

## A PEEP AT LUTHER'S TOWN.



TRAVELLERS passing across the flat, sandy plain between Berlin and Leipsic have their attention arrested when about half-way between these towns by the sight of two tall towers connected by a gallery rising above a small cluster of red-roofed houses. These are the towers of the town church of Wittenberg. In writing of many towns the mind has to wander over a great stretch of time. Deeds of many ages have built up the history of the place, and no slight sketch even would be satisfactory that did not at least allude to events of varied centuries. But in Wittenberg the mind is fixed to one great event. The accounts of its sieges and its sufferings from war are but little heeded; the names of the three great men who four centuries ago lived in its narrow walls overshadow all other history, and make Wittenberg the guardian of the memories of Luther, Melancthon, and Cranach.

The form of the town has been but little altered, and many of the houses are still standing as they stood when the burly form of Luther passed down under their shadow from his quiet rooms to the town church, or again onward past the market-place to the Castle Church. From the castle two main streets run the length of the town, being divided in the centre by the Rathhaus in the market-place, and the town church; and these two streets with a few narrow lanes form the whole of the town. At the beginning of the principal street at the west end on the right-hand side, built on to the two great round towers of the castle, is the famous Castle Church; a little further up is the old University building, now alive with troops busy with their drill; and at the extreme east end of the town is the monastery, once the home of Luther.

As we entered the town an honest baker standing in his shirt-sleeves at his doorway soon brought us back from the life of to-day, by pointing out an inscription upon a house opposite: "*Hier wohnte, lehrte, und starb Philip Melancthon*" (Here lived, taught, and died Philip Melancthon). The building is but little altered, and its five gable arches are still as they were when the teacher dwelt beneath them.

But this building detained us only a little while, and in company with a young girl from Luther's house we passed down through the town to the Castle Church. There, protected by some rails, is the heavy bronze door that was substituted for the famous door whereon Luther fixed his memorable Theses. Those short pithy sentences are now inscribed in lasting bronze.

The shadow of the great towers of the castle rests upon the church, and upon the painting that is over the doorway of Luther and Melancthon at the foot of Christ's cross; Luther with an open Bible, Melancthon with his work bound in red. The few houses

that are opposite scarcely disturb the quiet of the open space around it, and one is allowed to stand before the building in quiet peace.

Within the church all is extremely plain, and, alas! not apparently well cared for. The young girl who accompanies us takes a key and unlocks a wooden slab in the pavement, and beneath is seen the memorial tablet above the tomb of Melancthon; and on the opposite side, preserved in the same way, is the inscription that rests above all that remains to earth of Luther's body—his mind still pervades the world.

The old pulpit from which Luther preached is now placed over the east end of the church; it formally stood at the corner of the transept beneath which is the tomb.

Passing back up through the town by the secondary street, a building is seen that speaks of the relief of the Germans from the yoke of the French in 1815. Carved over the doorway is the bare fact, "Artillery Waggon House, 1816." A little beyond this the houses are of the sixteenth-century type, and upon one, pulling us back again to the one great fact of Wittenberg history, is the inscription: "*Gottes Wort Luteri leer, vorget ny und nimer mer,*" which may be literally translated, but without the force of the old rhyme, "God's Word Luther learnt, forgot not, nay, never more." Just beyond this house the street opens into the market-place connecting it with the main street of the town.

This open space is very picturesque, reminding one somewhat of Halle, but with decided characteristics that are unique. At the east side rise high above the houses the two plain and defaced towers of the town church; these are square, but with an octagonal upper structure with a domed summit, upon which are placed two little cupolas.

The low roofs of the town, and the great stretches of red tiles that are on them, give point to the words of Luther when he wrote to Spalatinus: "Yes, I shall go to Worms even if there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the roofs of Wittenberg."

On the north side of the square is the Rathhaus, a great building with four gables, and a doorway supporting upon pillars a balcony with an ornamented roof: a convenient place for announcing proclamations to the inhabitants. At the side of this building is the "Brunnen," not a very artistic piece of work, but its four pillars and canopy, which are surmounted by a triangular stone carved with a figure and arms, add effect to the scene.

To the east and west, nearly in the centre of the square, rise the two dark bronze canopies that shelter the statues of Luther and Melancthon.

Luther stands nearest to the church where so many of his forcible, biting words were uttered. He looks out across the market-place with a firm, fixed, and satisfied determination. In this statue, as in most of

his portraits, there is none of the "old man at thirty-five, whose anxieties had whitened the hair, withered the countenance, and bent the body." His work, and perchance its success, seemed to strengthen him as he went onward, in spite of his bodily sufferings.

The statue of Melancthon at the other side of the place is a fine expressive piece of work. This thin, worn face looks firmly forth with an intense expression of faith in futurity, and renunciation of the present. The sparse hair is not as it was, when, at the disputation at Leipsic, his face was described as a "countenance stamped with gentle melancholy; that forehead so white on which play such luxuriant locks;" but through the sad melancholy pierces a firm expression of truthful hope.

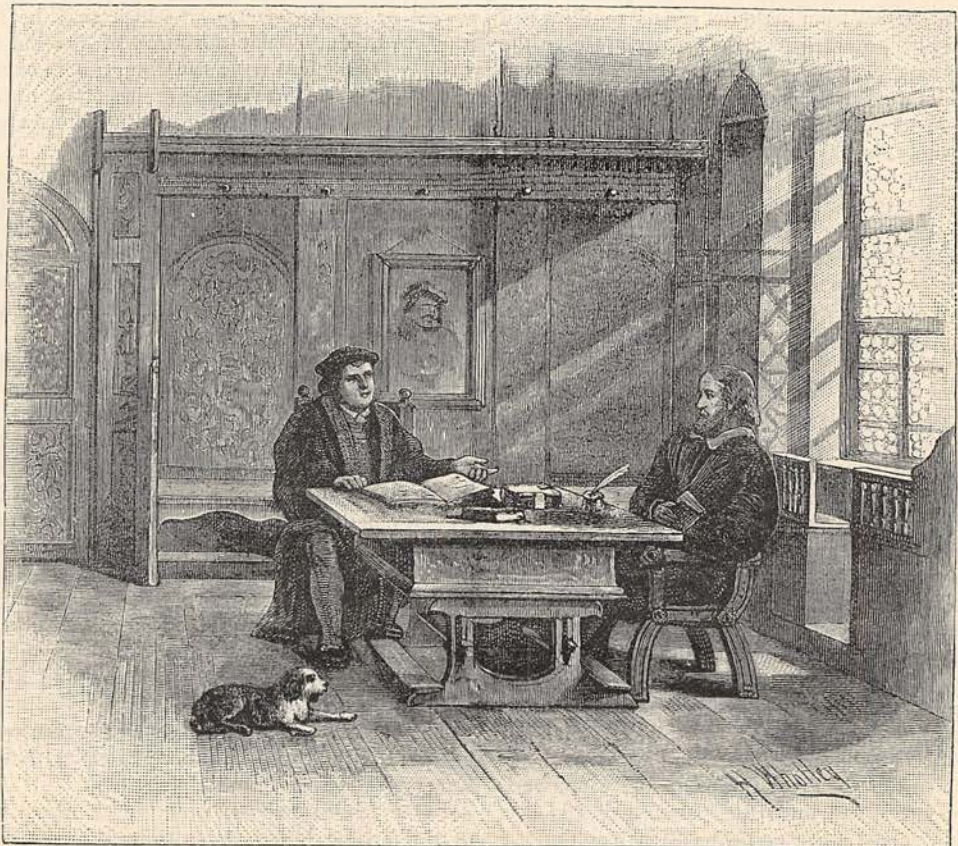
It was in this square where now stand these statues that a wild scene occurred in 1518. A bookseller of Halle had been commissioned by Tetzel (or his agents) to affix his Theses in opposition to Luther's on the church door of Wittenberg. But the students of Wittenberg heard of the design; they seized upon the bookseller and his bag, tore up nearly 800 copies of Tetzel's work, and proclaimed by a trumpet through the town that at two o'clock the Propositions of Tetzel would be publicly burnt in the market-place. And at two o'clock, amidst a crowd of excited students, the

flames rose in the air of these arguments that were to refute and confound the terse statements of Luther.

From the square where this scene occurred, we passed up to the eastern end of the town and through a gateway into the house where Luther lived, loved, and worked. Once the Augustinian monastery, now a college for Protestant students, it is well cared for, and has lately had formed within its walls a Lutheran museum; all the relics of Luther that were obtainable have been collected and lovingly housed in the last home of the master. At the entrance is the inscription, "*Hier wohnte und wirkte Luther*" (Here lived and worked Luther). In the ante-room are preserved many interesting relics of Luther and of his wife Catherine, or Ketha, as he fondly called her. Passing from this little room we entered the living-room of Luther.

This has been left untouched since the days when Luther worked there. Here he lived first as a monk, then, as his teaching took effect, and one by one the monks all left the monastery, he with the prior lived on for a time, and then handed over the building to the Elector, who allowed him the use of it for his life. To this house the nuns who were leaving the convents fled for protection, and amongst them came she who was to be his "sweet wife."

The worn planks of the floor are those upon which



LUTHER'S ROOM, WITH FIGURES OF LUTHER AND MELANCTHON.



THE MARKET SQUARE, WITTENBERG.

Luther trod. The rough, old, and uncouth table at the window is the one upon which he wrote. This window is a large, high, arched one formed of little octagonal panes, and at each side are two little sliding panels, and fixed in front of these are two seats raised upon a little platform, with rails for the back and for the outward arm. Here, it is said, sat Luther and his wife. And with the panels slid back they could look out upon what was then the little churchyard of the monastery, and breathe the fresh pure air that swept up to the building from the river. Perhaps part of their limited view would include also the garden which, in 1525 he writes to Spalatin, he has laid out, and where he has constructed a fountain, and where he took to growing "melons, gourds, and pumpkins" to help himself in his poverty; for wretchedly poor he was at this time. In one of his letters he says: "You ask me for eight florins. Where on earth am I to get eight florins?" He also took to the occupation of turning, to try and help himself and family to a little money; but his great comforts were his flute and his garden.

Opposite the window is the great stove with subjects in relief suggested by Luther—the four Evangelists, Music, Geometry, and the Way to Calvary.

The ceiling and panelled walls of the room are painted with artistic designs in colour; upon one side of the door are the arms of Luther, a black cross upon a red heart, surrounded by roses upon a blue field, encircled with a gold ring, the motto being "*Das Christus Herz auf Rosen geht wenns mitten unter Kreuzer steht.*"

The other rooms of the building have all been renovated and fitted up as a Luther museum, and contain much that is of the highest interest in connection with his life. The number of volumes, some written in his favour, others against him, is very large and highly interesting. His own Bible, written with his own hand, is here, a copy of the bull that was burnt at the east gate of the town, and an enormous variety of pamphlets and books; the desk also from which he spoke, and above this is the portrait of him by Cranach—a thoughtful, soulful picture. The stout burly form, and round sturdy head, are lovingly painted; the lips are closed, with a great expression of determination, and the whole face is modelled by intense force of will. There is much in the whole building to occupy one for many an hour, and all seems now watched over with loving care.

We left the doors of the house with regret and

passed again through the town to the Stadtkirche. At first sight the exterior of this building appears to have been so destroyed that but little of interest is left to occupy the mind upon it; but many of the remnants of sculpture still left upon its walls are curious and interesting.

The interior of this church is painfully new, having but lately been thoroughly renovated; but at the east end are some paintings with scenes from Luther's life, and some Scriptural subjects. One of the Birth of Christ, and the Offering in the Temple, and the Crucifixion contains such anachronisms as men wearing the German pelz coat of the sixteenth century, or one might say of to-day, as the same coat exactly is now worn. Over the communion-table is a picture of the Last Supper: the tables at which the Apostles are sitting being round; and there are also pictures of Luther preaching, and of baptism and absolution with Luther confessing, all vividly bringing back the troubled but vigorous time of Luther's day.

It was in this church that so many of his forceful and conquering arguments were uttered: words that aroused all Europe, and made kings and princes write to the Duke of Saxony to suppress him. We passed from this church out beyond the town to yet one more historic spot connected with Luther's life.

At the east end of the town beyond the houses, where is now a pleasure-garden, stands an oak-tree, surrounded by iron railings. This marks the spot where Luther publicly burnt the bull of Leo X., a terrific act in those days, and one that forcibly proves the thorough determination of the man. It was on the 10th of December, 1520, that a great pile of wood had been raised just outside the east gate of the town; seats had been placed around this pile, and early in the morning, in the cold, sharp, biting air of winter, a great crowd assembled here to bid defiance to Rome and all her powers. Luther came out from the monastery in full robes, carrying the bull and other documents; others followed bearing the books and pamphlets of those who had denounced the preaching of Luther, and when all were assembled, he gave the signal for the pile to be lit, and waiting until the flames attained strength, he threw into their midst the papal bull, with the words, "As thou hast troubled the Holiness of the Lord, so may the eternal fire trouble and destroy thee."

From this historic spot, as the sun was setting beyond the town, throwing out in dark relief the double towers of the Stadtkirche, we bade adieu to the old town that still enshrines and venerates the home of Luther.

J. B.

## CO - HEIRS.

A CORNISH STORY.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

### CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH. TO THE RESCUE.



SIR POLLOCK HARTOPP was out in his new yacht, *The Foam*. He had persuaded, or tormented, not only Lord Malvern, but his beautiful daughter, Lady Gwendoline, to bear him company. No persuasion could have coaxed the countess to set foot on a yawl's planks, nor did Lady Edith love the sea.

The day was fine; but the treacherous Atlantic climate is never to be trusted. Only last week the Tregunna lifeboat, Robert Barton's gift, had been crippled, and one of her crew drowned, in vainly trying to save the crew of a French sloop wrecked on the Razor Rocks. But there was Sir Pollock, with his dandy crew of Isle

of Wight sailors, and his smart, confident captain, or sailing master—better used to win cups and bets in the Solent than to bear the force of a storm on the cruel iron-bound coast of Cornwall—as intent upon a pleasure trip as though there were no threatening signs to westward. The cloud-bank to seaward blackened, the flying scud swept past in ragged masses, a line of foam, like a low white wall, advanced rapidly from the horizon, and with it came, strengthening ever, the force and fury of the tempest. It was an awkward place for a vessel manned by a holiday crew, and commanded by a yachting skipper like Captain Bliss, to be caught by so fierce a gale. The end of it was that, after an ineffectual tack or two, spars snapping, sails flapping wildly, and the rudder disabled, *The Foam* grounded on the Razor Rocks, where every white wave leaped over her slanting bulwarks, clamouring hungrily for prey. It was a time of sore peril for those on board the yacht. There was no flinching on the part of passengers or crew. The dandified yachting sailors showed true British pluck in the hour of adversity, while Lady Gwendoline, pale and beautiful, set an example of uncomplaining courage to the rest. Nor was the earl lacking in composure, now that death seemed so near. As for the young master of the yawl, his chief concern was for his guests,