

VERSCHIEBUNG.

It was an eve when winds without were rough,
Thro' bars of dark cloud stared the chill pale moon,
A few dried leaves still rustled on the trees
In dull accordance with the shrill weird tune
That swelled and softened in the twilight gloom.

The fire sputtered, pale blue tongues of flame
Darted about the bars, while fierce and fast
A demon fingered still the airy flute.
The firelight on the wall strange shadows cast
Which dropped a hurried courtesy as they passed.

Anon the master of the dance appeared,
And with a beck announced a minuet;
"Grimm's Law" he hight, and here at length
The frisking shades found one they must obey—
Lo! G, as hidden, yields his place to K.

And H is in his place along the line,
And lisping labials, chattering dentals too,
Erstwhile they regularly move about.
Pleased, I watched, and thought (it proved untrue)
I could remember all I saw them do.

Methought, as madder still the music blew,
The shadows, too, the livelier measure caught,
And glided to and fro, and in and out
In strangest figures moving, and I thought
In their mad motion they old Grimm forgot.

Ever more intricate grew the mazy whirl,
My wearied senses followed it no more.
And now in groups they tript, and now ensemble,
And each time more confusedly than before,
The movement was *allegro con furore*.

The blaze dropt low, went out, and with the light
Vanished my pantomime upon the wall.
But to this day, when some unhappy chance
Th' unstable letters into mind doth call,
In wonted mad confusion whirl they all.

E TELKA.

The mountains became steeper here, the pine woods waved below like a green sea, and in the blue heaven above the white clouds sailed by. The wildness of the scenery seemed tamed by its simplicity. Like a good poet, nature does not love ruggedness in her work. However strange the form of the clouds may sometimes be, the gentle white of their coloring harmonizes in tone with the blue heaven and the green earth, so that all the colors of a scene blend like the strains of low music, and every view of nature soothes the mind and calms the troubled spirit. Just like a great poet, nature knows how to produce the greatest effects from the smallest resources. Here are only a sun, trees, flowers, water and love. Truly if the last be wanting in the heart of the beholder, the whole is but a poor spectacle, and the sun has then only a certain number of miles diameter, and the trees are good to light fires with, and the flowers are classified according to their stamens, and the water is wet.

A young lad, who was gathering brushwood in the wood for his sick uncle, pointed to the village of Lerrbach, whose little gray-roofed cottages could be distinguished about two miles and a half down the valley. The little fellow seemed to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with the trees; he greeted them like old friends, and the rustling of their leaves seemed to return his greeting. He whistled like a greenfinch; the birds all around twittered their answer, and before I missed him he had run away on his little bare feet with his bundle of brushwood into the thicket. Children, I thought, are younger than we; they still remember how they too were trees or birds and so are

still able to understand these. We, however, are too old, and our thought too full of sorrow, and jurisprudence, and bad verses. Those days, when it was otherwise with me, were brought clearly to my remembrance on my entrance into Klausthal. I reached this neat little mountain village just as the clock was striking twelve and the children coming joyfully out of school. The bright boys, almost all rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed and fair-haired were running and shouting, and awakened in me the bitter-sweet remembrance of how I myself, a little lad in a musty convent at Düsseldorf, dared not stir from the wooden bench the whole livelong morning and endure so much Latin, and flogging, and geography, and then afterwards shout and cry to my heart's content when the old Franciscan bell at last struck twelve. The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger, and gave me a hospitable greeting.

I dined at the "Crown" in Klausthal; and received parsley green as the spring time, cabbage of a violet hue, a joint of roast veal, large as Chimborazo in miniature, and in addition a kind of smoked herring called Bücking, after the name of the discoverer, William Bücking, who died in 1447, and was so honored for this discovery by Charles V., that in 1556 this Emperor travelled from Middelburg to Bievlid in Zeeland only to see the grave of this great man. How enjoyable is such a dish when one knows its historical interest and consumes the fish himself. Only the after-dinner coffee was spoiled for me by a loquacious young man who sat down beside me and talked and blustered to such an extent that the milk turned sour. He was a young clerk with a waistcoat of five and twenty colors, and as many gold seals, rings and breast-pins. He looked like a monkey who has put on a red jacket, and now says to himself: "Clothes make the man." He knew by heart a great many jokes and anecdotes, and these he was constantly introducing at most inappropriate times. He asked me for the news from Göttingen, and I told him how before my departure there had appeared a decree of the Academical Senate forbidding anyone on fine of three thalers to cut off dogs' tails; for this reason, that in the dog-days mad dogs kept their tails between their legs, and in this way one could distinguish them from those that were not mad; this could not be done if they had no tails.

After dinner I set out to visit the mines, the silver chambers and the mint. In the silver chambers I missed, as often through life, a sight of the silver. In the mint I was more fortunate, and was able to see how money is made. To tell the truth I have never been able to do more; I always played the part of an onlooker on such an occasion, and I believe that if thalers should fall in showers from heaven, all I would receive would be holes in my head, while the children of Israel gleefully gathered in the silver manna. With a feeling in which awe and emotion were strangely mingled, I viewed the new, shining thalers, took in my hand one which had just come from the die, and said to it: Young thaler! What fate awaits you! How much good and how much evil will you effect! How you will protect vice and patch up virtue! How you will be loved and then again how cursed! How you will help in rioting, and lying, and murdering! How you will wander around restlessly through pure and impure hands for centuries until at last, laden with debt and weary of sin, you are gathered with your own into Abraham's bosom, and he melts and purifies and transforms you to a new existence, to be perhaps a little innocent teaspoon, with which some day my great-great-grandson will stir his bread and milk.

The visit to the two most important Klausthal mines, Dorothea and Caroline, I found very interesting.

My guide himself was a worthy fellow. With great delight he pointed out to me the place where the Duke of Cambridge, on his visit to the mine, had dined with his whole company, and where the long wooden table still stood, and also the large chair of ore in which the Duke had sat. "This remains as an everlasting souvenir," said