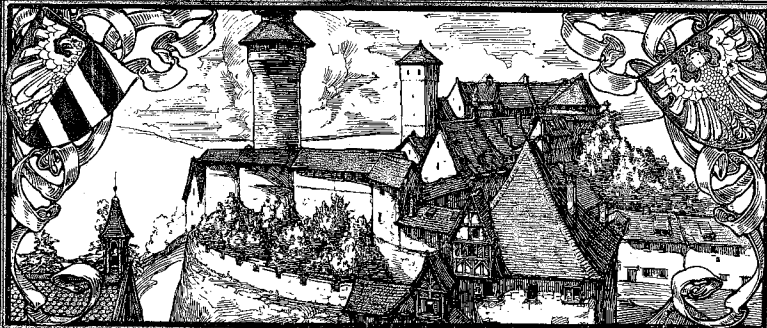


Nuremberg.

by Henry Adamsworth Conkling.
Illustrated by Leon Victor Solon.



A Dollmaker of Nuremberg



Nuremberg Castle

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and
song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round
them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors rough and
bold
Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

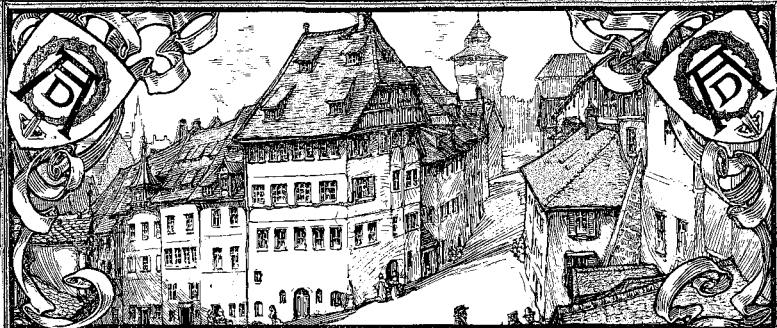
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth
rhyme,
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand to every clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square, the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art;
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common
mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in
stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.



The Dürer House

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their
trust :

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture
rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies,
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies :

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air.

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and
dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains ;
From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly
guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows
build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime,



The Meistersingers

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of
poesy bloom

In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and
laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door,

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dovelike, with his great beard white
and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's
regard,

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-
bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his
careless lay;

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor—the long pedigree of toil.



Cap'n Tom's Christmas Supper

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

With Drawings by Rollin Kirby

CAP'N TOM sat on the poorhouse steps, with his lieges about him. Alas, there were parties in the sad place, and Cap'n Len had his own party—consisting of himself—and he sat somewhat apart. He was of the opinion that the poormaster ought to kill the pigs now; the others held that the rite should take place in the winter weather, in order that headcheese, souse, and sausages might give cheer in the time of the nipping frost.

"Something, you see, to make good with, come Christmas," said Cap'n Tom, brightly.

"I'm alive now," said Cap'n Len, "an' I do 'no' w'at I'll be, come Christmas."

"The pigs," said Mrs. Dolly, "are growing fine. There'll be twice as much of them for us w'en the snow flies. It's only a pig itself would rob us of all that extry for the sake of a bone now."

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Dolly!" said Cap'n Tom.

"It's w'at's left him high an' dry here,"

said Mrs. Dolly. "He ain't no self-denial."

"When he wants a thing he wants it now," said the laughing young girl in the faded and soiled pink frock.

"Most on us do," said Mrs. Barnard, the old woman who sat on the step beside her husband, and kept her hand in his, her feet wrapped in strips of old cloth for want of shoes.

"He's kind o' pindlin'," said Cap'n Tom, lowering his voice. "He ain't no relish for mush an' milk. We was ship-mates to Rio onct, out from Hongkong, an' we was ninety days fightin' 'th wind an' weather—give up for lost. An' the water was soapy, an' the beef—you couldn't jes' call 't beef! An' his digesters was never the same sence. He'd orter be in a house of his own 'stid o' here, where the beef's on'y half as bad—w'en we git it, anyway."

"We'd all orter be in a house of our own," said Mrs. Barnard in a trembling voice.

"This is our own," said her husband,