

## SELINGENSTADT.

A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Have you ever been in Germany? If not, I would recommend you to lose no time in visiting a very peculiar, and (to me at least) a very interesting country. Pass from Dover to Calais—from Calais to Paris, where you may honestly devote a few weeks to the examination of that place which the ambition of Napoleon would have elevated into "the miniature metropolis of the universe"—from Paris to Strasburgh, where you cannot help visiting the cathedral, the finest Gothic building in Europe, the most symmetrical in its beautiful harmony of proportion, the most graceful and elegant, because the most pure and simple in its architecture—from Strasburgh to Baden—from Baden to Heidelberg, whose famous tun is still extant, but without a single drop of Rhenish in its capacious bulk—and from Heidelberg to Frankfort on the Maine.

This is a long route; and you may dread that the object of this paper is to give you an itinerary. You will find yourself mistaken—the object has been to place you in the scene of a story, which (if I do not mar it in the telling) possesses some interest.

Frankfort lies on the right bank of the river Maine. As you intend visiting it, I shall not forestall your pleasure by an attempt at description. I hate your guide books, which tell you how this was built, and how that was burned—pointing out the beauties which you had much rather discover with your own eyes. For my own part, I hate visiting any place of which I have read high flown descriptions. You have nothing to see, all is anticipated. You leave the place with a hearty curse at the minute details of the guide-book, and repent having lost your time, temper, and cash in a pursuit which is so profitless and tame. Take my advice, and follow my example—if you are about taking a tour, do not read any travels beforehand. See with your own eyes, not to the descriptions of others.

You may rest at Frankfort for a few days. Perhaps you will examine the cathedral, with its beautiful and unfinished tower—or see the Römer, within whose walls the German emperors were elected and crowned. The senate of Frankfort now hold their sittings in the election chamber. Look at their copy of the far famed golden bull. If so, unless you happen to arrive in the bustle of Michaelmas fair, (second only to that of Leipzig) you will have seen all that Frankfort has to boast of, and can leave it with little regret, to accompany me up the Maine, to the village of Selingensstadt, ("the Abode of Bliss,") about a dozen miles from Frankfort.

This village is delightfully situated, close by the bank of the river. It has a large forest in its rear, an outskirt of the Spessart,—a fine open champaign, on the opposite bank, before it. High above the petty houses which compose this little place, stands the "Red Tower,"—an edifice well known to the lovers of romance.

The best house in the village is the auberge, over which, some years ago, a host presided, whose capacious size and rotund figure involuntarily reminded one of the Great Tun of Heidelberg. The Herr Von Cöthen was a genuine German. His merchant seldom left his lips—except when the wine cup (an hereditary goblet of massy silver, won at a drinking bout by one of his ancestors) was raised to them. The man seemed but to live for the purpose of smoking, sleeping, and drinking. Not that he ever was known to be what is called "disguised in liquor,"—he protested that such a quantity of clay as himself required moisture, and unquestionably he took good care to moisten it. It was my fortune to know him for the space of three months, and I can safely say that, with one exception, I never knew him venture on any deviation from his trinity of practices, the aforementioned drinking, smoking, and sleeping. The Herr Von Cöthen had a great dislike to the labour of conversation. His "puff" went for a signal of assent. Was he angry, a quick succession of short puffs told of his wrath—was he pleased, the tobacco smoke gracefully curled round his head in a halo.

The exception to his taciturnity took place in this wise. We had spent a pleasant day in what was the Spessart forest, and were returning home, when the Red Tower met our view. We were weary, and threw ourselves on a mossy bank, beneath the shadow of a mighty tree, where, in a few moments, both of us fell asleep. I was awakened by the voice of my companion. I kept silence while the Herr Von Cöthen broke into an unexpected burst of eloquence, and dilated loudly and long on the delights of the feudal days, when the lord had power of life and death within his territorial limits. He spoke well, for a German host, and the novelty of his speaking was yet more. If a hidden "gift of tongue" had bodily fallen before me, I could not have been more astonished than I felt at the outpourings of my companion's spirit. True, there was not a very lucid order in his conversation, but this could easily be pardoned in one to whom language had almost fallen into disuse. Von Cöthen lay on the ground at listless length, while telling a tale somewhat to the following effect.

Some centuries ago there was an Emperor Nero, (no relative of him of Rome) who came, after the manner of the times, to celebrate his Christmas holidays at Frankfort. He was devotedly fond of the chase, and held nearly an equal affection for his daughter, a maiden over whom some seventeen summers had lightly flown. She was, indeed, if there be truth in legendary report, a very delightful, and innocent creature. But her charms were even less than the rare purity of her mind—the soft and gentle character of her feelings. Born in a cottage, she would have cheered the poor man's lot—brought up amid the magnificence of an imperial court, she won at once the envy of one sex, and the earnest admiration of the other. Such beauty of person and goodness of heart could not remain unknown; and (being an only child) many of the princes of the empire put in their claim for her hand. But the lady's heart was pre-engaged; and she paid little attention to the compliments of her many royal wooers.

Clorinda, thus was she called, had set her affections upon one far beneath herself in rank. Like

"The king's daughter of Hongarie,"

who

"Loved a squire a low degree,"

the daughter of the Emperor Nero had given her heart's first love to a young man, one of her father's huntsmen.

It is impossible to say how the secret was discovered, but certain it is that the princess was placed in close confinement, and her lover would have been summarily and severely dealt with, but he had taken flight, and pursuit was useless, no one knowing in what direction he had fled. To do the young man justice, he had anticipated the discovery of a secret dear to him as his life, and taken steps accordingly. Deep in the hidden haunts of the Spessart, he had found a cave—probably the former residence of some religious ascetic—and he had made the best provision in his power for that decisive step which, love whispered, the princess would not refuse to take—for his sake and her own. While she, in tears, sat in the solitude of her chamber, her Ludolf was busy in making preparations for her rescue.

Whenever princesses fall in love with their father's huntsmen, it is usual for royalty to be utterly appalled. Accordingly, the Emperor was in a most magnificent passion, and not only gave strict orders that the princess should be confined to her own chamber, but actually went, and, with his own royal hands, affixed an extra bolt to the door. It was a pity, after so much goer-like care, that his imperial majesty should have forgotten that the window was unfastened, and not more than six feet from the ground!

The next morning, however, he made the discovery—just a few hours too late. The bird had flown, and the poor old Emperor pined after her so bitterly, that no unmarried lady of the court but would have been right glad to console him, had he offered her his hand. But, much to the disappointment of their kind and philanthropic intentions, his majesty did not see how he could atone for the loss of a daughter by taking a wife.

The princess and her Ludolf (who had assisted her out of her confinement) lived as happily "beneath the green wood" as if there had never been such things as courts or princes,—emperors or principalities.—They loved one another, earnestly and well, and (but this was long ago!) had no wish for a return to the crowds of society. Even if they had, there would be no safety in attempting it, for how could either hope for forgiveness?

So they lived like wedded folks in the golden age, each being all to the other.—Sometimes, no doubt, the princess would cast a grateful thought to the old man, her father; but, by degrees, there was less of compunction in the memory,—and the society of two beautiful children soon chased away the deeper contemplations which the heart, even in the midst of happiness, would sometimes indulge in. Meanwhile, the loss of his daughter fell heavily on the Emperor. She was the sole living thing to whom his hopes had long been linked, and all the father and the man was shaken by the uncertainty of her fate, and her absence from those places over which her smiles threw a radiance, beautiful as the last tints of dying day upon the snow-crowned hills. The old man said little, but his grief was deep. Pride would not permit him to yield to open lamentations, but in secret he shed many a tear. His household gods were shivered by his hearth, and, like Rachel mourning for her children, he would not be comforted.

He quitted Frankfort, and many years elapsed before he again saw the place with which were linked so many and such sad memories. He had laid aside his usual sports—the huntsman's spear had rarely been held by him since that day on which he lost a daughter; and it was with some surprise the court heard him announce that he would hold a hunting match on the morrow.

Five years had lessened his endurance of fatigue; and it was with some pleasure that, at the close of the day, when the ardour of the chase had separated him from his suite, he found himself beside a rustic hut, at the

door of which, two lovely children were playing. To dismount from his wearied steed, to enter the cottage, and to request refreshment, was but the work of a moment; and instant preparations were made for his repast.

The Emperor had fallen upon the residence of his long lost and still loved daughter. Ludolf was a successful deer-stealer; and the fruits of the earth furnished them with abundant food. Besides, Ludolf had learned that the Emperor had quitted Frankfort soon after the loss of the princess, and felt little hesitation in visiting the market there, to exchange deer and other skins for necessaries—sometimes even for a few of the luxuries to which his Clorinda had been accustomed, which she had left for him. Frugal in their habits, in their desires, they had lived happily—without a wish for change.

The graceful girl had budded into the maturity of womanhood, and, farther changed by her rustic attire, the Emperor did not know his child. She knew him at a single glance, and there came quick throbbing, glad memories of the past, wild hopes of the future.—The sole repast which their situation permitted, on the instant, was some venison, poached by Ludolf in the Emperor's own forest.

What limit is there to woman's wit? Clorinda prepared the repast with her own hands, serving up a dish which she remembered to have been a favourite with her father—of which, too, he had never eaten except when it was prepared by his daughter's hands. Scarcely had he tasted the food ere the tears fell, fast and bitterly, for her whose memory neither time or anger could destroy; and he eagerly enquired from whom his young hostess had learned to prepare that dish.

The princess and her husband fell at the old man's feet: the Emperor was still a father; his kind heart remembered only that his daughter was before him: all was forgotten and forgiven; he named the place Selingensstadt, or the Abode of Bliss (in double commemoration of his daughter and his dinner); he carried the happy family with him to his palace: eat his favourite meal as often as he wished, to his dying day; gave his daughter the Red Tower as a marriage gift; the lovers built a church where their but had stood, and when they died were buried within its walls.

Such were the particulars which the Herr Von Cöthen communicated to me. The next day I made some enquiries respecting the story, which seemed obscure in some parts, and the old man sternly denied having uttered a syllable on the subject, appealing to his well-known taciturnity as evidence that he was no story teller. He admitted, however, that I had picked up the popular legend, but still denied having told me. After much trouble I was obliged to be satisfied with the explanation, although it did not give me a very high opinion of the veracity of my host. Some six months afterwards, as I was looking at Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, in the Dresden Gallery, I met with Augustus Saalfeld, whom I had known at Göttingen. We spent the day together, and I told, *inter alia*, the mistake into which Von Cöthen had fallen respecting the narration of the above tale. Saalfeld smiled, and dissipated my wonder by informing me that the worthy host of the Abode of Bliss was notorious as a somnambulist—being the best story teller within twenty leagues of Frankfort—in his sleep!

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A Lucchese peasant being one day out shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff. He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days, but the dog was not to be found; and the peasant, after some time, began to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog, from his disappearing, was mad; and within a day or two after this idea had struck him, he began to feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew hourly more violent; he raved, and had all the evidences of the most violent distemper. As he was lying with the door open, to let in the last air that he was to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal ran up to the bedside, licked his hand, and frolicked about the room. It was clear that he at least was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved at the instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head in a basin of cold water, and, thus refreshed, walked into the room to his astonished family.

The statement is made in a memoir by Professor Barbantini; and it is not improbable that many attacks of a disease, so strongly dependent on the imagination, might be equally cured by ascertaining the state of the animal by which the bite was given.—*London Weekly Review*.

SULPHUR A SECURITY AGAINST MEASLES.—The following account of the effects of sulphur, in affording security against the infection of measles, has been lately published by the Medical Society of Tours:—"In a family of four children, two took the flowers of sulphur night and morning, and were entirely preserved from the contagious influence

of the disease, although they continued to live in the same atmosphere, and were allowed to communicate freely with the other children who had the disease. Two of five adults, who lived in the same house, contracted measles; one had before had the disease! They had employed no precautionary means. In another family, one child had measles; three other children were not separated from the other patient; they took, night and morning, sulphur mixed in sugar, and escaped the disease. The dose of the sulphur should be from two to six or eight grains, according to the age. In another case, an infant took the sulphur as soon as the disease had clearly manifested itself in his brother. In eight days, however, the measles appeared, but the malady ran so favourable a course, that it was probable the preservative effects of the remedy had some influence. Four other children were treated in a similar manner; they were designedly exposed to the contagion, but entirely escaped." Sulphur, being an aperient and sudorific, given at the time of sickening, and continued during the progress of measles, is very likely to render the disease mild, and to protect the lungs against the serious mischief which, in scrofulous subjects, frequently takes place during measles and hooping-cough, and to prevent secondary fever.—*Gazette of Health*.

WELLINGTON, ANGLESEA, AND HILL.—Whoever has seen the Duke of Wellington ride through the park, has seen him exactly as he looks in the hour of battle; for his manner and appearance change in nothing whatever. Even the intense attention he pays to the scenes of war, differs little from the attention he pays to any matter of consequence that comes before him in ordinary life, as the natural energy of his character always gives an appearance of intensesness to his attention, whenever it is seriously called for. The Marquis of Anglesea is far more animated; and were Bayard to rise from the dead, in order to confer a crown for gallant soldiery, it would probably be placed on the brows of the intrepid Viceroy of Ireland. Lord Hill is composed, and never on any occasion, loses that amenity and kindness of manner that gained for him the appellation of the "soldier's friend"—as proud a title, perhaps, as any acquired during the war; for it was granted by the soldiers themselves. Whether, on his lordship's retirement from the Horse-guards, the officers who have only service and merit to recommend them, will add to it the title of the "officer's friend," is a different question. That this has yet to be deserved; and whoever shall really deserve it, will deserve well of his country, and prove himself the soldier's best friend.

A SIMILE.—Men are like the chameleon; they take a new colouring from the objects they are among; the reptile itself never alters in shape or substance.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—A man of wit and humour, who sets the table in a roar, is often, after a time, very fatiguing. There are seasons when hilarity disgusts; sorrow is sacred—and he who is unacquainted with it has not a human heart. The comic smile that peeps in a wrong place, is a poisonous demoralization. It gratifies our spleen to laugh when we ought to be indignant, because ridicule implies a feeling of superiority over the object ridiculed, whereas indignation gives consequence to that which causes it. But all this is too often a self-delusion.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

## POETRY.

UNA'S WEDDING DAY.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

Hark! the chime of merry bells;  
See! the ways with flowers bestrewn—  
Every peal and garland tells  
Of weeping eyes and sad farewells,  
For the bride is gone!  
Gone!—to us no coming day  
Shall her gentle smile restore—  
What availeth white array,  
Floating veil or chaplet gay?  
She is ours no more!

She was fair, and soft, and kind;  
Care in vain her sweetness tried;  
O! of all she leaves behind,  
None have such a heart resigned,  
Should mischance betide.  
We're a proud and silent race,  
But with all her love imbore;  
Now, her bright and beaming face  
In her father's dwelling place  
Shines, alas! no more!

He is young, and fond, and bold,  
Who hath taken her hence to-day;  
Nought by proud ambition told,  
Nought of flattery, nought of gold,  
Lured our bird away;  
With her soldier at her side,  
What's to her the ocean's roar,  
Foreign climes, and skies untried?  
Joy attend the happy bride,  
Ours—no more! no more!

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