

ROMANTIC GERMANY



DANZIG—JOPEN STREET AND ST. MARY'S CHURCH

ROMANTIC GERMANY

BY

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TO
MY WIFE

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PREFACE

IN the surfeit of books on Germany one subject has been strangely neglected, and that is—the land itself.

Its politics, history, sociology, commerce, and science each has a literature of its own. But for the latest account in English of Germany's most representative and picturesque towns one must turn either to the guide-books or to a rare volume called "Views Afoot," written by young Bayard Taylor in the year 1846.

To certain readers prejudiced by this misleading emphasis it may come as a pleasant surprise to learn that Germany still remains the land of the *Nibelungenlied* and of Grimm's Fairy Tales, of gnomes and giants, storks and turreted ring-walls, of Gothic houses in rows, and the glamour of medieval courtyards. But so it is. One must merely know where to look for these things.

Many of the towns, like Rothenburg, Danzig, and

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Brunswick, have preserved almost intact their Old World magic, and a touch of real romance is to be found as well in almost every one of those larger cities which we have been taught to consider hopelessly prosaic. There is a peculiar zest in discovering a Krögl or an Auerbach's Keller in such places as Berlin and Leipsic, which so many travelers visit unaware of their stores of hidden treasures. It is much as though one should chance on a Dürer engraving fluttering about in Broadway.

In composing this picture, therefore, a few of the larger cities were given preference over rural Germany with its more obvious charms. Nuremberg and the Rhine country were naturally omitted as they had recently received their share of literary attention. And, for the rest, out of an embarrassing wealth of material, a group of the choicest was with difficulty chosen from among the smaller towns of pure romance.

But places are so much like people that whoever makes a book of cities must borrow from the novelist's art. The present writer has tried to select from the many that appealed to him a few city-characters so correlated or contrasted as to bring each other into relief. He has endeavored not only to keep in mind their interrelations, but also to reveal the personality of each one as reflected in the character of its build-

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ings, streets, squares, and courts, and of the country beyond its walls; to give a hint of its history, a breath of its legend, a suggestion of the quality of its folk—their customs and costumes, their beliefs, attainments, and humors—and thus to lure the traveler from his hard-beaten tracks in Italy and France and England to the fresh regions of Romantic Germany.

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I

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BALTIC fog rolled in from the north as my train rolled in from the south, bringing an ideal hour for the first impressions of a city so full of Northern melancholy, one so far from the beaten track and so romantic, as Danzig. Down a street full of gargoyles and curious stone platforms there loomed through the mist a monstrous church, crowned with pinnacles and a huge, blunt tower.

A gate that seemed like the façade of an Italian palace pierced by a triumphal arch opened on a street of fascinating old gables, and beyond them rose a Rathaus with an exquisite steeple. I passed between tall, slim palaces, through the arches of a water-gate, and came out by the river, to fill my lungs with a sudden draught of ozone and to realize that I was almost in the presence of the Baltic.

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An alcove of the Green Bridge proved the place of places in which to modulate one's soul down from the shrill key of the twentieth century to the deep, mellow tonality of the Middle Ages.

Toward the sea swept an unbroken line of romantic architecture, narrow, sharp-gabled houses intermingled with towered water-gates, and, last of all, the profile of the Krahn Thor, or Crane Gate, Danzig's unique landmark, its stories projecting one beyond another like those of Hildesheim's houses. On the island formed by two arms of the Mottlau the black and white of half-timbered granaries started strongly out of the mist.

The river bristled with romantic shipping; and as I walked the quay, I caught, between gables, the glow of the lights of the Lange Markt flushing the fog into a rosy cloud the center of which was the steeple of the Rathaus. It was as though beauty had been given an aureole.

I turned a corner, and wandered along the other shore of the island, past a deserted waterway and a strange, crumbling tower called the Milk-can Gate, then back again to the Green Bridge. The darkness had thickened so that one could no longer distinguish the separate house-fronts, but all the lamps along the shore had their soft auras of mist, and the surface of the water was one delicate shimmer, with strong col-



THE CRANE GATE

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umns of light at regular intervals, among which the crimson lantern of a passing boat wrought amazing effects.

Where had I known such an evening before? As memory wandered idly about the harbor of Lübeck, the bridges of Nuremberg, the riversides of Würzburg and Breslau, I was flashed in a trice to the "Siren of sea-cities," that

floating film upon the wonder-fraught
Ocean of dreams,

and it came to me with a glow of pleasure that this place had from of old been called "The Venice of the North."

This, then, was my introduction to Danzig, and I never think of it without seeing streets full of high, narrow façades melting one into another, gently curving streets alive with rich reliefs, statues of blurred worthies, and inquisitive gargoyles, the blunt, mighty Church of St. Mary looming above them like a mountain. I can never see the name of Danzig without beholding a dusky waterway lined with medieval structures and—strange juxtaposition—a jewel of Reformation art with its rosy aureole.

But it is delightful to remember how, on the following morning, the city drew aside her veil and stood revealed in that fresh depth of coloring found

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only near the misty seas of the North in such places as Lübeck and Wisby, Amsterdam and Bruges.

Danzig is as easy to compass as Dresden, for the most interesting and beautiful buildings have crowded themselves about the Church of St. Mary as though attracted by a crag of lodestone. The ancient moat and the earthen wall must have had a concentrative as well as decorative effect on the city, and one can imagine the inward pressure bending the longest streets into their present graceful curves. A few years ago, alas! these fortifications were destroyed by the highly socialistic process of shoveling the mound into the moat, leaving the High Gate shorn of the walls into which it had been originally set as the principal entrance to Danzig.

Seen from the Hay Market outside, where interesting peasant types swarm among wains of green and golden hay, the High Gate composes inevitably with its taller neighbors, the Torture Chamber and the Stock Tower, or prison. This, like the Langgasser Gate, is more a triumphal arch than a city portal. With its four genially modeled gables, the Torture Chamber recalls the Inquisition, its innocent-sounding name and its outrageous significance, while the Stock Tower compromises between the religious aspiration of a Gothic church and the self-conscious dignity of a Renaissance town hall. The only hint of

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its real function is supplied by a stone jailer with a ring of keys, who leers from a dormer window at the passer-by with a gesture of welcome. The narrow court below, through which prisoners were led to the red-hot pincers and the rack, is one of the most soothing nooks in Danzig, with its bracketed arcades and harmonious gloom, its riot of old lumber, the myriad tiny roofs that start out from the tower, and its view, framed by three great arches, of the Lang-Gasse.

I did not find the Langgasser Gate as charming as when its extravagance had been softened by the mist of the previous evening; but the Rathaus steeple was even more glorious in the full morning light, and, seen from three directions, finished the street vista superbly.

A Rathaus interior is not often inspiring, but here were carvings, mosaics, frescos, and furniture of extraordinary beauty, tokens of the Renaissance relationship between North and South. And it was interesting to find in the White Chamber a modern historical fresco of Danzig delegates presenting a painting of their city to the Venetians in 1601. If this old canvas should come to light to-day in some private Italian collection, it would be a very fair portrayal of modern Danzig. For in the room sacred to the burgomaster hangs a "Tribute Money," painted

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in 1601, with the Lange Markt in the background virtually as it appears to-day, a neat refutation of those pessimists who claim that romantic Germany has been "restored" to death. This room and the Red Chamber rise to the highest levels of the German Renaissance. Between them winds a unique spiral staircase of carved oak.

Separated from the Rathaus by a narrow street and two narrow gables is that most interesting building, the Artushof, or Court of Arthur. This was built by the medieval Teutonic Order of Knights as a patrician club-house, where were kept alive the traditions of King Arthur and his Round Table. It is good to remember how the Arthurian legends penetrated like a sweet savor into these terrible lands, how the Knights built as their Camelot, not many leagues away, the Marienburg, which remains the mightiest of German castles; and how, when Poland and Brandenburg were fighting for the prize of fourteenth-century Danzig, the Knights came to her rescue, and kept her under their protection until she grew strong and beautiful.

Their first thought was to build this Court of King Arthur where, at the sound of a bell, the patricians assembled at the great round table to pledge each other in the famous local beer they called Joppe, and plan for the good of the city while the town pipers

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made music. Tournaments were sometimes held in the Lange Markt outside. The gentlemen rode in the order of their seating at the round table. The fairest ladies awarded the prizes; and all danced together afterward in the great hall.

To look at the Artushof is to look back through the centuries to the two brightest periods of local history. The three Gothic windows, fit for the clear-story of a cathedral, typify the monumental life of the Teutonic Order when Danzig was building the Rathaus and the Stock Tower, the Crane Gate and the Church of St. Mary; while the portal and the gable tell of the proud adventurers who, under the protection of Poland, were leading spirits in the Hanseatic League, and, while well-nigh the remotest of Germans from the scene of the Italian Renaissance, were yet among the most sensitive to its influence.

The hall itself would have befitted King Arthur and his knights. Four slender shafts branch out into rich vaulting, as though four huge palms had been petrified by the magic of Merlin. The art of the Artushof was intended rather to amuse than to edify, and the decorations seemed like so many glorified toys. Models of the ships of Hansa days hovered in full sail overhead. The hugest and greenest of Nuremberg stoves filled one corner, a piece of

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pure ornament which had never known the indignity of fire. The paneled walls were filled with curious wooden statues and large paintings. I noticed a painted Diana about to transfix a stag, which started desperately from the wall in high relief. A buck with real hide and antlers hearkened superciliously to the lyre of a painted Orpheus. But the picture that pleased me most was called "The Ship of the Church." To my unnautical eye it seemed that the Madonna and two popes were traveling first cabin, a couple of military saints second, while humble old Christopher was thrust away into the steerage, and microscopic laymen were doing all the work.

Arthur's Court has relaxed its ancient rule against "talking shop." In fact, it has become the city exchange. Yet the old atmosphere of leisure and sociability still hangs about it. A notice states that ladies are not allowed on the floor during the *hour* of business. Having spent that hour in Merlin's hall, I am able to declare that if the brokers of New York would only pattern after their Danzig colleagues, their lives would gain in mellowness what they might lose in brilliance. Grain seemed the sole commodity on the market. The round board of the old knights had given place to smaller tables filled with wooden bowls of it. I watched the brokers chatting and

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dreaming away their little hour, sifting the kernels idly through their fingers in a delicious *dolce far niente*. Suddenly one group began to buzz with a note of American animation. "Now," thought I, "they are getting down to business." But as I drew near, I heard the most excited bidder saying something about "the ideality of the actual." Suddenly as I stood marveling, and wishing that the author of "The Pit" had been spared to view that paradoxical scene with me, the enigma was solved in a flash. It was clear that the grain in those curious bowls had never felt the contaminating touch of modern bulls and bears, of thrashing-machines or modern elevators. It had come direct from those

Long fields of barley and of rye
That clothe the wold and meet the sky,
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot.

In this atmosphere of medieval romance I moved away, and during my sojourn on the banks of the Vistula I inhaled romance with every breath. For the lure of Danzig is largely the lure of Gothic and Renaissance times; and what is worthier to succeed the spirit of medieval knighthood than the spirit of the age when Europe was born again?

An open portal invited me next door into the hall of a well-preserved patrician dwelling. It was a

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typical Renaissance interior. There was a frieze of the quaint biblical tiles made in Danzig by refugees from Delft, and the furniture, the brilliant brasses, the sculptured doors and ceiling, and the stairway that wound to a gallery at the farther end, were blended in a harmony of refinement that would have cheapened most palace halls.

I stepped out into the Lange Markt and gazed to my heart's content on the long lines of Renaissance palaces for which Danzig is famous, the styles of North and South standing side by side in friendly rivalry, and testifying to the cosmopolitanism of that great time. In the evening mist along the water-side I had received—or thought I had received—vague impressions of Venice. Now, as I lingered in a day-dream inside the Green Gate, the city still gave forth a delicate aroma of Italy; but the scene was shifted. Perhaps the change was wrought by the suggestion of Lorenzo de Medici's sculptured head looking down from one of the house-fronts. At any rate, as I enjoyed the Lange Markt through half-closed eyes, the three great arches of Arthur's Court resolved themselves into the Loggia dei Lanzi; the solid, angular body of the Rathaus into the bulk of the Palazzo Vecchio; the fountain of Neptune expanded under my eyes; the same old flock of wheeling pigeons filled the air; and, at a vague glimpse of



THE STOCK TOWER

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a blunt and mighty tower looming in the distance, I instinctively murmured the name of Giotto.

In leaving Arthur's Court I had traversed at a step the most significant period of local history. The Teutonic Order, its work being done, fell on evil days, became the "old order," and, jealous of the city's growing importance in the Hanseatic League, began to oppress it. Once again the old order yielded place to the new. Danzig cast off the yoke of the Knights, and became the ward of Poland. The people had long been under Dutch influence, and now their contact with the most light-hearted and luxurious of all Slavic races prepared them for the cosmopolitan time when their ships should bear to Venice the grain of the Northeast and bring home in return the glowing spirit of the Italian Renaissance.

Those were days when the wealth, the aristocracy, and the splendor of Danzig were proverbial. The merchant assumed the garments and the manners of princes. In his Northern isolation he decreed his own styles, adopting the ruffs of Italy, the mantles of Spain, and the furs of Russia. A Parisian traveler who happened upon the city in 1635 wrote in astonishment of the "ladies who walk about in their furs like doctors of the Sorbonne." And another complained, a few years later, that "you'll not leave Danzig with a whole skin if you don't address every

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sailor and small-sulphur-match-peddler as 'My Lord.' ”

In preserving the spirit of aristocratic town life in the Renaissance, the city has done for North Germany what Nuremberg has done for South Germany. Nuremberg built its houses with greater picturesqueness and variety; Danzig, with greater durability, with more unity of style and grouping; and it has kept out modern discords more successfully.

The townsman ordered his dwelling in the same lordly spirit in which he ordered his clothes. Brick would do for his church, but stone was none too good for his house. And these rich façades are almost as surprising in this stoneless country as façades of silver.

It is interesting to compare the Northern style with the Southern. The Italian tends to horizontal lines, graded orders of pilasters, simplicity and nobility of proportion, a classical feeling for the structural. The Dutch tends to the vertical, is fond of lofty rooms, of sharply peaked gables, of brick walls sown full of unstructural stone ornament. Legend says that the façade of the Steffen House near the Artushof was brought from Italy. It is, at any rate, one of the purest Italian palaces in Germany. And yet it does not quarrel with the Dutch houses near it. The rivalry is friendly, and

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lends vivacity to the street. It is amusing to see the coalition of North and South that resulted when both styles simultaneously laid hold of the same building, as at Lang-Gasse 37, and in the English House.

Mottos are the rule over the doors, and they are apt to be laconic, like "Als (Alles) in Got" or "Gloria Deo Soli." That is the way the townsmen talk—laconically, earnestly, to the point. Latin is very popular, and the city's motto, "Nec temere nec timide," is everywhere. At Töpfer-Gasse 23 are these lines:

Hospes pulsanti tibi se mea janua pandet:
Tu tua pulsanti Pectora pande Deo.

(Guest, to you when you knock this my portal will open:
Do you open your heart wide to the summons of God.)

And directly opposite the tower of the Church of St. Mary a pious chisel of 1558 cut this into the wall:

Wir bauen hier grosse Häuser und feste,
Und sind doch fremde Gaeste;
Und wo wir ewig sollen sein,
Da bauen gar wenig ein.

(On palaces we waste our force
Though here we 're only visitors;
But where we shall forever be
Too few build we.)

The streets are so rich to-day because, as a Polish city, Danzig suffered little from the Thirty Years'

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War, and because it was wise enough to build its houses of fireproof materials. But fireproof materials are not intimate, friendly things, and in few other places do the houses seem so aristocratic and aloof as here. Tall, narrow, richly sculptured, they shoot upward as though despising the democracy of the pavement.

But even as the dwellings of exclusive Augsburg are frescoed into friendliness, here they are saved from utter misanthropy by a unique architectural feature. For in certain dreamy streets about the Church of St. Mary are the remnants of Danzig's famous *Beischläge*, stone porches as wide as the house and extending far out upon the pavement, to the confusion of modern traffic and to the joy of seekers after the picturesque. The steps are flanked with carved posts or with huge balls of Swedish granite. The balustrades are arabesques of iron, or slabs of stone decorated, like Roman sarcophagi, with mythological reliefs or with scenes from the Old Testament as naïve as Delft tiles. Jolly gargoyles still grin from the partition ends in memory of the good old times when every townsman lounged on his own *Beischlag*, or his neighbor's, in the cool of the day, receiving his tea and his friends. In the Jopen-Gasse the effect of these platforms of irregular height and width is inimitably genial, and the Frau-



THE POGGENPFUHL, WITH ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND THE RATHAUS TOWER

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en-Gasse, where they stretch in unbroken lines, undisturbed by the practical modern world, is a little idyl that would be quite impossible to duplicate. The Frauen-Gasse is, no doubt, an absolute novelty to the porchless European, but the American is somehow reminded of old Philadelphia, and how a touch of art might have transfigured the poor little front "stoop" at home.

In laying out their city, the people developed a truly Latin feeling for composition, and one is constantly delighted with Florentine effects of vista. They thought of their streets as narratives the beginning of which must be interesting, the end, thrilling. Thus the Lang-Gasse begins with a Gothic prison and an elaborate portal, and curves gently about, to end with a tower that is like "the sound of a great Amen." Likewise the Lange Markt runs from the rhythmic gables and arches of the Green Gate to the Rathaus; and the picturesque battlements of St. Peter's send the Poggenpuhl toward the same noble cadence. Even that narrow way known as the Kater-Gasse lies between St. Peter's and the triple front of Holy Trinity, while the Frauen-Gasse leads from a water-gate to the choir of the Church of St. Mary, with its high windows, its pinnacles, and its crenelated gables. But the finest street vista is the view down the Jopen-Gasse.

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At the head of the street lies the arsenal, rioting in all the happy excesses of the later Flemish Renaissance. On each side stretch the narrow, aristocratic houses, with their *Beischläge*; and from among the gables at the end of the street rises the huge, plain façade and tower of the Church of St. Mary. I can never look at that pile, half fortress, half house of God, without imagining the nave full of worshipers ponderously chanting Luther's tremendous hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." It is the most German thing in Danzig. It is even one of the most German things in Germany. For the brick Gothic of the Baltic and of Silesia was evolved so independently of foreign influence that it expresses the national spirit better than any other architecture.

The original inhabitants of this corner of the world were, in all likelihood, the Goths. And it is amusing to imagine their surprise if they could have foreseen that a French style would be named, in misplaced scorn, after them and that their home would, by a freak of chance, become the headquarters of the only really German variety of that style. For a church like St. Mary's is hardly Gothic in the sense that the cathedrals of Cologne and Ratisbon are; but, in the sense that the Goths were Germans, it is, strictly speaking, the only Gothic.

The Church of St. Mary is the largest of all Prot-

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estant churches, equaling Notre Dame in area. And it reflects the character of its builders quite as vividly as does the cathedral of Paris. Its castle-like walls bespeak the military instincts of the North German. The huge, plain body and blunt tower symbolize the downrightness, the sturdiness, the honest largeness of a nature whose lack of polish verges on the coarse. The fine proportions tell of his poise. The obvious construction, unobscured by detail, reminds one that this is the clear-headed country of Schopenhauer and of Kant.

Certain traits in this church are specially characteristic of the land of the Teutonic Order, such as a square choir, aisles level with the nave, and star vaulting that reminds one of Arthur's Court and the Marienburg.

Here as everywhere the Baltic architects were little concerned to ornament the interiors of their churches. They left that to the painter, the wood sculptor, the bronze founder, and the artist in wrought-iron. War has been kind to St. Mary's, so that it remains a veritable treasure-house of ecclesiastical furniture. And a dramatic touch is given by one of Napoleon's cannon-balls, which for a century has projected from the vaulting—a single, sinister eye looking greedily down on the multitude of beautiful and fragile things below.

The world is indebted to the cool, unfanatical Dan-

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zigers for saving these relics of popery from the destructive storms of the Reformation, and one recalls that Schopenhauer was born almost within the shadow of the old walls and must have had some of his earliest impressions of the beautiful from the paintings and sculptures there.

In no other German church have I found a more engaging group of altarpieces. An added charm came with the feeling that the spectacles of the art professor had been so busy gleaming elsewhere that they had left important things undiscovered here. Special privilege allowed me to enter the Blind Chapel. The pavement was broken, and the guide warned me at every moment not to break through into the graves below. The chapel was well named. It has no windows; but in the dim light I made out on the wings of an altar two paintings of great beauty, at the same time sweet and virile, as though Stephan Lochner and Memling had been fused. The guide murmured vaguely of the school of Kalkar, which I could readily associate with the other four panels. But only a great master could have created that "St. John" and that "St. Helena." Whose hand had done them? For a moment I prayed to be a German art professor, with time and erudition enough and spectacles sufficiently potent to solve that enticing problem.

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The next moment my prayer had a perverse answer; for in the chapel of the Rheinhold Fraternity another problem altar came to light. "All Flemish," said the guide. And in the tender, delicious humor and sympathy of the wooden reliefs from the life of the Virgin I could feel the hand of Van Wavere. But whenever I gazed at the saints of the outer panels, the thought of a great master persisted. For a layman few things are more futile or more exciting than such speculations. But I am sure that these neglected masterpieces will come into their own when travelers begin to realize that they must not miss Danzig.

The church teems with other interesting altars, and the chief of them is also the chief work of art in the city.

Hans Memling's "Last Judgment" is well known in reproduction, but speech is like an under-exposed negative when it tries to give the contrast of the Lord's dull scarlet robe with the liquid bronze armor of Michael, who is weighing the sons of men in a pair of scales. Is it a subtle interpretation of Teutonic physical ideals that the short of weight are cast into the flaming pit, while their corpulent brothers are started toward heaven's late-Gothic portal? At any rate, I found Low Country humor in the curtsies of the blessed to that high official St. Peter, their evident reluctance to pose thus in "the altogether,"

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and their eagerness to slip into their heavenly robes. This altar was painted in Bruges for a representative of the Medici, and was destined for a Florentine church. It had actually started for Italy in a Burgundian galley when it was captured by a cruiser of Danzig and presented to St. Mary's, where it stayed, despite the threats and wheedlings of Pope Sixtus IV.

The fabulous vies with the beautiful in the atmosphere of this old church. It is said that the maker of the mechanical clock was blinded by the burgo-master, so that he might not make another for the rival city of Lübeck. In a chapel pavement I came upon another myth. Here a child was buried that struck its mother, and died soon after; and the five small holes that I saw in the stone floor were made by the little dead fingers reaching up from the grave for forgiveness. These are good specimens of the gruesomeness of Baltic legends. But the guide told a gentler one in All Saints' Chapel, pointing out a stone that hung by a cord:

“Once upon a time a monk was hurrying home with a loaf of bread. ‘Give me what is under your robe,’ cried a beggar-woman. ‘I starve.’

“‘It is only a stone to throw at the dogs,’ returned the monk. And, sure enough, when he came to look, the loaf had turned to stone. There it hangs.”



Alfred Scherms - Berlin.

THE MOTTLAU AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH. (WINTER EVENING)

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Besides its altars and legends St. Mary's Church owns priceless treasures of gold and silver, old ivories and precious stones. It has wonderful reliquaries and manuscripts, Byzantine and Romanesque and Gothic embroideries, and the finest collection of church vestments in Germany. But in money the church is so poor that its beautiful things are fast being ruined for lack of proper attention. It is a worse case of poverty and neglect than that of the notorious cathedral at Worms.

Among the other churches, I preferred St. Peter's, with its picturesque tower; and St. Catharine's, with its interesting pulpit and font and its noble west front. But the best thing about St. Catharine's was a little stream called the Radaune, which ran under its walls. It made an island close at hand, filled with grass and flowers and a Gothic mill, put up five hundred years ago by the Teutonic Order, still grinding, under its vast expanse of tiles, the sort of grain that brokers dream over in the Artushof. It seemed to me the most patriarchal of buildings, and the Napoleonic cannon-ball in its side added to its dignity. The brook, with its flowering island and hoary mill, made a picture that would have seemed unreal in a city less romantic.

I spent a few moments with the woodbined walls, the font-railing, and the perfect vaulting of St.

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John's, but after the gloom of so many church-interiors, it was good to turn a while from the streets, the tall gables of which conspired to shut out the light.

I struck east through the ancient, double-bastioned Crane Gate, and came out suddenly into the sunshine and vivacious life of the water-front. For the time I had forgotten about Danzig history, but a whistled melody floating up from the river brought it back with a rush. For I realized all at once that the tune was part of a Chopin polonaise, and that this scene had once been for two centuries the port of Poland.

The port of Poland! The words suggested the famous "sea-coast of Bohemia." And I began to wonder if this very region were not the nearest mundane approach to Shakspeare's enchanted bourne. The fancy came lightly but it seemed worthy a second thought. Shakspeare had borrowed the plot and the geography of "A Winter's Tale" from a novel by Greene, published only nineteen years after Danzig became a part of Poland. The port had long been familiar to English sailors and was beginning then to trade with Sicily, the scene of the story. Now when the romantic fact became known that the Slavic people of Central Europe had at last a seaboard of their own, what would be more natural than for a novelist to use the region as a background, confusing

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two sister nations that are to this day often confused?

Touched by the glamour of such speculations it is no wonder that the Long Bridge was fascinating, even in the clarity of noon, with only a suspicion of shadow on it. Unlike other bridges, the Long Bridge runs conservatively along the river-bank, content to have its long melody of narrow, peaked gables rhythmically marked by the massive, recurrent chords of gate-towers. Unamphibious, it keeps the land without aspiring to the granaries on the other shore, which used to hold four million bushels of Polish and Silesian grain in the days before the tariff destroyed the river trade, and the siege of 1813 destroyed the most characteristic of the buildings. Their finest remaining example is the "Gray Goose," the noble proportions of which speak of the wealth and taste of former days. The granaries still bear such old names as Golden Pelican, Little Ship, Whale, Milkmaid, and Patriarch Jacob.

Although the old town will never regain the prestige of the time when it was one of the chief commercial centers of the medieval world, yet it does a thriving business to-day in Prussian beet-sugar, English coal, American oil, and Swedish iron. And it is still famous for its liqueurs, one of which inspired the student song "Krambambuli." The German navy was born in the shipyards at the mouth of the

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Mottlau; and of late beautiful old Danzig has been threatening to become a factory town and send her sweetness and romance up in smoke. For she is already manufacturing steel, glass, chemicals, machines, and weapons, and has founded a polytechnic school.

It was good to dismiss such thoughts and step into a rude ferry-boat that showed no symptoms of twentieth-century progress. I paid a single pfennig to a boy, who fished a chain from the water, hitched himself to it, and walked me across to the Bleihof, where waterways lured in four different directions. I grew fond of that ferry, its ragged official, its rough, simple passengers, and fell into the regular habit of being walked to the Bleihof at dusk to watch through a maze of masts and ropes the color fading from the western sky. The belfry of St. John's would darken into one of Rothenburg's matchless wall-towers. One by one the lights of the opposite shore would throw wavering yellow paths across to beckon me back.

A little below the Crane Gate squats an old, round tower called the "Swan," which wears a sharp-peaked dunce-cap of red tiles. It is a pathetic reminder of the Teutonic Order's final attempt to keep Danzig German; for when the citizens seized the Crane Gate and fortified it against them, the Knights began this round tower near their castle, saying:

THE FISH MARKET AND "THE SWAN"



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Bauen sie den Krahn,
So bauen wir den Schwan.

(And if they build the Crane,
Why, we shall build the Swan.)

The castle vanished with the order, and the Swan to-day is smothered breast-high in small houses, the smallest of which testifies to the cosmopolitanism of its tarry guests by the sign "*Stadt London*."

Near the Fish Market, where the little Radaune rushes with a loud noise into the Mottlau, the quay has been prettily christened "Am Brausenden Wasser" ("By the Roaring Water"). This is the favorite haunt of longshoremen, sailors, and the famous Danzig sack-carriers, herculean figures with their wide blue pantaloons and their swathed calves. And beside the quay belongs a flotilla of dusky fishing-boats, draped with many-colored sail-awnings and with funnel-shaped nets that hang drying from the tips of the masts.

BEFORE parting from a city to which I have grown attached, I like to stand on one of its high places and see in one sweeping glance what it is that I am leaving. It is like gripping a friend's hand and looking him square in the eye.

Toil and twenty-five pfennigs was the price of climbing the tower of the Church of St. Mary, and I

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grew grateful that it had remained blunt and sturdy like its people. But I should have been willing to toil on indefinitely; for I had seen splendid sights from the steeples of Ulm and Munich, of Mayence and Strassburg, but never in Germany a panorama to equal this.

A little to the south the exquisite Rathaus steeple was a fellow-aspirant, and one could almost make out the gilt features of its royal weathercock—Sigmund of Poland—as the wind twirled him about, and count the false jewels in his crown. Beneath rose the pinnacled back of the Artushof and the fine façades of the Lange Markt, where I had dreamed of Florence; beyond them a long line of granaries gave proof of the hidden Mottlau. Farther away, over a sea of fantastic roofs, was St. Peter's crenelated tower, and beyond it the fields flowed on to the distant spire of St. Albert's and rolled upward in gentle undulations to a ridge that swung westward, a background for the picturesque Stock Tower.

Everywhere was a crowd of entrancing old gables interspersed with the dusky red of well-weathered tiles. Northward was spread a ruddy expanse of church roofs, and behind them swung in noble curves the final reaches of the Vistula, fresh from the lands of Krakow and Warsaw; while beyond the pinnacles of the Church of St. Mary itself and the tranquil

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streets in its shadow, curving past romantic gate-towers and the woodbined walls of St. John's, the Mottlau wound to join the Vistula and seek the ocean, whose breakers dashed a league away, a mighty gulf of grayish blue, flecked by one immaculate sail.

II

BERLIN—THE CITY OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS



FROM any account of the romantic cities of Germany, Berlin must not be excluded, if for no other reason than because it is so unromantic. It is the positive degree by which to gage such a comparative as Munich, such a superlative as Rothenburg. It is the gray sky in which the rainbow gleams the fresher. And its own spot or two of real color breaks this background with a vivid force of contrast that may never be enjoyed in the cities of pure romance.

THE rare Berlin sun bathed Unter den Linden and wrought happy effects among the columns of the Brandenburg Gate, lovely in its Attic repose against the May foliage of the Tiergarten. In the guard-house on each hand the guard was undergoing inspection. Each private came stiffly up to his officer and whirled stiffly about, to show that he was un-

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contaminated by the great, dirty human world beyond the palings. But just as a spot was found on an unfortunate leg, a trumpet rang out from the Friedens-Allée, the watch before the gate yelled something in a superhuman voice, the officers, with protruding eyes, leaped hysterically through the door, and the soldiers tumbled after, presenting arms to the cloud of dust in the wake of the Emperor's automobile, which had whizzed, at the Emperor's speed limit, through the royal entrance.

The soldiers turned dejectedly back to inspection.

"Swine-hounds!" cried a pale officer, "why could n't you do that quicker?" And even the bystanders eyed them with reproach; for every citizen in the crowd had been a soldier himself, and knew that he could have managed things better.

The people were still glowing with the excitement and pleasure of having seen the Emperor. I had caught a glimpse of the familiar face as it flashed by—the keen eyes that seemed to look into the soul of every one of us, their hint of coldness and hardness corrected by the kindly lines about them; the straight, frank nose; the morose mouth, artificially enlivened by the grin of upturned mustaches, like the enforced jocularity of "The Man Who Laughs"; the determined, energetic, military jaw. This typical Hohenzollern face, coming and

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going like an apparition, suddenly lent fresh interest to a place which I had always found interesting. For, as I drifted down "the Lindens" with the crowd, the question arose whether this modern, militant city, with its zest in commerce and diplomacy, in art and science, were not in many senses an embodiment of the Hohenzollern character.

A Frenchman once declared that Prussia was born from a cannon-ball, as an eagle is from an egg. And indeed it would be hard to find another German city with so few old buildings as Berlin and so little atmosphere. A Strassburg cathedral, a market-place out of Danzig, a row of Hildesheim houses, or a Breslau Rathaus, would be as out of place here as in an arsenal. Most of the Berlin architecture has as much color as a squadron of battle-ships in war-paint, and the little glamour to be found here is almost as well hidden as a pearl in a pile of oyster-shells. The city fairly bristles with weapons and militancy. Its statues, when they are not of mounted warriors with swords, or of standing warriors with spears, tend toward such subjects as Samson plying the jaw-bone of an ass, or hounds rending a stag. Painting, too, has been drafted into the service, and one sees so many military pictures in the public buildings that even the absurd portrait by Pesne of Frederick the Great in the Palais is a relief. For there



THE BRANDENBURG GATE—THE EMPEROR PASSES



FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE, WITH ROYAL STABLES AND RATHAUS TOWER

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Frederick, aged three, is only beating a drum, although a lance, a club, and what looks like a pile of cannon-balls, appear in the background.

But sometimes, when surfeited with this martial over-emphasis, I think of the terrible frontiers of Prussia and how well she has guarded them, reflecting that, if she had beaten her swords into plowshares, I should not now be enjoying the gallery or the Tiergarten, the Opera or the Krögl; and then I grow more reconciled to Berlin's eternal bristling.

Despite its many repellent qualities, however, Berlin has always had for me on every return an indefinable thrill in store; indefinable because I have never been able to account for its strange charm, its emotional appeal, as one accounts for the lure of other places. Reason declares it one of the least charming of cities, and yet we are enticed. The truth is that its *genius loci*, like its reigning ruler, is not to be gaged by ordinary standards.

Unter den Linden, the broadest street in Europe save one, is the principal stage for the drama of Berlin's brilliant and cosmopolitan life. Dorothea's unluxuriant linden-trees extend no farther than Rauch's monument to Frederick the Great, though Unter den Linden goes marching on, despite the anomaly, to the Castle Bridge. The hero, informally sitting his charger in his cocked hat and with

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his trusty crooked stick, seems to dominate the situation as easily as in the stirring days of the eighteenth century. "In this monument," Rodenberg once said, "pulsates something of the monstrous energy of the Prussian state." And the Opern-Platz is in character with its leading figure. Carlyle wrote of him that "he had no pleasure in dreams, in party-colored clouds and nothingnesses"; and certainly there is little now before him to offend his sensibilities. There is nothing party-colored about this architecture. A bronze Frederick sits between a plain brown university and a plain brown palace; a severe brown Opera, embellished with fire-escapes, confronts an austere gray guard-house; while farther along, an angry arsenal bullies two sad-looking palaces, likewise in brown, all solidly built and with no unseemly levity.

One imagines the first emperor with his grandson in the famous corner window of his Palais, where he always stood to see the guard relieved, watching with sympathetic eyes the students (whom he was fond of calling his "soldiers of learning") in the university across the way, that souvenir of Prussia's darkest hour, when, in 1809, she had lost to France everything west of the Elbe. In that crisis a handful of scholars approached Frederick William III with their project, and the enthusiastic king ex-

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claimed: "That is good! that is fine! Our land must make up in spiritual what it has lost in physical strength." In this spirit such men as Fichte and Schleiermacher, aided by Wilhelm von Humboldt, founded Berlin University. And it is no wonder that, with a truly Hohenzollern rapidity and acquisitiveness, it has within a century gained 9000 students and 500 teachers, and gathered such stars to its crown as Mommsen, Curtius, Helmholtz, Ranke, and Hegel. Its school of medicine is particularly strong, and attracts the young doctors of all nations, especially Americans. For Germany leads the world in theoretical, America in applied, medicine. But, in spite of our practical bent, Berlin possesses in the Virchow Hospital the most perfect institution of its kind, a group of thirty buildings built on the new pavilion system, which puts our leading hospitals to shame.

There is one local institution, though, untouched as yet by the imperial love of progress. I remember once crossing the North Sea with a Berlin student, and we fell to comparing our respective universities.

"There is, anyway, one point," he argued, "where we go far ahead of you. I talk of our library system. Yours is not to be mentioned,—how say you? —yours is not to call in the same expression with ours for celerity. Why, if you will order a book

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in the morning at eight, you may not infrequently obtain it before three in the same afternoon!" This claim I afterward verified. But American methods will prevail in the new building which is being built next to the university. The old library, with its spirited, curved façade, is one of the last monuments to the baroque spirit in Germany.

The opera-house was built by Frederick the Great as the beginning of a huge "Forum Fridericanum," a Prussian counterpart to the gigantic Saxon scheme of which the Zwinger Palace at Dresden was intended to be the mere foreshadowing. It is the home of that art for which the Hohenzollerns have always shown the most understanding, one nowhere else so fully represented as at Berlin—the national art of music. The Opera, the orchestra of which ranks second in the land, divides with the Royal Theater an annual subsidy of \$225,000. Richard Strauss is one of the conductors, but even he has less authority there than the Emperor, who supervises in person the slightest details of execution and setting. A larger opera-house is soon to be built on the Königs-Platz.

Berlin has an embarrassment of musical riches. Besides the excellent performances of the Philharmonic Orchestra, which may be heard for ten cents, the city averages twenty classical concerts daily

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during the season. There one may hear rare works, seldom given elsewhere, and the breathless audiences are filled with an almost religious fervor of attention. They realize what we do not, that the hearer is almost as important a factor in the making of music as the performer.

The Zeughaus, or military museum, is the most Prussian thing in Prussia, and some one has said that this building is to Berlin what its cathedral is to an ordinary city. The façade is alive with spirited sculpture, and Schlüter modeled the beautiful masks of dying warriors inside. Here is one of the most brilliant and complete collections of armor and weapons in the world, while the best human touch is given by Napoleon's pathetic little old hat, guarded by sixty-eight wax soldiers, dressed in every Prussian uniform since the time of the Great Elector. The Hall of Fame is filled with bronze busts of Prussian men of valor, and with appropriate paintings of better quality than the usual battle-picture. The ruling passion of the Hohenzollern rages here *ad libitum*, and the impression is not weakened after crossing the Castle Bridge, which the Berliners call "The Bridge of Dolls," after its eight marble groups illustrating the education of the warrior,—poor things, all of them,—cold imitations of the cold Thorwaldsen.

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The atmosphere of the Lustgarten is profoundly martial. In the center towers Frederick William III on his war-charger, gazing toward the castle, whereon stand figures of the late Emperor Frederick III as Mars, and of his father William I as Jupiter. Beneath their glances five armed princes of Orange guard the terrace, and two men in verdigris struggle with wild horses at the portal. In a lamentable position on the bank of the Spree looms Begas's monument to William I, the foremost among Berlin's military sculptures. Four delirious lions, crouching on heaps of arms, snarl at the four corners; colossal figures intended to represent War and Peace sprawl unhappily on the side steps, and the whole is surmounted by a group which must have suggested to Saint-Gaudens the idea for his Sherman monument. The helmeted hero of Sedan is led by a Victory whose two sisters drive quadrigas on the colonnade at each side—all in all an impressive and ferocious sight. Northward lies the cold, hard, hideous cathedral. Near it, topping Schinkel's noble Old Museum, more wild horses struggle with wild men, while, beside the beautiful, serene flight of steps, an Amazon and a warrior, both mounted, are forever trying to transfix a tiger and a lion, the latter by a sculptor of the savage name of Wolff. And finally, looking down the vista of Unter den



THE OLD MUSEUM (IN THE DISTANCE), AS SEEN FROM THE BASE OF THE
MONUMENT TO EMPEROR WILLIAM I

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Linden, that reach so characteristic of the far-seeing, purposeful Hohenzollerns, the clear-sighted catch a glimpse, past Frederick the Fighter, of a third quadriga and a fourth Victory, sublime on the Brandenburg Gate.

Save for some dim frescos in the porch of the Old Museum and for the green cupola of the castle, the Lustgarten suffers from Berlin's chronic dearth of color—a dearth that has driven the makers of cheap postal-cards to the desperate expedient of printing the black dome of the cathedral red and the gray steeple of the Memorial Church sky-blue.

The Hohenzollern fondness for mottos finds vent on the cathedral and the castle, while the statues of the princes of Orange and counts of Nassau stand there dauntless and beautiful, like true Princetonians, over such sentiments as “Nunc aut numquam,” “Patriæ patrique,” and “Sævis tranquillus in undis.” These latest additions to Berlin's bronze elect are well conceived and executed, with more of mellowness and atmosphere than one meets with in earlier Berlin sculpture. They were evidently modeled with the inner eye turned toward King Arthur and his blessed iron company at Innsbruck.

The finest views of the castle are from the Burg-Strasse, across the river. Seen from a point oppo-

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site the cathedral, the northern façade of the venerable Hohenzollern home assumes an austere but very real beauty, lightened by the grace of the ivy-clad Apotheke, with its oriel. It takes time to appreciate this building, but it wears like a true-hearted, steadfast Berliner after you have learned to discount his failings. Sometimes the plain, eastern façade is very friendly beyond the throng of barges along its water-front; and even the royal stables are a goodly sight from here on a sunny morning, topped by the Gothic spire of the Church of St. Peter.

But best of all is the view in June from the Elector's Bridge, with the bit of tree-embowered garden at the southeastern corner of the castle, the vines clothing the ancient walls to the very top, and trailing over the embankment into the water; with the monumental columns and portals of the southern façade, and the green cupola coming out slightly above the mass with an inimitable effect, while Neptune's Fountain in the square throws rainbow mist about his glistening water-folk, and the Great Elector in bronze rides with a true Roman nobility on his bridge, coolly satisfied with the outlook. This is Berlin's greatest monument, and it seems almost a part of the castle itself, for both were largely the creations of the greatest of Prussian architects,



THE BRIDGE OF THE ELECTOR (KUNFÜRSTENBRÜCKE) OVER THE SPREE, WITH THE RIVER-FRONT OF THE ROYAL CASTLE AND THE CATHEDRAL

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Andreas Schlüter, and both are among the finest examples of baroque art in Prussia.

There is a suspicion of legend hanging about this bridge, for the story goes that Schlüter, on discovering that he had forgotten to fit the Great Elector's horse with shoes, jumped into the Spree and was seen no more. But, in spite of this defect in equipment, old Frederick William, every New Year's Eve, jumps his horse over the heads of the fettered slaves and rides as light as a shadow through the city to find how the seed of his sowing has thriven and how the young Hohenzollerns have been upholding the family record.

In 1750, when Frederick the Great had finished his new cathedral, the bones of all his ancestors since Joachim II had to be shifted from the ancient vaults to the new. "Frederick, with some attendants, witnessed the operation," writes the historian Preuss. "When the Great Elector's coffin came, he made them open it; gazed for some time in silence on the features, which were perfectly recognizable, laid his hand on the long-dead hand, and said, '*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses.*'" How like the famous scene at Potsdam a few decades later, when Napoleon stood by Frederick's leaden coffin, saying, "If this one were alive, I should not now be here."

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The castle was begun in 1443 by Frederick Iron-tooth, the second Hohenzollern elector, but the oldest remaining part, the round tower near the Elector's Bridge, called "The Green Hat," was built by Joachim II in 1538.

The interior is not enlivening. You ascend a long, inclined plane of brick called the Wendelstein, and shift into felt overshoes, wherein you shuffle through an interminable line of flashy festal chambers. There is the Red Eagle Room, with its wooden replicas of the silver melted up by Frederick the Great in his dire need; the Knights' Room, with a chandelier beneath which Luther stood at the Diet of Worms; the Room of the Black Eagle; the Room of Red Velvet; the White Hall; and so forth. The only unoccasional paintings in evidence are a few third-rate Italians outside the White Hall, and these, as the guide declared, are soon to come down. The only old masters are two Vandykes, which look quite appalled in the barbarous wastes of the picture-gallery. And one longs for a glimpse of the famous Watteaus, hidden away in the Emperor's private suite.

There are other views from the Burg-Strasse almost as engaging as those of the castle. It is good to stand near the William Bridge and see, beyond the flapping green eagles of the Frederick Bridge,



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE FREDERICK BRIDGE FROM THE CIRCUS BUSCH ON THE
NORTH SIDE OF THE SPREE

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the National Gallery riding high above its foliage, which allows a glimpse of the impressive double stairway and the warm browns of the Corinthian façade.

It is a startling adventure to find a barely tolerable view of the cathedral, a building which, as Lübke declares, "looks as if it had been taken from a box of toys." This welcome experience did not come to me until my sixth visit to Berlin, and even then I was guided by a painting of Alfred Scherres, seen on the way. But the painter had undeniably found a spot beside the Circus Busch where it is pleasant to linger at twilight or on a misty autumn morning.

In the foreground, on a flotilla of roofed-over barges, are the lively colors and sounds and the sweet odors of a pear market. Across the dusky, sparkling Spree the tree-fringed colonnade of the National Gallery leads the eye to the rising and falling rhythm of the Frederick Bridge, whereunder the river winds, gray and gleaming, past the vivacious cornice of the stock exchange. And above the flowing lines of the bridge rises, with its repulsive details mercifully hidden by the mist, the huge, dark dome of the cathedral, really noble and impressive for once, and composing finely with the cupola of the castle.

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To remember that the cathedral cost almost \$3,000,000 and covers a larger area than Cologne minster, and then to look at the cathedral, is an experience that makes the heart sick. True, it expresses in a way the present character of Berlin—its cold asperity and self-consciousness. But one wonders whether a beautiful church in its place might not be doing more to make the city human and lovable. It was erected between 1894 and 1906 to take the place of the former pitiful little cathedral, which possessed no architectural distinction, and was sadly dwarfed by the majesty of the castle on the one hand and of the Old Museum on the other. It is supposed to express the present Emperor's architectural taste; for it is said that he made many changes in the plans, and signed them "William, architect."

One turns away with relief to watch the children playing about the great red granite basin in the Lustgarten, and to marvel at the costumes of the Spreewald nurses—the short, scarlet, balloon skirt overspread by a snowy apron. There is a mere pretense of sleeves, and the gay neck-cloth is set off by a brave, triangular spread of linen head-dress, fringed five inches deep.

The museums of Berlin fortunately show few traces of the influence of the Hohenzollern taste in art. For they have as their Director-General Dr.

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Wilhelm Bode, whose fine feeling and determined will have here been almost supreme. Thirty years ago they were poverty-stricken, but the genius of Bode has made them one of Berlin's chief glories; and that is true not only of the art collections, but also of the Agricultural Museum, the Arts and Crafts, the Costume, Ethnological, Hohenzollern, Marine, Mining, Natural History, Postal, and Provincial museums.

The statues of the Old Museum consist chiefly of late Roman sculpture of no special importance, but "The Praying Boy," an early Greek bronze, would be a worthy companion to the most famous statues in Munich's Glyptothek. Here are superb collections of antique gold and silver, of Greek and Roman gems and cameos, vases, and terra-cotta statuettes.

A passage leads across the street to the New Museum, a homely building devoted mainly to Egyptian art and plaster casts. But its print collection is the richest and best arranged in Germany, and particularly strong in the works of Dürer and Rembrandt. Best of all is the set of Botticelli's illustrations to the "Divina Commedia," so vividly described by Arthur Symons in "Cities of Italy."

In the National Gallery, Hohenzollern influence becomes apparent in the prominence of huge mili-

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tary scenes and royal portraits. But, with all its faults, the collection ranks next to those of Munich and Dresden as an exhibit of modern German painting. It is rich in Menzel and Böcklin, in Defregger and Lenbach and Marées; while, of the younger generation, Kuehl, Von Uhde, Leibl, Hans Herrmann, Skarbina, and Liebermann are well represented. The sculpture stands far behind the painting, but Max Klinger's "Amphitrite" is a work in colored marbles that takes rank with his Beethoven in Leipsic.

It was an odd coincidence that the altar of Pergamon should have been unearthed by a German and sent to found a Pergamon Museum in warlike Berlin. For the frieze depicting the battle of the gods and the giants is not only our most nearly complete relic of Greek sculpture, a worthy mate to the Elgin Marbles, but it is also our fiercest piece of ancient plastic fighting.

The Kaiser Friedrich Museum should rather be called the Bode Museum, for it is a monument to the genius of its director. A few weeks before the day set by the Emperor for its official opening, Dr. Bode was taken seriously ill. But from his bed, with the aid of photographs and water-colors, he actually directed the furnishing and decoration of the entire building, the hanging of the pictures, and

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the arrangement of the sculpture, finishing his task within the time appointed. It is due to him that the gallery ranks third in Germany and that it is the first in equipment and arrangement. Indeed, among the collections of the world it is second only to London's National Gallery in the balance and completeness of all the schools of painting. Bode's idea of placing Renaissance sculpture among the pictures is brilliant, and is being wisely adopted in other galleries.

Space allows a mere word of description. The most important works of the old Netherlandish schools are the famous Ghent altarpiece by the Van Eycks, and the "Nativity" by Van der Goes; of the old German school, Holbein's portrait of Giszze and Dürer's of Holzschuher, two of the best known of all German pictures. With their Fra Angelicos, Botticellis, Signorellis, Masaccios, and Da Forlìs the elder Italian schools are more complete than the Renaissance, and more characteristic of the serious, scholarly Prussian collectors; but the Renaissance boasts four Raphaels, the "Fornarina" of Del Piombo, a masterpiece of Del Sarto, Leonardo's "Ascension," and marvelous portraits by Giorgione and Titian. The later Netherlandish schools are specially rich in Rubens and Vandyke. Here are the largest collections of Rembrandt and

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Hals outside of St. Petersburg and Haarlem; while, among the Spanish canvases, are Murillo's most satisfying religious work and a famous Velasquez portrait. The collection of medieval and Renaissance sculpture is the most complete of its kind in the country.

This gallery stands at the head of the Spree Island, and on two of its three sides the windows give on the water. There is a peculiar charm in watching the unpretentious, old-fashioned waterway slipping quaintly through the city of blood and iron, of science and hard thinking, of peremptory officialdom and rapid transit. While the buildings and streets of Berlin remind one everywhere of the recent kings and emperors, the Spree still keeps a hint of the day of Irontooth, who refused the crown of Poland for the sake of old-fashioned righteousness; of Albrecht Achilles, who leaped alone over the walls of Gräfenburg and kept five hundred armed men at bay until help came; of Joachim Nestor, the astrologer; and of the Great Elector, who, watchful above the river, still tries to guard the city's oldest part from a too ruthless modernity. And this is only fair, for he started the mighty movement which has made Old-World romance exotic in Berlin.

Rude barges filled with timber or enameled bricks

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are poled laboriously up and down the shallows by patient men with low brows and dark skins, descendants, perhaps, of the original Wendish inhabitants of Brandenburg Mark, figures that sweep the imagination back to the time when Henry the Fowler stormed the heathen fort of Brannibor, long before "Wehrin," "the little rampart" in Bo-Russia, or "Near-Russia," began to show symptoms of growing up into Berlin, the capital of Prussia and of the German Empire.

Old Kölln, the island in the Spree containing the castle, the cathedral, and the principal museums, was first mentioned in 1237, seven years before its neighbor, Old Berlin, eastward across the river. The sister towns were of small importance, and there was not so much as a ripple on the surface of history when, in 1411, they both came under the control of Frederick Irontooth. Johann Cicero made Berlin the permanent Hohenzollern headquarters in 1488, and two centuries later the Great Elector laid there the foundations of modern Prussia.

The Fischer-Strasse, running southeastward from the Kölln Fish Market, contains some surprises for the adventurer, and the Nussbaum restaurant will give him a thrill, with its genuine tree, its sharp, picturesque gable, and the hint of Renaissance half-timber wall peeping forth behind it.

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But the part of Berlin that stands alone in its atmosphere of romantic age is the Krögl. From the Fish Market you cross the city's most venerable bridge, pass the Milk Market, and turn down a narrow alley between tall, old-fashioned houses, the plaster peeling from their poor fronts, but with flowers and vines in the windows—an alley with a charming roof-line, which bends gracefully down toward the river, where boatmen, their poles braced against a pile, walk their boats up-stream with a curious effect. It is good to find water-grasses actually growing at the foot of the Krögl, a strange sight within the limits of this stern city. On one worn wooden portal one notices a remnant of the beautiful iron tracery of the Renaissance. You pass through an arch by the waterside into a more picturesque alley. On one hand is a house the upper story of which projects as do those in the streets of Brunswick and Hildesheim, but its corbels must be in the real old style of vanished Berlin, for they are unique. And this house actually lurks in the heart of the German capital opposite a wall blessed with a blind colonnade and the rich patina of ages. Beneath another arch you pause to look through a doorway into a dusky hole where three Rembrandtish broom-makers are dipping yellow straws into a pot of pitch. The glare of charcoal is on their pale,



THE JANOWITZ BRIDGE OVER THE SPREE

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worn faces and dark beards. Two doves coo on the perch just outside the tiny smoke-blackened window. Hasten, traveler, oh, hasten, if you would enjoy the last of old Berlin! For the Krögl may soon be condemned by the same power that periodically scours the statues in the Sieges-Allée.

A sunset on the Spree, seen from one of the upper bridges, is well worth while. The traffic teeming on the glassy, rosy surface where it broadens into a wide basin, the bridge-lights stabbing the water between boats, the irregular old façades of the right bank backed by the massive tower of the Rathaus and the twin spires of the Church of St. Nicholas; the bulk of the Provincial Museum, the domes of cathedral and castle,—all these compose in the half-light into a picture containing more of the elements of romance than one had dreamed that the city possessed.

Only three of the old churches, all begun in the thirteenth century, are noteworthy. The choir of the Cloister Church is Berlin's most interesting bit of medieval architecture. The Church of St. Nicholas contains monuments of every period from late Gothic to the "Wig Time," as Germans love to call the weak classical reaction late in the eighteenth century; while St. Mary's is chiefly remarkable for a Gothic fresco, "The Dance of Death," and for the

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rude stone cross outside, erected in expiation of the lynching of Provost Nikolaus of Bernau in 1325.

From these remnants of medieval Berlin, past the beauty and peace of rare canvases and marbles, the Spree flows direct to the turmoil and fierce energy which the Friedrich-Strasse pours over the Weidendamm Bridge. This street is the main channel for Berlin's notorious night-life, which eddies about the Central Hotel and its vaudeville "Garden." The Café Monopol, near by, is a rendezvous for literary bohemia, and the Café Bauer, at the crossing of Unter den Linden, is the cosmopolitan resort *par excellence*. In Tauben-Strasse and the adjacent cross-streets lies the "Latin Quarter," full of Moulins Rouges and Bavarian hostelries, of ball-houses, variety-shows, and small, select cafés that open at two in the morning. A reckless spirit is the mode here, and one often sees this favorite quatrain on the beer mats:

Das Leben froh geniessen
Ist der Vernunft Gebot.
Man lebt doch nur so kurze Zeit
Und ist so lange todt.

("Enjoy your life, my brother,"
Is gray old Reason's song.
One has so little time to live
And one is dead so long.)

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The Latin Quarter's frivolity is almost overshadowed by the dignity of the Gendarmen Markt, the poor twin churches of which were capped by the architect of Frederick the Great with impressive cupolas, and now compose finely with the massiveness of Schinkel's Royal Theater. These churches, the exterior and interior of which are out of all relation to each other, are good types of the insincere Wig style. The market is particularly effective with the moon riding high between its cupolas and lighting Begas's marble monument to Schiller, a brilliant but heartless work. Two tablets announce that Heine and Hoffmann lived in this square.

The Leipziger-Strasse, the southern boundary of Berlin's most interesting section, is the main business street. Its store-palaces remind one that Berlin is the leading commercial and railroad center of the Continent, and take the mind back along the line of shrewd, businesslike Hohenzollerns who have brought this about. It is no freak of chance that placed the stock exchange opposite the castle and cathedral, or that placed the Ministry of War and the Herrenhaus in the Leipziger-Strasse. For much of Prussia's political success is due to the fact that Berlin is the chief market for money, grain, spirits, and wool. Until recently the English have supposed that they had a monopoly of European

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business talent; but now Berlin's rapidly growing industries are making England and America look to their laurels in iron-founding, the manufacture of machines, railroad materials, wagons, weapons, electrical supplies, and in the chemical and textile industries. And the city knows how to harmonize the practical with the esthetic; Wertheim's beautiful department store was built by the royal architect of museums, Alfred Messel, while the architecture of the Rheingold, near by, compares favorably with that of any American restaurant.

From this commercial street, Wilhelm-Strasse leads past the palaces and gardens of the Chancellor, the Foreign Office, the ministers, and the English Embassy to Unter den Linden. In the quality, though not in the quantity, of its activities, Wilhelm-Strasse is considered the diplomatic center of Europe. It is a monument to the ruler who, in spite of his inherited instincts, has preserved the peace of the Continent for twenty years.

The masses of marble in memory of Frederick III and the Empress Victoria, erected by William II outside the Brandenburg Gate, are regarded with dismay by artistic Berlin, as is the Column of Victory in the Königs-Platz, and to a less degree the Reichstag, whose gifted architect, Paul Wallot, was hampered by imperial collaboration. The exterior

PALACE OF THE REICHSTAG, FRONTING THE KÖNIGS PLATZ



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lacks unity, and the sculpture is monotonously militant; but the interior is a masterpiece of arrangement.

Hamburg's mighty monument to Bismarck dwarfs the Berlin bronze before the Reichstag both in bulk and in spirit; but, on each side of it, the mermen and the fisherfolk are delightfully un-Prussian interludes, while the hawthorns about the Column of Victory add, in June, a grateful glow of color to colorless Berlin.

In the Sieges-Allée, William II hit upon a capital idea, which does credit to his love of education and to his pride in his forerunners. But here again it is recognized that the Emperor fell short, and his family feeling came out too aggressively,—worst of all, that he made the old mistake of fettering the individuality of his artists, so that there are few works of genius between the Column of Victory and the Roland Fountain, like Schott's "Albrecht the Bear," and Brütt's "Otto the Lazy." There is, by the way, a popular belief that the latter comes down from his pedestal at night and goes to sleep on the stone bench. And this is the pleasantest thing I have heard the Berliners say of the Sieges-Allée, which they have christened "The Avenue of Dolls." One schoolmaster, however, is said to have set his boys a theme on "The Leg-attitudes of the Hohen-

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zollerns." The thirty-two monuments are too close together. The formal recurrence of standing ruler, two Hermes of eminent men, and a semicircular bench grows monotonous; and it would have been more fitting to have put the warrior family into bronze instead of brittle white marble. Yet in view of the conditions under which the artists worked the average of individual plastic achievement is high.

It is not generally known that the Tiergarten is the private property of the Emperor, and is a remnant of the ancient hunting forest of the Hohenzollerns, which once extended to the castle itself. It is so full of sculpture that the people jokingly call it the "Marmora See," and deny that there is any room for another piece of marble; yet some of the monuments, like those to Wagner and Queen Louise, are excellent.

Although it is hard to find a spot in the Tiergarten free from the sound of cabs and trolleys, yet it is to me one of the most delightful of city parks. Its chief charm lies in the beauty of its venerable trees, in the many ponds and streams filled with water-fowl, in the flowers and shrubs, and the constantly changing delight of its vistas. On coming here from the tastelessness of the Sieges-Allée, one is impressed with quite another phase of the Hohenzollern character—its genuine love of nature, merely

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hinted at in the Tiergarten, and which finds a fuller expression in Potsdam.

There is another park which is quieter, simpler, more idyllic—the grounds of Charlottenburg Castle. You pass the Technical High School, a model of its kind, and, as you walk westward, the people seem to grow friendlier, the houses older, and you see an occasional alley or court that is almost picturesque. Color creeps imperceptibly into the architecture, and the castle, with its high, graceful dome, is in a warm orange tint that reminds you of Sans Souci.

Back of it, in a lengthy line, stand busts of Roman emperors and their wives, with their usually official features relaxed, as is proper on a suburban jaunt. The grass grows long with a delicious informality in the half-neglected grounds, damp and delightful as though it knew nothing of officialdom. One feels that one may even venture to set foot on it without starting Prussian fulminations. And one likes to think of those royal dead lying in the lovely mausoleum amid this red-tapeless nature after their etiquette-trammeled lives.

THE Zoölogical Garden at the southwestern corner of the Tiergarten is one of the most complete and best organized collections of animals in the world. But the human animal, here as everywhere, is the

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most interesting exhibit. The "Zoo" seems always full of Berliners, and is an excellent place to study that remarkable species.

When I speak of the Berliner, I do not mean the highest stratum of Berlin society; for the gentleman and the gentlewoman are fairly constant types the world over, and, in judging the average quality of the people of any metropolis, one finds the cultured classes forming such a slight proportion of the whole as to be almost negligible.

There are, of course, many citizens of Berlin who are represented in no detail of the following picture. It is a composite portrait of that well-known personage whom the young clerk, fresh from the provinces, sets about imitating; the person whose origin is recognized the moment he enters any European café; the person with whom the stranger in Berlin has almost exclusive dealings.

The studies for this portrait were gathered not alone from personal observation during repeated stays in Berlin, but also from a consensus of the opinions of many Berliners and other Germans and foreigners, and from the voluminous literature of the subject.

The Berliner inclines to imperial standards in appearance and character, very much as his city does. A smooth, determined chin, a daunting



IN THE TIERGARTEN



THE ROYAL CASTLE, CHARLOTTENBURG,
AS SEEN FROM THE GARDENS

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glance, a right noble pose, a rapid stride, are all the mode. An upturned mustache has recently been *de rigueur*, and one notices with a smile that even the bronze mermen on the Heydt Bridge possess the imperial "string-beard."

One of the Berliner's most trying characteristics is his superiority. He has known the latest joke at least ten years. Do not try to tell him anything or to strike from him the least spark of enthusiasm; for news is no news to him: he was born blasé. His eleventh commandment is, "Let not thyself be bluffed"; his life motto, "Nil admirari." In conversation he instinctively interrupts each fresh subject to deliver the last word upon it, and to argue with him is to insult him. Here it is easy to trace the didactic influence of the ruler who devotes much of his spare time to the instruction of genius.

There is something cutting in the Berliner's speech. Perhaps Voltaire's influence on the great Frederick, the critic-king, started this dreadful habit, which seems to grow with indulgence. It is a curious coincidence that the first performance of Goethe's "Faust" should have been given in Schloss Monbijou, the home of the Hohenzollern Museum, for it would almost seem as though the Berliners had modeled their daily speech after the caustic, sneering style of the engaging villain in that drama.

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They have little humor, but much wit of the barbed, barracks variety. And their target is the universe.

Of a cross-eyed man they say: "He peeps with his right eye into his left waistcoat pocket"; of one with a large mouth: "He can whisper into his own ear"; of a pock-marked person: "He sat on a cane-bottomed chair with his face."

Bismarck often showed this kind of wit, as, for instance, in the letter written in 1844 from Norderney:

Opposite me at table sits the old Count B . . . , one of those shapes that appear to us in dreams if we are not feeling well, a fat frog without legs, which before each bite tears open its mouth like a sleeping-bag down to the shoulders, so that I hold on giddily to the edge of the table.

This sort of thing is telling, but it hardly makes for brotherly love, and a little of it goes a great way. Humor implies sympathy; wit, the opposite; and this exclusive cultivation of wit is a product of the ancient reserve and *Ungemütlichkeit* of the North.

In the "Germania," Tacitus describes the North German's coldness and reserve, his love of solitude, his custom of settling far from high-road and neighbor. And he has changed little at heart since Tacitus. Many of the Hohenzollerns have possessed this quality, but none more than Frederick the Great. "He had," wrote Carlyle, "the art of

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wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak-of-darkness . . . a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them."

The Berliner is unapproachable and outwardly cold. He is prudish about showing emotion, and considers the *gemütlich* Bavarian effeminate. True, allowance must be made for the disappearance of human qualities among the people of a metropolis; but Berliners are far less friendly than Parisians or Londoners.

The most merciless critics of Berlin, however, are its own citizens.

"We are become such dreary people," writes Naumann, "that we are almost dead of inner cold. We are rich in knowledge, and beggars in feeling. We are become too withered for boundless offering, for love unto death, for sacrifice and devotion, for prayer and eternal hope. We have been taught that we must be sapless, heartless half-men if we would stand on the summit of the times. Alas! this barren, this parched, this pitiful civilization!"

Aggressiveness has ever been a leading Prussian trait, and without it the history of Europe would have been quite different. But this quality has

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often shown to poor advantage, as when Frederick William caned the shrinking Potsdam Jew, exclaiming, "I 'll teach you to love me!"

The city is alive with uniforms. The citizen brings the manners of the camp into his daily life, and, in lieu of an epaulet, goes about with a chip on his shoulder. In the shops it is common for the clerk to inquire sneeringly, "Is *that* all you 're going to buy?" And presently those trite old phrases about "the world's broad field of battle" and "the bivouac of Life" begin to take on, for the stranger, a little more vital meaning.

In the Museum of Arts and Crafts I had an experience characteristic of the city. A pile of five-cent catalogues lay on a table in the main hall. I thought of investing, but my hand was still on the way when, from fifty feet behind, came the roar of a guard: "Don't touch! Those cost money." There is a favorite Berlin motto apropos of this quality:

Bescheidenheit ist eine Zier,
Doch kommt man weiter ohne ihr.

(Humility has charm, no doubt,
But one can get ahead without.)

Though the Berliners are their own most extravagant critics, they will not tolerate disparagement



WERTHEIM'S STORE IN THE LEIPZIGER-STRASSE



A GLIMPSE OF OLD BERLIN (AM KRÜGL)

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from any one else. The other Germans call them "aufgeblasen," which is to be interpreted, "pneumatic." A popular story is apropos:

"Ah," cried the provincial, "behold the beautiful full moon!"

"Pshaw!" sniffed the Berliner. "That 's nothing at all to the full moon in Berlin."

Their esthetic standards are reflected in the homes and the dress of the people, and not long ago Diotellevi, an Italian critic, maliciously wrote, "Their ideal in domestic architecture is that of the universal exposition." Over-ornamentation, and discords in colors, materials, and styles are the fashion. In this connection A. O. Weber, the most popular of recent German satirists, has written somewhat as follows:

Berlin 's a place that makes me laugh—
Marble and plaster, half and half;
A city that reminds me ever
Of some sublime, some howling swell
Who wears a smart black frock-coat never
Without high rubber boots as well.

But the beautiful new statues of the princes of Orange show that the taste of official Berlin has improved of late. And that the taste of the Berliner has made a corresponding advance is evident in the charming new cement houses of Charlottenburg,

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in the great retail stores of the Leipziger-Strasse, and in the villas of Grunewald.

Finally, before turning to the more agreeable side of the Berliners, it must be remarked that they are unconscionable martinets. A socialist once declared that it took half of all the Germans to control the other half. This is truer of Berlin than of any other place I know. There even the street-sweeper, highly conscious of his officialdom, wields his broom like a scepter. The sign *Verboten!* (Forbidden!) is more common than the posters of America's favorite articles of commerce in New York. The city is superbly governed, but with a nagging, tedious paternalism that is at first amusing and then oppressive to one whose ancestors never formed the habit. There is a true story of a Berlin conductor and a lady who was standing with a lap-dog in her arms.

"Sit down!" cried the conductor.

"But I prefer to stand."

"Sit down!" he shrieked, forcing her into a seat.

"Lap-dogs must be carried in the lap."

Because their unpleasant qualities are on the surface, and their admirable ones are below, the Berliners do a grave injustice to the rest of Germany. Many foreigners go first to the capital, are repelled by the people they first meet, and hasten on to France or Italy with the idea that all Germans

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have corrosive tongues and the manners of a drill-sergeant. Whereas there is no wider difference in temperament between the people of Naples and those of Warsaw than between the citizens of Munich and the citizens of Berlin.

There is a story of a Thuringian woman who was asked if she had seen Berlin. "No," she replied; "I have never been abroad."

In fact, their countrymen regard the Berliners with almost as little sympathy as though they were foreigners. In Leipsic the word "Prussian" means "angry"; in Thuringia, "exacting"; in Altenburg, "in strained relations"; in Erfurt, "obstinate"; and in South Germany, "raging."

Yet when one comes to know the Berliners, it is not hard to discount these irritating, superficial traits and to love the people for the splendid, enduring qualities that lie so deep. What was said of Bismarck might apply to the typical Berliner. He is like a flannel shirt that scratches at first, but in the mountains you can wear no other. The Hohenzollerns have worn so well that they have, as a rule, been more beloved in old age than in youth.

It takes years to make a friend of a Berliner, but then you have a friend indeed. His chief virtue is his uprightness, his sturdy sense of duty. When the Great Elector was urged in turbulent times to

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marry, he responded, "My dagger must be my bride until this task is done." Frederick the Great said: "It is not necessary that I live; but it is necessary that I do my duty." The first Emperor had "no time to be tired," and his noble Empress Augusta was fond of saying, "Empires pass; God alone remains."

Principles like these are the foundation of the Berliner's character. No other city in the world has such an honest and efficient administration. Of an annual municipal report Professor Richard T. Ely writes, "One finds it difficult not to believe it a description of some city government in Utopia."

Over forty-four thousand citizens take part without reward in the administration of affairs, and these include the foremost Berliners. There is no body of men more public-spirited, more really benevolent, more imbued with the idea of progress. And over 2000 of the 2,000,000 inhabitants are members of local charity commissions which have discovered how to help the poor without imposing degrading conditions.

In the gift for organization and in executive talent the Berliners rival their rulers. "No European court," writes Bryce, "has been more consistently practical than that of Berlin. . . . Her rulers have eschewed sentimental considerations them-

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selves and have seldom tried to awaken them in the minds of the people. . . . Ever since the Reformation the Hapsburg princes and their policy have been regarded with aversion by the more intelligent and progressive part of the nation; while Prussia, recognized from the days of the Great Elector as the leading Protestant power, naturally became the repository of intelligence, liberty, and enlightenment." So it is not surprising that they should have borne a leading part in forming the Tariff Union of 1833, in making education compulsory, in agrarian reform, in the conscription movement, and in the unification of the German Empire.

"Berlin is new, all new, too new," exclaimed Huard in his caricature, "Berlin comme je l'ai vu," — "newer than any American city, newer than Chicago, which is the only city comparable to it in the prodigious rapidity of its development." Indeed, in freshness, in youthful energy and initiative, the Hohenzollerns and the Berliners are more like Americans than like Germans. And in the matter of municipal comfort they have left every one else far behind. Public utilities are managed by the city, and are such models of efficiency, cheapness, and profitableness as to make an American sick with envy. Every street is thoroughly cleaned in the small hours of the night, and the humblest pave-

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ments are as immaculate as the asphalt of Unter den Linden. It is possible that such splendid results might have been reached in a kindlier way; but after years in Berlin the advantages of the system neutralize one's irritation at being over-governed.

The Berliners have inherited their masters' love of independence—a reason for the periodic friction between ruler and subject. This quality of the North Germans (whose ancient names were derived from words meaning "sword" and "warrior") made them the most obstinate opponents of the Roman rule, and led them to embrace Protestantism long before the rest of Germany. And in Berlin to-day the Protestants outnumber the Roman Catholics by nine to one.

Like their Emperor, the people of Berlin have an earnest desire for culture, and, like him, are constantly trying to make encyclopedias of themselves. Though the city has produced few artists of the first rank, it has been more fortunate in begetting scholars and philosophers, and has always succeeded in inducing genius to come and work in its unfavorable atmosphere, although such men as Goethe and Mendelssohn have denounced the anticreative spirit of the place.

Though the Berliners are such virulent self-critics,

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they are their own most devoted adorers. So it is not strange that they abuse in set terms the princes after whom they have patterned—and love them as their own souls. It is touching to see the devotion in the faces of the crowd as the Emperor every morning leaves the Chancellor's palace, or as he drives in Unter den Linden down an avenue of hatless subjects. I recollect a characteristic scene. The Emperor was taking the air on foot, followed by two adjutants, the Empress trotting to keep up with his vigorous pace. Lined along the curb ahead were forty droshkies, their rabid, anti-imperialistic, socialistic drivers drooping on their boxes or lolling inside. The first man to spy his Majesty gave a sharp hiss, and the whole line, with more alacrity than I had ever before noticed in them, leaped to the ground and devotedly swept off their shiny, waterproof hats, while the Emperor, greatly amused, strode along, saluting as regularly as though he were chopping a cord of wood.

The damp, misty climate has undoubtedly had a disagreeable effect on the character of the people, for the city is in the latitude of Labrador and lies low, near that fog-breeder, the Baltic.

But a mellow, perfect bit of autumn weather creates the illusion, by sheer force of contrast, that Berlin is one of the most ravishing places in the

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world. One can dream in the parks or wander along the streams, filled with the *dolce far niente* of Fiesole or Sorrento. And the people, the harsh, corrosive Berliners, seem suddenly to secrete a little of the milk of human kindness. On such a day I have seen a group of wry-faced Prussians run into the street and help a weak horse to get his load over the ridge of the Frederick Bridge. Such moments are wonderfully effective against their somber background, and the most engaging sight I have ever seen in the city was that of a little green bell-boy in his brand-new uniform, being kissed on the sly by his dear mama behind the Palace Hotel.

After a day of Berlin's best weather, the sunset along the Landwehr Canal is beyond praise. From the confusion and din of the Potsdamer-Strasse I came out upon a scene at the bridge as unreal as a vision—a suddenly flashed symbol of the good, true heart of Berlin.

I shall never again look with a careless eye upon the Potsdam Bridge after having seen that sky flaming behind it a deepening crimson. And when I stood on the Cornelius Bridge, watching in the unrippled surface the inverted pyramids of rosy and pale-blue sky framed by the dusky softness of the leaves; when I saw a curl of pale-blue smoke rising from an apex broken by a single magnificent tree,



THE LANDWEHR CANAL WITH THE POTSDAM BRIDGE, AS SEEN FROM
THE KÖNIGIN-AUGUSTA-STRASSE

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as though the sun itself were smoldering away, and, in the watery foliage, two high lights, picked out by the arcs on the bank, I praised God for letting His great out-of-door loveliness into the heart of that self-contained, repellent city.

Framed by the trees the cold, Romanesque, Berlin-like spires of the Memorial Church took on a more than earthly glamour. I walked downstream to watch the moored boats, never so picturesque as then; to contrast the Zoo's broad blare of yellow light with the radiance dying in ever fainter bars of azure, rose, and robin's-egg blue above the luscious curve of the bank; to enjoy the pronounced splashes of liquid light reflected from the bridge behind.

A launch puffed into the sunset with a jet of creamy smoke, sending the brazen ripples vibrating to the rhythm of the sensitive, beauty-loving human hearts for whom the scene was made.

III

POTSDAM—THE PLAYGROUND OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS



IT would be as unjust to form an estimate of the Hohenzollerns or of their capital without visiting Potsdam as to form an estimate of Germany without visiting Bavaria. For Potsdam is more than “the Prussian Versailles.” It represents the complement of those sterner Hohenzollern qualities which are embodied in the city of blood and iron.

Cold, colorless Berlin may well be seen on the gray days of standard Prussian weather. Sunlight seems exotic there. But the characteristic charm of Potsdam is revealed only when skies are bright and flowers are in bloom.

One should prepare himself for the visit by spending a while with the “History of Frederick the Great,” and by studying, in the National Gallery, the pictures of Menzel, who created for our eyes the great character whom Carlyle created for our imaginations.

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On the morning when the traveler awakes with the prospect of a sunny day in Sans Souci, he should chasten himself, leaving his Berlin-irritated critical faculty to seek what it may devour in the city, and with a free heart come away for a day of pure pleasure in the playground of the Hohenzollerns.

It is customary to visit Potsdam by rail and plunge at once into the rococo interior of the castle. But it is far better to rise early and alight at Wannsee; for a better approach is by boat, or, better still, on foot through the pines and beside the quiet waters of that string of lakes called the River Havel.

One passes the Peacock Island, the home of the Great Elector's alchemist, where Frederick William III planted his famous garden of roses. It is a memorable experience to emerge from the perfume, the color, the breathless peace of wood and water, upon the magnificent sweep of road that skirts the Jungfern-See and to catch the first faint glimpse of the spires and domes of Potsdam.

Near the bridge of Glienicke flashes out a glint of "the glory that was Greece,"—a copy of the choragic monument of Lysicrates,—to remind the wayfarer of Voltaire's exclamation: "Potsdam is Sparta and Athens in one."

Prince Leopold, who lives here in the lovely park of Glienicke, is no lover of art, and has made him-

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self unpopular by refusing admittance to the castle and the hunting-lodge which the Great Elector built for himself in the days of elk and wildcat; but a Berlin painter who once made his way inside by impersonating an official has told me of the neglected ancient marbles and the wonderful Venetian cloister he saw there.

Beyond the southern waters the Tudor Gothic of Babelsberg Castle shows through the trees, a style rare in these Northern lands and harmonizing with the Flatau-Turm, which was copied from Frankfurt's finest gate-tower. The first German emperor spent his last days at Babelsberg, and nowhere else may you have so vivid an impression of the character of that plain, kindly, ascetic old soldier.

Across the bridge and beyond the "Berlin Suburb," the Marble Palace rises from among the trees beside the Holy Lake, the birthplace and home of the present crown prince. Seen from the opposite shore, the building has a really monumental effect, and the classical forms are handled with unusual elegance. Gontard, the architect of the twin towers in Berlin's Gendarmen-Markt, created in this palace the sincerest example of the "Wig style."

Through these grounds, along the shore of the Jungfern-See, a charming path leads to the Pfingst-



THE MARBLE PALACE ON THE HOLY LAKE



BABELSBERG

POTSDAM

berg, with its huge, unfinished belvedere in the style of the Florentine Renaissance.

It is difficult not to spend days among these outposts of Potsdam. Indeed, it is an achievement to gain a clear idea of the town, so numerous are its interesting points and so widely dispersed.

The way to the oldest part leads through the drowsy Dutch quarter, the austere red-brick houses of which, with their unfamiliar gables, were built by Frederick William I in a curious fit of enthusiasm for the architecture of Holland. Through a courtly old street flows a canal—a dozing canal—the function of which is to float its groups of stately swans and to convince the traveler that he is in some quiet corner of Amsterdam.

Beside the Church of the Holy Ghost, in the shadow of Potsdam's finest steeple, one may linger, watching the informal river life and enjoying the quaint houses that huddle on the banks. This is the site of Potsdam's earliest civilization. Here in the swamp lived the ancient Semnones until, in the fourth century, they were driven away by the Wends, who called the place "Potzdupimi," "Under the Oaks." These people gave their Slavic names to all the places of the neighborhood. It is interesting to know that, although most of these names have lived, the remnants of the elder Teutonic population

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managed to preserve traces of their ancient religion; for the legend of "The Wild Hunt" is a chapter from the life of Odin; and even the modern belief in the nightly apparition of a white horse near the Long Bridge may be traceable to Odin's horse Sleipnir.

Late in the thirteenth century Potsdam was mentioned in a mortgage as a *Stedeken*, or little city, and obliged to send as its military contingent to the league of cities "enen Wegener und enen Schütt"—one mailed halberdier and one crossbowman.

The Hohenzollerns came to the Mark of Brandenburg in 1416. But they were a busy race and paid small attention to Potsdam, which they mortgaged over and over again to princes, abbots, knights, and other financiers of those days.

From these early rulers and the Thirty Years' War Potsdam suffered many things, and gained importance only with the rise of its mighty neighbor Berlin. Then it became the royal playground.

The Town Castle was begun by the Great Elector, and finished by Frederick the Great, in a pleasant classical style in the midst of a wicked and perverse generation of architecture. Its noble colonnade is the first thing to greet the traveler coming from the station, and the mellow orange tint of its walls is grateful after the colorless façades of Berlin. In-



OLD POTSDAM ON THE HAVEL

POTSDAM

deed, this color contrast between the cities is symbolic; for one is the office of the Hohenzollerns, the other their garden.

The castle stands for the two men who have done most for Potsdam: Frederick William I, who cared for its utility, and his great son, who developed its beauty. The rooms of the Spartan king have been left as bare and forbidding as even his taste could have desired. Above his death-bed are two atrocious pictures painted by him while he had the gout (*In tormentis pinxit F. W.*), one of which portrays a nude female with two left feet. And here are a chair and a clock which he constructed under the same grim conditions of "torment." Memories of the notorious Tobacco Parliament still hang about the castle. This function was at once an informal council of state and a royal "rough-house." It is not definitely known in which room it was held, for Frederick the Great loathed smoke and obliterated all traces of the odious custom; but one cannot wander through the west wing without imagining the fat king and his courtiers seated about a table with pipes, beer, and pans of glowing peat, having their Brobdingnagian fun with poor Dr. Gundling, author, President of the Academy of Sciences, and court fool. Carlyle declared that the art of writing was to Frederick William I "little better than

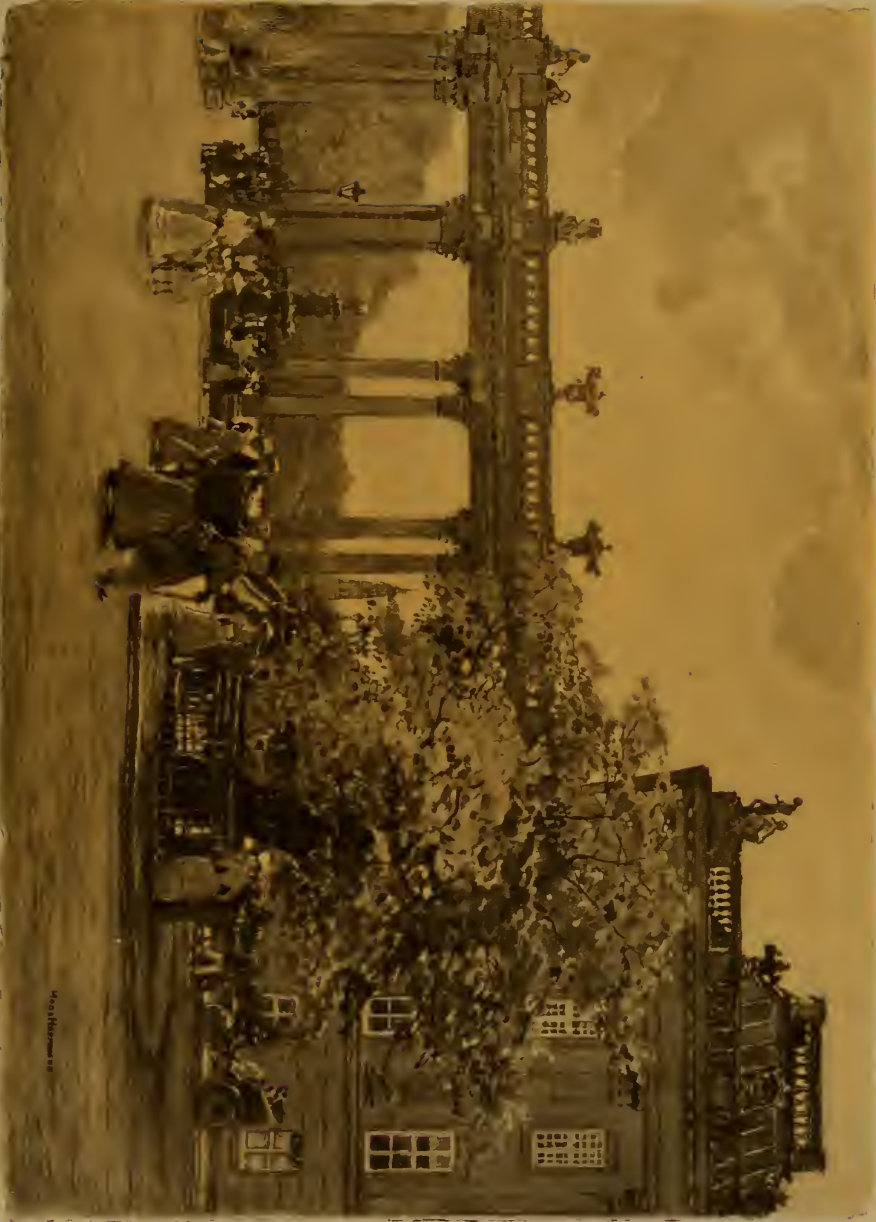
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that of vomiting long coils of wonderful ribbon for the idlers of the market-place." And so the court, in need of diversion, put the drunken Gundling to bed with young bears. When he refused to attend "Parliament" they broke down his door and forced him out with fireworks. Between the doctor and the minor court fool they arranged a duel first of burning peat-pans, then of blank cartridges in which the sublime goat's-hair wig of Gundling was mortally burned. And, to crown all, the king presented him with a coffin shaped like a wine-cask, in which he was actually buried, to the horror of the clergy. His grave with its pitiful mock epitaph may still be seen in the church at Bornstädt.

Frederick the Great ushered in a more humane period, and it is a relief to pass on to his rooms, which have been preserved as religiously as the study of Goethe at Frankfort. There is the confidential dining-room, the trap-door table of which communicated with the kitchen, an invention of Frederick's to foil long-eared servants.

The library consists of the works of Voltaire, some of the king's own writings unbound, and French translations of the classics. For French was his language; he read little German, and never learned to speak or write it correctly. Before Napoleon's invasion, the silver furniture was painted

THE TOWN CASTLE AND THE "PETTION LINDEN"



1870

POTSDAM

black, a needless precaution; for the conqueror allowed nothing but the paintings to be disturbed, and merely cut a strip of silk as a souvenir from Frederick's desk in the writing-room. Here the upholstery is much torn by the claws of the king's favorite dog, and his pet brass gargoyle still disgorges warm air from a corner. Outside the window is the "Petition Linden," where any subject with a grievance used to wait for the kindly Frederick, who believed in the "square deal." In case they had to wait too long, they would climb the tree and flutter their petitions from its branches. Then Frederick would see the reflection in the mirror by his desk, and come to the window.

His answer to one of these petitions in the second month of his reign brought him world-wide renown. The Fiscal-General sent in a complaint that the Roman Catholics were proselytizing. On the margin Frederick, in his wretched German, annotated this sentence:

"Die Religionen Müsen alle Tollerirt werden, und Mus der Fiscal nuhr das Auge darauf haben, das keine der andern abrug Tuhe, den hier mus ein jeder nach seiner Fasson Selich werden." ("All religions must be tolerated, and the Fiscal must have an eye that none encroach unjustly on the other; for in this country every one must get to heaven in his own way.")

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The Town Castle possesses one of the most friendly of palace interiors. There the brilliant rococo decorations of Knobelsdorff ramble about, naively unconcerned with the structural and the official. And—blessed change from Berlin usage—the guides are men, not weapons of offense.

Both Frederick and his father made a point of reviewing the daily drill on the parade-ground south of the castle, and to this day the spring parade at Potsdam is the most brilliant event of its kind. I remember attending one of these pageants at the invitation of the Foreign Office. Even the card of admission was strictly military, prescribing where to stand, what to wear, and exactly when to vacate the rampart in favor of the “*allerhöchsten Herrschaften.*” After Berlin, the brilliant uniforms were almost blinding. The Lustgarten was a rainbow, and though too small for a parade-ground, it was pleasant to have the trees so near. It lent an added charm of mystery and surprise to have a company suddenly charge out of the wood, leaving between the trunks only the sunlight mirrored from the steel-like surface of the Havel.

Such a scene is characteristic of Potsdam’s military life. In no other German city is it so picturesque, and it has had this quality ever since the days of Frederick William I and his mania for tall grenadiers.

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Even the uniforms are more attractive than others, and I shall long remember the picture of a military harvest here, the soldiers in scarlet, gold-barred jackets riding as postilions before wagons piled with golden grain. It seems as though troops were forever marching past the obelisk in the Old Market, between the noble portal of the castle and the nobler dome of Schinkel's Church of St. Nicholas. And they step out as though aware of being important and harmonious elements of the composition.

In the Garrison Church, near the barracks which adjoin the Lustgarten, is the tomb of Frederick the Great. His will left directions that he be buried with his favorite dog on the terrace before Sans Souci; but his successor cruelly buried him in church beside his cruel father. When Napoleon visited the place, he bowed the knee and exclaimed, "If this one were alive, I should not now be here." Then he stole the conqueror's sword, which hung above the grave. The German people have never forgiven this outrage, and, by way of reparation, have hung the church with mellow old standards captured from French armies. When the first emperor placed his trophies there he exclaimed: "God was with us. His alone is the glory." In the royal vault one evening in 1805, Frederick William III and Alexander I of

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Russia sealed their friendship and laid the foundations of the Russo-German Alliance.

On its way to Sans Souci, the tram passes the Wilhelms-Platz, an eloquent testimony to the practical nature of old Frederick William I. This was the site of the Lazy Lake, and the picturesque canal was dug to drain it; but the lake was too lazy even for canal adventures, and had to be filled in, a labor of years. For the greater part of his reign Frederick William I struggled obstinately with this problem, but the site of the Lazy Lake could not be called terra firma until his son brought more modern methods to bear on it.

The domestic architecture of Potsdam may best be studied in the Nauener, Charlotten, and Hoditz Strassen. Under the two soldier-kings, even the houses were forced into uniform, and one may see whole streets of quaint, two-storied façades, with baldachined windows and tall classical columns topped by putti and plump urns of plenty, a dignified style, staid and self-important perhaps, yet gracious and in perfect harmony with its setting.

As one goes westward, farther and farther from the asperities of Berlin, the atmosphere grows friendlier, and, as it seems, less Prussian, until—wonder of wonders!—there appears a real Italian campanile.



THE OLD MARKET

POTSDAM

That lover of Italy, Frederick William IV, modeled the Church of Peace after the Roman San Clemente, with a bell-tower copied after Santa Maria in Cosmedin. The corner-stone was laid on the centenary of Sans Souci, and the king wrote to Bishop Eylert:

After much thought, I will name the new suburban church "Christ Church" or "Church of Peace." A church belonging to the grounds of a palace that bears the name "Sans Souci," "Care-free," strikes me as suitable to dedicate to the eternal Prince of Peace; and so to confront—or, better still, to contrast—the worldly negative "Care-free" with the spiritually positive "Peace."

Here in the mausoleum the Emperor Frederick III (father of the present Emperor) lies in a sarcophagus of Greek marble under a dome of Venetian mosaic. But the cloisters are best of all. To come suddenly upon such cloisters in Prussia is as though an arctic explorer should stumble upon "a beaker full of the warm south."

Near the mausoleum entrance are Rauch's "Moses" and Thorwaldsen's "Christ," the latter a replica of the dominant figure in the Frue Kirke in Copenhagen.

But one forgets them in looking out between the columns of the ivied cloisters to the pools, the gay, shadow-flecked turf, and the May foliage of Sans

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Souci. I shall never forget the morning I first entered those gardens. Rhododendrons were everywhere in royal purple, lavender, old rose, and white. There were fuchsias and honeysuckles among copper-beeches that grew like single, huge, austere flowers. There were effective arrangements of hawthorn, and the lindens were in full flower. Little daisies made specks of brightness on the springy, swarded banks of a lazy brook, where willows drooped over drowsing lily-pads. There were rose-bushes as tall as Frederick William's grenadiers, who used to grow vegetables on the very spot where a goat-footed marble Marsyas now capered gaily to save his skin, among clouds of lilac and great, blooming fruit-trees. Delightfully un-Prussian gardeners snored under sacking in the shade, and their new-mown grass lay heaped informally by them on the walks. The branches were full of bird-song, and the thought came that the musical Frederick must have stocked his gardens with songsters as he stocked his palaces with philosophers and painters and musicians. May the birds of Sans Souci prove as hardy a race as the Hohenzollerns themselves!

The grounds were full of surprises. I came upon masses of fern backed by feathery spruces, dwarf cypresses, and curious, glistening trees that crawled on the ground, smothered in ivy.



ALLEY IN SANS SOUCI PARK

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At three, the old gardeners whom I had left snoring at eleven were still making music in the shade, and I rejoiced to find that here the discipline of the land was suitably relaxed.

Berlin is strictly business to the Hohenzollerns; but they do not let that grim affair spoil the sweetness of Potsdam. The people seem human and sympathetic, the martial statuary gentle and amateurish after the ferocity of Berlin. Even the four Romans about one of the fountains who are hurrying away with the four Sabines are doing it like gentlemen, and the frowns of the ladies are palpably assumed. A lion and a tiger, both on the verge of purring, watch you as you climb toward an arch surmounted by the most genial eagle in the world. Beside the main fountain there is a statue of Mars shying a little javelin. His dog-like wolf is joyously on the bound to retrieve it, and you fancy that the man of might is about to wink at Mercury, who is placidly tying his winged shoes over beyond the goldfishes, and at Diana, who is taking a roguish ride on an inimitable dragon.

The Germans are an out-of-door people, and this place is a continual rendezvous for picnics. From the splendid fountain little Noah's-ark evergreens run uphill to my favorite bit of rococo. With a childish gravity Sans Souci, in pale orange, sits up

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there above its enormous terraces, with its flat, water-green cupola and its dear, absurd statues, which one can take no more seriously than an idyl of Lancret or a fête of Watteau. I shall always see it as in that first glimpse, with a foreground of happy goldfish and Germans, through a veil of iridescent spray, and flanked by masses of foliage. I particularly like Carlyle's account of the tiny palace:

One of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling-House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci,—an elegant commodious little "Country Box," quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round,—had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and terracings of the Hillside were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War. (Second Silesian.) April 14, 1745. . . . the foundation-stone was laid (Knobelsdorff being architect,) . . . and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

It was not till May 1747, that the formal occupation took place. . . . For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion; which became more and more his favourite



THE GREAT FOUNTAIN IN SANS SOUCI PARK, WITH THE TERRACES AND
PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND

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retreat, whenever the noises and scenic etiquettes were not inexorable. "*Sans-Souci*"; which we may translate "No-Bother." A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighborhood. . . .

Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? "No-Bother" was not practically a thing he, of all men, could consider possible in this world: at the utmost perhaps, by good care, "*Less-Bother!*" The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci* (Once *there*, one will be out of bother)!" A saying which was rumoured of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumour in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name, "Sans-Souci."

The lines of orange-trees before the castle recall a celebrated flash of diplomacy. Frederick once complained to the French ambassador that his oranges did not thrive in such a cold climate. This was so painfully evident as to give the courtier a bad moment. Then he answered: "Your Majesty may at least console himself with the thought that how-

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ever it may be with your orange-trees, your laurels can never fade.”

The guide through this toy palace was unfortunately of the aggravated Berlin type. But even he could not entirely spoil one's pleasure in the mementos of this mighty age and in the pure French style of the decoration, one of the most brilliant examples of rococo art in the land. I longed to shut the door upon the fellow and his guttural voice, and dream of the great little man who talked such bad German and of the Versailles of his ideals.

Scattered through the rooms are many of the better paintings of the Watteau school, and the library is a veritable gem of pure Louis Quinze style, with French classics and a fine bust of Homer.

Voltaire's apartment throws light on the relations between the king and the philosopher, for Frederick himself designed the decorations. There are birds of passage on the walls to symbolize Voltaire's love of travel, peacocks for his vanity, monkeys for his homeliness, squirrels for his love of dainties, and parrots for his curiosity. To crown all, scenes from the fables of La Fontaine are embroidered on the upholstery, to remind him of the author he most detested. This is a faint but significant echo of the heartless generation before, the days of Gundling's bear-baiting.

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In the music-room are the king's spinet and music-stand, with an autograph flute sonata by his master Quantz, and the clock that is said to have stopped when Frederick's life ran down—at twenty minutes past two on the morning of August 17, 1786.

In his last days old Fritz was fond of sitting on the terrace outside, looking upon the beauty he had created out of a barren hillside. And one afternoon, as he gazed into the sun, he was heard to murmur, "Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon." In the chamber where he died stands Magnussen's marble of him in his last moments. He is sitting with his favorite dog, looking back with keen, weary eyes upon his life, as though not wholly dissatisfied, but content not to try it again. On his last midnight he noticed the dog shivering with cold. "Throw a quilt over it!" he commanded. His last utterance came after a severe fit of choking: "La montagne est passée; nous irons mieux." ("The mountain is passed; we shall go better now.")

The picture-gallery, with a few good Dutch paintings, lies on one side of the castle, balanced on the other by the famous mill of Sans Souci.

History—or more probably legend—relates that Frederick coveted the mill, and when the miller refused to sell, threatened angrily to bring suit. "Ah," retorted the miller, "but there are still *judges*

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in Berlin!" and he kept his mill. It remains one of the most delightful landmarks of Potsdam. In the Sicilian Garden below, in an open space surrounded by beechen arbors, stands a modern Apollo amid scarlet geraniums. I know not whether the humor was conscious or unconscious that placed there the god of war and music and poetry, bending his brazen bow toward the mill, symbolizing the attitude of his eighteenth-century successor and viewed from the terrace above by judicial white philosophers.

Near the obelisk outside the main gate is a delightful wooded spot looking over a sheet of water to the Italian cloisters, a corner where nurses in Spreewald costume like to congregate.

Taking a southern route through the outskirts of town to the New Palace, I came upon such homely scenes as are dear to the dweller in cities. An old man was making rope in a field where women were hoeing; barefoot peasant girls in bright rags were filling a flat-car with sand; behind some crazy palings near a thread of brook I saw a little brother and sister holding a tow-headed baby above a fence to compete in a crowing contest with an appreciative and lusty rooster.

Charlottenhof, an Italian villa built by Schinkel for Frederick William IV, lies in a wilder stretch of Sans Souci park, a charmingly effective bit of



THE STATUE OF THE ARCHER AND THE OLD MILL

POTSDAM

architecture, with its loggia and formal garden. It is a cabinet of curiosities and of antiques, many of which the king excavated in Italy. Here Alexander von Humboldt wrote his "Cosmos."

The New Palace was built by Frederick the Great after the Seven Years' War, in a spirit of bravado, to show the nations that fighting had not drained his purse. It is one of the most elaborate efforts of later baroque art. The creamy sandstone pilasters and statuary, the round, high windows with their putti, are most effective against the light brick of the façade. The effect is more enjoyable from among the distant orange-trees of the eastern garden, where the coarseness of the too abundant statues does not intrude. It is better simply to be aware of the vivacious or sentimental poses outlined against the mellowing sky of late afternoon, and the pleasant harmony of the whole, capped judiciously by the dusky, bronze dome. On the western side this dome has a lighter patina, which does not blend so well with the richer ornamentation of the winged façade. But the outbuildings called *Communs* balance the palace picturesquely, with their ivied walls and the neglected pavements of the colonnades, between the mossy stones of which the rank, assertive green of earth presses upward. Here the statues, unlike their less fortunate brethren, look as though they

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had never seen soap, and friendly trees grow close about them: From here there are grandly sweeping vistas north and south, which give an idea of the immensity of the park. It is said that its maintenance costs the Emperor \$150,000 a year.

The New Palace has 200 rooms, the decoration of which rivals the exuberant fantasy of Sans Souci, but gives only faint echoes of its elegance. For the one is French through and through, the other only an excellent German imitation. But the New Palace contains the best canvas that I have ever seen in a Hohenzollern residence, an "Adoration of the Magi" in Rubens's least worldly style—a picture akin in spirit to the "Last Supper" in the Brera at Milan.

The Orangery is a decorative building resembling the belvedere on the Pfingstberg, filled with unimportant sculpture and copies of Raphael, and topped with towers that give an incomparable view of the gardens. On the terrace are the Chinese astronomical instruments which Germany appropriated during the Boxer uprising, remarkable examples of Eastern bronze-casting and of Western greed.

I found the country north of Sans Souci delightful, and the message of the big forget-me-nots that studded the grass on the way to the Ruinenberg was quite redundant. As I sat in the woods thinking it



VIEW OF THE PALACE OF SANS SOUCI FROM THE RUINENBERG



THE RUINENBERG, THE RUINS BUILT BY FREDERICK
THE GREAT NORTH OF SANS SOUCI

POTSDAM

all over, a wanderer went strolling by, actually drawing real music from that antimusical instrument, the harmonica. And the whole place was alive with the spirit of his art.

Above, at the end of a meadow, loomed the artificial ruins which Frederick had built. It struck me as pathetic that the man who had unwillingly made so many modern ruins should have felt a craving for ancient ones. There were three Roman columns, with a fragment of entablature from which young saplings sprouted; a dwarfed pyramid of Cestius, a little round temple, a tower, and a segment of amphitheater about a basin of water which the king had intended as the scene of such naval battles as the Colosseum once staged.

The bloom of a great tree lay like snow on the surface, like eider-down on the earth. Ever since coming upon that Roman campanile below, I had been breathing the atmosphere of Latin lands, and even the exotic Berlin lackey had not made me quite realize where I was. I had just walked in a meadow that might have been trod by the feet of the Gracchi and Brutus to a ruin that might have stood below the Palatine Hill. It remained for the height of the tower, with its broader outlook, to restore me gradually to the German atmosphere.

Southeastward lay Potsdam, with its picturesque

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steeple and cupolas, and, across the sparkling ribbon of river, the half-timbered walls of the military academy. Southward, beyond the campanile, spread the reaches of the Havel, flecked with the white wings of yachts. In the foreground stood the little house where Frederick had hoped to find peace, and his pathetic ruins, with their snowy sheet of water. In the southwest, over a green, billowy field of grain and an ocean of boughs, rose three towers and the dome of the New Palace. Northward, like a turgid lake, spread the wastes of the parade-ground. On the horizon were etched the spires of Spandau. While to the northeast, beyond the fair waters of three lakes and the long sweep of the Grunewald, I saw, or seemed to see, a huge, dark dome dominating a huge, dark Berlin, even as, viewed from Tivoli across the Campagna, St. Peter's dominates the Eternal City.




Hans Herrmann

THE BROAD BRIDGE

IV

BRUNSWICK—THE TOWN OF TYLL EULENSPIEGEL



IN a tiny square called the Bäckerklint, surrounded by glamorous, half-timbered houses as bright with color as they were in the Middle Ages, there plays a unique fountain. An apprentice youth sits above the bowl, balancing a slipper on his toes and smiling whimsically down at a semicircle of spouting monkeys and owls. To the observant stranger it seems a curious coincidence that the window of the crooked old bake-shop hard by should be occupied by gingerbread owls and monkeys with currant eyes. But presently he discovers the inscription on the back of the fountain:

Dem lustigen Gesellen
Till Eulenspiegel
dort errichtet wo er die
Eulen und Meerkatzen buk
Erdacht und gemacht von
Arnold Kramer
aus Wolfenbüttel

ROMANTIC GERMANY

(To the jolly chap
Tyll Eulenspiegel
erected in the place where he
baked the owls and the long-tailed monkeys
Thought out and wrought out by
Arnold Kramer
of Wolfenbüttel)

Americans know of this medieval hero chiefly through the great tone-poem by Richard Strauss, and by his lesser descendants, such as Max und Moritz, and Peck's Bad Boy. But his name is a mighty one in Germany, and may almost take rank with graver heroes such as Tannhäuser and the Wandering Jew. For he was the first Teutonic humorist, a sort of Socrates turned practical joker, who always affected naïveté and always turned the laugh upon the other fellow. "To few mortals," wrote Carlyle, "has it been granted to earn such a place in universal history."

Tyll was born at the beginning of the fourteenth century in the province of Brunswick, and played many of his most famous pranks near the spot where he now sits, more brazen than ever, laughing at the droll little creatures he once baked, to the scandal of the good baker, his master, in the old shop close at hand. Those liveliest of German children, the young Brunswickers, are never tired of poking their

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fingers into the monkeys' mouths and squirting the water at one another. Tyll is the last to say them nay, and always seems vengeful whenever the policeman comes to spoil sport. The monkeys are noticeably more popular than the owls, and there is something almost pathetic in their bright little skulls, from which the patina has already been rubbed by the caressing hands of countless children.

Perhaps the chief reason why the Brunswickers are the only Germans who have thus honored Tyll is that they feel an affinity for him. At any rate, they impressed me as having a greater love of practical fun and a more genuine Low-Saxon humor than any other Germans of my acquaintance. Nowhere else have I been so often accosted on the streets, and by such a variety of people. They seem to be fairly bubbling with mischief. They have not the malicious, cutting satire of Berlin, nor the polished wit of Dresden; not the uncouth pleasantry of Silesia, nor the effervescence of the Rhine, nor the mellow, hearty, kindly humor of Bavaria. Brunswick is like a mild but continuous hazing party. The people are amazingly quick with their tongues. You turn a corner in a long mackintosh, and are instantly hailed by a group of burghers with, "Well, my Mantle-Mister!" You pass a group of middle-class girls on a bridge.

"Too tall for me!" cries one.

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“Down at the heel, oh, shockingly!” remarks another.

“Think he understands?”

“*Jawohl*. See how fast he runs away!”

In these free-and-easy manners it is not difficult to trace the Brunswicker's inherent democracy.

His humor, like Tyll's, inclines toward terseness and point. He is fond of such epigrams as the following:

“Every beginning is hard,” said the young thief. Then he stole an anvil.

“I punish my wife only with good words,” said Lehmann. Then he threw the hymn-book at her head.

They are fond of making so-called “neighbor-rhymes,” in which the peculiarities of each householder in a given street are tersely hit off with a winning combination of sharpness and shrewd geniality which neatly characterizes the people of Brunswick.

Naturally these affinities of the medieval Tyll are deeply romantic and superstitious folk. And they come honestly by the quality; for the oldest Teutonic myths, like that of Walpurgis Night, had their origin in the region north of the Harz. And it is a welcome thought that our Anglo-Saxon appetite for the romantic and the picturesque may be due in part to inherited remnants of exactly such ancient beliefs

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as are still alive in the province and the city of Brunswick.

The people believe to-day in vampires. They shut the door after the outgoing coffin so that the dead may not return and work mischief. Still they place a coin in the dead hand to pay for the outward journey,—that coin of Charon which seems to run through all history,—and intone this formula:

Ik gewe dik dat dinige,
Blif mik von den minigen.

(I give thee what is thine;
Oh, spare thou what is mine.)

There are countless tales current in Brunswick, of wailing women with eyes of fire, the harbingers of death; of the World Dog, who appears in clanking chains every seven years; of will-o'-the-wisps, who hover over burning gold. It is a matter of common knowledge that he who moves a boundary-stone must wander about headless after death. Was it not recently that a Brunswicker met his former pastor at midnight in a forest? The reverend gentleman carried his head under one arm, but with the other he gave his late parishioner such a box on the ear that he never ventured out again after dark.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century there were "Fire-riders" in Brunswick, whose function it

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was to mount a horse at the outbreak of fire, and with a saucer of salt in hand gallop thrice around the flames, chanting this magic formula:

Feuer, du heisse Flamm',
Dir gebeut Jesus Christ, der wahre Mann,
Das du sollst stille steh'n
Und nicht weiter geh'n.
Im Namen des Vaters, etc.

(Fire, you fervid flame,
Christ Jesus, that true Man, demands this same:
That you stand still yonder
And no further wander.
In the Name of the Father, etc.)

The folk believe that people whose eyebrows meet become *Marten* at night and oppress the breasts of sleepers. They believe in the Werwolf, in the Wild Hunter, in gnomes and giants; and in the witches who ride on pitchforks, broomsticks, goats, and swine to their unhallowed tryst on the Brocken every Walpurgis Night. Just before her head was cut off a local witch once confessed that she had "shut up a thief in a gimlet-hole in the foul fiend's name, so that the fellow peeped like a swarm of mice"; and to this day the witches of Brunswick are keeping up their grand old traditions.

The devil is a familiar character, and one often hears:

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Wenn't rant und de sunne schint, dann hat de duwel
hochtit.

(When it rains and the sun shines, the devil is getting
married.)

And there is a remarkably circumstantial legend of
how the devil married his grandmother at midnight
in a hall in Brunswick, leaving behind him a costly
carpet and a ring worth two thousand ducats.
People believe that he flies away with atheists, and
that on February 15, 1781, his victim was no less a
person than the great Lessing. For they always
thought of their local poet and philosopher as an
atheist, harder than steel, who was condemned to
glow in the eternal fires. Indeed, there is a rhyme
about this painful episode, which the children sing
at play:

De duwel kam emal up eren
Un wull he gern en blanksmit weren.
Doch harr he weder tinn noch messing,
Drum nam he den professor Lessing.

The translation must be free:

Once on a time the devil came
And wished to try the blacksmith game.
But lack of metal kept him guessing
Until he took Professor Lessing.

Finally, lest it should be imagined that such beliefs
and customs are no longer representative of modern

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Brunswick, let us take an instance from the police records of 1897. At two o'clock on the morning of January 19, Gottlieb Kitzke, a servant, and Fritz Krödel, a coachman, were arrested in the Wolfenbüttler-Strasse because they answered the night-watch evasively. It came out in the examination that they had been trying to conjure up his satanic majesty. They had carried to a field outside the city a sack of firewood, a number of wax candles, a spirit-lamp, and a cornucopia of salt. They had lighted the fire, the candles and the lamp, had offered up the salt on the latter, and had prayed fervidly for an hour; but no devil! The wood burned up, the candles down; but still no devil. Loud recriminations on the way home led to their arrest. In Krödel's pocket was found a "Book of Spirits." The title-page ran as follows:

The Seven-sealed Book of the Greatest Secrets:
Secret Art School of Magic Wonder-forces,
Angel-help for Defense and Protection at Direst Need.
The Book of Holy Salt,
The True Fiery Dragon.

There was a book-mark at the chapter on How to Conjure up Lucifer.

There are still other points of resemblance between the city and Tyll Eulenspiegel. Brunswick liked Tyll because he was no respecter of persons.



THE OLD-TOWN MARKET

On the right is the Altstadt Rathaus (old City Hall) and on the left St. Martin's. The Gewandhaus, which is not shown in the picture, is situated to the left of the foreground.

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Tyll liked Brunswick for the same reason. Indeed, it is not strange that the place should be so democratic, for it lies in that cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race between the Harz Mountains, the Elbe, and the Rhine and has obstinately preserved the old breed and the old speech. It has always been plebeian in spirit, and was one of the first Northern communities to fight for democracy—a fight prolonged in vain for four centuries. Because it is such an excellent type of a Low-German city, it is a shame that the late invasion of the High-German tongue should have “restored” its mellow Saxon name of “Brunswyk” into “Braunschweig.”

But its medieval democratic spirit has never been “restored” away from those incomparable streets, and to this day fills many of the public buildings with its poetry. The Rathaus of the Old-Town was designed with a true feeling for municipal proportion so that it might not overpower its private neighbors; while the Gewandhaus was influenced even further by them, for it shows traces of the compactness and conservatism of timber construction.

Each of these is a type of the municipal architecture of its period. The richness and interest of the Rathaus come wholly from a two-storied Gothic colonnade, filled with tracery and gargoyles and Saxon princes under delicate baldachins. It is a

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happy instance of that self-restraint, unusual in Germany, which has made poems of Brunswick's winding streets. In these the builders would allow no one house to lord it over the others, and here in the Rathaus the entire effect comes from a tenfold repetition of one theme.

The Gewandhaus, as it looks down the sweep of the Post-Strasse, seems to fuse in itself all the elements of the German Renaissance—the Italian's fondness for a classical play of proportion, his conservative adherence to certain medieval effects, and the reckless passion of the Low Countries for picturesque, unstructural ornament. But the building has a lightness and a hint of gaiety which remind one that Brunswick, lying just beyond the Westphalian border, is touched by the happy spirit of the Harz and of Thuringia. And one has the impulse to climb that lofty gable among the caryatids and allegorical statues, the volutes and obelisks and inscriptions, to search the horizon for the blunt profile of the Brocken.

These two structures stand as monuments of the city's wealth in the flourishing Hanseatic days when she controlled the main highway to the ports of Bremen and Hamburg and Lübeck. They symbolize as well the democratic ideal that preferred poverty to oppression. In 1293 the people, led by

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the guilds, began their fight against a tyrannous government. In consequence they were declared "auf-rührerisch," or riotous, by the Hanseatic League, and were repeatedly placed under the commercial ban, which almost ruined the city's prosperity. But it took four centuries to break their spirit, and though the cause was finally lost, democracy is still plainly written upon many of their streets.

It is true that the name of Brunswick is in evil odor in the pages of American history. But we should not harbor resentment against her because, in the darkest period of her history, after the power of the people was finally broken, the worst of her rulers sold a few thousands of her sons to England to fight against us in company with the Hessians. The Brunswickers could not help themselves. They were suffering reaction from their long struggle against the same evils that had roused America to arms. Who knows whether, if the people had won their fight, they might not have been our allies instead of our foes?

Brunswick's most striking quality is the delightfully homelike atmosphere that seems to pervade it. No doubt the conservatism of a folk as rich as they in superstition made for loyalty to the family and the ancestral dwelling, and likewise the democratic spirit led each citizen to make his house his palace.

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These humble builders stamped their work with their own personality as completely as though they were sculptors and each house a model in moist clay. And they are the personalities of family men. Several of the streets, like the Weber-Strasse, the Hagenbrücke, and Meinhardshof have stood virtually unchanged since the sixteenth century, and they seem fairly to exude domesticity.

On coming out suddenly into one of the many squares, if you have already caught the spirit of the place, your eyes seek first, not the great church or public building, but the row of old dwellings opposite, glowing with color, redolent of romance. In that nucleus of Brunswick, the Burg-Platz, for example, one is aware of something more significant than the castle and the cathedral. For these sumptuous chords are a little sharp to the city's real keynote, as one finds on catching a glimpse of the dwellings opposite and the crooked street into which they lead. This is the authentic key-note—a crooked street filled with half-timbered houses rich with carvings, their stories pushing out eagerly beyond one another as if anxious to mingle their gargoyles and saints above the happy life of the pavement; and, closing the enchanted vista, some noble building of the people, or some real native church, its traceried bell-house riding high between twin towers.

OLD HOUSES IN THE REICHEN-STRASSE



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A deal of Brunswick's charm is due to its street plan. Many of the old cities, founded by pure Teutonic stock, in the south and west of Germany developed from a group of houses huddled together without rhyme or reason—an arrangement called "Haufendorf," or "Heap village." On the other hand, the Slavic cities of the east were laid out on a deadly rectilinear plan, as monotonous as Manhattan's sorry scheme of things.

In Brunswick these two influences complemented each other and produced a plan both of irregular, curving streets and of far vistas—a plan that surpasses the others as a design by Dürer surpasses a design by a cliff-dweller or by Euclid. And Brunswick has known better than most cities how to keep her scheme pure of modern improvements.

No other German city has preserved so many of its Gothic houses. The earlier ones often bear friezes in which a characteristic step-like design frames low reliefs. The later Gothic retaliates on the church bell-houses, which are, in a sense, only transfigured dwellings, by borrowing their ecclesiastical tracery. But the most fascinating friezes are the allegorical, religious, and grotesque reliefs supported by carven beam-ends and consoles that seem to run the gamut of piety and humor. A scene at Stecher-Strasse 10 hastens naïvely from Isaac to the Resurrection with

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a smile and a touch of real religious feeling. But the Brunswicker seems most at home in carvings that express his whimsical, mischief-loving nature, as in the frieze of Neue-Strasse 9, a *mélange* of monkeys, clowns, storks, mermen, and aggressive dwarfs.

Animal symbolism lies close to his heart and is often inimitable, as at *Gördelinger-Strasse* 38, where a fox is making away with a goose and an ass is performing solemnly on the bagpipes. There is a favorite kind of grotesque called *Luderziehen*, or "Bummers' Tug of War," depicting an old game in which two men wrestle back to back with a rope passed over their shoulders. As for the gargoyle who pulls wide the corners of his mouth like a bad boy, he is found everywhere, even interrupting the decent progression of a row of wooden saints. This is the sort of carven fun that is often seen on old town halls, but nowhere else is it found in such profusion on German homes as here.

In the transition style the old "step" ornament developed into the fan-shaped rosette, which often radiates from some grotesque head.

"She has the form of the rising sun," exclaims a sentimental German writer. "She is the rising sun of the Renaissance!"

This design evolved into the egg-like ornament called Ship's Keel, and at length, reluctantly, into

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the Renaissance. But such is the conservatism of private timber architecture that the reawakening was delayed by half a century, and even then the good burghers held fast to many Gothic motifs.

The Hofbräuhaus is a good type of this period. But it has few rivals, for Renaissance energy seems to have focused here largely on portals. Those at Reichen-Strasse 32 and Südklint 15 are almost Italian in their severity and poise. The most picturesque of all is opposite the north transept of St. Martin's, with its human and leonine caryatids and its elaborately costumed halberdiers. Another fine portal surprises the prowler in a narrow lane back of the Brüdern Kirche, and another leads from the Bäckerklint to the place where they still make one of the oldest beverages in German lands, the famous *Mumme* beer—a dusky syrup like the most infamous cough mixture that ever darkened my childish interior.

Brunswick has little noteworthy private architecture built later than the Renaissance except the amusingly exaggerated portal of Bank-Platz 1 and the consummate baroque portal and oriel at the head of that jewel among streets, the Reichen-Strasse.

Many of the older dwellings have an architectural feature as unique as are Danzig's *Beischläge*,—one that adds its element of mystery and romance. The

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Kemnaten are stone rooms built massively into the center of the half-timbered houses. No one knows their function. Were they fireproof vaults in the inflammable times of thatched roofs? Or were they the private strongholds of the days when every man's hand was against his neighbor and his house was literally his castle?

Among the chief fascinations of Brunswick are the old *Höfe*, or courts. They are not so narrow or so teeming with life as in Hamburg, nor so opulent in color and effects of vista as in Lübeck; but they are richer architecturally, and in their inimitable inscriptions that show at once the dry wit and the piety of the North German, as in the following:

Allen die mich kennen
den gebe Gott was sie mir gönnen.

(God make my friends all free
Of what they wish for me.)

Court-hunting offers all the excitement of searching for hidden treasure; for the most medieval court may be masked by the most modern façade. The only way is to enter boldly at every open portal, and presently you find yourself plunging through a door of the twentieth century straight into the fifteenth.

There the low-class artisan—the “Little Citizen” as he is called—sits before his house cobbling as in

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the days of Hans Sachs, or blows at a quaint forge the flare of which picks out Rembrandtesque high lights amid the dusk of the overhanging stories—stories quite unrestored and full of dim carvings and inscriptions. It was a memorable surprise to stumble upon the court at Schützen-Strasse 34 and find this motto:

Wer wil haben das im geling
der sehe selbst wol zu seinem Ding,

a sentiment that might be translated:

Who loves Fortune and would woo her
Let him tend in person to her.

There was a long inscription running along an entire side of this court. So time-worn and cobwebby was it that I had to clamber upon a rickety wain to decipher it; and with the tail of my eye I could see a group of eager young Brunswickers trying to muster courage enough to upset me. At length I made it out:

Dorch Gottes Segen
und sine Macht
Habe ich das Gebew
Darhen gebracht.

(Through God's own might
And benison
This building as
You see I 've done.)

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The most elaborate of the courts is entered through an interesting portal in the Jacob-Strasse. The richly carved beam-ends are supported on columns with curious triple capitals and this "Low" variant of a common inscription:

Wer Got vortruwet
Der hat wol gebuwet,

which might be Englished:

The man whose thoughts in God repose
Has builded better than he knows

There is no discordant note in these Brunswick courts. Everything seems there by right divine. At number 2 in the Wenden-Strasse (the ancient Via Slavorum) a heap of poles leans by a fine, late-Gothic, church-like window as naturally as though it were a necessary buttress. The court of Reichen-Strasse 32 has even its dovecote embellished with Empire medallions. And in the long garden-court of number 21, where numerous "Little Citizens" are packed in together—not without friction—this motto is conspicuous:

Wenn Hass und Neid brändte wie Feuer
So were das Holtz lange nicht so teuer,

freely rendered:

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If hate and envy burned like fuel
The cost of wood would be less cruel.

Some of the squares are hardly less perfect in their way than the best of the courts. The little Platz, "Am Nickelnkulk," for instance, where one of Brunswick's numerous iron serpents pokes his head out of the under-world and looks about in surprise at the picturesque cottages by the tiny stream. This is the home of legend. For "Nickelnkulk" is corrupted from "Nickerkulk," meaning a water-hole inhabited by a divinity called "Nicker," a sort of nix or water-sprite. This personage lived for centuries in his hole by the stream, and fifty years ago was still celebrated in a children's game. One child lurked in a ditch and tried to catch the others, who jumped over it singing, in the lowest of German:

Nickelkerl keitschenbom,
Ik sitt in dinen locke:
Fange mik doch.

(Nix of the elder-bush,
I squat in your den:
Catch me, then.)

It has the genuine smack of the soil, this Low-German language, so much older and so much more akin to the English than the High German. A Platt-

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deutsch poet has written some sonorous lines in its honor:

Uns' Sprak is as uns' Heiden,
ursprüngelk noch an free.
Uns' Sprak is deep un mächtig
un prächtig as de See.

Anything so near our language almost translates itself:

Our speech is like our heath-land,
Primordial and free.
Our speech is deep and mighty
And splendid as the sea.

In Brunswick the lower classes speak "Platt" almost exclusively, and, in picking it up, English is almost as potent a help as German.

There is the little Ruhfäutchen-Platz in the heart of town, dreaming over its water-filled fragment of the old castle-moat; the Kohl Markt, with its fine fountain, its view of the Gewandhaus, and its three Renaissance houses, Sun, Moon, and Star. (Although "Star" recently suffered total eclipse, its memory still twinkles on.)

Then there is the Altstadt Markt, especially "when a great illumination surprises a festal night," and the Gothic fountain, transformed into rainbow mist, sends a gentle glow playing over the old houses on the southern side, and the band makes soft music

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behind the tongues of flame outlining the arches of the Rathaus colonnade. Then the square is filled with gaily dressed, fun-loving folk who seem held within bounds only by the austere spires of St. Martin's above them.

Because Brunswick has preserved inviolate so many of its intimate old streets and the old stock in them, and because the stranger feels at once that this is a city of families, it is peculiarly fitting that it should possess the one work of art that expresses most completely the poetry of family life. In revisiting the picture-gallery it is natural for the lover of Brunswick to hasten past even the pure spirituality and mysticism of Rembrandt's "Noli Me Tangere," the royal coloring of his armed warrior, and the shimmering Vermeer interior, until he comes to the hall which contains the goal of his pilgrimage. If he is wise, he will look first at the remarkable Lievensz and at Steen's uproarious wedding-scene, because everything else pales after one glance at *the* Rembrandt.

To me it is one of the grandest of all exhibitions of sheer creative power. For there is nothing unusual in the subject, no dramatic or pathetic situation, no scene of inherent poetic inspiration, no religious afflatus. It is a mere family of every-day people, caught amid their prosaic surroundings, and

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irradiated, transfigured by the fire of the master's genius. I know of no one else who has ever made more of such unpromising material. The Germans call the picture a *Farben-Rausch*, and we can only call it an ecstasy in color. The figures, in a delicious trance, seem in possession of the ultimate secret, and the eldest child brings toward the mother a basket of flowers as though moving through some precious spiritual rite. One returns repeatedly to worship before this painting as before a shrine and to realize why its spell could not be as potent elsewhere as in this city of homes.

Just as the Rathaus and the Gewandhaus are subsidiary to the dwellings of Brunswick, so are the other noteworthy buildings: all but two; for the aristocratic castle and cathedral are exceptions. But it must be remembered that these are both memorials of the maker of Brunswick's fortunes and her greatest ruler, Henry the Lion, whose death ended the days when the Brunswickers were content to be governed by any one man.

In the ninth century, Burg Dankwarderode was built by the brother of that Bruno who founded Brunswick, calling it Brunonis Vicus. Three hundred years later it was sumptuously rebuilt by Henry the Lion; but during the centuries of democratic agitation that followed it was ruined, over-cruised,



AN OLD COURTYARD IN BRUNSWICK

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and forgotten. Finally, in recent days, some of Henry's noble arches and capitals were discovered and made the basis of the present restoration, which is a masterpiece of its kind, a worthy mate of the Marienburg in East Prussia. Henry's famous bronze lion in the little Burg-Platz outside, which has guarded his name for the last seven hundred years, snarls ferociously at you when you dare to wonder why the cathedral exterior is so unassuming. Indeed, the great burgher churches were all built on this general scheme, with a plain, massive western front, a lofty bell-house riding high between two towers, and a long, low nave, like a giant dachshund at the heels of his master.

On entering the cathedral you see that the magnificence was all saved for the interior as a setting for Henry's famous Gothic tomb before the altar. The architecture runs a brilliant scale from early Romanesque to the fantastic, spiral-ribbed piers of the late-English Gothic.

The place is filled with treasures. On the walls is a fascinating cycle of Romanesque frescos, the principal works of their kind on the plain of North Germany. There is a trinity of sculptures, in the apse, worthy of the lion in the square outside: a twelfth-century altar of bronze and marble, an old brazen replica of the Seven Golden Candlesticks at Jeru-

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saalem, and, above all, a wooden crucifix of the tenth century, to which one returns again and again with ever new joy and reverence. It is a light out of the grossly Dark Ages. The face, hands, and feet are long and slim, the body is robed, and the folds are channeled as formally as Assyrian hair. Yet the figure has about it something benignant and royal, at once fraternal and paternal. A German authority named Döring has made the curious suggestion that this is not a statue of Our Lord, but of St. Era, the patroness of the crypt, who, as a foil to unpleasant attentions, was given a beard in answer to prayer. But I prefer not to associate this Christian Ariadne with my favorite Brunswick statue.

There is no such splendor inside the other churches. They breathe, on the contrary, the spirit of men whose tastes were, first of all, democratic and domestic. They are eloquent of the solidarity that should exist between the religious life and the secular.

In this town the street is no mere frame, as in so many other picturesque German cities, for an important building at its end; it is the major part of the picture, with the great tower or chiseled façade as a background. St. Catherine's and St. Andrew's are splendid foils for the ways that surround them. St. Martin's, indeed, is almost too subservient, for it faces directly down none of the fascinating streets of the



CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE AND HENRY THE LION'S FOUNTAIN
IN THE HAGEN MARKT

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quarter. The best it can do is to enliven the Altstadt Markt, with its chain of traceried gables and its rich choir, where a statue of Luther usurps the place of a Romish predecessor.

The other churches, however, atone for St. Martin's unfortunate position. It is a joy to prowl through the narrow Stecher-Strasse and come out suddenly on the broad expanse of the Hagen Markt, where, beyond the misty waters of Henry the Lion's fountain, rises the façade of St. Catherine's, tall and slim and queenly, like some fair daughter of the people. It expresses more nearly than any other local building the proud independence of the Brunswickers, their joy and pride in the beauty they were creating, and their feeling for the composition of the city.

St. Catherine's is a typical Brunswick church. You encircle it to enjoy the gable-fields and to see, from many angles, how gracefully the western front detaches itself from the nave. The best view comes last. Inevitably you retire to the Hagenbrücke, backing up the crowded little street. And the people courteously make way for any one who is appreciating how the high, corbeled stories of their houses close in on each side of the distant façade, the opulent red of the gable-tiles gradually moving in to bring out the green patina of the lesser tower and the creamy delicacy of the window tracery. You zigzag from

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curb to curb, comparing the scores of rival effects, and the climax comes on the corner of the Reichen-Strasse. These Gothic houses, teeming with twentieth-century humanity, are brought out by that Gothic house of the God of all centuries, beyond. They seem enriched and spiritualized by its very presence, much as the ideal church enriches and spiritualizes the lives of its children. That the relation of the infinite to the finite could be so embodied in a double row of worm-eaten houses leading crookedly from a church, I had never realized until the hour when I first stood in the Hagenbrücke.

St. Andrew's has less of the gracious sweetness of St. Catherine's and more of the monumentality of the cathedral. But it heightens the beauty and nobility of the surrounding streets as potently as its sister church, if in a more virile way. And it has a wider range of effects.

The view down the Weber-Strasse is a worthy companion to that down the Hagenbrücke, only the houses are plainer, and the church more obscured by them. But St. Andrew's has in its repertory other pieces almost as inspired as this.

You give yourself up to the curvetings of the capricious little Meinhardshof, where the overhanging façades, leaning on their saint and sinner corbels, let only a narrow ribbon of sunshine slip between them;

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where the tiles run up suddenly into incorrectly made dunce-caps or break out into dormers or little eye-like windows bulging with surprise—tiles that cast a ruddy reflection upon the grotesque carvings of the opposite house-front, from which the glow rebounds across the cobbles and plays about a portal of blackness leading into some indescribable court full of the mysterious and the medieval.

At length, if you can tear yourself away at all, you round another bend and see, beyond a Gothic house more crooked, if possible than the street itself, the southern tower of St. Andrew's, the tallest and most impressive of Brunswick's many, shooting up from the picturesque *Alte Waage* that nestles at its base, looking more like a home than a public building.

Amid such intimate enjoyment of the humbler houses of the people, to come suddenly upon this stately tower harmonizing so completely with them was to find a new point of view. Brunswick came to mean the city of homes above all, and this tower, seen from here or down the steps from the Promenade to the Woll-Markt, never failed to sound this charming note of domesticity.

The gables of St. Andrew's are the most interesting in Brunswick, and its water-spouting gargoyles the most enthusiastic. Only too often I have seen them discharging their liquid task with the most

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fluent joy, a condition alone attainable by complete fitness for one's vocation. And there is one, a lovable fellow, a cousin of those on the houses, pulling wide the corners of his mouth as though performing a duty. The huge Gothic groups on the southern gable-fields representing the "Flight into Egypt" and the "Slaughter of the Innocents" are so delicious in their naïveté and yet so touching that one chuckles as one looks at them through moist eyes. One of the most affecting and amusing of the reliefs shows Christ sitting with a group of cripples; for the church is supposed to have been founded by a group of wealthy cripples who lived in the Kröppel-Strasse adjoining. The learned Döring, however, contends that this is Christ in the Temple disputing with the doctors, whose spiritual infirmities are physically portrayed..

The bell-house of St. Andrew's, though simpler than that of St. Catherine's or that of the cathedral, is almost as effective. There is a threefold beauty in the conception of these lofty gables of stone lace-work. Tenderly they sound the city's dominant domestic theme, and embody the thought that the German art of music should have a separate architectonic expression. For the burghers conceived that the music of their chimes should be no mere adjunct to the steeple, the function of which is not to contain



THE ALTE WAAGE, LOOKING TOWARD ST. ANDREW'S

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bells, but to direct the eye of the soul toward heaven. They also sound a note distinctly human, for they break the too abrupt idealism of the tower's leap from cobbles to sky by interjecting, half-way up, something that means to the Teuton the most spiritual joy short of religious ecstasy, and yet a joy that he may feel as keenly in a séance with his violin, beneath the homely red tiles yonder, as when the organ reverberates through the nave on Sunday morning.

These medieval bell-houses were prophetic as well; for Brunswick was to have a musical history peculiarly honorable, as is shown to-day by the monuments to its two citizens, Abt and Spohr.

Sometimes it is pleasant to punctuate this Old-World romance with a walk around the charming promenades or among the new villas beyond, or to go farther, to the Park of Richmond, the estate of the Duke of Cumberland, rightful heir to the province. But one always returns with new zest to the narrow, winding streets, full of the color and spirit of the Middle Ages, where the houses lean together across the ways as if to embrace one another.

Not long ago an enthusiast was asked which German city he loved best. It proved a difficult problem. None of the large ones, certainly. They were too huge and many-sided. It would be like adoring a score of wives at the same time. Besides, unlike

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wives, great cities are too impersonal. On the other hand, little Rothenburg was for him almost too full of the romantic elements to be real. The people seemed like actors on a stage. He found himself constantly watching for the spot-light, straining his ears for the prompter, and fearing lest the curtain be abruptly rung down. Nuremberg's alloy of modern buildings and the modern spirit put it out of the question. Neither were the dwellings of Danzig friendly enough, nor its half-Slavic atmosphere. Strassburg he cherished for its cathedral, but disliked for its people. In spite of all their romance and beauty, Regensburg and Bautzen were too somber, Augsburg too formal. Cologne he would almost have chosen but for its discordant foreign note, its dirt, and its beggars. The houses of Lübeck were hardly beautiful enough; those of Hildesheim, on the other hand, were almost too self-conscious and brilliant and precious. One cannot hold a treasure-casket in warm, human affection.

And so, although he prefers the *gemütlich* southern temperament to the northern, yet, all in all, he felt he must choose Brunswick. For the town of Tyll Eulenspiegel is almost unspoiled by the modern note; its architecture is the spontaneous expression of natures uniting Thuringian gaiety, sweetness, and taste with Northern depth and sincerity. It is a



THE FRONT OF ST. ANDREW'S, AS SEEN FROM THE WEBER-STRASSE

BRUNSWICK

heartly, wholesome, true kind of romance that Brunswick exhales. And perhaps the democracy of the people, perhaps their humor, is what tipped the beam, and made him love more than any other in Germany the town that is summed up by the view of St. Catherine's down the Hagenbrücke and by the little old Bäckerklint where sits Tyll Eulenspiegel, his monkeys' heads rubbed bright by the loving hands of children.

GOSLAR IN THE HARZ



MODULATION is as important an element of the art of traveling as it is of those cousin arts, painting and music.

I have had occasion to speak of getting the soul down from the shrill modern key of Berlin to the deep, mellow tonality of old Danzig. But there is another sort of modulation, quite as important to the traveler and more difficult. It is a smooth transition from the simple, deliberate, careless romanza of outdoor life to the exciting, exacting, exhausting scherzo movement of some rich historic city where attention, memory, and sympathy are every moment astrain.

In recuperating from the exhausting demands of a tour among the Northern cities the lover of beauty is often tempted to lose all sense of the flow of time in wandering with *Rucksack* and staff among the evergreen forests of the Harz Mountains, following where the charming Oker's music leads; idling in the fabled region where sleeps Barbarossa, his red

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beard grown clean through the table; or held fast in the "*wild romantisch*" gorge of the Bode Thal, where, from each wall of cliff, the Hexentanzplatz and the Rosstrappe look down on the river boiling far beneath.

Standing on that lofty crag whence the princess, pursued by the giant, made her mythical leap across the valley and left her horse's hoof-print in the rock, the traveler gazes over the sandy level that is North Germany and makes out on the horizon, far beyond the spires of Quedlinburg and of Halberstadt, the massive towers of Magdeburg cathedral.

With a start he realizes that there are other wonders in this region than mountains and rivers and their genii. The fever of civilization seizes him. Rashly importunate, he crashes down on the itinerant keyboard with both elbows and rushes headlong into such a bewildering treasure-house of the ages as Halberstadt or Hildesheim.

The transition is too abrupt. He is no longer used to cathedrals and Rembrandts and streets of Gothic houses with overlapping stories. If his time in Germany is really inelastic it would be far wiser to lop a day or two from Berlin or Leipsic or Frankfurt, from Dresden or even from Munich, and so make his journey conform to the canons of the art of traveling.

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Suppose that our tourist should, for example, actually come to his senses at Thale. Let him not make a hysterical dash at Hildesheim, but rather stop over a train at little Wernigerode to marvel at the ancient Rathaus and empty a glass in its vaulted cellar; to enjoy a slight foretaste of what the half-timbered houses of the Harz country are like; and then move on for a day in the more impressive and interesting town of Goslar, with its august history, and its curious legends.

Your entry into town is reminiscent of Nuremberg; for you come at once upon a huge, round fortress tower guarding the approach. But instead of lingering here you hasten to the farther end of town to see the building that made Goslar famous—its very *raison d'être*.

Goslar came into the world because it lay on the fringe of the Harz forests and at the foot of the silver-yielding Rammelsberg, both of which were owned by the ninth-century emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. They put up there a succession of hunting-lodges and small palaces until Emperor Henry III built the Kaiserhaus, which is to-day the oldest secular building in Germany. Here Henry IV began his ill-starred life. His preference for living at Goslar and the number of castles he built in the neighborhood roused the fears of the Saxon



Alfred Scherr's Bild.

THE KAISERHAUS

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nobles, who tried to assassinate him one evening at the Kaiserhaus. And this was the opening scene of the drama that culminated at Canossa, when, bare-footed, the Emperor waited three days in the snow before Pope Gregory's portal.

The last Holy Roman emperor in these spacious halls was Barbarossa. After him the noble building gradually fell into ruin until the coming of the new empire, when it was restored in a rather hard Prussian style, and received into its halls the second great German leader, William I. Now, in bronze, the pair sit their war-horses on either side of the main flight of steps—Barbarossa and Barbablanca, as the people call them.

The main hall is decorated with frescos of the Sleeping Beauty and the Barbarossa legends, and scenes from local and imperial history. Its principal attraction is the old Kaiserstuhl, seat of a long line of emperors.

In the chapel of St. Ulrich the heart of Henry III lies buried. It lay formerly in the famous cathedral which Henry built near his palace and which was torn down in 1819. This piece of vanished glory possessed an extraordinary collection of treasures and relics. It made nothing of the bones of such saints as Nicholas, Laurence, Cyril, and Dionysius; for it boasted important remains of the Apostles

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themselves. There was half of the Apostle Philip, an arm of Bartholomew and one of James, a hand, arm, and the head of Matthew, and a large part of the bodies of Peter and Paul. There were also, among other wonders, an original portrait of St. Matthew and part of a nail from the true cross.

Many of these valuables were stolen in Goslar's sack by Gunzelin in 1206, and when the Swedes occupied the town four years during the Thirty Years' War. Others were sold to keep up the cathedral during the hard times brought on by the Reformation. So that the only remnant of the building and its treasures to-day is a part of one transept near the Kaiserhaus, with some interesting statues, some of the oldest stained glass in existence, and an early Romanesque reliquarium borne by still earlier brazen figures of the Four Rivers of Paradise, old as the city itself. From this one piteous fragment with its sculptured portal one can reconstruct the whole—*ex pede Herculem*—and realize the effect of a religious pageant on one of Goslar's chief holy days, such as the feast of St. Matthew, when the bells in the twin towers went mad, when Henry III in his imperial robes swept down the broad steps of the Kaiserhaus, heading a brilliant train of prelates, princes, knights, and many a band of pilgrims who had come from every part of the empire to bow at

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this famous shrine. And after the last Amen had died away among the lofty vaulting of the cathedral, St. Matthew in his silver sarcophagus was carried with due rites about the city walls.

These occasions, however, were not always peaceful. For Widerad, Abbot of Fulda, once quarreled with Hezilo, Bishop of Hildesheim, over a matter of precedence. Both brought armed followers to the cathedral, and a bloody fight broke out in the choir, the bishop standing on the steps of the high altar and urging on his men with all his resources of dispensation and absolution. Legend has mingled with this story of the "Blood-bath" and relates that the encounter had been arranged by the Evil One himself, who now rolled about behind the bishop and held his belly in convulsions of laughter (*halte sich den Bauch vor Lachen*). Finally he flew away through the roof, calling out, "I've made this day a bloody one!" and left a broad crack which could not be walled up until some one hit on the expedient of stuffing a Bible into the breach.

These buildings, then, the Kaiserhaus and the Domkapelle, are the only local *Sehenswürdigkeiten ersten Ranges*—the only "see-worthinesses of the first class." That is why Goslar makes such a smooth modulation to Hildesheim. Here you have a mere taste of the labor of conscientious sight-seeing; then

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for the balance of your stay you feel at liberty to send your conscience to the hotel, while you yourself drift about happy, careless, and Baedekerless, seeking what your eyes may devour. In other words, you put down the big history book for an hour's ramble through the illustrated magazine.

Perhaps you come upon a mighty round tower embowered in trees beyond the waters of the Kahn-teich. It is the old Zwinger, largest of Goslar's original one hundred and eighty-two towers of defense, and capable of holding a thousand armored warriors. Or you happen upon an anomalous building, a cross between church and dwelling, with columned windows, a generous spread of roof filled with little dormers, and, above, a projection undecided whether to be a steeple or a chimney. You venture through the Gothic portal and see long sweeps of raftered ceiling, and gloomy wooden balconies, and no end of tiny rooms where old women sit about knitting humbly and making, with their surroundings, the most delightful Dutch genre pictures of the sixteenth century. Then one of the old ladies comes out, accepts a copper with deprecation, and quavers out that this is, please, the almshouse of the Great Holy Cross.

Or you meander along the diminutive Gose River, that gave the city its name (*lar* is old Franconian for



THE BRUSTTUCH

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“home”). You find a delightful mill, and fall to sketching—or wish that you could fall. And you break into the adjoining Glockengiesser-Strasse and think of the bell-caster of Goslar who cast the famous cathedral bells there and the spooky fountain in the Markt, and whose ancestor perhaps did the Four Rivers of Paradise in the Domkapelle.

You appreciate the half-timbered dwellings so much that your appetite is whetted for better ones. If you are persistent you find them at the head of the Markt-Strasse. *Crescit indulgens!* The taste grows upon you. Presently, unless you are very reserved or blasé, you give a cry of pleasure. You have discovered the Brusttuch, a crooked late-Gothic gildhouse named after an indispensable part of the local peasant's costume. It has an amazingly sharp, high ridge. Its lowest story is of picturesque rough stone; its second is half-timbered and filled with such homely, humorous carvings as riot along the streets of Brunswick. Among them are reliefs of convivial monkeys and of witches riding their broomsticks to the Brocken. With its wide oriel and flowing lines it is a charming example of the old-German patrician house, and, with its two distinguished neighbors, the Bakers' gildhouse and the Kaiserworth, forms a group more reminiscent of the houses of Nuremberg than of more northern architecture.

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The simple Rathaus harmonizes well with this trio. It is especially interesting for its series of frescos, thought to be from the hand of the Nuremberg painter Wohlgemuth (although a few learned Germans deny this with frenzied gesticulations.) Another notable possession of the Rathaus is an old iron cage called "The Biting Cat," now unhappily fallen into innocuous desuetude. It was made to accommodate a pair of shrews.

It is well known of the fountain outside that if, at midnight, you knock three times on its lowest basin the devil will appear at once and fly away with you to his home in the neighboring Rammelsberg.

Small wonder that he is such a powerful personage here, for Goslar's churches are singularly unattractive. Perhaps they were too much overshadowed by the vanished cathedral. But the Church of the New Work contains an interesting old fresco, and its eastern apse boasts a gem of a colonnade.

Beyond the walls is a remarkable grotto chapel called Clus, hewn by hand in a mighty boulder. Legend says that the gigantic St. Christopher used to haunt the region between Goslar and Harzburg. One day he felt a pebble in his shoe—and emptied out this very boulder. Many years afterward it was made into a chapel by Agnes, the wife of Henry III, as penance for a sad mistake. For she once had her

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oldest servant executed for the theft of some jewelry; and when this was found years afterward in a raven's nest, she thought to save her soul by founding the Clus Chapel and the Abbey of St. Peter, whose ruins may still be seen hard by.

From here one reënters the city by the Broad Gate, the most elaborate fragment of the original fortifications. Its four massive towers made an entrance worthy to welcome any emperor; and one imagines the splendor of the Holy Roman Empire pouring in in brilliant cavalcade between those huge bastions and defying all the world to follow.

VI

HILDESHEIM AND FAIRYLAND



FEW of the older German cities, like Goslar and Lübeck, show themselves at once to the traveler for what they are. As a rule, like Danzig, Bautzen, and Augsburg, they are coy and cover their charms with a cheap new veil. But of these, none is coyer than Hildesheim. Of course I did not expect the railway station to be romantic. But my hotel window, near by, gave on the town, and one glance brought a pang of disappointment. Almost the first sound I had heard on arrival was the clatter of a pianola brutally enlivening a cinematograph show; and now the first glimpse of the home of the Thousand-year Rose-bush was of an ordinary New England village with its deadly commonplace houses and its homely steeples.

A few steps toward the center of things destroyed

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this disillusion, only to bring another. I had expected to find Hildesheim a smaller, more exquisite edition of my favorite German city—a little Brunswick *de luxe* with a jeweled clasp. Instead I found its counterpart, and within the next few hours was forced to reconstruct all my ideas of the place.

Brunswick is democratic, a city of plain people. Hildesheim is aristocratic, as befits the ancient see of a line of great prelate princes. Brunswick's charm is mainly Gothic; Hildesheim's, mainly Romanesque and Renaissance. There the churches are subservient to the wonderful, homogeneous old streets about them; the houses are sincere expressions of strong individuality. Here the real key-note of the place is struck by such magnificent church interiors as St. Michael's and St. Godehard's. Many of these houses are richer, more picturesque than those of Brunswick, but the rich façades are in glaring contrast to the poorer ones, and often show, instead of personal initiative, a desire to emulate the pomp, the learning, the solemn circumstance of the bishops. In Hildesheim there is a marked absence of the familiar, informal little courts, the grotesque friezes, the homely, humorous carvings and mottos that make Brunswick such an intimate place. Inscriptions are there a-plenty, but most of them are pompous or stilted, ill-natured, didactic, or melancholy,

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and a great many are in ostentatious Latin. It is clear that the old Hildesheimers were not so happy in their exclusiveness as were the Brunswickers in their democracy. Instead of the genial clowns and mermen, the tugs of war, the musical asses and apes, the domesticated gargoyles, behold reliefs of the Virtues and the Vices, of the Arts, Sciences, Elements, Seasons,—all with neat Latin labels that remind one of the scrolls issuing from the mouths of figures in old-fashioned woodcuts. And the few saints left over from Gothic times keep shockingly indiscriminate company, not with Low-German sinners, but with the gods of Greece and Rome. I have known no other private architecture with so strong a didactic and homiletic flavor as that which these Hildesheimers assimilated from their pious overlords.

But if the place gives one the impression of being always on her good behavior and a trifle self-conscious, she more than makes up for it by her wealth of legend. Fairy fingers have woven gleaming strands about many of her choicest treasures, and in the length and breadth of the German land there are few legends more lovely than that of the origin of Hildesheim. This is one of the many variants:

In the year 815, Emperor Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne, was hunting in the outskirts of the Hercynian forest, and, in following a white buck,

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he outdistanced his followers and lost both his quarry, his horse, and his way in the Innerste River. The Emperor swam to shore and wandered alone until he came to a mound sacred to the ancient Saxon goddess Hulda—a beautiful mound covered with her own flower, the wild rose. Again and again he sounded his hunting-horn, but there was no answer. Then he drew from his bosom a casket containing relics of the Holy Virgin, and, while praying before it for rescue, fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke the mound where he lay was covered with snow, although it was high summer and everything about was green. The roses on the sacred mound were blooming more brilliantly than ever. He looked for the reliquary and found it frozen fast amid the thorns of a great rose-bush. Then the Emperor knew that the heathen goddess had, “by shaking her bed,” sent the holy snow in token that the Christian goddess should now be worshiped in her stead. When his followers finally discovered him he had resolved to build on that mound a cathedral to the Virgin Mary. And to-day on the choir of this cathedral that very rose-bush is still in bloom.

All this is by no means a pure fiction. For it is certain that the spot was a headquarters of the old Saxon religion; that Louis transferred the Eastphalian see here from Elze in 815; and that nobody

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knows how many centuries old the roots of the famous rose-bush really are. Where it grows is the birthplace of Hildesheim, a name thought to mean "Hulda's Home," and the old cloisters that inclose it are worthy of their situation. In the autumn, when their smothering of woodbine breaks forth into scarlet and old rose and carnelian, into all pinks and oranges and purples—brought out the more by the deep browns and grays and yellows of the double arcade—it needs neither the Thousand-year Rose-bush, nor the crumbling tombs, nor the charming Gothic chapel, with its devout gargoyles, that is set in the midst, to make this cloister garden one of the sweetest shrines ever dedicated to the contemplative life.

Out of this beautiful beginning grew a city that has, ever after, seemed suffused with the romaunt of the rose. The first small, fortified settlement about the cathedral, called the Domburg, was surrounded with rose-hedges which became the godmothers of such streets as Long-hedge, Short-hedge, Flood-hedge, and the trio of Rose-hedges (Rosenhagen I, II, and III). And there is a tradition that each of the cathedral clergy is warned of his own death three days beforehand by a white rose which he finds in his choir-stall.

In the eighteenth century, sad to relate, the an-



CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS. THE THOUSAND-YEAR ROSE-BUSH

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cient, austere splendor of the cathedral interior was transformed into a baroque splendor that shows particularly tawdry and frivolous against the few remains of Romanesque construction and the notable treasures of early art that fill the building. Though the architecture of this cathedral is not to be compared with Brunswick's, yet the place is fully as interesting. For here the famous bronze doors, the Christ Pillar, and the font far outshine the trinity of Romanesque sculptures there.

The bronze doors were finished in 1015 by St. Bernward of Hildesheim, one of the most illustrious of German bishops, celebrated as teacher, architect, sculptor, and friend of three emperors. Standing before them, one is filled with astonishment on remembering that this was the virgin appearance of art in a region hitherto artless. It is a miracle of precocity. For these reliefs, though crude, are far more direct and elemental, and touch the heart more deeply, in their naïve blend of humor and pathos and religious fervor, than Ghiberti's doors on the Florentine baptistery.

During his visit to Rome in the year 1001, St. Bernward borrowed his main idea from the doors of St. Sabina; and his Christ Pillar was executed in the spirit of the Column of Trajan.

It is peculiarly fitting that these works, represent-

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ing the miraculous birth of German art, should be accompanied by the thirteenth-century font that stands for the culmination of Romanesque brazen sculpture in the North.

In the nave hangs a reminder of that Bishop Hezilo who urged on his bloody band from the high altar of Goslar. It is an immense chandelier in the form of the heavenly Jerusalem, a battlemented ring-wall of exquisite filigree broken by twelve towers and twelve portals.

Before the elaborate Renaissance reredos stands a column of polished stone bearing a Madonna. The people of Hildesheim firmly believe it to be a part of the original Irmensäule that stood near the city in the Dark Ages and marked the principal shrine of the Old Saxon god Irmin. They say that Charlemagne cast it down and broke it with his own hand in his vigorous attempt to Christianize the heathen—a conception inhumanly abused by certain German professors who have an almost puritanical hatred of the glamorous and force every attractive idea to stand trial for its life. In their despite I prefer to believe that this is the authentic heathen pillar, and that the relics of the Virgin were really frozen by the sacred snow in the rose-bush outside, more than a millennium ago.

At any rate, one may see in the treasury the very

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reliquary that contained those relics, besides many other precious things, such as the gemmed fork of Charlemagne, a sliver of the true cross, the head of Oswald, King of Northumbria, who died in the year 642, the geometry from which the holy Bernward taught Emperor Otto III. And all at once you come upon a thing that transports you in a trice beyond the Alps into the hush of another holy treasure-house below the hill of Fiesole. It is a perfect little altar by Fra Angelico.

Worn out by the incessant demands of so much beauty, I left the building to rest for an hour on the smooth lawns, beneath the venerable lindens of the Domhof. The treasury had taken me to "the warm South"; but here for the first time on my pilgrimage I caught a breath of the peaceful seclusion, the idyllic secret charm of the English cathedral close.

A citizen came to sit beside me and to relate how, in that very place, until the middle of the eighteenth century, the boys of Hildesheim had annually played at Charlemagne and the Heathen, a game in which the Irmensäule in effigy was finally stoned and overthrown.

The old gentleman pointed to the gilded cathedral cupola that sheltered the old heathen pillar. "That also has a story," he said. "In the year 1367 the Brunswickers surprised us in overpowering num-

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bers. Then good Bishop Gerhardt put himself at the head of our little army and prayed to the Holy Virgin. 'It is for thee to decide now whether thou wilt live henceforth under a roof of thatch or of gold.' As our men approached the great host of Brunswick, they were dismayed but the Bishop stretched forth his left arm, crying, 'Leven Kerle, truret nich, hier hebbe ek noch dusend in miner Maven.' ('My dear fellows, be not dismayed. I have here a thousand more [men] up my sleeve.') Then they knew that the good bishop carried in his sleeve Hildesheim's greatest treasure, the reliquary of the Virgin, and, taking heart, they put the enemy to rout, slaying fifteen hundred of them and capturing rich spoils. Ever since," the old gentleman concluded, "our dear Lady has lived under a golden roof."

Not far from this quiet close I found another feast of beauty.

The lawns and gardens surrounding the Church of St. Michael meant renewed thoughts of old England, and the interior brought back like a refrain the holiest memories of Italy. For though the Romanesque is more truly the national style of Germany than any other, yet this most perfect of Northern Romanesque interiors cannot help suggesting the land of its birth. The alternation of light and dark



· THE NAVE OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

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blocks in the transept arches reminds one of Siena, while the pure beauty and variety of the capitals take one back to Ravenna. These capitals pass from the simple "dice" design of the year 1000 to the timid attempts at low relief of the middle, and the high relief of the end of the eleventh century, with grotesques and even medallions between the angel corners. These, in turn, pass into the luxuriant stone foliage of the twelfth century, peopled with little faces and figures.

It pays to prowl long in St. Michael's, for there is many a surprise in store for the appreciative, such as the eight archaic beatitudes over the columns of the southern aisle, with their hint of Assyrian influence; or the delightful angels and saints on each side of the wall separating the western choir from the northern transept; the tombs, the altarpieces, and the crypt where Bernward reposes and shows himself even here for the saint and artist that he was by the flowing Latin hexameters of his own epitaph. It is a satisfaction to know that he made his famous doors and Christ Pillar for this sanctuary, and that they have not, until recent years, been compelled to endure the baroque cathedral interior.

St. Michael's crowning glory is the painted wooden ceiling of 1180, the only one of its kind north of the Alps. It gives the genealogy of Christ

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from Adam down, with a feeling for composition, a restraint, and a knowledge of anatomy quite unusual in Romanesque painting. And there is a touch, too, of the Germany we know. For if you look long enough you discover that the tree back of Eve is filled with portraits of the five senses, while in Adam's tree reposes the Herrgott himself—a conception truly German in its lack of gallantry.

It is an uncanny experience to be dreaming alone in this church and to be roused by a sudden chorus of horrible laughter and heartrending shrieks from the insane in the adjoining cloisters, which are now used as an asylum. And it is even more distressing to visit the cloisters and see the poor souls hurrying about distractedly among the foliage and flowers, without the least appreciation for the lovely arcades and portals where the late Romanesque is so happily fused with the early Gothic.

The Church of the Magdalene is worth visiting for the sake of its three treasures: a jeweled cross containing splinters of the true cross, and a pair of wonderful candlesticks, all the work of Bernward and prophetic of the Renaissance goldsmiths of Nuremberg.

It is not often that one city possesses two leading examples of the same architectural style. But St. Godehard's is one of St. Michael's dearest rivals and

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even surpasses the sister church in the purity and homogeneity of its ornament, though it has recently been disfigured by a great deal of garish paint. It has, besides, an interesting portal and a precious little treasury.

The Church of the Cross is one of those fascinating churches that are coming more and more to light in our day—churches built originally to war not against spiritual wickedness, but against flesh and blood. For the Kreuz Kirche was originally an outwork of the Bishop's Fortress on Cathedral Hill. And the chronicler Saxo records that toward the end of the eleventh century Bishop Hezilo changed it from a home of war (*domum belli*) to a home of peace (*domum pacis*)—a transformation even more commendable than that of swords into plowshares. May this act not have been in expiation of Hezilo's share in the "Blood-bath" at Goslar?

The town halls of Hildesheim and of Brunswick neatly contrast the spirit of the two places. The low, level Rathaus of democratic Brunswick is faced with a series of ten double arcades, all free and equal. Hildesheim's Rathaus sounds a note unmistakably aristocratic, with its commanding western gable flanked by proud clock- and window-towers.

The interior at Brunswick is plain; here it is resplendent. And it is a significant fact that the fine

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frescos of local history and legend, begun by Prell in 1887, were the pioneers of the recent German revival of the old *al fresco* technique. The building teems with legend.

On the apex of the western façade the Hildesheimer Jungfer, the Maid of Hildesheim, stands proudly under a baldachin. She is supposed to be no other than the old heathen goddess who sent the sacred snow, and who once, in the form of the Holy Virgin, appeared to a maiden lost in the woods beyond the wall and led her back to her home. She it was who used to stand on the ramparts in time of siege and catch the cannon-balls of the foe in her apron. So that, out of gratitude, the Hildesheimers graved her image on their municipal banner and seal.

On the clock-tower, below the red-frocked town piper, who pipes the halves and trumpets the hours, is the head of a Jew who opens and closes his eyes and mouth at the sound of the trumpet, as if in pain at the thought of another unprofitable hour gone by. They call it the head of a would-be traitor who was caught in the fact and shut in the Rathaus dungeon to die of starvation.

In the northern wall a measure is chiseled, with these words: "Dat is de Garen mathe." ("This is the measure for yarn.") You are told that the widow of a local yarn-dealer was once wakened by



"THE OLD-GERMAN HOUSE"

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her late spouse, who complained bitterly that he had to suffer so much pain in his present home because, in life, he had bought with a long measure and sold with a short one. Whereupon he cast an iron ruler upon the table, crying, "Dat is de Garen mathe!" and vanished. When the widow came to her senses the ruler had disappeared, but the measure was burned through the table, through all the floors of the house, and so deep beneath the cellar that the bottom of the hole could not be plumbed. Then the magistrate graved the length of the measure upon the wall of the Rathaus as an abiding stimulus to honesty. It is possible that the moral reaction after this incident inspired the rather optimistic inscription on the Kramergildehaus in the Andreas-Platz:

Weget recht un glike,
So werdet gi salich un ricke.

(Weigh justly and equally, which
Will make you happy and rich.)

What draws most of us, after all, to Hildesheim is not the lure of its churches and public buildings, potent as it is; but rather the lure of the quaint streets and squares, and of the houses where German private architecture touches its zenith. Though these distinguished dwellings are not jolly and intimate

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like Brunswick's, they are more glamorous. These narrow, "Haufendorf" streets disengage no least hint of Brunswick's democracy, but they are the abiding-places of romance. And, touched by the shadow of these strange, rich façades, the traveler peers instinctively into every coach that clatters by for a glimpse of the fairy godmother with her magic wand, of the little kobold with the wishing-ring for the first who may befriend him, or of an authentic local sprite like Hütchen of the large hat, or Huckup the bogy-man of Hildesheim, whose statue is under the big tree in the Hoher Weg. Nor is this curiosity unjustifiable. For what has happened may happen; and Hildesheim has, in its day, supplied the stuff for many a fairy-tale. There is, for example, the true story of the Little Princess:

Once upon a time there came to Bakermaster L—— in the Goschen-Strasse a beautiful maiden begging for work. The old man put on his spectacles, noted her delicate features and soft hands, and sent her about her business. "Thank heaven," he cried, "that we no longer need a nurse-maid! Now if you were only the sort to do heavy barn and field work we might give you a trial."

The maiden wept bitterly, protesting that nothing worthy a servant was foreign to her nature. So the kind-hearted baker consented to try her.

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She was a decided success. The cows were kept as soft and sleek as cats, and no man could keep up with her in the field. So that the old couple were charmed and loved her as their own daughter.

When the neighbors dropped in of an evening to discuss the hard times and the war over a mug and a pipe, the maiden, who sat by at the spinning-wheel, would often join in and talk of emperors and kings as though she were quite at home with such folk. Then some one would speak up:

“Maiden, you seem to know the world well. Where, then, do you come from?”

But she would only heave a deep sigh and moisten her flax with her tears.

There was one old fellow who liked to pinch her rosy cheeks when no one was looking and call her the Little Princess. And presently the whole neighborhood took up the name.

One morning the baker's farm-wagon was unloading before his portal, and the Little Princess was so busy with her pitchfork that she did not hear the cries and huzzas that suddenly burst forth around her. The whole Goschen-Strasse was so packed with folk that an apple could n't have fallen to the ground (*dass kein Apfel mehr zur Erde konnte*).

A company of gold-laced lackeys made way with their silver drum-majors' sticks for a great float.

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filled with more than a hundred Moors and apes who rent the air with trumpet and drum.

Only the Little Princess labored on and took no notice.

Finally came a golden coach-and-six. A beautiful knight, clad in gold and silver, sprang out, caught the Little Princess in his arms, and exclaimed: "Ah, my heart's love, Marianne, our time of probation is over! The Kaiser has been beaten, and we may now be married!"

The lackeys sprang to lift her into the coach.

"But," protested the Little Princess, "only see how I look! Let me first change my dress."

"Nay, nay!" cried the prince, proudly. "This dress we will keep forever as a memento."

Then the prince threw the astonished bakermaster a great purse of gold, and they vanished amid the acclamations of the populace.

THOUGH the Goschen-Strasse is one of the plainest streets in town, one glance at it will convince any skeptic that this story is true. Such things happen inevitably in such a setting. And in wandering through the richer streets one's imagination is positively overpowered with all the surprising and lovely events that have, or ought to have, taken place there. It is like walking bodily through the pages of Grimm.



Alfred Scherer - Berlin

THE RATTLAUS (LEFT), TEMPLE HOUSE AND WEDKIND HOUSE IN THE MARKET-PLACE

HILDESHEIM AND FAIRYLAND

In our day it is the mode to shrug one's shoulders at the German Renaissance. And, indeed, what with the tenacity of its predecessor the Gothic, and the untimely disaster of the Thirty Years' War, the style had small chance to mature in the Fatherland.

But no one who knows such places as Hildesheim and Nuremberg, Danzig and Rothenburg—towns especially spared in the great war—can feel like scoffing at the German Renaissance. For there the style makes up in picturesqueness for its departure from the canons of Italian proportion. It is like the young poet at college who abjures conic sections to go in for literature and music. Its faults are simply the extravagances of romantic youth. For the German Renaissance is, at its best, eternally young and eternally romantic.

It must have been a dim realization that this fresh charm scarcely befitted their proud, pious aristocracy that made the Hildesheimers try to counteract its effect with solemn, pompous, pedantic carvings and inscriptions.

The "Old-German House," for instance, at the head of the Oster-Strasse is a delightful composition of three sharp gables with a great bay-window as high as the roof and four tiers of wooden friezes, inimitable at a distance. But these turn out to be representations of the elements and the heavenly

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bodies, and prominent among them is Death with a youth, a sage, and this motto:

Hodie mihi—cras tibi.

(To-day for me—to-morrow for thee.)

These wide, lofty bays are as characteristic of Hildesheim as small, delicate oriels are of Nuremberg. And it would be hard to decide which kind is the more picturesque. There are two fine bays in the Wedekind House in the Markt, with a seven-storied gable rising between them. The whole house is overspun with filigree like one of the elaborate reliquaries in the cathedral, with an effect indescribably vivacious. But these, floor by floor, are the subjects of the carvings:

I. Truth, Justice, Charity, Hope, Wealth, Prudence, Fortitude, Courage, Temperance, Patience, Faith.

II. Grammar, Dialectics, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Music, Woman with Pitcher and Glass, Geometry, Woman with Soap-bubble, Astrology.

III. A Tower (earth), A Ship (water), A Thunderbolt (fire), Avarice, Air, Sloth, Woman with Pitcher, Pride, Luxury, Appetite, Envy, Wrath.

Even the kind ladies with pitchers, there doubtless to moisten these dry abstractions, must have ap-

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peared with the sanction of those ecclesiastics who opened Hildesheim's first saloon under the auspices of the cathedral.

There are many pious inscriptions, such as:

Affgunst der lude kann dich nicht schaden,
was Godt will das muss geraden.

(Man's malice cannot injure you;
What God intends that must go through.)

Here is a hint of the truculent, misanthropic note that reëchoes constantly in the inscriptions of these aristocrats and would-be aristocrats.

The Wedekind House shows the more elaborate and nervous by contrast with the dignified Gothic "Temple House" next door, with its narrow, trefoiled windows, its great spaces of repose, and the loopoled watch-turrets on each side.

And the Roland Fountain before them helps to harmonize the two houses, combining as it does the decorativeness of the one with the nobility and calm of the other.

Across the Markt is a corner which every lover of Germany holds as a hallowed spot. Here stood the Butchers' gildhouse—the Knochenhaueramtshaus—famed as the finest half-timbered building in the land. It was a splendid specimen of the early Re-

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naissance, and, through its model in the leading museums, the world has come to love the rhythmical proportions of its boldly projecting stories, its sharp, lofty gable, its purely modeled corbels and friezes. So that its destruction by fire early in 1908 was mourned as an international calamity. Through this fire one of the mottos on the eastern façade was given a lamentable architectural application:

Arm und reich,
Der Tod macht Alles gleich.

(For poor and rich the sequel
By Death is brought out equal.)

It would be useless to attempt describing within these limits all of the most fascinating among the four hundred noteworthy old houses of Hildesheim. It must suffice merely to mention a few leading types.

On the corner where one comes to the Hoher Weg is the Ratsapotheke, with its long-winded Latin hexameters and German doggerel and with one of Hildesheim's few fine Renaissance portals. Farther on is the old Ratsweinschenke, with solemn biblical illustrations of the wine business such as the Noah episode and the spies importing grapes from the Promised Land.



THE PILLAR HOUSE IN THE ANDREAS-PLATZ

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The Hildesheimers liked to copy the architecture as well as the customs of their friends the fairies. The façade of the Kaiserhaus is a thing as curiously inverted as a "goop." For the elaborate stone oriel and portal reproduce the wood-carver's technique so well that they seem petrified, and the expanse of wall filled with medallions of Roman emperors seems as if copied from some rich ceiling of paneled oak.

These people were fond of building toy streets like the Hoken and the Juden-Strasse—streets almost as narrow as the narrowest Venetian lanes; streets whose houses, set capriciously askew, almost allow opposite neighbors to shake hands from their projecting stories.

They delighted in toy houses like the little one in the Andreas-Platz, set perpendicular to the sharply sloping street; or the Pillar House, under which the way leads into the square. This beautiful dwelling is a veritable picture-book of the Virtues, the Muses, and the gods of Rome. One unconsciously expects these wooden people to come alive all of a sudden, like the gingerbread children on the witch's house in "Hänsel und Gretel." It might well have really been a witch's house; for many such old persons have been done to death in Hildesheim. There is only one thing to spoil its delightful atmosphere. It is that self-conscious quotation about *mens conscia recti*.

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The Hildesheimers were fond of composing an amusing line of roofs such as the one northeast of St. Andrew's, and of leaving one grand old Gothic house (like Trinity Hospital) to temper the vivacity of a Renaissance neighborhood like an ancient oak set in a grove of silver birches.

They were fond of packing alleys full of romantic, strangely formed gables, and winding them alluringly away into the unknown as they wound the Eckemecker-Strasse away from the dominating tower of St. Andrew's. This street name is onomatopoeic; for, with its suggestion of bleating flocks, it means "The Street of Sheepskin Tanners." It is a name fitter for laughing Brunswick than for long-faced Hildesheim. Here stands one of the most fascinating houses in town, the Roland Hospital, with its tall, characteristic bay and its five far-projecting stories adorned with scenes from the former rural life of Simon Arnholt, its builder, such as sheep-shearing, hunting, wine-making, pig-sticking, sowing, and sandbagging the police. At least, I thought them police at first, but found later that they were only Philistines being smitten with the jaw-bone of an ass. And there is an inscription with the same old note of defiance, as though whoever built a fine house in this place had to become a mark for envious tongues:

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Wer bawen will an freier strassen,
muss sich vel unnütz geswetz nich iren lassen.

(He who would build upon the public walk
Must not be turned aside by idle talk.)

The Schuh-Strasse runs parallel to the Eckemecker-Strasse and, in the matter of picturesqueness, is a worthy companion. But you will find more noteworthy houses by turning down the Bohlweg—which derives its name from the planks, or *Bohlen*, laid down in olden times for crossing the marshy remnants of the cathedral moat. Here, at the head of the Kreuz-Strasse, is the Domschenke, or Cathedral Wine-house; and opposite is its first rival, the Golden Angel, a charming early Renaissance building called “Der Alte Schaden” (The Old Damage), because it damaged the monopoly of the Domschenke. It bears a relief of five horses straining at three wine-butts; and behind them appears mine host solemnly reckoning up his gains.

Not many doors down the Kreuz-Strasse is the tavern called “Der Neue Schaden” (the New Damage), the second rival. And a serious rival it was; for it introduced into Hildesheim that pale amber fluid which was destined never to check its mad career until it became the national drink. This fine transition façade actually bears humorous carvings.

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“Fish-tailed persons,” writes learned Herr Gerland, “are drinking there and experiencing all the effects of drinking, while heads, interposed, reflect the impressions which are produced upon them by these phenomena.”

No wonder the New Damage was so daring as to be humorous, for that jolly tavern was always the hotbed of radicalism. And in Luther's time it was the headquarters of the Reformation Club, which used to make it a base of supplies in their horse-play campaigns against the old-fogy Catholics. It is easy to imagine what these zealous youths must have done to the Reformation chronicler Johannes Oldecop, Dean of the Holy Cross. For, upon the façade of his house around the corner, the old gentleman poured out all his bitterness against the new faith. His fury may be seen even in the jumbled order of the words, which read like a Chinese puzzle:

Anno dm. 1549. Virtus. ecclesia. clerus demon. simonia. cessat. turbatur. errat. regnat. dominatur. verbum dni manet in eternum nil nisi divinum stabile. humana laborant, lignea cum saxis sunt peritura

(A.D. 1549. Virtue ceases, the church is in an uproar, the clergy has gone astray, the devil rules, simony reigns. God's word remains for all eternity. The divine alone stands. The human is in peril. Wood and stone will pass away.)



THE ECKEMECKER-STRASSE

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Past the Square of the Holy Cross, where on December 28, 1221, the boy choristers were still celebrating with bonfires the heathen festival of the winter solstice (*Sonnenwende*), the way leads "Am Platz" and down the Friesenstieg to the Braunschweiger-Strasse, with its wealth of interesting houses. And at the head of the long Wollenweber-Strasse there comes a sight which one is glad to carry away as the final impression of this fairy town.

Flanked by quaint carven houses, there rises, from the old city wall beyond, the beautiful Kehrwieder Turm, or Turn-again Tower.

Once upon a time when all the world was young, the little bell in this Kehrwieder Turm rang out for the Maid of Hildesheim as she was wandering, lost, in the deep woods down beyond the wall, calling her back to her beloved city.

And to this day, as the Fountain of Trevi calls back to the sound of its murmuring waters all who have known the Eternal City, so the Kehrwieder Turm forever rings out to all who have come under the magical spell of Hildesheim—"Turn Again!"

VII

LEIPSIC



IN visiting northern Germany the traveler usually keeps the Prussian capital as his base of operations until he seeks the South by way of Saxony.

After the aggressiveness and modernity of Berlin, it is a relief to mingle with the quiet, matter-of-fact people of Leipsic, to rest one's eyes again on a Renaissance gable, again to loiter in streets with quaint and homely names. In many of these old names there is a flavor of poetry that brings the stranger at once into terms of intimacy with the town. They touch the imagination because they were christened naturally by the wit of the people, and always christened for their most salient feature.

Windmill Alley led in bygone days to a mill beyond the wall and ditch; along Sparrow Mountain, a thoroughfare almost as flat as Sahara, ran a prison wall, crowded winter and summer with sparrows. Begging Street pierced the slums. In Barefoot

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Alley was a cloister of ascetic monks, and the chivalry of the Middle Ages lived in Knight Street. "Along Milk Island" was over against a dairy, while from Pearl-stringer Alley, Tub-maker Street, Bell-caster Street, Night-watchman Street, and Rubber Alley the corresponding occupations have not yet wholly passed away. In olden times one small lane actually bore three names simultaneously: Town Piper Alley, Constable Alley, and Midwife Alley; for these personages all dwelt there. The Brühl, called after a Slavic word for swamp, is the only street to commemorate the Wendish origin of the city and the patience of its builders; but though a few of these delightful names have passed away through sheer anachronism, enough are left to give the place an intimate, Old-World, human flavor. A city that preserves a Barefoot Alley deserves well of mankind, and I prefer small beer within its shadows to the bright new champagne of North Street.

To one who for a time had half forgotten that the larger German cities still held anything old, the Princes' House in the Grimmaische-Strasse brought a delightful shock of recognition. From those round red oriel windows flanking the gable, sixteenth-century princes used to display their finery to the folk below—student princes who came to study in the university round the corner and left their

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coats of arms among the carvings on the windowsills. The house is Leipsic's best example of the German Renaissance.

Through a narrow gulf of street the oldest church looks down upon this corner. The Church of St. Nicholas was built in 1017, two years after the city was first mentioned in history as *Urbs Libzi*. Like the later churches, it suffered many things during the sieges of the Thirty Years' War, but not so sadly as from its "restoration" in the "Wig Time." Then the jealous vandals of classicism, with a naïveté pathetic to recall, destroyed what beauty the baroque time had spared and threw the beautiful altarpieces of Cranach into the loft where Goethe discovered them in 1815, publishing the matter with righteous wrath. They are now in the museum.

Opposite the gracious green of St. Nicholas's tower is a hearty, rustic kind of architecture too seldom seen in cities, a red-timbered house with piquant gables, and a carved bay-window in rococo crowned by the motto,

Ohn' Gottes Gunst all Bau'n umsunst.

(By God ungraced, all building 's waste.)

The roof, broken by little gable-windows, leads the eye onward to the vivacity of old Leipsic's sky-line—red tiles tossed into heaps and flowing together as

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in a choppy sea, yet with a large unity, as if composed by a modern French sculptor of the rugged school.

Next door is the gaily frescoed façade of a peasants' inn, "The Village Jug," with uncouth windows of glass stained in every sense, the head of a red ox serving for signboard; while over beyond the church is a Renaissance gable with three superimposed orders of classical columns, its ancient colors quite worn away. For in the sixteenth century these stone façades were all painted, "mit gar kunstreichen und lustigen Gemälde gebauet und ausgeputzet," writes an old chronicler. (Built and furnished with paintings "real art-rich" and jolly.)

Passages as narrow as those of Hamburg run through baroque courtyards to the Reichs-Strasse—the Via Imperii of the Middle Ages—one of the two principal merchant highways through the Holy Roman Empire. This is richer than the Nikolai-Strasse in such façades as the "Castle Cellar," with its massive, undulating gable, its flat-arched doors of worm-eaten, iron-bound wood, and its barred, diagonal window.

From the Grimmaische-Strasse close at hand I entered a large court and warmed one of Leipsic's reticent sons gradually into garrulity.

"Look about you," he said. "In olden times this *Hof* was called 'Little Leipsic,' just as Leipsic was

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then called 'Little Paris.' During the fairs the costliest articles of luxury were sold here, and it was the resort of fashion. Behold!" He pointed out a half-hidden door. "I advise you to enter. You will see the most interesting nook in town."

I groped my way down a crooked passage into a wine-cellar the Romanesque vaulting of which, mellow with old colors, was upheld by a single pillar covered with manuscripts. I spelled out a signature. It read "J. W. von Goethe." On the walls were pictures of the poet, a black silhouette of his student days, a musty print of Doctor Faustus. Bewildered, I sat down and strove to conjure up a sophomoric acquaintance with "Wahrheit und Dichtung." Then the waiter brought a bottle labeled "Auerbach's Keller," and with a gasp of joy I realized that this was the immortal den where Mephistopheles once bored holes in the table and made red and white wine spurt in fountains over the good burghers. Down in an ancient sub-cellar was a fresco from the time of the Thirty Years' War. Doctor Faustus was seated, with a convivial company and quaint musical instruments, above the following inscription:

Vive, bibe, obgraecare, memor Fausti hujus et hujus
Poenae. Aderat claudo haec—ast erat ampla—gradu.

Freely rendered:



1. AN OLD HOUSE IN THE NIKOI AL-STRASSE
2. ST. THOMAS'S FROM THE HURG-STRASSE



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Live, drink, go to the devil; mindful of Faustus' damnation.
It had a step that was halting, but it came swiftly enough.

Another scene showed the doctor galloping out
of the arched entrance on a cask accompanied by this
doggerel:

Doktor Faust zu dieser Frist
aus Auerbachs Keller geritten ist

auf einem Fass mit Wein geschwind
welches gesehn viel Menschenkind

solches durch subtile Kraft gethan
und des Teufels Lohn empfang daran.

These lines might be paraphrased:

At this season Dr. Faust
Out of Auerbach's Cellar coursed

On a wine-cask running wild,
Seen by many a mother's child —

Subtle artist at his play—
And the devil was to pay.

It appears that tradition actually connected some old master of Black Art with Auerbach's Cellar, which he used as a stable, to the confusion of all honest citizens. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the tradition was transferred to the still more legendary Faustus, and in this romantic setting, more than two centuries later, the student

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Goethe met with the shade of his greatest hero. There is a long subterranean passage still leading from the sub-cellar to the university; and, what is even more shocking, another runs to the site of a former convent in the neighborhood.

Behind the Old Rathaus opposite is the Nasch-Markt, or Candy Market. Near a statue of Goethe stands the old exchange, an early example of the sandstone baroque that was imported from Dresden and began to flourish after the barren times of the Thirty Years' War. Much of this architecture is yet visible in the northeast corner of the Old Market and in the patrician houses of Katharinen-Strasse, the Fifth Avenue of the eighteenth century. Strangely enough, the style has almost disappeared from among the dwellings of Dresden, and now Leipsic is richer than any other large German city in private baroque architecture. Even two hundred years ago the French and Italian student journeyed hither to study this gay, new art that was transforming low, dingy rooms into spacious, brilliant halls and chambers with great windows flamboyant in fruit, flowers, leaves, and shells, and tasseled lambrequins; with portals topped by urns of plenty bulging in significant relation to the well-fed pillars below—an art evolved directly from the interior decoration of the period.

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The Old Market is dominated by the Old Rathaus, a Renaissance building with many brick gables, dusky tiles, and a duskier green tower which are devoutly worshiped by every true Leipsicker. Yet somehow it lacks the atmosphere of poetry which one expects in a Rathaus of its age and traditions. It is solid, matter-of-fact, mildly pleasing, like the average citizen, and appeals little more than he to the imagination until, inside, one sees the small pilared balcony, "the pipers' chair," where the town pipers used to play at patrician and plebeian festivities in the days when Leipsickers loved to dance in the great hall ("*uf's Rathaus tanzen*").

There is more atmosphere about the house on the Brühl where young Goethe used to court his Gretchen, the awakener of his genius; and, significantly enough, on Kätchen Schönkopf's roof a well-weathered Apollo stands above Romanesque gateways and gratings, pointing toward heaven. The Brühl is a distinguished street. At Number 3 I entered, walking between rails into a *Hof* full of trucks and meal. And, set in a wall of brick and cement, was a simple tablet with the inscription:

In this house was born RICHARD WAGNER May 22, 1813

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On a hillock, perched above a picturesque line of roofs, the Church of St. Matthew is grateful to eyes wearied with the levelness of Leipsic. Here as in all flat lands every elevation is cherished, and an almost imperceptible rise in the Promenade-Ring, famous for its view of the New Rathaus, has been popularly christened the Promenade Wart. Indeed, in seeking the Schiller House in Gohlis, I was directed "*bergauf*" (literally, "up the mountain") along a road where the rain-water was standing in pools. The site of St. Matthew's is more remarkable than its architecture, for the church is based on the ruins of Leipsic's first citadel, and looks over across the Pleisse to little Naundörfchen, which was a swampy fishing hamlet of Wends when the first Teutonic pioneers wandered here.

A Nuremberg astrologer once found, on consulting the stars, that the Germans discovered Leipsic on Sunday, April 16, 541 A.D., at 9.41 A.M.; but the less exact historians agree in dating this event about the year 700.

As in so many German towns, the Promenade-Ring encircles the original city, converting the ancient wall and ditch into a girdle of turf and foliage. In the Historical Museum are some mellow, enameled tiles with curious reliefs which decorated the medieval rampart. Such a transforma-



THE OLD RATHAUS

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tion symbolizes the unmilitary spirit of this place of commerce and music. Although Leipsic is called "The Battle-field of the Nations" and a huge monument is being built outside the city to commemorate the bloody victory over Napoleon in 1813, war talk is not considered good form. Soldiers are seldom seen in public, and the officer hastens into civilian garb as soon as he may. Here the music-pen has always been mightier than the sword, and the Saxons are as proud of their Church of St. Thomas as the Prussians are of their "Lion Monument" to William I. For this plain Gothic church might almost be called the cradle of modern music. From 1723 until his death in 1750 Bach was its cantor and composed many of his greatest works for its services. He was director as well of the school for choristers, and even to-day it is an event to hear the boys of the Thomas School sing their Saturday motet in the old church.

Bach needed all of his creative power, for when he came, the musical resources of Leipsic consisted of four town pipers and three "art-fiddlers"—called "Kunst Geiger," to distinguish them from the ordinary musician. The town pipers drew a municipal salary, and their oath of office made curious reading. They swore to pipe for all church services, to sound the hours from the Rathaus tower, and to

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provide the music for weddings and other festivities in the Rathaus "with patience and without extortion." They swore not to bemean their art by piping wantonly in the street nor to sleep out of town without the permission of the mayor.

When Bach came, he complained to the authorities in an amusing letter that of the four town pipers one blew the hautboy, two the trumpet, and the fourth did not blow at all ("gar nicht bläst"), but fiddled first violin. Of the three "art-fiddlers" supported by the church, one fiddled second violin. Two, on the other hand, fiddled not at all, but blew second hautboy—and bassoon. ("Die beiden wiederum gar nicht geigen sondern blasen. . . .")

Out of this chaos the master built the Gewandhaus Orchestra, which, in 1743, gave its first concert in the old Gewandhaus, or Hall of the Foreign Cloth Merchants. In 1835 young Felix Mendelssohn took up the baton and taught all Germany to love Bach, Händel, Beethoven, and Schubert. He encouraged struggling geniuses like Schumann and Gade by playing their works, and his efforts created the famous Leipsic Conservatory in 1843. To-day these concerts are given in the new Gewandhaus under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, one of the foremost of living conductors.

From every part of the city a round tower of gray

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stone is seen, now through a lane of old gables, or down a stretch of Ring, now backing the façades of one of the numerous squares—a mighty, rugged thing dominating the city, like an all-seeing guardian of the public weal. It is the tower of the Pleissenburg, the city's medieval citadel. The Pleissenburg was wrecked by the wars of the seventeenth century, but the old tower with a fresh top became the nucleus of the New Rathaus, the finest modern building in Leipsic, and quite worthy of its site. The great Renaissance façades are built of the French coquina with which Messel has beautified Berlin, and, new as the building is, parts of its masonry look as though they had weathered the ages and frowned down upon "the drums and tramlings of three conquests." Two lions of a fairly Grecian majesty ramp at the portal, the one clutching a serpent, the other throttling a limp dragon. But they perform these functions like duties, and with no vulgar, military zest.

"Who could bear to imagine our city," writes Wustmann, a historian of twenty years ago, "without the portly tower of its Pleissenburg and the immemorial gray of its gable-crowned Rathaus?" Since then, alas! both have been severely "improved." The Old Rathaus has been taken apart and put together again, its crown of gables emerging spick and span from out their immemorial gray; while the

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portly neck of the Pleissenburg has received a new body and a neat copper head.

Across the river Pleisse, offsetting the spirited walls of the New Rathaus, rises the Reichsgericht, the Supreme Court of the Empire, a cool, dignified, poised structure, a judicial and monumental counterpart of the new Gewandhaus, the University Library, the School of Arts and Crafts, and the Conservatory, which are all huddled together in the "concert quarter." But for a tradesman-like economy of space these buildings might have been composed into an effective scheme. One is thankful, however, that this economy saved the Supreme Court from being overloaded with ornament in the Northern style.

Leipzig is no town of the *nouveau riche*. There is nothing tawdry about it; and mingled with its homely intimacy is that air of elegance and good taste to be found only among folk of breeding. The proverbial Saxon cunning which one misses in Dresden is in evidence here among the lower classes. In their lack of any striking local characteristics these Leipzickers symbolize their central position in the heart of the land. And just as Luther made the standard speech of Germany out of their official language, so they have made themselves types of the average German. The Leipzicker has known how

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to fuse Hessian traits with those of Württemberg, Prussian with Bavarian, simplicity with the love of elegance, business with music and poetry and scholarship. His generous instinct for the common municipal good has made him a loyal son of the Empire. He is not so much a Saxon as a German. "There is no other great city in the land," writes August Sach, "that more fully represents real Germanism in its universality."

True, Leipsic has produced such extraordinary men as Leibnitz and Wagner, and attracted to itself Bach, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Goethe, Schiller, and Gellert. Yet the Leipsicker is an extremely normal type, and normal types seldom fail to be colorless. The folk have no great *savoir-faire* and are scarcely more charming than the sharp, witty, omniscient people of Berlin. But, unlike the Berliners, they do not outrage the foreign breast, for they are not malicious. They are simply colorless, like a sensible merchant who has failed to make a sale. On the whole a sturdy German conscience makes their deeds better than their words. Ask for a direction on the street, and the Leipsicker will answer indifferently, looking the other way. But five minutes later, when you have forgotten him, he will surprise you from the rear with another direction. In this ungracious way he will shadow you

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through the town with the best will in the world. But it is advisable not to change your mind, for he will see that you arrive at the place of first aspiration, though it take the afternoon and the police.

Characteristics so negative as the Leipsicker's may perhaps throw light on his love of music, an art which returns its devotees more spiritual stimulus than any other for a given imaginative effort.

Through its *Messen*, or fairs, Leipsic has become one of the most important business centers of Germany. Here crossed the two important old trade routes between Poland and Thuringia, and between Bohemia and North Germany. From Otto the Rich, Margrave of Meissen, the town obtained a monopoly of fairs, which was largely extended in 1497 by the Emperor Maximilian. These fairs grew rapidly, and came to be the largest functions of their kind in Europe. Spring and autumn the booth-filled squares were crowded with the costumes and clamorous with the tongues of all nations. Even since the advent of the railway era, the spring and autumn fairs have remained important for the trade in furs, toys, and the other goods which must be seen before being bought. But in 1906 the booths were banished outside the Frankfort Gate, and now the fair-time interest centers in the Grimmaische- and Peters-Strassen and the Neumarkt. Here the 5000



THE NEW RATHAUS FROM THE PROMENADE-RING

LEIPSIC

wholesale merchants have their headquarters. The houses flame with posters, and the merchants perform a sort of college-boy parade through the streets, clothed as for a masquerade ball and howling their wares to the accompaniment of every unmusical instrument known in the musician's purgatory. "A heathen scandal is that!" confided an old Leipsicker to me.

Even more important than the fair is the book-trade, for since the middle of the eighteenth century Leipsic has been the publishing center of Germany. There are almost 1000 local publishers and dealers in printed matter; there are 190 printers; and at Jubilate 11,475 book dealers are represented in the handsome building of the Book Exchange.

This tremendous trade is due in part to the authority of the 500-year-old University on the Augustus-Platz. The venerable home of this institution was recently destroyed in a "restoration"; though in its chapel there remain some noteworthy statues, and a precious Gothic portrait of Dietzmann, the Margrave of Meissen who, in 1307, was assassinated in St. Thomas's.

The museum opposite is famous as the home of Max Klinger's Beethoven, the greatest achievement of recent German sculpture. Besides the Cranachs, a Rembrandt, and a fresco from Orvieto, there is

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little old art of interest. The gallery owns the original cartoons of Preller's *Odyssey* cycle in Weimar, and Uhde's tenderest work, "Suffer Little Children." There is Hartmann's whimsical bust of Schumann, and Kolbe's of Bach, both made for Leipsic's memorable music-room at the St. Louis Exposition. And there are Klinger's early experiments in colored marble—the *Salome*, the *Cassandra*, and the *Bathing Girl*. But the one part of indoor Leipsic that lives most vividly in my memory is the room where the pallid spirit of Beethoven dreams forever on a throne of blue and bronze and ivory.

Out of doors the most attractive part of town to me is Naundörfchen. There is something of Venice and Amsterdam and old Hamburg in the way it nestles down to the curving, canal-like river, with its charming, nondescript houses on piles. Back from the tiny cottages on the tiny river, with their glamorous windows, whence old men fish the live-long day, and with their blooming, unordered gardens full of romping children, the roofs swing tier on tier in a hundred gracious curves, with a lilt and an Old-World grace that recall the roofs of Nuremberg. A ramshackle skiff floating below Naundörfchen—that is the place to rid one's feet of the last grain of modern, metropolitan dust—that is the place



ON THE PLEISSE IN THE NAUNDÖRFCHEN QUARTER

LEIPSIC

to ruminate the strange history of Doctor Faustus,
or to discover in some black-letter book a lyric such as
this by the dusty poet Golmeyer:

Leipzic die fürnehm Handels Statt,
ein Windisch Volk erbawet hat,
welchs man Soraben hat genandt
das weit und breit worden bekandt.
Es war zwar Liptz ihr erster Nam,
den sie vom Lindenbusch bekam,
so in der Gegend g'standen ist,
wie man hiervon g'schrieben list.

(Leipsic, the stately town of trade,
Was by a Wendish people made,
A people that were Sorbs yclept,
Whose fame about the land hath crept.
Liptz was indeed its earliest name,
Which from a wood of lindens came
That stood in the vicinity,
As all the scribes of old agree.)

VIII

MEISSEN



HERE were roses as large as hollyhocks in the station garden at Meissen, and the fragrance of new-mown hay filled the air. We were warmly greeted by the ticket-taker, a gentle spirit with beautiful eyes, who kindly carried our bags to the hotel above the Elbe.

We strolled down to a shore vaguely littered with boats, fishing-nets, and rude carts—a strange shore lying pallid in the last light of day. High on the opposite ridge a spirelet, like a wren's upturned beak, was silhouetted against the south. Cölln rose sheer and mysterious above the backward crags, falling away with a quaint effect toward where, far distant, a windmill on the sky-line beckoned Dresden with fantastic fingers, while the crimson lights of the Old Bridge swam in a shimmer of water that Thaulow might have painted.

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On the opposite side of the river the town reached up in a lovely line to the pile of the Albrechtsburg, looming gigantic in the dusk, its cathedral towers swathed in a scaffolding exquisitely etched against the faint robin's-egg blue of the sky.

As I gazed, uncouth figures slouched past; and by the glow of a pipe I recognized on the Old Bridge one of those mysterious Low-Country faces which Rembrandt loved. Boats with red and golden eyes slipped beneath us, towing strings of serpent-like barges; and down the black lane at the bridge-end a light flickered in a noble tower, rounding a vision that belonged less to Germany than to such lands of delight as children explore on the hearth-rug before falling embers.

As the west blackened and lights spread through the town, my friend the artist came slowly out of his trance. "When I first caught sight of this," he murmured in his rich Austrian dialect, "it was as though a great painter had spread before me a masterpiece, saying, 'Na, bist zufrieden?' ['Well, art content?'] I shall no more forget it than the moment when I first saw the sea, and would have leaped to it through my window!"

Under the sky of early morning, dainty with small, tenderly tinted clouds, Meissen became really German. Below the Burg the tiles came out in a

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glow of rare mellowness. Though the atmosphere was as soft as that of rural England, the Elbe disengaged the ozone, the bracing salt smell of the sea down beyond Hamburg. Behind the carts, the junk, the weedy, net-littered stones of the opposite quay, squatted buildings that bore in their foreheads windows like great eyes peeping through the tiles under an arch of frowning brow. "Ox-eyes" the people call them.

Every house was bright with flowers, and every woman carried at least one blossom in her market-basket. A maid in a short, gay petticoat was singing a folk-song as she brushed her dooryard with a bundle of twigs. A genial crone went by bare-legged, harnessed with a dog to a cart full of fascinating earthenware, her silvery head-dress drawn tight over her silvery head—a sight to move a very sign-painter. In a stable door by the waterside sat a tiny maid, with flying curls, crooning a song to two baby goats in white and brown that were enthusiastically eating oats out of her lap. "I am 'Lisbeth," she answered me, "and these"—patting her bearded friends—"are Fritz and Hans."

With a sudden expansion of the heart I realized that I had entered the brighter atmosphere of a wine country, and that this was a foretaste of the dear, kindly South-German land.



MEISSEN FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE ELBE

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MEISSEN is a town of crooked streets that wind about delightfully in its depths, and suddenly climb the heights on each hand—a town with a fresh surprise of architecture, of costume, or of landscape at every turn. One is constantly finding some landing whence ancient walled steps shoot up on the one hand to the Burg, and down on the other hand to the river.

I climbed the “Ascent of Souls” beside an ivied wall weathered all colors. Where the corner of a house jutted out informally above the passers-by was an intimate view of the Town Church belfry, which had crowned the previous evening’s pleasure. Past the Princes’ School, where Gellert and Lessing once studied, the way led to the fourteenth-century Church of St. Afra, the Cyprian princess martyred at Augsburg by Diocletian in the year 303, whose soul flew to heaven a white dove, leaving her body unharmed by the flames. The chroniclers say that Dante taught in the cloister-school in 1307.

Through a tower-gate and by the fine, Romanesque portal of the Waschhof, I passed from the Afra Mountain over a medieval viaduct to the Castle Mountain, regions both formerly independent of Meissen law, and called “Freedom” to this day.

Massive, august, the Albrechtsburg, with its out-buildings, spreads protecting arms about the thir-

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teenth-century cathedral, the richest and most beautiful of the churches of Saxony. There, in the Princes' Chapel, before the western façade, beneath the bronzes of Peter Vischer, lie the Saxon rulers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, on whom look down primitive statues of the Magi and the crowd of Gothic saints and angels on the main portal.

The church windows are of *Putzenscheiben*, the same small, round panes with a bubble of glass in the center which gave Rembrandt his iridescent gloom; but in the choir still glows stained glass of the fourteenth century.

The pavement is covered with gravestones and brazen slabs. Here is the resting-place of Dr. Johann Hofmann, who, after quarreling with John Huss, seceded from Prague with a throng of German professors and students to found Leipsic University. Here is the grave of Dr. Günther, who was killed by the same bolt that shattered the steeples in April, 1547; and here, until the Reformation, was the tomb of Benno, the saint who, according to report, worked miracles while alive, and whose bones healed the sick more than four hundred years after his death.

Before the high altar lies Margrave William the One-eyed under a slab showing where the bronze plate was torn away by the Swedes of Gustavus Adolphus. Legend says that this William oppressed

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the clergy who prayed to the holy Benno. Benno warned William in a vision, much to the Margrave's amusement; but at his second appearance the saint burned out one of William's eyes with a torch. Whereupon the Margrave saw that it had been no dream, and made fourfold restitution.

The cathedral is famous for the variety of its ornamentation, and no two of its five hundred capitals bear the same foliage. Near the high altar is an exquisite Gothic tabernacle, and near by, over the sacristy door, are statues of Emperor Otto I, who built the original cathedral in 965, and of his smiling wife Adelheid, both masterpieces of thirteenth-century sculpture.

The vaulting of the sacristy is carried, as in Auerbach's Keller, by a single pillar. And there, through the small, rusty-barred, ivy-smothered windows of *Putzenscheiben*, I caught a glimpse, across the Elbe, of red crags and green meadows, and my friend the windmill still spinning eagerly on the sky-line. With a right good will my pfennigs dropped into a box marked "For the Heathen," poor people who could not see such things.

A trap-door uncovered steps leading to a similar room underneath, from which more steps plunged to a still gloomier chamber in the bowels of the hill, both dating from Otto's tenth-century church.

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I was glad to come out again into the nave, where a young bird was flying about contentedly between the slender piers under the groined branches of the vaulting. It disappeared through a transept. I followed, and came out into a little cloister, the key-note of the whole cathedral concord. Massive, uncloister-like, ivy-draped piers inclosed with lovely pointed arches a square full of ferns and foliage, a fitting place to ruminate the day's experience and to enjoy the steeple above the choir.

The Albrechtsburg, one of the finest of fifteenth-century castles, is the successor of a stronghold built in 928 by Henry I in the long German struggle against the Slavic inhabitants of the mark of Meissen. It was begun in 1471 by the noted architect Arnold of Westphalia, and until the court was transferred to Dresden was the residence of the Saxon princes. After that it long lay neglected; then for a century and a half it suffered the indignity of serving as the royal porcelain factory. In 1881 it was restored and over-decorated, so that the exterior is more noteworthy than the long line of nobly vaulted and gaily frescoed halls which strangers visit. The glory of the Burg is its stair-tower, with wide Gothic arches framing the spiral stair inside. It is covered with convivial reliefs, taken, according to the guide, "from the profane life." They are of the same



ASCENT TO THE ALBRECHTSBURG



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period as those on the famous Rathaus in Breslau, and almost as grossly humorous.

I like to think that from this fair Castle Mountain Christianity and culture spread in waves through central Germany, and that it was the base for the great military expeditions by which the hero Albrecht helped to lay for Saxony the foundations of national unity.

The porcelain factory in the Triebisch-Thal, interesting as it is, has quite unjustly monopolized the fame of Meissen. And a glimpse of the Burg from the riverside, a ramble up the Ascent of Souls, or a moment in the cloister of the cathedral, is far to be preferred to a whole Triebisch-Thal full of Meissen services and rococo figurines.

IX

DRESDEN—THE FLORENCE OF THE ELBE



IN Dresden I began to realize that the charm of Leipsic lay in the quaint atmosphere of its old buildings, among which even trade had grown romantic, in the airiness of the many squares, in a village-like flavor of homely intimacy caught amid the modern prose of a commercial city. Meissen had been something beyond experience, a dream of strange beauty. But in Dresden I found a beauty very real and tangible, directly arousing, without complicated equipments of antiquity, the instant response of the pleasure-loving human heart, like a voluptuous melody on the cello.

My eighteenth-century lodgings in Jews' Court gave upon the New Market, where petty tradespeople from every part of central Germany were preparing for one of Dresden's characteristic *Jahrmärkte*, or fairs, which take place three times in the

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year. Every one was building himself a rude wooden booth, as for some Christian Feast of Tabernacles, while the porcelain merchants about the Church of Our Lady were unpacking acres of coarse pottery and Meissen figurines.

A lane of Dresden's fast-vanishing old houses led toward the river, and I turned on the steps of the Brühl Terrace to see how exquisitely the roofs curved upward toward where the somber mass of the Church of Our Lady, a church modeled after the Roman St. Peter's, dominated the city, the porcelain market surging white as foam about its crag-like base.

From the half-night of that lane I emerged upon a memorable scene. Far and wide, beneath, the Elbe poured between its bridges. Some boats had just landed thousands of young children, who, returning radiant from their holiday in Saxon Switzerland, swarmed in a riot of color about the candy women on the waterside below, each with a yellow ticket strung about his or her neck.

A segment of delicate pink sun drifted low beside the opera-house, sending through the hoary arches of the Augustus Bridge a fainter film of rose to rest on the river surface. Haze-colored smoke floated from steamers made fast to the shore, bedimming the Museum's flat dome, the tower of the Court

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Church, and the piquant spire of the castle, toning its vivid patina down to the faint fawn color of the eastward waters, and mercifully veiling the Landerrat and the opera-house, the bronze tigers of which frisked before a mass of masonry impressive in the dusk. With the waning of day, the ripples before the old bridge turned imperceptibly to liquid bronze, as light as the western heavens, lighter for the dark masses of stone behind; while to the eastward, sky and water, both a deepening fawn, brought out the gay colors of the river traffic and the rainbow of costumes along the shore.

Following an old custom, I dined at the Belvedere, where an orchestra that might be the pride of any city was playing Wagner to an audience whose very forks were dumb during the music. The acoustics were perfect; the hall was a gem in simple white and gold, and I shall not forget the pleasure of looking over those happy, cultivated faces to where, through the colonnade, the evening haze was deepening to an intense blue upon the river and the distant heights of Loschwitz.

The moon was up over the Academy of Art as I left, and the benches under the trees of the terrace outside were filled with people raptly enjoying, with the faint music, the splashes of watery light reflected from the lamps of the other shore, the murmur of



CHURCH OF OUR LADY FROM THE BRÜHL TERRACE

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the running river, and the soft silhouette of Dresden's noble bridges and towers.

Watchmen were prowling about the porcelain acres by the Church of Our Lady, and it seemed as if heaven had rained upon that favored spot a double portion of straw and sacking. The very booths of the market-place, drenched in moonlight, were touched with mystery and a kind of grotesque beauty.

DRESDEN is essentially a city of pleasure—of fair, wide prospects, of hearty river life, of zest in nature and art. Even the public buildings cluster about the Elbe, much as the huts of the first settlers clustered.

A circle of Wendish herdsmen's huts on the right bank, a line of fisher-shanties on the left—these were the unlikely beginnings of Dresden in the sixth century. But the settlement lay at the only point in the river valley where a ford was practicable, tempting the Germans to settle on the left bank between the Wends and the swamps, or *Seen*, unlovely places that have long since disappeared, leaving behind only the names See-Strasse, Am See, and Seevorstadt. Indeed, the very name of Dresden is derived from the Slavic *dresjan*, which means "dwellers in the swamp-forest."

We know that the Church of Our Lady was built

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in the eleventh century, that until the twelfth the right and left banks of the stream were called respectively "heathen" and "Christian," that Dresden was first mentioned as a city in 1216, and that the original bridge was built in 1222. The market-place in the New Town across the river still bears traces of its original Wendish form, the *Rundling*, or circle of huts facing an inner space with only one exit, a primitive device for guarding the cattle of the community at night.

It was prophetic of Dresden's artistic destiny that the first Margrave of Meissen to reside here (1277-88) should have been Heinrich der Erlauchte, who was mentioned as a fellow-Minnesinger by Tannhäuser and by Walther von der Vogelweide. Heinrich married an Austrian princess, who brought to Dresden a piece of the true cross. For this a chapel was added to the Church of St. Nicholas, where it was exhibited, together with another cross that came swimming miraculously down the Elbe; and these drew such a throng of liberal pilgrims that St. Nicholas's was rebuilt as the Church of the Cross and the old wooden bridge turned into one of stone in 1319. It is curious to know that this church and the Augustus Bridge are still under one financial management.

During four troubled centuries unwarlike Dresden suffered much, and did not become important until



PORCELAIN FAIR IN THE NEW MARKET, THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY ON THE LEFT

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the reign of Frederick Augustus the Strong (1694–1733) — “August the Physically Strong,” as Carlyle loved to call him.

A gilt, rococo king, clad discrepantly in a wig and toga, he strides a gilt horse in the New Town market-place, a weak variant of Berlin’s monument to the Great Elector, facing, with a faint grin, his kingdom of Poland, for which he turned Roman Catholic. Resembling Louis XIV in feature, he strove to resemble him as well in trying to revive the golden period of Roman culture and to combine, in the Zwinger, all the elegant and useful features of Roman baths and palaces.

The Zwinger was intended to unite immense banquet- and dancing-halls with baths, grottoes, colonnades, pleasure-walks, rows of trees and pillars, lawns, gardens, waterfalls, and playgrounds—a fit place to display the pomp and circumstance of royal domestic life in the ostentatious spirit of the eighteenth century. It was planned to carry the Zwinger down to the river and finish it with an unexampled palace; but Pöppelmann, the architect, was able merely to build the forecourt before the royal whim veered.

This fragment, however, with its seven pavilions and connecting galleries, is unique among buildings — “the most vivacious and fanciful stone-creation of

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Germany," as Wildburg declares. "The swift evolution of late baroque," he continues, "into the most joyous and airy rococo, the wondrous fusing of an almost Indian imagination with German solidity and Gallic coquetry, make a gloriously artistic whole."

The first impression made by the Zwinger on a student of history is that "August the Physically Strong" must have had in mind the housing of his famous three hundred and fifty-four children, and he cannot help wondering whether the chubby stone infants that cluster on each pavilion can be family portraits. The various deities scattered among these riotous princes seem frankly amused at their situation. Here is a sincerer sportiveness, a less manufactured gaiety, than I remember in any other rococo. This joyful and frivolous ornamentation was destined to become the classical example of its school, and until to-day to mold the style of the Meissen porcelain, invented in Dresden by Böttger in 1709.

The Museum, built by Gottfried Semper in the style of the Italian Renaissance, connects the ends of the Zwinger. It contains the finest gallery of paintings in Germany, a collection ranking with those of the Louvre, the Pitti, and the Uffizi. It was made in great part by August the Strong and his son August II, who had shrewd agents in the Nether-

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lands, France, and Italy. Even the Pope and the King of Sicily did their utmost to rob Italy of its treasures for them.

Their most fortunate find was the Sistine Madonna, bought in 1753 from the monks of Piacenza for twenty thousand ducats and a plausible copy. To smuggle the picture safely across the frontier, the conspirators painted it over with a wretched landscape. When the treasure arrived, the eager king had it hung in the throne-room; and seeing that the best light fell on the dais, he shoved the throne aside with his own hands, exclaiming, "Room for the great Raphael!"

Nothing could more vividly bring out the contrast between esthetic Dresden and militant Berlin. And this contrast was emphasized three years later when Frederick the Great seized Dresden, ransacked the royal archives, and sent poor August II in a panic to the Königstein, leaving his queen behind to face the Prussians.

This war ended the gallery's rapid growth, but it had already become the most noteworthy collection north of the Alps. As early as 1756, Winckelmann, whose genius had been awakened by this gallery, called Dresden "the German Athens," a name that never gained the popularity of Herder's epithet, "the Florence of the Elbe."

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On entering the gallery, one's first thought is for the great Raphael. There is a hypnotic expression in the Madonna's wide eyes, which the infinite promises of that childhood have struck into trance, mirroring all the possibilities of motherhood. This intensity of vision is only accentuated by the formalism of Santa Barbara and Pope Sixtus. With Raphael's ordinary work in my mind, I was heartily surprised, years ago, by a first view of the Sistine Madonna. It was much as if, in a vision, I had heard one of a row of simpering Perugino saints burst forth into a Brahms song.

It is a commentary on the contrast between the characters of northern and middle Germany that the Dresden Gallery is poor in the early paintings of historical interest, and rich in the golden periods—an exact antithesis to Berlin.

Here Correggio, with his tenderness and his deep backgrounds, is even more fully represented than at Parma. Here Paolo Veronese may be known best—the gay Paolo in all his superficial glory, with his joy in luscious brocades set off against the gleaming of Palladian architecture.

The canvases of Giorgione are always suffused with poetry and a dreamy music, but here the hour is immortalized when Aphrodite slept while Giorgione painted. Myriad-minded Titian is almost at his

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height in "The Tribute Money" and "The Marriage of St. Catherine." Before the exquisite, miniature altarpiece of Jan van Eyck one forgets its size, as one forgets the blindness of some great musician when he is playing his best. And here hangs one of the chief canvases of Van der Meer, that rare realist who has but lately come into his own.

Rubens is most characteristic in the mad "Boar Hunt" and the swirling and plunging of the "Quos Ego."

There is a humor unusual with Rembrandt in "Samson's Riddle"; and three of the master's most subtle character studies are "The Gold-weigher," the portrait of an old man, and that of his wife Saskia. His school is even better represented here than in Amsterdam or The Hague.

It is natural that the German painters should be weaker in Dresden than the Italian and Flemish and Dutch; for the artistic charity of the founder of the Zwinger and the Court Church did not begin at home. Nevertheless, there are a few native masterpieces. The well-known Meyer Madonna of Holbein was held for centuries as the original until chance discovered the present Darmstadt picture in the junk-wagon of a Parisian peddler. His portrait of the Sieur de Morette was long thought to be a Leonardo, and that of Sir Thomas Godsalue with

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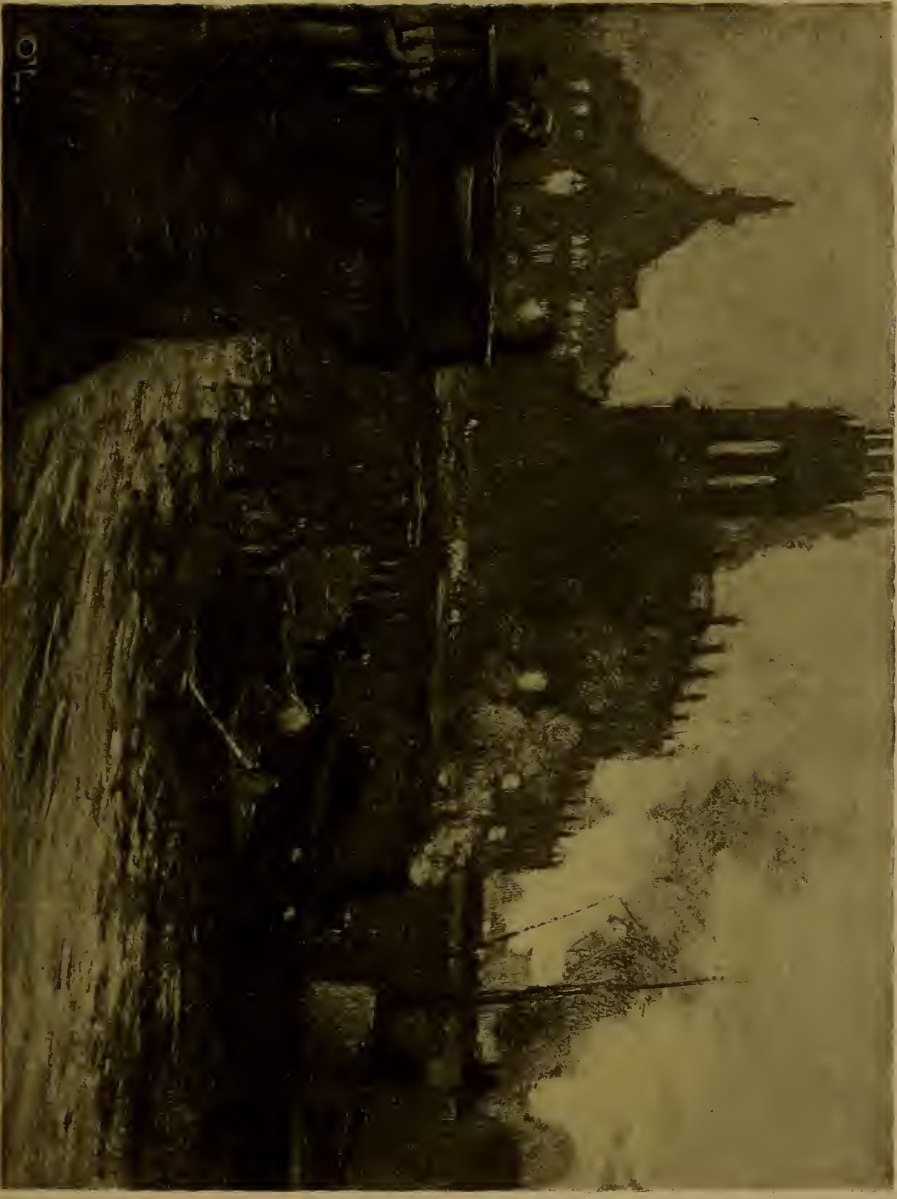
his son is one of the most notable portraits of his English period.

Though the modern gallery is small, it is extremely select, as befits the vicinity. It contains such well-known paintings as Menzel's riotous "Market-place in Verona," Hofmann's "Christ in the Temple," and the appealing "Holy Night" by Von Uhde.

An old traveler once declared that he preferred to investigate mountains from the foot, inns from the inside, and palaces from the outside. The wanderer in Germany soon learns this method, particularly with palaces; but a visit to the Dresden castle is a mildly amusing exception to the usual rule.

Its exterior is not forbidding, like the ordinary German palace, being enlivened with red tiles, yellow plaster, and a graceful green steeple; with Renaissance gables and, in the court, with round stair-towers which recall the fact that Arnold of Westphalia rebuilt it at the time when he was creating the Albrechtsburg at Meissen.

The bedchamber of August the Strong is large, and his throne-room, adjoining, is hung with pictures of Leda and Aphrodite. The rooms are not so overladen with ornament as to be unfriendly, and one can imagine people actually taking their pleasure in the festal hall. Pictures are there, to be sure,



COURT CHURCH AND CASTLE AS SEEN FROM THE ELBE

DRESDEN

of the inevitable Kaisers, but they look almost docile, and are neutralized by such homely frescos as "Ring Around a Rosy" and "Washing the Baby," an operation not unknown to those palace walls.

The Green Vault is a place that contains earth's greatest display of knickknacks, royal playthings, and jewels. There are exhibited an ivory frigate in full sail, Siamese Twins in ivory, and one hundred and forty-two fallen angels carved out of a single tusk. In a place of honor is a dish with an elaborate representation of the "Scarlet Woman." There are goblets made of ostrich eggs, a silver beaker from Nuremberg in the form of a young lady, and the Bible of Gustavus Adolphus. One may see vessels and trinkets made of every stone mentioned in the Book of Revelation. A "perpetual-motion" clock represents the Tower of Babel, whereon perch eight town pipers blowing four pipes, three trombones, and a waldhorn. Then there are wonderful Limoges enamels, the masterpieces of the old German goldsmiths, and, as a climax, the Saxon crown jewels.

After so much touristry it was natural to loll on the waterside in the quaint "Italian Village," a row of houses once inhabited by the Italian workmen who built the Court Church, now a restaurant and rendezvous for all genial Dresdeners. There it was pleasant to rest over a stein, and watch the river

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seething by between the magnificent piers of the Augustus Bridge; to enjoy through half-shut eyes the ox-eyed roofs of the New Town behind their well-wooded gardens, and the concave towers of the Japanese House, which shelters the royal library. Pleasant also to watch the divers opposite (for half of Dresden lives in the water during the hot months), and the party-colored stream of life above, pouring back and forth over the swift stream.

Alas! they had already begun to tear down the venerable Augustus Bridge, the symbol of Dresden and its finest monument! The small, picturesque arches, dangerous to the growing river traffic, were doomed to yield to wider ones, which, as the authorities promise, are to be quite as picturesque. But the artists wonder how many centuries it will take to win back the patina of those piers.

After the sharpness of Berlin and the flatness of Leipsic, Dresden's humor is refreshing. It strikes a nice balance between satirical Berlin and soft-hearted, *gemütlich* Munich.

There is nothing brutally downright about it: it proceeds by indirection. If the Dresdener wishes to condemn the suburb of Striessen, for instance, he declares that the very sparrows take in their legs when flying over it. The pleasantry of the lower classes is of the mildest.

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“In which street is the goose cooked only on one side?”

“Don't know.”

“In the little Plaunscher-Gasse, for on the other side there are no houses.”

In the plain old Rathaus there used to be a motto which is still characteristic of this town of friendliness: “One man's speech,” runs the motto, “is a good half-speech. Hear the other man's speech, too.” The Dresdener does not interrupt. He is not puffed up, nor does he imagine a vain thing. He is almost as polite as the Parisian, with much of the Parisian polish and *savoir-faire*. He is never brusque. A Berliner would call an idler “lazy,” a Münchener would call him “idealistic,” but a real Dresdener would intimate that he is “not quite industrious.” Instead of “You 're a boor,” he says, “The honored sir appears hardly to realize that he is not conducting himself properly.” The inquiring stranger will find him an entertaining companion who will gladly see him to the suburbs and even arrange for him, with many apologies, any neglected item of dress.

The Dresdener is orderly, modest, and quiet even in his pleasures. The very policeman is not so impressed with his position as the ordinary Prussian lackey. The Dresdener is so gentle that his very cats

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look altruistic, and his sparrows will hop across your feet in any beer-garden. He is so amiable that I have often been tempted to withhold a tip, to see if I could draw as much as a sigh from that paragon of Christian virtues, the waiter.

But, despite these qualities, he does not lack critical sense, defining, for instance, the Secession school of painting as "art which, if you would be cultivated, you must like at all events—whether you like it or not."

Because Dresden has the advantages of a large city with but few of its drawbacks, it is so popular with Anglo-Saxons as to have an English and an American quarter. It is rich in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture; has fine theaters and interesting personalities; is charmingly situated and within a short ride of Saxon Switzerland, the most attractive miniature mountain range in Germany: and yet the individual still counts among its half-million people—counts even to the verge of town gossip. Despite the size of the city, neighborliness and sociability flourish like the roses of the Zwinger; and any novelty like a horse-race or an Englishman in knickerbockers lays hold of the united civic imagination.

Dresden combines the advantages of the metropolis with the humanity of the village, and one can



DRESDEN FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE ELBE, THE QUEEN CAROLA BRIDGE IN THE FOREGROUND, THE OLD AUGUSTUS BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE

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easily forgive it for outdoing Leipsic in credulity, servility, and greed for titles, and for falling behind its neighbor in business methods.

The best place to meet the Dresdener is on the Brühl Terrace, "the balcony of Europe," as it was once christened by an enthusiast. Its daisy-covered walls were a part of the fortifications before Brühl, the all-powerful minister of August II, in 1736, made them over into his private gardens.

It was thrown open to the public in 1814. From the waterside, passages may still be seen leading to the ancient dungeons, now used for the imprisonment of beer. On the corner, under the Belvedere, is a crude relief of the Elector Moritz being forced by a skeleton—a "bone-man," as the Germans say—to hand over the electoral sword to his brother August.

This very sword is now in the Johanneum, an old building in which the historical museum and the royal collection of porcelain lodge informally above the royal stables. The portal of the courtyard is the most representative piece of Renaissance sculpture in Dresden, a fusion of German and Italian motifs setting off a relief of the Resurrection.

In the center of the court is the tank where the royal horses were washed, and an inclined horse-path leads to the second story along an ivy-matted wall

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above which appear the picturesque gables and spire of the castle and the tower of the Court Church.

The historical museum is mainly devoted to the history of war. No other collection has given me such a vision of the glamour and romance of chivalry or the beauty of medieval weapons and armor. Here plumed knights joust as our childhood saw them in "Ivanhoe." Here one feels the poetry of battle as vividly as, in the arsenal at Berlin, one feels its scientific, realistic side. This is the Scott, that the Tolstoi, of war.

The royal porcelain collection is the largest and richest of its kind in Europe. Through the austerities of the early Chinese work one gradually approaches the melting harmonies of Japanese color, then drops back centuries to the first red German ware of Böttger, and on through the early whites of Meissen, and its colored imitations of the Asiatic, to the rococo of the Zwinger and the recent Meissen ware which imitates the royal Copenhagen. Faïence and Italian majolica round a collection of which the most significant part is the group of giant vases in cobalt blue given to August the Strong in 1717 by old Frederick William of Prussia in exchange for a regiment of tall dragoons.

The Albertinum cannot compare in its ancient sculpture with the Glyptothek of Munich or even

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with Berlin's Old Museum; but the modern sculpture gallery is important and contains a collection of medallions even more exquisitely chosen than the larger collection in Hamburg.

I shall not forget my parting from Dresden. One of the gay steamers that ply up-stream dropped me to climb the heights of Loschwitz for a last glimpse of the German Florence from this northern Fiesole. There it lay, checkered with patches of sunlight and looking almost mysterious through a delicate mist—that duomo, the Church of Our Lady, herding its flock of comely towers, a solid Protestant antithesis to the baroque brilliance of the Catholic Court Church.

There lay the city of pleasure in all its beauty, interlaced with silvery streaks of pond and river. And toward it, sweeping parallel to the mighty arc of the Elbe, ran a broader river of smooth green meadow-land fronting the villas of the opposite shore.

Backward the peaks of Saxon Switzerland were beckoning, but it was with an unaccustomed regret that I turned my face from art to nature.

MUNICH—A CITY OF GOOD NATURE



AM going to make Munich such an honor to Germany," declared Ludwig I, "that nobody will know Germany who has not seen Munich."

This prophecy has not only been fulfilled, but fulfilled in such a natural, spontaneous way that the city is a running commentary on the character of its citizens. The capital of northern Germany is less an expression of its people than an embodiment of the character of its ruling family; but the Southern capital is an open book wherein even the stranger may read the popular love of beauty and of bohemian ways; the untranslatable *Gemütlichkeit*; the dislike of trade; the piety; the simple, reposeful breadth; the loyalty to superstition and romance; and the score of other qualities that go to make up the true Münchener.

Munich is, in great part, a creation of the nineteenth century. Yet when one sees how cleverly and

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how lovingly she has woven the new about whatever remains of the old, it is easy to understand why she has been Germany's artistic leader for the last hundred years, and why such men of genius as Lenbach, Von Uhde, Schwanthaler, Orlando di Lasso, and Richard Strauss have felt at home there.

My first impression of Munich was of a place simply irradiated with the love of beauty. The principal streets, old and new, seemed as exquisitely calculated for effects of vista as the streets of Danzig; the squares, with their old tower-gates and churches and massed houses, were grouped as if composed by the eye of a painter. And although one half of the Marien-Platz is the work of our day, yet few squares in Europe have given me a deeper sense of the combined opulence and simplicity, the dignity and pure beauty, that used to invest the forums of medieval towns like Siena and Nuremberg.

In the Pinakothek I found a gallery of old paintings second to no other in the land but that of Dresden, and quite as strong in the Germanic schools as Dresden is in the Italian. Here one has an illuminating oversight of early Rhenish and Netherlandish art, and how it led, on the one hand, to such masterpieces as the elder Holbein's "St. Sebastian" and Dürer's "Four Temperaments"; and, on the other hand, to canvases like Hals's inimitable little por-

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trait of Willem Croes, Rembrandt's "Descent from the Cross," and the huge collection of Rubens, that Dionysus among painters. This gallery also surpasses Dresden's in the works of Murillo and of Titian, whose "Christ Crowned with Thorns" is one of his richest canvases, both in its sensuous and its spiritual appeal. Indeed, Fritz von Uhde said once to me that, in his opinion, this was the greatest picture ever painted. The building itself has served for generations as a type of the ideal home for pictures. The New Pinakothek, a companion structure, holds a representative assemblage of modern German paintings, while the Schack Gallery has an unequalled collection of Böcklin and of Schwind, that Grimm of the easel who fixed on canvas the very essence of medieval romance and fairy-lore. In the fascinating new National Museum I found a vivid résumé of the complete artistic history of the Bavarians, a collection unrivaled in its setting, and rivaled alone in its content by the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg. It was typical of the place that a whole floor should be given over to those tender, miniature representations of the Nativity which the Germans call *Krippen*. The Glyptothek holds an assemblage of masterpieces of Greek sculpture the equal of which cannot be found short of Rome or Paris. This is the home of the Barberini Faun, the



KARL'S PLACE, LOOKING TOWARD KARL'S GATE, AND THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY

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Rondanini Medusa, and the famous pediment groups from Ægina.

But despite all these signs of a rare artistic culture, it is plain that the Münchener has one passion passing his devotion to painting, sculpture, and architecture: he is at heart a child of the open air, and might sincerely say with Landor,

Nature I lov'd, and next to Nature, Art.

Through and through he is a devotee of those enchanted mountains the snow-capped summits of which lend the finishing touch to a distant view of his city; and toward whose forests and gem-like lakes he instinctively turns with *Rucksack* and staff whenever his work is done. In those leagues of grove and stream called the English Garden; in the blooming wood-ways along the riverside; and in the flashes of turf and blossom and foliage that punctuate his city the Münchener seems forever proclaiming,

My heart 's in the highlands.

And indeed the city's bracing, eager mountain air—blowing two thousand feet above the sea—is largely accountable for the heaven-sent Munich temperament. This climate makes optimists as readily as that of Berlin makes pessimists.

There are hereditary reasons for the Münchener's

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love of nature. For until recently a majority of the population had peasant blood in their veins. The North Germans are constantly reproaching them for their origin; but to a foreigner this strain of rustic naturalness and simplicity, found in the third largest city in the land, is one of its chief charms.

The Münchener does not go about trying to look impressive like so many other Germans, but is as natural as a lumberman or farmer. The city is so unconventional that a stranger must be very dull or very tongue-tied who feels lonely there. Any one may talk to almost any one, and a mixed crowd at a restaurant table is soon chatting with the ease of a group of old friends.

Few other places are so democratic. In the great beer-halls where Munich spends many of its leisure moments, one man is exactly as good as another. There you will find a mayor and an army captain rubbing shoulders with a sweep and a peddler, and all talking and laughing together with no sense of constraint. I like to recall a fragment of democracy that I met with on the platform of a trolley-car. There were five of us, representing almost as many grades of society. To us entered the conductor, saluted, and reached into his pocket. I supposed he was feeling for his bundle of transfers. Instead, he pulled forth a tortoise-shell snuff-box and handed

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it round. My fellow-passengers took their pinches with much good feeling. Then the conductor fixed us each in turn with the kindest eyes in the world, and dusted his ruddy nose with a bandana equally ruddy.

Another incident was quite as characteristic. We were audibly admiring a picture of Carmen Sylva in a window. An old public porter, lounging near by, pricked up his ears. "What," he cried, "*she* beautiful? You just ought to see my Gretchen!" And he launched into an enthusiastic description of his wife and her charms of face, figure, mind, and heart.

Such whole-souled democracy would be impossible without the famous *Gemütlichkeit* of Munich. It is a misfortune that the English has no equivalent for this useful and eloquent word. Perhaps the lack is also significant. It means a sort of chronic goodwill-toward-men attitude, tinged with democracy and bubbling humor, with mountain air, and a large sympathy for the other fellow's point of view. Even Martin Luther called these people "friendly and good-hearted," and declared that if he might travel, he would rather wander through Swabia and Bavaria than anywhere else. And this, although these staunch Catholics hated the Reformer like the pest, and to this day still libel him by telling how he stopped at a tavern in the Sendlinger-Strasse and ran away without paying for his sausage.

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The Münchenerers are quite Austrian in the heartiness of their salutations. "Grüss di Gott!" ("God greet thee!") friends exclaim on meeting; and "B'hüt di Gott!" ("God keep thee!") at parting. When a crowd, in breaking up, coos a general *Adje*, it is as though they had broken forth into a chorus of gentle song. "One almost has to say good-by to the trees here," a Chicago girl once declared.

The Münchenerers are so good-natured that they hate to trouble one for their just dues. I have had more than one landlady who could hardly be induced to present her bill, and even then half the extras were not included. On a certain street-car line I was never approached for fare during four consecutive rides. And yet—strange paradox—Munich is the gateway of greedy Italy, and its people have many marked Italian characteristics.

They have in their *Gemütlichkeit* a humorous streak capable of saving almost any situation. "Dawn breaks after the blackness of night," exclaimed the servant, with an engaging smile, as she brought in my omelet forty minutes late.

Thus equipped, they can extract pleasure from anything—even from the new annex to the imposing court of justice. This annex is gaudy with enameled tiles, and makes a violent discord with the older,

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baroque building. A story is current of a condemned murderer who was allowed a last wish.

“Kindly lead me past the new court of justice,” he answered, “that I may have one more good laugh before I die.”

Twice a year all the exuberant, bohemian qualities of the people find full outlet. The October Festival is held on the Theresien Wiese, near Schwantaler's colossal statue of Bavaria, and, on a large scale, is a cross between an American circus and a French fête. The *Karneval* is the most festive season in the calendar. Twice a week from Twelfth Night to Ash Wednesday there are masked balls in which nearly every one joins. During *Karneval*, all necessity for introductions in a public place is set aside, and no man may insist on monopolizing his partner. The last three days are called *Fasching*, and then the fun grows fast and furious. General license reigns indoors and out. For seventy-two hours there is little thought of sleep. The streets are alive with masks and costumes, with confetti and paper serpents. Any masked lady may be kissed with impunity, and few are unmasked. It is a scene even more hilarious and brilliant than that other *carnevale* which seethes up and down the Roman Corso. And this festival seems to come more directly “out of the abundance of the heart” than

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the Italian one. There it has a marked theatrical quality. Here it is a sincere, hearty, intimate expression of the brotherhood of man, the sisterhood of woman.

This intimate quality, found even amid the madness of *Karneval*, is one of the things that endear the city most to those who know it. In absence one yearns for certain Munich sights as for the sight of tried and trusted friends.

The Old Rathaus, for instance, has a specially intimate appeal, with its noble tower-gate and its simple, beautiful hall enlivened by the Gothic humor of Grasser's dancing figures. One has much the same feeling for the great, homely tower of St. Peter's ("The Old Peter," in the vernacular), whence on Saturday evenings and Sunday mornings a trombone quartet breathes mellow chorales; for the little Church of St. John, built next their own fanciful house, and presented to Munich by those renowned artists, the Asam brothers, who poured out on its walls so much native buoyancy and humor; for the toy houses of the village-like Au, clustering along their brook; for the dear old St. Jacobs-Platz; and perhaps most of all for the gigantic body and thick, dusty-red towers of the Church of Our Lady, like a portly, genial, confiding burgher, ready to welcome you into his heart on the slightest provocation.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN

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Artists, as a rule, detest commerce, and these artistic people have had to make trade as attractive as possible for themselves. Hence they have chosen to deal in the two things they like best, art and beer.

Munich is not only the center of the arts and crafts movement, of the photographic, lithographic, and allied industries, but also, owing to its honesty and its situation in the center of Europe, it is the best place to buy "antiquities." There is even one commercial institution which the Münchenerers actually contrive to invest with their carnival spirit. The *Dult* is a biennial rag-fair, covering many acres near the toy houses of the Au. Here, amid the booths that hold the Bavarian junk harvest of the last six months, the eye of the enthusiast may discover Egyptian and Roman bronzes, fine old laces and embroidered vestments, Sicilian terra-cottas, Renaissance furniture and ironwork, Russian brasses, even precious prints and paintings, enamels and jewels, going for a mere song. The knowing disguise themselves in rags in order to buy cheaper. All one's friends are there, and when any one makes a lucky find, all the rest join his impromptu carnival of triumph at the Citizens' Brewery hard by.

Munich brews more and better beer than any other city. It is hard to realize what an integral part of the place and its people this liquid is, and what a deep sentiment they have for it. I once overheard

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a short dialogue entirely characteristic of the local point of view:

Waitress: "Yet another beer?"

Citizen: "What a question!"

"The Bavarian can put up with anything," runs a well-known proverb, "even with the fires of purgatory, if only he can have his beer." It flows in his veins; and one is sometimes tempted to call what flows beneath the beautiful bridges "the Isarbräu."

The saying goes that those landmarks, the twin towers of the Church of Our Lady, are capped by two great beer-mugs. And the city's symbol is the far-famed Münchener Kindl—a boy in a monk's habit and often with a stein in his hand. Legend explains the figure by telling how our Saviour once came down, disguised as a little child, to bless the place and further the good works of the monks, who were the original local brewers. In this connection it is interesting to know that Cloister Schäftlarn, the germ of Munich, still turns out an excellent brew.

For many centuries the quality of Munich beer has been jealously guarded by law. There is an amusing rhymed legend about the methods of inspection. Three chosen councilors went to the brewery, but instead of pouring the beer down their throats, they poured it upon a bench, sat down together, then rose, and started for the door. If the

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bench accompanied them all the way, then the beer was strong and good. "But in these degenerate days," wails the chronicler, "far from having the bench stick to them, they stick, instead, to the bench!"

A marked trait of this hearty people is their devotion to the ancient line of Wittelsbach. In temperament many of the dukes and kings of Bavaria have shown themselves true Münchener, specially in their love of beauty; and while, in many cases, their architectural taste has not fully expressed the character of the people, yet, from the first ducal castle down to the National Museum and the new bridges, the Wittelsbachs have filled the centuries with architecture which is, on the whole, racy of the soil, though many of the buildings are in the styles of distant ages and nations.

These Wittelsbachs have been closer to their people than most ruling houses, and some of them have been loved in return as kindred spirits. It is touching to remember how they would call out to Max Joseph as he rode past in troublous times: "Weil du nur da bist, Maxl, ist alles gut." ("Seeing you 're here, Maxy, everything 's all right.") On the abdication of their Mæcenas, Ludwig I, they brought the old man to tears with their wild demonstrations of affection; and aged citizens have told me that heart-breaking scenes were witnessed when it became

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known that mad Ludwig II had taken his own life.

The earlier Wittelsbach architecture is more in harmony with Munich character than is the later. There is the romantic "Old Court," on the site of the first ducal castle, with its Gothic portals and façades, its picturesque, dunce-capped oriel window, and the quaint fountain murmuring in the center.

Near by, from a lane behind the post-office, one comes suddenly upon the old Tourney Court, now called the Court of the Mint. It is a typical work of the German Renaissance. The oblong space is surrounded by three tiers of colonnades, and the squat, dusky-red pillars and flattened arches breathe the ponderous *Gemütlichkeit* of the days when Munich used to applaud the flower of Bavarian nobility breaking lances in the lists below, the pavement of which is now littered with the charcoal and the crucibles of the royal mint.

About the palace itself there hangs little of the atmosphere of olden days. For each ruler of the long line felt it his duty to add to, subtract from, multiply, and divide this huge complex, until the medieval was almost eliminated, and many of the later portions became unimpassioned echoes of French or Italian prototypes. For all this, there are a few parts of the palace that delightfully reflect the Münchener. "Wherever the garment of foreign



COURT OF THE HOFBRÄUHAUS (ROYAL BREWERY)

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style did not quite come together," as Weese quaintly says, "the honest German skin peeped through."

In the long, formal sweep of the western façade, for example, a bronze Madonna stands in a niche above an ever-glowing light, a tender German motif borrowed from the highland farmhouse, with its wooden patron saint.

In the Grotto Court one comes suddenly on a delightful instance of Bavarian charm—a vivid fleck of soft turf full of water-babies on ivied pedestals surrounding a fountain of Perseus worthy of the streets of old Augsburg. The plashing of the water, the cool greens and yellows of the palace walls, the perfect patina of the sculptures, the fantastic shell grotto at one end—all make a pleasant contrast to the monotonous splendors of the long festal suites within.

In the Fountain Court there is less of dreamy charm and more of the carnival spirit. On a jolly rococo pedestal of mossed stone poses Otto the Great, with his eye on the crowd of frivolous water deities below, among whom are the genii of the four rollicking rivers of Bavaria. They have that lovely iridescence which seems to thrive best on the bronzes of Munich, and which is specially brilliant on the Little Red Riding-Hood fountain in the Platzl.

The archway leading to the Chapel Court contains

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some reminders of the good old days. Chained to the earth is a black stone weighing about four hundred pounds. A rhymed inscription relates how, in the year 1490, Duke Christopher picked it up and "hurled it far without injuring himself." This is the same hero who, at the corner of the Marien-Platz called Wurmeck, killed a dragon that was terrorizing the town. It seems that the good duke was in love with a beautiful and popular daughter of the people, and that he agreed with his two rival suitors to hold a sort of field-day and let the best man win the maiden. The first event was putting the stone, and Christopher won. The second was hitch-kick-ing, and three nails in the wall immortalize the three astonishing records. The inscription proceeds:

Drey Nägel stecken hie vor Augen,
Die mag ein jeder Springer schaugen,
Der höchste zwölf Schuech vun der Erdt,
Den Herzog Christoph Ehrenwerth
Mit seinem Fuess herab that schlagen.
Kunrath luef bis zum ander' Nagel,
Wol vo' der Erdt zehnthalb Schuech,
Neunthalben Philipp Springer luef,
Zum dritten Nagel an der Wandt.
Wer höher springt, wird auch bekannt.

(Before your eyes protrude nails three
Which every jumper ought to see.
The highest, twelve shoes from the earth,
Duke Christopher, a man of worth,

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Kicked from its proud position there.
Conrad leaped up into the air
Unto the second—ten shoes steep.
Unto the third—Phil Springer's leap—
Was nine and a half shoes from the ground.
Who higher leaps will be renowned.)

The poet Görres concludes a lyric on this event with the apposite wish:

Und möge unsern Fürsten all
Der liebe Gott verleihn
Aus jeder Noth den rechten Sprung
Und Kraft für jeden Stein.

(And may the dear Lord to each one
Of all our rulers loan
Skill to leap out of every ill
And strength for every stone.)

Where within palace gates is to be found a more striking memorial of good-fellowship between ruler and subject?

In its ground-plan, in its monumental façades and its long flights of festal chambers, the palace shows a simple, reposeful breadth that is characteristic of the city and its people. It is the sort of breadth that one looks for in the work of great artists. And one imagines that there has entered into the Münchener something of the generous, free spirit of his marbles from Ægina, of his Titian canvases, and of the calm strength of his hills.

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He is built on large, deliberate lines—a person not to be hurried or crowded. His speech is broad and slow, and even his graves are set unusually far from one another.

This large quality is specially marked in Munich's four monumental streets. The Brienner-Strasse takes its stately way from the portal of the Royal Gardens to the Königs-Platz, a square the simple majesty of which might suggest the Athenian Acropolis. In front is the Doric dignity of the Propylæa, erected to celebrate in advance Bavaria's ill-fated attempt to shake Greece free of Turkey. On each hand are Ionic and Corinthian temples, devoted respectively to sculpture and the Secessionist school of painting. Between these serene, broadly modeled buildings lie only stretches of turf and roadway.

The great simplicity of such a scene is exaggerated in the Ludwig-Strasse into monotonous austerity, especially where the hard Roman Arch of Triumph, the cloister-like university, the Ludwig Church, and the public buildings line up their dreary façades. But, in spite of these, it is an imposing street. It shows at its best when the sun of early afternoon slants down to correct its horizontal lines, or when, at sunset, every homely westward road becomes a flaming way to some enchanted castle, and, behind the Hall of Generals, the tower of the New

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Rathaus changes in the glow to a tower of quick-silver. The southern end of the Ludwig-Strasse is most delightful at noon, when the military band plays and the gay crowd comes to promenade and see the Royal Guard relieved.

These newer parts of Munich have been called the Wittelsbachs' note-book of travel, where they have recorded in stone and bronze their deepest impressions of other lands. In the Königs-Platz they wrote down their love of Greece, and their love of Italy in the Odeons-Platz.

The Hall of Generals is a copy of the Florentine Loggia dei Lanzi; the church of the Theatines on the right was modeled after the Church of S. Andrea della Valle in Rome; on the left, the western façade of the palace is typically Italian, while the southern was actually copied from the Pitti Palace. The very pigeons graciously peck corn from the palms of American tourists in the accepted Venetian manner. One sees over the foliage of the Royal Garden the iridescence of the Army Museum's dome and the lordly tower of St. Anna's, and involuntarily glances about, wondering why there are no dark-skinned folk sipping their wine on the sidewalk; why no forms in roseate rags lie asleep on the steps of the loggia, and why no melting voice and prehensile fingers are touching one's heart and sleeve for "*un soldo!*"

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Though the Maximilians-Strasse is unfortunate architecturally, yet there is the same grand manner in its round-arched buildings, and something nobly commanding in the way the Maximilianeum dominates the city from among the gardens across the Isar.

With its splendid new home for Wagnerian music-drama and its National Museum, the modern Prinzregenten-Strasse, laid out by some inspiration in a gentle, medieval curve, shows that the city is not lagging behind her traditions.

The best exemplar of this quality of reposeful breadth, the Church of Our Lady, is exemplar also of another leading trait of Munich—her deep religious spirit. In fact, these simple, massive walls, adorned outside and in with quaint and beautiful carvings and paintings, seem to epitomize the whole Münchener. Some of the tombstones, like that of the blind musician, are even suffused with a kindly humor; and around the mausoleum of Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, a worthy companion piece to Maximilian's tomb at Innsbruck, one may see the love these warm-hearted people still bear to one who made Munich's fortunes his own. Among the many legends that cluster here is one of this emperor, who was found, centuries after his death, in the crypt under the mausoleum, sitting upright on his throne, as



THE MAXIMILIANIUM AND THE ISAR

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Charlemagne is said to have been found at Aix-la-Chapelle.

There is a black footprint on the pavement under the organ-loft at a place where a curious architectural trick has made all the windows invisible. There one is told how the builder of the church made a compact with the devil, who agreed to help him on condition that God's sunlight should be kept out of the building. The devil saw the windows growing, and was glad. "Come along with me," said he to the builder. "Come along yourself," cried the builder, and led him under the choir-loft. The devil looked in vain for a window, stamped his foot in impotent rage, and vanished. But his footprint has remained to this day.

The builder of St. Michael's was less fortunate, for when he had completed the bold barrel-vaulting that spans the most noteworthy of German Renaissance halls, it is said that he cast himself from the roof in despair, fearing that his work would not stand. This majestic church was built by the Jesuits to celebrate the coming triumph of the Counter-Reformation. It was an eloquent prophecy of Munich's present Roman Catholic solidarity.

St. Peter's is the oldest local church, and contains the choicest tombstones; but the interior has suffered shockingly from the vandals of baroque times.

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These older examples of the Munich churches well represent the broad, simple, reposeful characteristics of the place. Certain younger ones, however, like All Saints', Trinity, St. John's, and the Church of the Jesuits, fairly sparkle, in their baroque and rococo finery, with the carnival spirit.

The most noteworthy modern churches are the Court Church, a little Byzantine pearl of a place that transports one in a breath to the atmosphere of the Cappella Palatina at Palermo; and the Basilica of St. Boniface, Ludwig's record of his most precious hours in Ravenna and Rome. But, of all the later churches, St. Anna's is my favorite. Built of rough coquina, its picturesque complex of gables, turrets, and spires grouped about the central tower is already finely weathered. The broad, walled terrace, the moated fountain borne on pillars, the deeply felt modeling of the façade, the portal worthy of some great medieval builder—all these blend in an ensemble the equal of which I have not seen elsewhere in modern Romanesque architecture.

All these churches are real places of worship. One finds there the same spirit of fervor that one expects to find in Tyrol or Italy. And this is natural, for the city grew out of a religious institution near by, and its very name—*Ad Monachos*, or "At the Monks"—stamps it as the child of Cloister Schäftlarn. The



THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNA

MUNICH—A CITY OF GOOD NATURE

whole daily walk and conversation of the people is connected in some way with ecclesiasticism. They say of anything that moves rapidly: "It runs like a paternoster"; of a heavy drinker, "He guzzles like a Knight Templar." A mild state of intoxication is called a *Jesuitenräuschlein*; while an unfortunate in the advanced stages is "as drunk as a Capuchin father."

In Catholic communities farther north there is a strain of cooler intellectuality in the devotions of the people. Here all is emotion. In fact, until recently this lack of balance has had a grievous effect on Munich's intellectual life, which can boast few writers of note. But it has, on the other hand, kept a warm place in the hearts of the people for romantic legends and superstitions. The Münchener has clung so much more successfully to these beliefs than to his medieval buildings that the place gives the illusion of having more atmosphere than its architecture would warrant.

The folk still call Tuesday and Thursday by the ancient names, *Irtag* (day of the war-god Ares) and *Pfinztag*, from the Greek for Fifth Day.

On Twelfth Night they cast evil spirits out of their homes with a ceremony descended in substance directly from the heathen rites of Odin. They move from room to room, sprinkling the powder of sacred

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herbs on a shovelful of live coals, and write up over every door with consecrated chalk the mystic initials †C †M †B. These letters stand for the three Wise Men of the East, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar.

This is of a piece with the conservative instinct that still continues the Passion Play in the neighboring village of Oberammergau.

With their Bavarian zest in anecdote, the people love to tell of a basilisk which lived in a well on the Schrammer-Gasse opposite the present bureau of police. The glance of this medieval Medusa killed all who looked at it, until some German Perseus held a mirror over the well and let the creature slay itself.

The local belief in witches and black art is wonderfully persistent. Tales are still current of spirits who took the form of black calves and could be outwitted only by being banned into a tin bottle with a screw-top. There is the legend of an unprincipled lawyer who died and was laid out in the usual way with crucifix and candles. All at once two black ravens appeared at the window, broke the pane with their beaks, and flew away again with a third raven which suddenly appeared from within the chamber of death. The candles were quenched in a trice, the crucifix overturned, and the lawyer's corpse turned as black as night.

Then there is the favorite story of Diez von Swin-

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burg, a robber knight who, with four of his men, was caught and condemned to death. Diez begged in vain for the lives of his comrades. Finally he cried: "Will you, then, spare as many as I run past after I have been beheaded?" With contemptuous laughter the request was granted.

Diez placed his men in a line, eight feet apart, with those he loved best nearest him. Well pleased, he knelt down. His head fell. Then he rose, turned, ran stumbling past all of his followers, and collapsed in a heap.

People who cherish such beliefs do not easily give up time-honored customs, and Munich is still rich in romantic rites. During the plague of 1517, when half the city lay dead and the other half was stricken with despair, the Gild of Coopers gave every one fresh heart by organizing an impromptu carnival of dance and song in those terrible streets. Once every seven years, in honor of this act, the Schöffler Tanz, or Coopers' Dance, still takes place, the coopers dancing in their ancient garb—green caps, red satin doublets, long white hose—and carrying half-hoops bound with evergreen.

Sad to say, the picturesque Metzgersprung, or Butchers' Leap, has been recently done away. After a jolly round of dancing and parades and a service in "The Old Peter," the Butchers' Gild would meet

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around the Fish Fountain in the Marien-Platz and, after elaborate ceremonies, the graduating apprentices, dressed in calfskins, would leap into the basin and thus be baptized as full-fledged butchers.

In this same beloved square the pick of all Munich, old and young, joins in the Corpus Christi procession, which, gay with students' caps and banners and gild-insignia, winds from the Church of Our Lady and groups its rainbow colors around the old Pillar of Mary, where the archbishop, who has been preceded by white-robed maidens with flowers and candles, reads the Scriptures.

Despite its worship of the past, however, Munich is, on the whole, a progressive city. Its recent commercial strides have been astonishing. For a century it has led Germany in artistic matters. And that it still leads, is shown by its annual exhibitions of painting and sculpture, of arts and crafts, and by such architecture as the National Museum, St. Anna's, the building of the "Allgemeine Zeitung," and some of the new school-houses.

THE Isar Valley, Schleissheim, and Nymphenburg belong even more intimately to Munich than the Havel and Potsdam belong to Berlin. To wander through the fragrant woods and by the castles and quaint villages of the Isar gorge is to hear and see



THE GARDENS OF NYMPHENBURG

MUNICH—A CITY OF GOOD NATURE

the Münchener at his best. For he is always taking a few hours off there, and is always laughing and singing and yodeling. It seems as though the happy creature cannot turn his face away from town and swing into stride without breaking into one of his hearty songs.

The castle of Schleissheim was built, like St. Michael's and the Propylæa, to celebrate a future triumph. For Max Emanuel imagined that he was going to be elected emperor, and could not restrain his exuberance at the thought. Those splendid baroque halls never held his imperial court, for he was driven into exile before they were finished; but they hold to-day one of the foremost Bavarian collections of paintings, especially rich in the old German school. The formal gardens, with their statues, vases, and tree-fringed waters, contrast pleasantly with the severe façades of the castle, and form a sort of prelude to the more generous scale of Nymphenburg, the most lovable of all the many German paraphrases of Versailles.

My first visit to Nymphenburg was on a perfect afternoon in late summer. I came into a circle of buildings almost a mile in circumference, a barren, baroque circle inclosing a cheerless waste full of ugly canals and ponds, where the lords and ladies of the eighteenth century, in their gondolas, used to ape the

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water fêtes of France and Italy. There is all too little of the festal spirit left there now.

But on the other side of the castle the atmosphere changed like magic. I plunged into a brilliant Versailles, but a sweeter, more *gemütlich* one than any of my acquaintance—a vast garden that knew how to be at once formal and natural. There was a wide sweep of lawn where old women and bullocks and rustic wains were busied with haycocks among long rows of marble deities and urns. In the middle of the scene a fountain flashed high in the sunlight, falling among rough rocks. Humorous lines of Noah's Ark evergreens stood attention. In the distance, beyond a linden-flanked canal, were waterfalls; and one caught a glimpse of the misty horizon. Right and left, narrower lanes of foliage opened vistas of water-flecked lawns checkered with patches of sunlight. Far away gleamed little pools, as bright as pools of molten steel, and near one of them I came upon a dream of a summer-house called the Amalienburg, one of the most delicate and radiant bits of rococo fantasy in the German land.

MUNICH is so diffuse a city that it is hard to think of it as a unit until one has seen it from some high place. It was a revelation to me when I climbed past the chimes of "The Old Peter" to the town-pipers' bal-



THE NEW RATHAUS IN THE MIDDLE GROUND, AND THE TOWERS OF THE
CHURCH OF OUR LADY IN THE DISTANCE

MUNICH—A CITY OF GOOD NATURE

cony. There lay the city as flat as a lake. To the westward was a jumble of sharp, tiled roofs, turning the skylights of myriad studios searchingly toward heaven, as though the houses were all bespectacled professors. Beyond the eloquent front of St. Michael's rose the court of justice in all its dignity, with the humorous annex which the murderer begged to see. The Church of Our Lady towered over old Munich, symbol of the warm South-German heart. Immediately to the north rose that "mount of marble" the New Rathaus, a reminder of Milan cathedral, in its dazzling, restless opulence, and with a touch of the theatrical manner seen beside the quiet comeliness and reserve of the Old Rathaus. Beyond, the Pitti-like façade of the palace stood out against the soft leagues of the English Garden. Eastward the Maximilianeum's perforated front reposed like a well-kept ruin amid the luxuriance of its waterside park. The Isar, itself invisible, made a bright zone of green through the city; and in the south, crowning and glorifying the whole scene, the snow glistened on the far peaks of the Bavarian Highlands.

A party of students had come up, and were gazing with affectionate eyes on their city. Quite without warning they burst into a song which I shall always associate with that tower and its glorious panorama:

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So lang die grüne Isar durch d' Münchnerstadt noch geht
So lang der alte Peter auf 'm Peter's-Platz noch steht,
So lang dort unt' am Platzl noch steht das Hofbräuhaus,
So lang stirbt die Gemütlichkeit in München gar net aus.

Freely rendered:

So long as through our Munich the Isar rushes green,
So long as on St. Peter's Place Old Peter still is seen,
So long as in the Platzl the Court-brew shall men nourish,
So long the glowing, kindly heart of Munich-town shall
flourish.

XI

AUGSBURG



AMONG the romantic cities of southern Germany there are few more striking contrasts than Augsburg and Rothenburg. The former is a proud, patrician place, once the host of emperors and the home of famous financiers. It spreads out on a level plain its monumental streets, its palaces, its great public buildings and churches.

The other is a city of dreams crowning a fair hill; a quiet plebeian town, the tower-studded ring-wall of which has preserved more jealously than any other city wall the aspect and the atmosphere of old Germany.

Just as one pauses at Goslar to modulate one's journey from the Harz to Hildesheim, so, in coming from the morning brilliance of nineteenth-century Munich, it is well to pause at Augsburg, where romance and brilliance are blent as in some sunset sky, before climbing from the valley of the Tauber to the

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hill-crest that is comparable only to those cloud-cities we sometimes discover when the moon rides high on a spring evening.

When, with this idea of modulation, I last stopped at Augsburg, it was not to hunt up the scores of fascinating tombs and altars in the churches, or to visit the old German painters in the gallery, or to study the style of Elias Holl's architecture, or to make the rounds of all the interesting old houses. I wished to catch again the unique feeling of the place—the atmosphere of proud Italian opulence that made its highways a fit resort for princes, combined with the native Old-World glamour of its intimate, homely byways.

It was Sunday morning, and I sought the cathedral, a building too old, on the whole, to participate architecturally in Augsburg's grand manner. At the Diet of 1530, the famous Augsburg Confession was presented to the Emperor in the episcopal palace opposite. And legend relates that Martin Luther, fleeing from one of these diets after dark, in fear of his life, lost his way in the St. Gallus-Gässchen, whereupon the devil came and pointed out a little gate in the city wall, with the words, "Da hinab." ("Down there.") The Reformer went, and found a saddled ass and a servant to help along his flight. The evil one de-



THE NORTH PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL.

AUGSBURG

parted chuckling, feeling that he had done a deed worthy of his reputation. And the place is called *Dahinab* to this day.

The cathedral nave was crowded with rapt worshippers. I stood near the four altarpieces painted by that famous Augsburger, the elder Holbein; and looking from them to the rows of earnest faces, I realized that these conservative people had not changed even the type of their features for over four hundred years.

Here were anachronistic costumes as well—peasant women with limp black head-dresses, gay neckchiefs of white and rose and yellow, flaming short skirts of blue, pleasantly overlaid with buff aprons. And there were short-jacketed Holbein men who wore odd silver coins for buttons.

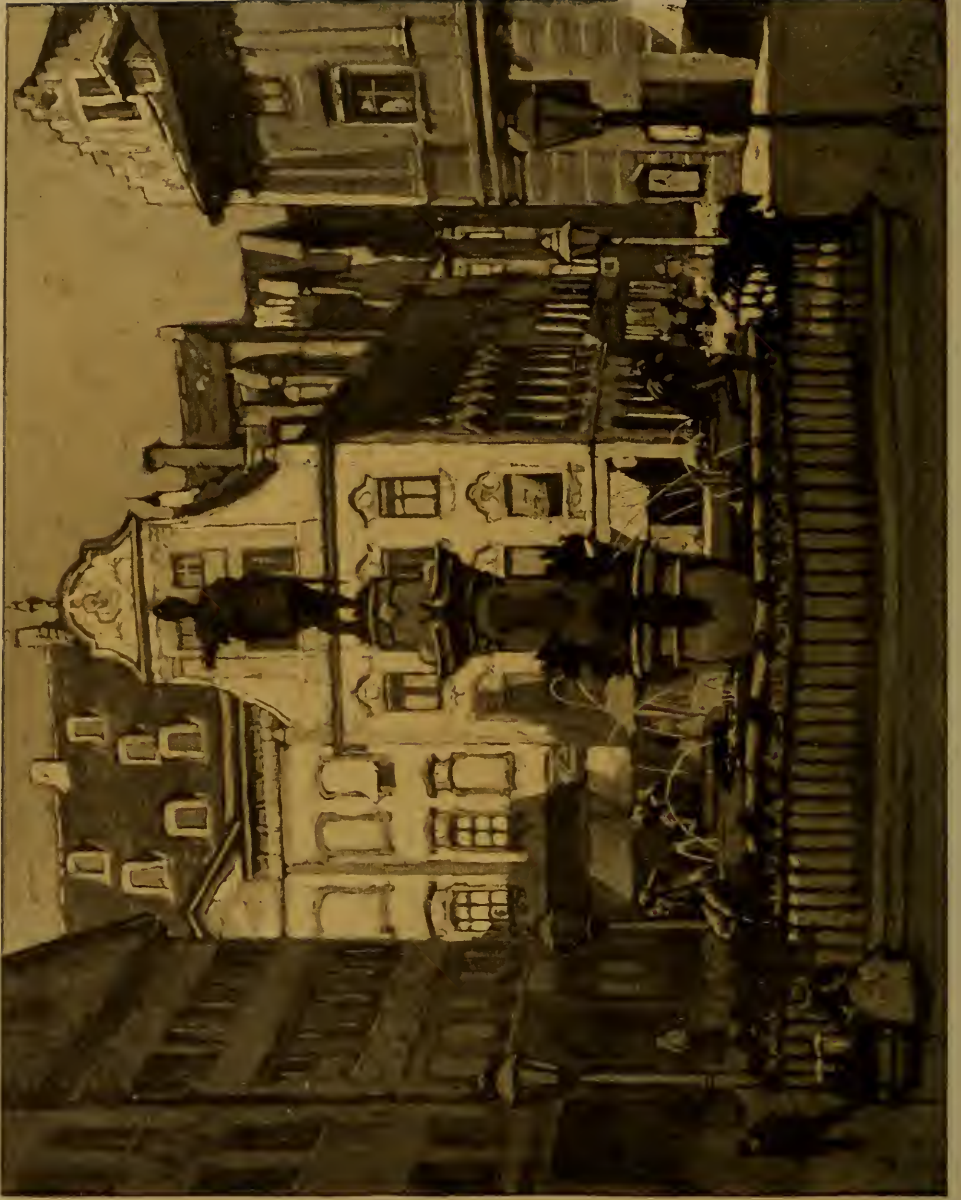
Orchestra, organ, and choir made sonorous music in the Gothic balcony. The officiating clergy showed splendid in their gold and silver vestments against the sculptures and the delicate pinnacles of the high altar. The priceless old stained glass of the clear-story painted the sunlight, and the great windows of the southern aisle sang a psalm of ultramarine and emerald and old gold. Despite its modest architecture, the nave took on a splendor that Sunday morning like the splendor of Amiens. It was the authentic spirit of old Augsburg making itself felt.

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I paid a visit to the cloisters, with their wealth of tombs and quaint Latin. A goodly wash was spread out to dry on the lawn, tempting my companion into a pale pun about the "cathedral close." And far above them was another sight almost as homely—the north steeple, with its crude, tiny Romanesque arches.

The ancient bronze doors of the southern portal remind one of Bishop Bernward's epoch-making doors at Hildesheim, only these are more delicate and sophisticated, and have less of the elemental thrill.

The most imposing part of the cathedral architecture is the northern portal; and here the South-German's *Gemütlichkeit* and love of animals are charmingly displayed. Surrounded by an attentive company of prophets and sibyls, the *Herrgott* is lolling carelessly on a throne, with a sword between his legs, listening to King David, who is playing on a harp. All seem to be getting the greatest pleasure from the music. Below, a lot of baby bears are trying to push one another off a molding above naïve reliefs of the Annunciation, The Death of the Virgin, and the Nativity, the last a scene at which little donkeys peep edified over the rim of a wicker basket. Above them all are three gargoyles which, though suffering the most violent pangs of some indeterminate complaint, are yet as lovable as the guffawing crocodile near the other portal.



THE LUDWIGS-PLATZ AND THE FOUNTAIN OF AUGUSTUS

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In the Fish Market, after church, I found another commentary on Augsburg's love of animals. One side was lined with rabbits peeping out of boxes, perambulators, and baskets like the donkeys on the portal; two sides were taken up with birds and puppies — the salesmen seeming really loath to part with them — while in the middle was a host of dogs in leash. About the only creature not on sale in that Fish Market was the fish. But there was no snarling or fighting, for the menagerie seemed as full of *Gemütlichkeit* as its owners. Peace on earth, good will toward man and beast, was the order of the day.

On a wall near by was a curious relief of a one-armed man. A question to a vender of puppies drew about us a beaming circle of citizens, who listened proudly while the tale of the siege was retold. It was in 1635, when the Swedes had reduced the town to the point of starvation, that the immortal baker took his last loaf, climbed up on the parapet during a charge, and threw it to the enemy, declaring that Augsburg had more bread than it could eat. The baker lost his arm up there on the walls, but the Swedes lost heart, and in disgust raised the siege.

This part of town, however, never long beguiles one away from its splendors with such homely things as puppies and bakers. Near by I discovered a stately campanile and the façade of a great Renais-

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sance building so imposingly Italian that it seemed less natural to call it the *Rathaus* than the *municipio*. And within was a room, the Golden Hall, able to compare with many of Italy's most opulent interiors.

This *Rathaus* typifies the formal, splendor-loving side of Augsburg, and is the worthy center of a city three of whose daughters married princes. One is reminded of the remark of Emperor Charles V, after having seen the royal treasures of France: "I have a weaver in Augsburg named Fugger who could pay spot cash for all this." The building bisects that old Roman road, now, as then, the main highway through the town, formed by the Karolinen-Strasse and Maximilians-Strasse, a broad, proud way lined with stately palaces. Among them shines forth the frescoed house of the Fuggers, those Rothschilds of the Renaissance, to remind one of an age when most of Augsburg's walls were gay with color, and when many of its interiors could vie with those of Italy's royal palaces. In those days a merchant named Welser, whose daughter had married the Archduke of Austria, fitted out a squadron single-handed to take possession of Venezuela. And one of the Fuggers is said to have taken a note of hand for a large sum and burned it on a fire of cinnamon wood before the eyes of his debtor, Charles V. The old

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Augsburgers always did things handsomely. It is pleasant to remember that Emperor Maximilian I, on leaving his favorite city near the close of his life, turned in the saddle for a last look and exclaimed: "Now God preserve thee, thou dear Augsburg! We have had many a good time within thy walls. Now we shall behold thee nevermore."

The Maximilians-Strasse is broader than any other street in Old-World Germany, and its Italian atmosphere is intensified by the splendid fountains that punctuate it, which are surrounded by arabesques of the ironwork for which Augsburg is famous.

One of these fountains, the Augustus, commemorates the German emperor who founded the city, and after whom it was named *Augusta Vindelicorum*. But the Fountain of Hercules, down near the Fugger House, in its eloquent power and grace and humor, has never been equaled in Germany, though its influence may be seen to-day from Danzig all the way down to Munich.

While the imposing, public side of Augsburg is strongly Italian in quality, the intimate, romantic side is quite as German; and it was good to feel the sudden change in the Church of St. Ulrich. This church is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient

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Roman capitol, and there were excavated here those huge stone pine-cones which became the symbols of the municipality.

A confirmation service was going on. The piers and aisles were decorated with white birch saplings that looked very friendly and human against the elegance of the large altars, and reminded one that he was in the land of the Christmas-tree and that sort of thing. As I entered, a group of little children, in all their touching German artlessness, was moving out in front of the congregation. The vast throng stood for some moments in a profound silence, then suddenly burst into the most beautiful congregational singing that I have ever heard.

It was a fitting introduction to romantic Augsburg, and I went away finally, to wander in a sort of day-dream among the maze of little brooks and canals that make the southeastern quarter so picturesque, where the dwellers in fascinating old cottages have had to bridge a merry little river to get to their own flower-gardens. Here Augsburg's greatest son, the younger Holbein, was born, and a wall is still there, covered with the colored arabesques that he drew in his sixth year. There was the quaint little Fuggerei, a town within a town, which one of the Fuggers built to house the local poor on condition that they pay a gulden a year as rent, and daily offer



Opus 15

THE JAKOBER-STRASSE WITH THE JAKOBER-TIÖR IN THE DISTANCE.

AUGSBURG

up to heaven “a paternoster, an Ave Maria, and a credo, for the help and comfort” of all Fugger souls.

The best came last; for as I turned into the Jakober-Strasse, there was spread out such a vision of Old-World Germany as I had not dreamed of finding in Augsburg, the portal of Italy. An unbroken array of old houses swung down into the distance, with gables lofty and low, sharp and blunt, severe as a pyramid, or undulating like a maiden’s curls, glowing with all the colors of the sunset, full of shapely windows and flowering balconies and wooden saints enshrined, set off against the richly weathered walls and ruddy tiles of a huge tanner’s tower; and, with their perfect rhythm, leading the eye down to where a Gothic gate closed the prospect with the mellow masonry of its arches and the vivid green patina of its pointed tower.

The ideal place to take one’s leave of Augsburg is beside the crumbling ramparts where, deep underfoot, the shattered marbles of the Roman city lie; where grasses clothe the venerable defenses of mediæval days; and where beautiful old wall-towers, reflected from the surface of a stream once lapped by the wild horses of the Huns, dimly foreshadow the glories the traveler is so soon to taste—the glories of a city that is set upon a hill above the Tauber.

XII

THE CITY OF DREAMS



AS the small railway-carriage crept along, with frequent stops, it began to fill with old-fashioned men, quaintly dressed, who uncovered and made courteous inclinations to all present. Every one began to say, "God greet thee!" to every one else.

Last of all came a small, wizen figure in a low, round, black peasant's hat, abbreviated pantaloons of buff, and a short jacket trimmed with a double row of large stone buttons. He was simple, genial, very ancient, and in his thin white locks and kindly wrinkles he would have made Dürer surpass his portrait of Holzschuher. More than once afterward I met him within his native walls, and his well-preserved beauty came to be for me a living symbol of the place itself.

The Rothenburger still keeps his conservative resentment toward such a crass new invention as the railway. It was characteristic of him that when the



THE MARKUS TOWER

THE CITY OF DREAMS

hateful thing had to come, he hid the station half a mile from his walls.

After a discouraging walk between modern buildings, I came finally to a round arch flanked by squat towers, passed over a water-filled moat, the very scum of which was more beautiful than ordinary scum, through a humpy gate-house, over another bridge, under a lofty, square tower inlaid with coats of arms, and found myself at length in the City of Dreams, so complicated is the approach to that enchanted spot.

Nichts gleicht an deutschem Zauber
Dir Stadt im Tal der Tauber

sang the poet—

(No other German magic may avail
To match thine own, town of the Tauber-dale)—

and once inside the Röder Gate it is evident that he sang true.

Right and left run the old city walls, and at a glance one knows that he is in the presence of a German Carcassonne. These walls are of gray stone, tinged with brown, and covered with a sloping roof of crumbling, orange-red tiles. Along the inside, supported by rude corbels and engaged buttresses, and raftered with low, worm-eaten beams, runs a

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gallery where one may walk (stooping a little, if one is so unfortunate as to be tall) nearly around the entire city.

A few steps toward the center of things, and down the curve of a fascinating street, just beyond an old fountain and some particularly rustic-looking, vine-clad, half-timbered dwellings, I caught a glimpse of another arch spanning the way, crowned with a clock-steeple, and marking the course of the original ring-wall.

Behind it rose the wonderful, saddle-backed Markus Tower, bearing that most intimate symbol of Old-World Germany, a wheel for a stork's nest. And, like so many more of Rothenburg's choicest pictures, this one was closed by the lofty, distant tower of the Rathaus.

To one who has never known Nuremberg, such a scene strongly recalls what he has imagined Nuremberg must be like. But, as a matter of fact, this is a purer bit of Germany's most precious past than any that remains to us in the metropolis of Middle Franconia; although it is true that in the Renaissance Nuremberg surpassed Rothenburg in the matter of beauty as much as Rothenburg surpasses Nuremberg to-day. As I lingered here in the Röder-Gasse, unconsciously humming fragments of "Die Meistersinger" and dreaming of the vanished days when all



THE RATHAUS (CITY HALL), THE OLDER PART HAVING THE TOWER

THE CITY OF DREAMS

men were artists and all artists were men, a charming adventure came my way. For I happened suddenly upon a brother german of Hans Sachs cobbling away under a gable inscribed thus:

Im Hause meiner Väter
Klopf ich allhier das Leder,
Und mache meinen Reim dazu,
Ich Sorge nicht wer's nach mir thu'.

(Here in the house of my *paters*
I hammer and hammer on leather,
And thread my rhymes together,
Careless of imitators.)

A few steps farther, and the market-place glided into view.

I shall always remember the first glimpse of that forum where the different architectural styles harmonize as perfectly as the fusion of the Old Rathaus and the New, a combination in which the romantic Gothic has tried to smooth itself out and compass an approach to austerity, while the classical Renaissance has bedizened itself into romance with pinnacles and little dormer windows, with a decorative corner oriel, a stair-tower, and a perfectly proportioned, flowering colonnade.

In the center is the Herterich Fountain, a tenderly wrought, poetic thing, as fit to be the center of the

ROMANTIC GERMANY

City of Dreams as the imposing fountains of Augsburg are fit to adorn the monumental street wherein stands the palace of the Fuggers. From the stone basin, carved with splendid grotesques, rises a pillar in gray and gold, bearing a figure of St. George lancing a dragon—the dragon Thirst, no doubt, for in the museum hard by is still to be seen the huge tankard which Burgomaster Nusch drained at a draught to save the lives of the town councilors from the infuriated Tilly. But I am not rehearsing the famous story of the *Meistertrunk*, for two reasons. In the first place, it has already been told a thousand times. In the second place, it was probably manufactured out of whole cloth in the eighteenth century.

Next door to the museum, on the Apotheke, a charming oriel window with a green-and-red-tiled roof serves as background for the fountain and as baldachin for an old saint.

Happy is he who is allowed to visit the courtyard behind this Apotheke, where the Rathaus tower peers down upon its riot of roofs, its ivied walls, and its latticed gallery, reminiscent of the best courtyard galleries in Nuremberg.

From all sides of the market-place run alluring streets and alleys which, taking a line from the bogus instruments of torture in the Straf Tower, pull one in seven different directions at once.



COURT OF THE APOTHEKE

THE CITY OF DREAMS

The Herren-Gasse pulled me the hardest, a street running to the site of the red castle that gave Rothenburg its name and was destroyed by a fourteenth-century earthquake. Here the patricians lived, and the way is lined with courtly houses, many of them Gothic. In the Herren-Gasse I found a number of well-preserved interiors, with good old paneled ceilings and stucco-work. In front were interesting portals with sculptured coats of arms, and in the rear, idyllic little courts or wooded gardens. Number 2 proved to be a medieval bake-shop, and near by was a time-honored wine-house with separate rooms for patrician and plebeian.

Behind a lofty "stepped" gable some one was playing a rondo by Mozart on a spinet-like piano, and the eighteenth-century music sounded as radical in that older atmosphere as would a Debussy tone-poem heard in the baroque quarter of Leipsic.

Beneath the Castle Gate, over a bridge, and between friendly, dunce-capped gate-houses, the way led into a small paradise of a park on a spur jutting into the valley; and here I first began to feel the fascination of Rothenburg as a whole. Northward there was a splendid view of the western wall, brought out the more strikingly, with its towers and bastions, by the foliage of the hillside below. Eastward Rothenburg built itself massively up about the Rathaus and

ROMANTIC GERMANY

the Church of St. James. From where I stood the wall swept inward in a magnificent semicircle toward a southern pendant of the town, sown full of idyllic towers, and called the Kappenzipfel, or Cap-Tassel. This curious name was invented by Emperor Albrecht. The citizens had long teased him for permission to include the rich Hospital of the Holy Ghost within the walls. "Well," he cried at last, "since your town looks already so much like a night-cap, you may as well make this the tassel."

Deep in the valley below, the Tauber wound under its double bridge, which showed up in the distance like a fragment of Roman aqueduct. I thought of the company of crusaders who once rode down the zigzag hillside path and across that bridge, bound to redeem the Holy Sepulcher; and of the innumerable bands of pilgrims the olden times had seen winding up that hill toward the city that more than all others resembled, and still resembles, Jerusalem, to adore the drop of the Saviour's blood treasured in St. James's.

The Tauber sparkled on, past the tiny castle of the celebrated Burgomaster Toppler, with its moat and two-arched bridge; past the delightful old mill, creaking and groaning among its poplars; toward the Romanesque church and the wonderful lime-tree of Detwang, that gem of a hamlet which Vernon Lee selfishly wished to conceal from the world.



PORTAL OF THE OLD RATHAUS

THE CITY OF DREAMS

An old woman sat down on a bench near by, and, as a matter of course, gave me a hearty salutation. She had lived in Rothenburg for seventy years, and it had hardly changed, except that more strangers came all the while to enjoy it.

Frau Weller invited me into her home, a minute, vine-smothered affair in the Herren-Gasse, quite overpowered by its aristocratic neighbors. I had begun to hope that she would bring out my old man of the train and present him as her husband. But, alas! it developed that she was a widow and alone in the world.

“Ja, da lebt man halt bis man stirbt” (“Yes, one just lives here till one dies”), she said simply.

The tiny rooms had timbered ceilings and furniture of the Biedermeier period. Frau Weller's greatest pride and joy was a porcelain clock with weights, and she brought out all the pathetic bright handkerchiefs of her youth to show me. Up doubtful stairs, almost too narrow for any but very frail humanity, I caught a glimpse of her fascinating attic full of fagots and rich gloom, with holes in the tiled roof through which soft white clouds were visible, sailing in the bluest of heavens.

Old Frau Weller and I plighted our friendship on the spot, and I shall never again see the neighborly

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nose and chin of Judy without remembering mine hostess of Rothenburg and her sweet simplicity.

With much pride she introduced her cat.

“She is a direct descendant of the famous *Kätzchen* of Vorbach. What! Hast never heard tell of her? Well, it was this way: many years before I was born there was a plague of rats and mice in this neighborhood, and never a cat to be found. Finally the two hamlets of Vorbach and Detwang clubbed together and bought a cat from a peddler for two pounds of coppers. She was rented out by the day all over this neighborhood. That cat had so many opportunities that she knew not which way to turn. And to this day, if any one seems especially hurried and flurried, we tell him, ‘You ’re as busy as the *Kätzchen* of Vorbach.’”

Past the Church of the Franciscans, with its delicate Gothic spire and its wealth of interesting sculptures and inscriptions, I returned to visit the courtyard between the Old Rathaus and the New. There are great round arches upholding a goodly half-timbered façade. But its principal treasure is the celebrated Renaissance portal. With its carvings in stone and mellow wood, and the old *Putzenscheiben* lantern still hanging over the steps, the portal seems to offer such promise of wonders within as no German Rathaus could fulfil, not even this one, with its

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fine *Kaisersaal*, where the *Meistertrunk* play is performed every year, and with its ghastly underground torture-chamber and dungeons where Burgomaster Topler met his death.

Near by, in the sleepy Kapellen-Platz, I found a fountain—a sort of step-brother to the one in the market-place—flashing away in front of a façade full of half-timber work as gracefully patterned as the choicest lattice-galleries of the courtyards. And it was a peculiar pleasure to discover an inscription facing this fountain that told of the time when Rothenburg awoke to the conscious enjoyment of her own beauty:

Der alten Kunst gar lang versteckt,
Hab' ich hier wieder aufgedeckt,
Dass sie nun lacht in neuer Pracht
Und mir und andern Freude macht.

(The art of old, so long concealed,
I've in such wise again revealed
That splendors new smile into view
To gladden me and others too.)

The White Tower, a souvenir like the Röder Arch of the original ring-wall, is happily framed from the town side by the Georgen-Gasse; and the low archway, with the tower stairs creeping above it, reveals the distant Würzburg Gate, with its background of foliage.

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Outside, near the Crown Tavern's curious relief of a girl feeding a stag with a spoon, one may best see how perfectly the venerable fortification melts into the street picture. The "White" Tower is slate-colored, brown, blue, gray, dusky red, and a roof falls sheer away from it with bright patches of red down to a captivating corner oriel. This building, with its bit of walled garden, was once the Jewish dance-house. Old Jewish baths are still to be seen in the cellars.

From the Würzburg Gate, as from so many of the others, there looks down a stone face, probably the portrait of a would-be traitor; and inside of the archway a mysterious profile is roughly chiseled—a profile about which one hears all sorts of contradictory reports.

This northern part of the town wall is the best preserved, for it was built according to the theories of Vitruvius, and is the foremost example of its kind. On its broad top the maidens dance after the festival play. Here my friends, two young American painters, once gave their memorable Fourth of July celebration, and, after the fireworks, were carried home on the shoulders of the delighted inhabitants, an event that will doubtless be talked of in Rothenburg for generations.

I walked to the Klingen Gate along the gallery. This passage has never been much used except for



FOUNTAIN IN THE KAPELLEN-PLATZ

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defense, but its deeply worn pavement is eloquent of the town's martial history. I found it the haunt of rope-makers, with hemp flying from their girdles and lodged in their flaxen whiskers. Many of the loopholes were walled up, but through the open ones I caught rare little vignettes of flowering moat and a pleasant countryside in bloom.

The Klingen Gate, with its side turrets, rivals the Stöberlein Tower, with its corner ones, for the distinction of being Rothenburg's most beautiful tower. From the wall here a dark stairway winds down into the little Church of the Shepherds.

Some centuries ago the local Jews were believed to have conspired to poison the fountains, murder the watch, and make Rothenburg in very deed into a new Jerusalem. But the shepherds of the neighborhood discovered and published the plot. As a reward, they were allowed, until late in the eighteenth century, to hold an annual festival in honor of this event. It began with a service in the little church, was continued, *crescendo*, at the Lamb Tavern, and ended in a hilarious dance about the Herterich Fountain, in which any burgher who joined the dance was incontinently doused.

I found a delicate oriel with *Putzenscheiben* at the corner of the Klingen-Gasse and the Cloister Court. The venerable cloister building had been turned into

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public offices, but an obliging official showed me that rare sight, a genuine medieval kitchen, and the finely vaulted refectory above, from the window of which could be seen, on a distant hill, the ruins of a robber castle beyond the border in Württemberg.

The Klingen-Gasse leads through a gloomy archway under the Church of St. James. It is a fit setting for the legend of The Poor Soul of Rothenburg. In olden days the burghers did not believe much in the devil, which angered that personage. Once upon a time when a peasant was passing under this archway the devil caught him suddenly and hurled him against the vaulting with great force. The poor body fell down again at once, but the poor soul remained sticking to the stones. You may see it there to-day. "It is sort of brown," writes the chronicler, "with black spots."

On the southern roof of the church is a reclining figure which recalls another legend. In building the two towers the architect let his pupil try his hand at one of them. And when he saw how much his pupil's tower outshone his, he leaped to his death from the scaffolding. The pupil then carved his master's portrait on the roof.

The architecture of the interior is rather more cold and austere than one would expect of Rothenburg's principal church; but there is a compensatory richness



THE KLINGEN-GATE TOWER

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of imagination in the altars by Herlin and Riemen-schneider and in the blaze of color that pours through the fifteenth-century windows. Here also is a touch of that naïveté which is so enjoyable in the local house inscriptions. For the eastern windows represent the Fall of the Manna as a rain of South-German rolls and pretzels.

Of all the alluring ways beckoning out of the market-place, one of the most alluring to me was the Schmied-Gasse, with its view of that notable Renaissance dwelling, the Architect's House. The caryatids between the windows with their reminiscence of the Erechtheum, and the stately portal and gable, bring out vividly the classical dignity and poise of the period, while the courtyard is teeming with Rothenburg's unique charm. There you may loll at tables made of old millstones, with moss and flowers growing from the hole in the center, and sip your coffee from earthenware cups of the quaint local pattern. That is the place to loaf and invite your soul while vaguely enjoying the carved shields and window-frames, the iridescent window-panes, the colors and patterns of the half-timber work, and the red galleries smothered in flowers. As you sip and dream, you begin to wonder whether it is not all too good to be true; whether the curtain will not suddenly clatter down on this astonishing stage and the orchestra be-

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gin to scrape and toot, for your sins, the popular rag-time of the moment.

A few steps southward, between the upper and lower Schmied-Gassen, I stumbled on a curious fountain, a mossy shaft capped by a hybrid figure with the head of a Gothic Christus and the tail of a merman.

The lower Schmied-Gasse ends Am Plönlein, where the road hesitates and grows charmingly confused between the rival seductions of two gate-towers. It finally compromises by forking down crookedly on the one hand to the Cobolzeller Gate, and running up on the other hand to the Siebers Tower, which bears above a Romanesque arch just the proper touch of color in a sky-blue clock. Above the Gothic arch on the other side I made out a stone traitor staring blindly down the Cap-Tassel; and, in delightful contrast to him, the bright face of a young girl with a halo of flying flaxen hair peeping out of the embrasure above.

The Cobolzeller archway framed a scene of the purest beauty, which came to typify romantic Germany to me as much as any one scene could. On the left rose the town wall, clothed with vines in all the colors of early autumn. On the right an arm of wall swept around, with the rich, deep tones of its wooden gallery, into the ruddy roof of a porter's lodge that



AM PLÖNLEIN—SIEBERS GATE AT THE LEFT AND COBOLZELLER GATE AT THE RIGHT

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nestled at the foot of a mighty, square tower. Above its roof was visible the onward sweeping rhythm of wall and tower, and, through the porter's archway, a glimpse of hillside foliage.

Mounted on corbels in the courtyard was a half-effaced stone relief equally suggestive of a Roman sacrificial procession and of an early Gothic procession to Calvary, so much can Nature do toward leveling religious differences. It came to me how Cobel, the neighboring hermit for whom the gate was named, would have been scandalized at such an ambiguity.

I walked outside the wall to look through the arch of the Lime Tower and see how majestically the city composed itself from there; then went within for a few moments beside the huge mill where two-and-thirty horses used to grind Rothenburg's grain in time of siege.

Then on to the hospital inclosure, with its crowd of quaint buildings and its rustic atmosphere. Near a fragment of pond the pointed Hegereiter House squatted like some mysterious but kindly gnome, as though caricaturing the beautiful Stöberlein Tower hard by.

The Spital Gate with its involved complex of courts and towers and bastions seemed the most elaborate of the outworks of Rothenburg. Anti-

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quoted cannon still looked through the loopholes, as though to confirm the legend on the keystone of the outermost arch:

Pax intrantibus,
Salus exeuntibus.

(Peace to the entering,
Safety to the departing.)

I had long heard of the glories of the "red city" seen toward dusk from the heights across the Tauber, when the flaming west made the roofs and tile-capped towers glow like a sunlit beaker of ruby wine. And each afternoon I had taken my way across the double bridge and past the old heathen place of sacrifice to the hillside opposite, hoping for perfect weather. But though the sky, during my stay, steadfastly refused to "blossom in purple and red," I had the chance to see how well Rothenburg could endure the ordeal of a colorless sunset.

The distant city made exactly the setting one would desire as the background for the most romantic story in the world. And I recalled with pleasure a passage from the memoirs of Ludwig Richter, that pioneer of romanticism: "Touring through Bavaria, I discovered a town which made one exclaim: 'This looks as if it had been designed by Ludwig Richter.'" Here, for once, reality had equaled the most radiant

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work of the imagination. The dozens of distant towers stood out in lively contrast to one another over the mellow, ruddy city that sat its hill with a gracious, genial air far removed from the frightened way that little Italian towns cling to their heights—towns which Carducci once compared to flocks of mountain goats terrified by wolves. Against the light background of the western wall a line of regularly shaped trees gave the effect of a Gothic colonnade.

All about me was peace. It was the season of the hay harvest. I could not see the laborers beyond the western ridge—only the forks of green grass that came tossing rhythmically up over the sky-line. A sickle of moon stood over the wain, and I could hear the harvest song.

One after one the far-away steeples rang out the hour of eight. And, as the sounds came floating across the valley, mingled with the low, delicate color-harmony of Rothenburg, I was glad that Nature had not seen fit to paint the rose.

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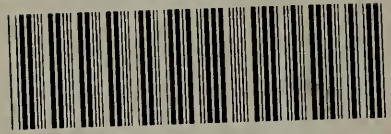


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