

made his way to the crown by shameful, unnatural treachery. No treasures and no flatterer's words could now quiet the voice of conscience, and the memory of the despised, in misery dying father stood as an apparition before his soul. When at last Death freed him from the nameless torments, hark! there tolled at once (to the astonishment of the citizens), strangely from the steeples of the city. It was not tolling which announced the decease of a sovereign, by invisible hands rang sharp and clear the bell of the poor sinner; and each asked the other, what criminal one conducted to execution to-day.

As the people heard the emperor had just died, horror and terror filled every breast, and silent prayers ascended to Heaven for the soul repose of the departed.

Heidelberg.

The Wolf's spring.

As the Jettenbühl, near Heidelberg, was still a thick wood there lived in its shade a prophetess named Jette. She had a tall, noble figure, and in dignity and grace she resembled an immortal. A noble youth of the Franken-people heard of the prophetess, and resolved to visit

her and learn his destiny. His heart knew no fear, but when he stood before her and she appeared to him as a maiden from Walhalla, he answered rather hesitatingly to her question. What he wanted? Mighty prophetess you possess the power of Divination, let me know my destiny? Jette threw a penetrating glance at the handsome heroic youth, and a sudden changement seemed to take place in her heart.

Come again to-morrow, as soon as the sun is about to set, meantime I will ask the Runen. The youth appeared the next day at the appointed hour. What have the Runen said? asked he. She shook her curly head and sighed. The signification has not been quite clear to me said she, but I fear our natal stars touch each other. Then I should be too happy exclaimed the youth, and sank at her feet, seized her hand which he covered with burning kisses. Will you join your destiny to mine? asked the maiden. The youth swore it by all the Gods.

Our happiness must remain concealed from human eyes said the prophetess, and showed him the spring, now known by the name of Wolf's spring, as the place of their nightly rendezvous. But in the first night as the youth came to the spring, a fearful spectacle met his view, the maiden lay on the earth, and on her corpse, mangling her tender limbs stood a terrible wolf. The moon illuminated the ghastly scene. The

youth immediately drew his sword, and rushed at the monster which defended itself, but in a moment, struck by the deadly steel, it fell dead.

The Legend of Wolf's spring.

Already glances on the Neckar's flood the Moon's twinkling horn,
Who wanders quickly and good-humoured in the wood to the
green Born?

Beautiful Jetta it is, of Jettenbühl the holy prophetess —
Faithful Love's powerful feeling encourages the actress —

Every evening to the Waldborn came a strange huntsman;
A youth bold and loving, who Jetta's love had much won —

Of by the moon's dusky light has she to the Nymph listened,
When kiss on kiss, the stranger stole from loved lips pinioned;
To-day too she ventured him to homage, by late pilgrim way,
From ardent Heart's impatience, how long the path she
could not say.

So long and anxious, the Moon paled, thoughts were
torment's touch,

The forest-birds sang blithely, oh Nymph „Hasten not so much!“

Yet now after almost completed course, she sees by bush hidden;
Her gallant already „My love look up“ He does not as if bidden.

The Maiden flies languishingly-quick to him — with impetuosity
Embraces her, not her companion — a greedy monstrosity.

A Wolf, which there its thirst satisfied, greedily its instinct
renewed,

By blood, which from her breast gushed is bush and moss,
bedewed.