

all the Schwanthalers put themselves in motion at the first stroke of the bell, and go in and out the swinging doors, put one in mind of the procession of the apostles at Strasbourg, and made one expect that on the last stroke the family of Schwanthaler would disappear in its clock.

Beside this monument of horology was placed the little French clock, and the effect of its appearance can be imagined. One evening when the ladies of the household were engaged in embroidery work, and the illustrious doctor-professor was reading to some colleagues of the Academy of Sciences the first pages of his *Paradoxes*, stopping from time to time to take the little clock in his hand and use it to illustrate his remarks, all at once Eva Schwanthaler, impelled by a fatal curiosity, said to her father, with a blush,—

“O papa, make it strike.”

The doctor took the key, gave it two turns, and they heard a little crystal note, so clear and bright that a movement of gayety ran through the grave assembly, and their eyes sparkled with pleasure.

“How pretty it is! how pretty it is!” said the three young ladies, with animated looks and a shaking of braids that they had learned without teaching.

Then Herr Schwanthaler in a voice of triumph exclaimed, ‘Look at it, this piece of French folly; it strikes eight o’clock when it marks three!’

This outburst made everybody laugh, and in spite of the lateness of the hour, the gentlemen with all their heart advanced philosophical theories and interminable considerations upon the frivolity of the French. No one thought of going away. No attention was paid to the gong of the great clock as it struck the portentous hour of ten, which ordinarily dispersed the company. The great clock did not understand. It had never seen such lively times in the Schwanthaler house, nor any one in the drawing room at such an hour. And, most alarming to mention, when the young ladies had re-

tired to their room, the excitement of the evening and the laughter made them long for something to stay their hunger; and even the sentimental Mina remarked, as she stretched her arms, “Oh! how I could make way with a lobster salad.”

Once wound up, the little clock retook its irregular life and habits of dissipation. The family commenced by laughing at its caprices; but little by little, by force of hearing that lively bell that struck at all hours indiscriminately, the sober mansion of Schwanthaler lost its respect for time, and passed its days in careless gayety. They thought only of amusement. Life appeared so short when all the hours were confused. There was a general overturning. No more sermons, no more studies. The illustrious doctor-professor, himself taken with a sort of vertigo, never left off saying, “Be gay, children; be gay!” As for the great clock it was of no more use. The girls had stopped the pendulum on the pretext that it prevented them from sleeping, and the whole house was conducted at the will of the demented little timepiece.

It was then that the famous *Clock Paradoxes* appeared. On that occasion the Schwanthalers gave a grand entertainment; not one of the former academic affairs, quiet and subdued, but a magnificent masked ball, in which Madame de Schwanthaler and her daughters appeared as boatwomen, with bare arms, short skirts, and little round hats with bright ribbons. The whole city spoke of it, but it was only the beginning. Comedies, tableaux vivants, suppers, baccarat, all these scandalized Munich for the whole winter at the house of the Academician. “Be gay, children; be gay,” repeated the poor man more and more infatuated, and there were gay times indeed. Madame de Schwanthaler, highly pleased with her success as a boatwoman, passed her time parading in extravagant costumes. The young ladies, remaining alone at home, took lessons in French of the Hussar officers who were prisoners in the