Man to sight. The story is in each case told with dramatic force, but unfortunately the columns that cut each of the compositions in half rather spoil their effect, that is further neutralized by the iron railing protecting the shrine from too close an approach.

Although they are at present (1905) invisible, there are many other fine works of art in the Church of St. Sebald, including several bas-reliefs by Adam Kraft on the walls of the choir, and some interesting early paintings above the side-altars. The great Crucifixion above the high altar, by Veit Stoss (one of his latest productions), the decorations of the choir-stalls, and a small carving in wood, attributed to Albrecht Dürer, are also full of interest.

Second only in importance to St. Sebald's Church is that of St. Lorenzo, or Laurence, the older

portion of which dates from about the same time as the western end of the former. It is supposed to occupy the site of a much earlier chapel dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre, of which no trace now remains. In general appearance the church of San Lorenzo greatly resembles that of St. Sebald, the long, low roof of the main building being unrelieved by pinnacles, whilst the choir, considerably loftier than the nave, and the towers of the west end, rise up with almost painful abruptness. To atone for this, however, the sculptures on the chief entrance, that date from the fourteenth century, are very beautiful, well preserved, and of great interest, prophetic as they are of the remarkable advance made in plastic art in Germany in the fifteenth century.

The interior of St. Lorenzo is of very great structural beauty, with its massive pillars and well-proportioned roof, its finely-carved clerestory gallery running all round the choir, its sacristy, with the winding staircase leading to the upper story, and its many side-chapels. It is, moreover, a perfect storehouse of German mediæval and Renaissance art. The windows of the east end are among the best preserved examples of early stained glass in Europe; some of them—notably the one giving scenes from the wanderings of the Children of Israel and that with incidents of the Passion of Christ—are exquisite alike in design and colour. The carvings of Veit Stoss, especially the 'Cruci-

fixion' over the high altar and the quaint circular 'Angelus' suspended from the roof of the choir; the tapestries of the chapels, with their realistic renderings of scenes from the lives of Saints Catherine, Lawrence, and other martyrs; and, above all, the Ciborium, or Pyx, of Adam Kraft, are all unique of their kind. The last-named is generally spoken of as its author's masterpiece, although the palm should certainly be given rather to the Schreyer monument of St. Sebald's Church, for the Ciborium is somewhat wanting in the solemn grandeur generally characteristic of the great sculptor's designs. Indeed, with the exception of the kneeling figures—portraits of Adam Kraft and his two assistants — upholding the structure, the sculptures are wanting in the life-like virility which is the main factor in the fine effect of the scenes from the Passion on the wall of St. Sebald's; whilst the Gothic canopy, with its tapering pinnacles and redundancy of ornamentation, distract the attention from what should be the absorbing interest of the central subject.

Many curious legends have in the course of centuries gathered about the old church of St. Lorenzo, two of which, as especially characteristic of the time when they were evolved, are well worthy of relation. In the lower part of one of the windows on the right-hand side of the choir can be seen the figure of a monk with a rope round his neck, com-

A GROUP OF ROOFS, WITH THE SPIRES OF ST. LORENZO.

memorating a certain Brother Lambertus, who committed suicide in his despair when the spiritual advisers he had long trusted in accepted the teaching of Luther, leaving him alone on the other side of the abyss that yawned between the Roman Catholics and Protestants. The agony of Lambertus was intensified by the fact that he was in love with a young girl who returned his affection, and, being a heretic, would have seen no sin in their marriage. The struggle with his conscience was too great for the monk, and in trying to escape from one crime he committed another, for one morning he was found hanging dead from a rope he had fastened to a stanchion of a window in St. Lorenzo. His body was cut down and flung outside the town as unworthy of Christian burial, but his spirit long haunted the scene of his tragic fate.

On the upper part of a flight of stone steps, leading to a little oratory on the south side of the nave of St. Lorenzo, is a carving of a rat, supposed to be opposite a portion of the wall behind which a monk who had been false to his vows was immured and left to die of starvation, but who was saved from death by the devotion of a young girl, who managed to convey food to him. That he still lived was betrayed by a rat having been seen issuing from a crack in the wall with a piece of bread in its mouth. The stones were removed,

and the prisoner was found to be still in good health. His preservation was looked upon as a miracle, and he was allowed to go free, on condition that he left Nuremberg never to return—a rare piece of leniency indeed in those days of indifference to human suffering. Whether his exile was cheered by the companionship of the friend to whom he owed his life the legend does not say.

The only other still existing church of Nuremberg that was founded in the thirteenth century is that of St. Jakob, or St. James, which was restored in 1824, and so much altered that little of the original structure remains. It was given as early as 1209 by the Emperor Otto IV. to the German Order of Jerusalem, and the letter conveying the property, contains what is supposed to be the first reference to any building in Nuremberg outside the precincts of the Burg. St. Jakob's served as the chapel of the Order for several centuries, and Roman Catholic services were held in it until 1634, when it was transferred to the Protestants by Gustavus Adolphus. The Altar-piece is a very fine example of early German painting and sculpture, the central portion containing a number of figures carved in wood by an unknown predecessor of Veit Stoss, whilst on the wings are paintings attributed to Michael Wolgemut. Above is a reproduction of the celebrated Nuremberg Madonna,

described below in connection with the Carthusian Monastery, which contrasts greatly with the comparatively crude work beneath it. In one of the side-chapels on the left is a beautiful group, carved in wood, of St. Anne, with the Virgin as a child of about twelve on one knee, and the Infant Saviour on the other; a favourite subject with German artists, in spite of the manifest anachronism of representing the Holy Child and His Mother as children together); and on the wall of a chapel on the right is a charming little bas-relief in stone, bearing date 1532, of Christ taking leave of His Mother, in which the effect of light and shadow is remarkably fine.

CHAPTER IV

THE TOWN OF NUREMBERG IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

LONG before the churches of St. Sebald and St. Lorenzo were completed, it had become necessary to supplement the first wall of Nuremberg with a second, embracing a much wider area, though it followed to a great extent the same course as its predecessor. This wall is supposed to have been begun as early as the twelfth, possibly even in the eleventh, century, and to have enclosed the whole of the parishes of St. Sebald and St. Lorenzo, though it left outside the church of St. Jakob and the house of the German Knights of Jerusalem, which were long connected with each other by a wooden passage.

The course of the second wall can still be distinctly traced, and the two most noteworthy relics of it are the so-called Männerschuldturm, or Male Debtors' Tower, guarding the entrance of the Pegnitz into the old town, and the Wasserturm, or Water Tower, protecting its exit. The former rises from an island in the river, and

behind it can still be seen, jutting up from the water, a mass of masonry—with a picturesque group of alders growing on it—that formed part of the projecting buttresses intended to break the force of the stream. The Männerschuldturm was originally connected by a wooden bridge known as the Schuldbrücke, or Debtors' Bridge, with a similar tower, the Weiberschuldturm, reserved for female debtors, now completely destroyed, though traces can still be made out of the spring of the connecting arch on the grim face of the Männerschuldturm.

The Wasserturm, also often called the Hangman's Tower, because the public executioner used to live in a house on the bridge, known as the Henkersteg, connecting it with a smaller tower still standing on an islet of the river, is even more imposing than the Männerschuldturm, for it is a very massive square structure, still one of the most striking features of Nuremberg.

Unique survivals of a deeply interesting time, these two weather-worn buildings are wonderfully well preserved ; and judging from the manner in which they are built, the wall to which they belonged must have presented an appearance as remarkable for its picturesque beauty as for its strength. In spite of the fact that their surroundings are not really the same as when they were erected, there is nothing incongruous about them ;

the quaint old houses looking down upon the river, with their high-pitched, gabled roofs, their red tiles mellowed by time, their projecting balconies, draped in summer with masses of creepers, probably greatly resemble those whose sites they occupy. It is difficult, for instance, to realize that the venerable-looking inn known as the Weinstädel, and the quaint, one-storied house bridging over the space between it and the Wasserturm, are really more than one hundred years younger than the Henkersteg, or that not one of the churches or houses in sight of the Männerschuldturm was ever looked upon by the debtors imprisoned in it. The groups formed by the Wasserturm, Henkersteg, and Weinstädel may not unjustly be called the heart of mediæval Nuremberg, whilst the lonely Debtors' Tower might be one of its hands still stretched out to ward off the intruder. There is, in fact, something in touch with them all even in the most modern developments of the life that now throbs about them, for all the year round the Trödel, or rag-market, is held on an island of the Pegnitz dominated by the Wasserturm, and at certain times fairs take place on the vacant spaces near the bridge replacing the Schuldbrücke. It is, of course, only here and there that a real old costume is seen, but there is a strong mediæval flavour about some of the wares that are displayed for sale.

THE HENKERSTEG, WITH THE WASSER TURM.

The course of the second wall can be followed from almost any point most convenient to the pedestrian, but perhaps the simplest plan is to start from the modern Maxthor, and passing thence outside the seven rows of weavers' houses, already referred to in connection with the first wall, go down to the tower, known as the Inner Laufer-schlagturm, of fifteenth-century origin, that takes its name from its striking clock, said to be the first introduced into Nuremberg. Near to this tower, which probably replaces a much earlier one, is still distinctly visible the shooting-trench used by cross-bowmen, extending to the foundry known as Auf dem Sand, rising from the river bank and occupying the site of a group of huts, in which dwelt the first smelters of the newly-founded town. Beyond this foundry the wall is supposed to have made a considerable détour, though all trace of it is gone, to the spot where the present Neugasse and Heugasse abut on to the Spital Platz, where rose the now lost Mahler, or Muller Turm. Thence it crossed the Spital Platz, and with numerous towers rising up at intervals probably resembling the Männerschuldturm, described above, it passed down to the river, crossing both arms of the stream by way of the Schütt Insel, with the aid of the bridges already referred to, and strengthened by the two Debtors' Towers.

From the southern side of the Pegnitz the wall

continued its course to the so-called Inner Frauenthor, destroyed in 1499, now replaced by a fifteenth-century gateway, and between its site and the point of departure from the river, several open spaces remain that formed part of the old shooting-trench. One of these is behind the principal theatre, whilst beneath what is now the König-strasse, with its rows of lofty modern houses, ran the deep outer moat, still represented by a vast cellar, upheld by massive pillars, and extending beneath the fifteenth-century Mauthaus, or Toll-house, designed by Hans Behaim, now, after many vicissitudes, divided up into shops. Thence the so-called Frauengässlein, still flanked by mediæval arsenals, at present used as storehouses for hops, leads to the Färbergasse, broken here and there by bridged-over relics of the shooting-trench, and retaining a few fragments of the original wall. From the Färbergasse the fortifications ran along what is now the Breitgasse, leading to the Spittler-turm, also called the White Tower, the lower portion of which is supposed to have belonged to the original thirteenth-century building, whilst the upper portion is of very much later date. The Spittlerturm is so called because it was near a hospital connected with the church of St. Jakob, or, rather, with the chapel of St. Elizabeth, which was part of it until the Reformation, and is now represented by the large modern church

THE INNER LAUFERTURM.

of the same name, a circular building in the late Renaissance style. Against the outside of the Spittler Thor nestles a very picturesque fragment of the fortifications of the second wall, but from it to the river all trace of that wall is lost. It is, however, generally supposed to have run past the sites of the great brewery built over the filled-in moat in 1671, now belonging to the Tucher family, and of what is known as the Unschlitthaus, originally a granary, but later converted into a school. Thence the wall crossed the Pegnitz by means of two bridges, one destroyed, the other, that of the Henkersteg dominated by the Wasserturm, both already described. From the latter, though all remains of it are lost, it is known to have gone in an almost straight direction up the hill crowned by the Burg, skirting along the present Albrecht Dürer Strasse, and joining the fortifications of the castle near the site of the Thiergärtnerturm.

During the interregnum which succeeded the death of Frederick II. in 1250, by which time it is probable that the second wall was already completed, Nuremberg suffered greatly, as did all the towns of the empire, from the lawlessness resulting from the fact that every petty prince and baron felt free to oppress and plunder the people. In 1256, the city, which, in virtue of the charter granted to her by Frederick II., greatly prided herself upon her position as a free Imperial town,

found it necessary in self-defence to join the Rhenish League, to which all the chief communities of Bavaria already belonged. This, however, only served to protect her from her enemies without the city, and did not save her from much oppression at the hands of the Burggraves, who, though the power of life and death had been taken from them in 1219, and given to the Schuldheiss, or chief magistrate of the town, appointed by and responsible to the Emperor alone, now once more arrogated to themselves the old privileges, relying upon the fact that in the disorganized state of the country, there would be no serious interference with their exactions.

Many touching stories are told of the strained relations in this terrible time between the dwellers on the Burg and the townsfolk, which, though they cannot be proved to have any foundation in historical fact, yet reflect so vividly the state of society, as well as the actual appearance of Nuremberg and its environs, in which their scenes are laid, that it is worth while to relate one of the most typical.

In 1260, says an old chronicle, there dwelt in the palace that then occupied the site of the Kaiserstallung, and was destroyed in 1419, a happy married couple, Count Frederick of Hohenzollern and his wife Elizabeth, with their six children—four girls and two boys. The latter,

Hans, aged eighteen, and Sigismund, aged sixteen, were the joy and pride of their parents' heart, worshipped by their young sisters, and idolized by the retainers of the Burggraf. They were especially devoted to the chase, and the wild forests surrounding their home were so rich in game, that scarcely a day passed without an expedition being undertaken against the fierce bears and wolves, that often wrought terrible destruction amongst the flocks and herds of the farmers, sometimes even carrying off young children. A terrible tragedy, indeed, had just occurred, almost within sight of the Burg, when a boy and a girl aged ten and six were devoured by wolves in the very sight of their parents, who had left them alone at home, whilst they went up to the castle to pay their tithes, giving them strict injunctions not to go outside the house till their return.

Conrad, the boy, had promised obedience, but his sister, Agnes, was too young to understand, and the door having been unfortunately left ajar, she opened it to peep out. The sun was shining brightly, and the little maid was tempted to run out, her brother calling her back in vain. Laughing merrily, she defied him to catch her, but all too soon her merriment was changed to terror, for a great wolf sprang out of the wood near by and seized her by the throat. Conrad rushed to the rescue, armed only with a stick,

but he was, of course, powerless against the terrible assailant, who, after tearing Agnes to pieces, turned upon the brave boy. His last cry of agony was heard by the unfortunate parents as they were hurrying home, expecting to find everything as they had left it. Their horror can be better imagined than described when they saw the wolf feasting on the mangled remains of their children. They succeeded in driving the murderer away, and their first thought was of revenge. Instinctively they laid the blame of the tragedy on the Burggraf, whose business it was to protect his retainers. If, they argued, his servants had done their duty and destroyed the wolves in the neighbourhood, their dear ones would not have fallen victims. With a composure truly wonderful under the circumstances, they collected all that was left of their children, put the bleeding relics into a basket, and made their way to the Burg.

It was now late in the evening, and after a successful day's hunting, in which Hans and Sigismund had greatly distinguished themselves by their courage, Count Frederick, his wife, and the boys were at supper in the great hall with a large party of guests. Presently a noise was heard outside the door, and the soldiers on guard were seen to cross their spears to prevent someone from entering. The Count, however, who was always ready to grant audience to suppliants, ordered the

THE WHITE TOWER, OR THE INNER SPITTLER TURM, WITH PART OF THE SECOND WALL.

men to lower their weapons, and as they did so the bereaved parents rushed in, the mother carrying a basket on her back, the father wringing his hands and shouting abuse of the Reichsvogt, as he called the Count, a significant title, proving that the Burggraf was still looked upon as the chief magistrate of the town.

Arrived at the upper end of the hall, the mother flung the contents of her basket at the feet of the Count and Countess, who with their boys, their guests, and numerous retainers, gazed in horror at the gruesome relics of what but a few hours before had been two beautiful children, whilst the father cried: 'There! take my little ones, torn to pieces whilst I and their mother were bringing your tithes of honey—torn to pieces, I say, by the wolves your servants should have destroyed. Let their bleeding limbs serve for tithes in future, for no more will you ever receive from me!'

Pity for the childless parents swallowed up the wrath of the Burggraf at this extraordinary address, and the Countess came forward to take the hand of the mother, entreating her to be comforted. 'Our men,' she said, 'shall go forth at once to slay the wolf that did the awful deed,' whilst the guests vied with each other in their offers of money to atone for the loss. It was, however, all in vain; nothing, said the father, could bring back the children, and he presently led his weeping wife

away, leaving the bleeding remains where they had been cast down. Count Frederick ordered them to be reverently buried, and it was arranged that a great wolf-hunt should be held the next morning in the immediate precincts of the Burg. There had, alas ! the Burggraf admitted, been some foundation for the charge brought against him, for of late the wolves had been neglected for the pleasure of chasing the deer at a comparative distance from the Burg. There should be no failing in that direction in future.

That same night the Countess Elizabeth had a terrible dream, in which she saw her own boys lying bleeding on the ground, and when early the next morning the horn sounded to summon everyone to start for the wolf-hunt, she besought her husband not to let Hans and Sigismund go. The boys were already standing beside their horses ready to mount, when the Count came to tell them that their mother wished them to remain at home ; but they pleaded so eagerly to be allowed to go that their father had not the heart to forbid it. He promised his wife, however, that special care should be taken of them ; he would tell off half a dozen men to remain with them throughout the hunt ; it was impossible that any harm could come to them ; the terrible dream had been but the result of the horrible incident of the evening before. So the whole party started, the Countess watching her

sons go in an agony of fear, convinced that she would never see them alive again.

It seemed at first as if her presentiment had indeed been unfounded, for all went well at the hunt. Many wolves and two or three bears were hunted down and killed, the boys taking an eager share in the slaughter, and the party were happily returning to the castle, discipline so far relaxed that Hans and Sigismund were allowed to ride with the hounds a little in advance of their escort, so as to be among the first to get home again, when, just as the entrance to the Burg was reached, a horrible incident occurred. Outside one of the huts belonging to the smiths in the service of the Burggraf, a little child was sitting, who, the weather being cold, had been wrapped by his mother in the hide of a wolf, which completely enveloped him. The dogs mistook him for one of the hated animals they were trained to destroy at sight, and before anyone could interfere, they had torn themselves free from the leashes in which they were held. Falling upon the child, they quickly crushed out his life, and in a moment the whole settlement was in an uproar. In the confusion no one realized how purely an accident the tragedy had been, and with one accord the inhabitants of the huts flung themselves upon Hans and Sigismund, who, though they made a gallant defence, were both killed. The former fell beneath a blow from the hammer of the father

of the murdered child; the latter was drowned in the moat into which he had fallen, covered with wounds. By the time Count Frederick reached the scene all was over, and the villagers were fleeing in every direction, pursued by the huntsmen who were vowing sevenfold vengeance.

Broken-hearted though he was at the awful sorrow that had so suddenly overtaken him, the Burggraf called back his men, forbidding them to inflict any punishment until the matter had been fully inquired into. Then, having given instructions that the bodies of his sons should be carried to the chapel of the Burg, he rode sadly forward to break the dreadful news to his wife. The Countess showed no surprise, for she said she had known all along that she would see her boys no more. She even pleaded for mercy on the perpetrators of the crime, who she was convinced had been maddened for the time, by what must have appeared to them a wanton outrage. The legend ends abruptly with the laconic remark that when the Burggraf sent next day to examine into the matter, the smiths had all taken their departure with their wives and children, for Donauwörth, where they were beyond the jurisdiction of the Count, and secure from his vengeance. It is related, however, that from the date of the tragic incident a fine of seven hellers was paid every Michaelmas Day to the Burggraf by the successors of the smiths

in the village until 1386, when it was remitted by Frederick V.

It seems to have been about the middle of the thirteenth century that the power, long centred in the Burggraf and later transferred to the Schuldheiss of the town, was first given to, or perhaps merely assimilated by, a Rat, or Council, appointed by the citizens. The change, whenever it occurred, was, of course, of deep significance and importance, implying as it did the substitution of real for nominal municipal independence. The magistrate had previously been chosen by the Emperor, and was assisted by certain carefully selected burghers, who, after gradually superseding the authority of the Schuldheiss, finally dispensed with his assistance altogether.

The earliest mention of the Rat, or Council of Burghers, apart from the magistrate, occurs in a manuscript bearing date 1526, in which the accession to the League of the Rhine of Regensburg or Ratisbon is notified, which would point to the conclusion that the citizens had known, as had the petty Princes, how to turn to account the interregnum, during which there was no Emperor to support the claims of the Schuldheiss. The thin end of the wedge once inserted, the Nuremberg Rat gradually became more and more powerful, so that by the time the state of anarchy came to an end—through the election in 1272 of Count Rudolf of

Hapsburg as Emperor—the Council was already a force to be reckoned with. Its members, it is true, met in a humble upper room in the Tuchergasse (above a shop or warehouse that was destroyed in 1569), and it was not until 1332 that they removed to a large house opposite the east end of St. Sebald's Church, belonging to the Heilbronn convent, for which they paid a high rent, and which still forms part of the present Rathaus, begun in 1340.

The Burggraf of Nuremberg, Frederick III. of Hohenzollern, had eagerly espoused the cause of Rudolf of Hapsburg from the first, and as a reward for his services the newly-elected Emperor made the dignity hereditary in his family. At a Diet held in the town in 1274, at which all the chief Princes of the Empire were present, the monarch also conferred many fresh privileges on the burghers, whose descendants honour his memory almost as much as they do that of Frederick Barbarossa. Rudolf's successor, Count Adolf of Nassau, was also much attached to Nuremberg, and during his brief reign held his Court there three times. On his death, in 1298, his son Albrecht was chosen King, and great éclat accrued to Nuremberg through the coronation of Elizabeth, the wife of the new monarch, in the Church of St. Sebald's, in the presence of a vast concourse of Princes and nobles. In a word, the century which had opened so gloomily, and during which so many terrible struggles had taken place,

closed for Nuremberg, at least, in peace and prosperity. The foundations of her future wealth were laid; her town was an important mart on the highroad between the East and the West; her citizens, many of them skilled craftsmen, were protected by a Council nominated by themselves, so that it seemed as if all that was needed was time for the maturing of the newly-founded institutions and for the further development of the municipal freedom already won.

CHAPTER V

THE HISTORY AND GROWTH OF NUREMBERG IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

THE opening years of the fourteenth century were saddened and disgraced throughout the whole of Franconia, Nuremberg not excepted, by a furious persecution of the Jews, in which many thousands of innocent men, women and children were put to death after suffering terrible outrages. For this revival of the old hatred, there can be little doubt that the exactions of the authorities, from the Emperor downwards, were to a great extent responsible. The wealth of the Jews, whom no taxes seemed to impoverish, aroused the jealousy of their fellow-townsmen, and religious fanaticism fanned their passions into a flame, which grew ever fiercer through the circulation of reports of the atrocities practised by the unbelievers in their religious ceremonies. Young children are said to have been enticed from their homes and subjected to fearful tortures before death released them from their sufferings, and it was even reported that the consecrated Host had been taken from a Christian

church to be pounded in a mortar for use in some diabolical rite. Blood, supposed by the ignorant multitude to be that of the Redeemer Himself, had issued from the desecrated elements, and no punishment could be too severe for those who had been guilty of a sacrilege so stupendous in its impiety. That any of the Jews should have escaped in this terrible time, is a proof of the extraordinary vitality of the race. Driven out of the towns, the survivors would gradually reappear, and though they were subjected to all manner of restrictions, being compelled to wear a peculiar dress, to shave off their beards, and to confine themselves to quarters set apart for them, they would soon be lending money to their neighbours as of yore, amassing so much wealth that the Emperor himself would often borrow from them. From the first, indeed, Albrecht of Nassau had been favourable to the Jews, and it was due to his personal intervention that the first persecution of the fourteenth century was arrested. On hearing of the massacres, he hastened to make a royal progress through Franconia, punishing the ringleaders of the tumult, condemning some to death, imprisoning others, and, with perfect impartiality, exacting a fine from every town in which any Jews had been done to death.

When, in 1308, this astute ruler was murdered, from motives of private revenge, by his nephew, John of Swabia, he was succeeded, after an inter-

regnum of seven months, by Count Henry of Luxemburg, who halted at Nuremberg on his way to be crowned Emperor at Rome, and whilst there confirmed the privileges granted to the town by his predecessor, as well as the immunities conceded to the Jews. Moreover, five years later he gave to the favoured city a charter of the utmost possible value, which he dated from Pisa, and in which he referred to the Burg as the *castrum et turris in medio eius sita*—that is to say, the castle with the Vestner Turm—declaring that it should not be separated from the town, but that, in the event of the death of an Emperor, it should be the duty of every owner of a residence (*castellanus*) in its precincts to give loyal aid to the Rat, or Council, until such time as a new ruler should be elected.

Other significant clauses of this most important charter were: that the Burgomeister was to exercise full control over the markets and commerce of the town; that the Schuldheiss, or Imperial Magistrate, should be responsible for and have full right of way over the principal roads; that he should once a year take oath, in the presence of the Council, that he would administer justice impartially to rich and poor, in every case consulting the body of judges known as the Schöpfen. Moreover, the citizens were protected from arbitrary imprisonment, and were not to be tried by any but their own municipal authorities.

Unfortunately, Henry VII., whose short reign was so beneficent for Nuremberg, was poisoned soon after the issue of this noteworthy charter, and a struggle ensued between two rival candidates for the Imperial dignity—Frederick, the son of Albrecht of Nassau, and Ludwig of Bavaria, who belonged to the Wittelsbach family. Both were crowned, and it was not until a year later that the latter was finally victorious, mainly, it is said, through the timely aid of Burggraf Frederick IV. of Nuremberg, who turned the scale at the Battle of Muhldorf by arriving in the nick of time with a body of cavalry. The town had also greatly aided the cause of Ludwig by her liberal contributions of money, and was rewarded by constant visits from the new Emperor, who held his Court there no less than twenty-one times between 1320 and 1349, staying, of course, as a general rule, in the castle, but occasionally, to the great delight of the people, accepting the hospitality of some wealthy citizen. Every visit of the Emperor was signalized by some new privilege being conferred on the town, so that on his sudden death—it is supposed from poison—in 1347, Nuremberg had become the most important city in Bavaria. Her merchant princes now ranked higher, in popular esteem at least, than the impoverished nobles, and within her walls rose up many fine new buildings, some secular, others ecclesiastical, several of which still remain to bear witness

to the generosity of her burghers and the deep religious faith which actuated them.

During the reign of Ludwig the building of the churches of SS. Sebald and Lorenzo proceeded rapidly, and soon after his accession was erected the Parsonage of the former, the celebrated Chörlein or oriel window, of which is now replaced by a copy, the original having been removed to the Germanic Museum in 1901 to save it from destruction. The sculptures, representing the Nativity and other sacred scenes, are ranked amongst the finest existing examples of fifteenth-century carving in stone. The Parsonage itself is said to have been burnt at the time of the baptism of King Wenceslas, as related below. In any case, it was replaced about 1512 by the present building, designed by Melchior Pfinzig, secretary of the Emperor Maximilian, and it was possibly in it that the poet wrote much of the 'Theuerdank,' with the authorship of which his Imperial master was credited.

At about the same time as the erection of the first Parsonage of St. Sebald the little Gothic chapel of St. Moritz was removed from its original site in the chief market-place to the one it now occupies, which was then part of the chief cemetery of Nuremberg. Until intramural burial was forbidden in 1517, St. Moritz's served as mortuary chapel to St. Sebald's, and it was possibly not long after its transference to the cemetery that the quaint

THE ORIEL WINDOW OF ST. SEBALD'S PARSONAGE.

little hostelry, the now world-famous Bratwurstglöcklein, or Little Bell of the Fried Sausage, was built on to its north side. This Inn received its name from the fact that the bell, which is its sign, used to be rung when the sausages were ready, and it was first mentioned in 1400, when it was spoken of as if it had already been long in existence. If so, the fact is very significant of the customs of the time at which it was erected, when the ecclesiastical authorities tolerated the construction of a drinking-place against the wall of a sacred building, and the municipality responsible for the health of the people permitted revellers to meet in a burial-ground. The contrasts presented by the merry scenes that no doubt constantly took place in the Bratwurstglöcklein and the sombre religious ceremonial of the frequent funerals must indeed have been very great. The good burghers were evidently, however, not sensitive to incongruities, though they were so superstitious that the mere rumour of the presence of a visitant from the other world would quickly have dispersed them.

In the Bratwurstglöcklein Albrecht Dürer, Adam Kraft, Peter Vischer, Veit Stoss, Hans Sachs, and their friends used often to meet to drink a glass of beer together, so that the name of the little inn soon became as well known as that of any of its famous frequenters. Carefully preserved exactly as it was when these choice spirits were amongst

its guests, the low narrow room beneath the sloping roof, with the massive oak ceiling, is always crowded with pilgrims from far and near, drawn together by the same attraction: the desire to do honour to the memory of the great men who have conferred on the hostelry something of their own immortality. The humble little beerhouse indeed retains, perhaps, more of the real atmosphere of the Nuremberg of long ago, than any other building in the town. In it English, Americans, and Europeans of every nationality meet on common ground, to touch glasses, in token of their admiration for the gifted men who brought glory, not only to their own land, but to the whole human race. To every visitor a copy is given of a poem by the Berlin poet, Achim von Winterfeld, who has so caught the spirit of the spot that it seems fitting to give a rough translation of it here:

'Long, long ago, how long I cannot tell,
The world has known the famous Little Bell.
Years has it stood, and firm it stands to-day,
Nor ever yet has turned a guest away.
Not in wide thoroughfare or noble highway
We find its portal, but in modest by-way.
No lofty edifice attracts us here,
And yet 'tis sought by all from year to year.
A little chapel stands not far away
To share its loneliness from day to day.
Now confidently step within its portal,
And find content for tired and thirsty mortal.

More than four hundred years ago they came
Who add to-day a lustre to its name.
The Meistersingers often tarried here
And rested, tasting sausages and beer.
Noble Pirkheimer, patron of all art,
Tossing a beaker, bravely did his part.
Hans Sachs, the cobbler, filled with poems divine,
Sat here and drank his flagon of good wine.
Here Adam Kraft, the gifted sculptor, came
And drained a measure to the hostel's fame.
Veit Stoss, the carver, with his craftsman's skill,
Up to the brim his goblet here would fill.
Here Peter Vischer would the chorus swell,
And drink his portion to the Little Bell.
But he who made its name and fame still surer
Was—need you ask?—the master Albrecht Dürer.
He and his confrères—may their praise endure!—
Made for the Bell a fame both sound and sure.
So, dwelling on these things, I fain would tell
The glories of this far-famed Little Bell,
Where these great men so well and oft have drunk;
I, too, beneath the board have gently sunk!
So may the Bell, as year by year still passes,
Yet listen to the merry clink of glasses,
Recall again the happy days of yore,
Till life and death and time shall be no more.'

It seems to have been soon after the building of the celebrated little inn of the Bratwurstglöcklein that were founded the Hospital and Church of the Holy Ghost, the former still very much what it was when first completed, the latter so much spoiled by restoration in the late Renaissance style, that

it retains scarcely anything of its original appearance. The hospital is partly built over a bridge spanning the Pegnitz, nearly opposite to the Male Debtors' Tower; the church rises from the Spital-Platz, and both were founded by Konrad Heinz, a prosperous merchant surnamed Der Gross, or 'the Great,' on account of his fabulous wealth. He was much beloved by his fellow-citizens and also by the Emperor Ludwig, who was, it is supposed, indebted to him for many a timely loan. The story goes that Konrad Heinz—who is always called Gross, his family having adopted the nickname as if they had a right to it—was inflicted by a painful skin disease, the one drawback to an exceptionally happy life, and that all remedies had failed to give him relief. He was, it is further related, led to build the hospital and church in consequence of a wonderful dream, that came to him one day when he had fallen asleep in a beautiful garden he owned outside the city. In this dream a brilliant light suddenly streamed down upon a certain spot, and irresistibly attracted by it, the sleeper approached it, to find, to his intense surprise, that the ground was strewn with gold and precious stones. When, however, he stooped down to touch them, they faded away, but he felt sure that they were still there, though he could not see them, and to mark the spot where they had appeared he collected a pile of fallen leaves. Then, still in a deep sleep, he fetched

a spade and set to work to dig; but it was all in vain: he found nothing. When he awoke there was no sign near him of anything unusual having occurred; but he was convinced that the dream had been a message from God, and made a vow that, should he find the treasure, he would spend it in building a hospital.

The next day, as he was wandering about his garden, thinking deeply of what had occurred, he suddenly noticed a pile of leaves, on which the sun seemed to shine with special brightness. Could those leaves have been collected by himself in his sleep, and did they mark the spot where the gold and precious stones had lain? Without a moment's delay Konrad fetched the necessary tools, and, asking aid from none of his servants, set to work to explore the spot. After digging for many hours, he was rewarded by coming to a chest full of old gold pieces and jewels of extraordinary value, together with a parchment, on which, in letters scarcely legible, the finder of the secret hoard was informed that it was his, to be used as he thought best. It had been concealed in time of war, and its original owner, who had probably intended to reclaim it himself, had guarded against its dispersal by this strange bequest. Konrad, of course, kept the oath he had made, and dedicated the church and hospital to the Holy Ghost, who alone, he said, could have guided him to the hoard. Great indeed was the

reward for his generosity, for the very first patient who was received into his hospital, a poor old woman, cured him of his skin disease with an ointment of her own invention. Konrad now felt free to marry, and in due course he became the father of a family, who carried on his name and work after his death. Before that took place he had reached the highest position open to a burgher, for he was made Schuldheiss of Nuremberg in the place of the Burggraf Frederick, to whom the Emperor Ludwig, much to the indignation of the citizens, had given the office in gratitude for his help in winning the crown.

Konrad Gross was buried in the Church of the Holy Ghost, and his tomb, with his recumbent effigy beneath a massive slab of stone, upheld by the kneeling figures of eight patients who had received shelter in his hospital, presents, in its dignified simplicity, a marked contrast with the florid over-ornamentation of the restored building containing it.

The Hospital of the Holy Ghost is now entered from the yard of the Noris Stift, a charitable institution of nineteenth-century origin; but, in spite of its modern approaches, the actual building presents very much the same appearance as it did during the lifetime of Konrad Gross. In the central courtyard the quaint Heinz Fountain—the water of which flows from the ears of a squat figure wearing a

broad-brimmed hat—preserves the memory of Konrad Gross's original name, and from the windows of the rooms overlooking it, the modern representatives of the first recipients of his bounty look anxiously out at the visitors to their retreat, wondering no doubt what can be the attraction in a scene so monotonously familiar to them. The whole place is full of the aroma of the past. A peep into the kitchen reveals rows of shining copper vessels and women in picturesque white caps, busy preparing the meals of the patients; whilst from the plainly-furnished, but roomy and well-ventilated chapel, a beautiful view of the Pegnitz and of the Debtors' Tower is obtained.

The new buildings of the Noris Stift enclose a very interesting relic of sixteenth-century architecture, a tiny chapel replacing a building of much earlier date, that purports to be a copy of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. A stone *prie-dieu* in the anteroom is worn with the knees of countless worshippers, and on the walls of the actual chapel are the remains of interesting frescoes of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

It was during the reign of Ludwig of Bavaria that the older portions of the present Rathaus were built, on the site of the house rented in 1332, as related above, from the Heilbronn monastery. At first the councillors were content with one large hall for their deliberations, but all that now remain of it

are the timber roof and part of the eastern façade. Beneath this hall was a deep cellar, which was later—probably some time in the fifteenth century, when the power over life and death had been given to the Council—divided into the twelve cells still shown to visitors, each about 2 yards square and 2 high, in which horrible sufferings were endured by those confined in them, and where prisoners were shut up until as late as 1804, when Napoleon I. released those he found in them.

To the horrors of solitary confinement in the narrow, unlighted, unventilated cells were often added those of torture. In one of the larger of the prisons the stocks still remain, in which some unfortunates are known to have been left for five years to linger slowly to death; in another is the rack, with an opening in the wall opposite to it, through which the confessions wrung from the often innocent victims could be heard by a spy of the Council; but the movable instruments of torture have been removed, some to the Germanic Museum, others to the Five-cornered Tower of the Burg.

Through the low, narrow passages leading to these awful dungeons the visitor is now (1905) escorted by a young girl carrying a lantern, who fails not to recall, with evident gusto, every gruesome detail of the anguish endured by the prisoners, from their first arrival, bound and helpless, after

their examination in the Council Hall, to their removal after death to the dark death-chamber, ironically called the chapel, where no prayers were ever said for the departed soul.

To the so-called useful prisoners a somewhat larger cell was assigned; but it, too, was unlighted, and it is scarcely less loathsome in atmosphere and appearance than the dens of the condemned. Even the gaoler's room would now be considered unfit for human habitation, for it is absolutely without ventilation.

A few extracts from a still extant list of payments made to one of the public executioners in the service of the Rat, will serve better than would many pages of description to illustrate the small value set on human life and suffering by those responsible for assessing the sums given:

For flogging a prisoner - -	30 kreutzers.
„ putting on the thumbscrews -	1 florin, 30 kreutzers.
„ branding 1 criminal - -	5 florins.
„ keeping up the fire, making the pincers red-hot, and applying them - - -	5 florins.
„ breaking a prisoner on the wheel - - -	6 „
„ hewing off one hand - -	3 „
„ hewing off one finger - -	3 „
„ cutting off the nose and ears of one person - - -	3 „

For taking a dead body from the wheel, burying it, or flinging it into the pit known as the *Hohegericht* reserved for malefactors - -	9 florins.

Many stories are told of the injustice resulting from the infliction of torture to induce confession, prisoners often owning, when on the rack, to crimes they had not committed, for the sake of the temporary relief to be won, though they knew that death would probably be the final penalty. In the Church of St. Lorenzo was long preserved a golden cup, in memory of such an incident, said to have taken place when Ludwig of Bavaria was in Nuremberg. The cup belonged to a member of the great Imhof family, and it was only used on special occasions, when it was the duty of the house-steward, a man named Veit, who had been many years in the service of his master, to put it away with the rest of the plate after the guests had left.

On this occasion the head of the family had indulged a little too freely in wine, and Veit, who had the honour of the family greatly at heart, had been anxious lest his master should disgrace himself by some solecism. All went well, however; but at the end of the feast the steward thought it desirable to escort Herr Imhof to his room, so that the banqueting-hall was left for a short time without his guardianship. Having seen his master safely

into bed, Veit returned to the hall and at once noticed, to his great dismay, that the precious cup was missing. After seeking for it in vain, he went to acquaint Herr Imhof with the loss, and was met with a storm of abuse, the angry owner ordering him to have the house searched at once, and when no result ensued, Veit found, to his horror, that he was himself suspected of the crime. 'It was your business,' said his master, 'to see to the safety of the plate, and, if the cup is not found, to prison you go.' In vain the unfortunate steward protested his innocence; he was dragged before the Schuldheiss and thence to an underground dungeon, where he was put to the torture again and again. At last he could hold out no longer, and owned that he had taken the cup, though he was, of course, quite unable to say what he had done with it. He was condemned to be hung, and, as was customary at that time, he was compelled to walk barefooted, with his hands tied behind him, from the Rathaus to the place of execution outside the Frauenthor. With his last breath he protested his innocence, declaring that he had not been himself when the false confession was wrung from him. It is said that the sight of his faithful servant in the last extremity, so affected the owner of the cup that he never held up his head or smiled again; and when, a few days after the tragedy, the missing treasure was found in a safe in the wall of

the hall, the secret of which was known only to himself, his remorse almost destroyed his reason. He had, he now feared, placed the cup there when his wits were fuddled with drink, probably whilst Veit was showing the last guest out. He now ordered the remains of the unfortunate steward to be disinterred, placed in a silver coffin, and buried with great pomp in the Church of St. Lorenzo. This done, Herr Imhof gave himself up to justice, and, though the extreme penalty for bearing false witness was not inflicted, he had to bear the disgrace of knowing that in the dead of the night, the executioner would place upon the door of his house a mark proclaiming to all the world the fact that its owner had deserved death at his hands.

Into the network of subterranean cells described above, abutted several passages, connecting the Rathaus with the Burg, of which two only are still passable, that leading to the Deep Well, described above, and another that has its opening in the private gardens of the Imperial Castle. These, supposed to have been under the joint control of the Burggraf and the Rat, were supplemented by the latter with a number of other passages leading out of the town in different directions. One of them which followed a very devious course, ended in the forest beyond what are now the pleasure-grounds of Dutzenteich, and is described

by an old chronicler as elaborately protected by a series of iron doors, the keys of which were jealously guarded by the Council, and by numerous stones, each marked with a cross, only to be passed by those who were in the secret of their manipulation. In the midst of this labyrinth was, moreover, a strongly-fortified chamber, the position of which was known to three or four persons only, in which was kept the treasure of the Rat. Once a year all the underground passages were minutely inspected by a trusted official, on whose report the necessary repairs were promptly executed, for the safety of the town often depended on the means of communication with the outer world being kept open.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that presented by the modern Rathaus, with its vast, airy, well-lighted halls and corridors, and the gloomy recesses beneath it, that should be explored before the upper portions are visited, if any real idea of the evolution of the whole is to be obtained. It was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that the present building was begun after the design of Hans Behaim, the architect of the Kaiserstallung and the Mauthaus, who very cleverly dovetailed the new on to the old, adopting the late Gothic style, but retaining the original central hall and securing an excellent general effect, although his work is a good deal spoiled by the way in which the light is shut out

by the lofty houses opposite. Additions were made in the Renaissance style to the Behaim Rathaus in the beginning of the sixteenth century by Eucharias Holzschuher, and somewhat later the fine west front was added by the brothers Jakob and Hans Wolff, whilst the present form was given to the whole in 1888 and 1889 by Dr. A. Essenwein, who displayed great skill in the manner in which he utilized even the limitations of the site. His Gothic staircases, galleries, and court are especially fine, and in the last is a beautiful bronze Fountain with a charming statuette of Apollo drawing his bow, by Hans Vischer, that may usefully be compared with the one in an adjoining court of earlier date by Pankras Labenwolf, with its graceful Genius surrounded by dolphins, from whose mouths the water flows.

Historically, the great hall and other rooms of the Rathaus are, of course, full of interest, on account of the important meetings that have been held in them, but the modern works of art they contain are not particularly valuable, though they are dear to the Nurembergers as representing incidents in the life-story of their beloved city. They are, moreover, soon to be removed to a gallery now being built for the paintings owned by the municipality, so that their connection with the town hall is but a temporary one.

CHAPTER VI

NUREMBERG UNDER KARL IV. AND WENCESLAS I., WITH THE BUILDING OF THE FRAUENKIRCHE AND THE CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY

At the time of the death of Ludwig IV. the relations between the burghers and the Rat were somewhat strained, for by slow degrees it had become the custom to elect to the Council none but members of the patrician families, a manifest injustice, as it was chiefly to the merchants and craftsmen that the city owed her prosperity. The malcontents turned to account the confusion resulting from the sudden removal of the Emperor's influence, and, after holding several secret meetings, rose in revolt against the Rat, demanding a full share in the municipal government. This was refused, with the result that a great tumult arose, the people collecting round the Rathaus, threatening to pull it down and put the councillors to death if their grievances were not redressed. The members of the Rat, who seem to have been but a timorous set of men, fled at once, some, it is said, disguised as women, whilst others were carried out of the

town in coffins, as if to be buried in the cemetery beyond the walls; but, strange to say, none of them made use of the elaborate secret passages described above, which would seem to prove that they were not constructed until a later date. The councillors disposed of, the rebels proceeded to elect a new Rat, composed chiefly of craftsmen, but with a small leaven of patricians, who had sided with them in the struggle. The reign of the democratic council was but a brief one, and the only measure of importance passed by it was the giving to the burghers the privilege of forming guilds. Before it had held many sittings came the news that the new Emperor, Karl IV., was on his way to Nuremberg, summoned by the exiled councillors to their aid. The town had little reason to hope for mercy at the hands of Karl, who had been the bitter enemy of Ludwig, and had, indeed, been nominated Emperor by the Pope during the latter's lifetime.

Karl and his army halted at the village of Mogeldorf, a short distance from the town, and an envoy was sent to the Council, demanding immediate submission, on pain of terrible penalties. The greatest confusion already prevailed in Nuremberg, the ringleaders of the revolt having fled, leaving their followers all but penniless. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to make the best of the situation, and the citizens promptly declared that they would gladly welcome the Emperor;

their quarrel had not been with him, and they knew that he would see justice done to their cause.

Partly, it is said, owing to the intervention of Ludwig of Brandenburg, the son of the late Emperor, Karl, greatly to the surprise of the insurgents, did prove himself, to a certain extent, a merciful judge. Some few only of the more prominent rebels, including one of the leaders surnamed Greisbart, or the Graybeard, were beheaded on what is now known as the Köpfleinberg, not, as was long supposed, in memory of their execution, but of the Kopp family, who had a house near by, in the present Adlerstrasse. Moreover, a heavy fine was inflicted, which taxed the impoverished resources of the burghers to the uttermost, so that, to quote the words of an old chronicler, 'many had to sell house and crust, clothes and furniture, their tools, and all they possessed,' to provide their share.

The Emperor, after a triumphal entrance into the town, at once proceeded to elect a new Council, in which he included thirty-four nobles and only eight craftsmen, who, of course, were in too hopeless a minority to have any real influence. To this Council was given the power of electing a kind of upper chamber, known as the Great Council, which, in certain cases, notably when the town was at war, formed a kind of consulting

committee. The one privilege that the artisans hoped to have secured, that of forming guilds of their own, was taken from them, and the right of meeting in their own clubs, conferred upon them by Ludwig IV., was also rescinded.

It is generally supposed that the revolt in Nuremberg of 1348 was partly responsible for the revived persecution of the Jews, which culminated in the horrible massacre of 1349, that has left an indelible stain upon the history of the town. The fact that, in spite of all the disabilities under which they laboured, there were at that date no less than 212 well-to-do Jewish families living in the restricted area assigned to them, and who grew ever richer and richer, irritated the burghers who had been so heavily mulcted for their brief essay at self-government. A rumour circulated, probably of malice prepense, that the Jews had poisoned the wells of Nuremberg, added still more to the growing rage against them, so that any spark would have been enough to cause a conflagration.

The Emperor, who appears to have shared the popular hatred of the Jews, is said to have signed a promise to make no inquiry, no matter what happened to them, although by so doing he was not only forgetting his own dignity, but cutting the ground from beneath his feet, since every Jew was compelled by law to pay to him a large sum

for the right of domicile. The Council of Nuremberg, to whom it is supposed that this disgraceful document was given, lost no time in acting upon it. True, the members of the Rat held aloof from active participation in the horrors that followed, but the people were everywhere incited to make short work of their Jewish fellow-citizens. In the course of a few days all the houses belonging to them were pulled down; the synagogue, that occupied the site of the present Frauenkirche, was destroyed, and the cemetery desecrated. Moreover, the homeless families, after being subjected to all manner of outrages, were driven outside the town to the open space now occupied by the beautiful park of Maxfeld, and there burnt to death, as reported by various witnesses.

What Karl IV. thought of the terrible result of his weak tampering with the evil passions of the Nurembergers, history does not say. The Jews were gone—reduced to ashes this time—so that there really seemed no prospect of their return, though the huge modern synagogue that now rises from the banks of the Pegnitz proves that they are largely represented in the modern town of Nuremberg, where, as before, they still monopolize much of the trade and wealth. The murderers of the victims of 1349 lost no time in turning to account the space won by the destruction of the Jewish homes and places of worship. The markets

were enlarged, and the site of the synagogue at the east end of the principal one was set apart for the erection of a Christian church.

It was not until five years later that the actual foundations of the beautiful Frauenkirche were laid, on a spot that still seemed to be stained with the blood of the innocent, so that even now, in spite of the charm of the surroundings of the church, and the many ennobling memories connected with them, the district still seems to echo with a cry for vengeance.

Begun in 1355, the Frauenkirche was completed in 1361, after the designs of Georg and Friedrich Ruprecht, and is a good example of German Gothic architecture. The quaint sculptures of the western portal, from the hand of Sebald Schonhover, are somewhat spoiled by the crudeness of their colouring, though the general effect is good. Above the porch is an ornate chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, with a fine tower, in which is the famous clock known as the Männleinlaufen, made in the sixteenth century by George Heuss, to replace a similar one set up in memory of the issue from Nuremberg of the Golden Bull of Karl IV., the chief provisions of which are quoted below. The figures adorning the face of the clock were cast by Sebastian Lindenast, and represent the Emperor, his heralds, and the seven electors, who, as the clock strikes twelve, are set in motion by an in-

THE MARKET-PLACE, WITH THE NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN AND FRAUEN KIRCHE.

genious mechanism. The Emperor, who is seated, raises his sword, the heralds appear to blow their trumpets, and the electors pass three times in front of their liege lord, bowing their heads as they go.

The interior of the Frauenkirche is extremely beautiful, and especially rich in art treasures. The frescoes on the walls, which are very well preserved, are of great interest, giving graphic renderings of the legends of St. Ursula and St. Catherine, with the 'Denial of St. Peter' and other scriptural subjects. The large altar-piece, with life-sized figures on a gold ground, is a good example of early German painting, and the Pergenstorfer monument, with bas-reliefs by Adam Kraft, is one of that great sculptor's best works, the faces of the kings, monks, nuns, beggars, etc., adoring the Holy Mother and Child, being all full of individual character.

Until the end of the fourteenth century the chapel of St. Michael in the Frauenkirche served as the treasury of the Imperial jewels and relics, which were, however, later confided to the care of the authorities of the Church of the Holy Ghost, but were finally removed to Vienna, though the beautiful casket which originally enshrined them, and the chain from which it was suspended, are in the Germanic Museum.

Whilst the building of the Frauenkirche was proceeding, a certain wealthy citizen named Conrad Waldstromer founded a home for pilgrims

just outside the walls of Nuremberg, the chapel of which, dedicated to St. Martha, and containing some fine old glass, still remains in the present Königsstrasse, nearly opposite to the somewhat later St. Klara, also originally part of a hospital, but now used as a Lutheran place of worship.

In 1380 was begun the far more important Carthusian convent, which forms the chief nucleus of the Germanic Museum, a beautiful building in the Gothic style. It owed its origin to Marquand Mendel, a generous burgher, whose mother was the daughter of Konrad Heinz, much of whose property she inherited. Mendel lost his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, after two years of great happiness, and it was his grief for this bereavement which led him to build the monastery.

The Gothic chapel and cloisters, round about which clustered the cells of the monks, still remain much what they were when they were first completed. In them are fitly housed a unique collection of statues, bas-reliefs, shrines, and other ecclesiastical relics, which, banished by the stern restrictions of the reformed faith from the sacred buildings they originally adorned, survive to bear witness to the artistic genius and religious enthusiasm of their creators, still serving, even at this late day, to stimulate the spirit of devotion, of which they were the outward expression many centuries ago.

Amongst these priceless heirlooms of the golden age of German art, two especially arrest and enchain the attention: the so-called 'Nuremberg Madonna,' a life-sized figure in wood of unknown authorship, and the 'Rosenkranz' of Veit Stoss, a bas-relief in the same material. Once seen, the Madonna, which is supposed to have formed part of a large composition, probably a 'Crucifixion,' can never be forgotten. The exquisite figure of the mourning mother is the very type of unselfish devotion and spiritual exaltation, a perfect poem of human love, as with head raised, as if listening to the last words of her Divine Son, and hands pressed together in a gesture expressive of the deepest anguish, she awaits the supreme moment when death shall release Him from His sufferings.

The 'Rosenkranz' of Veit Stoss is also a poem in wood, but an epic poem of many stanzas, for the wreath of roses that gives its name to the whole work, and encloses a T-shaped cross with rows of saints on either side of the shaft, is supplemented by a terribly realistic Last Judgment. The whole is, moreover, set in a frame consisting of a series of bas-reliefs, each but a few inches square, in which a number of Biblical incidents, beginning with the Creation of Eve and ending with the Resurrection, are represented with truly dramatic force.

From time to time important additions have been made to the buildings of the Museum, which,

with its diversified contents, now forms a perfect epitome of the history of Germany, æsthetic and political. The founder of the monastery would, indeed, be surprised could he return to earth, to see the use to which his religious foundation has been put. He had, doubtless, hoped that it would remain a monastery to the end, and before his death, which took place in 1383, he had projected the founding of another chapel, that of the original building having been already too small to hold the many worshippers who flocked to it.

Marquand's wishes were respected by his brother Konrad, who built a supplementary chapel, now replaced by a fire brigade station, and also a house for the reception of twelve poor old men, which still stands at the corner of the Corn Market, and can be identified by a statue of one of the pensioners on the outside.

Of a piece with the irony of building the Frauenkirche to commemorate the massacre of the Jews, was the issue by Karl IV. soon after that gruesome event, of what was called 'A Declaration of Peace,' which was to last for two years throughout Franconia. At the same time the Emperor granted certain special privileges to the craftsmen of Nuremberg, who, especially the workers in metal, were already celebrated throughout the empire, for the beauty and durability of their work. They and their fellow-citizens, the

cutlers and the butchers, were now permitted once a year to ape the ways of the nobles, and to hold festivals, at which they wore costumes as costly as those of their social superiors.

The love of dancing and merrymaking was indeed from the first inherent in the Teutonic nature, and though much of the picturesqueness of the open-air fêtes of the burghers is now inevitably lost, they still delight in meeting together, dancing, singing, and listening to music with the same enthusiasm as of yore.

After the issue of the 'Declaration of Peace,' Karl IV. left Nuremberg, and it was not until 1355 that he was again in the town. In 1356 he issued what is known as the Golden Bull *par excellence*, on account of the yellow seal affixed to it, the first twenty-three clauses of which were indited in a house still standing in the present Schildgasse, called 'Zum Goldenen Schild,' and distinguished by a modern painting, representing Karl IV. on his throne, with a golden shield at his feet. In this famous Bull various matters affecting the whole Empire were dealt with at length, but its chief importance for Nuremberg was the fact that it made necessary and legal what had hitherto been customary only—the holding in that city of the first Diet after the coronation of an Emperor. This advantage was, however, to a great extent, neutralized by another painfully retrogressive clause, for-

bidding the towns to combine for their common defence, a direct contravention of privileges previously conceded.

This was, of course, an encouragement of the oppression of the people by the princes and nobles, and its prejudicial effect was at once manifest in Nuremberg, the Burggraf having lost no time in acting upon it, by levelling taxes on the burghers which had long before been remitted.

The Emperor, who was under private obligations to the Burggraf, added fuel to the fire by making him chief magistrate, with the result that he was himself the judge in the constant disputes that arose. The position soon became intolerable, and in the end Karl consented to the citizens buying back the right of choosing their own magistrate, for a very large sum of money, which he shared with the Burggraf.

Even then, however, peace was not secured, for fresh quarrels were constantly arising, and at last, in self-defence, the citizens built a strong wall to keep the Burggraf and his people out of their town, a proceeding that added insult to injury, for it restricted the liberty of the proud occupants of the Burg, whose servants could no longer go in or out of the city without a special pass from the Schuldheiss, and were unable even to go to the markets to buy provisions for their master.

Finally, the matter in dispute was referred to the

Emperor, who, to the surprise and disgust of the Burggraf, decided against him. This encouraged the citizens to build the Luginsland Tower, already described in connection with the Burg, which, though no trace of the wall that preceded it remains, still bears witness to the courage and determination of the burghers in the defence of their rights.

As was inevitable, however, the decision of the Emperor only served to increase the fury of the Burggraf, who on one occasion drew up a long indictment against the townsfolk, including the significant accusation that they had violated the sanctuary of the Freiung, by snatching from it a criminal who had taken refuge in it, an incidental proof that the right of asylum there was still claimed.

With the astuteness that characterized him, Karl kept up the feud until the end of his life, siding first with one party and then with the other, exacting a money reward from each according to circumstances. It was not, indeed, until nearly a century later, when the Burggraf sold the Burg to the town, that the chronic hostility really came to an end.

In 1361 an heir, the future King Wenceslas, was born to the Emperor in Nuremberg, an event which brought great honour and glory to the town. A rumour, set on foot no one knows how, did, however, get about that the child was not really the son

of Karl and his wife, but of a blacksmith in the town, for the infant born to the Empress was a girl. The mother, knowing how bitter would be the disappointment to her husband as well as to his people, is said to have persuaded her attendants to change her child for the son of a cobbler born on the same day. Whatever foundation there may be for this strange story, it is certain that the Empress showed an extraordinary affection for the blacksmith's daughter, and when she died at the early age of sixteen, mourned as bitterly for her loss as if she had, indeed, been her mother.

In due course the boy, whether Emperor's or blacksmith's son, was baptized with great pomp in the font still preserved in St. Sebald's Church, and after the ceremony the Imperial jewels, brought from St. Michael's Chapel, were exhibited to the townsfolk, who were wild with joy at the éclat that accrued to their beloved city. According to a legend, as improbable as that relating to the blacksmith's son, the simple operation of heating the water for the baptism of Prince Wenceslas led to the burning down of St. Sebald's Parsonage, the oriel window of which alone escaped the flames.

Wenceslas was but a few months old when his father betrothed him to the daughter of Burggraf Friedrich V., and although the marriage never took place, a son of the Burggraf eventually married the sister of the Prince, a union that was very far from

conducive to the interests of Nuremberg, increasing as it did the arrogance of the occupants of the Burg.

In 1376—the year, by the way, of the first use of firearms in Nuremberg, that led to a complete revolution in the system of defence—Karl IV. succeeded, by dint of much bribery of the Electors, in getting his thirteen-year-old son crowned King at Aix-la-Chapelle, coming thence to Nuremberg, where the two monarchs held a brilliant Court, the event being further celebrated by the granting of many new privileges to the burghers.

Karl IV.'s last visit to the city, with whose fortunes his own had been so long bound up, took place a few months before his death in 1378. He was succeeded by his son Wenceslas, a man of character so utterly unlike that of his predecessor as to lend colour to the rumour that there was no blood-relationship between them. During the earlier part of the reign of the new monarch, Nuremberg was involved in constant quarrels with the so-called Free Knights, of whom, by the way, Eppelein von Gailingen, whose story has already been related in connection with the Burg, was one. As a rule the town was able to hold her own in these petty feuds, but before the deposition, in 1400, of the incompetent Wenceslas, she was drawn into a far more serious struggle — that between the great Princes of the Empire and the Rhenish League.

Nuremberg had been slow to join that important body, organized for mutual defence, and she was now the first to make peace with the enemy, a concession for which she had to pay a very heavy fine. Fortunately for her, however, the successor of Wenceslas, Ruprecht von der Pfalz, whose candidature she espoused from the first, proved his gratitude in many substantial ways, and when the new century dawned, a fresh era of prosperity for the town appeared to have begun.

CHAPTER VII

NUREMBERG UNDER RUPRECHT I., SIGISMUND I., AND FREDERICK III., WITH THE BUILDING OF THE THIRD WALL AND OPENING OF THE EXTRA MURAL CEMETERIES

THE newly-elected King Ruprecht entered Nuremberg for the first time on February 2, 1401, and in a charter granted to the town soon after, he added to her other privileges that of being quite independent of the Burggraf in time of war—that is to say, she was released from the obligation of aiding him with men and money in his private quarrels.

Unfortunately, however, the reign of Ruprecht, who would evidently have been a good friend to Nuremberg, was a very short one. He died in 1410, and his successor, Sigismund of Hungary, who won his election mainly through the support of the Burggraf Frederick VI., was a man of weak and vacillating character, fond of display, and perfectly reckless in incurring debt. Again and again he borrowed large sums of money from Nuremberg, with little if any intention of repaying them—an incidental proof of the prosperity of the town, which

throve greatly, in spite of the constant drain upon its resources.

When, in 1427, the Burggraf Frederick, who had purchased from King Sigismund the Margravate of Brandenburg, and had ceased to attach much value to his hereditary castle, offered to sell it and all the property and rights connected with it, except his title, to the municipality of Nuremberg, the suggestion was eagerly accepted.

After some little negotiation the bargain was struck, and for the large sum of 120,000 gulden the ancestral home of the Hohenzollerns passed into the possession of the town it had dominated so long. The castle was in ruins, and all that remained of the buildings connected with it were the Five-cornered Tower and the Walpurgis Chapel, but the proud burghers recked little of that. They had, at last, rid themselves of the Burggrafs, whose presence had been a constant menace to them; they were henceforth actually as well as nominally independent of every authority but that of the King or Emperor, and could justly pride themselves on being the citizens of a really free Imperial city.

As Margrave of Brandenburg, Frederick of Hohenzollern exercised a far greater political influence than he had ever done as Burggraf of Nuremberg, and he very quickly restored peace to the whole of Franconia by the vigorous manner in

PART OF THE OUTER WALL ABOVE THE PEGNITZ.

which he repressed the brigandage of the robber knights and maintained his own supremacy over the minor barons. Incidentally, this was of great service to Nuremberg, which had suffered greatly from the raids of the former, and was now able to devote her full attention to her own internal affairs, and to the development of her commerce. Her first care was to include within her fortifications her new acquisition, and to strengthen the old defences of the Burg, the latter a very necessary work, as they had fallen into thorough disrepair.

It was not long before the advantage of the concentration of power in one authority became manifest, for the religious war that was to shake the German Empire to its foundations had already begun, and it was soon necessary for Nuremberg to decide which side she would espouse. She had been hitherto very loyal to the Catholic faith, and in the early years of the fifteenth century several heretics had been condemned to be burnt to death for their opinions within her walls. In spite of this, however, she was from the first disposed to lend a willing ear to the reformers, and in 1414 a cordial welcome was given to John Huss, when he halted at Nuremberg on his way to the Council of Constance. After his martyrdom in 1415, when his followers, who were chiefly peasants, rose in revolt, carrying for a short time all before them, even taking several towns by storm, Nuremberg

took part against them. At one time it seemed likely that the victorious Hussites would attack the town, and every man, woman, and child was pressed into the service to strengthen the defences, but, thanks to the intervention of Frederick of Brandenburg, who seems to have retained a certain affection for his old home, Nuremberg escaped.

During the lull that succeeded the apparent suppression of the Hussite rising Sigismund was crowned Emperor at Rome, and to celebrate that important event—his predecessors Wenceslas and Ruprecht having been kings only — he gave to Nuremberg yet another charter. Of this, one of the clauses, since ignored, purported to secure to the town the perpetual custody of the Imperial insignia and relics, which were taken with great pomp to the Church of the Holy Ghost, the citizens all assembling in their gala costumes, to watch the procession escorting the treasures, in which walked all the great dignitaries of the Church, the knights of the Orders, the brotherhoods and the guilds that had their headquarters in Nuremberg. The condemned prisoners in the Loch, as the underground prisons of the Rathaus were called, were released, and the dead bodies of the criminals hanging on the gallows were cut down.

On the death of Sigismund in 1437 his stepson, Albrecht of Austria, was chosen to succeed him, and during the new ruler's brief reign of two years

he held two Diets in Nuremberg. He was succeeded by his cousin, Duke Frederick of Austria, who did not visit Nuremberg until 1442. On that occasion he entered the city by the Spittler Thor, first halting, it is related, for a brief space near St. Jakob's Church, to kneel at a little table set up in the road, on which were placed the skulls of St. Sebald and St. Lawrence, though how the latter came to be there history does not say. After a few moments spent in prayer the Emperor rose, the skull of St. Sebald was placed on his head, and he remounted his horse, to ride, wearing this singular crown, to the Church of St. Sebald, where a solemn thanksgiving service was celebrated.

This was but the first of many visits paid by Frederick III. to Nuremberg during his long reign, in which the city was involved in many troubles, one of the most serious being the feud with the Margrave Albrecht Achilles, who tried to recover the possessions sold by his father to the town. Nuremberg was, however, able to hold her own, and on the death of Frederick in 1493, in spite of the constant drain upon her resources from one cause or another, she was one of the wealthiest cities of Franconia, at unity with herself, girt about with a double circlet of walls and towers. Within these fortifications, still to a great extent intact, were enclosed not only many time-honoured

churches, hallowed by the prayers of countless worshippers, but also numerous stately public buildings and groups of comfortable private homes, in which dwelt men whose names were already becoming world-famous, for when the fifteenth century dawned Adam Kraft was already seventy years old, Michael Wolgemut sixty-six, Veit Stoss fifty-five, and Albrecht Dürer twenty-nine.

Though it was probably completed during the reign of Frederick III., it is impossible to say with any certainty when the third and last wall, which gives to Nuremberg her distinctive character as a fortified mediæval city, was begun, but it is generally supposed to have been about the middle of the fourteenth century. The Outer Laufer Thor was erected in 1377, the Neue Thor in 1381, the Outer Spittler Thor in 1385, and the Outer Frauen Thor in 1390-1391. It was not, however, until the thirteenth century that the towers bearing the same names as these fourteenth-century gateways, were added to the defences, rather as separate strongholds than as integral portions of the walls. The probability is, indeed, that many towers and supplementary works, of which no traces remain, connecting the main gateways of the town preceded the enceinte which is still the glory of Nuremberg.

It seems to have been about 1426 that the digging of the deep outer trench, three and a half miles in circumference, and the building

of the outer wall, were begun, for an Order of Council is still extant in which the work on the former was arranged for in a very singular manner. All householders with their children over five years of age, and their servants, were compelled to work at it one day in the course of every year, or if unable to do so through physical infirmity, or for any other valid reason, a substitute had to be provided at the expense of the defaulter. Later, exemption could be bought for the small sum of ten pfennings, and in 1438 the compulsory labour was finally remitted.

The ditch and its protecting wall were completed in 1432, for an entry in the Baumeisterbuch of Councillor Tucher states, 'then was the ditch round the town finished, that took twenty-six years to build,' the word 'ditch' evidently including the enceinte. The inner of the two still existing walls is evidently considerably older than the outer. It is about 21 feet high and 3 feet thick, and is strengthened at intervals of from 120 feet to 150 feet by picturesque square towers of varying height, no two alike, but all with high-pitched, sloping, red-tiled roofs, connected with each other by a covered passage, with openings commanding the outer circumvallation crowning the wall between them.

The entrance into and exit of the Pegnitz from the town, both, of course, exceptionally vulner-

able points, were protected by towers of extra strength, and the course of the stream was completely barred by what are called Schoss-gatter, or oak poles cased in iron. The outer and considerably lower wall, was also supplemented with massive square towers, less lofty, but of much greater bulk than those of the inner fortification, and in them were stationed the archers, who could command the moat in either direction. These towers were also originally connected by a covered passage crowning the outer wall, but unfortunately little of that passage now remains. In spite of this, however, an excellent idea can still be obtained of the whole complex system of defences, which rank, with those of Rothenburg, that are even better preserved, amongst the finest existing examples of mediæval military architecture in existence.

Fortunately the authorities of Nuremberg have always recognised the value, from a historical as well as an æsthetic point of view, of these unique survivals of a vanished past. In spite of some few gaps that unfortunately here and there break their continuity, the walls and towers dominating the deep moat, now converted into charming gardens, orchards, and playgrounds for children, still form a harmonious and picturesque whole. The slender towers of the inner circle, their ruddy roofs contrasting with the sombre gray of the stone-

WHERE THE PEGNITZ ENTERS NUREMBERG.

work; the squat shooting lodges, with their flights of steps on either side; the quaint gabled houses wedged into every available space; and the graceful covered bridges spanning the Pegnitz, combine to form a series of pictures of infinitely varied charm, satisfying alike to the mind, the heart, and the eye. They appeal, indeed, to each with equal force, for the simple reason that they unconsciously fulfil the essential principles of utility and of art. They are admirably fitted for the purpose for which they were intended; whilst their growth has been that of natural, not artificial, development, and the hand of time has mellowed, not injured, their beauty. A walk along the Zwinger, as the space between the two walls is called, provides a feast of delight at every turn, especially in the gloaming of an autumn evening, when the sun is setting behind the Burg and the whole scene is bathed in a radiant glow of light.

It seems strange that at a time when such well-built defences were growing up round Nuremberg, there should have been no corresponding advance in sanitary science, and that even as late as the close of the reign of Frederick III. the interior of the town should still have been squalid and neglected, as is proved by the descriptions of contemporary chroniclers and the stories told of the sufferings of the inhabitants from preventable diseases. With few exceptions the houses and

bridges were still of wood, and therefore subject to rapid decay and easy destruction by fire. There was no pavement, except in the market-place; the streets were narrow, and in wet weather knee-deep in mud. The Pegnitz and its tributary the Froschbach, which entered the city near the Froschturm, now destroyed, often overflowed their banks, and deep trenches had to be dug in the streets to carry off the surplus water. Cattle, pigs and dogs shared the miserable huts in which the poor people congregated, and even at the end of the century it was no unusual thing for the dead bodies of animals to be left to rot upon the ground outside even the best houses. There were no watchmen to keep order; such a thing as drainage was unknown, and all manner of refuse was allowed to accumulate in the moat and outside the town. Under these circumstances it is little wonder that the plague, or, as it was called, the Black Death, often wrought havoc amongst the population, carrying off hundreds daily, yet rarely leading to any real reform, for the bodies of the dead were carelessly buried, and the intramural cemeteries became fresh centres of infection.

Many gruesome and some amusing stories are told of the horrors attendant on the course of the grim avenger of the sins against sanitary law, and one of the most charming of the minor works of art that enrich the streets of Nuremberg, com-

memorates the hero of a marvellous escape from death, during a severe visitation of the plague, that took place some time in the fifteenth century. This is the figure of a bagpipe-player by an unknown master of the sixteenth century, which adorns a fountain in the Ebner Gasse—leading from the fruit-market to the Spitalplatz—a spirited composition which, strange to say, is scarcely alluded to by writers on Nuremberg, and is rarely noticed by visitors. Yet this wonderful musician is far more lifelike than the rival statue, the popular gooseman of the fruit-market. The bagpipe-player seems, indeed, to radiate forth humour and the mere joy of existence, from his merry eyes to his pointed toe, eager to begin the dance, when the first note is sounded on the pipes he is inflating, so that it is almost a surprise that that note is never heard and that the attitude of the player does not change.

The story goes that a certain bagpipe-player, who was greatly beloved in Nuremberg, no festivity being considered complete without him, started for home one night, after supplying the music for a dance, considerably the worse for all the treating he had received. He had not gone far when sleep overcame him, and he fell down in the middle of the street. There he lay, unconscious of everything, when the plague-cart came rumbling along, the driver shouting to the people of the houses to bring out their dead. The horse or ox dragging

the already heavily-laden vehicle, unwilling to tread upon the prostrate figure, stopped of its own accord, and its master, taking it for granted that the sleeper had fallen a victim to the plague, promptly flung him into the cart. The jolting and rumbling soon roused the musician from his stupor, and great indeed was his terrified dismay when he realized where he was. He screamed aloud, but the driver, used to such sounds at that awful time, took no notice, and the poor man had given himself up for lost, when he remembered that he still had his beloved bagpipes with him. He began to blow on them, and to his own astonishment, instead of playing the tune he intended, an exquisite strain issued from the instrument which seemed to bring him for a brief space into touch with heaven itself. The beautiful music soon aroused the attention of the driver, who at first thought it came from the spirit of one of the dead he was taking to their last resting-place; but, presently, perceiving the bagpipe-player, the real state of things became clear to him. The cart was stopped, and the man, who had gone through so remarkable an adventure, got down to return home, a changed character, for, concludes the legend, he never again drank too much or chose the middle of the street as a resting-place, but lived to a good old age, respected as well as loved by all who knew him.

Although it was not until the beginning of the

sixteenth century that intramural burial was forbidden in Nuremberg, there were, of course, several cemeteries beyond the walls for the use of the outlying villages. Of these the earliest in date, and now the most important as the last resting-place of many great men, is that surrounding the Church of St. Johannes, which was built about the end of the fourteenth century. The church contains several fine paintings and sculptures, including an altar-piece by Michael Wolgemut and Veit Stoss, and an even more interesting painting representing the Crucifixion, attributed, probably with truth, to Albrecht Altdorfer, in which the Devil is introduced seated on the head of the impenitent thief, whilst the soul of the less obdurate sinner is seen escaping to heaven. The group of mourning women at the foot of the cross is especially fine, and the whole work is very typical of the dawn of the German Renaissance.

A large painting by an unknown hand of Nuremberg as it was just after the completion of the third wall, with figures in the costume of the time in the foreground, is also worthy of examination.

The charming little chapel near the chief entrance to the Cemetery, built about a century later than the Church of St. Johannes, and named after its founder, a member of the Holzschuher family, contains two interesting relics of the

golden age of art in Nuremberg: the last work of Adam Kraft, an Entombment in stone with life-sized figures in full relief, which has, unfortunately, been too much restored to have retained any great æsthetic value, and an altar-piece in carved wood by Veit Stoss. The latter is a true masterpiece, representing the Resurrection, which is, strange to say, in a state of great neglect, and little known even by the residents of Nuremberg. In it the beautiful lifelike figure of Christ stands out against a fine landscape background, with the town of Jerusalem in the distance, whilst in the foreground the four guardians of the tomb, who wear the armour of the fifteenth century, express by their attitudes and gestures their astonishment at the extraordinary event, one of them, who is only half awake, seeming to exclaim 'Those Christians were right after all.' On one wing of this dramatic work Christ is seen in Hades, bending down to aid the waiting spirits, whilst the evil one leans over the door above Him, and is about to strike Him on the head with a hammer—a detail very significant of the grim humour of the gifted carver who designed the remarkable composition.

Beautiful as are the works of art in the two consecrated buildings of the Cemetery, they are necessarily to a great extent eclipsed by the deep human interest attached to the graves in the Friedhof, as the Germans poetically call the burial-

ground, which include those of Albrecht Dürer, Veit Stoss, Joachim van Sandraat, and Hans Sachs. The Cemetery is indeed a true court of peace, where rest together rich and poor, the gifted and the simple, men whose names are household words throughout the civilized world, and humble villagers whose lives were spent in absolute obscurity. No unsightly headstones, no paltry meretricious decorations, mar the sense of repose of this sacred enclosure, even the tombs of the greatest men being noticeable chiefly for their quiet dignity, and marked only by laconic inscriptions, or by bas-reliefs in bronze of coats of arms or of some sacred subject.

These reliefs are, for all that, many of them true and indestructible works of art, which will long outlive the stone tombs they adorn—priceless heirlooms attesting alike the skill of the artist craftsmen who designed and executed them and the reverent recognition by their fellow-townsmen of the citizens they commemorate. Some few of the bas-reliefs, none of which show the slightest sign of obliteration, are, indeed, true gems of metal-work, notably one with a group of kneeling figures beneath a representation of the Crucifixion, one of the incident of St. Martin giving his cloak to a beggar, and, above all, the recumbent figures of Martin Ketzel and his wife on their tomb at the base of the great stone monument representing the Resurrection, attributed to Adam Kraft, but certainly not from his hand,

surmounted by a bronze bas-relief of the heavenly choir, said to be by Peter Vischer.

It was this same Martin Ketzel who commissioned Adam Kraft to design the famous 'Stations of the Cross,' long the pride of Nuremberg, now, all but two, replaced by copies, the originals having been removed to the Germanic Museum to save them from destruction. The story of their origin reflects very vividly the state of religious feeling in Nuremberg in the second half of the fifteenth century, before the Reformation laid its paralyzing hand upon the representation of sacred subjects. Martin Ketzel, in gratitude for the prosperity that had been granted to him, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where with reverend faith he visited the scenes of the Redeemer's sojourn upon earth, following His footsteps along the Via Dolorosa, and becoming so fired with enthusiasm by his realization of what the Passion of his Lord had been, that he resolved when he got home to set up in his native town an enduring reminder of it. Before he left Palestine he made careful measurements of the distances between the resting-places of Christ, and though he unfortunately lost his notes on the way home, he decided to return at once to Jerusalem to do his pious work again.

Back again once more, Ketzel discovered, to his great delight, that the distance between his own house on the Thiergärtner Platz and the entrance

to the Cemetery of St. Johannes was exactly the same as that between the Judgment Hall and Calvary. He therefore decided to make his own home — which is still known as Pilatus Haus, and is distinguished by the figure of a knight in armour on the outside—the starting-point of the new Via Dolorosa, and he lost no time in commissioning Adam Kraft, who was then in the prime of life and the zenith of his prosperous career, to execute the sculptures to mark the seven stations. The task was thoroughly congenial to the famous craftsman, and in an incredibly short time he produced seven remarkably fine bas-reliefs in stone, as well as a very large Calvary, with life-sized figures, which was erected just inside the entrance to the Cemetery. The bas-reliefs were set up on massive pillars, and placed at intervals of about two hundred paces between the Pilatus Haus and the Friedhof, along what are now the Burgschmiede and Johannes Strasse, and on each was engraved an inscription explanatory of the subject represented.

When first completed, this series of compositions must have been a perfect poem in stone, but unfortunately the copies do scant justice to the originals, and of the glorious Calvary nothing now remains but a few shapeless blocks of stone. Strange to say, however, there is one small bas-relief by Kraft—a beautiful Entombment—on the

wall of the cemetery, to the right of the gateway, which, though it shows signs of deterioration, has so far escaped the fate that has overtaken the Stations and the Calvary.

Not far from the Johannes Friedhof, in the street of the same name, is an interesting little fourteenth-century chapel, dedicated to the Holy Cross, formerly connected with a home for pilgrims, and founded by a member of the Haller family, after whom the neighbouring Haller Thor is named. It contains a good altar-piece by Veit Stoss and a few relics of early German painting and carving of some little merit.

As a matter of course, it was not long before the Johannes Friedhof became overcrowded, and to meet the requirements of the ever-increasing numbers of the dead, a new burial-ground dedicated to St. Rochus, or St. Roch, in what is now the Rothenburger Strasse, was opened towards the close of the fifteenth century. In it is a charming little chapel, the burial-place of the famous Imhof family, who have been for so many generations amongst the chief citizens of Nuremberg, and contains, in addition to several finely-carved sixteenth-century tombstones, a beautiful Crucifixion by Veit Stoss. Beneath the latter is a very weird representation of hell, in which the condemned appear jostling each other as they stretch up appealing hands from amidst the flames to three

angels, who are bending down to release them at the moment of the Redeemer's death.

The chief attraction of the St. Rochus cemetery is, of course, the grave of Peter Vischer, which is near the entrance on the right, and is marked by two inscriptions and a laurel wreath. Like that of St. Johannes, however, the Friedhof also contains a number of very beautiful bas-reliefs in bronze, which will repay careful study, but there is a total absence of ostentation, the commemorations of the dead seeming to be meant rather to inspire the living with fresh hope and purpose, than to promote the glory of those who are gone. The old woman who now (1905) shows the chapel and acts as a guide to the graves, evidently loves the place, and is extremely proud of her vine-draped cottage, with the statue above the door of St. Rochus, the friend of the plague-stricken. She takes it for granted that every visitor must share her enthusiasm for the treasures of which she is the temporary custodian, and will show no sign of impatience however long she is kept standing. She knows the whole history of the Imhof family, and speaks of them with the affection of a feudal retainer, evidently considering their burial-place of equal, if not greater, importance than that of Peter Vischer, who, after all, was but one of the people.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GOLDEN AGE OF NUREMBERG, HER RAPID DECLINE AND MODERN REVIVAL

THERE is something very touching and creditable to human nature in the deep veneration in which the memory of the brilliant, astute, and fascinating Emperor Maximilian, or Kaiser Max, as he is lovingly called, is still held in Nuremberg, where tokens of that veneration are met with at every turn, from the Burg and Rathaus to the modern hotels, several of which, notably the Kaiserhof and the Hotel Maximilian, are named after him, and have the walls of their dining-halls adorned with frescoes representing incidents of his remarkable career. To the burghers of Nuremberg Kaiser Max is the central figure of its golden age, round whom are grouped the galaxy of great craftsmen and painters who, in the second half of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth century, raised their beloved town to its proud position as a leader in the revival of art, that was to bring about such extraordinary results for the whole of Northern Europe. Like Frederick

Barbarossa, Maximilian is, in the imagination of the Nurembergers, endowed with perpetual youth; his faults are forgotten, his errors of judgment condoned, and, could he return once more, all the evils that are the result of so-called modern progress would, his admirers fondly believe, disappear as a matter of course.

Long before his father's death in 1493, Maximilian, who was crowned King of the Romans in 1486, was a familiar figure in Nuremberg, taking a considerable share in its local politics, and winning all hearts by his genial manners and eager interest in everything affecting the welfare of the town. He is said to have entered it for the first time in 1489, when he rode in at the Neue Thor and took up his residence in the house of Dr. Scheurl in the Burgstrasse, in which the room where he took his meals is still preserved exactly as it was when he used it. On the eve of his departure from Nuremberg on this occasion, he gave a farewell entertainment at an inn (the name of which has not been preserved), to which all the young nobles and their wives and sisters were invited. The story goes that, as the evening wore on, the spirits of the guests began to flag at the thought of so soon losing their popular host, and some of the ladies managed to delay his departure by hiding his boots, which they refused to restore till he had joined them in an impromptu dance. This made him late

for his next engagement, for the merry party did not break up until long after dawn the next day.

The young King spent the whole of the summer of 1491 in the castle on the Burg, and when at last in 1493 he became Emperor, none rejoiced more heartily than did the people of Nuremberg. His first Diet was held there, and from that time till his death, in 1519, the cordial relations between him and the burghers, though often strained, were never really broken. In the still continued feud with the Margrave of Brandenburg, the son of Albrecht Achilles, who had espoused all his father's quarrels, Maximilian's strong hand was of infinite service to Nuremberg, and in the war of the Bavarian Succession, the town vigorously supported his side, winning no little honour and glory as well as a large accession of territory. Great, too, was the boon conferred on her, as well as on the other cities of the Empire, when Maximilian abrogated the right of making private war, the punishment being the ban of the Empire—a wise measure that finally put an end to the raids of the robber knights and barons, of whom the notorious Gôtz von Berlichingen of the iron hand, whose character has been so strangely idealized by Goethe, was one of the chief. In the war with Switzerland, in which the Emperor was involved in 1498, Nuremberg aided him generously with men and money—so generously, indeed, that when, a year later, the Rat

asked him to sanction a fresh expulsion of the Jews from the city, he found it very difficult to refuse. Far too enlightened to share the hatred of the despised and hated race, and recognising to the full the value to any town of such law-abiding citizens as the Jews certainly were, Maximilian temporized as long as he could, but was finally compelled to yield. Fortunately there was this time no massacre, but directly the Imperial sanction had been obtained, every Jew was ordered to leave Nuremberg, and on March 10, 1499, hundreds were driven forth, taking with them all their household goods, and pursued beyond the gates by the curses of the burghers. Their houses were sold by Maximilian to the Rat, their burial-place was desecrated, and its tombstones were used for building. Until quite recently some of these stones could still be identified, and on the outside of a house in the Judengasse, now pulled down, a rhyme was engraved which was long often quoted by the Nurembergers :

'Der Juden Stein ist geblieben,
Die Betrüger sind vertreiben
Aus diesem haus, das ist Wahr,
Im vierzehnhundert neun und neunzig jahr.'*

*'The Stones of the Jews remain,
But the deceivers were driven forth
From out this house, and that's the truth,
In fourteen hundred and ninety-nine.'

It was not until 1850 that the Jews were permitted to return to Nuremberg, and for many years after that they were still subjected to many vexatious restrictions, no Christian being allowed to give one of them shelter for a night, whilst no man, woman, or child of Jewish birth could walk in the streets alone. The Jews were themselves compelled to pay a Christian attendant, and looking after them became a recognised profession. Fifteen kreutzers a day was the usual fee, and many a poor old woman got her livelihood by dogging the footsteps of some unwilling patron. Gradually, however, the disabilities of the Jews became obsolete, and though they are still unpopular, they have thriven and multiplied to such an extent that they now form a very large proportion of the population of the town. Crowds flock to the services in the large modern synagogue in the Spitalplatz; and on September 19, the great Jewish holiday, when quarrels are made up and family feuds are healed, many of the chief shops are closed, and scarcely a household or hotel retains its full complement of servants.

As a matter of course, the expulsion of the Jews was a great monetary loss to Maximilian, to whom, as to his predecessors, every head of a Jewish household had hitherto paid a fee for the right of domicile, and it is no small proof of the shrewdness of the monarch that he was able to

turn what seemed likely to impoverish him into a source of profit. The citizens could no longer borrow from the sons of Israel, and were at a loss to know how to obtain ready money, but their beloved Kaiser Max came to the rescue and himself founded a lending-house, the profits of which accrued to the Imperial Exchequer, thus introducing into Nuremberg a system already in vogue in Italy and in certain other German cities, such as Augsburg.

Important as were the political events that took place in Maximilian's short reign of sixteen years, his share in them would never have won for him the unique position he occupies in the hearts of the people of Nuremberg. It was not his strong hand at the helm of Government, not his keen business faculty, not even his popular manners or his generosity to the townsfolk, that endeared him to them, but his love for and genuine appreciation of the great artists who were his contemporaries, and but for whom his life would have been comparatively uninteresting. It was when he forgot himself in his enthusiasm for them, that he became the ideal Kaiser Max, whose delight it was to smooth the way for genius, and who was often, if not always—for he was but human, after all—contented to shine with reflected lustre.

Amongst the noble group of men to whom the

Emperor accorded ungrudging recognition, precedence must be given to Adam Kraft, the sculptor, who was born in 1430, so that he was twenty-nine years older than Maximilian, and had already achieved many of his greatest triumphs whilst Frederick III. was still on the throne. The son of a well-to-do citizen, whose house, No. 7, Theresien Strasse, with its noble courtyard and external galleries, is still standing, the future sculptor had no special difficulties to contend with at the outset of his career. His fellow-citizens early recognised his exceptional gifts, and special privileges, such as having more than the usual number of workmen under him, were accorded to him by the Rat. He received many important commissions, and in addition to the noble works of art already described in connection with the buildings they adorn, Nuremberg still retains many of his minor productions, including a quaint bas-relief above the gateway of the old weighing-house in the Winkler Strasse and several statuettes on the corners of the streets. Simple-hearted and full of religious enthusiasm, Adam Kraft cared little for fame or money, and led a life so retired that scarcely any details of it have been preserved. He is said to have been able to work equally well with his left and his right hand, and is credited with having discovered a method, the secret of which he revealed to none, of rendering stone soft before

he chiselled it; but if he really practised anything of the kind, it must certainly have been known to his many assistants. He appears rarely to have left home, and is supposed to have died in 1507, but the place of his death or where his remains rest are alike unknown, for the long-accepted tradition that he breathed his last in the hospital of Schwalbach has now been proved to be untrue.

A kindred spirit of Adam Kraft was Peter Vischer, who belonged to a famous family of bronze-founders, and may be said to have been the pioneer of the Renaissance in Nuremberg, whilst the great sculptor was the carrier on of Gothic traditions. Much confusion has arisen with regard to Peter Vischer, on account of his father and one of his own sons having had the same Christian name; and a story is told of how Adam Kraft and Stephen Lindenast, a famous worker in beaten copper and the designer of the quaint Frauenkirche clock, were his guests one night in the old house owned by the Vischer family, known as Am Sand, the site of which is still occupied by a foundry. According to the oft-repeated legend, the three old men, who often met to practise designing and discuss art matters together, were so absorbed in their work that they did not notice the entrance of a guest, who had come in with a view to joining them at their evening meal. Presently Peter Vischer looked up, and remembered with dismay

that there was no food in the house, for his wife and all his children had gone into the country. The visitor, however, readily understood the situation and stayed to chat with the artists, and the incident of their unselfish absorption in their art has been incorporated in a novel published at Nuremberg in 1829, which purports to be founded on a manuscript written by Jakob Keller, the well-known patron of Albrecht Dürer.

The old man who acted as host on this occasion must have been the father of the great Vischer, who was born in 1455, and began his technical education in the White Tower, then the town foundry, under the control of the Vischer family. The gifted young artist soon gave proof of exceptional talent, and his father sent him to the Netherlands to study, but beyond this fact very little is known of his life. From the first he was so utterly wrapped up in his work that he cared nothing for distinction, and it was not until after his father's death that he was made Master of the Guild of Bronze-Founders. He lived in the house Am Sand, where he was often visited by Maximilian, until long after his marriage, and it was not until he was the father of many grown-up children that he removed to the unpretending but roomy mansion, still standing, and now occupied by a blacksmith, in the street named after him.

Peter Vischer, whose chief works in Nuremberg

are fully described elsewhere, married three times, and had five sons, all of whom adopted his profession and aided him in his many arduous undertakings. He died in 1529, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Rochus, outside the city walls, his tomb being then marked only with his name, the date of his birth and death, and the appropriate motto, *Vitam non mortem recogita*, the bronze wreath and laudatory inscription now distinguishing it having been added considerably later.

With Adam Kraft and Peter Vischer may justly be classed, so far as his art is concerned, the woodcarver Viet Stoss, who was, however, a man of very different character and temperament to either of them. Born in 1440, at a time when it was the custom to adorn churches and private residences with carvings in wood, and the use of stone or marble was comparatively rare, Stoss was from the first surrounded with examples of beautiful work by contemporaries and predecessors, though, strange to say, the names of very few of their designers have been preserved. It was not, in fact, customary for the artists who created the treasures with which the churches of Nuremberg were enriched before the Reformation, to claim credit for their productions, for it was enough for them to have contributed to the glory of God and of the saints commemorated.

Very different accounts are given of the life of Veit Stoss, who, though his childhood was spent in Nuremberg, resided for many years in Cracow, where he won much renown by an altar-piece and a number of choir-stalls carved for a church, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. On his return home in 1496 his fellow-townsmen were somewhat unwilling to welcome him back, and he suffered for some time from their persecution, but his extraordinary skill as a carver soon won him plenty of commissions. The Emperor from the first fully appreciated his great gifts, and was fond of watching him at work, but unfortunately, in 1503, when Stoss was at the height of his prosperity, he was falsely accused of forgery, and condemned to be blinded. On account of his great skill as an artist, however, this terrible sentence was remitted, and he escaped with the milder punishment of being branded on both cheeks. He was also forbidden to leave Nuremberg, but the misery of his position after his public disgrace was so great, everyone shunning him as if he were a leper, that he ran away, and it was only with great difficulty that the Rat induced him to come back.

The unfortunate man was still unable to get anyone to work for him, but Maximilian took him into his own service, protecting him until he himself died in 1519. After this Stoss had a

hard struggle, for he was always at daggers drawn with the authorities and people of his native town, and it was not until after his death in great poverty in 1533, that they realized fully how great a genius they had been persecuting. The carvings and the few paintings and engravings that have been preserved bearing the signature of Veit Stoss, are now among the greatest treasures of the art collections of Germany, and it is indeed true of the branded master, that he being dead, yet speaketh, so noble is the lesson taught by his marvellous creations.

Working simultaneously with the great trio of master craftsmen, Adam Kraft, Peter Vischer, and Veit Stoss, were many other men of remarkable talent—if not exactly of genius—amongst whom must be specially named Augustin Hirschvogel, who discovered the secret—long the exclusive possession of certain Italians—of enamelling pottery, and who was the designer of much fine stained glass as well as of many of the stoves, justly considered fine works of art, preserved in the Castle on the Burg, and in the private museums of Nuremberg. The goldsmiths, amongst whom Wenzel Jamnitzer and Ludwig Krug were the most celebrated; the seal and die sinkers; the armourers, especially Hans Grünewalt and Wilhelm von Worms; the gunsmiths, notably Hieronymus Gärtner; the watchmakers, of whom Peter Henlein was the most

skilful, with many other men, whose beautiful creations are still extant, though their names are forgotten, aided in making Nuremberg for more than half a century the very centre of art-craftmanship, to which young aspirants for work and fame flocked from far and near.

Whilst the various guilds, each forming a united corporation of eager workers, bound together by close ties of brotherhood, were bringing to perfection their various crafts within the walls of Nuremberg, a gifted man, who never joined any community, though he had many pupils, was inaugurating the revival of painting that was to culminate later in the magnificent creations of Albrecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach, and Hans Holbein. This was Michael Wolgemut, a true pioneer, in whose paintings, most of which are at Nuremberg, are shadowed forth the peculiar characteristics of the German school. Born in 1434, so that he was already a veteran when his great pupil, Albrecht Dürer, was born, Wolgemut married in 1472 the widow of Hans Pleydenwurff, and one of his first pupils was his step-son Wilhelm, who made some little reputation as a wood engraver, and is said to have aided his master in designing the drawings of the famous *Nuremberg Chronicle*, published in 1493. Wolgemut, who lived for the greater part of his life in what is now No. 21, Burgstrasse, died in Nuremberg in 1519, three

years after the painting of the celebrated portrait by Albrecht Dürer, now in the Munich Gallery, which has done much to keep his memory green.

Amongst the outsiders eager to participate in the exceptional advantages offered by the enlightened city of Nuremberg, where talent was sure of recognition, and there was no fear of any true artist suffering from want of employment, was a young Hungarian goldsmith, Albrecht Dürer, whose name was, before his death, to be honoured throughout the civilized world. Strange to say, his arrival coincided with the celebration of the wedding festivities of Philip Pirkheimer, the name of whose son, Willibald, is so intimately associated with that of Albrecht Dürer the younger.

The young wayfarer found all the world of Nuremberg making merry over the marriage of the well-known citizen. Crowds were collecting to watch the dancing going on round the then undecayed elm of St. Cunigunda, in the courtyard of the Palace on the Burg, and it is significant of the generous hospitality that was then in vogue that, perfect stranger though he was, Dürer was at once admitted to a share in the festivities, no one looking at him askance or asking him whence he came. Still more remarkable does it seem in these days of strenuous competition, that he should, with very little delay, have obtained the employment he sought, for a few days after

his first appearance in Nuremberg he was taken into the service of Hieronymus Holper, a master goldsmith, with whom he worked for many years, and whose daughter he married in 1467, taking up his residence in what is now No. 20, Winkler-strasse, a house that then formed part of the large mansion of the Pirkheimers, and was known as the Pirkheimer Hinterhaus. There in 1471 his son Albrecht, the third of his eighteen children, was born, six months before Willibald Pirkheimer first saw the light.

On his marriage, Albrecht Dürer the elder was made a master goldsmith, and set up in business on his own account. He soon became recognised as one of the best workers at his craft in Nuremberg, and when the boy Albrecht was five years old he was able to move to a larger house, now No. 27, Burg-strasse, where he remained until his death in 1507.

In this house the future painter and engraver spent many happy years, in spite of the rigid economy necessitated by the claims of the many little ones crowded into it, and he has himself given a most charming picture of it, in his reminiscences of his father and mother, to whom he was devotedly attached.

As soon as the general foundations of the young Albrecht's education were laid, he was apprenticed to a goldsmith, but he had already made up his mind to be a painter, and he was soon able to per-

suade his father to buy his release. Possibly the wonderful likeness of himself, now at Vienna, which has been so often reproduced, drawn by the boy at the age of thirteen, may have had something to do with this leniency, for in it is already revealed the extraordinary skill of draughtsmanship that was to be one of the chief factors in the future master's success.

In any case, when Dürer was fifteen years old, he was admitted to the studio of Wolgemut, whose house was but a few doors from his own, where he worked very happily for three years, winning the love and admiration of the veteran painter, who, from the first, foresaw how entirely his own fame would be eclipsed by that of his pupil, yet to the end looked upon him almost as a son of his own.

In 1490 Dürer was sent to the Netherlands to study, and is supposed to have gone thence to Italy, though no record has been kept of his experiences. On his return home after four years' wandering, he married Agnes Frey, the daughter of a wealthy citizen, not because he was in love with her, but because the matter had been arranged for him by his father—a fact that gave rise to what has now been proved to be the mistaken assertion, that he and his wife lived unhappily together.

The young couple took up their residence in the already crowded paternal home beneath the shadow

of the Burg, and Albrecht set to work to earn his own living. His ambition was still to become a great painter, but with a view to making money he gave up much of his time to engraving, with the result that he achieved a success so brilliant in that direction, as to eclipse his more ambitious works in colour.

In 1498 he published the first of his many remarkable series of wood engravings, the illustrations of the Apocalypse, and two years later appeared his first copper-plate engravings illustrating the Parable of the Prodigal Son. These were succeeded in rapid succession by the marvellous woodcuts of the 'Life of the Virgin,' the 'Greater Passion,' and the 'Little Passion,' the copper-plates of the 'Little Passion,' the 'St. Jerome,' 'Melancholia,' the 'Knight, Death and the Devil,' the designs for the famous Prayer-Book of Maximilian, the drawings for the Triumphal Car and the Triumphal Arch of the Emperor, and many other marvellous creations, all alike full of poetic and religious feeling, and some few of them also of grim and caustic humour.

From the very first the success of the prolific master as a painter and engraver was assured, whilst his unique and fascinating personality won for him the affection of all whom he admitted to intimacy. The Emperor Maximilian seems to have fallen completely in love with him, treating him as friend and equal. He granted him a pension of 100 florins a

PART OF THE INNER WALL NEAR ALBRECHT DÜRER'S HOUSE.

year, was his constant patron, and delighted in watching him at work.

Unfortunately Dürer kept no record of any of the conversations that took place between him and his Imperial visitor, and many of the stories current on the subject of their intercourse are merely the outcome of the vivid imagination of their narrators. The assertion, for instance, that the Emperor granted Dürer a patent of nobility is now proved to be false. The device used by the artist on his seal, said to have been designed by Maximilian, was, in fact, that of his father's crest —two open doors with three steps leading up to them, a play, it is supposed, on the original name of the family, which was Thürer, not Dürer, to which simple motive the painter added a winged figure surrounded with foliage, that he varied according to fancy.

Even more constant a patron than the Emperor was Dürer's old friend, the playfellow of his childhood, Willibald Pirkheimer, who was one of the wealthiest citizens of Nuremberg, and in whose possession the greater number of the artist's masterpieces remained at the time of the latter's death. The letters written to Pirkheimer during a visit paid by Dürer to Venice in 1505 are a wonderful revelation of their author's character, and vividly reflect the relations between the correspondents, as well as the deep undercurrent of

melancholy that was one of the gifted master's most distinctive characteristics. Possibly the fact that no children were born to Dürer and his wife may account in some measure for the sadness that seems to have increased as time went on, in spite of the full realization of every ambition he had indulged in in youth. In 1502 Dürer's father died, and in 1509 the artist found himself in a position to buy the house opposite the Thiergärtner Thor, which is now the greatly valued property of the municipality of Nuremberg. Thither he took his wife and his aged mother, who lived with him until her death in 1514, which was so great a grief to him that he is said never to have fully recovered from it. But for a few journeys to execute commissions and a visit to Charles V. in 1519 to get his pension confirmed, Dürer spent the rest of his life in Nuremberg, and died there in 1528, leaving all his property to his wife, who survived him for some years. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Johannes, where, until 1820, when a wreath of oak-leaves was added, nothing distinguished his simple tomb from the hundreds surrounding, it but an unostentatious plate bearing his well-known monogram and the inscription:

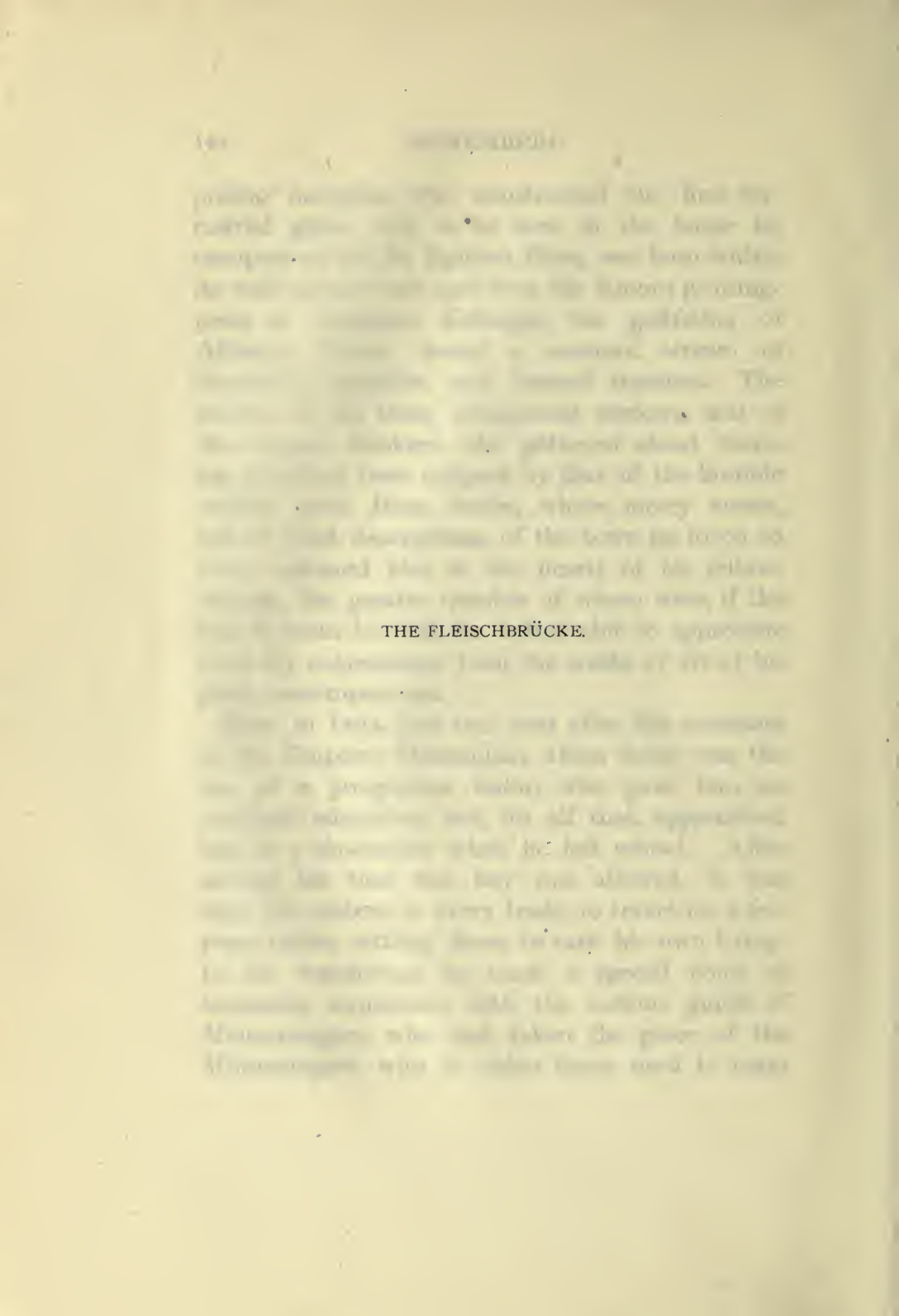
'Quicquid Alberti Dureri Mortale
Fuit, sub hoc conditur tumulo;
Emigravit viii dies Aprile;
M.D. XXVIII.'

Undoubtedly one of the very greatest artists that ever lived, and, in addition to this, an original thinker, an accomplished mathematician, and an eloquent writer, thoroughly in touch with all the best spirits of his day, as well as a man of exceptionally noble and upright character, one of the first to espouse the principles of the Reformation, Dürer was yet not fully appreciated during his lifetime by any but the select few amongst his fellow-citizens. It was not until 1816 that the house in which he lived for nineteen years and died was marked by a medallion, and not until 1840 that the statue of him after the design of Rauch was set up in the Albrecht Dürer Platz. It is, moreover, not in his native city that his best works are to be found, though at the present day admirable reproductions of them are a speciality of the town. Berlin, Dresden, Florence, Prague, and Munich own his finest paintings, and it is in the museums of foreign countries that his original drawings and engravings can best be studied.

Not only in the arts and crafts, but in science and in literature, was Nuremberg able to hold her own in the glorious years of her golden age. The learned mathematician, Johannes Müller, better known by his literary name of Regiomontanus, deserted his native village of Köingsberg to take up his residence in Nuremberg in 1471. His pupil, Martin Behaim, the enter-

prising navigator who constructed the first terrestrial globe, still to be seen in the house he occupied on the St. Egidien Platz, was born within its walls about 1459, and from the famous printing-press of Antonius Koberger, the godfather of Albrecht Dürer, issued a constant stream of chronicles, homilies, and learned treatises. The renown of all these intellectual workers, and of the earnest thinkers who gathered about them, has, however, been eclipsed by that of the humble cobbler poet, Hans Sachs, whose merry verses, full of vivid descriptions of the town he loved so well, endeared him to the hearts of his fellow-citizens, the greater number of whom were, if the honest truth be told, far better able to appreciate his witty outpourings than the works of art of his great contemporaries.

Born in 1494, just one year after the accession of the Emperor Maximilian, Hans Sachs was the son of a prosperous tailor, who gave him an excellent education, but, for all that, apprenticed him to a shoemaker when he left school. After serving his time the boy was allowed, as was then the custom in every trade, to travel for a few years before settling down to earn his own living. In his wanderings he made a special point of becoming acquainted with the various guilds of Meistersingers, who had taken the place of the Minnesängers, who in olden times used to roam



THE FLEISCHBRÜCKE.

from stronghold to stronghold, to sing the praises of the heroes and heroines of chivalry. From them Hans Sachs learnt the laws that governed their compositions, departure from which was considered fatal to success, with the natural result that his own early productions are wanting in the delightful spontaneity of his later poems, so that his very eagerness in preparing for his literary career hampered instead of aiding him. Far more important, indeed, than the influence of the Meistersingers was that exercised over the ardent young traveller by the preachers of the Reformation, who were then beginning to rouse the people of Germany against the abuses of Catholicism, and whose cause Hans Sachs espoused from the first.

On his return home the poet settled down as a shoemaker in a house still shown as his, in the narrow street named after him, and a little later he published his so-called masterpiece, which won him admission to the Nuremberg Meistersinger Guild. This poem was the first of no less than 4,200 similar songs, written according to rule, that would have attracted little notice outside Nuremberg, and would long since have been forgotten even there, had they not been supplemented by an endless succession of truly original effusions, instinct with humour, and many of them also with religious feeling. So thoroughly, indeed, are

they in touch with the spirit of the Reformation, that they are said to have done more to further its cause than the teaching of Luther himself. Comparatively few were brought under the personal fascination of the mighty teacher himself, or of his immediate followers, but the caustic fly-sheets issued by Hans Sachs were disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the land.

For many years the lowly-born poet—whose best works are the 'Schwänke,' or 'Merry Tales,' of which he published some 1,700—was a central figure in his native town, the chief guest at every gathering of the burghers, the leader at all the meetings of the Meistersingers, a power to be reckoned with, whose influence, in spite of his occasional coarseness, was thoroughly healthy and beneficent.

The powers of description of Hans Sachs were extraordinary, and his Eulogy of Nuremberg, in which he dwells minutely upon every detail, gives a more vivid picture of the city of Albrecht Dürer than anything that has since been penned. Though before his death Hans Sachs fell into some disgrace with the Rat for his plain speaking, and was forbidden to publish any more of his satires on the Roman priesthood, his life was singularly free from trouble. He was twice married, the second time to the lovely Barbara Harscher, whom he has immortalized in one of his happiest

poems, 'Der Künstliche Frauenlob,' which reads like a mediæval song of love, and might have been written by one of the Minnesängers, for whom its author had so great an admiration. Hans Sachs died in 1596 in the house marked by a tablet bearing his name, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Johannes.

The death in 1519 of their beloved Kaiser Max was a great blow to the people of Nuremberg, and never again was their town the favourite residence of the head of the State. Owing to an outbreak of the plague, the new Emperor, Charles V., grandson of Maximilian, held his first Diet at Worms, so that it was there, not at Nuremberg, that Luther made his famous confession of faith. By the time Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs had passed away, the Reformation they had both done so much to promote had obtained a firm hold in their native city, and Dr. Scheurl, the son of Maximilian's host of the Burgstrasse, with Dürer's friend and patron, Willibald Pirkheimer, had shared the excommunication of Luther, but had not on that account lost any of their popularity with their fellow-citizens.

Slowly, but very surely, the great change was effected, which, however beneficial from a religious and political point of view, exercised a most depressing influence over art production. Fortunately, however, the revolution in Nuremberg was

bloodless, and greatly to the credit of all concerned; it was not accompanied by the iconoclasm which so often disgraced the adherents of the reformers elsewhere. From the first, indeed, the people of Nuremberg have been noted for their reverence for the work of their great citizens, and though most of the fine sculptures, carvings, and paintings were removed from the churches, they are still, with few exceptions, carefully preserved elsewhere.

Luther's first visit to Nuremberg was paid in 1518, and in 1525 matters were so far advanced that Melancthon came to the town to found a new gymnasium, in which the principles of the reformed religion were to be taught. The house in which he lived, then part of the cloisters of St. Egidius, opposite to which is a statue of him, is still standing, but the school never really flourished, and was soon transferred to Altdorf.

In the civil war which resulted from the schism in the Church, Nuremberg, as was ever her policy, endeavoured to remain neutral, with the result that she got into trouble with both sides. When Charles V. visited the town in 1541, however, she remained true to her Protestantism, thus to a great extent alienating him; and when the Catholic reaction, preceding the terrible Thirty Years' War, set in, her position was a most painful one. All through the remaining years of Charles' harassed reign, Nuremberg had her full share in the

sufferings of the Protestant party, and her troubles culminated when, though still hankering after an impossible neutrality, she finally elected to espouse the cause of Gustavus Adolphus, who had declared that he should treat those who were not openly with him as his enemies.

In 1632 the Swedish King entered Nuremberg, welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm by the people, whose sympathies had been with him all through the war, and who had bitterly resented the vacillating policy of the Rat. Gustavus was now promised supplies of men and money, and soon left the city to rejoin his army at Fürth, whence he marched to the relief of Donauwörth, then besieged by Wallenstein. Three months later the terrible news reached Nuremberg that the fierce Catholic General was advancing in full force upon the town. Gustavus Adolphus hastened back to the rescue, and after the unfortunate city had endured a long siege, a great battle was fought outside its walls, near a hill then crowned by an outlying fortification still called the Alte Veste, which is now marked by a commemorative column 80 feet high.

In the long-sustained struggle of the Thirty Years' War, the Swedes, though nominally victorious, suffered far more than their enemies, and Nuremberg never fully recovered from the severe strain upon her resources. Famine and an outbreak of the plague were added to her other

sufferings, and when the victorious Gustavus Adolphus rode through the streets, he could scarcely believe the town to be the same as that which had received him so heartily but a little time before. A banquet was held in the Rathaus to celebrate the occasion, but it was paid for by the King himself, and though the Council voted the erection in his honour in the market-place of a bronze fountain, which was duly cast, there were not funds enough to set it up. The pieces were sold in 1797 to the Emperor of Russia, and the Neptune fountain, recently erected in the Market-place opposite the Frauenkirche, is a replica of the original design by Christoph Ritter and Georg Schweigger.

The Peace of Westphalia, signed on October 24, 1648, secured to Nuremberg, as to the other cities of the Empire, freedom of conscience and equal political rights with her fellow Imperial cities, but it was too late to restore her to her former position as a leader. Her trade was not only paralyzed by the heavy debts incurred during the Thirty Years' War, but much of what remained was soon diverted elsewhere through the opening of the new route to Venice viâ the Cape of Good Hope.

In a vain and short-sighted attempt to regain her old commercial supremacy, Nuremberg reverted to the outworn principles of protection, and at a time when she should have welcomed the influx of new

blood she closed her doors to foreigners—refusing, for instance, to allow the exiled Flemish weavers to enter them, with the result that the towns where they took refuge were added to the already long list of her rivals. Not until the beginning of the nineteenth century was there any real return of prosperity to Nuremberg, but after her absorption into Bavaria in 1806, she began to share in the new era of prosperity that had begun for the whole of the province. The first railway in Germany was that connecting Nuremberg with Fürth, the opening of which, in 1835, was commemorated by the erection outside the walls of the former, opposite the Spittler Thor, of a handsome fountain known as the Kunstbrunnen.

Between 1818 and 1900 the population of the constantly growing city of Nuremberg increased from 26,854 to 170,000. To her excellent gymnasiums, technical and commercial schools, flock students from far and near; her thriving trade is protected by a Chamber of Commerce, but she no longer looks askance on foreigners. Her factories, of which 250 are in full work, give employment to many hundreds of men and women; her Industrial Museum is full of really good decorative work by local artists; she owns a thoroughly well organized system of electric trams —whose promoters have, however, held sacred the fine old bridges that span the Pegnitz—and her

railway is the junction for the chief arteries of Southern Germany. In a word, Nuremberg is a thriving modern city: a centre of commercial activity, combining with the fascinating aroma of mediævalism the comforts and luxuries of the most advanced civilization, that may well atone to her in some measure for the fact that her sun has set for ever as a factor in the political history of the present day.

CHAPTER IX

NUREMBERG OF TO-DAY

The approach by rail to Nuremberg is full of fascination, the line, after traversing the grandly stern Rhineland, which, in spite of its undoubted beauty, is somewhat wanting in homely charm, entering the finely wooded valleys of Southern Bavaria, dotted with picturesque villages, quaint cottages, with the red-tiled, gabled roofs, clustering about equally characteristic churches with lofty spires and turrets. The fields and pastures, the vineyards and hop plantations, undivided by hedges, are enlivened with groups of peasants. Men, women, and children, all equally hard at work, are to be seen toiling in primitive fashion with clumsy agricultural implements, such as the hand-sickle, long since abandoned elsewhere, and it is no unusual thing for a threshing-machine, drawn by a pair of cows or oxen, to creep slowly along whilst the driver trudges, half asleep, beside it.

On the well-kept roads barefooted women walk to and from their little holdings, bending beneath

burdens far too heavy for them, or dragging loads of sticks and fodder in hand-carts of the roughest description. Here and there a tame lamb is seen trotting like a dog behind its owner or walking proudly at the head of a flock of geese under the care of a child scarcely bigger than itself. Now and then, it is true, a jarring note is struck in these scenes of idyllic simplicity by the rush past of a motor-car or of a group of cyclists, who scatter the pedestrians and their charges to the right and left, reminding the watcher that even in these unsophisticated districts, the trail of the serpent of change is already leaving its disfiguring mark.

As the train nears Fürth, the premonition of the approaching destruction of all that is primitive and rural becomes ever more and more accentuated, and it is through a heavy pall of smoke, between rows of unsightly houses, that the final stage of the journey is performed, so that when Nuremberg itself is entered, the mind is to some extent prepared for the shock of finding that the much-lauded mediæval city is, after all, really thoroughly modernized. It is not, indeed, until the enthusiast for the past has become reconciled, or at least used, to its complete merging with the present, that the old is, as it were, rediscovered in the new. Gradually, however, one after another of the distinctive features of the Nuremberg of the great craftsmen of the golden age may be pieced together in the

imagination into something remotely resembling the scenes with which they were familiar, and the smouldering wrath of the disappointed student of the long ago is quenched in relief that so much is left to him after all. Yet it remains a fact that, in the very midst of the older portions of the town, modern houses, some of them mere masses of brick and mortar or of whitewashed stucco, have been allowed to encroach upon priceless survivals of the glorious days gone by, here blocking up a fine courtyard, there cutting in half a series of sculptured galleries, or obstructing the approach to some gem of Renaissance architecture, such as an exquisitely proportioned spiral staircase, or a perfect façade, designed by one of the true masters of decorative art.

In spite, however, of all these drawbacks, the heart of hearts of the Nuremberg of the great craftsmen may still be said to beat true to them. The street named after Albrecht Dürer, from which a flight of steps leads down to the Weinmarkt, and the network of streets and alleys radiating from the latter to the Theresienstrasse, are all alike rich in delightful surprises for the explorer, who combines with the patience needed to seek them, the sympathetic imagination able to restore to them their lost environment.

The unpretending house, now No. 20, Winklerstrasse, in which Albrecht Dürer was born, near to

which is the old Waage, or public weighing-house, with a quaint relief by Adam Kraft on the outside; that in the Burgstrasse, to which the Dürer family removed when the future master was still a boy, with the one in which he worked under Wolgemut—adjoining which, by the way, is a house with a very beautiful dormer window of unusual construction—and the Scheurl house, with a very fine courtyard connected with it, remain what they were in the golden age. Moreover, most important of all, the homely dwelling in which Albrecht Dürer lived for nineteen years and died, not only fully retains its mediæval appearance, but has the rare distinction of commanding the very same prospect as was familiar to its famous owner.

A simple, massively built, half-timbered structure, three stories high, with a lofty, sloping, red-tiled roof, broken by several dormer windows, and on the north side adorned with an open wooden balcony, which may possibly have served as a studio in the summer, the Dürer house is entered from the street by a strong, iron-bound door, opening into a wide but dimly lighted hall. From it a steep staircase leads up to the living-rooms, which are still, so far as their actual structure, with the finely-chased cabinets let into the walls, is concerned, exactly what they were during the great master's occupancy.

It must not, however, be forgotten that after Albrecht Dürer's death and that of his wife, the

now greatly treasured house changed hands again and again, no special value having been attached to it by the people of Nuremberg. Frau Dürer bequeathed it to her sister, Frau Zinner, who sold it in 1542 to a blacksmith, who is supposed to have made alterations in it to meet the requirements of his trade. The large north window, for instance, so often spoken of as that near to which Dürer used to work, really merely fills in an opening made by the owner for the convenience of his customers. The blacksmith was succeeded first by one and then another tenant, and it was not until 1816 that the house was marked by the inscription : ' Hier wohnte Albrecht Dürer.'

Ten years later, chiefly at the instance of Dr. Campe, it was bought for the town from its last owner for the sum of 1,675 florins. A medallion portrait of Albrecht Dürer was put up above the entrance-door, and the house was confided to the care of the Albrecht Dürer Society, who for an annual rent of 100 florins obtained the right of holding their exhibitions in it.

It was intended to mark May 21, 1871, the four hundredth anniversary of the painter's death, by a great art festival, but the Franco-German War rendered this impossible. That same year was founded the so-called Albrecht Dürer Haus Stiftung, and in 1875 an agreement was made between it and the town, to the effect that the new

society should, at their own expense, restore to the home of the Dürers, as far as possible, the appearance it presented during their lifetime.

With this end in view a collection was made, to which many of the townsfolk contributed, of such furniture and household utensils as were in use in the sixteenth century, with the result that the general effect is probably a very true one. On the first story two rooms have been fitted up as a study and living-room, and hung with excellent reproductions of the master's work, including the fine Portrait of himself as a boy of thirteen, already referred to, the quaint drawing sent by Dürer to his doctor when he was ill away from home, in which he appears as a middle-aged man, pointing to his side to indicate the seat of his suffering, and the well-known Portraits of the artist's father and mother. In the upper story is a permanent exhibition of good reproductions of a great number of Dürer's engravings and drawings, with some few original sketches, to which additions are frequently made, so that although, unfortunately, it has been impossible to acquire any of the master's paintings, an excellent idea can be obtained of the general characteristics of his style.

The question of where Dürer worked in the semi-obscurity of his home, the picturesque pale green bottle-glass with which the leaded lattice windows are filled, admitting but little light, has

been eagerly discussed, and it is generally supposed that he used the large room on the second story for painting and instructing his pupils, whilst his engraving was carried on in the smaller apartments below. To the master's wife and mother the little upper chamber with the north window is assigned as a sitting-room, it being near the kitchen, which, with its massive iron door, is probably just what it was in their time, though the cooking utensils and crockery have been collected from far and near.

A few doors below the entrance to the Albrecht Dürer house is that to the Pirkheimer Hof, once the property of the artist's friend and patron, Willibald Pirkheimer. In it is a perfectly preserved specimen of a small half-timbered house of great beauty, probably of much earlier date than its more celebrated neighbour, and a little further down the street is another fine court with very beautiful galleries which should not be passed by. On each of the corner houses at the foot of the steps leading from the Albrecht Dürer Strasse to the Weinmarkt is a group of the Madonna and Child, the one on the left a true masterpiece, the figure of the Infant Saviour being especially fine, whilst that on the right, of cruder workmanship, is noticeable for its quaint realism. Looking up from the Weinmarkt, the ancient street, with the town wall as a background, and the steps with the two Madonnas in the foreground, forms a most charm-

ing picture, a true bit of unspoiled mediævalism, that it is to be hoped may long remain unaltered.

In the short Karlstrasse, connecting the Weinmarkt with the Karlsbrücke, of eighteenth-century origin, are many beautiful relics of the long ago. On the left, for instance, is an exquisite Gothic Chörlein, and opposite to it, on the right, a Renaissance dormer window of less ethereal beauty, belonging to a house with a grand courtyard, from which a spiral staircase, bearing the date 1616, leads up to the galleries overlooking it.

Between the Weinmarkt and the river the appearance of the town is evidently very different from what it was when the great masters of the sixteenth century were familiar figures in the narrow streets, but the noble timbered building of the Weinstädel, with the little gabled house connecting it with the Wasserturm, already referred to in connection with the second wall, with many of the terraced houses overlooking the Pegnitz, are possibly of even earlier date than the Dürer house itself.

Though no building can rival in intensely human interest the home of the master, who has done more than any other man to promote the glory of his native city, Nuremberg justly prides herself on the many fine mansions that were built for her merchant princes, and recall the glorious days of her commercial prosperity. Amongst them the Tucher

House in the Hirschelgasse is especially interesting as marking the transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance style, combining as it does some of the distinctive peculiarities of each.

Still in the possession and occasionally occupied by a member of the family whose name it bears, this house has been carefully preserved as it was when completed in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The low-ceilinged, massively constructed rooms, with their oaken beams, the cabinets let into the walls, with their richly wrought locks and hinges, the finely decorated doors and the spiral stone staircase, combine to give an impression of strength, durability, and fitness, that is eminently satisfying. Above the entrance-door is a beautiful relief in stone of Christ walking on the sea, which seems to strike the keynote of the home, whose inmates used to meet for daily prayer in the fine Gothic chapel now used as a dining-room, that still retains on the meeting-point of the ribs of the vaulting a quaint representation of the Last Supper, forming a pendant to the Tucher coat of arms.

The living-rooms on the first and second floors share the almost solemn beauty of the entrance-hall and chapel ; their leaded lattice windows with stained glass in the upper panes, after the designs of Albrecht Dürer, look out upon a beautiful garden. The fire-dogs, the oaken tables and chairs,

the suit of armour by the ingle nook, the steel-gauntleted gloves lying on the floor as if just thrown down, the desk set in the angle of the window, with writing materials ready for use, with many another detail, produce a delightful impression of homeliness and comfort. On the panelled walls hang several quaint old paintings, including an interesting representation of the Iron Maiden of the Five-cornered Tower, with a group of ladies in the costumes of the sixteenth century looking up at her with evident admiration.

Built nearly a century later than the Tucher house, the Peller house, on the Egidien Platz, is prophetic in its ornate ornamentation of the then approaching change from the early to the late Renaissance. Designed by Jakob Wolff, who, with his brother Hans, aided in the additions to the Rathaus described above, it was erected for the wealthy merchant prince, Martin Peller, and has recently been most carefully restored. The façade still presents an imposing appearance, but the effect of the interior is spoiled by the fact that the rooms are filled with modern furniture on sale, the present owner being one of the chief manufacturers of the neighbourhood.

Other noteworthy Renaissance houses of Nuremberg are the Toplar, on the Panierplatz, which greatly resembles the Peller house; the Kraft

COURT OF No. 16 KRÄHENGÄSZCHEN.

house, in the Theresienstrasse; the Imhof house, in the Tucherstrasse; and the Nassau house, in the Königstrasse. The Kraft house, considered the masterpiece of Hans Behaim the elder, is especially noteworthy for the delicate lace-like carvings of the galleries overlooking the spacious court, in which is a disused fountain with a charming little bronze statuette of St. Michael by Peter Vischer, designed for the Imhof family, but replaced in their ancestral home by a copy. The Imhof house was also designed by Behaim, and its court, to which the distinctive name of the Historischer-hof is given, rivals, if it does not excel, that of the Kraft house, so fine are its proportions, so beautifully carved the balustrades of its many galleries, which are filled with flowering plants and draped with creepers in the summer.

In the same street as the Imhof house, entered from No. 15 on the opposite side, is a court, now almost blocked up with unsightly modern buildings which must originally have been one of the finest in Nuremberg, on account of its charming sculptures, including a series of medallion heads of great beauty. In the little alley known as the Krähenzäschen, leading out of the Theresienstrasse, nearly opposite the Kraft house, are two courts, belonging to Nos. 6 and 7, which are well worth visiting, in one of which is a remarkably good dormer window, and No. 10, Plobenstrasse still

owns a solitary survivor of a series of figures of the Apostles and a very quaint old window.

The Nassau house, the name of which is thoroughly misleading, no member of the Nassau family having lived in it, is supposed to date from about the end of the sixteenth century, but by whom or for whom it was built is not known. It is, however, certain that it was for some time occupied by a charitable institution founded by Karl Schusselfelder, who died early in the eighteenth century. The graceful corner turrets, the well-proportioned roof, the finely-carved balcony, the beautiful oriel window, and the statue of Gustavus Adolphus on the eastern wall, added in 1824, combine to give an appearance of great dignity and refinement to this celebrated house, which is now occupied by a dealer in antiquities, whilst its crypt has been converted into a wine-cellar. Its position, opposite the western portal of St. Lorenzo and the beautiful Tugendbrunnen, is an exceptionally fortunate one, its old-world character seeming to keep the heart of modern Nuremberg in touch with the life of long ago.

Of the many bridges that span the Pegnitz and add so greatly to the general picturesqueness of the town, the finest are the Karlsbrücke, named after Karl IV., and adorned with two obelisks commemorative of him; the Museumbrücke and the Fleischbrücke, the last one of the first to be built of stone in Nuremberg, replacing a much older one

THE NASSAU HOUSE AND THE TUGEND-BRUNNEN.

of wood on which the mutilation of condemned prisoners used to take place, at the entrance to which is the figure of a bull,* bearing beneath it a Latin inscription which may be roughly translated:

'All living things are born and grow,
But here you see a bull that never was a calf.'

Even more distinctive of Nuremberg than the bridges, which, after all, owe their charm rather to the views they command up and down the river, than to any special beauty of structure, are the fountains of Nuremberg, amongst which the most celebrated, though scarcely now the most beautiful, is the Schöner Brunnen of the market-place, an ornate, gorgeously-coloured Gothic canopy, enriched with many figures of heroes of the Bible and of history, a copy of an earlier fountain which, so far as can be judged by the fragments preserved in the Germanic Museum, must originally have been a fine work of art. The first Schöner Brunnen was designed by Heinrich Behaim, and erected between 1385 and 1396, whilst the iron railing surrounding it, the work of Paul Köhn, also now replaced by a copy, was not added until 1586. In the new railing has been faithfully reproduced a bronze ring, which is always care-

* The horns of this bull were shot off some years ago by an unknown hand, but new ones were given to it in September, 1904.

fully pointed out to visitors, the touching of which is supposed to bring luck, for it is said to have been made by a smith under sentence of death who was promised his life if he could complete it within a given time. With the hope of earning a few pfennigs, the children of Nuremberg still delight in telling the tale, with ever-varying embellishments, to anyone they can persuade to listen to them.

As is the case with all the fountains of Nuremberg, the water is drawn from the Schöner Brunnen through clumsy funnels, from which it is difficult for children, and impossible for animals, to obtain a drink. It is, indeed, often truly painful to see horses, cattle, and dogs sniffing at the damp stones near the plentiful supply of refreshment just out of their reach, and it is greatly to be hoped that the authorities of the town, who are so careful of the comfort of the human inhabitants under their care, may ere long provide drinking-troughs for the dumb creatures who are unable to plead for themselves.

The recently-set-up bronze Neptune fountain, opposite to the Frauenkirche, which would, by the way, lend itself even more easily than the Schöner Brunnen to adaptation for the refreshment of animals, is a replica of the one already referred to as having been ordered by the Council to commemorate the entry into Nuremberg of Gustavus

THE SCHÖNER BRUNNEN AND THE FRAUEN KIRCHE.

Adolphus, after the raising of the siege. The general effect of the design, with the seated Sea-god towering above his attendant dolphins, who are belching forth copious streams of water, is good, especially on a sunny weekday, when the market-women and their customers are grouped about the base of the fountain. The Schöner Brunnen and the Neptune fountain are, however, both really excelled by the far less pretentious Tugendbrunnen of the Königsstrasse, the work of Benedict Wurzelbauer, and a very fine example of German Renaissance plastic art at its best. The figures of the Virtues with their symbols, grouped beneath that of Justice, holding her sword and scales, are full of grace and action.

Other noteworthy fountains of Nuremberg are those already described in the courts of the Rathaus with that of the Bagpipe-player in the Ebnergasse; the Wasserspeier, a copy of one by Bernini, set up on the Maxplatz in 1687, in memory of a victory over the Turks; the Grübel Brunnen, with a statue of Johann Conrad Grübel, a local poet who flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and, dearest of all to the people of Nuremberg, the quaint Gänsemännchen, or little goose-man fountain of the fruit-market. The last-named is surmounted by the figure of a country-man holding a goose, with water flowing from its mouth, under each arm, designed by Pancraz

Labenwolf, immortalizing the Dick Whittington of popular local fame, who is said to have come to the town a penniless lad, but to have made his fortune with the aid of a pair of geese, given to him by a farmer who took a fancy to him.

The foreigner who would fain see the good burghers of Nuremberg at their best should make a point of frequenting the excellent evening concerts given at all the best restaurants in the town in the winter, and in the summer in the well-laid-out grounds of the gardens of Rosenau, the park of Maxfeld, and the shady woods bordering the wide-spreading ponds of Dutzenteich, where boating is added to the other attractions. To them the well-to-do people of Nuremberg, fathers, mothers, and children, flock in crowds on fine Sundays and fête-days, to smoke, drink beer, and chat together, as they listen to the excellent music provided for them, content to remain seated in the same place for many hours at a time. Music, beer, and tobacco are, in fact, the foundation-stones of social intercourse here, as elsewhere in Germany, and from their earliest childhood boys learn to enjoy them. It is no unusual thing to see little fellows of five or six years old conducting the concerts on their own account with a bit of stick, keeping admirable time, and heaving deep sighs of regret when the end of some long composition arrives. All too soon, also, alas! they begin to drink their

beer, and it is difficult to imagine what Germany, so successful a nation in spite of it, would become without the enormous consumption of the national beverage, which, though it does not, strange to say, result in drunkenness, really gradually undermines the constitution.

The stranger who joins the happy reunions indoors or out need fear neither molestation nor ridicule, however ignorant he may be of the German language, for courtesy to foreigners is now everywhere the rule, whatever may have been the case during the South African War. An Englishman's halting attempts to make himself understood are always met half-way, and there is sure to be an expert interpreter at hand ready to smooth away all his difficulties. True, he may have to wait some little time for the refreshment which he has ordered to arrive, but in an environment so fascinating and so cordial, he would indeed be a churl should he grumble at the delay.

Now and then the happy social gatherings of the burghers end in dancing, if it be fine, in the open air; if it should be wet, in the large assembly-rooms connected with every place of entertainment. No prettier sight could be imagined than the scene presented in the gloaming at Rosenau or Maxfeld, as the gathering darkness gives a touch of mystery to the moving groups—a darkness soon to be dispelled by a blaze of electric light. To the outsider

there seems to be a total absence of conventionality at these impromptu merry-makings, but, as a matter of fact, there are certain stringent rules that must be observed, their infringement being looked upon as an unpardonable breach of good manners. Any gentleman, for instance, may ask any lady, unless she be betrothed—when her fiancé's consent must first be obtained—to be his partner, and it would be considered an insult if she refused, but he must only go twice round the circle, after which he is expected to bow and retire, not again claiming acquaintance with her.

No less happy than the gatherings of the well-to-do in the public gardens are those of the children of the poor on the banks of the Pegnitz, and, beautiful as are the effects to be watched at Maxfeld, at Rosenau, or at Dutztenteich, they are excelled in homely charm, in humour, and in pathos, by those to be seen at any hour of the day in the summer holidays, beside the muddy stream overlooked by the quaint terraced houses of old Nuremberg. The boys with their well-patched blue breeches, the sleeves of their shabby shirts turned up, their closely-cropped heads, white arms and legs gleaming in the sunshine, and many of them with a pair of red bathing-drawers clutched in one hand producing an effective touch of vivid colour, are far more picturesque than the girls. The latter are sorely hampered by their ragged petticoats

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND ON THE PEGNITZ, WITH THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

as they paddle with their more fortunate brothers in the shallow stream, the babies under their charge rolling about on the grass near by, or tucked comfortably into little hand-carts, such as are sold as toys in England. Not an hour passes without the occurrence of some episode that appears of vital importance to the light-hearted crowd, who are still in the fairy-land of childhood, seeing everything in its atmosphere of glamour. There is little quarreling, and in the roughest play a certain chivalry is shown to the weak and helpless; a cry from one of the babies will arrest the happiest game; and the approach of a dog is hailed with delight: instead of being teased or driven away, he is caressed and enticed to join in the fun.

Now and then some little pantomime shadows forth the day, when the disturbing element of sex will mar the present healthy absence of self-consciousness. A crust of bread, once brown, now black from much handling, or a bit of broken glass or tinsel that has been picked up as a great treasure, is offered by Hans to Gretchen, who scornfully rejects it several times, before a whisper in her ear brings a relenting smile to her lips; or two older boys nearly come to blows over which shall carry Clärchen's baby-sister home for her. Good-natured camaraderie amongst themselves and ready submission to authority, a happy augury for the future, are the chief characteristics of the gamins of Nurem-

berg, who look forward eagerly to their term of compulsory military service, whilst their sisters are equally ready, as soon as they are old enough, to take situations as domestic servants, knowing full well that they are sure stepping-stones to homes of their own.

The one temptation that the merry-makers by the Pegnitz seem unable to resist appears to be catching the fish that abound in its waters, still, as in the days of St. Sebald, a penal offence. Swift and sure is the punishment that follows detection, and in the bright summer days many a culprit who has been caught red-handed is marched off in the custody of a policeman, after his ill-gotten booty has been solemnly restored to its native element. Then, for a brief space, silence falls upon the playground, the babies are hastily snatched up, and boys and girls tramp after their unlucky comrade; but very soon they all troop back again, the untoward incident is forgotten, and the paddling and romping is resumed as happily as ever.

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