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fulfilling his promise. Commanding all his vassals  
he ordered the highest tower and placed thereon a  
cross, which he had made and consecrated for his pur-  
pose. Nobody had he allowed to approach, when  
Satan appeared in the air, leading the immense mass  
of stone, with which he intended to wall up the  
tower, then he perceived the symbol of our religion,  
and he uttered a loud curse and having the mighty  
fragment upon the building, disappeared. His last  
purpose was to fill the tower with his bones, turned  
to dust, in another direction, and rolled it to a  
distant spot, near which the high tower of the castle  
now stands. There it still pointed out to visitors the  
spot where the tower had stood, and the  
The fragments of the tower were soon collected and  
re-erected by the Duke and preserved together  
with a large portion of his wealth to the Archbishop.

### THE BROTHERS.

The castles of Steinfels and Liebenstein, whose venerable ruined towers lie prostrate on a steep rock and are only separated from each other by a deep cleft, belonged, centuries past, to the noble family of Beyer von Boppard, whose gallant name is so often mentioned in the history of the Rhine.

Not always, however, had these neighbouring castles belonged to the same owners or had these owners been on friendly terms.

Heinrich Beyer educated and brought up with his two sons a young female orphan, named Hildegard Bromser, belonging to the illustrious family of Rudesheim, with whom he was nearly related.

Even had she possessed less personal charms, less pleasing simplicity in her manners or had she been less pious and innocent, the retired village life that she continually passed with her cousins, a life undisturbed even by occasional visits, would alone have been sufficient to create in their young hearts, a growing affection for the gentle maiden. And much more readily must this have happened, when both plainly saw, that Hildegard shone pre-eminent in beauty and mental qualities, when compared with the young people of the neighbouring castles and surrounding towns.

A stranger would hardly have imagined that Heinrich and Conrad were brothers, so unlike were they to each other in everything, except in their predilection for chivalrous exercises and the desire they evinced for an active life. Heinrich the eldest was silent and thoughtful. The more he hesitated in the first moment, the more firmly did he cling to what his noble heart and character subsequently decided upon. Conrad was of a more lively and hasty character; he allowed himself to be led away by first impressions, as easily as he favourably prepossessed others by the frankness and cordiality of his manners.

His sentiments were upright and honourable, but he failed in stability and discernment.

The years of childhood were passed. Hildegard had grown up to be a blooming maiden. The brothers were some years older than she was. A confiding sisterly affection had always existed between them, without either brother asking for more, or rightly under-

standing the true nature of his feelings towards her.

But this was of short duration. Heinrich daily felt that the impression, made on him by the little orphan sunk deeper and deeper in his heart, that her image was inseparable from his dreams and combined with all his projects for the future. The commonest observer could not help remarking that every look of Conrad's followed the steps of Hildegard, that he gave up all the gaieties of youth and renounced all society for the sake of being near her. Often also did blushes suffuse her cheeks and ill suppressed sighs escape her heart, and thus betray the sentiments against which she was endeavouring to combat.

Heinrich did not deceive himself, for Hildegard attached herself to him with sisterly affection. In the kind but melancholy youth she also found a valued friend and guide, but her feelings towards his brother Conrad were warmer and of such a different nature that she durst scarcely avow them to herself. These sentiments did not escape the elder brother's observation and he therefore formed a resolution, highly honourable to himself, as soon as he thought he had ascertained the fact. Although his own happiness might by the sacrifice, he determined to contribute to that of the persons most dear to him, by a noble and generous act of self abnegation. He first spoke with Conrad and afterwards with Hildegard, the latter overcoming her maiden timidity avowed to him her secret love for his brother. It was then not difficult, with the fathers consent, to insure the happiness of the

affectionate couple. Family affairs obliged them however to postpone the marriage-ceremony for some time.

Heinrich had now gained a dear bought victory over himself, but he nevertheless felt the utmost inward satisfaction. Still he could find no consolation for his grief and he was obliged to confess that for the present his continuing to reside in the castle of his ancestors only rendered deeper and deeper the wounds of his heart, and that in the end this agitation would overcome resignation. Therefore he thought it more prudent to absent himself and seek repose in a distant land, and in a busy active life. Most welcome to him therefore was the appeal which called all Christian Knights to rally round the banner of the Cross. Ere many days had elapsed, he took a painful leave of all that was dear to him, and was seen wending down the stony path, that lead from the Castle and with a few faithful retainers, gaining the high road to Francfort,—where the holy army was to assemble.

Many months passed, which appeared like days to the happy pair. The appointed time for the nuptials, was at last fast approaching, when news from the East brought accounts of Heinrich and his valliant deeds. This intelligence made a deep impression upon Conrad's susceptible heart and bitter thoughts flashed like lightning through his mind. He now lamented, that he should have wasted the days of his youth in unprofitable idleness, whilst the noble sons of the neighbouring villages obtained glorious laurels

in the field of battle with his brother. The amiable Hildegard soon perceived that he suffered from some secret cause of grief and infinite was her agony when he avowed his sorrows and intentions. Vain were the tears of his bride and the earnest exhortations of his aged father to dissuade him from his design. — In vain did the latter represent to him how different at the present moment were his duties from those of his brother, for, ere many days had past, Conrad was seen on the same road, that Heinrich had passed before him.

Rarely did any intelligence from the brothers reach Germany. In the mean time the old knight died and doubly solitary and dull appeared to Hildegard the residence of Liebenstein. She could not venture to look to futurity for comfort. However confident she might feel in the constancy of her beloved, still she well knew his thirst for fame and his desire not to remain undistinguished amongst his valliant companions, and she wept bitterly when she thought that she was separated from him by the seas and mountains, that there existed no certainty as to the hour of their union. She was in fact a prey to the most melancholy reflections and sinister forebodings.

One day as according to her usual custom, she was sitting at a window of the castle, from which was to be seen a wide extent of country bounded by the deep flowing Rhine and its rocky banks, she observed a small band of armed men, following the road to Liebenstein, and quickly distinguished the

well known banner of Beyer floating in the wind.

“It is Conrad!” was her first thought, but a few moments had not elapsed ere a knight entered the apartment and overwhelmed with tears of joy at the unhopd for meeting, Heinrich clasped her in his arms.

Infinite was her desire to know something concerning her beloved and had her innocent soul been capable of suspicion she might have remarked that Heinrich appeared to avoid speaking of his brother. She could only learn, that Conrad had remained but a short time in Palestina and that he had immediately returned to the Grecian capital; Heinrich declared that he could tell nothing more concerning him.

Heinrich and Hildegard continued as in former times to live as brother and sister at Liebenstein, which had devolved to the former, whilst Steinfels had become the property of his younger brother. Never however did Heinrich appear to entertain a thought of winning the maiden for himself, he seemed only look upon her as the bride of his brother, and he therefore considered himself as her protector and friend. All hopes of happiness for himself had long since been entombed. That repose of mind, which noble souls obtain by resignation and self-denial had however tempered his sorrow. The days were no longer full of the dreams and hopes of youth, it was now the still calm, which follows the storm. Day followed day and no intelligence was received from Conrad. Anxious doubts racked the heart of Hildegard. — Deep buried, but intense and

constant grief appeared to have taken full possession of her soul. Her situation could not be alleviated even by the brotherly and friendly attentions of Heinrich, but no complaint or murmur escaped her lips.

At last news arrived of the far distant knight. — Alas! He was on his road home, but not alone! A wife of Grecian blood accompanied him with her splendid retinue. Heinrich saw with deep sorrow his anticipations realised, he had long feared it from intelligence he had received of Conrad's thoughtless conduct amongst the immoral Greeks, and from his abandoning himself to the intoxicating pleasures of the dissipated imperial city.

Although Hildegard was the last person, to whose ears the intelligence was communicated, she was the first and only one, who made an effort over herself not to believe it. But her voluntary delusion was not destined to last long.

One mild summer evening as she wandered alone in the garden, which was inclosed by barren rocks and covered by fortifications, the air was filled with sounds of jubilee and in the distance was seen a band of men at arms, joyously marching towards Steinfels. Her blood froze in her veins and to prevent herself from falling, she was obliged to cling to the nearest tree where she remained spell bound, for it was impossible for her to turn her eyes from that, which filled her with such fearful and heart-rending forebodings.

The distance of the road from the neighbouring castle was so trifling, that without being observed

herself she could plainly distinguish each individual. There she saw Conrad and by his side a female with black hair and bright sparkling eyes, who merrily smiled on all around. A short distance from them stood the brother, who, from the window of his apartment, had witnessed the return of the Lord of Steinfels and who had proceeded in the same direction to search for Hildegard. Without a murmur or exclamation she followed him to the castle.

Upon the following day when Heinrich again saw the maiden, such a sudden change had taken place that he could scarcely recognize her. He had nobly and generously sacrificed his own happiness for the sake of that of his brother and his beloved, but the most violent grief and just anger seized him, when he saw her feelings trifled with and the most sacred pledges trodden under foot.

Although the weather was fearfully stormy a challenge was sent by him to his guilty brother. This unexpected appeal awakened the heedless youth from his thoughtless intoxication and brought him to acknowledge his unjust proceedings, but pride and the fear of appearing cowardly in the eyes of his beautiful bride, decided him to hasten to the appointed spot.

It was at the foot of the mountain in the vicinity of the cloisters of Bornhofen, that the two brothers met each other with a few trusty followers. Fearful decision was marked on the countenance of the eldest, whilst Conrad scarcely daring to lift his eyes towards him, occupied himself in conversing with his retainers until the signal



for battle was given. Altho, carried away by headless passions, his good feelings were not however entirely buried. At length they who at their last parting embraced each other with tears of affection now stood face to face, with their sword crossed, when a white veiled figure threw itself between them.

“Heinrich,” exclaimed Hildegard after recovering her breath and endeavouring to overcome her feelings. “O Conrad, is it for my sake that thou wouldst commit fratricide? Is this thy return after so long an absence — Are ye mad?—Think of the consequence which awaits thee? Return thy swords to their scabbards, and swear to live in peace and happiness, now and hereafter when I shall be far away.—My decision is fixed, tomorrow’s dawn conducts me to a convent. Keep thy oath as a remembrance of that youthful friend, who no longer belongs to this world. Forgive each other and let this my last desire be fully accomplished.”

The weapons of the combattants had fallen to the ground at her first word and Conrad overpowered by her voice and by a thousand recollections, durst not raise his eyes but silently placed his hand in that of his brother. Heinrich followed his example for Hildegard’s prayer was to him a command, a sacred duty. But no friendly word accompanied this outward reconciliation.

The following day the maiden put her resolution into execution and passed the Rhine accompanied by her well tried friend and brother from

whom she took leave in an agony of grief. It was in the convent of Marienburg near Boppard that she foreswore that world which for her no longer offered any happiness.

Deep melancholy and profound tranquillity reigned in Liebenstein whilst gay and joyous was the life led at Steinfels, where the beautiful Greek disposed of everything as it pleased her taste or fancy, and where the whole of the young and gay chivalry of the neighbourhood assembled to feast and revel. But peace was banished from Conrad's breast and the less he found open confidence and a participation in his cares on the part of his wife, the more he perceived and regretted that through his passionate and unstable character he had been lead away from the path of duty.

At length he sunk into despondency, and as might he anticipated from the wayward and inconstant character of a Grecian, the person to whom he had linked his existence found more amusement and pleasure in any society than his. If even he doubted of her guilt, he could not be blind to her estrangement. He was not on terms of intercourse with his brother, indeed the latter never turned his eye towards Steinfels where the dissipated roisters amused themselves by laughing at the monkish Lord of the castle of Liebenstein.

A year had passed in this manner, when one morning Conrad unexpectedly made his appearance in the room, where Heinrich was sitting. He who was once

so lively and animated, now stood before his brother pale and in deep grief. Without uttering a word he grasped his brother's hand and then briefly addressed him in the following words.

“The false Greek has fled from me this night with a young knight. Whatever may have been my suspicions, her guilt has hitherto been wholly unknown to me.”

Heinrich could not reproach the already heartbroken sufferer, he pressed him to his breast and Conrad willingly consented to take up his abode at Liebenstein. From this moment Steinfels was deserted, never more did its owner cross its desolate halls. The brothers lived in tranquil seclusion, and peaceful harmony for the rest of their days at Liebenstein.