

afterwards. Grief soon caused the death of the Countess; but her sons became founders of noble families, who till to day are distinguished by swans in their arms.

K e v l a a r.

Religious legends founded this place in the 17th century. The principal legend speaks of a citizen Heinrich Buschmann, who on a journey. at Christmas 1661, over the Kevlaar-plain, where at that time stood a so-called trembling-cross, prayed most fervently, suddenly heard a voice, which called to him: „Here you are to build me a shrine. As the same event happened to him on the same place some days afterwards, without any person being seen near or at a distance, so he resolved, without informing any one of this miracle, to spare some part of his slender means, and gradually amass so much, in order to construct the shrine according to the miraculous direction. The winter passed. In the spring, when Buschmann had already the necessary sum, his wife related to him of a nightly apparition, a shrine with the figure of the Holy Mother, whereupon he communicated to his wife of the experienced miracle. The married couple informed

some monks who had a cloister in the neighbourhood, and they assisted in building the shrine, so that already on June 1st 1642 a great multitude of persons from the adjacent country made a pilgrimage to the shrine and exposed Virgin Mary, later these pilgrimages increased, so that finally a number of houses were built and formed the village Kevlaar.

In the year 1842 Kevlaar celebrated its 200 year's jubilee, on which occasion 200,000 persons made a pilgrimage to the place.

Our patriotic author Heinrich Heine honoured this pious legend by the following poem.

The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar.

At the window stood the mother,
In the bed the son lay.

„Will you not rise William,
The procession will not stay?“

„I am so very ill, oh mother,
That I do not hear and see;
I think on the dead Gretchen
My thoughts much pain me.“

„Rise, me will go to Kevlaar,
Book and chaplet with might;
The Holy Virgin will cure you,
And your sick heart quite.“

There wave the church flags,
The holy tones I mention;
That is at Cöllen on the Rhine,
There goes the procession.

The mother follows the crowd,
The son whom she leads,
They sing both in the chorus:
With praised Mary she pleads!"

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The Holy Mother at Kevlaar
Wears to-day her best dress;
To-day she has much to do.
Many sick in great distress.

The sick people bring
Her there as offer-benefaction,
Of wax formed limbs
Both feet and hands all waxen.

And who a wax-hand offers,
Receives on hand the cure;
And who a wax-foot offers,
The foot will heal that's sure.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches,
Who now dances so stealthy,
Indeed many play now the viol.
Who formerly were not healthy.

The mother took a waxlight,
 And formed out of it a heart.
 „Bring that to the Mother of God,
 Then heals she your smart.“

The son took sighing the wax-heart,
 Went to the Holy-figure sighing;
 Tears welled out of his eyes,
 The words from his heart trying.

„Thou Highly-blessed,
 Thou immaculate virgin,
 Thou Queen of Heaven
 To thee my pain merging!

I lived with my mother
 At Cöllen in the town,
 The town where many hundred
 Chapels and churches are noted down.

And beside us lived Gretchen,
 Yet she is now dead —
 Mary I bring thee a waxen-heart
 Heal, for her my heart bled.

Heal thou my sick heart,
 Constantly my heart pur-ging
 Devoutly praying and singing:
 Praised be thou Holy Virgin!“

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The sick son and the mother,
In a small chamber they slept;
There came the Mother of God
Entering with very light step.

She stooped over the patient,
And Heaven-blessing her hand laid
Quite softly on his heart,
Left, as on her mouth smiles played.

The mother beheld all in dream
And seen more but hark!
She awoke from her slumber,
The dogs so loudly bark.

There lay stretched out
Her son, and he was dead;
There plays on the pale cheeks
The clear morning red.

The mother folded her hands,
It was, she knew not how;
Meditatively she sang softly:
„Blessed be thou, Mary now!“

Heinrich Heine.
