

*For the Agitator.*  
**The Inebriate's Wife.**  
[We are not in possession of the name of the author of the following poem but it comes endorsed by one who vouches for its genuineness. We have seldom read a more beautiful poem, and do not envy him or her who can read it without a quickened beating of the heart.—(M. E. J. C.)]  
At her hearthstone cold and lonely  
With the angel watchers only  
Listening for the distant sound  
Of a plow, unheeded footstep  
O'er the cold and frozen ground.  
With the scythe of death, the Reaper,  
Cutting deeper, deeper, deeper  
Through a worn and broken heart,  
The inebriate's lone wife listens  
While the blinding teardrops start.  
Sobly breathing in their slumber  
Till each life beat you may number—  
Sleeper the infant of her care.  
Oh, how wild are all her sayings  
Of her love and her despair!  
Had she but a seraph's plumes,  
To the angels' bright dominions—  
Far beyond the lightning's track  
Would she bear each smiling cherub  
But the mortal chaper her back!  
Hungry, chill and full of sorrow,  
Waiting for a darker morrow,  
Till the weary night is o'er;  
Still she listens for the footsteps  
That may come to her no more!  
O, thou Lightless One, All-Seeing!  
Still watch o'er a sinful being!  
O'er a wayward, erring child:  
Take him not into thy presence  
With a heart yet so defiled!  
From the gulf where thou hast found him  
Throw thy arms of love around him—  
Bear him upward unto thee;  
Yet maintain what thou hast given,  
Till from this corruption free!  
Thus she prays—while nought of gladness  
Nought save scorn, abuse and madness,  
Doth the boiling heart foretell;  
Can the crushed heart bear its sorrow?  
Will it keep its faith so well?  
Yes!—that heart will bear up longer  
In its love—and faith grows stronger  
For the loved that gently sleep;  
She will ever bear her sorrow,  
That they may not learn to weep.  
She will strive with great forbearing  
Still to check a full despairing  
And each daily conflict meet;  
Though the poor, crushed heart's deceiving  
And ere long will cease to beat. M. E. J. C.  
Covington, Jan. 5, 1855.

**SPUN YARN.**  
**COLOGNE CATHEDRAL,**  
AND  
ITS ARCHITECT.—A LEGENDARY TALE.  
CHAPTER I.  
**THE PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL.**  
Towards the close of the year 1226, a poor architect sat in his own small home in the city of Cologne.  
The archbishop, Conrad de Hochstedt, had sent a faithful servant to him that morning, ordering him to furnish, forthwith, a plan of the finest religious edifice the world had yet seen. "For such a building," said he, "shall reside in Cologne for the glory of the saints and the honor of Germany."  
The poor architect was bewildered at his high commission; not that he misjudged his own great thoughts, for he felt in himself struggling conceptions of something infinitely glorious, beautiful and harmonious; but he knew better than the archbishop, or anybody else, what would be the difficulty of reducing his ideas to practice, and wished to take counsel with the master-spirits of his age.  
He returned, therefore, a modest and thoughtful answer, praying that the means of visiting the finest churches of Germany, France and England might be afforded him before he gave in his plan and commenced the work.  
The archbishop did not refuse compliance with the reasonable request, stipulating, however, that the architect's wanderings should be on any account occupy more than one year.  
The allotted time expired; true to his word the architect returned, and set himself at once to the task of drawing out a plan; but alas! he found the work harder than he expected. The emblematic character was, no doubt, fully written in his mind. That there should be two towers, since the earnest Christian raises both his arms in prayer, was a matter of course; also that there should be twelve apses. Of course, too, it was to take the form of the cross, and the triple glory of God should be shown by three windows lighting the holiest part of the tabernacle. All this was the essential, the inward, the soul of the whole; but the body was not yet; it had yet to be formed, indicated, shaped out. This, day and night, was the theme of the poor architect's meditations.  
Musing constantly upon the enterprise, he strolled one day beyond the city walls, to a spot called the gate of the Franks; and there, seated on a bench, began tracing with a stick, on the loose sand, outlines of that which was ever in his thoughts.  
At length something very grand and steady began to grow beneath his hand. His eye beheld it with a degree of satisfaction, when a sharp, satirical voice behind him exclaimed: "Bravo! my good friend, so you are drawing the Cathedral of Strasburg!"  
A little, keen-looking old man, of a remarkably disagreeable voice and aspect, presented himself as a speaker. "The architect did not feel much pleased by the remark, nor by its utterer, but felt that the verdict was just, and sighing, acknowledged it."  
He effaced the work and began again—this time other lines came—a different form altogether.  
Again the sharp voice remarked, "Bravo! the Cathedral of Rheims!"  
"Alas, yes!" said the architect.  
Again the picture was rubbed out, and he began anew. This time he worked for nearly a quarter of an hour, encouraged by the praises of his neighbor, who whispered several times, "Bravo! Bravo!" But at length the remark came, "You must have traveled far, my friend."  
"Why so?"  
"Because you have been in England."  
"Who told you that?"  
"This drawing of Canterbury Cathedral."  
The architect uttered a deep groan. It was terrible, but too true. With his foot he effaced all trace of the building, and impatiently turning to the little old man, he put the stick into his hand.  
"Here, my master," said he, "such a good critic as you are, cannot you add example to precept, and give me a specimen of what you can do?"  
"Willingly," said the old man, with a dry and wicked laugh, and then he began, coarsely, and as if by chance, but with wonder-

# THE AGITATOR

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ful power, to trace on the sand lines so bold, so elegant, and so correct that the architect exclaimed—"ah! I see we are brothers in art!"  
"Should you not say," replied the little old man, again laughing that scornful laugh, "that you are a scholar and I master?"  
"Truly, perhaps, I ought," answered the artist, with the hopefulness of genius, "if it were not that I have yet to see something more of the filling up the sketch."  
"Very good, something may be made of you yet," said the little old man, "but I do not choose, just now, to do any more."  
"Why not?"  
"Because then you would get my plan."  
"Have you a cathedral to build, too?"  
"I hope to have one."  
"Where?"  
"Here, at Cologne."  
"What, my own cathedral?"  
"Yours?"  
"Yes, to be sure, mine!"  
"Ah! true, if you can construct a plan."  
"And I will construct a plan."  
"So will I, and Archbishop Conrad shall choose between the two."  
The poor architect felt his heart sink— "Listen," said he, "I have a hundred crowns left of the money advanced me for my journey and plans; finish your drawing for me, and the crowns shall be yours."  
The little man laughed again, and just undrawing the strings of a small purse which hung at his girdle, displayed a treasury of glittering diamonds.  
The architect sighed, for he saw that the man was worth far more than his price; and while sad thoughts grew on him, the master's hand went on tracing grand outlines, such as he had never conceived of. Exasperated and struck with envy, a sudden impulse seized him—he would possess himself of the idea at any rate. He grasped the old man's arm with one hand, and with the other he pointed a dagger to his breast. "Old man," said he, "finish the plan or die!"  
Hardly were the words uttered, when he felt himself seized by a more powerful arm than his own, a knee was pressed on his breast, and his own poniard glittered close to his throat.  
"Ha! ha!" said the adversary, "cheat and murderer!" and he laughed again.  
"Kill me," said the artist, "but spare your laughter."  
"What if I do not wish to kill you?"  
"Then you will give me your plan."  
"I am ready to do so, but on one condition. First, however, be so kind as to get up and sit down by me; we are not comfortably placed for conversation."  
And the stranger seated himself at one end of the bench, quietly crossing his legs, and looking at the poor builder, who rising, shook the dust from his knees, and stood still in the same place.  
"Well," said the old man, "you see I bear no malice."  
"But who are you?" cried the architect.  
"Did you ever hear of the Tower of Babel, the Gardens of Semiramis, and the Coliseum?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I constructed them."  
"You are the Tempter, then?" cried the poor artist, with a violent start.  
"The same at your service," with the everlasting low laugh.  
"Get thee behind me!" exclaimed the artist, making the sign of the cross.  
The low laugh passed into a gashing of teeth—a flash of lightning above, a yawning chasm beneath his feet—and the Tempter was gone.  
**CHAPTER II.**  
**THE MONK AND THE ADVERSARY.**  
The artist went home, and found his poor old mother waiting for him at supper; but he would not sit down at the table, and taking a pencil, began, impatiently to her remonstrances, to fix some of the fugitive ideas which he had seen traced by the Tempter's hand.  
The good woman went to bed weeping; since his return from his travels, she had scarce been able to recognize her son, so possessed was he by the spirit of restlessness and discomfort, and so changed toward herself.  
The whole night was passed by the artist in drawing lines and effacing them. There had been a fantastic boldness in the mysterious plan he had held, to which he could not approach. As the dawn appeared, he threw himself on his bed; but sleep, instead of giving him relief, added to his disturbance. Half beside himself, he awakened, and ran to the Church of St. Gereon, the favorite scene of his devotions.  
But he stopped before the portal. St. Gereon is a small Byzantine church, standing on the site of one older still, constructed by the Empress Helena. Nothing could well be in stronger contrast than the heavy, dull mass before him, and the light towers, the airy and yet bold colonnades which had grown beneath the Tempter's hand, in the sketch of the night before. He forgot that he came to pray—on he passed, not knowing whether he went, occupied by his single, perpetual thought.  
All day long did he wander thus; towards evening, without design or knowledge of the way he was taking, he found himself again at the Gate of the Franks, on the terrace and near the bench he occupied before. It was now nightfall, the promenade was deserted, and one solitary man alone beside himself remained outside the walls.  
That man was the stranger. In a moment the artist knew and approached him.  
He stood before the rampart drawing on the wall with a metal style or pencil. And, as he drew, every line, which at first appeared

as if traced in characters of fire, faded away, so that in proportion as the magnificent plan grew, the earlier drawn part grew pale and faint, and gradually disappeared; and the eye could not any one time follow the new lines and recall the old. Thus the artist saw pass before him the vision, of a phosphoric cathedral, lost in a moment in a darkness, not to be recalled or reproduced by possibility.  
He sighed sadly.  
"Ah, is it you?" exclaimed the old man, turning round, "I expected you."  
"I am come."  
"Well, I knew we had not quarrelled—Look, I have retouched my plan. What say you to my portal?"  
"Magnificent," exclaimed the artist, with unalloyed enthusiasm.  
"Here, at Cologne."  
"And my tower?"  
"Splendid."  
"And my nave?"  
"Wonderful."  
"Well, you may have it all, if you wish it."  
"And what do you ask in exchange?"  
"Your signature."  
"And then you will give me your plan?"  
"Certainly, complete in all its points."  
"I consent to your wish, but when?"  
"To-morrow, at midnight, here." And the Tempter departed, and the poor architect returned to the town.  
His old mother waited for him as before. The artist sat down this time, and as at first the poor woman was cheered; but soon she saw that he simply obeyed the dictates of an absolute physical necessity, and that his mind was far away.  
He rose and retired to his room; his mother dared not follow, but seated herself on the threshold, ready to answer at his call.  
For some time, she heard him uttering sighs and prayers; this did not arouse her anxiety sufficiently to make her think right to enter. Then she heard him lie down—long turnings and tossings followed—then a few moments of rest then groans and cries.  
At length it seemed to her that some one was disputing with him, there was a sound of a wrestle and a fall, and she heard him cry for help. Then she could not but open the door, for he was alone and in a dream, crying with all his might, "Avant, Tempter! thou shalt not have my soul."  
"Tempter! Satan!" the case was plain: the poor mother made the sign of the cross over the disturbed brow of the sleeper which calmed him in a measure, and then she knelt down and prayed at the foot of the bed, looking up at a beautiful picture of the Madonna, given her son by a pilgrim from Constantinople.  
As the prayer proceeded, the artist's sleep became easier; and by the time it was over, his breath was gentle and calm as an infant's. In the morning he rose in a tranquil state of mind, and placing himself at the window to breathe the early air, caught sight of his mother, who was going out clad in mourning. She saw him and stopped.  
"Mother, where are you going? why are you in mourning?"  
"To-day is the anniversary of your father's death, dear son, and I am going to St. Gereon to order mass for souls in purgatory."  
"Alas, alas!" muttered the artist, "neither mess nor prayers can bring my soul out of the abyss into which it must go."  
"Will you not come with me?" said the mother.  
"No, mother; only should you see old Father Clement send him to me. He is a holy man, and I want to consult him in a case of conscience."  
"The saints keep you in such a pinus frame, my son; for, unless I am much deceived, the enemy of souls is seeking to surround you in his toils."  
"Well, mother, go quick."  
The good woman went, and the architect leaned thoughtfully out of the window. Presently he saw old Father Clement turning the street corner advancing towards him. He closed the window and waited.  
The good old monk entered; a sage, experienced, pious man. The moment he looked at the artist he exclaimed: "O, my son you have evil thoughts within."  
"Yes, indeed, my father, many evil thoughts; and that is why I have called on you to help me."  
"Tell me your story son."  
"Father, you know that our Lord Archbishop has given me the task of building our Cathedral."  
"Yes, I know it, and believe he could not have applied to a better architect."  
"There you are wrong, father, I have drawn plan upon plan—possibly some of my plans may be worthy of inferior towns, such as Dusseldorf, or Worms, or Coblenz—but now who has framed a plan for a cathedral worthy of Cologne, is not your penitent, father."  
"No!" said the monk; and cannot we buy his plan for gold?"  
"I have offered him all I have, and he has shown me a purse full of precious stones."  
"Can we not get it by force?" for his eagerness for the honor of Cologne and the Church drew the monk somewhat beyond the bounds of justice and Christian charity.  
"I would have used force," answered the artist; "but he threw me down like a child."  
"Will he yield to no condition?"  
"Yes; but only to one, father."  
"What can that be?"  
"I must sign away my soul."  
"The saints preserve us, it is Satan himself."  
"No doubt."  
The monk took the matter very quietly—

"Well, my son, beware of pride, for it is that only which endangers thy soul."  
"And it is possible," exclaimed the artist, "that I can get the plan and not lose my soul?"  
"Perhaps it is possible."  
"Ah, father, tell me quickly—how?"  
"First go and confess in the church of St. Gereon, and then I will tell you what to do."  
The architect went as he had been told; and when he had performed his religious duties he visited the father in his cell.  
Now, for what we are going to relate we do not presume to judge the matter; the Cathedral of Cologne is a very great work, and its plan worthy of a seraph. If the holy monk prescribed fraud to the artist, we doubt not he thought it an act of virtue to foil and defraud the Tempter; and so it is likely, thought the artist, also. We, in this day, do not, it may be feared, hold Satan in sufficient abhorrence.  
"My son," said the monk, take this holy relic in your hand, and to-night, when the Tempter exhibits his plan before you, do you take hold of it with one hand, as if to examine it more narrowly, while he holds it on the other side. Then take care and touch his hand with the relic, and I will answer for his letting it go. Don't be frightened—he will storm and threaten you; but you must hold up this relic in his face, and then you need not have any apprehension. The saints are stronger than he."  
"But, my father, when I have given you back the relic, will there be no further fear of him?—will he not return and strangle me?"  
"No, not while you remain in a state of grace; but take care of mortal sin."  
"Then, I am safe," cried the artist, "father, for I am free from the seven deadly sins; I am neither gluttonous, envious, covetous, wrathful, idle or lascivious."  
"You forget the seventh sin, my son, that of pride; it is that which has ruined the highest angels, and it may ruin you."  
"I will watch over it, father, and you will be my helper."  
"The saints guard and bless you, my son."  
"Amen!" said the artist, and retired to his house, where he passed the remainder of the day in prayer.  
At the hour appointed he went to the place of meeting, but the walk was deserted, there was neither old man nor woman, nor child. The architect walked alone for a few moments, tearing the Tempter mightful of his word, 12 o'clock, however, struck, and at the very last stroke, "Here I am," said a loud and full voice behind the artist.  
He turned, trembling, for he did not recognize the familiar voice and indeed a change had come over voice, figure and form. It was not the little old man with piercing eyes, pointed beard, and black surtout; he saw a fine young man of from 22 to 26 years of age, of a striking figure with a large and pale forehead, furrowed as it were, by the lines of thought. In one hand he held the plan, in the other the compact. The artist could not but recoil a step or two, so dazzled was he by the image of this infernal beauty.  
"Oh! now," said he, "this once I know you and you need not tell me your name; you are indeed Lucifer the demon of Pride."  
"Well," said the Tempter, "I have not deceived you; are you ready?"  
"Yes, but before I sign, show me the plan. I pay dear enough to insure me a sight of my purchase."  
"That is fair—look!" and unrolling the plan he held it out, without leaving hold himself.  
The architect did as the monk had desired. He took the parchment by one corner whilst the Tempter spread it out, while by the light of the moon he devoured it with his eyes, he slipped his other arm below, and touched with the sacred relic the hand with which the Devil held the plan.  
A great cry followed, burnt to the bone the Tempter bounded up, and let fall the plan into the architect's possession.  
"In the name of the saints," cried the artist, making the sign of the cross with the relic, "depar Satan."  
The Tempter uttered a terrible cry of rage. "I know who taught you, that it is the trick of some miserable priest."  
Again the artist invoked the holy name, and waved the relic before him.  
Then the Tempter betook himself to his first form. "I am conquered; but mark me, this church, of which I am robbed, thou shalt never finish; and thy name, for which thou dost desire immortal renown, shall be forgotten and unknown. Adieu! Take care lest I surprise thee deadly in sin."  
And, with one bound, he sprang into the Rhine, whose waters closed over him, hissing as if they enclosed a red-hot iron.  
The happy architect returned to the city and his home where he found his mother and father Clement engaged in prayer for him. He told them all that had passed. The poor woman wept, crossing herself; the monk rubbed his hands, applauding his own cleverness. The artist told him the last words of the Tempter.  
"Well," said the monk, "he is more fair than I thought, since he forwards you; now it is yours to keep on your guard, and to avoid all occasion for mortal sin. Once more, beware of pride."  
The architect promised watchfulness, and the monk retired to the convent, leaving him the happiest man possible. His mother also left him, not above half understanding what had passed, but happy because her son was so.  
Left alone, the artist, without leaving hold of the plan which had so nearly cost him the loss of his soul, knelt down and poured out

prayers and blessings to the saints for the help given; then he laid down to sleep, with the plan rolled up beneath his pillow, and slept as usual with the moderation of a calm and equitable man, and thus escaped the aim of anger.  
**CHAPTER III.**  
**THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.**  
On the morrow morn', our artist went to the archbishop, (who had begun to be impatient at such lengthened delays,) and showed him the plan. The archbishop allowed he had lost nothing by the delay, and opening the treasures of the chapter, authorized him to help himself freely.  
That same day the foundation of the church was laid; and as for a long time past, crowds of workmen had been hollowing out the sides of the Drachenfels, there was no want of material; thus there grew out of the ground an immense vegetation of stone, ready to spread forth its forms in the sun. Three weeks past, and the monument advanced, when, one Friday evening, it chanced that our artist, who had been too much absorbed in the work to think during the day of eating and drinking, was going home half-finished, and suddenly met the Burgomaster, a great don't want, famous for his good dinners and his supper. He was coming on purpose to find the architect, and invite him to sup at his house with the Burgomasters of Mayence and of Aix la Chapelle, both also notorious for their convivial habits; not having been able to find the architect at home, he had come to meet him at the spot where he was pretty sure to be found.  
The architect had tried to get off complacently, on the ground of not having forewarned his mother; but this objection was met by the Burgomaster assuring him that that point was settled, for he himself had seen her, and thus there seemed no possibility of declining, and he had nothing to do but to follow, and he led by the Burgomaster into a splendid dining room, in the middle of which was placed a table, full of every kind of delicacy, from poultry to venison.  
Now the architect, as we have said, was really half-finished; thus, at first sight of this fine collation, he congratulated himself on having followed the Burgomaster; but, on seating himself, at table, it suddenly occurred to him that it was Friday, the day of holy fasting, in which, less than any day, the sin of gluttony is permissible. Therefore, having breathed a prayer, he touched nothing but a slice of bread and a glass of water, refusing all other viands and the most delicious wines. Thus he escaped the sin of gluttony.  
As to the three Burgomasters they ate and drank without fear of the snails or the Devil, laughing all the while at the poor architect and his bad cheer.  
Next day the architect went to his work, prospered well, neither money nor hands being spared. From time to time he certainly returned to the paring threats of the Tempter; but every thought of this kind seemed to give him new strength to resist temptation, and as the cathedral progressed apace, he hoped the infernal predictions would never be accomplished.  
About this time, Pope Innocent IV., a Genoese by birth, wanted to build a palace at Rome for one of his nephews, and as Cologne was famous for the skill of its builders he asked the Archbishop Conrad to send him an architect. The archbishop accordingly sent his Holiness a very skillful man, whom he had a short time before thought of placing over the works at the cathedral, in order to annoy the architect, with whom he had had an altercation a few days before. But here he was mistaken; our architect beheld the choice without envy. The deadly sin in vain assailed him.  
The cathedral profited by this tranquility of the builder's mind. He lived only for it—all his time was passed amid its stones, carving himself those parts which needed the most delicacy and finish. And the architect, however cool towards his architect, paid him right royally, insomuch, that while dreaming of glory for his name, he amassed a fortune for his needs; and by the end of eighteen months he had realized the sum of 6000 florins, which, at that time, was a pretty considerable fortune.  
One evening, on returning home, his mother gave him a letter sealed with black; it was from his sister, and announced the loss of her husband, who, dying, had left her in poverty with three little children. The poor woman entreated his help in her sorrow and trouble.  
The architect sent her his 6000 florins. The sin of covetousness was not his.  
The cathedral rose higher and higher—the architect seemed to have made it his own dwelling—there he was at the break of day, and there after the night had closed in. He had under his orders, some workmen skilful enough to relieve him of certain very important work; and, after having made a very exact design, he committed to one of these men a side door full of beautiful arabesque, over which was to hang, as upon a trillist-work, in a vine laden with grapes. The workman was to execute this work, labored behind a screen made of wooden planks, in order not to be disturbed. The architect respected his wish to be alone, and confiding in his skill, waited till the screen was removed. The grand day arrived—the workmen took away the scaffolding, but the work proved quite unworthy of the rest of the building; so that the architect had to make the best of him; with already six months' work before him; as he had said; he was not given to slothfulness.  
From the time of beginning his labors, now four years ago, he had constantly inspected his men's work himself, in order to be sure of scrupulous fidelity to his plans;—but one night his dwelling was attacked by robbers,

who, ignorant of his regular habits of paying his men, thought they should find a rich harvest of money near him, instead of which there was not more than a sour justness in the money. Angry at this disappointment, they pillaged his wardrobe, leaving him not a single garment to put on in the morning. He sent for the tailor, who promised to equip him afresh that very evening, but kept him waiting for three days, all of which time the artist was forced to stay in bed. At length, when, after this tiresome delay, the tailor appeared with the clothes, he could not reproach him, yet he did it with the moderation of a calm and equitable man, and thus escaped the aim of anger.  
The rumor of a new wonder of the world began to spread abroad. "Already it was done, what it would be when it was finished; and many came on pilgrimages to see it from France, Germany, and Flanders. Often after seeing the edifice, these pilgrims were curious to see the builder, so that in his way home from the cathedral, it was no uncommon thing for him to meet groups of strangers waylaying him, in order to note what sort of a person this was; who had had the boldness and genius to carry out such an undertaking." Among the pilgrims were some of the temple sex, and one of these fell so desperately in love with our architect, that she hired a house in the street by which he passed to his work, so that, go and come when he might he was sure to see her at the window, smiling and following with her bright eyes; and sometimes she threw nosegays down to him, and once she fell all her handkerchiefs, and without thinking of evil he picked it up, and carried it off the stairs, and gave it into her own hand, while she trembled and blushed, and at last, made known to him, without reserve, her affection for him; but he gravely and earnestly repelled her advances, telling her how needful it was to guard against temptation, and left her innocence. Thus he was proof against impurity.  
Six months now passed away. Every day the number of spectators increased, for the portal was finished, and so were many of the arches; and though one of the towers had only attained the height of twenty-one feet the other had risen already more than on hundred and forty, and displayed very clearly what the effect would be when its entire altitude of five hundred feet should be attained; still the more the work grew, the more the idea that it would never be finished, and that his name would remain forgotten and unknown, tormented the artist and it was order to put this last evil out of the question that the idea came into his mind of working the letters of his name into the balustrade which was to surround the platform of the tower. By this means, that name would strike all eyes so long as the monument lasted—they would live together. This resolution made, he became more easy in mind, and set to work with himself to put his design in execution on the morrow.  
At the moment of commencing, however, the archbishop sent for him, to show him, as said, some precious relics which he had just received. The architect came down from the tower, and found his lordship in great delight. From Milan, had just been sent the heads of the three Magi, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, with their precious crowns of gold, adorned with diamonds and pearls. The architect knelt devoutly down at the sight of these sacred relics, uttered his prayer, and rising, congratulated the archbishop on the rich and rare gift.  
"Well," replied the bishop, "I have had something more valuable still, than this, from the Emperor at Constantinople."  
"Indeed! can it be a fragment of the true cross, found by the Empress Helena?"  
"Better still!"  
"Can it be the crown of thorns that were pledged by the Emperor Baldwin?"  
"Something worth more still!"  
"What can it be?"  
"The plan of the finest edifice that ever was built."  
"Oh! indeed!" exclaimed the artist, with a smile of disdain.  
"A plan which leaves so far behind all other plans, as the sun outshines the stars—seeing that other plans are the work of men—this is the work of Heaven itself, sent by an angel to King Solomon."  
"You have, then, the plan of the Temple of Jerusalem?" cried the architect.  
"Yes."  
"Oh, let me see it!"  
"Lift up that curtain," said the archbishop, pointing with his finger to a tapestry, covering a kind of frame.  
The artist eagerly obeyed, and found himself standing face to face with the heavenly model, and with one glance he took in all its details.  
"Well," said the archbishop, "what do you say to that?"  
"Pshaw!" exclaimed the artist. "I like mine better."  
Instantly a burst of infernal laughter sounded in his ears; too surely he recognized the well known sound; after having escaped the six other deadly sins, he had fallen into that of pride.  
He made but one bound from the spot to the Church of St. Gereon, where he hoped to find Father Clement; but the father had that night been seized with apoplexy, and died. And at the moment when this stunning information reached his ears, again there came the burst of Satanic laughter, and a cold chill passed over his frame to his very heart.  
Yet he summoned all his powers of mind; and, feeling as yet no physical pain, took courage by degrees and resolved to return to the cathedral, hoping that the enthusiasm always sure to be awakened at the sight of his beloved work, would drive away the remnant of fear from his heart.  
And he tried to lose himself in the mazes of his own church; but, alas! soon he found a want of air, and a sense of suffocation, as if it was a sepulchre. To escape from this, he mounted the steps leading to the platform, when there, he still continued the ascent by means of the scaffolding; at the top of the scaffolding was a ladder, reaching the summit of the tower—this was the most advanced part of the works, and that from which the artist could most readily survey all the rest. Nothing appeared altered; every one was in his place, and all remained as usual, laboring there till the usual hour of departure. The clock gave notice of that hour, as day-light began to fail.