

Frankfort.

Foundation of the City.

When Charlemagne fought against the Saxons the fortune of war, often was unfavorable to him, a brave liberty-loving people offered him powerful resistance, and not often, repelled by their superiority he fell into great distress. So also once as he was obliged to retire before them on the banks of the Main. A thick fog covered wood and river, no vessel showed itself, and it was impossible to find a place which could afford Charles and his army a passage. There sprang, alarmed by the noise of the army, out of the thicket, a deer which bore a young one, and as if she would show the emperor the way to safety, she waded with her young one through the river. Charles did not delay to use this discovery, he followed, with his army, the deer, and fortunately escaped the enemy to whom the fog hid the passage.

But on the other bank, Charles full of gratitude for the saving ford, stuck his spear into the sand, and said „Here a town shall rise to be called Frankenford“ in memory of this event. And as in consequence he completely overthrew the Saxons, he founded Frankfurt, which later became so celebrated by the Imperial coronations, and in beauty and riches still now thriving commercial town on the Main.

The Knave of Bergen.

In Frankfort at the Romer was a great mask-ball, at the coronation festival, and in the illuminated saloon, the clanging music invited to dance, and splendidly appeared the rich toilets and charms of the ladies, and the festively costumed Princes and Knights. All seemed pleasure, joy, and roguish gaiety, only one of the numerous guests had a gloomy exterior; but exactly the black armour in which he walked about excited general attention, and his tall figure as well as the noble propriety of his movements, attracted especially the regards of the ladies. Who the Knight was? Nobody could guess, for his vizier was well closed, and nothing made him recognizable. Proud and yet modest he advanced to the empress; bowed on one knee before her seat, and begged for the favor of a waltz with the Queen of the festival. And she allowed his request. With light and graceful steps he danced through the long saloon, with the sovereign who thought never to have found a more dexterous and excellent dancer. But also by the grace of his manner, and fine conversation he knew to win the Queen, and she graciously accorded him a second dance for which he begged, a third, and a fourth, as well as others were not refused him. How all regarded the happy dancer, how many envied him the high favour; how increased

curiosity, who the masked knight could be. Also the emperor became more and more excited with curiosity, and with great suspense one awaited the hour, when according to mask-law, each masked guest must make himself known. This moment came, but although all others had unmasked; the secret knight still refused to allow his features to be seen, till at last the Queen driven by curiosity, and vexed at the obstinate refusal, commanded him to open his vizier. He opened it, and none of the high ladies and knights knew him. But from the crowded spectators, 2 officials advanced, who recognized the black dancer, and horror and terror spread in the saloon, as they said who the supposed knight was. It was the executioner of Bergen. But glowing with rage, the king commanded to seize the criminal and lead him to death, who had ventured to dance, with the Queen; so disgraced the empress, and insulted the crown. The culpable threw himself at the feet of the emperor, and said „Indeed I have heavily sinned against all noble guests assembled here, but most heavily against you my sovereign and my Queen.“ The queen is insulted by my haughtiness equal to treason, but no punishment even blood, will not be able, to wash out the disgrace, which you have suffered by me. Therefore oh King! allow me to propose a remedy, to efface the shame, and to render it as if not done. Draw your sword and knight me,

then I will throw down my gauntlet, to every one who dares to speak disrespectfully of my king. The emperor was surprised at this bold proposal, however it appeared the wisest to him; „You are a knave he replied after a moment's consideration, however your advice is good, and displays prudence, as your offence shows adventurous courage. Well then, and gave him the knight-stroke, so I raise you to nobility, who begged for grace for your offence now kneels before me, rise as knight; knavish you have acted, and Knave of Bergen shall you be called henceforth, and gladly the black knight rose; three cheers were given in honour of the emperor, and loud cries of joy testified the approbation with which the Queen danced still once with the Knave of Bergen.

The 9 in the Vane.

Hans Winkelsee the poacher was in bad reputation with the people of Frankfort; he intrenched upon their rights, and shot their best game, at last they succeeded in capturing him, and placing him in the tower of the Eschenheimer door, and the gallows was before him. The view he had from his high prison was possibly not so bad, for if at that time, the town was not surrounded by magnificent promenades, splendid gardens, houses, and cheerful places as now adorn it; he

could however look over the wall, and see the woody ridges of the Taunus, and his small window allowed him to see the blue sky. But the more extended his view, so much the more Hans felt himself confined in the prison, and when he had tormented himself with longings for liberty during the day, the creaking vane of the tower made his careless sleep disagreeable.

He had already passed 9 days and nights there, as he cried out full of ill-humor, cursed wall hole, still more cursed the vane creaking over my head. If I were allowed, and had my rifle I would leave behind me a memorial for the destroyer of my rest. The Frankforters should see how artistically I can shoot, with 9 bullets I would draw exactly a 9 in the vane. The jailer who well understood how to listen heard these words. Odds! murmured he, I should like to see such shooting; and directly he carried his news to the mayor and council what Winkelsee had spoken. To most of these, the poacher's words seemed only the boast of ill-humor. But the mayor said it would ever be for us, and the citizens an amusing sight if we allowed the poacher to make the trial. If he shoot the 9 as he said, we could spare his life and set him in liberty, for such a shooter would be well worthy of pardon; however we will have him hanged if he fail only by a hair. The proposal was unanimously approved, and communicated to Winkelsee.

The next morning early, many sight loving people had collected at the Eschenheimer door and young and old waited with impatience, to see the shooting of the 9. Released from prison, Hans stepped amongst the crowd, and joyfully he received his rifle, which by his arrest had been taken from him. The trial he had to stand, was so much the more difficult, as the vane just then was set in motion by a strong wind, and therefore offered no sure aim. But Winkelsee knew how to use the favorable moment, and the first shot struck exact, as well as the 2nd 3rd and all the others, forming 9 holes in the vane. At each shot, the people applauded by each success, the admiration increased, and as the shooter completed the work; there was no end to the joyful cries. Hans Winkelsee spoke the Mayor, you have obtained your liberty, and because you are so clever with the rifle, we will make you the Captain of our shooting corporation. But Winkelsee refused this offer. The vane of the tower, and Frankfort said he, may ever think on me, also I shall not forget the days and nights, 9 in number, which I have passed there, yet longer I do not wish to remain in your town, I prefer the woods. Should you ever see me again you may hang me up there above on the vane; and with these words he went out of the door, and Frankfurt never saw Winkelsee again.
