



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LADY SPEYER (LEONORA VON STOSCH)

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)



Drawn by O. F. Probst

GENERAL VIEW OF ROTHENBURG

ROTHENBURG THE PICTURESQUE

ROMANTIC GERMANY—IX

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES FROM ETCHINGS BY O. F. PROBST

AS our 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, short breeches 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 Holtzschuher. 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 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.

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 gallery where one may walk (stooping a little, if one is so unfortunate as to be tall) nearly round 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, one catches a glimpse of another arch spanning the way, crowned with a clock-steeple, and marking the course of the original ring-wall.

Behind it rises 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 is 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. 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