

of denying his evidence, so the Emperor decided
 on settling the business amicably, fearing lest a
 second church should descend from heaven and
 announce the secret to all the world. He therefore
 requested the humbled Friedeborn to surrender the
 child to his imperial care. The latter having no
 means of refusing, gave his consent and the Em-
 peror forthwith adopted

HENRY THE FOURTH

daughter, under the name of Catherine of Swabia, and
 announced his intention of marrying her, with exceed-
 ing pomp to Count *W. Stuhl*, adding that
 Friedeborn might then pass the rest of his life in peace
 and tranquillity with the young couple.
 This proposal satisfied all parties. A few days after-
 wards the court of the imperial castle glittered with
 all the pomp of chivalry and the gentle Catherine
 mounted upon a beautiful white palfrey and surround-
 ed by a bevy of lovely damsels and gallant knights.

Few can peruse the history of Germany, without
 deploring the sad fate of Henry the Fourth, or without
 lamenting the misfortunes which, through his mis-
 timed obstinacy, weakness and changeful humour, were
 entailed upon his Empire, his subjects and himself.
 From his earliest youth this misguided prince was diso-
 bedient, haughty, inconsiderate, and unfortunately op-
 posed to a powerful adversary (Pope Gregory VII),
 who united in his character all the virtues in which
 Henry was deficient. His whole reign presented a
 dark and unbroken chain of bitter defeats, brightened
 here and there by some transient victory, but clouded



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again by the treachery and ingratitude of those who owed him submission. Discord and insubordination constantly prevailed even in his own family, so that he had neither peace at home or abroad.

The disposition of his eldest son, Conrad, seemed to accord with that of the Emperor's enemies. Thus he and his father were constantly at variance until the former met with an early death at Florence. Henry, the youngest Prince, to whom the father clung with extreme fondness and who was crowned king of the Romans by his desire, in the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, was also seduced by the Emperor's enemies, who, after vainly trying every possible means to bring the young Prince back to repentance and allegiance, ordered the "arrière ban" to march against the rebel, with whom most of the spiritual Princes and nobility were united.

It was hoped that this affair might have been decided at Regensberg, but the Emperor again experienced the inconstancy of mankind at that place, as the greater part of his troops basely deserted him and he only found safety in flight. Upon this the Princes of the Empire, acting as mediators in the quarrel, assembled a Diet at Mayence, where the majority secretly resolved to compel the old Emperor to abdicate. But at this moment the young Henry suddenly appeared to repent him of his unnatural behaviour. When he heard that the Emperor was tarrying on the Rhine with his followers, he hastened to Coblentz, where they met, embraced and wept in each others arms;

the one promising forgetfulness, the other obedience. From thence they proceeded together to Bingen, where the Emperor wished to make preparations for his entry into Mayence.

On a hill immediately behind Bingen, at an angle formed by the junction of the Nahe and Rhine, stands the once strong castle of Klopp. This fortress owes its origin to a small tower which Drusus Germanicus built as a protection to the boundary stream. But both founders and towers have long since sunk into oblivion. A delightful garden now replaces the once impregnable fortress, to which the traveller will do well to ascend. For from thence he will enjoy the most magnificent views across the Rheingau and the dark and picturesque Rheinthal. Thence also his eye will be cheered with a sight of the old town of Bingen, surrounded by fruitful lowlands and watered by the silvery Nahe, which flows through the valley of Kreuznach.

The same admirable prospect existed in the days of Henry, that now greets the traveller from this spot; but in lieu of the moss-clad towers of our days, high walls and battlements presented themselves to the old Monarch's gaze when, upon Christmas day in the year of our Lord 1105, he looked down upon the land and stream from the pointed oriel window of the great Hall in the Castle of Klopp.

The Monarch seemed insensible to the sombre beauties of the landscape, which was then clad in its gloomy winter attire, as if desirous to accord with the sorrowful tone of his mind. Sufferings and mis-

fortunes more than age appeared to have scattered their snows over his hair. His figure though bent was still imposing, and although the light of his bold eye was dimmed with tears its eagle glance was unextinguished. Instead of attending the diet at Mayence Henry the Fourth remained at Klopp, but not of his own free will. For his son, feigning repentance and suppressing the voice of nature, allured his father to the castle where he treacherously imprisoned him. It was because he feared lest the people of Mayence should declare in favour of the old Emperor, whom they had always sincerely loved, and thus put an end to his own base project of obtaining the imperial crown, that the treacherous Prince had committed this act of filial impiety.

Not content with this he attacked and seized the few followers who, faithful to their old master, were disposed to oppose this unnatural proceeding, and ordered them to be chained and confined in the castle dungeons.

The Emperor's meditations were soon interrupted, however, for the neighing of battle horses and the clang of trumpets, rising from the narrow streets of the adjacent town, suddenly struck upon his ear. The whole place seemed alive with horse and foot soldiers and betokened the arrival of princely visitors. He had scarcely time to turn from the balcony ere the sentinel, who held watch at the door of the hall, slowly entered and cast a scrutinizing and suspicious glance around. "What wilt thou?" demanded the

Monarch, "and what means this tumult in the town below?"

"The spiritual Princes are arrived from Mayence," replied the man. "Sire," continued he "people say they are come to compel your Majesty to resign the crown, in favor of your son. But despair not, neither in God's name, betray me. If you have heart to follow—I can point out a secret passage through which you can safely escape from the castle."

These words restored the ill-fated Emperor to a consciousness of his dignity, so after gazing at the soldier with a stern look he replied: "How darest thou make such a proposition to thy Emperor?" Then majestically drawing up his figure he added: "What! wouldst thou have me fly like a conscious thief? Never!—Let them come, the traitors dare not lay hands upon their Emperor and master! But who art thou, that thus offerest thyself as my helper and preserver when all the world else have deserted me?"

"In the days of my youth I was present at Worms, when Your Majesty first girded on the sword of knighthood," replied the Soldier, "I then vowed that I would never abandon you, whatever might be my destiny. I served as a common soldier, when you fled from Harzburg castle before the rebellious Saxons. I fought at the battle of Mersberg near your side, against the Pope-made King; there they took me prisoner and after much suffering I was compelled to enlist with the Mayencers; but, nevertheless, I remain faithful to my vow and true to my liege Sovereign."

A tear moistened the eye of the old man at the thought that his own son was less faithful to him than this stranger. "I thank thee for thy devotion," said he after a moment's reflection: "Continue to serve me — perhaps thy offer may be useful in the hour of need."

With these words the Emperor withdrew to an adjoining chamber and had scarcely closed the door ere the castle yard was filled with people, whilst heavy footsteps and the clang of armour resounded through the stone corridors. In a moment more the Archbishops of Mayence and Cologne accompanied by their Counsellors and many knights entered the Hall, without even waiting to solicit admission to the presence of that once sacred personage whose dignity they were come to insult. For awhile they looked around and not seeing the Emperor they seemed at a loss how to act, but a door soon opened and Henry stood before them. The royal mantle waved over his shoulders, the crown of Charlemagne adorned his hoary head, his right hand held the Sceptre of the Empire and around his waist was girded the Imperial Sword. With majestic steps and resolute countenance the venerable Emperor walked up to the intruders, who in the first moment of astonishment respectfully fell back, abashed at the majesty and dignity of his demeanour.

"What wilt thou, Ruthard of Mayence? And thou Archbishop of Cologne what brings thee uninvited here?" demanded Henry regarding the two Prelates

with an air of haughty majesty. Confounded for a time the two Priests remained silent, but the Archbishop of Mayence, excited by the enmity which he had long nourished against the feeble Emperor and of whose downfall, as well as of his son's revolt he was the principal instigator, was not long in recovering himself.

“ We are come ” replied he with a loud and stern voice, “ to claim what no longer belongs to you. Henry the Fifth is our Sovereign by right and by election, we have sworn allegiance to him. To him belongs, what you, whom the church has driven from her bosom, dare no longer wear. ”

Having spoken thus he stretched forth his dastardly hand to the mantle, which flowed from the Emperor's shoulders. During this time the Knights at the entrance of the hall and those waiting on the staircase, cried out : “ Long live our king — Henry the Fifth ! ” which was repeated by hundreds of voices in the court yard. On hearing this the bereaved old man's resolution abandoned him, though he still preserved his dignity. Mute and without a murmur he suffered the servants of the church to lay hands upon him, so that they quickly despoiled him of the Imperial Insignia.

Soon after this unwarrantable spoliation, which history would fain cover with the veil of forgetfulness the hapless Monarch was removed to Ingelheim. This magnificent palace of the Emperor Charlemagne thus witnessed the sad spectacle of the degradation of one who had occupied the throne of that mighty Sove-

reign. As the deposed Monarch Henry proceeded on his way to this latter place, he chanced to look around upon his escort and remarked amongst them the soldier, who had guarded his door at Klopp. Having subsequently appealed to the German people to assist him against his unnatural son it was this faithful adherent who accompanied him in his flight from the place of his captivity.