

Carlsruhe.

Charles' rest.

The Margrave Charles of Baden returned victorious from the battle-field, where great actions had made his name celebrated. He thought, after long wars, to devote time and strength to the happiness of his subjects in the enjoyment of peace. With his capital Durlach he wished to make the beginning, the same should be enlarged and be embellished with suitable pleasure-grounds; but obstinacy, and short-sighted court-intrigues opposed so many difficulties to the benevolent intentions of the Margrave that the plan was not carried-out.

One day hunting in the Hardt wood for his recreation, it happened that in pursuit of game, he lost his suite and after wearily wandering about reposed himself under an oak-tree. Sleep overcame him, and strange reveries occupied his senses.

High over his head in the top of the tree he perceived a crown ornamented with the most precious stones on which glanced the words: „This is the reward of the Noble“ and round it, stood directly as if by the power of magic, a splendid large city with Towers. Pinnacles and a noble castle worthy to be the seat of a sovereign. While the charmed Margrave admired this vision,

it at once dissolved, he awoke and standing around him the hunting-party, who had discovered their missed master.

„I had“, said Charles to them, „here a delightful dream. What I saw, around me in spirit, a large fine city I will found, the crown which soared above shall be an idea to me to make the new city my residence, and the place of the tree under which I reposed shall be the spot of my sepulchre.“

To this dream Carlsrhue owes its foundation, for the Margrave accomplished what he had promised.

Philippsburg.

The Recruit.

At a siege of Philippsburg by the French a storm-attack on the works was ordered, twelve grenadiers were ordered to mount the rampart secretly at a retired, apparently unoccupied place. Here stood, besides a single recruit, not another man of the garrison, taken from the Imperial-army, because no one supposed that anything would be undertaken against this part of the Fortress. The recruit was however as sentinel, an attentive observer of what happened near him, and stood fully prepared, behind the parapet,

holding his halberd ready for defence. Suddenly he remarked before him, the face of a moustached inimical grenadier, who was about to place his foot on the wall.

„Ho, ho“, growled the recruit to himself, „that is an impudent fellow I must show him the way“; and with a strong push, he thrust the enemy from the ladder. But see, a moment after again grinned a bearded grenadier, and a bullet whistled past the recruit's ear. „Oh! that for you“, cried the recruit, „already there again, have I not struck you well?“ and with all his strength he pushed his halberd against the breast of the climbing-up opponent, so that he fell backwards.

But how great was the astonishment of the young recruit as the grim face of an attacking face appeared for the third time. The valiant defender of the rampart made if possible a still more effective thrust, and thought: „With that the so often rejected will have enough“, nevertheless the threatening enemies continually appeared; and only after 12 had been precipitated into the trench, did the attack cease.

After the lapse of some hours the guard was relieved, and the sergeant asked, if anything had occurred: „Nothing particularly“, answered the recruit, „only that an impudent, inimical grenadier had the boldness to climb the wall, I gave the fellow a couple or two of thrusts, so that he fell backwards into the trench, however he always