He listons attentively-'tis the puffing, struggling, laborious sound of a steam tug. Soon the bright, dancing sparks are seen, warring with the snow-flakes, and then the huge, dark ontlines of a vessel, laden to the scuppers with building stone, comes slowly into view. On struggles the tug, on comes the tall-masted ship, with slow, steady, but awful momentum. The tug passes-God of our fathers! God of right, of justice, stretch forth thy thunderladen hand ! save, oh ! save !- the floor crashingly cracks, the upper coiling, downward threateningly, bends! an appalling crash, a thudding, awful splash-a portion of the old building is at the bottom of the feculent river! A great cloud of mortar-dust rises from the ruins, and a moment after a wild alarm of fire sounded far over the sleeping city.

(To be Continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXI .- A Kind Word turneth away Wrath.

The sons of Paloma at first followed the king, but when, on going nearer, they saw the livid countenance of the leper, notwithstanding their courage, number, and iron armour, they all fell back, scized with invincible terror, and from this man who, unarmed, calmly awaited their attack.

"Do you then abandon me?" demanded Don Pedro, surprised.

"Is it not offending Heaven, Sir King, to strike a leper?" said Diego Lopez, ashamed of such hasty retreat; "they are under the protection of St. Lazarus, and it is an outrage to the patron saint not to respect them."

"So, to please St. Lazarus," said the king, in a scornful and angry tone, "you will pormit this leper to insult me and deliver me to my enemies? If you also have not become traitors, I command you, at least, to tie him securely, if your fears and superstition will not permit you to strike him."

"To tie him we must touch him," answered Ruv.

Esau moved not. "I fear not your arms, said he to them; "they may kill me, but I can, by breathing on you, render you the most wretched and frightful of living beings."

Until this moment the old nurse, Paloma, had not made a gesture, nor uttered a word. Hidden beneath the folds of her mantle, she observed with uneasy attention all the movements of the leper, but when she saw him proceed from threats to action, she gravely advanced to meet him.

"My children!" cried she, "fly, fly, a struggle with this man will be fatal to you: he must have a victim-some one must be a sacrifice for the rest. It shall be me; all flee; I am old, weak, and useless; you are young, strong and brave."

But Don Pedro with his drawn sword had already sprung upon Esau. "Thou must be very terrible indeed," he said, "since my brothers, who have never known fear, retreat before thee. Make room or I kill thee."

Ruy and Perez approached. "Brother," said the former to the king, "our armour secures us from contact with the leper, we can keep him off; he cannot touch any of uspass freely with Paloma and Rachel, we will soon rejoin you."

They then crossed the breast of Esau with their weapons while Don Pedro advanced a few steps.

"You will not go far, sire," said Esau, ironically, while he continued to sound his rattle.

At the same time he held up his light, and the fugitives saw a hundred lepers coming silently from their huts, and swarming in the enclosure. They were collected in the shade, and now with hoarse cries ran to the succour of the renegade.

Don Pedro drew back with affright at the sight of this infernal legion, and allowed himself to be dragged half way down the stairs by his brothers, who preferred awaiting their fate in the Alcazar to remaining in the midst of such frightful adversaries. But he stopped at the voice of the renegade who exclaimed, "At length the day of my revenge has arrived. I have paid dearly for it; but at last I have the triumph of seeing the proud, valiant, fearless, King of Castile, coward-like, flee before

On hearing these insulting words, Don Pedro stopped, and turned to face the lepers. Their number had now increased, and they crowded to the top of the stairs, advancing like a wholming tide, and looking like the spirits of the accursed.

The Jewess terrified at this crowd staggered and fell insensible on the first step of the staircase.

"Oh, Rachel must be saved!" exclaimed the king, re-ascending two or three steps, sword in hand.

Esau, who had twice stretched forth his hand towards the Jowess as if to retain her, but as often, by an involuntary movement, precipitately withdrawn it, descended the first steps and placed himself before the young girl. "Come and take her from the midst of us," said he, in a low voice to Don Pedro. "My unfortunate brothren will welcome so

to him leprous, incapable of ever being king." "Come away. brother, come," cried Ruy

and Perez, to him, "there is no shame in flying before these accursed beings." "But Rachel, I will save her; I cannot

abandon her to the hands of lepers," replied the king, in a tone of heart-rending grief.

"We cannot rescue the Jewess from them," said Perez. "Let her become their victim, since she is the primary cause of this renegade's hatred to you. We will die for you, but not for her. Come, sire."

The lepers encircled Rachel, and contemplated her pale countenance with ardent curiosity.

"Fly, then, my brothers," said the king, disdainfully. "As to me, I shall rejoin Rachel. While I live, my well-beloved shall find me beside her. If you would force me to follow you, dare to approach and seek me in the midst of the lepers."

He then ascended the steps of the staircase and bent over the young girl, who began to recover her senses. Ruy and Perez, moved by the reproaches of the king, made an effort of devotion, and hesitatingly advanced towards him; but when they saw the menacing crowd of hideous faces that awaited them they stopped scared, and, completely overcome with terror, fled, pursued by the deriding shouts of a hundred shrill voices.

The renegade seeing Don Pedro prostrate by the Jewess, thought that he had abandoned himself to a movement of cowardice, and exclaimed, "Your lover is afraid, Rachel; he is afraid while he is with you, and while he ought to think only of defending you."

Don Pedro raised his eyes to the leper, and smiled, but disdained to reply.

The Jewess arose, and approaching Esau said, in a voice so low as to avoid being heard by the crowd. "Thou must renounce thy revenge, for then will I love thee; I will remain with thee-yes, I will bury myself in this tomb of misery, and every day I will thank Heaven for having permitted me to save Don Pedro, even at that cost."

"Hast thou reflected well on thy promise? Oh, it is impossible!"

"I will share thy grave, Esau," replied Rachel.

Drops of cold sweat covered the forehead of the leper, and a violent struggle filled his soul. "Oh, saintly angel," he continued, turning to Rachel, "a thousand times blessed; thou hast the noblest heart that ever beat in the bosom of woman. No, I will not abuse such generous devotion; I will not unite thy destiny to that of a living corpse. Thou shalt yet live in the free air, and in the light of the sun. You have offered to share my grave; that offer, Rachel, has saved yourself and your lover. A moment since," continued the renegade, in a stiffed voice, "no living power could have torn you from my arms alive or dead; now thou art free-as to you, Don Pedro, thank Heaven for having given you that divine and pure soul for a protection."

In the meanwhile, the lepers, surprised at this long conversation, which they could not overhear, began to murmur. "Why so many words?" said one of them; "those who have violated the asylum of the lazaretto cannot leave it-such is the law."

The renegade turned towards them, and when he had obtained silence, "Companions," said he to them, in a loud voice, "this man who comes here is not an enemy, but a suppliant. It is the king, Don Pedro."

"Traitor and perjurer you have betrayed me," said the king to Esau.

Don Pedro!" repeated tonished.

"Don Pedro, who built this lazaretto for you," continued the renegade, quickly; "who lately raised a fountain of pure water for you; who imposed on the convents of Seville one meal for each of you, daily, and who has sentenced to imprisonment all those who insult. you. If you refuse to him the passage of the lazaretto, he will kill himself sooner than fall into the hands of his brother, Don Enrique. If, on the contrary, you assist his flight, he promises to build you an immense hospital, when he becomes conqueror of Seville, instead of the miserable huts you now inhabit. Such is the rangom be offers you "

"Long live Don Pedro the Just!" exclaimed all the lepers.

"And yet these people, at a word from you, were going to kill me, or at least deliver me up," said Don Pedro vo Esau.

"Because you did not venture to reveal your name to them," replied the renegadeyour name so venerated among them. But I reckoned on your silence to ensure my revenge."

The king entered the lazaretto with Rachel, between two files of lepers, who faced them carefully, for fear of touching their clothes. An hour after, Paloma and her sons had rejoined them, and all the fugitives silently quitted the lazaretto by a gate that opened towards the country.

CHAPTER XXII.—False Friends.

A month after the scene just related, the unfortunate King of Castile, notwithstanding incessant obstacles and dangers, had reached the strong castle of Lugo in Galicia, which was defended by two of his most faithful partisans, Don Fernand de Castro and Don Rodriguez de Senabria.

The day after his arrival, he despatched his four foster-brothers to request assistance from

ness, but nothing saw. What sound is that? us a magnificent reward if we take charge of whom he regarded as the most devoted of his you, and satisfy his vengeance by sending you liegemen. While he impatiently awaited their return, he daily received the most lamentable accounts of the remainder of his kingdom.

Don Enrique was received everywhere with enthusiasm, both by nobles and citizens. The usurper had no need to make an assault on Seville; the riotous populace had gone in a mass to the Alcazar, and as soon as the departure of Don Pedro became known, with the assistance of the Moorish guards, they seized the arsenal and galleys, then forced the gates of the palace, and put the whole to pillage.

When Dop Enrique made his entry into the city, the crowd assembled to witness the spectacle was so great that the usurper was some hours passing through the mob, who all pressed forward to behold him. Although he arrived at the gates of Seville early in the morning, he did not enter the Alcazar until the afternoon. The dependents of Don Pedro came forth humbly to kiss the hand of the victor, and to do him homage. Don Enrique gained a new city and a castle daily. Mohamed, the King of Granada, persuaded that the cause of his former protector was for ever lost, sent to sue for peace, which he readily obtained.

In the meanwhile, Don Pedro still reckoned on the fidelity of Martin Janez, the treasurer who had succeeded Samuel Ben Levi. He had ordered him to embark on board a galley thirty-six quintals of gold, and a large quantity of precious stones, that were shut up in the Castle of Almadovardel-Rio, and to proceed with that treasure to Tavira, in Portugal, and wait there for further orders.

The sons of Paloma returned after travelling for a week in the northern provinces. They brought fair promises from most of the Galician noblemen, who were full of ardour and resolution, and who engaged to bring their armed vassals to the king on St. John's day, consisting of five hundred cavalry, and two thousand infantry. Don Pedro was overjoyed with their news.

The Castle of Lugo, like all the fortresses crected in the mountainous kingdom of Galicia. offered great facilities for resistance. Numerous ravines and defiles rendered the approaches to it extremely difficult. It stood, like the eyric of an eagle, on a mountain covered with broom, and the four angles of the manor were flanked by high towers. It was surrounded by an embattled wall, and a number of wide moats secured it against surprise. The entrance, which faced a little valley covered with broom, and bordered by hills crowned with firs, was defended by the high tower of the belfry, at the top of which floated the armorial banner of the Kings of

The minutest precautions of war had been taken to avoid a surprise; the drawbridge was always raised, and the portcullis lowered. The castle was provisioned for three months.

On the morning of St. John's day, Don Pedro rose in a cheerful, almost a joyful mood. "My partisans will not fail to arrive,' said he to Rachel, whom he found on the battlements enjoying the morning air.

"Heaven grant it!" replied the Jewess, mournfully.

At that instant the horn resounded from the watch-tower, and Don Pedro sarted, exclaiming, "Already, already they are here! Now let my enemies approach those barren mountains of Galicia, which no foreign horse has ever passed alive! Come with me, come, Rachel-thou wilt see that I am not yet abandoned by all my people." And hurrying the Jewess with him, he hastened to the platform of the rampart, towards the gate of the

They saw with surprise that the corridors and court-yard were completely deserted. Not a man-at-arms, not an esquire, not an archer appeared. They were undoubtedly all on the battlements. Don Pedro quickened his pace On reaching the platform they beheld a singular spectacle. All the desenders of the castle, plainly drossed in a kind of shirt without sleeves, black coats and hose, and short cloaks, were kneeling, unarmed and bareheaded, on the ramparts. Don Fernand de Castro, with his arms crossed on his breast, stood proudly upright on the platform.

"What is the meaning of this, Don Fornand?" demanded the king, with vague uneasi-

"I am not sufficiently master here to oppose what all desire," answered Don Fernand; "but I am your vassal, and you are my guest, Sir King, and I will shed the last drop of my blood, before either priest or knight shall touch a hair of your head." He then pointed with his hand to the road that led to the barbican by the defile that separated the two neighbor-

It was so strange a sight that Don Pedro became pale, and Rachel uttered a painful shriek. In double files rode knights, armed at all points, lance in rest, and the visors of their helmets being raised, the king recognised among them the most devoted of his partisans, those whom he had most loaded with honors and benefits.

Among this warlike crowd advanced a procession of monks, their heads hidden beneath the cowl, in which two holes were cut to represent the eyes. They sang the hymn for the dead in a loud and mournful voice.

"What can all this mean?" repeated Don Pedro, bewildered; "do these monks come to ask an asylum? are they going to throw off the frock, the better to handle the sword?"

noble a guest. Really Don Enrique will owe the lords of Galicia and the north of Castile, The procession stopped before the draw-

turn and form a line in front of the barbican. The king no sooner perceived the leader of the troops, than he exclaimed, "Health to thee, Mateo Fernandez, my good chancellor. Ah! I was right in reckoning on thee. Welcome, my faithful friend, I awaited thee anxiously!" The chancellor of the Privy Scal lowered

his head, but passed on without answering. "And here is my namesake and companion in war and adventure, Don Pedro de Haro, Commander of St. James. And thou, Gutier Gomez of Toledo, dost thou remember when they brought thee before me with a chain around thy neck, and I granted thy life? Friends made by clomency are shields that

are found again in the day of danger." These knights also both passed quickly by without any reply, .

"This silence is unaccountable," said the king, astonished: "but here are vet two of my faithful subjects, Tel Gonzales Palomeque, and Juan Manso, of Valladolid, for they have filled a sad office to serve me, and if they fall into the hands of the usurper, or the French,

All at once, the monk, who walked at the head of the processiou, half opened his cowl, then throwing it back, he fixed on Don Pedro and the Jewess a look of savage hatred.

they well know that they would obtain no

"Augustin Gudiel!" exclaimed the king, struck with surprise, and feeling all his confidence vanish in despair. "What does the Bishop of Segovia come here for?" he asked, in as firm a tone as he could command. "Does he think I have forgotten his treachery, or would he accomplish in Galicia the felonious work that Duguesclin caused to fail at Seville?"

"Don Pedro," said the bishop, in a thundering voice, "it is thy sins that come to denounce thee. The stones thou hast thrown fall again on thy head. We do not come here to succour thee, but to call down Divine vengeance on thee, and to release ourselves from our oaths of allegiance."

"Traitors!" cried Don Pedro, "have you the audacity to come here to surprise me, and to deliver me up to the pretender as a prize? But the drawbridge of the castle is still raised, and I shall know how to defend myself in my last refuge."

"We are not traitors but judges," continued Augustin Gudiel, "for every one of these noble knights here publicly accuses you, and you dare not answer their accusations. Humble yourselves, then, my brethren, to lower the pride of Don Pedro the Cruel."

In the meanwhile Mateo Fernandez had advanced towards the barbican at a sign from the prelate, and raising his voice so as to be heard by every one, "From this day forth," said he to the king, "I am no longer thy chancellor, King of Castile, for thou didst not give that dignity to an honest and faithful servant, but to the cousin of thy, mistress, Maria de Padilla."

"And I deliver up my command," said Haro, "for thou didst give it, not to thy companion in war, but to the assassin who promised to kill the Infanta, his master, that thou mightest inherit his spoils."

"And I," said Palomeque, "in my own name, and in the name of Juan Manso, "return thee those keys, the keys of the Castle of Aravalo, where we were the gaolers of the good Blanche of Bourbon." And he threw the keys violently into the inclosed barbican.

Stupor and grief had petrified the king. He heard these accusations with the immobility of a statue, and hardly understood the meaning of their words.

"And thou, Gutier Gomez," Pedro, extending his hand towards the knight, hast thou anything to reproach me with ?thy preservation, perhaps?" "No;" coolly answered Gutier Gomez,

"you only saved me out of love for Maria de Padilla, who cast herself at your feet to implore my pardon. I owe you nothing!" "Verily!" said Don Pedro, with great

calmness and a bitter smile. "Oh let us retire, my dear lord," said Rachel; "brave no longer the insults of these

dastards."

"Retire!" replied he harshly, for passion had already inflamed his cheeks, and made his eyes snarkle; "but dost thou not then see, child, that I feel a pleasure and excitement at seeing misfortune fall so suddenly upon me. and fill up the measure. Am I not as calm as if I were seated on my throne in the Alcazar at Seville, surrounded by my good vassals? I feel a pleasure in it, I tell thee."

Another knight advanced, and said, "Dost thou remember the court-yard of the Alcazar, sire? At the expense of my soul I served thee against Don Fadrique."

This time Don Pedro became pale, and gave vent to all his passion in exclamations of rage. "Oh, the cowards! the traitors!" he exclaimed. "This then is your fidelity. Can honor exist among men who come to sell their king to his robel brother. Oh, traffickers in royal blood, how much is he to give you for my corpse? Yes, Rachel, these men that you see, all the wealth that they had in this world was their steel jacket and sword. I fed them at my table; I made them knights, and gave them belts of honor. I made them nobles, and gave them patrimonies. They owe everything to me. They excited my suspicions against others, poisoned my peace, abused my confidence, in order to be the executors of my instice. Gudiel himself was but a poor priest.

bridge, and the knights caused their steeds to daughter had been carried off by the Infanta Don Tello."

"All men do not resemble these mean spirits," whispered Fernand de Castro, in the king's ear; "your foster-brothers wait your orders on the ramparts; they have retained their arms, and Don Mens Rodriquez has just ioined them."

Don Pedro smiled sadly. "Thanks Fernand," answered he, "at present it is easy for me to count my adherents; yet, should I one day triumph, I shall then see a larger number claim a recompense for their fidelity than I have seen to-day answering my appeal." Then casting a look of sovereign contempt on the cavalcade of his former partisans, he added, in a loud voice, "The lion has claws, and will defend himself against treacherous friends."

These words made a painful impression on the knights. Some lowered their heads to hide the trouble and embarrassment that was depicted on their countenances.

"Blind King," answered Augustin Gudiel, with feigned mildness, "our conduct should prove to you that we do not come to take you in your last refuge, to betray and give you up. These valiant knights have consented to escort me on my pious mission from respect to our Holy Mother Church. We require neither stratagem nor force to break open the gates of this castle; they will open to us without obstacle, for we come not to surprise you with the arms of man, but with a sacred arm which is stretched out against you, and by whose power you will soon be dead to the world and to Heaven."

"What meanest thou, Augustin Gudiel?" asked the king.

"Look," replied the Bishop of Segovia, and he pointed to the file of monks, four of whom in the middle of the procession carried a coffin; two priests followed, one carrying a vessel containing holy water, the other a large open roll of parchment.

"What means this mummery?" exclaimed Don Pedro.

"Silence, profane man!" thundered Gudiel; the coffin is that wherein he who goes by the name of Don Pedro I., King of Castile, is about to lie."

"Don Pedro of Castile!" repeated the unfortunate prince; "who then am I?"

"A man without a name"-said the bishopan impious man, from whom every one will flee, as from a pestilence—a dead man. struck by the thunder of the Lord, and by Him accursed."

"Go on," said the king, "I listen, in order to ascertain how far your audacity and my patience will extend."

Two crossbow-men new approached the gate of the barbican, bending under the weight of an enormous post. Paloma and her sons had just appeared on the platform, and they silent. ly surrounded the king.

"Now," said the Bishop of Segovia, in a loud voice, "I order all you servants of the reprobate to open the castle-gates to us, under pain of the greater excommunication."

(To be continued.)

TEACHING BIRDS . TO SING TUNES.

This is done in the town of Fulda, where they keep regular educational institutions for ballfinches. They place the young birds in classes of six to ten each, and keep them in the dark, turning a little hand-organ for them when they are fed. Finally, the birds commence to associate the music with the feeding, and when hungry they begin to sing a few notes of the tunes they hear daily. Those who do this are at once placed in a more cheerful room, where more light is admitted. This encourages them. and makes them more lively. Then they like to sing, and are soon taught more. The most difficult part is the first starting of the birds, some of which have to be kept in the dark, and on starvation rations, before their obstinacy is overcome. In order to teach them several tunes, they receive, (after being first taught in classes,) private instruction from the little boys of Fulda, each of whom has a few private pupils of this sort. Their education lasts nine months, when it is completed, and the birds rent into the world as accomplished performers. The principal markets are London, Paris and New York. They are valued in Europe at twenty dollars for every tune they can sing, so that one who can sing three tunes costs sixty dollars. In New York they bring even more than that.

THE SHADOW OF CHILDREN. God bless the little children! We like

their bright eyes, their happy faces! Nothing

seems to weigh down their buoyant spirits long : misfortune may fall to their lot, but the shadows it casts upon their life-path are fleeting as the clouds that come and go in an April sky. Their future may, perchance, appear dark to others, but to their fearless gaze it looms up brilliant and beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace. There is no tear which a mother's gentlo hand cannot wipe away, no wound which a mother's kiss cannot heal, no anguish which the sweet murmurings of her soft low voice cannot soothe. The warm, generous impulses of their nature have not heen fettered and cramped by the cold formalities of the world; they have not yet learned to veil a hollow heart with talse smiles, or hide the basest purposes beneath honyed words. Neither are they constantly on the alert to search out faults and foibles with ar-I drew him from obscurity, because he boldly gus eye; on the contrary, they exercise that defended the cause of a poor woman whose blessed charity which "thinketh no evil;"