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Our lady's chapel

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## OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENZ.

—♦—

WHO'E'R has crossed the M6sel Bridge,  
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,  
Has seen, perchance,  
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,  
A little open Chapel to the right,  
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright :  
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,  
At least among the female population,  
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,  
A very Missal for *illumination* !

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by  
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,  
Whose mouldy, wifeless, husbandry but yields  
Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,  
And, lo ! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,  
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush !

## But on Saint Peter's Hill

The lights are burning, burning, burning still  
 In fact, it is a pretty retail trade  
 To furnish forth the candles ready made ;  
 And close beside the Chapel and the way,  
 A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,  
 And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers,  
 Smarten'd with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,  
 Those who in this bright Chapel breathe a pray'r  
 To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,  
 Are said to get a husband in a twinkling :  
 Just as she-glow-worms, if it be not scandal,  
 Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed Saints in heav'n—  
 Where none in marriage, we are told, are giv'n—  
 To interfere below in making matches,  
 And help old maidens to connubial catches !  
 The truth is, that instead of looking smugly  
 (At least, so whisper wags satirical)  
 The votaries are all so old and ugly,  
 No man could fall in love but by a miracle !

However, that such waxen gifts and vows  
 Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,  
 In helping to a spouse,  
 Is vouch'd for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, tho' in name a wife,  
 Yet doom'd to lonely life,  
 Her truant husband having been away  
 Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day,—  
 Without remembrances by words or deeds,—  
 Began to think she had sufficient handle  
 To talk of widowhood, and burn her weeds,  
 Of course with a wax candle.

Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,  
 Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapours,  
 Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,  
 Full-handed with *two* tapers—

And pray'd as she had never pray'd before,  
 To be a bona fide wife once more.—

“ Oh holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!  
 And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,  
 Accept the vows and offerings I make—  
 Others set up one light, but here's a *pair!* ”

Her pray'r, it seem'd, was heard;  
 For in three little weeks, exactly reckon'd,  
 As blithe as any bird,  
 She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;—  
 A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,  
 To “ Unser Frow,” and her propitious shrine,  
 She sent two waxen candles superfine,  
 Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—  
 What sausages were there!

Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut :  
 With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer ;  
 Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug  
 Bier,

And wine so *sharp* that ev'ry one was *cut*.  
 Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality  
 Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—  
 When just in all the middle of their jollity—  
 With bumpers fill'd to Hostess and to Host,  
 And all the unborn branches of their house—  
 Unwelcome and unask'd, like Banquo's Ghost,  
 In walk'd the long-lost Spouse !

What pen could ever paint  
 The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted !  
 The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint ;  
 The bridesmen stared—some whistled, and some  
 grunted :  
 Fierce Hans the First look'd like a boar that's hunted ;  
 Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf :  
 Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,  
 The two-fold Bride sobb'd out, with tears hysterical,  
 “ Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—*by half* ! ”

## MORAL.

Ye Cöblenz maids take warning by the rhyme,  
 And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy,  
 For fear of bigamy,  
 Only light up *one* taper at a time.