

## THE THIN GENTLEMAN.

The remains of the castle of Yberg consist of two grey towers, one of them shattered from top to bottom by thunder. The family to which the building belonged has been long extinct; and the last of the race, by his crimes and impiety, is said to have drawn down the vengeance of heaven even upon the roof which sheltered his sacrilegious head. It appears from the tradition that he had ruined his fortune by excess and debauchery, and then lived—like other knights of the time, who had strong towers and sharp swords—by strife and robbery. Chancing, however, to lose one of his arms in an encounter, his success was no longer proportioned to his daring; and his followers at length, disgusted with bare walls and short commons, deserted their chief. The latter, left alone in his castle, amused himself cursing the world and its want of virtue, and with taking a purse now and then, when nights were dark and travellers few or unwarlike.

One evening, when sitting in his porch, on the walls of which the ivy and wall-flower were already mingling with the vine, a pilgrim approached the den of the robber.

“You are poor, Sir Knight,” said he, “you would be rich?”

“Certes,” answered the knight surlily, but with the kind of bastard hope which springs up when rational expectations are at an end.

“Ha! ha!” laughed the pilgrim, “that is strange; but no stranger than to see a man moping in poverty and misery, when gold and jewels may be had for the gathering, even under his own roof.”

“If I but knew how to gather!” exclaimed the knight bitterly, as he sunk again into despondency. “You allude, I perceive, to a tradition which is known to every peasant-serf in the country-side—that my great-great-grandfather, when this castle was about to be taken by assault, buried his treasures before giving himself up to the knife.”