

## PAUL LE BURG'S MAGIC.

— 'QUOMODO adoleseentulus  
Mulieris ingenia potuēt noscere.' — TERENCE.

It was already dark when a young man stood knocking at the door of Michael Scheimer, the miller of Adfield, a small village some twenty miles from Heidelberg. His dress and appearance were somewhat remarkable; and to the reader, had he chanced to have met him an hour before, as he strode, with his peculiar swaggering gait, along the highway, his brigandish air would doubtless have suggested unpleasant ideas. Our hero, however, was no freebooter, but a student of the University; and both his dress and bearing were fashioned after the most approved style of the Heidelberg Burschen.

Paul le Burg was the glory of his kneipe. Gay and ingenious, he shone alike at the club and in the lecture-room. Overflowing with animal spirits, his love of fun and frolic often involved him in scrapes, which at the venerable *Alma Mater* where 'it delyteth us to have colleged,' would have won for him the name of a 'hard case.' Such being his character, it is not surprising that the end of the term ever found him at the bottom of his purse. But as his home was distant but two days' journey, aided by a stout pair of legs and a night with a friend, he could reach it without expending a kreuzer.

About half-way between Heidelberg and his home lived Michael Scheimer, a jolly miller, who, in consideration of his wit, and the love which Paul, by his open manners, everywhere inspired, was in the habit of extending him his hospitality whenever he chanced that way. The term had just closed. The student was on his way homeward, and it was in expectation of the accustomed hospitality that he now stood knocking at the miller's door. But for once Herr Bursch was doomed to disappointment. After the lapse of a considerable interval the buxom frau of Michael appearing, bade him good e'en, and desired him to pass on to the inn that night, as her husband was from home, and consequently it was impossible for her to admit him. It was in vain that he urged upon her the pitiable condition of his pockets, and pleaded his long acquaintance; the lady was inexorable, and the colloquy was ended by the door being shut in his face. This state of affairs surprised Paul. Hitherto he had imagined that he held no mean place in the estimation of dame Scheimer, and that the absence of the good man could ever mar his welcome was what he least suspected.

As he stood pondering how, with his empty pockets, he should dispose of himself for the night, a bright light, streaming from a chink in the closed shutters, attracted his attention. Instinctively he drew near and peeped, when, lo! the mystery of his inhospitable repulse was solved. There, by the blazing fire, with a huge tankard of ale at his elbow, sat the village school-master, regarding with remarkably com-

placent looks the roasting of a delicious capon, which, with other good cheer, was evidently intended for the delectation of himself and the worthy frau. Upon his knee was a guitar, to which, as Paul peered in upon him, he was warbling in his tenderest tones those beautiful little verses of Matthisson :

‘Ich dente dein,  
Wen durch den Hain  
Der Nachtgallen  
Accorde schallen.  
Wann dentst du mein?’

Ichabod, of Sleepy-Hollow memory, was not more deeply ‘in clover’ at the feast of Baltus Von Tassel, than our pedagogue appeared to be in the kitchen of Michael Scheimer. But alas! how true is the proverb, ‘There is many a slip, etc.!’ for at this instant a thundering rap at the door startled the Don Juan of the ferrule from his cosy position, and unceremoniously hurried both him and his supper into an old disused oven. Paul tarried long enough to see the whole of this somewhat ludicrous performance, and then, hastening around to the door, was welcomed heartily by the miller, whose return, from the frightened looks of the frau, was evidently unexpected.

Michael and his guest were soon seated in his spacious kitchen, and his wife proceeded to spread the board for supper. Paul had already drawn forth and ‘adjusted the fragrant charge’ of that inseparable of every German student — his meerschaum; but not even its grateful fumes or the conversation of his friend could keep him from casting occasional sly glances at the table. He soon saw that his supper bade fair to be far inferior to that which he had discovered in course of preparation for the gay Lothario, now trembling and sweating, half-dead with fear, in the oven. Paul was a generous youth, and, notwithstanding the inhospitable treatment which he had received a little before, he determined to extricate the good wife from her difficulty. Not, however, to give him too much credit for generosity, no doubt the aforesaid savory viands had not a little to do with his subsequent actions. In the course of conversation, the student informed his host that during the last term he had devoted himself almost entirely to the study of magic; and such was the proficiency he had attained in the *ars nigra* that, beside performing many other ingenious tricks, he could raise even ‘Old Knick’ himself. The worthy miller, being somewhat skeptical, desired some slight proof of his skill. This was just what was wanted; and so Paul very innocently proposed by means of his art to make some addition to their supper. To this Michael had, of course, no objection. Accordingly our hero entered upon his incantations. After muttering various scraps of barbarous Latin and Greek, he advanced to the door of the oven, and, quietly drawing forth the good things, closed it again, as if nothing more were behind.

The board being thus replenished, Paul, with the astonished miller, proceeded to satisfy the hunger which a long fast had created.

‘Tis merry in the hall  
When beards wag all,’

says the old English proverb; and the loud guffaws which arose fre-

quently from our two worthies proved the truth of the couplet. The 'home-brewed' flowed freely, and, becoming warmed by its generous influence, the student was soon ripe for any fun, and so began to concert measures for securing to the school-master a safe retreat. He continued plying the miller with ale, discoursing eloquently all the while of his marvellous power of raising Lucifer in any shape he pleased. At last, when he deemed that Michael was sufficiently fuddled, he boldly proposed to raise the devil in the likeness of the village school-master. This was consented to, provided 'Auld Nickie' should be made to take himself off immediately upon his appearance. Again had Paul recourse to his jargon, which he closed by shouting, in the voice of a Stentor, '*diabole provenito.*' Out rolled the poor frightened pedagogue, covered with soot, and, dashing against the startled miller, whose equilibrium was by this time not over steady, he reached the door and was gone.

Such was the result of Paul le Burg's first and last attempt at magic, the recital of which, upon his return to the University, caused the rafters of more than one studenten-kneipe to ring with merriment.

Easton, (Pa.,) 1855.

E. N. Y.

## T O A M O T H E R

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER FIRST-BORN.

### I.

Aye, *wring* thy hands, wild mother,  
Wail, wail the dark night through,  
Then fold thy grief away;  
In caverns deep  
Thy heart must keep  
The woe that will have sway.

### II.

Nay, *fold* thy hands, sad mother,  
Here 's naught for thee to do;  
No tears for thee to dry;  
Each curl so fair  
Needs not thy care —  
Closed is the azure eye.

### III.

But *clasp* thy hands, pale mother,  
Kiss, kiss the rod anew;  
And so at last appear  
As spotless white,  
Divinely bright,  
As he that lieth here.

Blackbarns, (N. J.)

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