

LOVE ME.

Love me, love; but breathe it low,
Soft as summer weather;
If you love me, tell me so,
As we sit together,
Sweet and still as roses blow—
Love me love; but breathe it low.

Tell me only with your eyes,
Words are cheap as water;
If you love me, look and sigh
Tell my mother's daughter
More than all the world may know—
Love me, love, and breathe it low.

Words for others, storm and snow,
Wind and changeable weather—
Let the shallow waters flow
Foaming on together;
But love is still and deep, and oh!
Love me, love; but breathe it low.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE LONG PACK.

BY JAMES HOGG THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

In the year 1723 Colonel Riddick returned from India with what was considered in those days an immense fortune, and retired to a county seat on the banks of the North Tyne in Northumberland. The house was furnished with every thing elegant and costly, among other things a service of plate supposed to be worth £1,000. He went to London annually, with his family during the winter months, and at these times, there were but few left at his country house. At the time we treat of there were only three domestics remaining there; a maid-servant, whose name was Alice, kept the house, and there were, besides, an old man and a boy, and two ploughmen who lived in houses of their own.

One afternoon, as Alice was spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings, a pedler entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack and as broad a pack; but a pack equally long, thick and broad she declared she had never seen. It was in the middle of winter, when the nights were long, cold and wearisome. The pedler was a handsome, well dressed man, yet Alice declared that from the first she did not like him greatly, and though he introduced himself with a great deal of flattery, yet when he came to ask for a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal.

He jested on the subject, saying he believed she was in the right, for it would scarcely be safe to trust him under the same roof with such a sweet and beautiful creature. Alice was an old maid, and anything but beautiful, but it would not do, consent she would not to his staying there.

"But, are you really going to turn me away to-night?"

"Yes."

"Indeed, my dear girl, you are unreasonable; I am come straight from New Castle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around here are of the poorer class, I will rather make you a present of the finest shawl in the pack than go further."

At the mention of the shawl deliberation was portrayed in lively colors on Alice's face, but prudence overcame.

"No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbor no person about the house, but such as came on business, nor these either unless she was well acquainted with them."

"What the worse can you or your master be of suffering me to tarry until the morning?" urged the pedler.

The conversation went on thus, Alice proving unyielding, and at length the pedler agreed to go elsewhere and seek for lodgings, if she would let him leave the pack where it was for the night, since, fatigued as he was, he could not possibly carry it away. To this Alice consented, although with much reluctance, as she wanted nothing to do with his goods. "The pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer if you will be so kind as to lock it by in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlor, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went away wishing Alice a good-night.

When old Alice and the pack were left in the large house by themselves, she felt a kind of indefinite terror come over her mind about it. "What can be in it that makes it so heavy? Surely where the man carries it so far he might have carried it farther. It's a confoundedly queer pack. I'll go look at it once again. Suppose I should handle it all around? I may then have a good guess what is in it."

Alice went cautiously and fearfully into the parlor, and opened a wall press. She wanted nothing in the press, indeed she never looked into it, for her eyes were fixed on the pack, and the longer she looked at it the worse she liked it, as to handling it, she would never have touched it for all it contained. She came again into the kitchen and reasoned with herself. She thought of the man's earnestness to leave it—of its monstrous shape, and every circumstance connected with it; they were all mysterious, and she was convinced that there was something uncanny, if not unearthly, in the pack. She lifted a moulded candle and went again into the parlor, closed the window-shutters and barred them; but before she came out she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look at the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving, as visibly as she ever saw anything in her life. Every hair on her head stood straight; every inch of flesh on her body crept. She hastened into the kitchen as fast as she could, but her knees bent under the terror that overwhelmed her heart. She blew out the candle, lighted it again, and not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf, she set it in a water jug, and ran to the barn for old Richard. When she had told her story, ending with the information that the pack was a living pack, Richard dropped his flail upon the floor and stared at Alice with all his eyes.

"A living pack," he cried, "why the woman's mad with doubt! Of all the foolish ideas this is the worst. How can

A pack made up of napkins and muslins and corduroy breeches ever become alive?" However, he followed her into the house, and lifted the candle out of the jug; never stopping till he laid his hand on the pack. He felt the boards that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods from being crumpled, the cords that bound it, and the canvass in which it was wrapped. "The pack is well enough," he said finally. "It is just like other packs. I see nought that ails it, and a good large pack it is. It will have cost the honest man three hundred pounds if the goods are fine. But he will make it up, Alice, by cheating fools like you with gewgaws."

Alice felt some disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, and persisted that all was not right about the pack. She believed there were stolen goods in it, at any rate, and she had no wish to sleep in the house with it. Next came in Edward, the lad of sixteen, who aided Richard in his work about the place. He was at this time often engaged in shooting crows and other birds, and had bought a huge old military gun with which he thundered away at them, and this very moment he had seen a flock of birds feeding at his corn-crik and had come in to get his gun. When Edward heard the talk about the pack he pricked up his ears attentively. "Faik, Alice," said he, laughing, "if it's a live pack perhaps I'd better shoot it." "Hold your tongue, you fool," said Richard. But Edward, taking the candle in his turn, declared he'd have a look at the pack, at any rate. Gliding down the passage he edged up to the parlor door and gazed within. Presently he came back with a very different look from which he took away.

"As sure as death I saw it stirring," he whispered, "and whatever be in there I'll shoot it." In vain the others attempted to dissuade him. Carrying his gun in one hand and the candle in the other he hastened down the hall. Without hesitating a moment he fired. Great heavens! The blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by a groan of death, issued from the pack. Dropping the gun, Edward ran into the kitchen like one distracted, and out at the open door, taking to the hills like a wild roe in his flight. Alice followed as fast as she could; and old Richard, after standing for a time in a state of petrification, went into the parlor. The pack had thrown itself on the floor, which flowed with blood. The cries and groans had ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard within. The old man, getting down upon his knees, unloosed the cords and discovered the body of a stalwart man, from which life had for ever fled.

"Alas! Alas!" said old Richard, tears running down his cheeks. "I wish he had lived to repent of the bad cause that brought him here."

By this time Edward and Alice, who had gone off with the wild idea of summing some one to their aid, returned in sad distress. Having found no one near, they could no longer leave Richard to his melancholy fate. Together they took the corpse from its confinement. The way in which it was packed was curious and artful. His knees were brought up toward his breast, and his feet and legs were stuffed in a wooden box, another wooden box, a size larger, but without a bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and his knees, and there being only one fold of canvas around this, he breathed with perfect ease. It was the heaving of his breast which had alarmed the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself out of his confinement at once. On his person were four loaded pistols and a silver whistle. In an hour's time they had the house well equipped with armed men, and when the robbers, who had thought to establish their confederate within in safety, arrived about midnight they were repulsed with unexpected fury, several of their number being killed or wounded and their bodies carried away in the retreat of the others. The body of the robber in the pack was buried, and it was said that his grave was opened and the corpse taken secretly away. No clue to the perpetrators of this base and bold attempt at burglary was ever found.

JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

Heidelberg Castle and Its Famous "Tun"—Ancient Nuremberg and Its Relics of the Middle Ages.

The Famous Churches of St. Lorenz, St. Sebaldus and Our Lady—The "Beautiful Fountain"—A Turn of the Ring Giving Luck.

Special Correspondence.

NUREMBERG, August 12.—My last letter closed at Weisbaden, and as it would occupy too much space to detail events and objects of interest in different cities, most of which are well known, I shall in this letter group such as appear most interesting on our route to this fine old city. Everybody stops at Heidelberg, everybody knows that Heidelberg was a castle, and that this castle has a "Tun." The castle itself occupies a commanding position on the heights above the Neckar, and is so interwoven with the past history of the country and with the period when Heidelberg was a royal residence and a place of military and strategic importance, has witnessed imperial magnificence, withstood long and cruel sieges, and now stands bravely against reverses, the ravages of time and neglect. Yes, the castle of Heidelberg is great, even in decay, and holds about its ivied walls and picturesque towers all the romance and glory which has been associated with its past. The Heidelberg that was in 1667, the date fixed by G. P. R. James for his two horsemen to make their advent into Heidelberg, was very different from the quiet Heidelberg of to-day, whose somewhat dull tenor is only disturbed by the carolling of students elated by too much beer, or the mild pianoforte-sna of the inmates of the family pension, whose combination of style with economy demands that excellent teeth as well as digestion should wait upon appetite. En passant, it may be remarked that in making a "short trip"—where less than a week, perhaps only one day or two, can be given to any one place—it is a mistake to go to a pension. The cost may be a little less than at a hotel, but it is worth more than the extra cost to be saved the inconvenience to one-self and others of the fixed hours and habits of the boarding house. More important still to the objects of the tourist—the pension has not the resources of the hotel, in the ubiquitous and ever ready portier, whom Mark Twain has so well described and eulogized in his "Tramp Abroad," that to and anything more would be simply to "paint the rose." Blessed institution that he is to the stranger in a strange land, struggling with a strange tongue, would that we could naturalize the portier in America in place of the know-nothing and do-nothing but be impertinent hotel clerk. But this cannot be. The portier is a product of the ages, he flourishes best on continental soil, he cannot even be found in England, and would utterly lose his identity if he were transported to America. On the Continent he graduates in time to become an admirable landlord and portier in some of the smaller, less pretentious hotels. I have found one already in my journeyings this time, who is landlord now where he was portier four years ago, and though he now has the pride and air of proprietorship, he does not disdain to "lend a hand," and he is as excellent a dictionary, gazetteer, guide-book, daily paper and friend as ever.

It was, perhaps, because we missed the portier in Heidelberg that I did not refresh my memory as to the number of hogsheds of wine that could



HEIDELBERG CASTLE

be stowed away in the "Tun" of the castle. I know I came away feeling forlorn, and as if I had not half done even what there is to do in this pretty town, simply because of the inadequacy of resources in a pension, and felt that it would have been an actual desert had we not struck an intelligent driver, who took us in the gloaming across the bridge and along the banks of the Neckar, by terraced villas and lovely gardens to a spot where the castle stood flooded in radiant moonlight, like a queen robed and crowned.

From Heidelberg to Nuremberg is a wide reach for the imagination, and yet both have modern, as well as remote, interest. Nuremberg has nothing modern in its appearance. The spirit of Durer still broods over its peaked roofs and gables, its old stone walls and towers, its curious archways, its massive timbered doors, its metal bound furnishings in wood and glass, and its quaint fountains

from the "Gooseber," the design a peasant carrying home a goose under each arm to the "Schone Brunnen"—the "Beautiful Fountain." In Nuremberg things which date only from 1600 or 1700 seem quite modern and frivolous—one does not look at anything unless it has a special character of its own, later than 1500. One almost resents the excellence of the hotels, and their introduction of so many recent ideas. The best of them is, perhaps, the Wortemberger Hof, near the station, but the Strauss is also excellent, and near the centre of the city. It has been a palace, has a fine interior court, and the rooms are built round the four sides of wide, open galleries, which ascend to the top story. The beginnings of Nuremberg are lost in obscurity. The first records date from 1050, and it is supposed that the burg or castle was the first important structure, and that the town grew around it. The Emperor Henry II, the "Holy," conferred upon it liberty of trade and rights of duty and coin, and it is a favorite residence of Frederick (the Emperor Barbarossa), who enlarged the burg in the years between 1156 and 1188. Doubtless, it was to these privileges and distinctions that the town owes the reputation it soon achieved for splendid work in stone, metals, wood, and all mechanics. Nor is there any doubt that these laid the foundation for its more widely known achievements by the Nuremberg painters and their schools. Durer and his master Wholgemuth were artisans and draughtsmen before they were painters, and the art is not less fine in the stone of Adam Kraft and the iron of Peter Vischer—even in the wood of Veit Stoss, than in the painting of Albert Durer. We talk much of the dignity of labor in America, but nowhere is it more despised than in our large cities. Labor was truly dignified when it was well taught, well done and highly honored. The old guilds which represented labor were among the richest, most powerful and influential of corporations, and the remains of the halls and furniture are as rich as any found in the palaces.



CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE

The most famous churches in Nuremberg are the St. Sebaldus and the St. Lorenz (St. Lawrence). The first was the St. Lorenz, a fine Gothic structure, already in existence in 1162, but altered and enlarged until it attained its present proportions in 1477. Its spires dominate all other objects and its front, with the rich rose and contains a large number of sculptured figures. The most remarkable object of the interior, which rests upon clustered columns of great size and is said to outrank all other churches in Germany in artistic decoration, is the Tabernacle by Adam Kraft. It is a wonderful sculptured structure, rising sixty-five feet and representing the scenes of the Passions and terminates in a graceful half wreath of flowers in stone, which bend over like a shepherd's crook. The idea embodied is that the office of Shepherd is the crown of the work of Salvation, and the monumental work is carried on the shoulders of the master workman, Adam Kraft, and his two assistants, who form bent figures at the base, the master carrying hammer and chisel. The work was contracted for in 1493, to be finished in three years at a cost of not more than 700 florins—about \$300 to-day—a florin not being worth more than forty cents. But the work extended over more than three years, and seventy florins more were allowed—about \$350 for this masterpiece. The seven windows of the choir are considered the best examples of Nuremberg glass painting, one of them bearing the monogram of Hans Cullmbach, a pupil of Albrecht Durer. There are also pictures and windows by Wholgemuth, Durer's master, and above the organ a beautiful rose window in glass mosaic. Of the modern windows the most interesting is the "Emperor's" presented by the citizens of Nuremberg in the German Empire. The design was by Professor Wanderer and the painting by H. Klaus of Nuremberg. There is another window designed and executed by the same artists which contains a central design the Trine Deity, with Luther and Meianthon as side figures in stone and wood, and pictures by unknown masters abound; but there is a treasure called the "Salutation of the Angels," which hangs from the roof in front of the high altar, and which is the largest existing wood carving by the great master of the art, Veit Stoss; is framed in a garland of roses and enriched by seven medallions called the seven joys of the Virgin. The great Gothic bronze chandelier was cast by Peter Vischer, the great metal worker upon the occasion of his election as a member of the guild of casters in bronze in 1489, and was presented to the church by the Tucker family, the same who afterwards gave to the church the "Salutation of the Angel," by Veit Stoss, while the richly carved seats of wood on either side of the entrance formerly belonged to the guilds and were occupied by the masters, who sat in turn to receive alms.

St. Sebaldus Church was begun in the tenth century and contains a font which was the first product of the Nuremberg foundries; it was also the one from which King Henzeslas of

Bohemia was christened in 1361. The most remarkable object, however, is a



CHURCH OF ST. SEBALDUS

sepulchre of St. Sebaldus, which stands in the center of the eastern choir. It ranks with the Tabernacle of Adam Kraft in St. Lorenz, as a masterpiece of German art and was the work of Peter Vischer and his sons—the same Peter Vischer who cast the chandelier for St. Lorenz. The monumental structure takes the form of a pagan temple, though it is adorned with the figures of the twelve Apostles. It rests upon the backs of twelve large snails, and has four dolphins at the corners. Above the figures of the twelve apostles are the smaller figures of the fathers of the church, the whole surmounted by a figure of the infant Christ holding a globe in his hand. This is the key by which the entire structure, it is said, can be taken apart, if it is necessary, and put together again. There are commemorative windows in this church painted by Hirschvogel and presented by Maximilian I. and his grandson Charles V. There are also original works by Albrecht, Durer, Adam Kraft, and Veit Stoss, and the commemorative Escutcheon of the Von Tucker family, by Holbein, who to this church gave an altar, a wood carving by Durer, and an ever-burning lamp. This last is suspended by chains, and holds always its red light, like an interior fire. It was "founded," it is said, in 1326, by the first baron of Tucker. Against the bridal portal of St. Sebaldus is a beautiful oriel window, the style of which is a characteristic feature of Nuremberg architecture.

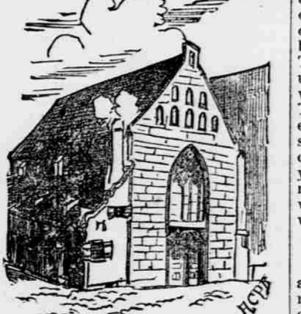
The Frauen Kirch, or Church of Our Lady, is a very beautiful little church, built 1361, but recently restored and rather too much gilded. In the interior are some fine works by Adam Kraft and Veit Stoss, and a clock made in 1509. The church and schonebrunn (beautiful fountain) are both in the Haupt Markt. The latter was the work of Behaim, and is a remarkable pyramidal structure, 64 feet



BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN AND CHURCH OF OUR LADY

high, with divisions or church-like arches, in which are sculptured figures of historic, Christian, Jewish and heathen heroes—three of each kind. In the upper arches are statues of Moses and the prophets. In the pailing which surrounds the fountain is a rose executed by the locksmith Paul Kose in 1586. This can be turned quite around, and it is the accepted token of a Nuremberger and of the travelling apprentices, who always visit this fountain and turn the ring for luck.

Durer's house and monument and the house of Hans Sachs, the German mediæval poet, and the statue erected to his memory are quaint and curious. The latter is near the "Bratwurstglochtein,"



BRATWURSTGLOCKTEIN

where Durer, Hans Sachs, Veit Stoss, Peter Vischer and other well known worthies took their "brod" and beer. The house still retains its ancient characteristics, and drives a thriving trade in small, exceedingly good sausages and their national accompaniments. An excellent luncheon was served to four of us for one mark sixty pfennig (forty cents). And we were shown Albert Durer's flag and all the lions of the quaint little hostelry.

The fine old houses in Nuremberg are not all relics of mediæval grandeur. Most of the famous workers left dwellings which have withstood the ravages of time, and are not only fine specimens of old architecture, but enriched with quaint designs and objects expressive of their owner's taste or calling. Each is a study in itself, as

is every separate building, street, and object in this quaint old city. Here, as in Antwerp, an "Exposition" is in progress; but, though it is not confined to Nuremberg art and industry, it is not "international" in the sense of the Awtwerp Exposition, and serves more to illustrate the arts for which Nuremberg has been and still is renowned than those which are diverse. It is very interesting to find in the midst of so much that is old and worthy the effort to create new life and maintain old standard of excellence. In metal-work Nuremberg is still pre-eminent, and in jewelry—the latest a renaissance of the old German wrought work in silver and gold, with gems such as small rubies, pearls, and turquoise set in the design to complete it—such lovely things are shown that it will doubtless prove a true revival, the restoration at least for a time of a beautiful fashion, as much superior to our senseless and universal habit of wearing bits of glass called diamonds as a cut gem is to a square of looking-glass. The renaissance jewelry was out of my power, thanks to the limited resources of a correspondent, but I bought a pair of brass-bound Nuremberg scissors and sheath, and chateleine, and a beer mug enriched with the figures and names of Albrecht Durer, Adam Kraft, Peter Vischer and Veit Stoss, the four workers whom Nuremberg delights to honor.

It seems wicked to even touch Nuremberg with so light and careless a pen as one must who only catches a glimpse of the hurried tourist. The German National Museum alone, housed in a curious old cloistered building, erected as a monastery in 1382, deserves a letter of itself and would well repay weeks of study. Here and at the burg are kept as relics old instruments of torture and punishment, besides curious specimens of antique furniture, domestic utensils, specimens of fabrics and tissues, joiners' and locksmiths' works—articles innumerable in short—which crowd every available inch of space in rooms, halls, corridors, cloisters, chapels and niches. Altogether the avowed object of collecting a complete history of German industry seems to have achieved from the beginning of things through their stages of development. There are also much that is interesting to the purely art worker in the cabinets of paintings and galleries of larger though perhaps not more important pictures. This cannot be said, however, of the originals of Durer and Wholgemuth, which includes the former's celebrated portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuerer, and Kaulbach's great picture of the Emperor Otto's visit to the vault of Charlemagne at Aix la Chapelle in the year 1000. There are also original printed pages by Guttenberg, a letter of Albert Durer's, one of Martin Luther's and original editions of Hans Sachs's works—poet shoemaker. Still we are only at the threshold, and it is at the threshold we must say good-bye to Nuremberg.

Jenny June

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A Quail Burial.

About eighteen months ago seventy-five quail were taken from Tennessee into New Jersey for the purpose of colonizing them. In the spring of 1884 the experiment of breeding the birds while in confinement was attempted, two pairs being placed in a large wire cage that was built in the yard of a farm house. The birds mated. That spring one of the birds built a nest and laid thirteen eggs, and was about setting on them when, in consequence of the breaking of a water ladder, the nest was destroyed. The eggs were then taken and put under a bantam and hatched out. That summer the hen quail died. Last autumn one of the cock birds died.

This spring the remaining pair, being a cross pair, mated, and the hen bird built a nest and laid thirteen eggs. During the first week of her sitting upon them she was taken sick, and after moping for two or three days died. While she was sick, and after her death, the cock bird manifested some very remarkable characteristics. He seemed greatly distressed. The hen bird had died on her nest. The cock would run to her and caress her, and then turn away and call her. He made queer chirpings and sounds such as he had never been heard to utter before. At last he seemed to realize that his mate was dead. He then went and pulled her off the nest and dragged her body over to the corner of the cage with backward movements of his feet. There he dug a hole and covered her up with earth, leaving only the long wing feathers of one wing exposed. This done, without uttering any further sounds, he returned to the nest and sat on the eggs, and eventually succeeded in bringing out a brood of ten young quail. The story of the burial is vouched for by a large number of witnesses.—Forest, Forge and Farm.

A Great Gambler's Chariot.

The sight that commands the most attention along the Jersey shore, now resplendently occupied by New Yorkers seeking summer diversion, is a tall, ho coach. The vehicle is bigger and grayer than any belonging to the Coaching Club, and its four bay horses are more showily harnessed. The driver wears livery, and a bugler blows his blasts industriously as the coach rolls along the broad, hard avenue that is every clear afternoon thronged by wealth and fashion on wheels. The occupants are more brilliant than the equipage, however, for they are mostly women in the richest and most elaborate toilets, shaded by parasols that are like circles cut out of a rainbow. This tall, ho belongs to Phil Daly, a professional gambler, and the women are members of his family and their friends. Nothing like it has been seen at Long Branch since the days of Jim Fisk and Dr. Helmbold.—Correspondence of Buffalo Express.

The British government promises to obtain an early issue of the Egyptian loan of \$45,000.