

higher, and the boat went on faster and faster, so that he seemed to be sinking into the earth, until he caught sight of the entrance to the cavern, of which the stranger had spoken to him; and at the same moment he espied his mallet floating on a few yards in advance. But the boat began to spin round and round in an eddy, and he felt sick. He saw the mallet float into the cavern, and when the boat came to the mouth, he caught at the sides and stopped it. Peering into the darkness, he saw small flashes of light floating in the gloom; he could see nothing else; and there was a great roar and rush of water. He was obliged to give up the pursuit; but it was not easy to go back against the stream, as the oars would not help him stem the current. He kept close to the side, however, where the stream was weaker, and urged his way along, by clutching at ledges and sharp corners in the rock. In this way, he moved on slowly all night; and, a little after dawn, got again above the rocks and went ashore. He was very weak and tired. He flung himself upon the hard ground and slept. When he awoke, he ate a small loaf which he had brought with him, and went on his way.

Carl wandered for many a day in those desolate regions, and passed many forests, and crossed rivers and wore out his shoes, before he found his way back to Stromthal. His heart failed within him when he came to the dear old town. He was tempted to go back for another three years, but he could not make up his mind to turn away without seeing Margaret; "and besides," thought he, "Jacob Elsen is a good man. When he hears that I have worked, and earned this money, though I have it no longer, he will give me his daughter."

He wandered about the streets a long time and saw many persons whom he knew, but who had forgotten him. At last he turned boldly into the street where Jacob lived, and knocked at his old home. Jacob came to the door himself.

"The 'Wanderbusche' is come home," cried Jacob, embracing him. "Margaret's heart will be glad."

Carl followed the tun-maker in silence. He felt as if he had been guilty of some bad action. He scarcely knew how to begin the story of his lost mallet.

"How thin and pale you are!" said Jacob, "I hope you have led a strict life? But these fine clothes—they hardly suit a young workman. You must have found a treasure."

"Nay," replied Carl. "I have lost all; even the fifty gold gulden that I have earned by the work of my hands."

The old man's face darkened. Carl's haggard look, his fine apparel, all travel-soiled, and his confusion and silence awakened his suspicions. When Carl told his story, it seemed so strange and improbable that he shook his head.

"Carl," he said, "you have dwelt in evil cities. Would to Heaven you had died when you first learnt, to shave the staves, rather than have lived to be a liar!"

Carl made no answer; he turned away to go into the street again. On the threshold he met Margaret. He did not speak to her, but passed on leaving her staring after him in astonishment. All night long, he walked about the streets of the town. He thought of going back to the house of old Peter Schonfuss and his daughter Bertha; but his pride restrained him. He resolved to go away, somewhere at a distance. But his unkindness to Margaret smote him, and he wished to see her before he went. He lingered in the street after day-light, until he saw her open the door; then he went up to her.

"O Carl!" said Margaret, "this then is what I have for three long years looked forward to?"

"Listen to me, Margaret dear?" urged Carl.

"I dare not," said Margaret. "My father has forbidden me. I can only bid you farewell, and pray that my father may find one day he is wrong."

"I have told him only the truth," cried Carl; but Margaret went in and left him there. Carl waited a moment, and then determined to follow her, and entreat her to believe in his innocence before he parted. He lifted the latch and entered the house, passing through the kitchen into the yard but Margaret was not there. He went into the workshop and found himself alone there; for the workmen had not come yet, and Margaret was the first person up in the house. His misfortunes, and the injustice he had experienced, came into his mind, as if some voice were whispering in his ear: the whole world seemed to be against him. "I cannot bear this," he said, "I must die!"

He unlatched the wooden bar, and threw open the doors, letting the light of day into the dusky shop. It was a clear fresh morning; and the river brimming with the rains of the day before, flowing on, smooth and flush to the edge. "Of all my hopes, my patience, my industry, my long suffering and my deep love for Margaret, behold the miserable end!" said Carl.

"But he stopped suddenly; his eyes had caught some object, in between the birch stakes and the bank. "Strange," he said. "It is a mallet, and much like the one I lost! Some of Jacob Elsen's workmen have dropped a mallet here, surely."—But it was larger than an ordinary mallet, and though it was madness to fancy so, he thought that some supernatural power had brought his mallet there, in time to turn him from his purpose. "It is my mallet!" he cried; for by stooping down he could see the mark of the hole he had plugged. He did not wait to take it up, it being safe for a while where it was; he ran back into the house, and met Jacob Elsen descending the stairs.

"I have found my mallet," cried Carl; "where is Margaret?"

The tun-maker looked incredulous. Margaret heard his call and came down stairs.

"This way!" said Carl, leading them through the shop. "Look there!" Both Margaret and her father saw it. Carl stooped and picked it up, and, taking the plug out, shook all the gold pieces on the ground. Jacob shook his hand, and begged him to pardon him for his unjust suspicions; and Margaret wept tears of joy. "It came just in time to save my life," said Carl. "Happy days will come with it."

"But how did this mallet arrive here?" said Jacob, pondering.

"I guess," replied Carl, "I have found the origin of the Klar. The two rivers are, in truth, but one. Carl wrote the story of his adventures, and presented it to the Town Council, who employed all the scholars in Stromthal to prove by experiments the identity of the two rivers. When they had done this, there was great rejoicing in the town. On the day when Carl married Margaret, he received the promised reward of five hundred gold gulden; and thenceforth the day on which he found his mallet was set apart for a festival by the inhabitants of all the towns, both on the "Geber" and the "Klar."

Miscellaneous.

SAGACITY OF THE NORTHERN BEARS.—On one occasion a bear was seen to swim cautiously to a rough piece of ice, on which two female walruses were lying asleep with their cubs. The wily animal crept up to some hammocks behind the party, and with the help of his fore feet loosened a large block of ice; this, with the help of his nose and paws, he rolled and carried till immediately over the heads of the sleepers, when he let it fall on one of the old animals, which was instantly killed.—The other walrus, with its cubs, rolled into the water; but the younger one of the striken females remained in its dam; upon these helpless creatures the bear now leaped down, and thus completed the destruction of the two animals which it would not have ventured to attack openly.

The stratagems practised in taking large seals are not much less to be admired. These creatures are remarkably timid, and for that reason always lie to bask or sleep on the very edge of the pieces of floating ice, so that on the slightest alarm they can by one roll tumble themselves into their favourite element. They are exceedingly restless, constantly moving their heads from side to side, and sleeping by very short naps. As with all wild creatures, they turn their attention to the direction of the wind, as if expecting danger from that quarter.—The bear, on seeing his intended prey, gets quickly into the water, and swims till he is leeward of him, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance that at his last dive he comes up to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the bear's clutches; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at his leisure.

THE THANKSGIVING SERMONS.—The sermon trade in England has elicited the following notice from the Athenæum.

A correspondent tells us that having been annoyed by a nonsensical sermon in his own parish on the late Thanksgiving Sunday morning, he sought in the evening of the same day for improved spiritual food in the church of an adjoining parish.—There in due time, to his horror and amazement, he heard the same text given out, and was condemned to sit through the same identical sermon delivered over again, word for word, by another clergyman. He was at first inclined to believe that this was mere evidence of a good understanding between the rector of one parish and the curate of another, a proof of a kind of intercommunage between those reverend worthies, by which one set of sermons was made to do duty for two preachers.—But chancing the following morning to take up one of the clerical newspapers, his attention was arrested

ed by the following advertisement: "To the Clergy: Sebastopol.—Sermons ready for Sunday next, being the day appointed for offering up prayer and thanksgiving for the capture of Sebastopol." Curiosity led our correspondent to expend half-a-crown in the purchase of one of the ready made ecclesiastical articles. On looking at it, he found that it was merely Monsieur Tonson come again, the very same identical thing, without religion and patriotism, that he had been twice entrapped into listening to on the day before.

NEW COLONIAL SECRETARY.—The Right Hon. Henry Labouchere has been appointed to the important office of Secretary of State for the Colonial Department. Mr. Labouchere descended from a French protestant family, which left that country and took refuge in Holland on the expulsion of the protestants by the revolution of the edict of Nantes. The family subsequently settled in this country, and from their wealth immediately acquired a considerable position. The father of Mr. Labouchere married a daughter of the house of Baring, and the advantages of this connection may have been the first cause of his early rise into a subordinate office in the Whig Ministry in 1832. In that year Mr. Labouchere was appointed a lord of the admiralty, which office he held until November, 1834. From April, 1835, to March, 1839, he was vice president of the board of trade until the downfall of Lord John Russell's cabinet in 1841. On the return of the whigs to power, in 1846, Mr. Labouchere became secretary for Ireland, which office he held until July, 1847, when he was again appointed to the board of trade. He remained at that post until 1852. On the fusion of the whigs and Peelites in Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, Mr. Labouchere's claims on his party were sacrificed in favour of some higher talents then introduced into the coalition.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Labouchere has taken a respectable position, shining neither as a statesman nor as a debater. By marriage he is closely connected with the reigning families of the whig dynasty, having married first a sister of Sir Francis Baring, and secondly, Lady Mary Howard sister of the Earl of Carlyle, the Duchesse of Sutherland, the Countess of Burlington, and closely related to the noble families of Grey, Cavendish, and Gower.—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

GENERAL MOURAVIEFF.—As the name of General Mouravieff is likely to be much more frequently before the public than has hitherto been the case, it may not be out of place to repeat an anecdote which is told of "that first of Russian tacticians," by M. Gallot de Kulture, who was formerly Secretary to Prince Demidoff, which appears in a late English paper:—

"Some years since, after having distinguished himself greatly in the Caucasus, Mouravieff returned to St Petersburg. The late Czar, who had heard the General highly spoken of, one day said to him, 'As you play the professor in the Caucasus, I must judge for myself whether your pretensions are well founded. Take the command of a corps, and manoeuvre against another which shall act under my direction. Do your best; for I do not intend to spare you.' The manoeuvres had hardly commenced when the Emperor lost sight of the corps opposed to him. Some hours passed, and as no Mouravieff appeared, the imperial force retired towards the Neva; but, unfortunately for the military reputation of the sovereign, the corps of his adversary was concealed behind some high ground close to the spot to which he had withdrawn. Mouravieff suddenly appeared, pushed forward a column which separated the Czar from the gross of his corps, and eventually managed to get the latter between his artillery and the river. On seeing this, General Aermoloff, who officiated as judge de camp, galloped up to Mouravieff, and thus addressed him:—'I congratulate you, Moncher, on a victory which will prove to be a defeat.' The sequel showed that Yermoloff knew his master. Mouravieff was under a cloud, and nothing more was heard of him until very recently, when he re-appeared on the scene as Commander-in-Chief of the separate corps in the Caucasus."

SAVED BY HIS WIFE'S CORPSE.—A thrilling incident of the preservation of life is given in Lloyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory. A Mr. Walters, a passenger on the steamer Anthony Wayne, was taking from Chicago back to Philadelphia, the remains of his fond and loving wife, to be buried among her relations and friends. During the trip, the ill-fated boat exploded all her boilers, killing nearly every one on board. Mr. W. was lifted several hundred feet in the air, and fell into the water almost lifeless. The night was dark and dreary, and in his frantic struggles to keep himself afloat, he accidentally struck against a box, to which he clung all night long with desperation. When

daylight appeared, he discovered to his horror that the box which had saved his life contained the corpse of his wife.

THE BENEFITS OF GAS.—A gallon of pure sperm oil produces a light equal to 217 cubic feet of coal gas! A gallon of whale oil produces a light equal to 175 cubic feet of coal gas. Therefore, gas at four dollars per 1000 cubic feet gives 250 feet for a dollar, and is therefore much cheaper than whale or sperm oil. The apparatus used for making gas, and the labour attending the production of it, however, involves an expense, (it is considered) greater than the use of oil in lamps under 100 burners, over that number it is considered that gas is more economical than oil.

Any village, factory, or mill, therefore, using more than 100 burners, will find it more economical—and certainly much more convenient—to use gas rather than oil.—*Scientific American.*

COURAGEOUS DUELLISTS.—Weston, of facetious memory, having borrowed one note the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion to talk of it in a public coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge.

Being in the field, the gentleman, a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered.

"But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other."

"With all my heart," says Weston; "come, I'll wound you first."

So, drawing his sword, he whipped it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears into his eyes.

This done and the wound tied up with a handkerchief.

"Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you?"

Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied,

"Where you can, sir; where you can."

There is a statute in Indiana that prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the Courts. This disability, just now, gives the negroes the monopoly of the carrying trade in liquor in that State. As they cannot be made witnesses, the liquor dealers are not afraid to sell to them, and they are very generally employed to effect the exchange between the seller and consumer of the prohibited article.

BIRMINGHAM.—If you write a letter, look at your desk, your inkstand, your steel pen, your pen-holder, your wafer stamp, your seal, your candlestick, or taper-stand, and think how far Birmingham has been concerned in them. If a lady, seated at her work, would gossip a little about her work trinkets, the needles, pins, thimble, bodkin, piercer, crochet, and knitting needles—all would tell of Birmingham, or some few instances of Sheffield or Redditch. If you walk abroad, and the rain befall you, ask who made the metal work of your umbrella. If you ride on horseback, think where the bridle bit, the stirrups, and the buckles came from. In short, do anything, go anywhere, buy, beg, borrow, make, alter, eat, drink, walk, ride, look, hear, touch—you cannot shake off Birmingham for many minutes together.

THE GREAT BENEFIT OF LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.—A regular Cockney says:—"There is certainly one decided advantage that a person derives from living in the country; and that is, it enables him to wear out his old clothes and boots, and to put on such worn out shabby things generally as he never could think of wearing in town."

A midshipman asked a priest to tell the difference between a Priest and Jackass. The priest gave it up. "One wears a cross on his back and the other on his breast," said the midshipman. "Now," said the priest, "tell me the difference between a midshipman and a jackass." The midshipman gave it up, and asked what it was. The priest said he did not know of any.

Superficial knowledge is like oil upon water—it shines deceitfully, but can easily be skimmed off.

William unsheathed his shining blade,
Then fixed the point against his breast.
He gazed upon the wondering maid,
And thus his dire intent expressed—
"Since, charming fair, with cold disdain,
You still return my raging love,
Thought is but madness—life is paid,
And thus at once I'll both remove!"
"O stop one moment," Celia cried,
Then trembling, hastened to the door,
"Haste, Sally, quick—a pail, dear maid;
This madman else will stain the floor."