then believed to be as strong as his imperial castle; and commenced poring over maps, in preparation for his travels.

He had been occupied all day in tracing his route from Nuremburg to the Emperor Charles' Spanish capital, though flowers had been strewn, and shepherds had danced in the streets, for it was Whitsuntide. The Franconian corp stood high and green, and the linden-trees were in full leaf round the old city's ramparts, as Fritz walked in the shade, still pondering on the distance and dangers of the journey. That was his accustomed walk down by the river just an hour before the shutting of the gates. The sun was setting, and he could hear the hum of the town grow faint behind him, while the cow-bells and the swine herds horns sounded from neighboring hamlets; but his path was usually deserted; not a wayfarer could be seen along the banks of that smooth river, except one man, who sat as if to rest on the broken wall of a long ruined hermitage. His garments were in the fashion worn by the artizans; his face was calm and thoughtful; but Fusseldorf's expectting the customary reverence to his rank was disappointed by the fixing his keen gray eye upon him as he said:—"Good evening brother. How call you yonder town that stands so far in the sunset?"

"It is the ancient and famous city of Nuremburg," replied Fritz, with a true burgher's pride; "renowned throughout Christendom for arts and letters. Whence came you, stranger, to be so near, and know it not?"

"I came from a still greater town," replied the stranger. "You are doubtless acquainted with Falshenberg—famous throughout the world for the tricks and cheats with which its inhabitants impose upon themselves."

"I never"—heard of such a town, the merchant would have said; but he recollected half way that so full a confession of ignorance did not become his learned reputation, and therefore added—"met with any traveller from that city."

"That is marvellous," said the stranger, considering that so many came this way, which is indeed the most direct. "I myself left Falsenburg in the morning, and am about to return thither."

The soul of Fritz Fusseldorf was astonished. In all the books of travels he had read, from Marco Polo to Columbus; in all the maps and charts he had so lately explored, there was no mention of Falsenburg. The first impulse of his surprise prompted him to declare his utter ignorance, and request immediate information from the stranger; but his wanton prudence suggested that the particulars might be reached without that exposure.

"I had not suspected that your city was so near; but truly there is little mention of it in either map or volume," said he, familiarly seating himself beside the blunt, honest-looking traveller, who smiled as he answered: "The name of Falsenburg is unknown to those geographers. They study but the upper side of the world, and it lies on the other; yet trust me the way is direct, and not a day's journey from this ruined hermitage."

"Friend," said Fritz, much relieved on the score of his own learning, but growing more impatiently curious at every word—"you may now know that I am a free burgher; and sometime a merchant of note in yonder town. My fortune is ample, for I inherited a large business and fair possessions from my father, the profits of which I have increased by a prudent and industrious life, carefully avoiding the vanities and follies into which I saw many of my neighbors fall, and giving up my leisure to the study of letters and general wisdom till now, in the prime of days, I have retired from trade, resolving to spend some time in travel and inquiry after the ways and wonders of the world, that I may leave the results of my knowledge and experience to posterity."

"It is a noble design," said the stranger, "and well becoming a citizen of large fortune and liberal mind in this enlightened age.—Poor artizans like myself cannot aspire to such great things; but as you may not know that I am a cobbler and a poet, with a stall and sundry printed ballads in the fair city of Falsenberg, I will mention that my father left me nothing but three little sisters to maintain, which I have done, and got them all well married; that I have cobbled shoes since my thirteenth year besides composing a few songs and plays which are known to mountebanks and the frequenters of taverns; and that, with God's blessing, I expect to compose and cobble till the end of my days."

"Friend," said the merchant "I rejoice in your art, and have patronized many poets. The meister-singers of Nuremburg are doubtless known to you; but tell me something of your great town, for I am curious on such matters."

"It has," said the stranger, "ramparts, trade, and churches, a senate house; a citadel, and a place of execution, like most other towns. Armies have leagued its walks, kings have feasted in its castle. Scholars have been born, and books published there; the sun shines upon it, and the rains descend; yet whether the cause be in the air, the water, or a spell which some ancient socerer laid upon its site, our divines and doctors cannot agree, but all the inhabitants live in the practice of deceits upon themselves, and believe, beyond persuasion, in the most palpable falsehoods."

"It is strange," said Fritz. "But friend, how are they generally deceived? Is it in matters ecclesiastical or civil?"

"Every way," said the traveller. "Man and woman, noble and artisan, each prepares cheats of his own. But two things are remarkable concerning them all; first, that every man clearly understand his neighbor's mistake, and will reason freely upon it; and secondly, that he will never forgive any one who attempts to even suspect his. It is also observable that his madness augments with their years. In childhood, the greater part believe only untruths which they are told, but in early youth they begin to trust in fair-speaking fancies; and ever after, through all the disproofs of time and the teachings of experience, their fifith grows stronger in one falsehood or other, which no mortal credits but themselves. One of my neighbors in Falsenberg believes the whole city to be somehow so deeply indebted to him, that when his fortune is utterly expended—and he is striving hard for that end—the burghers will feel bound to maintain both him and his family. Another imagines that the more unkind and tyrannical he may be to his children, relations, and servants, the more abundantly will they respect his old age, and cherish his gray hairs. I know one who is convinced that without his eating, drinking and sleeping, the world could not exist; a second, who believes himself born a school master to the entire universe; and a third, who expects that fame, friends, and fortune will come in search of him where he sits with his pipe and tankard. Delusions no less singular prevail among the dames of our city.—The lady of a goodly mansion close by my stall has an inward persuasion that she saves her husband from ruin by expending fifty florins a week in keeping the house in continual tumult; while her opposite neighbor expects that a certain quantity of gay-colored silks and hungary-water will preserve her forever young. Many live in the conviction, that neither the inhabitants of the town nor the strangers who visit it ever think or talk of anything but them: and others believe that they have done the community a signal service, and merited some public reward, by living like the wives of honest burghers."

"Friend," said the merchant, "you spoke of doctors of philosophy as belonging to your town—has no treatise been written on this extraordinary madness?"

"None," said the traveller, "our philosophers have no time for the like. When they are not occupied with the categories and the predicaments, they always engage with the origin of matter and derivation of souls; besides, the learned doctors are subject to the prevalent insanity; and among many marvellous conceits I have always found them apt to fancy that words and science were the same thing, and that much talking was equivalent to proof on any subject."

"Has no judicious traveller, then, observed and reported the wonders of your town; for in all the books I have collected and partly read," said the merchant, "I cannot recollect any account of Falsenberg."

"Many travellers come thence to our outer side of the world, but they write not of these things," said the stranger; "and few descend hither, because, as I take it, the light of our hemisphere is of a nature so different from yours; that no man might endure except his eyes had been covered in the substerraneous passage."

"Friend," said Fritz beginning to suspect at once his learning and his ears, "I cannot rightly understand you. What is this lower hemisphere of which you speak?"

"The under side of the world," said the stranger, "according to that chapter in the fifth treatise of the learned Paracelsus, which declares that "the lower side of the earth hath air and clouds, sun, moon, and stars of its own; that there are there mountains and forests, rivers and seas, and men dwelling upon it, with flocks, corn, and cities, and the ancients believed the dead went thither, and called it the realm of Pluto; because in their times there were certain passages leading right through the solid earth, which had been formed by immemorial fires or great water-courses. By one of these Æneas descended as Virgil relates; so did Orpheus in search of his lost spouse; and some yet exist, great peril must be in the descent, because of the central attraction. Certain moralising men have indeed imagined that Paracelsus conveyed a fabulous meaning in this chapter, others have said that wine was stronger than wit with him when it was written; but fault and parable finders abound on both sides of the world."

"True," said Fritz; "but that region is your country, and is there one of those passages in this neighborhood leading direct to Falsenberg?"

"Undoubtedly," said the traveller. "A scholar, as I perceive you are, must know that he who first built and dwelt in this hermitage was one of the architects of that unfinished cathedral in which the nations were to pray at Cologne—a brother of the order of free and accepted masons, who, in right of his art, understood many secrets, and among the rest that ancient passage, which he either discovered or read of in the Algamist. Many atime, as I have heard them say below, the good man was making merry in tavern yonder, when the citizens here believed he was keeping Virgil."

"Come and show me the passage, friend," cried Fritz, springing from the broken wall.

"Take leisure, master burgher," replied the stranger, as he leaned lazily back; "that task is not quite so safe for me as you may think. The senate of our town some centuries ago conceived a strong fear that Falsenberg might be overrun with troublesome strangers from the upper world; and therefore, though they allowed the citizens complete toleration in the matter of going up, they made it death without the benefit of clergy to show your people the way down; and great peace they say we have had among us on account of that law."

"Friend," said the merchant, re seating himself, "I commend your prudence; but as you are a poet, and instructed beyond the vulgar, I have confided to you that besides being a rich man and a scholar, I have a strong desire to see strange customs and distant countries, in order to write my travels for the benefit of posterity; and if you will guide me to your extraordinary town, I will cheerfully pay any reasonable reward you may ask and doubt not that my discretion may be trusted."

"I agree, said the stranger, "on three conditions; first, that you will meet me in this place two hours before the next daybreak; second, that you will consent to have your eyes securely bandaged, as I cannot consent to endanger any man's sight; and third, that on your return to your own home, you will send two dozen of the best Rhenish to the Cobbers' Tavern in Nuremberg, as your guide's reward."

"It is small," thought the merchant but he added aloud: "I accept the conditions; and be assured that the wine will be the best in Germany."

"Good night then," said the stranger; "the gates of Nuremburg will be shut if you delay much longer. Remember, two hours before day-break;" and with a spring over the wall, he dashed away into the now darkening country.

There happened (and that was a rare case for those times) to be no war just then in Germany; the barriers of Nuremberg were therefore but slightly guarded, and the old watchman at the river gate considered Fritz the most liberal and enlightened of burghers, when he slipped a silver florin into his hand, with a hint that there was no necessity for strict looking up that night. The merchant had determined to see Falsenberg, though prudence suggested that some of the conditions were strange, and the travellar might be a robber. But he had never heard of robbers quoting Paracelsus; & as there was room for that and more in faith of his age, a visit to the under side of the world, by the journey of a few hours, came so exactly up to his desire for achievement made-easy, that Fusseldorf would have accorded some additional dozens of wine, had his guide demanded them. His humble confidant, old Gretchen; who had kept his and his father's house for more than thirty years, was employed the greater part of the night in assisting him to select his best travelling gown, a sword, and tablets for the journey, not to speak of a flask of the best Rostock and a bundle of strong sausages, safe packed in a well concealed wallet, lest Falsenberg should afford no Christian fare. With these equipments, and an injunction to Gretchen to say he had gone to visit a relation in the country, the merchant, two hours before the breaking of the summer day, took his way through the river gate towards the ruined hermitage. There, in the still starlight, sat the stranger, on the same broken wall where he had first found him; but by his side lay a strong, coarse napkin, with which, before Fritz had finished his salutation, he proceeded to bind up his eyes so securely, that the prudent burgher congratulated himself on absolute safety, in that quarter. "And now," said he, taking him by the arm, "friend, hold fast by me, and keep your feet steady, for we are about to descend, and the path is steep. I suppose," continued the stranger, as they advanced a few steps further, "you perceive the great declination of our way. We will soon be within the sphere of the downward forces, which hasten the progress of all bodies and will make our speed exceed that of an eagle."

Fritz had not at first perceived this astonishing declination, but he was too far judicious to manifest such dullness of apprehension; and as his guide continued to warn him of the steepness of the path, and the ever-increasing speed of their descent, both became apparent, and fear began to creep on the burgher's mind.

"We are now near the end of our journey," said the stranger at length, to his great relief; "and as you are a traveller whom it would not be safe for one to acknowledge in our town, I will take the liberty of conducting you to the very door of one well known as a rich and substantial man among us. In his house you will be sure to find entertainment; but let me warn you, that of all Falsenberg he has contrived to forge the most extraordinary deceits for himself. In the first place, I have been told that he imagines certain heaps of waste paper laid up in the corner of one's house is sufficient to make him a scholar; secondly, that mere dullness of life and thought are the very ingredients of wisdon; thirdly; that money will buy of all evils, in this world and that to come. But his fourth delusion has been variously reported, for some say it consist in a belief, that all the city will obey him after his funeral, and some that it is a remarkable mistake in numbers, by which he is positive that eighteen will exactly correspond with fifty. Now, thank the stars," added his guide, giving Fritz a sort of twirl, "we are here on firm ground within the city gates; the towers and churches rise round us in the summer night: we pass by the dwellings of sleeping thousands; and yonder calls the watchman."

Fusseldorf did indeed hear the long shout of the night-guard, and knew by other sounds that he was treading a city street.

"Here friend," said the stranger, pausing in the walk, "you are now beside our eldest church, and near the house of that most deluded citizen. I go home for prudence sake, you know, and when the clock strikes, pull off the bandage and find your own way."

His words were almost lost in a run from the merchant's side, and the round of a church clock, chiming four. With the last stroke Fritz had pulled off the bandage, and found himself standing in front of his own house, hard by the old church of St. Sebald, in the good town of Nuremberg, and in the early gray of a summer morning. The native of Falsenberg was gone. Fritz never saw him after, and most people agree that the greatest sign of his wisdom was given by making no enquiry on that subject; but with him seemed to vanish Fusseldorf's projected travels, his edifying volume, and his college scheme—at least his honest barghers heard of them no more; and the goldsmith, who had lately taken to consulting Fritz on family affairs, was particularly astonished at his serious advice to bestow Gertrude in marriage on his faithful apprentice and cousin a son Heinrich. For that council both daughter and apprentice promised to pray for him as long as they lived; but although it was eventually acted upon;—neither tale nor chronicle has recorded how they kept their vow. The reputation of learning and prudence attended Fusseldorf to a good old age, though murmurs against it arose among his nearest relations when Legilend and her tapestry-frame took triumphant possession of his mansion, in the chief apartment of which was long to be seen the famous hangings on which that mistress of the needle expended fifteen years in portraying the nine worthies of Nuremberg with her husband in the van, marching to paradise under the conduct of the cardinal virtues.

From the discreet and tranquil life which Fritz continued to lead, even after his marriage, scholars have not found it easy to settle how the adventure of this tale was first published. Some say the manuscript was found among his papers; some that the story was revealed to old Gretchen in an unadvised moment, when restoring to her custody the flask of Rostock and the prepared sausages; and others are positive that the whole was related in one of the many unwritten moralities of Han Sachs the renowned poet-cooler, and hence became traditional in Nuremburg, where old men still speak proverbially of the prudent merchant and his strange travels to the City of the Deceived.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

In the Middlesex sessions, England, a man brought a suit for damages in the loss of his nose, which a young married woman bit off because he attempted to kiss her. The jury found a virdict for the woman, the foreman expressed the opinion that if any man attempted to kiss her without her consent, she had a right *to bite his nose off*, IF SHE TOOK A FANCY TO IT!!

'How are ye, Smith?' says Jones

Smith pretends not to know him, and replies, hesitatingly—'Sir, you have the advantage of me.'

'Yes,' retorts Jones, 'I spose so; everybody has that's got common sense.'

Smith looks unhappy.

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