

castle-door, and to the place where the beloved one's hut stood, „Otto, Otto“, cried she, „have you really left me?“ and look, there stood at the brook some shepherds, who, as it seemed to her, endeavoured to draw a human body out of the water. A terrible presentiment seized her, drove her to the shepherds and oh! horror, a corpse was before her, it was the corpse of Otto which had just been landed. Now the power of despair seized Adeline, and quick was the unhappy maiden's resolution; before any one could prevent it, she sprang from the lofty bank, and the waves swallowed her.

Some days afterwards, the bridal-dressed corpse was washed on shore; and the knight Bodo full of bitter repentance at the folly of his obstinate severity, had the two lamentable victims buried together in one grave.

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## Heppenheim.

### The Monk at Lorch.

**N**ot far from the, on the mountain street situated small town Heppenheim, and near the place Weschnitz, stands on an island, still the ruins of the formerly rich and powerful „Benedictine abbey Lorch.“ Founded under the

government of the French king Pipin; and richly presented by successive sovereigns, this abbey had existed during centuries. To the devastation of the 30 years war succumbed the fine large building, the treasures and jewels it contained, were lost by the plundering of the war parties.

To this abbey, arrived once late in the evening Charlemagne, who according to his habitude travelled through his kingdom, in going from one royal court to another. He wished not only to pass the night there with his retinue, but to repose from the fatigue of a long straining ride, for the great sovereign had reached a high age, and the acts and cares of a very active life had consumed the strength of a former vigorous body.

The Abbot and the other inhabitants of the foundation, received respectfully and joyfully the mighty guest, whose piety honored their calling, and whom they had to thank for many gifts. A banquet finished the festival day of so high a visit.

It was already midnight, as the king kept awake by harassing thoughts left his chamber, to relieve his heart by prayer in the near church. Alone and unremarked he strode through the consecrated halls, and knelt before the altar. The profound stillness which dominated here, and the feeble light of the eternal light which clothed the objects with a magical half dark shine, raised the impression of the sacredness of

the place, and the Emperor uttered his prayer with so much the more fervent devotion. He would just return, as a noise behind excited his attention. He looked round, and saw with astonishment the figure of a venerable and as it appeared blind monk, who, led by a boy tottered along the pillared corridor. Just before the Emperor, the old man sat on a form and then sank on his knees, and offered-up a long prayer, often interrupted by sighs; Charlemagne felt himself uncommonly attracted by the venerable apparition, he believed to be obliged to honor in him the ideal of a God-devoted; and it seemed to him, as if a halo surrounded the head of the old man. In the shadow of a pillar, to which he had retired, he waited till the monk had finished his prayer, and had retired with his youthful guide; then he also left the church, and went to his repose.

In the morning he related to the Abbot the nightly apparition, and inquired after the name of the old monk, but he could not receive any other information concerning the problematic person, than that some years before, the same person by the name of Bernhardus, arrived from another Convent, of what lineage he was, and the name of the cloister where he had formerly been, he had continually and obstinately refused to mention.

Driven by curiosity and sympathy, the Emperor

had himself conducted to the monk's cell; as he attentively regarded the monk's traits, he seemed to know the features. Many remembrances passed through his memory, and the inconsistency of Fortune stood clearly before his soul. He reflected, that descended from princely-lineage, Thassalio once governed the Bavarians; how this duke excited by the, to him married daughter of the dethroned Longobard king, had revolted against the powerful emperor, and lawful feudal lord; how then the undutiful, after he had been vanquished and again generously rewarded, again broke his oath of Vassal, and how at last, again in the victor's power was banished to a distant convent of the Franken-country, in order to expiate in strict life-long penitence the past wrong. All these recollections rose lively in his thoughts, inquiringly his regard rested on the sorrow-stricken features of the monk, and a tear of sadness shone in the sovereign's eye. Then he stepped nearer, seized the old man's hand and said: „Pious father, you and I stood often antagonistic; however those times of hate and struggle are long since passed. We are now of an age when the passions cease: when the earthly stand in the background, and the thoughts of Heaven are in the soul. Duke Thassalio! you have heavily enough expiated the errors of former years. It is Charlemagne who stands before you, who feels no more rancour against you, and who