

To describe the many rich or curious monuments which the streets contain would be impossible. The Schönebrunnen (Beautiful Fountain) close by the ancient market-place and the Roman Catholic church (Frauenkirche) is the most striking, and a peculiarly graceful structure, in the style with which we in England are familiar as that of the "Eleanor Crosses." Near this, an inscription on an old house in a narrow street points out the dwelling of Hans Sachs, the homely poet of the Reformation, whose statue is hard by, representing him seated, in his burgher's dress, with countenance full of quiet humour. Close at hand is the new Jewish synagogue, a truly superb building, bearing on its front the inscription in Hebrew: "How dreadful is this place! Surely it is none other than the House of God and the gate of heaven."

Passing again to the north of the city, we come upon a fine bronze statue of Albert Dürer, the pride of Nuremberg, and of German art. Hard by is his house also, just beneath the castle. And to continue the catalogue of house-inscriptions, it may be added that in this quarter of the town, nearly opposite St. Sebald's church, a tablet above a bookseller's shop records that there dwelt Palm the publisher, "a victim to the tyranny of Napoleon." He was shot, the reader will remember, in 1806, for publishing a pamphlet on the "Degradation of Germany," in which he stigmatised the Emperor's policy as oppressive.

Almost equal in interest to Albert Dürer's monument is his lowly grave in St. John's Cemetery, half a mile beyond the city gates. The ancient part of this burying-place is filled with tombs, each marked by its flat slab, placed in close and regular order, and numbered. Without any difficulty the number of Dürer's grave, 649, guided me to the spot. The tomb is plain, like that of the great artists's fellow burghers; and bears the inscription, "*Quidquid Alberti Dureri mortale fuit, sub hoc conditur tumulo. Emigravit 8 idus Aprilis 1528.*" The monogram is underneath, with a short inscription in Latin and German, setting forth the main events of his life. But the word *Emigravit* is beautiful, as Longfellow has so truly remarked. In walking round the cemetery I was greatly struck by the constancy with which the phrase was repeated, *Hier ruht in Gott*, "Here rests in God." No words, when truly applicable, can better consecrate the tomb!

I saw a funeral there, which to me was most impressive. It was evidently that of a person belonging to the humbler class, but was largely followed. Six young girls walked in front, bearing large bouquets of flowers with sprigs of box and cypress,