

peared, the teeth glared. "My power is already felt; this man cannot obtain an hour's work in the city; I will drive him out of it, and follow him beyond it."

"If you have about driven him from the city you should be satisfied," said Vida, in a pleading voice.

"I'll drive him out of the trade, out of the country, off the earth, unless he renounces his convictions," he answered bluntly, savagely; but, being conscious of his increasing ire, he had the good grace to leave hurriedly.

Vida and her friend left shortly afterwards, and on their way home the morning's episode was the subject of conversation, in the course of which Vida said:

"You know there are two sides to every subject in the realm of discussion, and we should always look on the other side before venturing a conclusive and final opinion. I am convinced, if all persons prone to argue and discuss questions of this or any nature, would only examine the merits of both sides, calmly and without the bias of preconceived prejudices, much of the violence of discussion and the rudeness of language resulting therefrom would be avoided, and all parties would entertain a higher appreciation of the purity of motive actuating those on the other side. I conceive it to be hardly fair to condemn, or even harshly judge the designs of these men from the stand-point of our gilded convictions or theories of social life. We should examine their side of the picture, with all its attendant misery, poverty, unending toil, and over-present wretchedness, before we condemn acts that we would ourselves, under like circumstances, consider anything but criminal."

It is fair to presume that up to this moment Vida Geldamo had no very serious thoughts of love in connection with Richard Arbyght; but, if like him, she had resolved not to fall in love, she acted very indiscreetly, not to say foolishly. She could not help thinking of him, nor did she try. Her soul told her that he was brave, noble, generous and good; still he was being relentlessly persecuted, and with remorseless, unnatural cruelty, his struggle for existence was being made more fierce and desperate. She could not prevent this injustice, and conscious impotency to right what she knew to be wrong gave birth to a purely womanly feeling—pity; and it was in permitting this holy sympathy to enter her heart that she acted indiscreetly, for when pity for a man enters the breast of a woman it becomes rooted there, until dislodged by an infinitely holier feeling, love. Pity is love's skirmisher, and as the main body is never far behind the skirmish line, neither is love far behind pity, and where the latter effects a lodgement, the former is pretty sure to complete the investment and capture the stronghold.

Richard Arbyght although not what might be termed a connoisseur or expert in eye or sign language, was still conscious of one thing, and that was that Vida Geldamo, by her look and acts, wished to express or communicate to him her knowledge of the proximity of his presence. The mute language seemed to further indicate that she had not forgotten him. While she remained in the window, Arbyght was in heaven, but when she disappeared and not come back—he waited quite a while—it grew dark again, a cold, earthly gloom fell upon him, and with a leaden heart he sadly turned and slowly walked away. He had seen her, had gazed upon her; but to see and gaze upon her, in a sort of unapproachably far-off—oh! so far off—admiration, was all he dared think of doing. This, and nothing more.

As he moodily, toward Soolfire Cottage, traced his steps, his soul seemed to leave his body—all desire of life slowly died within him; despair, grim and gaunt, like a greedy cormorant voraciously preyed upon his mind. Arbyght was in love. First it was a dream, now a reality. He knew it was not love perfected, because without mutuality or reciprocity love dies or becomes infatuation. In dualism alone lies the sweet continuity of genuine, durable love. This Richard knew was not in the scope of probable possibilities, under the then existing relations between him and Miss Geldamo. He also appreciated the mocking delusion of hugging a unitary love; but then, could he shake off the feeling? Forty-eight hours experience convinced him that he could not. It came upon him independent of rational control; it seemed a fatalism that laughed at and annihilated free will—the inevitable result of a concatenation of predestined causes, and if there is anything in this world capable of drawing or separating the soul from a body that lives and breathes without the celestial spark, it is an unfathomable, immeasurable love for a woman, coupled with the consciousness that it can not be reciprocated, nor enjoyed if it were. In this state, Arbyght reached the cottage, but before he met Bertha he made a powerful effort to regain a portion, at least, of his buoyancy of spirit, which, at best, could not be termed sprightly.

He failed, miserably.

(To be continued.)

"How can you make venison pie without flour?" "Put deer meat inside, and make the crust of doe."

A cross-grained wife is for her husband what a heavy burden is for an aged man. A good and gentle wife, on the contrary, is a crown of gold for her husband. Every time he looks at her, his heart and his eyes rejoice.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

The crowd regarded those biers with dread and awe; following them marched the new bishop of Segovia, Augustin Gomez Gudiel, and his former colleagues, the canons of Seville, chanting the service for the dead.

Don Pedro moved, raised his cap at the moment the biers passed before him, and said in a loud voice, "Unhappy people, to what a martyrdom have you been condemned!" The bishop stopped immediately, and the dirges ceased.

"Why do you pity them, Sir King?" he said. "Yet some days, yet some hours, and we shall all be similar to those corpses; for after all the famine, the pestilence will come, and then probably Heaven will not spare those who escaped the famine."

The silence was so profound that these audacious words were heard by the whole mob. Don Pedro cast a contemptuous glance on the bishop.

"If that depended on you, Augustin Gudiel, the famine would soon cease, would it not; for you would hasten to open the gates of the city to Don Enrique, and deliver up your king to him?"

"No, sire," replied the bishop, "I am neither a coward nor a traitor. A coward would not speak to you so plainly nor so firmly; a traitor would not have remained so long in a starving city. But I am the pastor of the poor, and I cannot see them suffer thus without anguish."

"What would you do then in my place—you, who refused to come to my assistance?" demanded the king, suppressing his anger.

"Hear me, sire," said Augustin Gudiel boldly. "For the king who submits to the humiliating yoke of a Jewess, and sacrifices his people to her, we refused to melt the sacred vessels and the church bells, purely on account of the temporal and political interest of a war between two brothers. But what we refused to do for the king, we are willing to do for the people; what you demanded of us as courtiers, we will do as priests, in charity to so many unfortunates whom we wish to preserve. With the money produced from the holy vessels and bells we will go ourselves and buy wheat in the country, and I am sure Don Enrique will respect our sacred character."

"That is to say," exclaimed Don Pedro, in a thundering voice, "you will carry to the usurper the product of your melting." "Do not be courageous by halves, Don Augustin."

"Blasphemy not, O king," returned the bishop; "do not insult the servants of the Almighty. That Jewess is a sorceress who has bewitched thee and conspired thy ruin."

"Yes," said Don Pedro, "she has thrown a charm over me; but that charm is her love and devotion. She does not irritate me, she soothes my anger; she does not threaten me like you, she would lay down her life for me—that is her only crime."

"Good people," then exclaimed Augustin Gudiel, raising his voice, and turning towards the mob, "we must save Don Pedro in spite of himself. Enter the Alcazar and seize the Jewess."

The mob at this order closed up, and some of the groups went towards the Alcazar, while the king replied, "My faithful almogavars will prevent that."

The most determined of the rioters sprang towards the gate of the palace which had remained open. Don Pedro endeavored to follow this human wave, to order his soldiers to repulse them, but the mob which surrounded him kept uniting more and more compactly, refusing to open to afford him a passage, and receiving without complaint or menace, the blows which he kept distributing with his mace of justice, the only weapon with which he was armed.

When he tried to shout so that he might be heard by his men at arms, his voice was immediately stifled by the bishops, the canons, and the people, who all began to chant the funeral dirge. He raged in the living circle like a lion in his den.

The almogavars, ranged in battle array before the gate of judgment, at first presented the points of their lances to the rioters, but when the Bishop of Segovia advanced towards them, they respectfully opened their ranks. Just as he was going to enter the palace, a young girl, closely veiled, advanced, and sobbing, threw herself at his feet.

It was Rachel, who, seeing the danger Don Pedro was in, incurred for love of her, came to share it, or save her lover by delivering herself to the popular fury. She endeavored to seize the bishop's hand to kiss it.

"Touch me not, daughter of sin!" exclaimed Augustin Gudiel, with fanatic indignation. "Humble yourself; prostrate yourself before the widows and orphans you have made, and acknowledge your offences."

As she did not immediately obey, the tanner took her by the arm, bent her to the ground, and tore off her veil; but, as soon as he saw the countenance of Rachel, resplendent with astonishing beauty, notwithstanding her fright, he drew back, saying, "She is really as lovely as an angel from Paradise."

"Yes," resumed the bishop, "beautiful as the demon of temptation."

"Where is Don Pedro?" demanded she, mildly.

"Her voice is as sweet as that of a child," said the tanner, quite surprised at the emotion that had come over his soul.

"You forget that her heart is but ashes, and her mind mischief," replied Augustin Gudiel, severely.

Ashamed of his momentary tenderness, the tanner was silent, while the mob jumped with joy at having found its victim, and pressing round the poor girl with fierce looks that seemed to devour her.

"Don Pedro awaits you yonder," said the bishop, "march towards him. Rachel, you never before had so numerous an escort. Do not disdain the cross of Christ, child of Satan," he added, applying a silver crucifix to the lips of the young girl, who, startled by the sudden and rude attack, threw her head back and screamed. "See," he added, with triumphant air, "how the demon struggles in the heart of this sacrilegious girl; she cries with pain when the crucifix touches her lips as if it were red hot iron." And the mob clapped their hands at this convincing proof.

Bewildered, panting, dragged by unworthy hands, surrounded by an ocean of threatening faces, the poor Jewess had but one wish in her heart, one thought in her mind—again to meet the beloved look, to hear again the voice of protection and tenderness, to escape those hateful clamours; in short, she wished to save her lover or die with him. Under this intense suffering she approached Don Pedro.

During the foregoing scene, her veil had been torn, her bodice drawn aside, and only her long hair covered her bare shoulders; but the poor child knew it not. She had felt rude hands brutally touch her, and each time the contact had chilled her like the blow of a poignard. Yet even during this scene her calm and happy life in her father's house fitted before her eyes; she thought of the bright sun, shining in the deep azure sky; of her birds that came to sing on her fingers and in her hair, and kiss her lips; of old Deborah, who each night told her curious stories of by-gone times: all passed before her, but vaguely as in a dream. And this child, so beloved, so cherished, so fondled, was to-day crouching on her knees under the imprecations of a whole people.

She raised her eyes to heaven, which seemed to her covered with black and stormy clouds. At that moment her torture terminated, the tanner threw her almost under Don Pedro's horse, while he cried, "Here is she whom you prefer to a whole people."

"Sir King," said the Jewess, without rising, "do not defend me. Let their anger turn against me, and not against you."

"Oh, the cowards!" exclaimed Don Pedro; "they then desire to perform the office of executioners. The Bishop Gudiel is going to assassinate a woman; and you believe, do you," he added with a burst of bitter laughter, "that Heaven will give you bread in reward for such a crime? He will send you his thunder instead."

"Unworthy favorite," said Augustin Gudiel, without being moved, "acknowledge thy witchcraft and evil deeds. Confess before the king that thou hast pretended to love him, like another Esther; that he might not withdraw his protection from thy race; the alliance with the Moors of Granada, and, in short, the famine in Seville is thy work; for we know that the wheat throughout Andalusia has been sold to be privately introduced into Seville, but it has not come in."

A furious cry of indignation arose in the crowd. "If that be true," exclaimed a baker, foaming with rage, "here is a hammer, a rope, and four large nails that my neighbours have brought, with which I undertake to crucify the Jewess on the gate of judgment."

"And if it be false," exclaimed the king in his turn, "I swear, by the salvation of my old nurse, that that rope, hammer, and nails, shall serve to crucify you, wicked baker!"

"This is what I accuse you of, Rachel!" resumed the Bishop of Segovia; "answer."

"This is what you must instantly deny, Rachel," said Don Pedro, "and thus answer this infamous calumny."

The Jewess shuddered, her voice died on her lips, the heart of the king closed, while the mob were silent.

"She dares not answer; her silence condemns her," cried the crowd.

But Rachel neither saw nor regarded anything but Don Pedro; she had not even heard the question the Bishop of Segovia had put to her.

"Hold your tongues, ye hyenas thirsting for blood!" said the king, pushing away the rioters with his mace, just as they were about seizing on the Jewess. "Ask the bodies that repose on those biers to answer you. Let me interrogate this poor girl, who is deafened and bewildered by your clamorous shouting. Are you yet afraid that she will escape you?"

He dismounted, and advanced towards his beloved; she looked at him with fixed and haggard eyes. "Is it you, Pedro?" said she, trembling with joy, and feeling the warmth once more animating her numb limbs. "Oh, then, I shall no more fear."

"We are not alone, Rachel," whispered Don Pedro, softly; "you are before your accusers, the virtuous Augustin Gudiel, Bishop of Segovia, and the canons of Seville; you are before your judges, these brave rioters, who, to divert the pangs of hunger, are impatient to find a criminal that they might crucify."

"Avow, then, daughter of Samuel, that

your love for the king was false, and that you have caused the wheat, monopolised by your agents, to be burnt or swamped," said the bishop, harshly.

"What must I answer?" demanded the poor girl; "now that the voice of Don Pedro has resounded in my ears, I will avow anything you wish. You shall obtain all from me except the admission that I feigned to love. Oh, no! that love has cost me too many tears, too much agony to be a pretence. It is my sin, my crime, but it is not a falsity. You say I have loved Don Pedro to serve the interest of my father and his race. Alas! I betrayed them for him. My father has disowned and cursed me."

"But the corn; what has become of the wheat secretly purchased?" continued Augustin Gudiel; "some French prisoners have confirmed to us the reality of those purchases."

"I know nothing of it, my lord," replied Rachel, the colour flying to her face.

"She lies!" exclaimed the bishop, and the crowd repeated his words.

"Oh, doubt me not, Pedro," she said, seeing the king fix a reproachful look on her. "Let me die, and then ask Diego Lopez and his brothers if I have deceived you."

"Arise, poor child," said Don Pedro. "This man of lies shall not prevail against thee. All his oaths are not worth one of thy tears."

"Good people, listen not to this wicked king," exclaimed Augustin Gudiel. "Thou endangerest thy soul, Don Pedro, in struggling against Heaven."

"I will not sacrifice the innocent to your threats, although you believe yourself the representative of Heaven on earth," replied the king.

"This girl shall be judged by the true church," said the bishop, seizing her all trembling by the hand, and raising her before his episcopal cross.

Don Pedro, his eyes bloodshot, his light hair in disorder, rushed forward. "Loose the hand of Rachel, Augustin!" he exclaimed. The bishop shrugged his shoulders.

"I am thy lord and master, obey!" continued the king.

Rachel turned towards the tanner, who had approached her. "Lead me away, for pity's sake," said she to him. "Don Pedro cannot suppress his anger; something terrible will happen. Lead me away; when he no longer sees me, he will probably be calm; he will want to rejoin me, and no longer think of the bishop. Lead me away; oh, I fear not death; my only regret is, that by death I shall be separated from the unfortunate king."

During this time the struggle between Don Pedro and the bishop had increased.

"It is a sin that thou wouldst commit in protecting this sorceress," said the proud bishop.

"And you, Gudiel, accuse and condemn her because you have sold yourself to Don Enrique, who pays you for this service."

"Rachel, follow me," said Augustin, dragging the young girl, and preparing to go away without noticing this last attack. But at this provocation, the natural impetuosity of Don Pedro overcame him; he tore the episcopal cross from the hand of the bishop, and brandished it over his head.

"If the Pope can make bishops, I can unmake them," exclaimed he.

A cry of horror arose in the multitude; the canons veiled their faces, crying, "Blasphemy! sacrilege!" while Augustin himself braved the king by his looks and said to him, "Strike me—push your pride even to that point; but Heaven will perform a miracle as witness against you. These very corpses will bear testimony of your wickedness at his tribunal;" affecting an assurance that his trembling lips and changing voice belied.

"If Heaven be just," replied Don Pedro, who began to fear his passion had carried him too far, "he will come to the aid of this poor creature, and loudly proclaim her innocence."

At this moment, a loud cry was heard in the market-place. "What have I said!" cried the bishop. "Do you hear that noise, which resembles a hurricane? It is the assault of the city! God has condemned Don Pedro!"

The compact mass of human beings, divided between the fright caused by these words, and the pity which the daring act of the king had inspired them, staggered in doubt and indecision. The cries continued to approach, and a fresh crowd soon advanced towards the Alcazar.

But the now comers in no respect resembled those they joined; they did not appear like fugitives, stricken and unhappy—on the contrary, they bounded along, uttering cries of joy and congratulation. They preceded and surrounded the pretended miller who conducted ten mules laden with heavy sacks of flour, and who stopped before the biers, around which the canons were ranged.

One cry then simultaneously arose from every mouth. "It is wheat—it is provisions that arrive for us!"

The people, with their usual instability, forgot their meditated revolt and anger. These men, who had already drawn their knives, and torn the clothes of the Jewess, left their victim, to press around the fortunate miller. The bishop alone still preserved a dark countenance, and hearing those cries of gladness, let these words escape from his lips:—"Childish people! cursed be this unlucky miller, who appears at the moment our plans were on the point of succeeding!"

"Well, which of us is right, faithful Augustin?" said Don Pedro to him, seizing the arm of Rachel, whom he had at length been able

to approach, and giving her to the care of the almogavars. Then addressing the bishop, he said, "Heaven has judged between us, and condemned you."

In the meantime, Bertrand, who was surrounded, pressed on, though nearly stifled by this famished crowd, the boldest already proceeding to lay hold of the mules. "Gently, gently—justice for all—advance not!" exclaimed the Breton, keeping back the crowd by flourishing his club, "for I will knock down without mercy whoever lays hands on my sacks without my consent."

"Flour! flour!" cried the mob on all sides.

"All this is for you," answered the pretended miller, "but no pillage; it is not 'luck to the strong and defeat to the weak;' for feeble or strong, young or old, each of you is hungry; every one must have his share. So let the willing man assist in the division."

The most robust of those who surrounded him sprang forward to assist him in unloading his mules, and untying the sacks. All those persons who were not afraid of besieging the royal residence of Don Pedro, overcome by the bold countenance of a simple miller, awed by the look of resolution and audacity of an unknown man, waited with extraordinary patience, and without a murmur, for the distribution to begin.

All eyes were eagerly fixed on him. "Thy name! thy name!" cried the starving people.

Bertrand cursed the foolish idea that had prompted them to seek his name. "My name is an obscure one, and does not signify a bit," resumed he, "for I am only the agent of those who pay me. To every one according to his works. This corn and flour was bought for you."

"By whom?" asked Augustin Gudiel, hastily, seized with eager curiosity.

"By the Jewess, Rachel, daughter of the treasurer, Ben Levi," answered the pretended miller.

A loud murmur of astonishment ran through the crowded ranks of the mob.

"Yes, by the Jewess, Rachel, whose name you were cursing at the moment I arrived," answered the Breton.

"But they accuse her, nevertheless, of having caused the famine," said one.

"Her accusers are probably the real culprits," replied the miller. "As to her—bless her—for I tell you it is she who has sent me to you; she is the good angel who watches over Seville."

The bishop was tempted to treat the newcomer as an impostor, but when he saw the same mob who had just before been so exasperated against the Jewess, suddenly testify a unanimous enthusiasm and admiration for her, he saw plainly that he could not rekindle the extinguished fire without exposing himself to great risks; he therefore ordered the bearers of the biers to proceed on their march, and the canons began to chant the prayers for the dead, and continued the route as if nothing had happened. The crowd that had been on the point of taking part with him against the king did not seem to notice his departure.

Don Pedro, however, hastened to profit by the change thus effected on their minds, to mount his horse, and follow the men-at-arms, who had carried Rachel into the Alcazar. For he had not been less surprised than Augustin Gudiel at hearing the answer of the pretended miller; so, wishing to fathom the mystery, as soon as he returned to his palace, he ordered Gil Pierce Nieve to go to the distributor of flour, and invite him to dine with the king.

Gil obeyed, and on intimating the will of the king, Bertrand at first knitted his thick eyebrows, for his disguise did not more than half satisfy him; but after a moment's reflection, he perceived in it a result that far surpassed his hopes. Indeed, his real purpose for introducing himself with so much temerity into the city, had been to examine the means of its defence, to reconnoitre its weak points, its walls and citadels, and above all to sound the spirit of the besieged; but he had never entertained the hope of penetrating into the Alcazar, which enclosed the real forces of Seville, nor of having a private interview with Don Pedro.

He resolved then to follow the adventure, and to enter the lion's den, and he answered Gil with a sort of rustic awkwardness, that as soon as the distribution was finished, he would most willingly repair to the Alcazar.

Gil told him he would wait his pleasure, the king having charged him to accompany the brave miller, and not to leave him for an instant.

(To be continued.)

He alone is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertion, unaided and alone.

Leave nothing that is necessary in any matter undone—we rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt.

Kindness is the music of good will to men; and on the harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

The sunshine of good temper penetrates the gloomiest shades; beneath its cheering rays the miserable may hark and forget all their misery.

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are the very ones he needs.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin forces its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, he road is paved for a thousand iniquities.