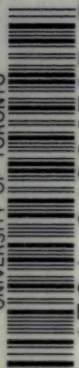


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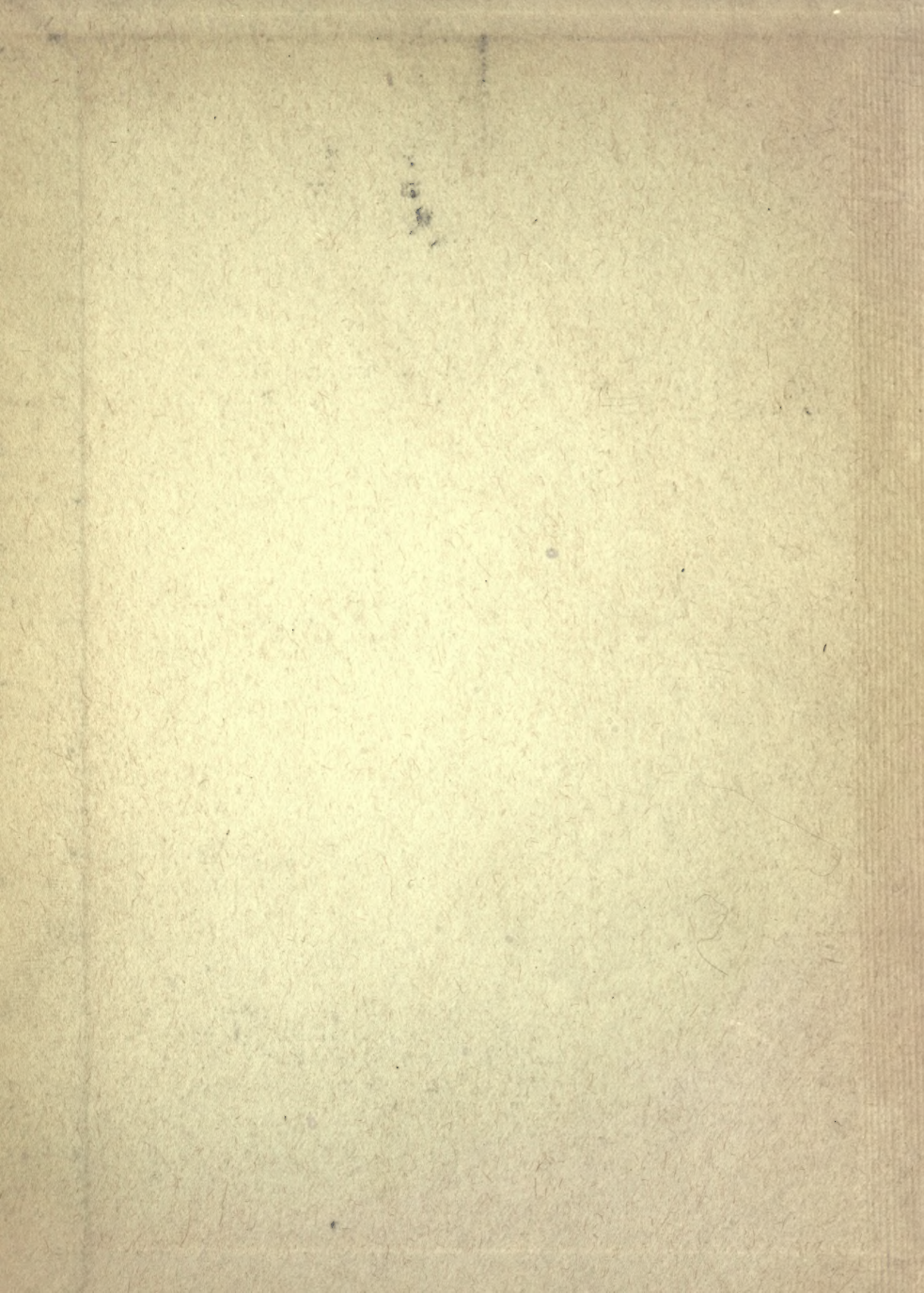


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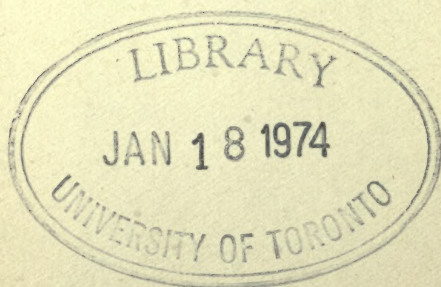
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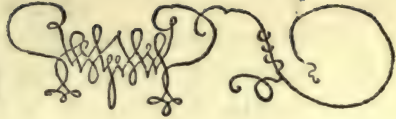
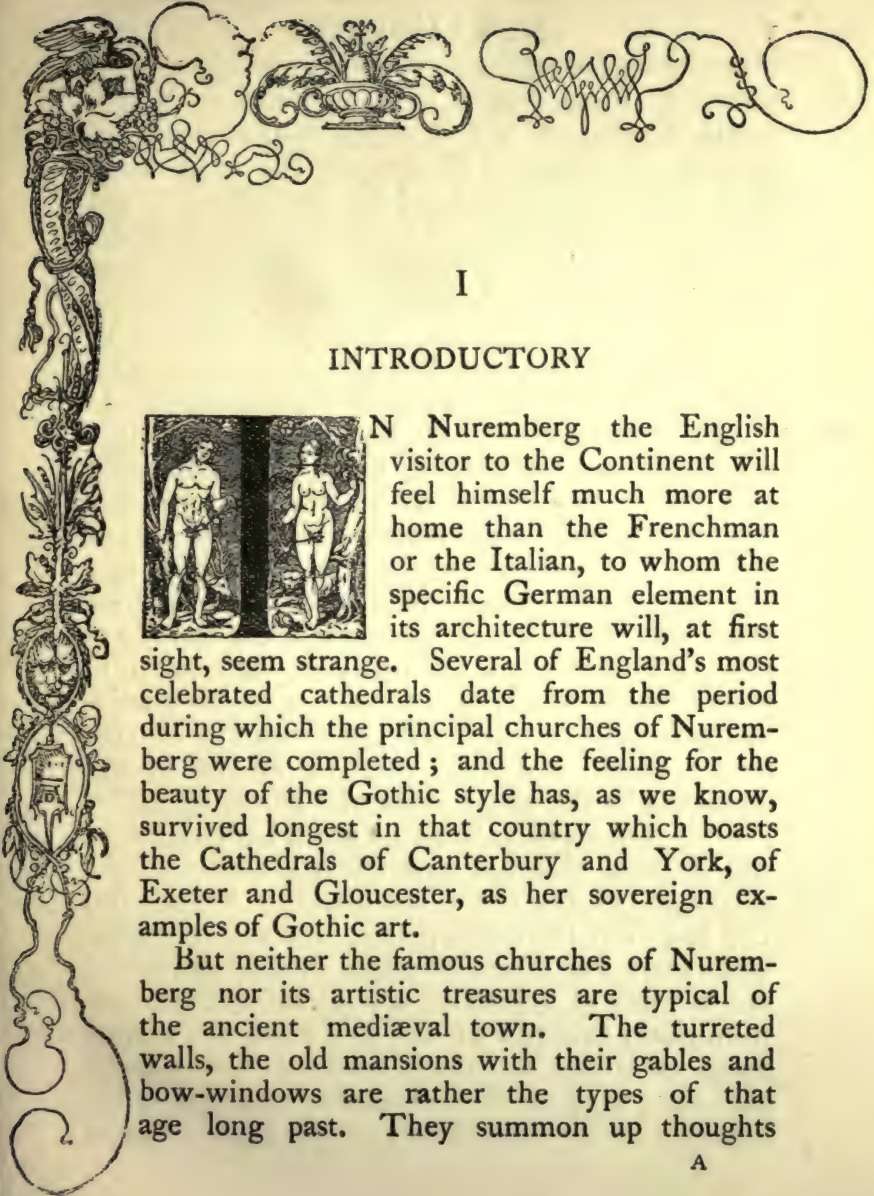
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I

INTRODUCTORY



N Nuremberg the English visitor to the Continent will feel himself much more at home than the Frenchman or the Italian, to whom the specific German element in its architecture will, at first sight, seem strange. Several of England's most celebrated cathedrals date from the period during which the principal churches of Nuremberg were completed; and the feeling for the beauty of the Gothic style has, as we know, survived longest in that country which boasts the Cathedrals of Canterbury and York, of Exeter and Gloucester, as her sovereign examples of Gothic art.

But neither the famous churches of Nuremberg nor its artistic treasures are typical of the ancient mediæval town. The turreted walls, the old mansions with their gables and bow-windows are rather the types of that age long past. They summon up thoughts

similar to those evoked by a first visit to Kenilworth Castle, or a first stroll in the streets of Bruges. But here in Nuremberg the imagination is, as it were, overwhelmed by the variety of the impressions it receives. The stories of "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward" seem to have been written for just such a national stage as this. It is this first general impression of the picturesque remains of the mediæval city that dominates the imagination of every one who wanders about Nuremberg devoid of any definite artistic purpose. Therefore, that we may learn to thoroughly know the old Imperial city, let us first endeavour to imprint upon our memory the picture she presents during a circuit of the walls. Next let our aim be to deepen that impression by observant wanderings in the interior of the city. Finally, the purely æsthetic consideration of Nuremberg's art treasures, the creation of master minds, will bring a fresh, and no less powerful, influence to bear on the formation of that image which will ever after be evoked in our memories by the magic name of "Nuremberg."

Only a score of years ago many a building might still be seen that has now fallen a victim to the exigencies of the city's commerce. But the art city had even then disappeared, and a great industrial centre had taken its place, proudly displaying the banners of Schuckert and Cramer-Klett. As triumphant evidence of this fact, above the narrow maze of streets the black smoke of innumerable chimneys, hanging like a mourning cloak before the lustreless setting sun, obscures the stranger's view of

the Castle. And, viewing this triumph of Utilitarianism, we cannot repress our mournful wonder that the glory of Old Nuremberg should have vanished so quickly. Where is the voice that will awaken her again to her former grandeur? Will it ever be heard? But vain yearnings for the past only retard the approach of a fortune-laden future: although a certain pride,—more restrained perhaps in its utterance—in the acknowledged masterpieces of the past will not weaken the deep impression which Nuremberg must leave upon our minds. For such pride is thoroughly well founded, and even the stoutest champion of modern ideas cannot, at any rate, deny its historical justice. Regarded in this spirit, Nuremberg is, and will remain, the fairest of German cities.

* * * * *

Proceeding on the principles laid down in the earlier part of this introduction, our scheme of exploration falls naturally into three separate excursions in and around Nuremberg.

The first, and most important one, proceeds on the western side of the city along the outer wall, up to the castle, and back by the east side. A second excursion will take into consideration the curiosities of the inner town; while the third will be devoted to the art treasures and churches. A systematically exact division, a laborious classification of details, in regard, for instance, to historical development, must remain little more than a project, as far as regards the great mass of the objects of our visit,

which sometimes decline, and rightly so, to fit into any arbitrary scheme of arrangement. Expert works on Nuremberg already exist in abundance. It has been my especial pleasure here to ply my pen in the easier paths of unpretentious description.





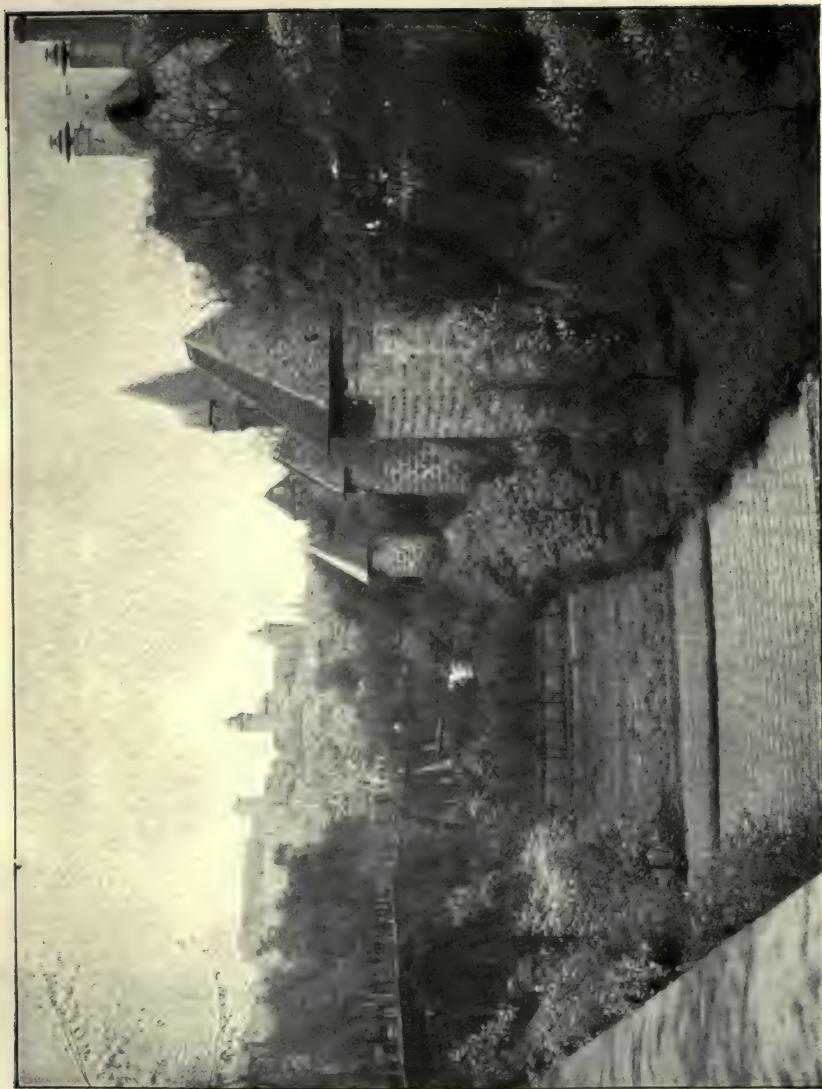
II

THE CASTLE AND FORTIFICATIONS

“**T**O the Castle !” is the cry with which we commence our tour of inspection ; that Castle which extends Nuremberg’s first welcome to her expectant visitor, from whatever quarter he may arrive. But let us avoid anything approaching to a hasty and breathless ascent. Our enjoyment will be immeasurably heightened if, making acquaintance as we go with various charming details of the fortifications, we traverse the walls in leisurely fashion, and approach the Castle by a circuitous route calculated to bring our feelings gradually into harmony with our objective.

Let us turn our steps westward. We are still in the Bahnhofplatz, at the new monument to the Prince Regent Luitpold, by Rümman. Before us stands an emblem of Nuremberg, the ponderous tower of the Frauenthor. In days gone by it served, together with three similar companions, for the observation and protection of traffic. Do not these courses of mighty blocks, between which only the narrowest loopholes serve as windows, crowned with a cap of red shingles, appear to symbolise the former power of the city they guard ? Devoid of art—indeed,

even inartistic, the sheer massiveness of these watch-towers produces a striking effect owing to the contrast it affords to the slender turrets encountered later on. We have an opportunity of making the comparison, as we continue our course to the right, with the maze of buildings which form the Germanic Museum already beginning to tower in the background. Three large buildings lie close together. Nearest to us the Königsstiftungshaus, white, unadorned, and simple; next the Mittelbau; and immediately adjoining, the imposing Gothic Neubau with its lantern and its gallery decorated with the arms of the German States. Opposite is the destined site of a modern Theatre. At the spot where the Färberthor formerly stood, we diverge from the broad thoroughfare and follow the footpath which here leads outside the fortifications. But not for long can we pursue it. The noise of the numerous electric trams, the bustle of carriages and hurrying foot-passengers proclaim the great business centre of western Nuremberg — the *Plärrer*. Here stands the monument commemorating the opening of the first German railway, between Nuremberg and Fürth, and behind it the Ludwigsbahn station. Yet what have we to do with these landmarks of civilisation! The Spittlerthor, with its beautiful civic coat-of-arms (the second high tower), lays far greater claim to our attention. A short further walk brings us to the newly-built restaurant at the Ludwigsthor. Should the day we have chosen happen to be a Sunday, and the time afternoon into the bargain, we shall encounter half Nuremberg. Every citizen



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VIEW FROM THE LUDWIGSTHOR

for whom an excursion to the Dutzendteich, or into the country, is too ambitious, promenades the "Circumvallation," accompanied by spouse and olive-branches, arrayed in festal attire. But very few of this gay throng possess the key which, but a few paces aside, gives access to the fairest scene of all.

On the inner side of the wall (to the left from the gate), through a narrow wicket, the passage may be reached which is divided from the road by the wide ditch. Passing some remarkably graceful turrets, the heavy foliage screens from our view every vestige of what is to come. Suddenly we emerge into a clearing, and mediæval Nuremberg lies before us—house after house, roof above roof, sloping upwards in a ruddy confusion of corners and gables to the Castle that dominates the whole! Only a chimney here and there mars the glorious spectacle. The mighty tones of the *Meistersinger* March resound in our ears, and we pause spell-bound to feast our vision on this unique picture. In the springtime, when the trees are in full bloom, and the blackbird's note rises melodiously from the moat and the surrounding gardens, a rare charm attaches to this lovely spot in the late hours of the afternoon. Then the shadows close around us, while the dusky glow of the sinking sun touches the shimmering roofs with an almost golden radiance, and the gabled and turreted mass of the castle stands out in black relief against the primrose sky. Here Faust might have paused in his walk with Wagner; here Turner might have

painted. This favoured spot of Earth is the domain of divine Poetry, and one would seek in vain to escape her spell. It is with a full heart that we take our farewell.

Quitting this vision, we reluctantly quicken our pace past the modern buildings of the Westthorgraben. The eye is still fixed on the Castle, whose separate parts gradually converge into a single mass ; and not until we reach the bridge do we encounter fresh attractions. Here the walls bestride the River Pegnitz in bold and pleasing arches, while a light footbridge connects the opposite banks. We may now escape the dusty road by taking to the pleasant green-arboured promenades, as we continue slowly to ascend. If we choose, we may even traverse the moat itself by shady paths. Beyond the Neue Thor the ascent of the upper paths becomes steeper. As we proceed we familiarise ourselves with the noteworthy features of the walls and their towers, so that, when we at last complete our ascent at the Thiergärtnerthor, we are able to concentrate our entire attention on the west front of the Castle.

The additions to this side were not, as is currently related, made at the wish of King Ludwig II. The tasteless *loggia* hangs on the high wall like a meaningless excrescence, out of harmony with the whole building. It were idle to ask oneself the obvious question as to the architect's design in placing it on the very side from which no view of the city's chief beauties can be obtained ; or what architectural devices might otherwise have been discovered to bring this addition into conformity

with the style characteristic of the Castle. Of this characteristic style the three buildings visible at the next corner afford an excellent example : the Pentagonal tower, the Kaiserstallung, and the Luginsland. The first, the oldest architectural monument in Nuremberg, bears the local name of "Alt Nürnberg." And with every right. For more than eight hundred years the battered old warrior has defied the assaults of Time. It is true that many of his stones have been renewed, but there he stands unmoved, and receives with indifference the homage of generation after generation. Soon we too shall be standing at his foot. One glance at the fine armorial bearings on the adjacent corner ; then the dark tunnel of the Vestnerthor receives us,—and we enter the domain of the Past.

At this point it may not be out of place to glance briefly at the historical relation borne by the various portions of the Castle to the whole. Not only the traveller, but many a native of Nuremberg is accustomed to look upon the Castle simply as the former residence of the Burggraves of Nuremberg, strengthened in this belief by the joint possession offered in 1866 by King Ludwig II. to the scion of the ancient Burggraves, the Hohenzollern King and Emperor William I. No idea could be more erroneous. We have to thank the highly meritorious researches of Mummenhoff for the light that has been thrown on the situation of the Burggraves' stronghold. Hardly a decade since, the most doubtful errors were promulgated as unimpeachable verities—errors which, as we have already men-

tioned, even at the present day are still calmly disseminated, although Mummenhoff's historical "Guide to the Castle of Nuremberg" plainly enough brands them as such. Man is always reluctant to part with convenient illusions to which he has grown accustomed, and which are pleasant to him. The celebrated ink-stain of the Wartburg, Byron's name "scratched with his own hand" on the pillar at Chillon may be mentioned here, as well as Epplein von Gailingen's hoof-marks! It is also a fact that the ancestors of the German Imperial House did not reside in the Castle itself. Their dwelling, of which the Pentagonal Tower formed part, lay outside the bounds of the actual Castle, and was captured and destroyed by Christopher von Leiningen, of the ducal house of Bavaria, in 1420. It was never rebuilt, as Frederick I. of Brandenburg sold the ruins a few years afterwards to the city of Nuremberg. Besides, this castle of the Burggraves appears to have been of very modest dimensions. The *Freiung*, however, at all events belonged to it. The bailiff's house is still in existence—that old building which is close at our side as we emerge from the tunnel; and to the south of the Hollow Way, close to the Pentagonal Tower, rises the Walpurgis Chapel. This Hollow Way passes through the *débris* of the former stronghold of the Burggraves; for, according to Mummenhoff's deductions, its site must have been just here. The *Kaiserstallung*, as well as the *Luginsland Tower*, belonged to the city of Nuremberg; the former was the civic granary, while the latter was built

with the express object of keeping an eye upon the Burggraves. The actual Imperial castle only begins at the gate in the west side of the Freiung and the slender Sinwellturm which guards it. Besides the main building, it comprised the Margaretenturm and the Chapel, the various small dwelling-houses and the Deep Well. Although three distinct powers have thus held sway on the Castle rock—Emperor, Burggrave, and City—and although building operations were carried on, and restorations effected, by different architects and at widely varying periods, it is surprising to note the harmony of the whole when viewed from a distance.

The Kaiserstallung offers no feature worthy of note. We therefore content ourselves with a hasty visit to the interior of the Pentagonal Tower, and lend a willing ear to the history of the Iron Virgin. We then return to the exit of the tunnel, and pass through the second gate on the south with the large coat-of-arms.

A few paces farther, and we stand at the broad parapet of the Freiung. All Nuremberg lies before us. From the tower of the Schmausenbuck, peeping out from the green of the eastern hills, as far as the western suburbs of Steinbühl and Schweinau, lies a wide-spreading sea of houses. When on Sunday evenings a portion of the factories have stopped work, and the calm evening air carries the smoke of the others perpendicularly upwards, the distant details may be more clearly made out. Immediately in front of us are the twin towers of St. Sebald's; in the more distant background the dissimilar pair

belonging to the Church of St. Lawrence, and, on the right, the cupola of St. Elizabeth's. Here the eye finds its needful resting-place, for there is no artistic unity in this picture; nothing but an irregular confusion of roofs, even when seen from close at hand. From the alleys there rises the sound of the smith's hammer, of the joiner's plane. The joyous clamour of innumerable children at play, eagerly escaping from their narrow quarters into a brief stretch of liberty, and their merry shouts strike upon our ear. With curiosity we watch all this movement. Are these the genuine descendants of such proud traditions? Is it worth while to make their acquaintance, in the hope of unearthing originality and character meet for description? It would be labour lost. One must be a Dickens or a Mark Twain to discover the typical Nuremberger among the medley of the Nuremberg populace. And even then one must be able to draw such a portrait as Ricarda Huch has painted in the "Triumphgasse."

Together with the slow decay of the genuine speech, the inimitable dialect of the Nurembergers, we lament the disappearance of the good old burgher who, like the Castellani and Nicolotti of Venice in days of old on their respective sides of the Rialto, swore fidelity to St. Lawrence or St. Sebald, according to the situation of the house wherein he was born, and only made up his mind with the greatest reluctance to cross the dividing Pegnitz. Those who have sat in company with one of these fine old city fathers at his carefully preserved

ALBRECHT DÜRER



TROCKENSTEG

[*Albertina, Vienna*]

ancestral table lose all count of the progress of the twentieth century; for in them the spirit of the old Free Towns survives in all its force and its fidelity to the Imperial idea, and the last decades, which have turned Nuremberg, through the thousands of working men whom she supports, into the headquarters of Social Democracy, have passed them by and left no trace. In the twilight that filters through the knotted window-panes, under the blackened *Lüsterweibchen*, the old man by the stove seems suddenly to have assumed barret-cap and furred doublet (somewhat after the style of Dürer's father in the Uffizi), the gold chain of office seems to hang from his shoulders, while the feeble voice discourses of the dim and distant past. The tirades and catchwords that are so continuously and forcibly on the lips of the new generation are strange to him. For the rapid growth of the city, due to immigration, has assisted the assimilating influence of time. Thus the Nuremberger of to-day hardly differs from the citizens of other South German commercial towns; the characteristic colour, most strikingly preserved in the men of Augsburg and Munich, has almost completely disappeared in Nuremberg. Qualities which might be described as typical no longer exist. *Tucherbräu* and *Bratwürste* are to be had in other places than Nuremberg.

But should the narrow alleys—those we can trace as on a map when standing on the Burgfreiung—should they also remain dumb to our persistent researches after originality? The style and height

of the houses, the breadth of the streets, the relations as regards space with Next-door and Over-the-way, contribute so much to the development of a domesticity resting upon an equal ethical basis. The individual who is continually gratifying his curiosity by means of his neighbour's windows, and who is able without exertion to converse with him on current topics during his work, will either model his household upon that of his neighbour, or will himself serve as a pattern to others. Nevertheless, the joy or the hatred of labour exists here, as everywhere.

And yet it may be possible to seize and crystallise a characteristic feature—the difference between the various social stations, which is rarely so sharply defined as in Nuremberg. Besides the proud patricians, whose hatchments hang in the chancels of the churches, and the industrious citizens, there are also the strangers, the self-made men—enriched hop-merchants and manufacturers. They also demand their place in the modern civic economy. But they only strive for an apparent equality; instead of attacking the conscious archaism which is the boast of Nuremberg, they remain neutral. The march of progress does not receive from them here, as elsewhere, energetic support. The Nuremberg of to-day is indebted to them for its upward impetus, which is developing through quite other motives, and in a diametrically opposite direction to that of yore. And under the spell of Nuremberg's magic past, the power that they possess they not infrequently exercise in the most self-sacrificing

manner, by opening their purses in furtherance of the artistic proclivities of the civic authority. The literary and artistic future of Nuremberg depends on their goodwill. Theirs will be the credit, if Nuremberg is ever again to evolve a type of her own: but at present there is little appearance of such a phenomenon.

Besides, the narrow lanes on the Castle hill, which furnished the occasion of this long-drawn-out chain of reflections, are not actually inhabited by the poorest class. Not until one reaches the cramped little houses on the right, in close proximity to the Castle, and commanded by its south windows, does the real domain of poverty commence.

Though I often had surveyed the city from the *Freiung* during my Sunday walks (the while my fancy dreamily yearned for the heights of Fiesole), for a long time I never set foot within the Castle itself. Whether it was owing to these day-dreams, to a reprehensible indifference, or a trifle of ill-humour, I know not; at any rate, I was more than six months in Nuremberg without entering the Castle-yard. After that I became a constant visitor. I would stand in the courtyard by the lime-tree that the Empress Kunigunde planted,—now a leafless stump. And as I have the bad habit of creating around me, by means of a spark of carefully conserved idealism, a little world of my own,—the origin of which a conscientious examiner would doubtless trace back to Jacob Burkhardt or Gobineau,—I would often add fresh matter to the sagas and legends related to me on my first visit.

My stroll usually finished in the paths of the little Castle garden. But in the summer time the cheerful voices of German philistines or inquisitive Britons soon drove me from this haunt.

I was soon at home in the interior of the Castle as well. I often regretted that I am not a specialist in stoves. Neither the Della Robbia family nor Augustin Hirschvogel were ever able to inspire me with enthusiasm. There is one superb example in the Castle from the latter's workshop, and others, unfortunately often damaged, vie with it in beauty. But enough of myself and my sensations. Those impetuous steeds are often impossible to restrain, and burst their easy bonds; but there is no motive here for spirited prancing, so let us rein them in, and proceed at an even trot along our path of logical explanation.

The court of the Castle lies before us as it was erected eighty years ago. At the same time the Gothic gate-house was built, and the staircase removed which formerly led up to the north-west corner. We first enter the large picture-gallery. This contains numerous copies of Dürer, Vandyck, Terborch, and Rembrandt, besides an "Ecce Homo" of Hans Schäufelin, and a few later Italian pictures. None of these works deserve special attention; consequently we bestow scant consideration on the courteous, and thoroughly trustworthy, guidance here proffered to us, and make the best of our way to the chapel, or rather, chapels.

These two consecrated buildings, superimposed the one on the other, are quite separate,—both

in their interior arrangements and in the purposes to which they were devoted. The lower, or Margaret Chapel, served as a mortuary chapel; while the upper was reserved for the private devotions of the Emperor.

The Margaret Chapel is plain and unadorned; the ornamentation only extends over a portion of the four pillars and the two buttresses. The work was probably never completed, and there are no sculptures. Above, there is light and cheerfulness—Beethoven after Bach! The high vault is supported by four slender marble pillars. The upper portion of the gallery on the right, which forms the Imperial Oratory, with Schäufelin's frescoes discovered only a few years ago, may be entered from below as well as from the next story. Rich and almost purposely uniform artistic decorations adorn the walls and the altar. Here it is neither close nor mouldy. Just as the convenience of his Imperial Majesty was consulted by the connection of his oratory with the private apartments, and, one might almost imagine, provision made for his entertainment during the Holy Office (for the wide window commands an extensive view), in like manner was it sought to please the eye of the sovereign whenever he might deign to survey the interior of the building. The two side altars are beautifully carved. They both date from the period in which that gracious sovereign, the Emperor Frederick III., dwelt in the Castle—the end of the fifteenth century. Even after a minute comparison it is difficult to say which is the finer of

the two altars. The assertion, sprung upon the unsuspecting visitor, that the right-hand one is the work of Veit Stoss and the left that of his pupils, is refuted (apart from the evidence of style, by which both works are attributed to the workshop of Wolgemut) by an historical fact. The Emperor Frederick III. endowed the altar in 1487. At that time Veit Stoss had been ten years in Cracow, and a similar further period elapsed before he returned home. This is but an instance of how little reliance can generally be placed in guides: but whoever may have been the creators of these altars, they knew their business. On Wolgemut's panels we see SS. Martin and Wenceslas, Elizabeth and Barbara. The altar-piece of the high altar presents a very realistic "Last Supper." Of the paintings on the wings, doors, and *predella*, the only one of interest is the "Conversion of the Doubting Thomas."

On the other hand, the paintings on the walls are of importance,—especially the Martyrdoms of St. John and St. Matthew by the elder Holbein, and a "Virgin and Shepherds adoring Christ," by Burgkmair. The sculptures and reliefs, too, must not be passed over. Notice the "Assumption of the Virgin"; also, under the gallery, an interesting "Overwhelming of the Egyptians in the Red Sea," suggesting, even at this period, the *barocco* style. Pharaoh's finely-veined hand holds the sword with theatrical stiffness: the details are elaborated in the Solnhofen stone with great delicacy.

The works of art brought together in the chapel are exactly in the right proportion to be easily

distinguished and remembered. Thus the inspection of the secular apartments, which follows the visit to the chapel, will serve to combine the new impressions with those already received into one delightful reminiscence.

On the whole, the rest of the Castle interior offers little worthy of note. As I have said before, one should be a specialist in the history of tiled stoves in order to thoroughly appreciate it. The second room that we enter, the ante-room of the Imperial chamber, immediately adjoining the spacious Hall of the Knights, or Banqueting-hall, contains a superb specimen. The Emperor Leopold, to whose protruding underlip an unflattering prominence is given, and Maximilian II. are portrayed thereon with astonishing fidelity to nature.

To a small passage-room succeeds the actual Imperial chamber with its beautiful ceiling, which the Council commissioned Hans Springinkle and his associates to paint in honour of the visit of the Emperor Charles V. It is adorned with the artistically executed arms of the countries composing the European portion of that monarch's world-empire, upon whose dominions the sun never set. More perfect still appears the severely Gothic Imperial Eagle in the bedchamber, although designed more than a century earlier. One is astonished at the firmness with which the proportions are handled. The stove-expert will rejoice over the green Early Renaissance stove by Hirschvogel in this apartment. From the balcony one's vision ranges over the modern houses of the Bucherstrasse, and away

across the plain to Fürth, Kadolzburg, and the heights near Erlangen.

In the north rooms (which are fitted up for the occupation of the Queen of Bavaria, while those we have just visited are reserved for the King's use) are preserved the gifts presented by the artificers of Nuremberg to the royal family in the sixties of the last century. Newly papered, and devoid of any ornamentation of ancient origin (always, of course, excepting the stoves), the stillness of the long flight of years is only interrupted at the nod of the High Chamberlain's Office. Then treasures in profusion are brought hither from the Palace at Munich—Gobelin tapestry, carpets, lustres, and furniture; and the solitudes blossom forth into new life, even if it be only for a few hours.

Instead of availing ourselves of the nearest gate, the Himmelsthor, in order to reach the interior of the city as quickly as possible, let us return to the Freiong and leave the Castle by the way by which we came. More than one of my readers will certainly shake his head over this extraordinary demand! Nevertheless, by adopting this course, not a yard of our circuit around the city is lost. Now it will become obvious, without further explanation, to every one who follows me along this path, precisely why the western route was chosen. The entire eastern half of the "circumvallation" (this noble word, reminding one of the lovely promenades of Genoa, has gradually acquired, by right of use, an unexpected favour) is far inferior in beauty to the western portion; although it,

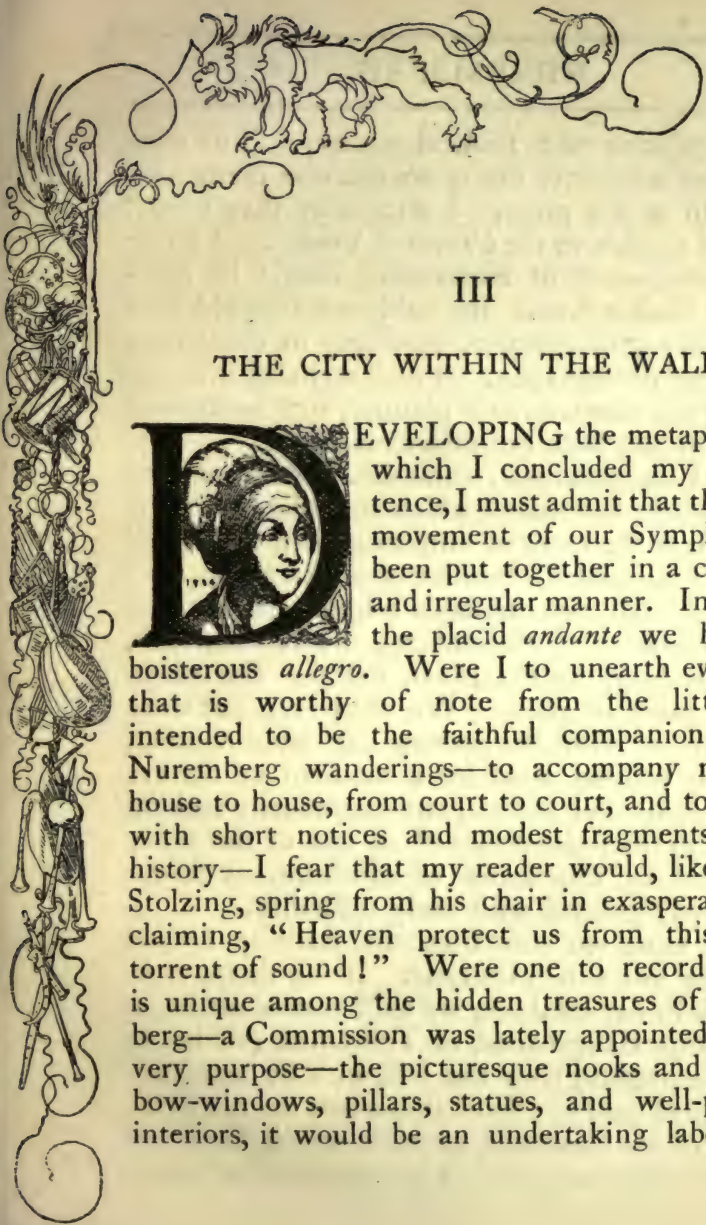
too, can boast some picturesque spots, especially where the Pegnitz enters the town. Moreover, on this side, many a tower, many a bastion now lies low. Sauntering along the Vestnerthorgraben, we survey once more the Pentagonal Tower and its neighbours. Unconsciously we yield to the attraction of these ancient historical personalities, whose whole appearance is a magnet to the eye and to the soul. But the dream is followed by a rude awakening. There arose an inexorable necessity for room, whereby convenient communication might be established between the new quarters springing up in this direction and the city within the walls. There is even talk of piercing a tunnel beneath the Castle itself. In this case such a course was impossible. We reach the Maxthorgraben—merry on summer afternoons with children's sports. Hence, the wall follows a perfectly regular course as far as the Lauferthorgraben. The Sulzbach and Bayreuth roads meet here, and we pursue our path amidst smiling gardens.

On the left side, where there is at present an extensive bare patch of ground destined for the site of a number of new streets and houses, there stood until recently the Cramer-Klett factory ; and now we reap the rich reward of our patience. The wooded scene amidst which the Pegnitz makes its entrance into the town is far more striking even than the arches beneath which it makes its exit. A last but genuine greeting out of the olden time !

The building close by was erected for the Exhibition of 1883. The new Railway Museum is

now housed therein. Will my readers take it amiss if I hurry them on past this and the Gewerte Museum, with the bare indication of their nature and object? Each collection merits an exhaustive inspection, but neither space nor inclination permit of my trenching on the province of Baedeker. Still, fanciful conceits and (so-called) beautiful sentiments will not guide one through a city like Nuremberg. The scope of a man's intelligence is limited by his natural capacity: the man who possesses the receptivity of a cinematograph is truly to be envied, but the average individual can only absorb a certain number of impressions before his capacity becomes exhausted. Let us hope that it has held out until the present point, at which we leave the Königsthorgaben, and wend our way towards the Railway Station.

Our first excursion is over. We know what are the specific attributes of Nuremberg. The first movement of the Nuremberg Symphony fades into silence; and once more we resolutely attack the mighty theme, so that in the second movement also we may lose none of its full effect. Soon, however, we shall begin to distinguish those soft notes which, gradually swelling into deep-toned chords, will crash out into the solemn harmony of the *Finale*.



III

THE CITY WITHIN THE WALLS

DEVELOPING the metaphor with which I concluded my last sentence, I must admit that the second movement of our Symphony has been put together in a capricious and irregular manner. In place of the placid *andante* we have the boisterous *allegro*. Were I to unearth everything that is worthy of note from the little book intended to be the faithful companion of my Nuremberg wanderings—to accompany me from house to house, from court to court, and to be filled with short notices and modest fragments of art-history—I fear that my reader would, like Walter Stolzing, spring from his chair in exasperation, exclaiming, “Heaven protect us from this endless torrent of sound!” Were one to record all that is unique among the hidden treasures of Nuremberg—a Commission was lately appointed for this very purpose—the picturesque nooks and corners, bow-windows, pillars, statues, and well-preserved interiors, it would be an undertaking laborious as

the compilation of a Biblical glossary. The difficulty that confronts me is to describe them adequately in a few pages. I remember that I once possessed a guide to the *Osterie* of Venice. A guide to the court-yards of Nuremberg should be compiled on similar lines. Its publication would certainly prove remunerative, especially in these days of amateur photography. Those secluded interiors would yield characteristic pictures, such as have so far only in part been put into circulation.

Thus I am reluctantly compelled to make a mere selection from the matter which compilers of expert works are in the habit of annexing from others and calling "material." Besides the Rathaus, with which we shall close to-day's pilgrimage, the four principal houses of Nuremberg, the *Nassauerhaus*, the *Tucherhaus*, the *Pellerhaus*, and the *Dürerhaus*, demand pride of place. We shall seek out these memorials of Old Nuremberg one after another, frequently turning aside for a moment to observe the fountains and statues, and occasionally seeking recourse to the front-door bell of one of the hoary houses, asking the favour of admission—a favour immediately granted with ready cordiality.

Once more we start from the Railway Station along the broad Königstrasse. If we desire to be thorough in our methods, we shall bestow attention on the large Hallgebäude, or Toll-house (similar to the Kaiserstallung), on the left, with its characteristic pointed gables. Soon afterwards we reach the Church of St. Lawrence, opposite which stands the so-called *Nassauerhaus*. The antiquarian Mum-

menhoff, already quoted in our remarks upon the situation of the former castle of the Burggraves, has proved that this denomination is quite unauthentic. Members of the House of Nassau never lived here, any more than did Adolphus of Nassau himself.

This house serves, as it were, to attune the explorer of the intramural city to the right key. The lofty building, whose windows appear surprisingly small and far apart, with its slender corner turrets and parapet adorned with armorial bearings, with its oriel window and the praying angel at the corner, is in a state of excellent preservation. One wonders how a strong, almost castle-like, interesting house of this description came to be built in the centre of the town. An ever-discontented and carping acquaintance of mine once pointed out to me how much more effective it would be, set in the midst of a trim little park, surrounded by stately walls—something in the style of the little Topplerschloss below Rothenburg. In fact the *Nassauerhaus* has about it something autocratic, and intolerant of the presence of any other divinity in its neighbourhood. The Palaces of Venice, although each is complete in itself, nevertheless subordinate themselves readily to the general effect. One imagines this fortress the property of a suspicious, almost malevolently egotistical recluse, who chose his motto in direct antithesis to the noble *Non nobis* of the Vendramin—*Eccè ego*, “I am the ruler here !”

On the north side of the Church of St. Lawrence stands the *Tugendbrunnen* (Fountain of the Virtues), wrought by Benedict Wurzelbauer. The figure of

Justice, holding the broad judicial sword in her right hand, and in her left the scales, with the crane at her side as the emblem of vigilance, stands upon the third highest platform; underneath are boys blowing trumpets, and below this the Cardinal Virtues with their symbols. The entire work proclaims itself the genuine product of the late fullest bloom of German Renaissance art.

The street slopes in a downward direction, and we soon arrive at the Museumbrücke. Downstream the Rialto of Nuremberg, the Fleischbrücke, connects the opposite shores with a single span: upstream, the two arms of the River Pegnitz unite at the Schütt Island. The galleried houses overhanging the river from below the bridge downwards, which are especially characteristic in the neighbourhood of the Trödelmarkt, date from the city's earliest times.

From the Museumsbrücke we pass through the short Plobenhofstrasse to the Hauptmarkt. The inner courtyard of the Plobenhof, on the right (No. 10), is adorned by a beautiful oriel with projecting turrets at the sides. Of the small brightly-painted apostles which formerly hung outside the parapet, only a single one was left. The narrow side-court, on the right again, presents an obvious example of the cramped style of architecture of the earliest times.

In the Hauptmarkt a replica of the Neptune Fountain, the work of Schweigger and Ritter, sold by the city of Nuremberg to the Emperor Paul of Russia, has been standing during the past year.



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SCHÖNER BRUNNEN AND FRAUENKIRCHE

Opinions as to its artistic merit, and still more as to the precise necessity of once more possessing it, are widely divergent. Already there has been talk of contemporary Nuremberg's pleading evidence of poverty. Those very circles which stand up with a firm *Noli me tangere* for the rigorous preservation of the characteristic unity of the glorious city—and what friend of Art would not!—they it is who should have expressly ascertained, before the acceptance of the generous gift, whether the very period from which the original dates was not responsible for undermining and destroying that unity. And there is no doubt that such is the case. During the years 1660–68, from which period the fountain dates, the intellectual and artistic life of Nuremberg, in consequence of the Thirty Years War, had sunk to its lowest ebb. Foreign influence, foreign models reigned supreme; the ancient power had departed. The dolphins of the Neptune fountain, the emblems, the affected pose of the Sea-god, all tricked out in the billowy flourishes of the *barocco* style, do not accord with the lofty repose of the Schöne Brunnen at the north-west corner of the market-place. Set up on a different site, and with appropriate surroundings, the artistic value of this work, which, like all other productions of the *barocco* style, can only be correctly judged in a setting of its own period, could no longer be gainsaid.

As I write, this *Schöne Brunnen* is undergoing restoration, and is afterwards to be decorated anew in the original colouring. When Taine, in his

“Philosophy of Art,” expressly quoted Nuremberg as an example of the manner in which Gothic architecture disregarded all considerations of durability in order to devote itself entirely to decoration, he was especially thinking of the Schöne Brunnen. Seen from a distance, it reminds one of the Tombs of the Scaligers at Verona ; standing in front of it, the resemblance entirely vanishes. Rising in the form of an octagon from the actual basin to a height of over sixty feet, it tapers away in four stories to a pyramid wrought with almost incredible elaboration. Rich ornamentation is applied to every spot where room could be found for it. At the angles of the lowest story sixteen champions keep watch, each covered by a canopy ; above them Moses and the seven prophets. In the surrounding railing the cunning craftsman fashioned a movable ring. From the windows of the houses on the western side Pirkheimer and Behaim once gazed upon the scene.

Close to the Hauptmarkt is the Fruit Market, with the little *Gänsemännchen*, Nuremberg’s most celebrated fountain, and the quaint work of Pancraz Labenwolf. Its humour, essentially true to nature and crystallised for all time in this delightful figure, holds us in willing bonds, from which we reluctantly free ourselves in order to turn into the Tucherstrasse, and visit the Imhoff house and its “Historic Court.” The architect, Hans Beheim the elder, who wrought during half a century in the service of his native city (the Kaiserstallung and Mauthalle were erected from his plans, and the Rathaus

enlarged by a tasteful addition) remained in all his work outside the influence of the Renaissance. Three separate courts bear eloquent witness to this; besides the Imhoff court, there is a neighbouring one in the Bindergasse, and the Krafftshof in the Theresienstrasse. In addition to the delicate galleries, resembling an artistically crocheted lace pattern, which all three courts have in common, in the first named we gaze in wonder at the richly ornamented wooden balustrade of the second story. The correct proportions of the wide arches of the arcade are especially obvious in the Krafftshof. Adam Kraft is said to have been the creator of the arms and figures in the Imhoff court. Peter Vischer's little statuette of St. Maurice, also formerly in the Imhoff house, has now migrated to the Krafftshof.

In contrast to Beheim we see in the architect of the *Pellerhaus* in the *Ægidienplatz* an inspired adherent of Renaissance art. The lofty and brilliant façade, gorgeously decorated, bursts upon our view as a striking symbol of the riches of Martin Peller, and of the pomp and splendour with which the art-loving Merchant-prince surrounded himself. Jupiter is enthroned on high upon a rounded shell, and St. Martin appears as the patron saint of the proprietor, with two lions at his side. Even finer still is the effect of the court-yard. Jacob Wolf, who designed the whole building at the beginning of the seventeenth century, ensured the lasting reputation of his name, if only by the back wall, the bow-window framed in small pillars of different

patterns, and the gable set round with obelisks and garlands of fruit. In the interior of the house the wainscoting of the second floor is worthy of notice.

Before passing the church of St. Ægidius, and crossing the Webersplatz to the Tucherhaus, let us ascend the few steps to the Paniersplatz. The ancient Topplerhaus, restored, has quite the effect of a stage scene, set for the second act of the *Meistersinger*.

The *Tucherhaus* in the Hirschelgasse again carries us back to the times when Gothic art was merging into that of the Renaissance ; for it is its "most cherished bastard child." Peter Flötner, the highly-endowed artist who so wonderfully combined Italian versatility with German earnestness, was not by birth a Nuremberger, but, after his own fashion, was almost as important a factor as Dürer in raising the art of Nuremberg to the high level at which it stood at the beginning of the sixteenth century ; and he has left his mark on these walls, and still more on the neighbouring Hirschvogelsaal. The regular ornamentation of the frieze running along the back wall of the *Tucherschlosschen* is seen to the greatest advantage from the garden. Here also the broad winding staircase presents itself for our admiration, with its two clinging side turrets, all in the purest Gothic. Even in Nuremberg itself it would not be possible to match the absolutely correct harmony of the interior—preserved with the most scrupulous care. We enter a low Gothic hall, whose arches do not meet above, but hold suspended

two reliefs representing respectively the "Last Supper" and the family arms. The narrow circular staircase with the embossed door leads into the first floor. Fronting the street is the wainscoted living-room, with a stove of brilliant hues and an early Gothic press, an unusually fine specimen.

Adjoining is the small dining-room looking out on the garden, and then follows the bed-chamber, decorated by Flötner with the family quarterings. The large dining-room also, on the second floor, is of imposing proportions. It contains no object out of its proper setting—save the visitor himself; who, in the garb of the twentieth century, cuts as inappropriate a figure as the inquisitive Baccalaureus in the second part of "Faust," who seeks out the old man "in der Zelle dunkelhelle"—in the twilight of his cell. Dürer's Hieronymus "im G'häus" might have sat at the low table. Perhaps, at the midnight hour, Hartmann Schedel labours here at the continuation of his *Weltchronik*. Everything exhales the atmosphere of truth. This is poetic realism standing on a higher plane than a phantasmagoria of shadowy dreams: against this island the waves of Time hurl themselves in vain.

This is the psychological moment for Flötner's *Hirschvogelsaal*. The whole art of the master is concentrated in this room. Children sport and make music on the under surfaces of the fireplace, now converted into an exit into the garden. Garlands festoon the wainscoting and twine about the frieze outside, caught up by ribands and knots.

The door, of regular design, in the west wall reminds us in its frame of Donatello. A pity that the glorious German master never tried his hand at sculptured statuary!

As we happen to be in the Hirschelgasse, we pause a moment at the beautiful Madonna of No. 21 (a copy only), and step into the court of No. 28. We collect our energies for fresh activity during the long walk through the outer Laufergasse to the Lauferschlagturm, which (like the Weisser Turm in the Ludwigstrasse, and the Tiergärtnersthorsturm on the Castle Hill) is preserved as a relic of the inner city wall; and then through the newer Laufergasse and the Theresienstrasse.

Instead of going straight to the *Dürerhaus*, I would once more propose a slight *détour*. Opposite the Rathaus the little Brunnengässlein joins the Theresienstrasse. It would be a pity to miss the courts of Nos. 14 and 7. The former, generally called the Kutscherhof, is distinguished by a tent-like bow-window; the latter, at the back of the City Records Office, is especially picturesque in the spring, when the hydrangeas and carnations fill the windows of the little galleries, and the lilac and jasmine stretch forth branches laden with bloom from the deep recesses of the garden. The ancient angular staircase clings in its ascent to a massive column. Descending the Schildgasse and Burgstrasse between the Fembohaus (a high-gabled sixteenth-century building) and the City Records Office, we turn to the right and hasten through the lane by the Posthörnchen, or past the north side of

the Church of St. Sebald to the Albrecht Dürer Platz with the master's monument.

Now we must choose between two of the most important possessions of the city,—the Oriel-window of the *Parsonage of St. Sebald* on the left (it has lately been restored, and the original transferred to the Germanic Museum) and the *Bratwurstglöcklein* on the right. The Oriel dates from the latter half of the fourteenth century. The execution is superb. The reliefs represent scenes from the life of the Virgin Mary, and the windows are exceptionally fine. The heavy tiled roof gives one the impression of squeezing together the lower part of the structure. The *Bratwurstglöcklein*, built on to the north wall of the Moritzkapelle, and in former days the scene of the convivial gatherings of the highest grandes of the city, attracts crowds of visiting strangers. Without doubt, compared with the demoralising luxuriousness of modern hotels, there is a unique charm in the snug cosiness of the tiny room crowded with all sorts of antiquities, and the smoky kitchen, where crisp tit-bits are frizzling on the gridiron.

Master Dürer had not far to go when he longed for a cool refreshing draught after the burden and toil of the day. His house stands at the corner of the Albrecht Dürer Strasse, opposite the entrance of the Tiergärtnerthor. It belongs to the type of timbered houses which was universal in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The high roof, whose dormer-window on the east side has been restored, encloses under the gable end a small

wooden gallery. In the quiet studio of this modest dwelling, distinguished in little or nothing from those of his citizen neighbours, the artist wielded his mighty power. Looking up at this sanctuary of German art, we seek the thread that connects modern Nuremberg with the individuality and the life work of Dürer.

Dürer stands in the same relation to Nuremberg that Goethe does to Weimar. But is the effect of this relation beneficial to the cities we have mentioned, and, beyond them, to the whole of Germany? The German nation is not yet in a position to approach its mighty men (with the possible exception of Bismarck) in an impartial spirit. For that a personal, a human relation is necessary. Goethe still appears to us in the light of an imposing and awe-inspiring divinity. His scrupulously dusted bust looks down upon us from the bookcase, whose interior holds many a book of doubtful merit. He does not sit at table with us. The school curriculum ensures our only obtaining his friendship late in life, and after much toil. It is the same with Dürer. The sublimest master of German art long ago ceased, in the adoration of his fellow citizens, to be the homely artist who meets our gaze in the simple statue adorning the square named after him. He also has become a divinity, and only a monument comparable to Klinger's "Beethoven" could express the deep awe with which his name is mentioned in Nuremberg.

Almost more obtrusive than the shrieking escort of Florentine children that conducts the stranger to



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HOUSE OF ALBERT DURER

the Casa Buonarroti, but quite as proud, Nuremberg's rising generation hangs about St. Sebald's and the Bratwurstglöcklein in order to receive every one who bears the brand of Cain, in the shape of the ominous red book, with the jubilant cry of "Dürerhaus! Dürerhaus!" And yet his native city possesses but a very small number of Dürer's works. Those who desire to know and love Dürer must visit Vienna, not Nuremberg. Only those who have spent days and hours in wonder before the drawings in the Albertina can fathom the boundless industry, the methodical exactitude that are prominent characteristics of the master. Next in importance after the collection at Vienna are those of Madrid and Munich. On the other hand, it must, of course, be admitted that Dürer attained his highest point in the technical perfection of his copper-plate engraving. With this branch of his art the collections of the Dürerhaus, as well as the windows of the bookshops, afford the Nuremberger opportunities of making himself acquainted without effort on his own part. But any one making a protracted stay in the town longs for some variety.

In time one's senses become dulled to the continuous exaltation of Dürer to the skies. After a week at the seaside we cease to hear the never-ending roar of the surges. In Nuremberg nothing can happen without Dürer. His name must be connected with every public festivity, however commonplace. One can be surfeited even by a meal composed of rare dainties, if unceasingly com-

pelled to partake of it. Thus the unbiased individual, free from the fanaticism of the Dürer cult, will almost rejoice at hearing for once a somewhat lower, indeed, almost dissentient opinion.

We trust that a brief reference to two passages of this character will not be misunderstood. Do we not forcibly admonish the friend whom we really love? It is precisely when we have learned how much that is good yet lives and glows in Dürer that the very weaknesses which expert, though perhaps one-sided, critics condemn, will bring him humanly nearer to us. At the same time the following verdicts, little known as they are, deserve attention, if only on account of the contrast they present to the universal anthem of praise. That subtle critic Heinse,—whose clear, and, in spite of all his sensitiveness, dispassionate judgment in artistic questions is at last being recognised,—says in "Ardinghello" that "few among the more recent painters and sculptors had such a thorough mastery of the theory of their art as he (Dürer); one found in him an astonishing industry, but he never attained to the lofty and the beautiful, because no one of his nation and his age could do so. . . . Albrecht Dürer was never able fully to shake off the character of the Nuremberg journeyman goldsmith. His work is characterised by an industry that is almost feverish, which always prevented his acquiring breadth of vision or loftiness of purpose; and it was precisely these deficiencies that earned for him the strong dislike of Michelangelo. . . . Apart from this he was a redoubtable master; he had power

and strength, and a man of good abilities and sound taste might learn much from him."

In conjunction with this too crushing verdict, let us quote a few words of Erwin Rohde, Nietzsche's life-long and firmest friend. Of Nuremberg he felt that—"it yields less of pure and unalloyed delight than one single little Italian art city. And yet these excellent masters were certainly upon the surest road to the attainment of unfettered beauty,—a path which does not lie through a transcendental idealism too timorous to represent things as it sees them, but ever substituting some fantastic conceit. Thus Dürer and his fellows stopped short at the same point as the realists of the old Florentine or Paduan schools. But what impeded their progress? Alas! the curse of theology, and the Thirty Years War."

Acute though these two opinions (separated from one another in point of time by more than a century) may be, they are nevertheless open to the same reproach that we have levelled above at the over-zealous partisans of Dürer's reputation—the want of human sympathy. Let us abandon the practice of scattering incense before the divinities Goethe and Dürer, and let us, rather, crown the brows of our friends Wolfgang and Albrecht with modest ivy. Then shall we regain the true perspective of their works and of their personality.

The city now so fully displaying her gratitude to her greatest son is discharging a debt incurred centuries ago. The endowment of the Dürerhaus has only existed since 1871, the fourth centenary of

Dürer's birth. To this endowment we owe the careful preservation of the exterior, the beautiful collections of Dürer's engravings and woodcuts, as well as of copies of his works, and finally the arrangement of the interior in the style of the time in which the artist lived.

Close to the Dürerhaus stands the Pirkheimerhof, within which a tiny detached house offers an idyllic picture. Two houses farther on is another, stater mansion. The galleries of its western neighbour are, unfortunately, only visible from a distance.

In order to slightly vary the monotony of houses and courts, let us seek the most picturesque spot of the inner city wall, a favourite subject with artists. This is the Henkersteg, or rather, the tower behind it.

From the Dürerhaus the Dürerstrasse descends abruptly, leading at last, down some steps, into the Weinmarkt. Crossing this, we enter the Winklerstrasse with the City Weighing Office (over the gateway of which is Kraft's fine relief), pass the Law Courts (later on we will briefly notice Feuerbach's picture preserved here), and following the tram-lines finally reach the Maximilian's Platz, where Bromig's Triton Fountain stands, and the Maxbrücke. The grim veteran before us,—built of massive blackish-red blocks, with its narrow closely-grated windows, its vaulted passage above the water, and the little turret, which is planted diagonally and without definite object away on the island beside the mighty timbered building of the Weinstadel—forms a subject to inspire the painter,



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HENKERSTEG TOWER AND WEINSTADEL

The luxurious shudder which upon the Bridge of Sighs, in Marino Faliero's gloomy dungeon, or in the bloody courts of the Tower of London, wrings from us a sentiment of gratitude for the blessings of modern civilisation, thrills us here also ; especially when particular light-effects, sunset, moonlight, or newly fallen snow, heighten the charm. Let fancy people the scene with contemporary "supers," and the stage is ready for the entrance of Louis of France with his hangmen, Cæsar Borgia *biondo e bello* or the murderers of the noble Clarence.

It would be a profanation of our feelings were we to step from these surroundings straight into the modern life of the city and wend our way through the Kaiserstrasse, teeming with shops and alive with humanity. Let us, rather, hasten across the above-named little iron bridge, or over the Karlsbrücke, built, like the Museumsbrücke, in the eighteenth century, into the bustle of the Trödelmarkt. In this manner we shall follow the water as long as the road permits. Pleasant houses meet our eye upon the opposite bank. At the Fleischbrücke a mighty ox, "that never was a calf," guards the entrance of the Fleischhaus. Again skirting the west side of the Hauptmarkt, we now make for the final goal of to-day's sight-seeing, the Rathaus. In order to be able to inspect the façade in detail we had better take up a position to the north-east of St. Sebald's.

Of all the sides of the Rathaus that which here presents itself is the only one that can justly lay claim to the title of "Façade." Wedged in by several appallingly narrow little streets, and cramped

by the excessive propinquity of the neighbouring houses, the block of buildings is squeezed together out of all proportions. One wonders how, in spite of the skill of the architect, it was ever possible to provide for the access of air and light by however judicious an arrangement of the courts; and also how the vast hall which forms the Rathaussaal ever retained its position. And even if many an adverse criticism, especially of the later parts of the building, appears to be justified, it should on no account be forgotten that even Beheims' beautiful contribution was by some of his contemporaries stigmatised as "patchwork." The bounds within which later architects had to confine their efforts were already set. Æsthetic ideas had to give way to practical considerations.

Four periods can be distinguished during which important alterations and enlargements were undertaken at the Rathaus; it is during the third of these, shortly before the outbreak of the Thirty Years War, that the names of the brothers Jacob and Hans Wolf are recorded as directing the works. They it was who erected the West Front before which we are standing, entirely in the style of the Italian late Renaissance. It extends to a length of nearly 300 feet, and is harmoniously finished off above with three turrets. Access to the interior is afforded by three doorways, of which the centre one is almost entirely the work of Christopher Jamnitzer. Single-handed he completed the golden eagle, above which a pelican is feeding its young. On either side are Justice and Prudence, executed

from Jamnitzer's designs. The two remaining portals were decorated by Leonhard Kern with figures of Ninus, Cyrus, Alexander, and Cæsar, the rulers of world-empires of the ancients. Besides this West Front, the western portion of the north side, as well as three portions of the first court, was also erected from the designs of the aforesaid brothers. The exhausted state of the city's finances prevented the extension of their work to the east (now restored) and the south sides. Here the severest Gothic still reigns. Finally, the work of Beheim (his name has already appealed to us in the "historical" court) in the courts and at the East Front fortunately remains to us intact.

The North Front in the Theresienstrasse, immediately adjoining the Wolfs' Renaissance building and, in fact, a continuation of it, as well as the Gothic court with Vischer's fountain, was built in 1888-89 under Essenwein's direction. The difficult task, considering the restrictions of space, of erecting a monumental new building in the Fünferplatz, which is now connected by a bridge with the older portions of the Rathaus buildings, has been successfully discharged by Hans Pylipp, a native of Nuremberg.

Now for the interior of the ancient building. Through the middle portal we enter the hall with its new Renaissance screen, and the two lions which served as models for the Prince Regent Monument. Ascending the steps to the right, we reach the door of the great Rathaus Chamber. In this hall, of almost excessive dimensions, princes and ambassadors

once sat in council and at feast, and here youth disported itself in dance and tourney. Two designs upon the east side represent the Emperor Louis the Bavarian, over whose head two angels support the Imperial crown, and Norimberga presenting to Brabantia a sword and other gifts. Both reliefs date from the middle of the fourteenth century. Dürer furnished the designs for the frescoes, and several of his pupils collaborated in their execution. Unfortunately, these frescoes are in such a bad state of preservation that at the present moment they are of necessity undergoing radical and minute restoration. When this is completed, the "Triumphal Procession of the Emperor Maximilian," the "Pfeiferstuhl," and the "Unjust Judgment," as well as the pictures of the south wall, will once more look down upon us in renewed beauty. After the great Council Chamber we have still to inspect the ceilings of the corridors (in the lower story scenes from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and in the upper the Nuremberg "Journeymen's Tournament" in 1446), the small Rathaus Chamber, and Guild Chamber. The door leading into the latter is described as the work of Peter Flötner.

Only those who would bow the knee in reverence in the Doge's Palace will be able to join in designating the smaller Council Chamber as the gem of the Rathaus. Beheim's ceiling appeals most strongly to us. Juvenell's paintings, especially the smaller one, will always be entitled to a modest place in the art history of their period. Whether the pictures

PETER VISCHER



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Rathaus

APOLLO FOUNTAIN

of a modern Nuremberg master, much admired in his native city, Professor Wanderer, will please the Nurembergers of the future as highly as those of to-day, I venture to doubt. I have also seen better work of Louis Braun's than the stiff "Parade" which covers the right wall of the ante-room. A number of Heim's pictures hang in the Sessions Hall of the new building in the Fünferplatz.

If "New Nuremberg," as represented in the Rathaus, succeeded only in a very limited degree in gaining my unqualified personal approval, on the other hand the two small fountains in the courts, the masterpieces of Labenwolf and Peter Vischer, aroused my unbounded enthusiasm. For the great court the creator of the Gänsemännchen executed a delightful little work. On a slender column, a Genius with a fluttering pennon rises from the centre of a ring of dolphins, spouting water from their mouths.

Peter Vischer's *Apollobrunnen* stands in the middle of Essenwein's court. It is my especial favourite. The god, his drawn bow in his left hand, and in the act of discharging the arrow, lightly but firmly held with his right, stands upon a pedestal pleasing but almost *barocco* in character, surrounded, as in the case of Labenwolf's work, by spouting dolphins, bestridden by *putti*. Every sinew is modelled with reference to the immediately impending action; the right foot drawn back, while the left supports the weight of the body. The youthful head, with its waving locks, is turned to one side, and the eye is steadily fixed

upon the mark. The whole breathes life and movement, like a marvel of the antique. No imitation can reproduce the effect of the original. Even Jacopo dei Barbari's engraving, which certainly furnished the idea, cannot do so. Uphues has sculptured an archer watching the flight of the arrow that has just left his bow. I should be reluctant to compare this work with Vischer's "Apollo." Granting that there is not much to choose between them in the anatomical modelling, still it was not given to the modern master to portray in like perfection that youthfully soft expression, midway between childish sportiveness and manly earnest, which is almost womanly, and which we equally admire in Lionardo's "John the Baptist" in the Louvre. However we may shift our point of view the impression of beauty still remains, and we are reluctant to mount the stairs leading to the third story of this wing, containing the modern pictures belonging to the City of Nuremberg.

This collection, crowded into three narrow rooms, will be transferred in 1906 to the Künstlerhaus, newly to be erected, which will be stored with all the paintings in possession of the city of Nuremberg. Not till then will the admirer of Feuerbach have the pleasure of enjoying the "Battle of the Amazons" after the real meaning of its creator. Let us hope that another of Feuerbach's paintings will find its place there, a painting that otherwise must go to ignominious destruction in the council-hall of the Landgericht. The subject of the picture, "The Emperor Ludwig, the Bavarian, granting

Privileges to the Burghers of Nuremberg," makes it in itself worthy of preservation.

Another story might well begin here of dungeons and subterraneous passages, of courts and sculptures, of high and secret things, which we have not yet fathomed. But I think—*sapienti sat*—to the wise enough has been said.





IV

THE CHURCHES OF NUREMBERG

ST. LAWRENCE!
St. Sebald! Gloriously
bold your towers soar
high into the air!
Surely some fortunate
star has shed its radiant
beams upon you! That
star watched over you through the chang-
ing fortunes of the ages, as at your birth.
Iconoclastic rioters, robbers and incendi-
aries it kept far away from your altars. It
united the greatest masters of the city—
nay, of German art itself, in peaceful
emulation for your adornment. And
now, on high festivals, it calls together
thousands of reverent citizens to calm
devotions within your sacred walls, and
brings troops of admiring strangers of all
nations, crowding year by year in awe
and wonder through your doors.

When, at the beginning of the thir-
teenth century, the Gothic style com-
menced its triumphal progress from west
to east, to gradually become, in the



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CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE

(Interior)

course of another century, undisputed conqueror of the Romanesque forms, which it at first assimilated, but afterwards, in its development of purer and nobler ideals, gradually cast aside, the age dawned that was to witness the birth of Germany's mightiest structures.

At that time the building of the two principal Nuremberg churches had reached the point at which it was irradiated by the full radiance of the sun of Gothic art, just then rising to its zenith. The year 1274, in which the Löffelholz Chapel of St. Sebald's was consecrated, also marks the date of the commencement of St. Lawrence's ; but only the end of the fifteenth century saw the completion of both.

It is to be hoped that no critical investigation will be expected at this point as to which of the two buildings bears away the palm. That is entirely a matter of taste. Although it is the more recent, we will first consider the Church of St. Lawrence.

In order to appreciate fully the imposing effect of the west front, we enter the Karolinenstrasse. Unfortunately there is now no spot, as there was for a short time before the erection of the new Leykauf building, from which a comprehensive view may be obtained without effort. As at Strasburg Cathedral, the rose window is placed above the exquisitely decorated portal. Its wonderful execution is especially evident by evening light ; also in the interior, when the sun's beams fall directly through the gorgeous window. Between the portal and rose window runs a gallery—a subsequent addi-

tion. Above the rosette, between the towers, and provided with a small projecting turret, rises the gable,—the wall of which is covered with windowlike recesses set closely together, presenting at a distance the appearance of braiding. The two square towers become octagonal from the platform upwards. The northern tower is partially gilded. Not only the artistic importance ascribed to the celebrated Portal in all histories of art, but also its intrinsic beauty allures the visitor to detailed and close inspection. At the side are six saints and prophets, together with the nude figures of Adam and Eve, which are especially worthy of notice. In the hollows of the arches more saints are seated in double rows, and between the doors stands the Virgin Mary. Above this, in three compartments, of which the uppermost is divided from the central one, are representations of the Childhood of Christ, the Passion, and the Last Judgment. While the chief effect of Ghiberti's doors to the Baptistery at Florence is produced by their elaborate detail, here we are struck by the plastically perfect composition of the whole ; which is all the more amazing, since the work was completed in the middle of the fourteenth century.

Our entry into the interior of the sacred building inspires us with feelings of deep reverence. The majestic height over which the vaulted ceiling of the nave stretches, the regular spacing of the pillars, the breadth of the roomy chancel are all in keeping. The dark tone of the walls, the epitaphs hanging on many of the columns, and the glowing windows combine in producing a warm and pleasant colour-

ing. The scheme of decoration gives rise to the conjecture that an expert of rare judgment must have often given his casting vote on its details. The various works of art are carefully kept apart one from the other, and there are only just so many in evidence as will not distract the worshipper from earnest devotion, but rather confirm him therein. The Church of St. Lawrence produces an effect that is neither bald and gloomy, nor overladen and dazzling. Its note is, rather,—“Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden.”

The four great masters whom the close of the fifteenth and dawn of the sixteenth centuries found at the zenith of their fame, all assisted in the internal embellishment of the Church of St. Lawrence. The Ciborium of Adam Kraft and the “Salutation” by Veit Stoss are both works of the highest rank. One trait is common to both artists: they never joined the orchestra which spontaneously sprang into existence in Germany to obey the magic bâton of the Renaissance. That movement remained for them the music of the future. Thus in the works of these two artists the elements of late Gothic art combine once more for their final manifestation. The result is especially pleasing to the eye in the Ciborium. It towers aloft, a slender miracle of grace, until its apex seems to bend beneath the weight of the mighty roof: from a narrow and apparently fragile base, the slim column tapers upwards until it vanishes in the shadows of the roof. And what wealth of detail is there! So much so that at first it distracts

our attention from the general effect. The whole is a triumph of art and calculation. The figures of the master himself and two assistants appropriately support the weight of the masterpiece upon their shoulders ; the actual Ciborium, or receptacle for the Host, enclosed by three wrought-iron screens, rests upon them. The Blessed Virgin, the Archangel Gabriel, between them God the Father, with Moses and Jacob, occupy the angles. Under small canopies their forms stand out with greater prominence. Three reliefs follow, the Last Supper, Christ on the Mount of Olives, and Christ's Farewell to His Mother ; the whole crowned by a maze of tendrils and buds, scrolls, pinnacles, and small pillars, opening in places to disclose three scenes from the Passion.

All this can be clearly recognised from below ; as our gaze travels upward the difficulty increases. On the next tier the Cross stands in the centre with three worshipping figures, while upon the outside pillars are the four Evangelists. The pillars above this again enclose the form of the Son of God. The entire work appears as the product of a generation, like the carvings of Albert of Brussels in S. Giorgio Maggiore ; as if it were the creation of a whole gifted family, like the Tomb of St. Sebald, and not of *one* master, who left behind him a series of other works which, although not of equal merit and distinction with his masterpiece, yet, considered in themselves, are also great. He combined astounding industry with unusual confidence in the treatment of the material employed. We can well

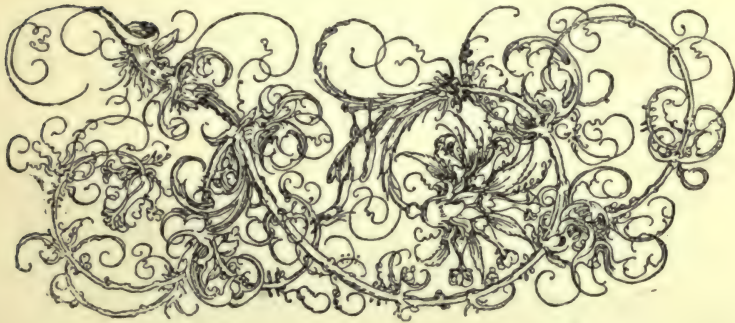
understand the legend that represented Adam Kraft as possessing the power of softening the hardness of the stone by means of spells and incantations.

And yet the "Salutation" in its simple repose, almost bordering on slightly affected stiffness, appeals to the eye more pleasantly than the glittering, soaring elaboration of the Ciborium. Hanging aloof from the roof, in front of the high altar, the carving is visible throughout the nave of the church. It is difficult to find a favourable standpoint whence it may be examined in detail: personally, I prefer a position in the immediate neighbourhood of the work. From a point to the right of Vischer's Candelabrum the life-sized centre-group can be grasped in its entirety. The angelic messenger, absorbed in his divine embassy, lifts his eyes, glowing with prophetic fervour, on high, whence God the Father radiates glory. His features reflect a manly sternness, and give the impression of a saint rather than of an angel. The Virgin bows her head, overpowered by the favour bestowed upon her. Lovely little angels hold her garment, or float, bearing up her halo, above her head or at the sides. On the encircling garland of roses there are seven medallions inscribed with the joys of Mary. Below, as a counterpoise to God the Father in the upper part, the composition terminates in the Serpent with the Apple of Paradise. The Crucifix, too, upon the altar (like the chancel, modern) is the work of Veit Stoss.

I will confine myself to a very brief description

of the remaining art treasures of this church. First in point of merit is Peter Vischer's bronze Candelabrum, which hangs in front of the "Salutation," and next (on the pillar diagonally opposite the beautiful Sacristy steps) comes Dürer's picture "Angels bringing the Child Jesus to Mary," with the donors below at the sides, lately restored. Also, farther on, works by Wolgemut and Hans von Kulmbach. From the point of view of art history, significance attaches to the paintings of the Imhoff and Deocarus altars, as well as to the three adorning the pillars right and left of the font—the "Wise Men of the East," the "Annunciation," and three other scenes from the early life of Christ. Very particular attention should be paid to the stained glass, especially in the windows that beautify the Choir. The Volckamer window is the finest and richest in colouring, though the Tucher window, painted by Springlin, is but little inferior. The Gobelins, too, of which the largest is in the Sacristy, should not be overlooked. Unfortunately, I must admit, I am one of those who, under the powerful impression conveyed by the whole, can never find time to study details with sufficient closeness to be able to describe them accurately either to myself or to others. How often have I not been aroused with a start from deep reflection by the disturbing cry of "Half-past twelve" when my vagrant fancy was dreaming its way from the carved choir-stalls before the altar away up to the roof! Were an attempt made to wring from me, under threats of the direst torture, the details of

every figure in the altar-pieces, of all the statues, coats of arms, window pictures and sculpture to be found in St. Lawrence's, I should be a lost man, and must expect nothing less than the penalty of writing out twenty-five times the "Guide" (of his own composition) offered for sale to visitors by the verger of the church, at the price of a few pence. In that case room might be necessary at this point, in some future edition, for another ten pages; but my despairing cry would arise, "Criticism, thy name is Pedantry!"



V

THE CHURCHES—(continued)



IN my description of the Church of St. Sebald I hope to abide by the same principle of brevity. As I said above, I have not the slightest intention of instituting a comparison between it and that of St. Lawrence. One proposition, however, I may advance without fear of contradiction. While the "dim, religious light" of St. Lawrence's tends to promote earnest introspection and severe self-examination, and also exercises a somewhat negative influence, on the other hand the light-flooded interior of St. Sebald's seems to free the spirit from the burdens of this workaday world, and lift it out of its earthly environment up to the eternal spheres of the purest Divine love. In the former church, at the solemn tones of the organ, the believing soul prostrates itself trembling, with a humble "Pater, peccavi!"—here, in St. Sebald's, it is poured forth in the triumphant "Te Deum laudamus" of the redeemed. Glorious, too, is the harmony between the exterior and interior of the



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CHURCH OF ST. SEBALD



church. Its restoration, which will be carried out scrupulously in the spirit of the original structure, is not yet fully completed. But from the finished work in the Choir and on the south side, it becomes joyfully evident that the melancholy crumbling ruin of a few decades back is giving way to a beautiful and dignified building of very different aspect. Thanks to munificent contributions from every quarter the interior and most damaged portions could be taken in hand this year, so that, at the present moment, only the eastern portion of the church, together with the Tomb of St. Sebald, is open to the inspection of visitors. The western portion and the Löffelholz Chapel has been completely restored during the course of the spring of 1904.

Of the exterior of St. Lawrence's we had only to study the west front ; here, at St. Sebald's, we must decide to make the circuit of the entire building. I may remark that the windows of the small Council Chamber in the Rathaus afford a most favourable general view of the details of the Choir. The latter is by far the most imposing and beautiful portion of the church, combining in itself all the beauties scattered over the other sections.

Above the plain gallery rise slender square buttresses, and, clinging to them and rising nearly to the height of the windows, are highly decorated canopies sheltering the figures of saints. The pointed framework of the windows, also ornamentally decorated, terminates in cruciform finials, which encircle the roof in regular alternation with

the pinnacles crowning the buttresses ; while reliefs are let into the lower portions of the latter. A joyously profuse wealth of artistic ideas speaks in every stone. Even the small pedestals upon which the saints stand are utilised in one place for the reception of lifelike little scenes, in another for carefully designed ornamentation in the forms of beasts or flowers. The highly original gargoyles at the west door on the south side of the church should also not be forgotten. At the same door are some exceptionally fine statuettes of Saints.

Even now we have not finished with the exterior. Above the small east door on the south side Veit Stoss has left a typical specimen of his art in the realistic representation of the "Last Judgment," which in its gruesome conception of the monsters of hell is closely akin to the frame of Dürer's "All Saints" picture and the "Rosary" panel, both now in the Germanic Museum. On the north side of the east door Adam Kraft, commissioned by Mathias Landauer and Sebald Schreyer, a mighty potentate of Nuremberg in the fifteenth century, carried out his first great work, a monument in three sections. In a favourable light the correct anatomy of the figure of the dead Saviour (in the middle), and the dramatic expression of the risen Christ, alike speak for the importance of this first work. Proceeding, we reach the north portal, or "Bride's Door," bordered by the figures of the Wise and Foolish Virgins in a setting of artistic Gothic ornamentation. It is by this door that we enter the church ; but let us first retire a few paces

in order to observe the general architectural effect of the building. The proportions of the later Gothic side-aisle then become quite pleasing to the eye. The windows of the main building above are still quite Romanesque in character, as well as the two simple doors under the towers of the west front.

I have already briefly touched upon the impression produced by a prolonged sojourn in the lofty interior. The roof is supported by twenty-two pillars. The Tomb of S. Sebald, by Peter Vischer, is in the centre of the Choir. We have seen how Veit Stoss and Adam Kraft stubbornly resisted the influence of the Renaissance. Peter Vischer, on the other hand, ranged himself in youthful enthusiasm on the side of the new movement. His masterpiece plainly proclaims the design of completely amalgamating the strange element with contemporary German art, in order to produce a new and characteristic style. Together with his five sons, the master laboured thirteen years at this work. He claimed his reward in the privilege of placing a statuette of himself in the lower niche on the east side, not as a component part of the whole, like that of Kraft in the Ciborium of St. Lawrence, but independent and erect, proudly grasping his mallet. Was it his design to display the tool with which he completed his masterpiece, or to administer a dig in the ribs to some over-bold mischief-making critic? Let us hope that the Nuremberg of 1520 was more amiably disposed towards progress in art than its posterity of to-day.

Who could remain insensible to the general effect of this fine work? Here, as in Kraft's Ciborium, there is a mixed medley of saints, allegorical figures and *putti*. But in spite of all elaboration of details, every part is subordinated to the whole—to the shrine containing the relics of the Saint. The silver sarcophagus rests upon a base adorned with scenes in relief from the life of St. Sebald. It is encircled by the casket, which rises from a common platform borne by snails, and is composed of eight pillars and as many very slender columns, supporting a triple cupola. In the centre of each corner pillar stand two Apostles under a canopy, and in each centre pillar one. Standing before them, our thoughts travel involuntarily to Dürer's four Apostles at Munich, or even to the mighty creations of the Italian Renaissance, which culminate in Michael Angelo's "Moses."

And yet one hesitates to adjudge the prize even to Vischer's Apostles. Should it not rather be awarded to the *putti*, represented with a joyous *naïveté* that would be hard to equal? Absolute children, totally unconscious of their celestial duties, as they sport and play, occupying every part of the composition except their proper place, with musical instruments in their hands, but doing anything rather than make music,—they reflect an exquisite world in miniature. Personally, I prefer them to Correggio's celebrated angels in St. Paolo at Parma.

And, besides these, there are the sculptures on the base; the four mythological figures as emblems of physical strength; the antique divinities beneath

the Apostles; the glorious candelabra, expressing the struggle between darkness and light. On the rim of the cupola stand a host of other figures in the character of disciples of Christ, and in the centre the Child Jesus Himself raises His little hands on high. The eye travels again and again from the statue of St. Sebald, in the lower west niche, to the Christ Child crowning the whole, and still is not satisfied. Even if we imagine that we have taken in every detail in orderly succession, in the manner that one turns the leaves of a book, we have only to close our eyes and endeavour to repeat the process mentally, in order to recognise its utter futility. The sorely tried brain of posterity cannot possibly assimilate in one short hour all that the artist and his assistants created during a season of activity lasting over a decade. Nothing but constant repetition can achieve a task which is hopeless for the casual observer.

It is thus intelligible that the remaining art treasures of St. Sebald's are generally hurried through with a slight feeling of weariness and want of interest. This is a pity. I would suggest a similar procedure to that which one adopts in the Dresden Gallery after paying a first visit to the Sistine Madonna, viz., to repeat one's visit to the church, and, taking the shrine of St. Sebald last of all, sit down again beside it. Then there will be no danger of ignoring the other works of art. Veit Stoss and Adam Kraft, that double star which we have already acclaimed on the outside of the church, can hardly be absent from the interior. Kraft has

chiselled a small "Christ Bearing the Cross," which shows a great falling-off from the standard of the Schreyer Monument. On the other hand, Stoss is represented on the east side of the Choir by three reliefs in stone, a "Last Supper," with the portraits of the city Councillors of that date, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," and the "Kiss of Judas,"—living and stirring representations. The puffy-cheeked Peter close by, resembling an earthly porter rather than the celestial janitor, together with Wolgemut's altar wings, adjoins the Ciborium, which is built into the wall. The latter appears, like the ancient Oriel window in the north wall, to have formed the commencement of the decorations. While Dürer's "Entombment" never left me free from the idea of its being out of drawing, or from a feeling of dissatisfaction (I could not help thinking of Vischer's realistic "Pietà" in St. Jacob's), I always rejoiced in the beautiful sculptured Madonna, whose countenance reflects pure maternal love with such fidelity. She hangs on the first pillar in the Choir on the left, in front and to the north-west of the tomb of St. Sebald. On the western side of the church is the altar endowed by the Löffelholz family in the chapel of that name. The whole of Nuremberg's artistic development is contained, in point of time, within the limits of the three very old pictures in the Löffelholz Chapel and the great "Paradise" which Kreuzfelder was commissioned by the Behaim family to paint. Hans von Kulmbach's *Tucher* altar, upon which the Blessed Virgin appears, surrounded by saints and angels,

dates from the zenith of Nuremberg art, when symptoms of its decline had already appeared. This picture might well have been hung in one of the smaller churches of Venice.

It would be unpardonable were we to content ourselves with an inspection of the two principal churches, and, having turned our backs on St. Lawrence's and St. Sebald's, to take no further notice of the remaining churches. Just as the art-loving visitor to the City of the Lagoons, after studying S. Marco, the Frari, and SS. Giovanni e Paolo, undertakes the long gondola excursion to S. Sebastiano and the Redentore, a visit to which is necessary to fill up a gaping chasm in his study of Venetian art; in like manner we in Nuremberg must make up our minds to become thoroughly acquainted first with the Frauenkirche, and that of St. Ægidius, and then with the Jakobskirche.

The Frauenkirche stands upon the east side of the Hauptmarkt, and resembles a large chapel. The finest part of the exterior is built out from the main body of the church towards the square, in the form of a porch, upon which, like a great Oriel window growing out of the whole, stands the Chapel of St. Michael with its famous clock. This porch shows in its plastic details a certain relationship with the portal of St. Lawrence's. Its interior is decorated in the richest manner with gilded carvings and brightly tinted saints, who, together with the Wise and Foolish Virgins, Prophets and Angels, solemnly assist at the coronation of the Divine Mother. The exterior also serves

for the glorification of the Virgin, who, with the Babe on her lap and two angels at her side, is placed under a canopy between the front doors. As at St. Lawrence's, Adam and Eve stand at the sides. The Saints here also sit in small niches, covered with canopies, in the arches. This porch is finished off by a fine gallery composed of arms and ornaments. The gable of the church is divided horizontally by five rows of arcades; the tower, besides being somewhat weak in its effect, ends abruptly in a simple onion-shaped cupola. In the interior Adam Kraft reigns supreme. Two sepulchral monuments unmistakably proclaim his handiwork. In accordance with the name of the sacred edifice in which they are erected, they glorify the Virgin. These two works of art are named, after their founders, the Pergenstörff and Rebeck monuments. The first of these is the larger and the richer in decoration. The lightly floating angels holding the Virgin's mantle in broad undulations above the worshipping believers are especially artistic in execution. One becomes accustomed to the head of the Child, which at first sight appears almost abnormal in size, but the large ears in the Rebeck epitaphium must always cause a feeling of surprise. Here the triple arch above the coronation group, bearing grapes, is most effective, and represents art of the highest order. The left, or north, side-altar was founded by the Tucher family. Thode speaks of it in his "Nuremberg School of Painting" with the greatest enthusiasm. In spite of this praise, I never succeeded in entering

into the spirit of the period of this picture. Without the aid of a species of auto-suggestion it fails to inspire the heart with anything like warm sympathy. Let me confess that, although I approached the Tucher altar almost in the enraptured frame of mind of a Botticelli-worshipper, my eyes remained fascinated by the grotesque saints on the right wing and the bat-like angel on the left. My pleasure in the picture was spoiled. Only by degrees were the form of the Saviour, and the expression, changing from terror to ecstasy, on the countenance of Mary, revealed to me; but I was struck at first sight by the plastic movement of the figures against the background of glittering gold. And it is this quality that explains to me the beauty and significance of the work. But the chief attraction of the church is neither the Kraft monuments nor the Tucher altar.

Any one standing about the hour of noon in the Hauptmarkt will notice a number of persons staring up with curiosity at the chapel of St. Michael. The object of their interest is the *Männleinlaufen*, a quite successful toy, made by Georg Heuss at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Although not nearly so ingenious as the marvellous clock of Strasburg Cathedral, nevertheless this "Männleinlaufen" appeals to the sympathies of both great and small. It is said to have been ordered in gratitude to the Emperor Charles IV., who promulgated the "Golden Bull" from Nuremberg in 1356. On the stroke of mid-day, as long as the clock continues to strike, the seven Electors march past his

Imperial Majesty in solemn procession and make obeisance to him. The ruler acknowledges this homage by a wave of the hand, and the trumpeters at his side raise their instruments.

The seldom-visited church of St. Ægidius cannot boast of any such unecclesiastical entertainment. Destroyed by fire in the year 1696, it was re-erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century in the *barocco* style. The interior of the actual church itself offers little that is worthy of remark. Behind the altar are works by the Peter Vischers, father and son. A certain want of inspiration which pervades the Pietà by the creator of St. Sebald's tomb checks any great degree of enthusiasm on the part of the spectator for a work which, besides, is little suited to its surroundings. The altar-piece by Van Dyck is a studio replica of the Berlin original.

The three chapels of this church escaped the conflagration which destroyed the main building. Of these, the Eucharist Chapel is entirely Romanesque, while the Tetzl and Wolfgang Chapels are in the Gothic style. The wood-carvings shown here are of course attributed to Veit Stoss! The Landauer Monument, by Kraft, preserved in the first (Tetzl) Chapel, is undoubtedly genuine. It bears a strong resemblance to the Rebeck Monument in the Frauenkirche, described above. Here also Christ and God the Father are represented as turning towards the Virgin Mary. Unfortunately, part of the upper half of this work was destroyed in the fire. Hans Decker was a forerunner of Kraft, and his "Entombment" (in the Wolfgang Chapel)

must be considered a masterpiece. The profound expression of speechless, helpless sorrow stamped on the countenances of this group is marvellously rendered.

In descending from St. Ægidius, if we traverse first the square of the same name and then the Theresienplatz with Behaim's Monument, and turn into the Heugasse, in order to reach the Spitalplatz with the Spital, or Heiligegeistkirche, we cross the Hans Sachsgasse. The dwelling-house of the poet had to make room for a new building. Close at hand, in the Spitalplatz, his monument is erected. We enter the church merely for the purpose of seeing the monument of the founder, Konrad Gross. His inscribed slab is supported by the figures of eight male and female mourners. Unique of its kind in Nuremberg, it belongs to the earliest Gothic.

A visit may now be paid to the not very distant Church of St. Catherine; mainly, however, for the reason that Wagner made it the scene of the action in the first act of the *Meistersinger*. Having attained this object, we cross the Schutt Island, and afterwards take an easterly direction. We are now once more in the neighbourhood of St. Lawrence's, and, traversing the modern Karolinenstrasse, make for the Church of St. Jacob. Here again we find some of the noblest works of Nuremberg art. We know not whether to wonder more at the inexhaustible wealth of the City, which overflowed even into these minor churches, or at the inexhaustible energy of her artists.

Viewed from without, the church is simple and

unadorned. Standing opposite the monotonous Deutschehaus Barrack, with its great Church of St. Elizabeth, it appears neutral in character. The interior contains two fine works which repay the trouble of the visit. In one the Virgin Mother, recalling to some extent the famed "Nuremberg Madonna," whose acquaintance we have yet to make, is lamenting her Divine Son. The touching character of this group, attractive on account of the human, almost childlike, beauty of the Madonna, blinds one to its obvious defect—the constrained attitude of the body of Christ. The avoidance of every suggestion of pain—*nemo me lacrimis decoret*—never seemed to me open to criticism. I remembered Michelangelo's "Pietà" in Rome, of which Wölfflin says, "The Divine Mother should not weep like an earthly parent."

The expression of pure sorrow is all the more evident in the "Pietà" of Veit Stoss, also carved in wood, which is upon the same side. The countenance of the Saviour, drawn almost as it were by cramp, the lean body, in which all the ribs are visible, remind us in their realism of Grünewald. This is "le Dieu de Morgue" as the novelist Huysmans saw Him, when he filled the first pages of "Là-bas" with his half-grandiose and half-grotesque description of the "Crucifixion" in the Gallery of Cassel. Stoss is also represented by other works, but it is well not to lose sight of the maxim that all work that is wooden does not necessarily emanate from him. The altar of the Egloffstein Chapel shows clear traces of his influ-



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Germanic Museum

THE NUREMBERG MADONNA

BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

ence. But even supposing that Stoss wrought at it with his own hand, his work cannot be compared with the smooth and soft lines with which the creator of the Nuremberg Madonna has so well known how to render the fair-haired blue-eyed child's face of the "Virgin, Mother, Queen."

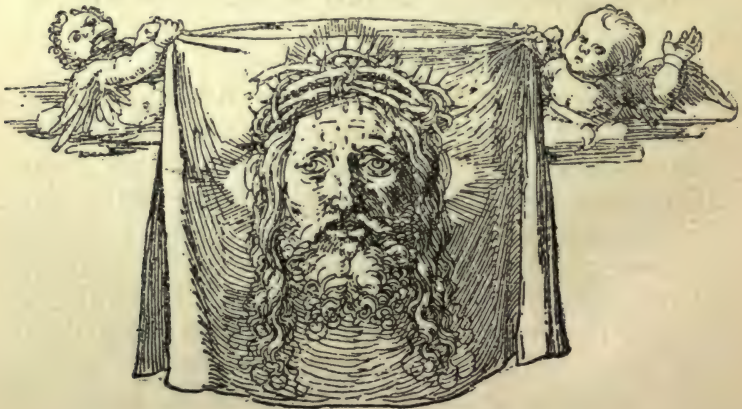


Together with St. Jacob's we bid farewell to the churches of Nuremberg. We leave them with the conviction that we have made our own one of the most beautiful and glorious chapters out of the great book of German Art; and even if our task has not been completed in as thorough and scientifically exact a manner as we could wish, it has nevertheless been carried out in a spirit of tenderness and appreciation.

The names of Veit Stoss and Adam Kraft, of Vischer and Dürer, and many others whose feebler constellations pale before the radiance of the great luminaries, formed in our imaginations a slender but continuous chain, encircling the familiar scene of their creations. The duty of gratitude prompts us, at the close of our wanderings through Nuremberg, to seek the spot where these worthies sleep their last sleep. With the exception of Peter Vischer, who is buried in the churchyard of St. Roch, all

Nuremberg's greatest sons lie in St. John's Cemetery. The approach to their resting-place is worthily adorned by Adam Kraft's Seven Stations of the Cross.

At the cemetery itself we may inspect, in the Holzschuher Chapel, Kraft's last work, which is, nevertheless, of no special importance—an "Entombment." A casual walk between the rows of graves is disappointing, for the fine ornamentation of the horizontal tombstones (Wenzel Jamnitzer himself spared no pains in this direction) cannot be fully appreciated without a minute inspection. We pause in reverence at the graves of Hans Sachs, Albert Dürer, and Veit Stoss. Here rests all of them that was mortal; "Quidquid mortale fuit . . ." runs Pirkheimer's epitaph upon Dürer's tomb. But their works live after them. They stand unapproachable amidst the death harvest of the centuries—the fairest jewels of German Art.





VI

THE GERMANIC NATIONAL MUSEUM

VISITORS to Nuremberg cannot leave the city without a glance at that institution whose foundation and growth are unique in the world—the Germanic National Museum. It has hitherto been hardly mentioned, and its description has been purposely deferred to this stage, at the close of our narration. And yet its interior offers such abundant treasures that we should far exceed the limits of this little book were we to attempt an exhaustive description of all of them that are worthy of note. There is another factor which furnishes a powerful argument in favour of the necessary brevity. It must be admitted that the Germanic Museum has, in itself, little or no influence on the city of Nuremberg and its inhabitants. On the other hand, the city of Nuremberg has an influence on the development of the Museum

collections which is often unwholesome. The noble founder of the institution, Baron von Aufsess, for a short time entertained the idea of utilising the fortress of Coburg or the Wartburg for his purpose. In that case doubtless a municipal museum, of a similar character to the many that already exist in Germany, would have received the Nuremberg works of art. And however this might have been to be regretted in particular cases, yet one peril to the preservation of proper perspective of the whole would thereby have been averted, viz., the extravagant importance attached to even the most trifling object belonging to the city on the Pegnitz, or standing in any sort of relation to her. In the very fact that Nuremberg was for centuries the art metropolis of Germany lies a danger almost impossible to avoid. Since that creative age centuries again have elapsed, but the heirs of a mighty past, devoutly straining their eyes to catch the afterglow of a sun that has set, only strive the more earnestly to shed the brightest possible illumination upon that past. Hence that thirst for restoration, upon which we have touched in our mention of the Neptune Fountain and the projected rebuilding of the Alte Schau. Hence also the reaction which, even if only to a certain extent, involuntarily operates on the exhibition of the art treasures of the Germanic Museum. Yet in spite of this feeling, Dürer's "Hieronymus Holzschuher" was allowed to be acquired by Berlin, while Jamnitzer's precious drinking-cup found a more appreciative home at Frankfort.

The most important objects that passed from the possession of the City of Nuremberg into the keeping of the Museum have lately been collected into a small room, the third on the right from the entrance, and immediately in front of the "Church." Here are to be found the original model of the "Gänsemännchen," the "Rosary" relief, by Veit Stoss, the original wooden frame of Dürer's "All Saints," and, above all, the celebrated *Nuremberg Madonna*, the much admired work of an unknown master of the school of Peter Vischer, a unique amalgamation of genuine German individuality with a certain elegance, possibly reminiscent of Botticelli. The Virgin's gaze is devoutly raised on high, the head inclined to one side, and the slender tapering hands loosely clasped. The arrangement of the long flowing draperies is masterly. Unfortunately the grey-green hue which pervades the statue decidedly, to a great extent, spoils the general effect.

Besides the Picture Gallery, which we must briefly notice later on, there is the Collection of Arms, containing notable productions of Nuremberg masters, including equipments for joust and tournament by the famous armourers, Siebenbürger and Grünewaldt. While this finely chased armour is more calculated to attract the close observation of the specialist, the charming dolls' houses and furniture formerly in the possession of the Stromer family—toys such as are seldom made nowadays—do not fail of their due effect on the generality of the visitors. We must also mention here Christopher Scheurl's State bedstead.

A few of the most important exhibits have been brought to the reader's notice in anticipation of their proper order. Only repeated visits to the Museum, in pursuance of a carefully thought-out plan, will ensure the attainment of the maximum of both pleasure and profit. In the cloisters of the former monastery it is easy to lose one's way.

Granting that the retention of these characteristic features, especially effective in the harmonious church, and delightfully unlike the usual wearisome monotony of the great museums, is intelligible from the point of view of change and rest, as also of course on artistic grounds; still one often longs for a clue that will enable one to find one's way about, and especially to pass over with indifference all that is unworthy of attention.

The Museum developed from modest beginnings. The few rooms of the old Carthusian monastery have blossomed out into a mighty maze of buildings, of which the most noteworthy from without is the massive Neubau, which was opened on the occasion of the Jubilee Festival in 1902. The extent of the building depended on the amount of available funds, which consisted entirely of voluntary contributions. The proper display of the collection was therefore continually hampered by lack of room. The position of the Germanic Museum is very different to that of the great State museums, where any necessary additions depend on the vote of a Parliamentary majority. Regarded as a collection, it is a purely private one. Above the door we read, "Property of the German Nation." All the more



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GERMANIC NATIONAL MUSEUM

astounding is the mass of material it contains, which, in the course of the next decade, when two large reversions now in prospect have fallen in, will enjoy the advantage of scientifically systematic exhibition in new and appropriate rooms.

Even the undignified entrance serves to endorse the above remarks. Through a narrow door in an alley it leads into a long cloister. In the course of a short tour of the building we will endeavour at least to give the necessary indications for a superficial inspection of the collections. The first large room near the entrance (wherein stand the busts of the founder Aufsess, and the first director, Essenwein, who held the post for so many years), as well as the small one adjoining, contain prehistoric antiquities. The *Oriel-window* removed hither from the Parsonage of St. Sebald has been built into the second open space to the right. We diverge from the cloister, and, still keeping to the right, make for the Nuremberg art treasures we have described above, first entering the Church—centre-point of the whole. The visit to this impressive hall, on whose walls hang shields of ancient houses, surrounded by tattered banners of all colours, is quite unique in its interest. The south-west corner is decorated with a fresco by Kaulbach. The "Guide" to the Museum devotes fully ten pages to the antiquities preserved here, which are almost exclusively of an ecclesiastical or sacred character. Attention should be especially paid to the casket which formerly contained the Imperial crown jewels. From the north side-chapel an old and

steep staircase, which for curiosity's sake we do not wish to disdain, leads up to a small room containing ecclesiastical objects of the *barocco* period. Descending a few steps we arrive in the upper corridor, serving principally as a picture-gallery. Especially reserving our attention for this, we direct our steps straight to the room devoted to the Guilds, and to the adjoining collection of Toys. Returning to the corridor, the dark Laboratory and the Apothecary's Shop (going in a westerly direction) rejoice our hearts. In the corridor itself the collection of Globes and Watches ("Nuremberg Eggs") is arranged: opposite the Laboratory is the Gallery of the Church, where we become conscious in an enhanced degree of the solemn impressiveness which we have already experienced.

Passing through the collection of the German Commercial Museum and the rooms full of books and documents, we descend the staircase leading from the small room containing valuable book-bindings down to the collection of Instruments of Torture.

Still pursuing the direction of the staircase we have just left (on our left hand are two rooms containing ceramic wares), we wander along the little square, first of all to the Bronze Epitaphs. Instead of the plaster casts we prefer to inspect the South Chapel, and the collection of furniture and domestic appliances. Completing our round, we arrive once more at the implements of torture. The custodian opens the door into the Court containing the Wittelsbach Clock and the Bagpiper, and leads the

way into the second Court, where dwells the most unique object in the collection—the living bear.

Returning to the building, we ascend the steps (to the east of the torture implements) and look in at the large newly-erected Hall of Arms. This was the scene of the Jubilee festivities. Above the Armoury, that section of the collection has been housed which is most open to criticism from an expert point of view, but which, even after a brief visit, leaves the strongest impression on the memory—the German Peasant Interiors. Up a further flight of steps we find the entrance to the collection of Costumes, which may also be reached by means of the fine winding staircase from the Water Court. Immediately adjoining the Hall of Arms are three smaller rooms, also intended for the reception of weapons. Hence we proceed to the large hall containing the Homburg Roulette, the Scheurl state bedstead, German goldsmiths' work, and exquisite chests, some of which are also kept in the adjacent hall, opposite the Portal from Heilsbronn. At the south end of the west wall of this hall is a small door leading to an open staircase above the Water Court, which affords a charming view of the latter. The upper rooms contain fittings from old German interiors. The Plaster Casts of German sculptures occupy a series of large and small rooms, in addition to the cloisters enclosing a court containing a replica of the Roland Column at Bremen; those who are not enthusiastically interested in them will pass through the Heilsbronn Portal, along the passage past the Seals

and Dies, and inspect the Locksmiths' Work, and the Stoves and Tiles.

This modest itinerary, which has been confined to the merest summary of directions, in spite of its shortness, may possibly be of use to the visitor to the Museum. If he has so far followed the plan lightly sketched out for him in the preceding pages, in order that he may acquire an accurate acquaintance with the whole he must now make a detailed inspection of the Picture Gallery ; after which he may wind up with a visit to the adjacent collections of costume, designs, textures, and musical instruments.

The most convenient way to the pictures is up the small staircase near the St. Sebald Oriel. The collection contains far more material for the inquirer than attraction for the lover of art. The exhibits are derived from three sources : the pictures made over by the Bavarian State, those derived from the City of Nuremberg (municipal, ecclesiastical, or private property), and the acquisitions of the Museum itself. In all, there are about 500 examples. They fill five rooms ; the long gallery, a small anteroom, two principal halls north and south of the corridor enclosing the Roland, and three-quarters of the corridor itself. The other quarter contains, like the corresponding portion of the building on the ground-floor, reproductions of plastic art. Apart from a few works of the very highest order, the gallery affords a comprehensive general survey of the Rhenish and High Dutch, but more especially of the Nuremberg and Franconian Schools of painting ; however, in works of

a later period the Flemish and Dutch Schools quite restore the balance.

On entering the gallery, we at once encounter names of the first rank—Stephen Lochner, Meister Wilhelm; of the early Dutch School, Hugo van der Goes; of the later, the fantastically grotesque Hieronymus Bosch van Aken and the brothers Dünwegge, of Dortmund. On the left, in the recess, hangs Lucas van Leyden's "Striking the Water from the Rock," a work whose beauty lies not in the affected grouping of the figures, but in the landscape background. The Nuremberg masters follow. In going through these, Thode's exhaustive work will be found of the greatest use.

Two men stand at the entrance of the Temple of Fame dedicated to Nuremberg Art, whose inner sanctuary is sacred to Dürer—Hans Pleydenwurff and Dürer's master, Michael Wolgemut. Both are represented here by important works: Pleydenwurff by his portrait of the Canon Schönborn; Wolgemut by the double-sided wings of the Peringsdörffer Altar-piece. Hans von Kulmbach's "SS. Cosmas and Damianus," as also his "St. George," and Hans Schäufelin's "SS. Bridget and Jerome" may be mentioned as representative of the school of Dürer. But now for the Master himself. In addition to a new copy of the "All Saints" picture in Vienna, and excellent reproductions of the Four Evangelists, the originals of which were presented to the Elector Maximilian, we admire the portraits of the Emperors Charlemagne and Sigismund. The first a typical German figure, with clear steadfast

eyes looking the observer straight in the face ; orb and sceptre in his mighty hand. The Emperor Sigismund, furtive and secretive, bowed under the weight of his Imperial functions ; no longer the powerful ruler whose every sign his vassals obey, but the vacillating monarch dependent in all his actions on the power of an arrogant nobility. The Emperor Maximilian, whose small half-length portrait occupies an unassuming position in the ante-room, also wears a careworn expression. Of Dürer's mythological productions we have here Hercules with the Stymphalian Birds.

On the opposite side to the Imperial portraits, Burgkmair's Madonna, thoroughly Italian in feeling, has a place of honour. A marvellous creation. The colours of the drapery and the elaboration of the landscape remind us of the best of the Venetians—of Cima da Conegliano. Immediately adjacent are a "S. Sebastian" and a "S. Christopher," both by Burgkmair. Hans Baldung Grien, and the Ulm masters, Martin Schaffner and Bartholomew Zeitblom, could not be overlooked. The well-known Saxon Electors from Cranach's studio display the same indifferent expressions as of yore. Master Lucas is himself represented by a portrait of Luther, and a small *genre* picture, "Venus, with Cupid stung by a Bee." The four altar-wings in the gallery, the Martyrdoms of four Apostles, together with two small Madonnas, are by Hans Holbein the Elder. It is to be regretted that the son is not present as the crown of this rare company.

GEORGE PENCZ



Germanic Museum

THE AUSTRIAN CAPTAIN SCHIRMER

Beside Hans von Kulmbach and Schäufelin, we encounter yet another of Dürer's pupils, Georg Pencz. His Austrian "Feldhauptmann Georg Schirmer" is painted with such power and freshness that one can confidently compare the picture with the most celebrated portraits by the best masters. With a full face, in which fearless, resolute blue-grey eyes are a prominent feature, gazing mercilessly and yet good-humouredly straight at the spectator, with his long beard, his powerful right hand resting upon his weighty helmet, there the champion sits, as though the destinies of a world depended upon him. The broad brow is crowned with Olympian repose, which the veriest trifle might change in a moment to raging tempest. Opposite is a "St. Jerome," a copy after Matsys.

Leaving the Nuremberg masters behind us, we reach by a dark passage the second principal hall, with Rembrandt, Snyders, Ruysdael, and Terborch. The relief portrait of Hans Wilhelm von Löffelholz is also exhibited here. The cases in the centre contain noteworthy examples of miniature sculpture, reliefs in boxwood, possibly works by Peter Flötner, small ivory figures and bronzes. The two Rembrandts—a youthful portrait of himself and a "S. Paul"—can only be regarded as studies by this enormously productive artist. The large still-life by Snyders deserves more attention.

As already mentioned, the large collection of costume pictures adjoins this hall. The prints of the Municipal Collection of copperplates are kept in the Cabinet of Engravings. The entrance to the

latter, as also to the Library and Archives of the Museum, which are kept separate from the other collections of the institution, is situated in the Lower Grasergasse. This building, a royal foundation, was once upon a time enlarged for the purposes of the museum. Here also is deposited the precious gift of the Prince Regent, the supreme poetic and musical glorification of Nuremberg—Richard Wagner's original score of the *Meistersinger*.



“As long as the Germanic National Museum continues to exist at Nuremberg as a German national institution”—thus runs the wording of the official charter,—that portion of the city walls and the clear space immediately within them, of the towers and moat, bounded on the one side by the Sternthor and on the other by the Karthäuserthor, shall remain the property of that foundation. With unerring foresight, Director A. von Essenwein had recognised the vital necessity of preserving Nuremberg's distinctive character. When that meritorious official strained every nerve to prevent the erection of the new Gymnasium buildings (which seriously detract from the harmony of the impression produced on the visitor's mind at his first entrance into the town), he was endeavouring, with

anxious forebodings, to avert the consequences of an act of Vandalism.

But the days are past in which any good purpose could be served by warnings of the impending ruin of Nuremberg, or of havoc equal to that wrought by the Commune. The growth of the great cities, and the development of trade, have in truth brought with them the necessity of going forward at all hazards.

To one city only is the power granted of faithfully preserving her mediæval character intact for all time—that happy hunting-ground of the collector and investigator of mediæval antiquities, of the poet and artist, which repeats and supplements the impressions derived from the old City of Nuremberg, on a smaller scale, but in a more concentrated form. Steam, the mighty instrument of modern utilitarianism, for once subservient like some captive Genius to the behests of Art, will transport us in a few hours to the enchanted Tauberthal, where lovely Rothenburg awaits us with magic dreams of olden times and ancient legends.



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