



SECOND EDITION

VOL. CXI.

LONDONDERRY, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1883.

{ Registered for Transmission }
Abroad.

ONE PENNY.

THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

Under Weinsberg's captured castle-height
Was an army gathered in days of old,
To witness a wonderful, loving sight,
Which history shrines in a page of gold:
For Konrad, the Kaiser, had promised fair
To the wives therein, by their Duchess led,
Safe conduct thence, with what each might bear
On her shoulders out of the town, 'tis said.

And a hush of amaze on the victors fell,
As the kirtled procession came winding slow
By the difficult footways, marshalled well,
And gateward thence by the streets below;
A hush that at last by a roar was rent,
As of shouting waves with the storm at song,
So strange were the burdens whereunder bent
The women filing those ways along.

Oh, not with jewels, or raiment fine,
Or hoarded gold, to that gazing host,
Did those wives appear, though each bore in line
The household treasure she valued most—
A husband wounded, or vigil-worn
By the month-long siege—and the Duchess led
The way, with her Duke on her shoulders borne,
And with high demeanor and stately tread.

Thus, each sustained in her heavy load
By a superhuman resolve, they wound
Through the wondering ranks, that for them made
road
To the outposts, where their reward was found.
For the Kaiser, rejoicing that scene to see,
No longer was wroth with his conquered foe.
"Not a captive left in the town," quoth he,
"But hence, by this token, shall pardoned go."

And Weinsberg's ruins of time-worn stone,
Which of old this glorious action knew,
To this day in story and song are known
As "Woman's Devotion," or "Weibertreue."
And those hearts heroic are long since dust,
But the deed they wrought shall endure for aye,
While womanly love and wifely trust
Shall continue to brighten our darkened way.

N. D. Urner.