

a roe or stag for a new binding. Go and fetch this worthy man, he shall be your Bishop."

The plain priest could scarcely recover from his astonishment, in arriving to such a high dignity. But as the Grace of God rested on him, he knew how to conduct himself in his new position, and even yet he is not forgotten; it was the Bishop Hildebold, Founder of that St. Peter's dome, on the site of which stands the present cathedral in Cologne.

Cologne.

Ursula and the 11000 Virgins.

In the 13th century King Vionetus governed over Britain. Although extreme Heathenism ruled in his kingdom, he had however turned to Christianity with his wife and only daughter, because an angel had appeared to the latter with the command to accept the blessing principles of the Redeemer. The same angel also admonished the king's daughter, to prepare herself to suffer for the honor of Christ, and to die by martyrdom. Ursula had taken the firm resolution, with enthusiasm, to obey this admonition, and as a German prince, Agrippinus, sent an ambassador to her father's court, in order to solicit the hand

of the equally pious and beautiful virgin, as wife for his son, she refused decidedly, to marry this or any other king's son; but would rather devote her life entirely to the recognized true God, and his offering for us by Crucifixion. But the angel that had already once appeared to her, intimated to her again to accept the German prince's proposal, because she would be able to save his soul by conversion, and to complete a work agreeable to God. The angel further commanded her, to request from her father a retinue of virgins, as numerous as it could be accomplished, to induce all these virgins to adopt Christianity, and take them with her to Cologne to the residence of her future husband. As soon as she was arrived there, she should, before being married, begin, with her whole retinue, a pilgrimage to Rome, but then return to Cologne.

Ursula departed soon afterwards with 11000 virgins and 11 ships across the sea, and then up the Rhine to Cologne. Here she was the object of all sorts of honour, but she continued her journey to Basel, where the Romish governor assisted her further pilgrimage over the Alps. In Rome Pope Cyriacus gave his blessing to Ursula and her attendants, and, as if he knew what would happen to them, he accompanied them on their return, to be near them with his spiritual advice and protection. In Mayence, Coman, son of Agrippinus, waited for his wife.

Her appearance, the reverential presence of the Pope, the splendid suite, and the truth of the new doctrine soon made him a Christian, and after the marriage had been festively completed, they descended the Rhine to Cologne.

Just at this time the Huns overran the beautiful fields of Germany. Also they appeared before Cologne with a large army, and notwithstanding the most valiant resistance, the town was stormed. All persons were massacred by these inimical barbarians to Christianity; especially they permitted the Pope as well as Ursula and her attendants feel the particular rage of the Cannibals. They were all martyred with fearful torments, Ursula and her husband were the last objects of their yage; but devoutly resigned they retained their constancy, and fearlessness of death, which even astonished the Heathens. A single virgin, so is related, named Cordula, had found an opportunity to escape the general massacre, and remain concealed.

But in imagination she saw her companions participating in eternal happiness, and delivered herself, excited by this vision, equally to the Barbarians, On account of her pious life and martyrdom Ursula is honoured as a saint. In Cologne is the church dedicated to her, which bears her name, and in this rest even to the present day the rests of herself and her 11000 virgins. The monument of the saint stands there

to the left of the choir; she reposes formed in Alabaster on Marble, a white pigeon sits at her feet, because such a pigeon is said to have indicated the place of the grave on which the church was built.

The Building of the Cathedral.

It was about the middle of the 13th century as the then Archbishop of Cologne, Conrad of Hochsteden, took the resolution, to build a Cathedral in this town, which should be large and more magnificent, than any other temple of Christianity.

As Conrad himself possessed great riches, which he was ready to sacrifice for religious purposes, and as one could expect, that not only from the town, which the building was to ennoble, but also from far and near great contributions would be made, so there was, concerning the money means no obstacles to oppose the great work; but the great difficulty was to find an architect capable of fully comprehending the sublime object and to form a suitable plan. However the architect was found and even in Cologne itself, where he enjoyed a great reputation, and already had given proofs of his art, which allowed not the least doubt, of his capability to

succeed in what to others might seem unattainable.

The Archbishop sent for this architect, and requested him to sketch a plan for the Cathedral, the plan to be delivered within a year; the Archbishop undertaking to prepare all necessary materials for the proposed building.

The commission extremely flattered the ambition of the architect, Full of desire for the renown, which the execution of such a gigantic work must prepare him and be retained for ever, he promised, to reflect on a sketch, and to draw on parchment a work not existing, and with difficulty would ever be made in size and sublimity of style, splendour and ornament.

From the moment of the Archbishop's relying on this promise, and graciously dismissing the Master, he thought of nothing else but the grand plan. Every other work and every other gain he renounced, to devote himself entirely and alone to the thought, how the grand building was to be arranged, how connected, how the corridors were to be vaulted, and his columns placed, so that the Temple, a monument of the Piety of its time, would also be so for him, the Master, and hand his name to posterity. But as zealously as he reflected and meditated; the many sketches, he had already finished in 10 months, satisfied the expectations of the Bishop just as little as they did himself. He had an

Ideal in his soul, which in imagination he often saw realized, but which he could not seize, and actually produce on parchment. As the reflection of a mirror it disappeared again, as soon as in early morning he tried to produce the representation seen in the excitement of his dreamy night, and it was, as if a malicious demon showed him the noble picture in order not to allow of its being realized.

Meantime the period advanced when Conrad of Hochsteden expected the drawings and plans of the Cathedral as the Master had promised him. But out of humor, and absorbed in his own thoughts, he wandered often through field and forest, and the sadness and inquietude of his mind increased continually; for not having yet sketched any plan, he feared to be disregarded both by his Patron and fellow-citizens.

He had once — only 3 days before the appointed time — wandered far into the forest of the Siebengebirges. The night had begun, and a fearful tempest poured the rain in streams. No object could be perceived in the thick darkness; only when it lightened for a moment could he see the nearest group of trees; but the large trunks appeared like giants menacingly throwing their arms towards him. The lightning and excitement in Nature accorded with his feelings so much as not to be frightened by any figure; he reflected only on the hour, which was to cover

him with shame and mockery, thought with despairing ill-humor, that another would share the renown, of being the builder of the new Cathedral.

As he so, as if seized with the fever of madness, cursed his destiny and himself, and all, that shall complete the work, the lightning struck an oak near him and a fearful thunder-clap accompanied the burning flash. The trunk burnt brightly, and the terrified saw a man step out of the flames, and quietly advance towards him.

The man's appearance was that of a poacher, although his red mantle and the feather of the broad brimmed hat contrasted strangely with the costume of a hunter. „A terrible storm Dom-architect“, ejaculated he, in limping still nearer; „possibly you are more fatigued than I, as I have till now rested behind that tree. How could you wander through the wood in such a fearful night! If you will follow me, I will conduct you by a short way out of the wood and tempest. This speech appeared like bitter mockery to the despairing. Did he not name him Dom-architect, and yet it seemed as if at this title a mocking smile was on his lips. Without answering a word the Master turned away from the singular stranger. This however did not daunt him; he beckoned him, to come nearer, sat himself, as if expecting him to do the same for a long conversation, under the protecting branch of a thickly leaved tree, at the same time carefully covering his cloven

feet, and producing a bottle he continued: „Drink once, Master, to our better acquaintance! there is no bad juice in this vessel, and if you have a sorrow, or reflect about anything, you will experience the advantageous effect of the beverage.“ „My grief“, answered the invited, „is not effaced by any drink, and no juice gives me insight into that, which to discover I vainly endeavour. Therefore spare the contents of your bottle, and leave me alone with your speech.“ „You are an unsociable fellow“, said the stranger; „but that does not frighten me from offering my services and to be complaisant to you, as I have already been to others. Still once, drink! and forget your chagrins.“ With that the importunate held the bottle under his nose, and the Master, at last wishing to be rid of the too tiresome, took it, and made a hearty draught. Like fire it ran through his veins; he felt himself transformed and strangely strengthened. A never experienced feeling of self-confidence came over him, so that he involuntary called out: „Really a genuine Nectar, which you have there, an incomparable cordial!“ and in saying this, he seated himself, returning the flask, beside the stranger. „Ah!“ answered the singular benefactor, „my beverage is good and may convince you, that I am capable of other things; I know indeed — but do not be frightened — that you reflect on the plan of a splendid church; but you will not succeed in

either plan or building, if I do not assist you." Astonished at these words, the Master regarded the unknown with staring eyes. He believed to remark in his traits a grinning malicious laugh, which he did not understand, and the exhilarating drink made incomprehensible. „I see you have not perfect confidence in me“, continued the stranger, and yet I am the only one, who can and will help you. Gay, Comrade! still a draught and you will see, that the best you can do, is to attach yourself to me. My conditions are easy, and I keep my word as faithfully as the most honourable earthly children their oath.“ The Master had meanwhile again tasted the seductive potion; it began to make him hot and he would just ask, how it was to be done, to complete a plan in 3 days? as the stranger laughing loudly drew a parchment from his pocket, unrolled it before the eyes of the highly astonished and with flaming eyes showed the figure of the Dome that had so long hovered before the Master's eyes, and which to draw he had long so vainly attempted. „Yes, that is it“, he exclaimed, „that beautiful complete picture, which I constantly saw in my mind, and which has always escaped me as if by magic; that is it of which I dreamed waking, confusing my senses pursued me and each time escaped, when I believed to have it in my possession.“ „Well then“, said the other, „I will cede this plan to you, it shall be yours.

One thing only I condition — — a trifle; you must sign this bond with a little of your blood. There read!" continued he, in presenting him a small table, on which in a few words the bond was written, „I have a number of similar contracts, and it is my hobby to increase the collection.“ The Master was almost overpowered with terror; for he had read with horror, to whom he should engage himself. But the thought on renown and shame deprived him of reflection; he signed. Again the lightning struck a near oak; the fiend disappeared and raven-black darkness surrounded the unfortunate.

Unconscious he left the place. Gradually however the rain had ceased, and by the light of the dawning morning the Master at last found his way out of the wood to the banks of the Rhine. Here a shipper took him on board who had sheltered himself in a creek during the whole night, and was just preparing to sail to Cologne.

Now was the day for delivering the plan. An indescribable melancholy was on the traits of the Master, as he appeared before the Bishop and unfolded the drawing. But full of joyful surprise he exclaimed: „What a splendid Cathedral! that will be a Temple to which no church in all countries where the Cross is honoured can bear comparison. You are an excellent Master, and your renown will reach to remote times, as long as the walls stand, which we will now

strongly build to the honour of the Lord." The building began with all forces. Thousands of diligent hands were actively employed from morning till evening, and after a few months, one saw here and there the foundations rising from their depths. But as zealously as the Master continued the work, and as quickly as the works proceeded, he was however not in a joyful disposition. Often he stood gloomy and absorbed, and seemed as if his soul was distant. The Bishop had ordered that the Master's name should be engraved on a brazen plate and walled-in on a suitable place of the Dome, and so it occurred; but thereby just as little as by other favors of the Bishop, was the melancholy conquered which sadness daily increased. The Master only reflected on the loss of his soul on Hell and Damnation, and with Anxiety and Terror he saw the quick completion of his building.

Incapable of longer supporting the soul torment, he confided it to his confessor. This promised to assist him by prayer and pious atonement exercises, but at the same time advised him to visit a hermit in the Eifel-mountains, who had exorcised many evil spirits, and therefore enjoyed a great celebrity.

The tormented Master soon went there, and the hermit consoled him with the promise of delivering his soul by continuous mutual prayer, and with the assurance that by pious atonement

the great crime which he had contracted with the Fiend could be annulled.

Weeks passed, in which the repentant sinner mortified himself, in hair garments subjected himself to the most severe chastisements, and patiently fulfilled all commanded by the holy hermit. This at last told him, that he might return home, and continue his great work as long as possible, and if he continued to live a pious repentant life, Satan would have no power over him.

With the hermit's blessing the Master returned to Cologne; but he was not allowed to complete his work. Disputes of the Town with the Elector interrupted the building. Full of chagrin and grief at this obstacle, the Master buried himself in the strictest retirement, and after a few years he died without being further recollected.

In the same night that he died, disappeared also the tablet from the Cathedral-wall on which his name had been placed. Soon afterwards the disputes became so violent, that the building was discontinued and completely stopped.

The great work began with the assistance of the Fiend, should, after the escape of his booty, not be ended. By dispute, envy, hatred and discord, the plotter of which was the Evil-one, he had succeeded, to interrupt the building of a Temple, which had become the finest and most sublime monument of active and persevering piety of its century.

Only in our times has it become possible, to undertake the completion.

May the demon of Mankind never again succeed, to disturb the work and to sow the seeds, as here and there one fears, of discord in the hearts of those united to complete the sublime Temple.

The wife, Richmodis of Aducht.

In the middle of the 14th century lived on the New-market in Cologne a certain Mr. Aducht, rich and esteemed, with his wife Richmodis. The most tender love with which these persons were united, the never disturbed peace of their house, and their exemplary lives, had acquired them general estimation, and everybody praised them as models of conjugal happiness.

But this happiness was to be painfully disturbed. As namely in the year 1357 the Plague raged here and snatched away a number of the inhabitants, Richmodis suddenly became ill, and after a few days the noble lady died. On a solemn burial was not to be thought of, in such terrible times when hundreds were dying daily; but on the contrary every one hastened as quickly as possible to rid the houses of the corpses, and so Mr. Aducht, as painful as was the separation from the beloved deceased, allowed his

departed wife to be interred in all quietude in the churchyard of St. Aposteln. However he had in a certain degree, to honor the wife in death given her a costly ornament, and a brilliant ring.

This circumstance had not escaped the notice of the grave-diggers; they resolved to open the grave, and get possession of the jewellery. At midnight they descended into the grave. Already they had robbed the corpse of almost all its ornaments, and were just endeavouring to draw the ring from the finger, as the lady opened her eyes, and sat upright — Richmodis had only been in a state of apparent death. The thieves in fancy, believed the spirit of the deceased would punish the crime, took to flight and hastened so quickly away, that they left behind the ornament, as well as a lantern, which they had brought with them. Not less great was the out of her lethargy awakened woman, on finding herself in the coffin, and only with great exertion, was she able, to calm herself, and by the light of the lantern, leave the vault, and return to her home. There all was in deep sleep, and Richmodis was obliged to knock long at the door, before one of the servants awoke, and from the window demanded, who requested admittance at such an unusual hour? As she gave her name to the questioner, and he recognized her voice, he hastened, full of terror, to his master, and informed him of the terrible apparition. But Aducht

would not believe him, scolded him as a mad fool, tormented by the fear of ghosts, and cried at last, as he affirmed the truth of his assertion with the most energetic oaths: „My wife can just as little be risen, and now stand before my house, as it is possible that my horse breaks loose from its stable, mounts to the garret, and looks out of the window.“ However he had scarcely spoken these words, as one heard a violent bumping on the stairs, and with astonishment and fright Aducht saw, that his two grey horses were actually about to climb up to the garret. Taking courage, he himself hastened to open the house-door, and the sight of his entering wife convinced him of the truth of his servant's assertions.

The most tender nursing procured Richmodis strength and health again. She lived happily with her husband a number of years, and presented him with 3 sons; however since her resurrection ever serious and thoughtful.

One showed the house of Aducht during many years, which led to the name of the Parrot, and although another house stands on the site, there is, however in a double manner the remembrance of the event retained; viz in that new building are 2 greys represented on wood, looking to the market from the garret, and to the adjoining street one has given the name of Richmodis.

Hermann Joseph.

Near the church St. Maria in the Capitol, so named, because on the same spot stood the Capitol of the Romans, lived a poor shoemaker, who by his handwork supported his family and himself with difficulty. Notwithstanding his needy condition the man felt himself happy; for he had a hopeful son increasing his pleasure daily. Hermann Joseph the name of the boy, distinguished himself from all others of his age by diligence and morality, and especially by his child-like piety. When he went to school, which was near the church, or even, when he played on the church place, he used to step to the, so called three King's door, and direct a prayer to the Holy Virgin with the infant Jesus there sculptured in stone. The prayer of a pious child becomes easily a confidential conversation, and so he entertained himself, with the Mother of God and the child Jesus, which more than the former occupied his child-like mind. Often, as he related to them, what he had learned and what otherwise had happened to him, and begged the boy Jesus, to descend once and play with him, he believed the stone figures participated in his wish and friendly nodded to him; even it appeared to him once, as if they beckoned to him to come to them, and then he was very afflicted, for the height of the Niche made it im-

possible, to obey this invitation. „Perhaps“, thought Hermann Joseph, the dear child Jesus will at last come down to me, if you give him something „In this pious simplicity one day he offered a fine apple to the figure which his father had given him, and lo! the holy child bent lowly to him, and took the apple. From then, the boy thought of nothing more zealously, than to procure presents which he gave to the figure, whether they consisted of victuals or flowers, and as the child Jesus accepted them most friendly, Hermann soon felt himself very intimate with the object of his love and reverence, which brought him protection, and felicity, in all his actions, and daily life. Hermann Joseph when grown up, had gladly devoted himself to the study of theology but the limited resources of his parents did not allow it. Concerning this the disconsolate youth once complained before the stone figure of the Mother of God, and directly after she bowed with charming words of consolation to him, and notified to him a place in the crossway of the Church, where under a stone, he would find what he required. In fact a small treasure was hidden there, which enabled him to apply himself to his favourite study, and after making quick progress in it, he resolved to enter the Order of Benedictines, and had himself accepted in the cloister of Steinfeld. There he devoted himself unceasingly to the Sciences, but

this study zeal was detrimental to his piety, by which alone all hitherto had succeeded and so his scientific studies produced no satisfactory results. Then he applied again in pious prayer to the Holy Virgin, and she showed herself to him in a dream exactly as her figure in stone over the 3 kings' door. With friendly earnestness she admonished him not to neglect Belief and Love to Her, and her Divine Son for the vain sciences, and not further to devote his time too much to study.

He awoke and the dream seemed as a wink from Heaven, which he believed to be obliged to obey, and by which he must now regulate his life. Hermann Joseph died at an advanced age, honoured and loved on account of his piety and extensive knowledge. Later times have pronounced him holy by the mouth of the Pope. His grave is still shewn in the cloister Steinfeld, and in the church St. Maria in the Capitol his figure in stone is placed, as he offers an apple to the child Jesus.

The Mayor Gryn.

At the time when Engelberg of Falkenburg was Archbishop of Cologne, the disputes between this spiritual prince and the town had reached their highest degree. On the one side showed

itself the persevering, powerful endeavour to bend the obstinate Citizens under a hated domination, on the other side a stubborn, defiant resistance which asserted the good obtained rights of the town, and knew no yielding. It therefore could not fail, that hatred got the upperhand, and both parties welcomed the opportunity to annoy and damage each other.

The Archbishop exerted himself to influence the government to compel the town to subject itself to his will. For this purpose he built among others the Bayentower with strong walls and battlements as a solid castle; but the courageous Citizens did not allow themselves to be frightened; they stormed shortly afterwards the erected fortress and chased the inimical mercenaries. Among the Mayors of Cologne who particularly took part in the then excitable times in defending the rich trading town, and the rights of the people shone especially the family Overstolz, and with it, not less, the old Cologne family Hermann Gryn. The courageous opposition of this brave man against the Bishop's public and secret plans, drew on him the hate of the opposite party, and the clergy of the Bishopric. No intrigue was spared, to attach something to the honourable man, and as this for a long time was not successful, a devilish plan was arranged for his ruin.

Two canons endeavoured, under the mask of

hypocritical friendship to be on intimate terms with the Mayor, and with his unsuspecting Character it succeeded only too well. Under all kinds of pretences they had intercourse with him, till their intention was ripe for execution. One day the knight Hermann received an invitation, from his mutual friends, to a banquet which was to be held in the Dome-cloister. At the appointed hour he repaired there, and as of the pretended guests none had yet appeared, one of the canons made the proposal, meantime, to inspect the rooms of the large, seldom visited Foundation building. Gryn was accompanied by his Hosts. He had already passed through several apartments, when at the extreme end of a corridor a door was opened, through which, by invitation of the Canons, the unsuspecting knight entered a tolerably dark chamber.

He was scarcely there, as the heavy door was suddenly closed and bolted behind him, at the same a roaring lion sprang from a corner, and regarded the entered with flaming eyes. By this unexpected sight the Mayor at first lost his presence of mind, but a moment's consideration, which allowed him to reflect on the cunning of his enemies, and his danger, yielded him perfect consciousness. Quickly he bound his left arm with his mantle, leaned against the wall, and drew his sword. As soon as the, by several days fasting, excited lion made its spring at the

knight he thrust his protected left arm into its jaws, while his sharp steel pierced its breast, In a few moments the lion was stretched dead. Meantime the traitors, not doubting on the success of their plan, had called for help with hypocritical anxiety for the Mayor, who had been attacked by the Archbishop's lion. At their cry, soon ran together a crowd of persons; the door of the room was forced open, and to the great astonishment of all, they found the master of the town unhurt, and the lifeless animal at his feet. But amidst the exultation, the traitors paled, for their shameful crime was publicly announced by the mouth of the saved knight, and too late they sought their safety in flight. Seized by the raging people, they were without preceding judicial verdict, and without regard to their vocation immediately hanged near the Cathedral cloister, there, where from that time stood the so called priest door.

But Gryn's action, on which the Citizens of Cologne think with pride, is represented in bas-relief, still to be seen on the portal of the Town-hall.

The three Kings at Cologne.

The Emperor Frederic (Barbarossa) besieging the beautiful and grand City of Milan, the principal citizens concealed the bodies of the 3 Kings sent formerly by the bishop Eustorgius of Constantinople. But the City was taken. In the retinue of the Emperor was the bishop Reinold of Cologne whom a knight of high rank urgently sequestered to intercede for him with the Emperor so that he might regain his former favour. The knight engaged in case he did so, to show him the place where the 3 magi were concealed. Reinold promised to accede to his wishes, and kept his word, and the knight indicated the secret place.

The bishop having had the precious relics disinterred, sent them to Cologne; then he requested possession of the treasure from the Emperor, who granted his wishes. Reinold afterwards had the 3 kings transported into his Cathedral, and the inhabitants of Cologne were very delighted at this event. From that time they have not ceased to regard the 3 kings as protectors and patrons of the City, which since has had 3 Crowns in its arms.

God permitted that a number of miracles were effected by the intercession of the Saints whose glory extended to great distances. Pilgrims came from all countries bringing rich