

arrival of a traveller, and keep him outside for the night.

On the evening in which this chapter opens, before putting the key into the lock, Barrillard put out his head to explore the country. His physiognomy brightened with joy at perceiving on the high road, about three hundred paces distant, a numerous cavalcade, followed by several litters, approaching in great haste. At the same time he observed a poor pedestrian dragging himself along under the ramparts to the right; while, to the left, a well-mounted knight was urging his horse to his utmost speed, hastening like one perfectly acquainted with the usages of the place.

"Ah, ah, we are going to have some sport to-night," said Master Barrillard to himself, taking shelter behind the gate, chuckling and shaking his fat sides, as was his wont on similar occasions.

Meanwhile one of the knights of the escort seeing the gate slightly open, left the group and advanced at full gallop. Then addressing the sentinel, who remained immovable in his iron cage on the ramparts, he begged him to ask the sergeant-at-arms to delay the shutting of the gates for some moments, so as to allow time for his companions to arrive, adding that, at the head of the knights that followed him was the ambassador from the King of Castile.

As soon as this request had been carried to the sergeant-at-arms, a trumpet sounded from the top of the walls. Hearing this signal, which it was impossible he could misunderstand, the porter came grumbling out of his den, and while the sergeant-at-arms finished relieving the sentinels, the cavalcade halted at some paces from the gate.

During this time the pedestrian, before mentioned, arrived slowly like a man worn out by lassitude and suffering. Although in the prime of life, he leant heavily on a knotted stick; he wore a long untrimmed beard, his long light hair floated in disorder on his shoulders, his threadbare coat stained and spotted by the dust and rain, his boots cut by the flints of the road, and the whole of his miserable appearance testified to a long and painful journey.

In passing before the escort of the ambassador, which was stationed on the road, he hastily pulled the rim of his large hat over his eyes, and quickening his pace by an effort, he was about to enter the city, when a vigorous hand arrested his passage. It was that of the warder, who, furious at seeing some of his victims escape him, was resolved to revenge himself on the remaining two.

"Hallo! my fine fellow, where are you going to?" said he, eyeing the traveller with an insolent look.

The pedestrian to whom this question was addressed turned suddenly round, and drawing himself up, with flashing eyes, raised his stick. There was so much boldness and resolution in his look and attitude, that Barrillard thought it prudent to loose his hold, but the stranger, apparently ashamed of his passion, cast away his stick, and said, in a calm voice, "Why do you prevent me passing?"

"Have patience," returned the warder, taking down a large whip that was kept beside the gate for the special purpose of driving away beggars, vagabonds, and straggling dogs; "since you do not know, I am going to teach you."

The stranger quietly awaited the approach of the warder, who came towards him with a menacing air, though he shook as if he had been the prey of a burning fever. "Ah, you want to know why I will not let you enter the good city of Bordeaux," continued the brutal Barrillard, loosing with haste the thong of his whip. "Well, it is because my orders are not to admit into the city in which my lord the Prince of Wales holds his court, either beggars, thieves, or mad dogs; and certainly you are one or the other of these, if not all three together."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the stranger, colouring with indignation, and rushing on the warder with a quickness and energy that the old soldier little anticipated, he snatched his whip away and broke it into pieces.

We shall not attempt to describe the amazement into which this bold action plunged the majestic Barrillard, which was at first manifested only in disconnected words. "Rogue, rascal!" he exclaimed, "art thou then a furious madman? Oh, thou shalt pay dearly for thy audacity."

"At all events," replied the stranger, putting his foot on the wreck of the whip-handle, "this will not be the instrument of punishment."

"Miscreant!" cried Master Barrillard, exasperated at the laughter of the escort, "darest thou jest? I will have thee taken before the provost, and thou wilt see if thou art permitted to break the whip of a city warder with impunity."

"I should prefer laying it across thy shoulders," said the stranger, coolly.

At this last sarcasm, which excited anew the laughter of the escort, poor Barrillard could no longer contain himself, but advancing to the pedestrian, he raised his bunch of keys.

"And now thou comest to offer me the keys of the city," said the stranger with a smile.

The laughter of the horsemen redoubled, and Barrillard became mad with rage, but at the moment that the fight between him and the traveller was about to commence, one of the veiled women who formed a part of the ambassador's suite uttered a shriek of surprise and alarm. At the same time the horseman, who had come galloping along the ramparts

on the left, arrived in front of the little troop, turned short, and entered the city.

At the sound of that shrill voice the stranger turned his head. The warder, seeing the last of the prey he had lain in wait for escape him, sprung off in pursuit, postponing the termination of his quarrel to a better opportunity. Scarcely, however, had he touched the horse's bridle, than he felt an Herculean hand seize him by the thick forest of grey hair that adorned his head, which lifted him from the ground as if he had been a wine skin.

"Hallo!" cried Barrillard, struggling with all his might to free himself from the living vice that held him suspended in mid-air, "I thought there was but one man in the world who could balance me in that way."

"And who is he?" demanded the horseman.

"Tom Burdett, Captain of Freebooters," answered the warder, in a stifled voice.

"That is what may be called guessing right," replied the horseman, suddenly lowering the guardian of the city gate, who fell heavily on his two legs, "and in turn I recognise you."

"It is very generous on your part, captain," said Master Barrillard, trying to recover his equilibrium, "but, frankly, I should have preferred that you had recognised me a little sooner."

"Ah, yes, on account of that slight correction," said the other; "but what wouldst thou, my old Patrick? thou knowest I have a light and ready hand."

"You think your hand light, do you?" grumbled the warder; "every one to his own opinion."

"As to thee, my brave fellow," continued the captain, "I congratulate thee; thou hast grown fatter, for thy body seemed to me very weighty just now. Ah, come now, I hope, in remembrance of our former good acquaintance, thou wilt no longer attempt to oppose my passage."

"Impossible to obey you, noble captain," replied Patrick Barrillard, bowing with great humility, rubbing his shoulders, and feeling his forehead to assure himself that the light hand of Burdett had not bruised him.

"And why so?" demanded the freebooter, harshly.

"What you ask of me is quite contrary to the orders I have received. If it were not for that, you cannot doubt my desire to serve you," answered the warder, making a grimace which he intended for a gracious smile.

"Yet I cannot lie with the stars for a canopy," said Burdett, frowning.

By dint of rubbing his forehead, Barrillard caused it to sprout an idea, an event with him of rare occurrence. "You have one way," muttered he; "it is to slip yourself, unknown to me, among the ambassador's suite, so as to enter without my seeing you."

"Thanks for thy ingenious advice, Patrick," said Burdett, and making his horse describe a quarter circle, he slipped among the last horsemen of the escort.

As to the stranger, so brutally repulsed by Master Barrillard, he no longer appeared desirous of entering the city; unconscious of what was passing around him, he had but one thought, one desire, as maddening, as irresistible as the thirst that tortures the wounded on the battle-field; his heart beat violently beneath his rage, and, forgetting his misery, he cast bold and hasty looks on the women that formed part of the escort, in an endeavour to discover beneath her veil she whose voice still vibrated on his ear.

During this time, the sergeant-at-arms, who had at length relieved the sentinels, advanced to meet the ambassador; the latter on his side, detaching himself from his attendants, and throwing back the cowl of the long travelling cloak that covered him, advanced some paces and dismounted. None of his squires or valets had followed him, so perceiving at a little distance the audacious pedestrian, he made him a sign to approach. The poor fellow mechanically obeyed.

The ambassador throw the reins of his horse to him with proud indifference, and then drew from his robe a parchment, to the corner of which was attached the royal seal. "I am Augustin Gudiel, Bishop of Segovia, and ambassador from the King of Castile," said he, addressing the sergeant-at-arms, and presenting to him the enrolled parchments.

At that name, but particularly at the voice, the pedestrian changed countenance; he became pale, and his limbs shook with a convulsive trembling, while with the hand that was free, he searched among his tatters, as if he expected there to find a hidden weapon.

"Without noticing the emotion of the man, Augustin Gudiel continued—"In the name of Don Enrique, my well-beloved master, I demand passage for myself, the knights that accompany me, and all the people of our suite."

"Enter, reverend bishop," answered the sergeant-at-arms, after having cast a hasty glance on the parchment, "and you shall be conducted to my lord the Prince of Wales, if you desire it."

The Bishop of Segovia accepted the offer of the sergeant, and while he mustered his people, he ordered the pedestrian to hold his stirrup. In silence the latter slowly, and with a trembling hand, obeyed; he presented the stirrup to the ambassador, and then assisted him to remount his mule.

"Hold!" said the bishop, drawing from his purse some small pieces of money, "here is payment for thy trouble. Thou canst make friends with the warder of the city, and empty

a jug of wine with him to the health of Don Enrique, my master."

The pedestrian, by an involuntary movement, let the money Gudiel offered to him fall on the ground, but observing the bishop's astonished looks, he immediately picked it up; then pulling the beaver over his brows, he muttered in a low voice, "Thanks, sir; may Heaven reward you and your master as you merit. As for me, most charitable bishop, while I live I shall remember that you have given me alms."

At the sound of that voice the ambassador became violently agitated, and nearly fell off his mule. A strange suspicion crossed his mind; that voice, now so humble, had before sounded in his ears, but imperious, harsh, and menacing. As soon as he recovered from the first shock of surprise, he pretended to adjust his stirrup, which gave him an opportunity of stooping, intending to see if the man who hid himself in those rags, and under that ugly beaver, was indeed he whose voice alone had the power to make him tremble. But the pedestrian, having immediately turned his back on the generous bishop, had already regained the open country.

Gudiel, observing his bent form and shambling gait, smiled at his fears and suspicions; nevertheless, before entering Bordeaux at the head of the procession, he said to the sergeant-at-arms, "Watch well that the beggar who held my mule just now does not gain admission into the city."

"No one else will enter this night, my lord," returned the sergeant-at-arms, "for Master Patrick Barrillard is going to shut the gate immediately."

The Bishop of Segovia and his suite slowly entered the city.

(To be Continued.)

A MID-AIR COMPROMISE.

Not many years ago, and not far from the city of Elmira, at a locality known as the "Female College," the circumstances we are about to relate took place. It seems that the principal of the college overheard a plan among a number of his young lady students, for drawing a young gentleman up to one of the third-story rooms "in a basket at night," as no gentleman suitors were allowed to visit their college lady loves, and see them alone, under strict rules of the institution. The principal acted accordingly, and at the appointed time was on the designated spot, and when the basket was let down took the lover's place, gave the "signal switch," and commenced going up toward heaven, drawn by a trinity of angels. When two-thirds up, the angel expectant, on looking from the window, discovered to her terror that she had another man in the basket, and, nearly frightened out of her wits, made the facts known to her fair helpers in mischief, with the pertinent inquiry of "What shall we do? What shall we do? Oh! girls, girls, what shall we do?" Whereupon one of their number, noted for her coolness and presence of mind in trying emergencies, said:

"Here! you hold on to this cord; now, do just as I tell you, and I'll take care of the man, no matter who he is, or where he came from."

Then taking out her pocket-knife and opening it, she leaned out of the window, and in a low voice said:

"Who are you there in that basket?"

No response.

"I say who are you there in that basket? Do you hear? I have a knife in my hand, and unless you answer in less than ten seconds I will cut this rope?"

"Why, it's your principal, don't you know me? Don't for mercy's sake cut the rope. Keep your knife further away from it!"

"Well, you are in a pretty fix, Professor; a pretty fix, indeed, and hanging between heaven and earth, between life and death. What do you think ought to be done with you? A principal of a female college, who thus endeavors, at night, to clandestinely reach the room of a lady student, ought to be severely punished, and also exposed."

"Oh! I beg of you not to harm me nor expose me; but let me down again carefully, and don't let the rope slip."

"Professor," said the shrewd beauty, "on one condition only, will we comply with your request?"

"Name it, name it!"

"You must solemnly promise that none of us who have been engaged in this little romance shall be disciplined for it, and that you will make no mention of it to a living soul while we are inmates of the college, with the understanding that we are to observe the solemn promise. What say you?"

"I promise—solemnly promise."

"Very well. Hold up your right hand! You do solemnly swear that you will faithfully keep and observe that promise, so help you God?"

"I do!"

"Enough, girls, he has taken the oath. Lower away!"

The "Professor" was soon carefully and safely landed on terra firma, greatly to his relief and greatly to the joy, no doubt, of the other party to the compromise; and he lived up to his oath. In after years, however, when time had absolved him from it, and the lover, whose basket he "monopolized" on that eventful night, had, as the story goes, married the girl—who, on that occasion, was so "far above him"—the Professor used to tell the adventure to his particular friends, and laugh over it till the tears ran down his cheeks, as the most ludicrous scrape he ever got into in all his col-

lege life, and as the only one he was let out of under an oath administered.—Schuyler Co. (N. Y.) Democrat.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

Two young men (journeymen plumbers) were at work at my house a little time since. They were twenty-five years old. In talk with them, I asked: "Do you smoke?" "Yes," both of them said. "How much does it cost you?" One of them replied: "I buy half a dollar's worth of cigars every night after supper;" and the other said it cost him seventy-five cents a day for cigars. "And do you drink?" "Yes, a little," both of them said. "How much?" "Oh! very little—only three or four or sometimes five glasses a day." "And how much does that cost?" "Ten cents a glass." "Now, have you thought how much you spend in a year in that way?" "No, we haven't." "Well, it's quite worth your while to look into that. Can you even guess what you spend in a year in that way, and in ten years?" No, they couldn't even give a guess; they had never thought of it.

"And so, taking out a pencil and paper, I proceeded to enlighten them. Their cigars at fifty cents a day, will amount, with compound interest, to \$2,407 13 in ten years, and three drinks a day for the same time to \$1,444 56; in all for smoke and fuddle, \$3,851 39. They were both astonished at the result, and promised to change their habits. But they haven't. "How much wages do you receive?" I asked. "Twenty-four dollars a week when we work full time," they said. "How old are you?" "Twenty-five," said one.

"Twenty-six, nearly," said the other. "How much have you in the savings' bank?" "Nothing," they both said. What do you do with all the money? You are earning wages that would certainly make you both rich men if you should manage well. And now at twenty-five and twenty-six years of age you have nothing. How do you spend your money?" They couldn't tell, neither of them knew; they had twenty-four dollars every Saturday night, but somehow it was all gone by the next pay day. "The fellows borrowed it; they had to treat; they never thought!"

"Well, you ought to have in the savings bank seven hundred dollars a year—you ought to have now twenty-eight hundred dollars of your own, each of you, at six per cent. only, one hundred and sixty-eight dollars a year—as much as you can earn in forty-two days. You are wasting every year in smoke and drink a sum which, if saved and taken good care of, would make you independent at sixty years of age, or set you up in a business of your own at thirty, with sure prospects of success."

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead; and that the tombstones are marked with epitaphs of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that Death is a merciless judge, though not impartial. Every man owes a debt. Death summons the debtor, and he lays down his dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of plum pudding.

I have noticed that merit is always measured out in the world by its success.

I have noticed that as we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed, and call Dame Fortune "blind," but it is the very best evidence that the old lady has most capital eye-sight, and is no "granny" with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

ROUGH ON 'EM.

Old Jones has been playing a sharp game on the mosquitos. You see, he had a mosquito net on his bed, but the perservering insects used to get inside in the daytime, and when old Jones sought his couch to court the drowsy god, they used to make sweet music for him, and bore holes in him, and let his blood out, and old Jones, you understand, couldn't stand it at all. But he is square on the mosquitos now, Jones is. You see, he goes to bed and leaves the net about half open, and then the mosquitos, thinking they have got a soft thing, swarm in and begin to buzz. When he thinks they are inside, old Jones quietly slips out and closes up the net tight, and there he has them. And then he makes up a nice bed on the floor, and lays there and kicks up his old heels, and laughs at those poor, swindled mosquitos, and those mosquitos tear around in that net, and break their necks against the bars trying to get out, and they hold indignation meetings, and protest, and all that. Why, the mosquitos in that room look like living skeletons, and still old Jones is heartless enough to keep right on fooling these poor insects, and laughing at them.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

One evening, when *Pizarro* was announced as the play, there was a considerable delay in commencing, in consequence of one of the performers being absent; the audience became impatient, when John Kemble ("Rolla") came forward, and delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you that the person absent is Mr. Emery."

"The house received this explanation without any disapprobation or otherwise. (Emery at this period, although a very pathetic actor, had not arrived at the summit of excellence, and on this evening the part of a sentinel was given to him). Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great coat, dirty boots, and a face red with haste, and wet with perspiration—on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the first time I ever had to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause in the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when, I am sure, I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies—for you I must particularly address—my wife—and I—(thunders of applause interrupted the apology); and I ran for the doctor—" "You've said enough!" exclaimed a thousand tongues.

"I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew that she was safe—"

"Bravo, Emery, you've said enough?" was re-echoed from all parts of the house.

Emery was completely overpowered; and, after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand on his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house.

The play proceeded without interruption; but it appeared Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble; for in that scene, before the prison-scene, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue:

Rolla. Have you a wife?

Sentinel. I have.

Rolla. Children?

Sentinel. I had two this morning; I have three now!

Loud applause followed this retaliation, and it continued so long that the entire effect of the scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

LINED INSIDE.

I was in a drug store in Elmira, when in rushed a fellow who called for a pound of camphor and downed the whole of it. It was a surprise party to me, and I said, "what the deuce did he do that for?"

"Why," said drugs, "he is lined."

"Lined," says I, "what is that?"

Then he told me.

Some years ago a gentleman who was about to give a dinner party spent a whole week showing his servant how to make mock turtle soup. When the day came she made the mock, and the turtle and the soup all right, and just as she was about to pour in a bottle of claret, a little boy entered singing, "Every thing is lovely and the goose hangs high," which distracted her attention and she made a mistake and poured in a whole bottle of hair tonic.

"Did it make hair soup?" said I, meekly.

"Alas!" said he, "the results were sad."

"What were the results?" said I.

"Darn it," said he, "didn't I just say they were sad?"

"But," said I, "how did the mock turtle wind up?"

"Ah," said he, "two went to the Morgue, four to the hospital, and all who didn't die were called the survivors; and that fellow you just saw was one of 'em."

"What the devil did he swallow so much camphor for?" said I.

"Well," he said, "that tonic started the hair growing down his throat, and he took the camphor to keep the moths out."

THE YOUNG LADY ANSWERED.

A young lady writes to learn why we do not have a department for "answers to correspondents." The reason is simple. We once announced we would gladly receive questions on various topics and endeavor to answer them satisfactorily. The first inquiry received was in relation to a little amount we owed the writer. We think it was eight dollars. We borrowed the money and returned a "satisfactory answer," but it put back our business full a year. The young lady thinks such a department would be very lively. We found it so.

GRACE MAL-A-PROPOS.—A milliner's apprentice, about to wait on a duchess, was fearful of committing some error in her department. She therefore consulted a friend as to the manner in which she should address the great personage, and was told that, on going before the duchess, she must say, her grace, and so on. Accordingly away went the girl, and on being introduced, after a very low courtesy, she said, "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful." To which the duchess answered, "Amen."