

became the first Nun of this Nunnery, and later Abbess. After her death she was declared holy by the Pope.

Thann in Alsace.

The dreamy beautifully situated small town Thann is, in a double regard, remarkable to the lover of old romantic legends, not only on account of the steeple but principally of the neighbouring Lyingfield. The steeple was built in a time when by great drought and heat, a severely felt want of water dominated, and springs and fountains scarcely yielded sufficient to allay the thirst. But just at this time the wine had thriven so luxuriantly that persons not prepared for this abundance, could not procure sufficient vessels and barrels to store the rich blessing. Therefore it happened that the citizens of Thann prepared the mortar, for the building of the steeple, with wine instead of water, which changed the lime to a sort of must, spreading a most lovely fragrance. By such application of the sweet grape-juice is said not only to have acquired an extraordinary solidity, but even to the present day the walls occasionally yield an agreeable exudation when the delicate plant is in blossom.

One indeed asserts that the tolling is then more euphonious and harmonious. Not so charming but rather terrific and dreadful is the legend of the Lying-field. An uninhabited, barren waste, uncomfortable sterile wilderness, stretches itself before the wanderer's eye, and the defamed field is unwillingly visited, which Nature seems to have chosen as the seat of Death. No tone of a living creature is to be heard, no green ear shoots from the wide pasture, the only change of color on the dark mossy ground is offered by the bleached skulls, which like an obnoxious seed are here scattered about. Once, so says the Legend, a wanderer surprised by night, lost himself on this wide plain. The clocks of the near town announced midnight, and directly the solitary was aware of a subterranean strange rustling, a rattling as of weapons, and a tumult as of fighters. Suddenly there appeared before him the figure of an armed knight, in menacing position and harangued the terror-stricken so „What are you searching here miserable, and why do you venture to enter the field that already since many centuries loaded with the curse, is a field of Terror and Death?“ Are you a stranger in this country, so know that you stand on the place, where once Louis the Pious arranged his army to struggle in open battle with his enemy. The venerable king wished to stand an honourable battle, but his own sons reflected on treachery,

and Lothar the Infamous bribed the warriors with gold and soft words. And as the pious Louis confiding in the faithfulness of his troops would begin the battle, he experienced the shameful desertion of his own troops who tore the crown from his head, and delivered him to his antagonists. The deceived old man, with uplifted hands cried with bitterness to Heaven. „There is no more fidelity on earth, for all my warriors betray me. Cursed be they, and this field the witness of such an act, for ever.“ This curse oh stranger! has been most terribly fulfilled, „Here under this black plain lie in mile-wide graves, collected bones of the perjured warriors, and as we by our faithlessness robbed our king of happiness and quiet, so our bones will never enjoy repose, and never will the curse be taken from this field, which since that event, is called the Lying-field.

After these words the spectral warrior sank in the ground which opened and closed with hollow menaces, but the stranger seized with terror and horror hastened away, and the next day announced what he had experienced on the plain.