

## Poetry.

## CANADA.

BY ALEX. H. WINGFIELD.

Let others sing of sunny climes—  
Of lands beyond the sea;  
There's not a dearer spot on earth  
Than Canada to me.  
Dear Canada, loved Canada,  
Whom I may be;  
There's not a land on all the earth  
Shall win my heart from thee.

Her sons will ne'er submit to crouch  
Beneath a tyrant's sway;  
The stag roamed her forest glades  
Is not more free than they.  
Dear Canada, loved Canada,  
Whom I may be;  
There's not a land on all the earth  
Shall win my heart from thee.

The red-cross flag our fathers raised,  
We hail it as a friend;  
And should that flag e'er be assailed  
Its glories we'll defend.  
Fair Canada, brave Canada,  
No land on earth more free;  
And his would be a coward's arm  
That would not strike for thee.

The Scot that boast his heather hills;  
The Irishman his rose;  
And Erin's sons may love the vales  
Where Erin's shamrock grows;  
But Canada, loved Canada,  
Is dearer far to me;  
No other land, however grand,  
Shall win my heart from thee.

The sun that tints the maple trees,  
With Nature's magic wand,  
Shines down on peaceful, happy homes,  
In our Canadian land.  
Fair Canada, loved Canada,  
My heart is wed to thee;  
Be thou the land of noble deeds,  
And empire of the free.

## Tales and Sketches.

## RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

## The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

## CHAPTER XLII.—Conclusion.

On the borders of the wild region already described, but removed from its terrible influences, wandered a woman in a white African mantle. She betrayed excessive anxiety, and gazed steadfastly across the Hureta.

"Night has fallen," she murmured, "and he has not returned."

It was Aix, who thus impatiently awaited the return of Esau. She was the more uneasy at his prolonged absence, as she had always mistrusted the continuance of his hatred towards Rachel; she incessantly feared the awakening of that affection which she knew only slumbered in the heart of the wretched man.

Seating herself behind a cluster of trees, she endeavored to calm her restless anxiety, when suddenly she heard the sound of approaching foot-steps. Then a deep murmur succeeded; and, listening with profound attention, she heard the sound of many voices mingling in prayer.

More surprised than alarmed, she arose and approached nearer, when, through the foliage, she saw the flashing of restless eyes, glistening like those of tigers impatiently awaiting their prey. Presently she heard words exchanged, in cautious whispers, by the men hidden in the swamp. They were those of discontent and reproach on the one side, and of remonstrance and encouragement on the other. Then following deadly threats and denunciations against one whom they termed the Amelekith woman, and for whose destruction it appeared they were thus lying in ambush.

Aix had nearly betrayed herself, as she joyfully recognised in these men the Levites, whose chief was Zedekiah, Rachel's mortal enemy.

At length the steps of mules were heard approaching, and two other Jews soon dismounted, who were cordially greeted and welcomed by those already assembled. In one of those Aix recognised Samuel Ben Levi.

When Zedekiah came forward, the old easurer began immediately to remonstrate with him on his imprudence in having ventured to Seville, in defiance of the edict issued by Don Pedro against him and his associates; but they justified themselves, saying they were engaged in the work of the Lord, and that He would protect them.

They demanded an asylum in his house; but he, no longer fearing for his daughter's safety, flatly refused to receive them, and bitterly reproached them for their conduct to him in the ruined synagogue. A dispute ensued, threats were exchanged, and Samuel turned to seek safety in flight, when he suddenly saw a group in the distance, among whom he distinctly perceived his beloved daughter, borne in the arms of Duguesclin.

Terrified at the idea of Rachel falling into the power of those who were thirsting for her blood, he turned precipitately on his steps, and, rejoining his brethren, offered to conduct them to a place of safety.

Astonished at his sudden change of purpose, they yet hastened to avail themselves of it, asking whither he intended to lead them.

"To the Morabethin," cried Samuel, impatiently, fearing the travellers would approach before he could lead the Jews away.

The mention of that place brought to the mind of Aix all she had suffered there; and as the Jews disappeared among the trees, she said, with a triumphant smile, "Go, saintly Levites; guide them, good Samuel; let them avenge Heaven, and they will avenge me."

But scarcely had she uttered that adjuration, than she perceived the approach of Esau, followed by Bertrand on horseback, supporting the weak and fragile Rachel.

With a shriek of rage, Aix sprang towards the leper; "So," she exclaimed, "after all the oaths of vengeance, thou hast duped me; I find that woman still alive and free. One look of hers has converted thy hatred into love."

"It was thy false accusations, Aix, which made me hate her," replied Esau, coldly; "having instilled all the venom of thy soul into me, thou didst arm my hand with a knife, and set me on the track of thy rival; but Heaven, who watches over her, has saved her, for I broke the blade of that knife against the armour of Burdett."

"Esau!" replied the Morisca, "others will accomplish what thou hast feared to do: Heaven has condemned her."

"Though you have sworn her destruction, Aix," he replied, "I shall be enabled to disappoint your malice; I will throw myself as a shield before her."

"Leper are not admitted into the Alcazar," observed Aix, ironically.

"It is not to the Alcazar we conduct her, madam, but to the house of her father," replied Esau.

"The foster-brothers of the king will soon transport her thence to the Alcazar," said the Morisca.

Bertrand, who had listened attentively to the preceding conversation, observed, "That is very true; we must seek a more secure retreat for her."

Rachel also protested against the chance of again entering the Alcazar. "I must not see the king," added the poor girl. "Sir Bertaand, I implore you to save me from such a trial."

"Have a little courage, Rachel," said Duguesclin, supporting her in his arms; "in an hour we shall be in Seville."

"Leave me here," she moaned, "for I can no longer bear the exertion of riding."

"Alas!" exclaimed the leper, discouraged, "where in this place can we find a shelter for the night!"

Bertrand proposed to nasten and ask the Black Prince for an asylum for Rachel, if she could only rest in the wood the while.

At length Aix mentioned the Morabethin, and the leper proposed to carry Rachel there, and watch over her safety until the return of Bertrand.

Rachel trembled at the name of the Morabethin, and cried, in a troubled voice, "Must I, then, return to that accursed place?"

"You then, acknowledge that you were there with Don Pedro!" exclaimed the Morisca; "that avowal, made in the presence of Duguesclin, justifies me in calling on him as a witness."

"Have pity on a woman so near death," said the Breton to Aix, in a harsh voice.

"Come, sir," said Rachel, unable to bear the fierce and triumphant looks of the Morisca, "let us depart, conduct me wherever you please, but, in the name of your patron saint, do not let us remain here."

Still a vague presentment of evil assailed her at the thought of re-visiting the Morabethin.

"I will not be long away, dear lady," said Duguesclin. "Before the city gates close I will return and conduct you to a place of safety." Then dismounting, he ordered Bouchard to escort Rachel, who felt her heart sink at the departure of the good knight, and making a farewell sigh to Rachel, he turned hastily away.

"Thou also, Esau?" said Aix, seeing the leper prepare to follow Rachel.

"I must watch over Rachel, and protect her from your snares, until the return of Sir Bertrand," answered Esau.

"Go, then, faithful lover," said the Morisca, jeeringly, "and may Heaven reward thy constancy." Then as the little troop disappeared in the depths of the forest, she exclaimed, "It is in the Morabethin where I have been so insulted, it is there I shall be revenged. Mahomet is great!"

Having arrived before the mosque, Rachel entered the enclosure, leaning on the arm of Bouchard, with resolute, if not firm steps. They soon reached the Morabethin, and as she stood on the threshold, she thought she heard the sound of persons breathing, and imagined she saw human forms gliding in the distance.

"It is the fever of the Hureta that dazzles my eyes, and deceives my ears," she said to herself; but as she passed forward she saw the same fleeting forms, and heard the same rustling sounds.

Without knowing why, she felt afraid, and turning to Esau, asked him, if he also did not see moving shadows. He said it was nothing but the owls that their entrance had disturbed, and passed on before her, while she tottered forward still violently agitated.

The rustling of robes now sounded distinctly in her ears, and overcome with terror she

turned to flee; but it was too late, the forms she had seen in the shade now surrounded her, and guarded the door, through which Bouchard had not yet passed. Heavy clubs sounded immediately on the floor, and grave and solemn voices spoke these terrible words, "Rachel, thy judges await thee."

At the same instant a torch was lighted, and the unfortunate woman, separated from her companions, fell on her knees in the midst of eight Levites, her voice stifled, and her eyes fixed with fear.

At sight of the formidable circle, Bouchard turned and fled; he knew but one man who could save Rachel, so he went with all haste to bring back the valiant Duguesclin.

In his fear of pursuit, however, he got bewildered among the marshes, and feeling himself sinking, began to shout for help at the top of his voice, but with little chance, in that solitary place, of making himself heard.

His cry of distress was however answered by the sharp shrill voice of little Pierre Neige.

Ever since the disappearance of Rachel, the foster-brothers of the king had been engaged watching the movements of both Samuel and Burdett, in the hope of discovering her retreat. Little Gil had that day followed the steps of old Samuel, but fearful of being seen by the Jew, he had lingered behind, and was awaiting his return, when, attracted by the cries of Bouchard, he ran in that direction.

The unlucky inkeeper explained his mishap, and the dwarf, counselling him to dismount, was about to lead the horse out of the morass, the poor man carefully following, and recounting the perilous situation of Rachel, who he said was taken by banditti.

The moment Pierre Neige heard who was in peril, "It is not the bulldog of Brittany but my great brother must be informed of this," he said, and pushing by Master Bouchard, he vaulted into the saddle, and, regardless of the threats and imprecations of the former, started off at full speed and quickly arrived at the Alcazar.

In order to arrive at the king's chamber it was necessary to cross the armoury, where Paloma was chanting the evening prayers to her four other sons, who were occupied in cleaning their arms.

Instead of stopping according to his usual custom, to embrace his mother, he ran towards the royal apartments, exclaiming to his brothers as he passed, "Arm yourselves, if you would save Rachel, who has been entrapped by banditti into the Morabethin."

The brothers hastened to arm themselves, but old Peloma conjured them not to allow Don Pedro to risk his life again for the young Jewess, to whom she attributed all his misfortunes; she urged them to retard the arrival of the king as much as possible, and was using all her authority, when Don Pedro appeared, calling out them to follow him. They immediately did so, but his impatience far outstripped their zeal, and he arrived at Morabethin just as Rachel was about falling a victim to the fanaticism of the Jews.

After Bouchard had fled, Rachel found herself enclosed in a gradually contracting circle of her grim judges, the chief of whom, Zedekiah, told her they were about to avenge God, whose holy name she had profaned.

Rachel thought at first that Esau had purposely betrayed her into the hands of her enemies, by bringing her to the Morabethin; but the evident anguish of the poor leper soon convinced her of the contrary. "But I do not forgive my blindness," he said in a broken voice, "and I swear that these executioners shall strike me down before they reach you."

The Levites now commanded her to say her prayers; she knelt, and invoked the protection of Heaven for Don Pedro, and implored Heaven to accept her life in expiation of the sins the violent and unyielding character of her lover led him to commit.

Esau also knelt and prayed God to pity and succour her who never thought of herself.

The Levites, having asked the blessing of the Lord on the cruel act they were about to commit, again surrounded Rachel, looking with surprise on the chaste and pure countenance of that noble creature, which seemed illumined with the glory of a martyr.

Zedekiah then advanced, and commanded her to acknowledge her apostacy. The Jewess shuddered as she recognised the malignant features of the old fanatic, and replied, "Why mix the name of God with your hatred. He does not accuse me; for my heart does not tremble."

The noise of a struggle at the bottom of the Morabethin was now heard; an old man tottered forward, and Rachel uttered a shriek of grief and alarm as she saw it was her father. His countenance was furrowed by wrinkles, big tears flowed over his white beard, and he opened his arms to clasp his child; but a bandage tied over his mouth prevented him uttering a word to vent his anguish.

The speechless despair of the poor old man would have awakened pity in the hearts of the most desperate ruffians; but the Levites professed to be the servants of God, and therefore would not allow themselves to be softened by it.

Zedekiah coolly ordered Samuel to be secured to one of the pillars of the sanctuary, and, spite of Rachel's endeavours to reach her father's arms, he was removed and tied with cords.

Esau leaned against the wall, not daring to interfere, lest he should share Samuel's fate, and it was necessary that he should remain free to protect Rachel against the sentence of her judges.

Meanwhile, the Levites overwhelmed their prisoner with accusations and reproaches; but she calmly replied, "All I have done, I would do again. I wish to deny nothing. I repent of nothing."

Zedekiah, with violent threats, tried to extort from her a curse on Don Pedro, but she answered, "Never! kill me; you have that power, but you shall never draw from me a malediction on the man whom I love with my whole heart and soul."

"Brethren," said Zedekiah, at length, "the hour is come to put away evil from among us. Let each pick up a stone to strike the Midianite."

The Levites obeyed, and approached her, each with a consecrated stone in his hand.

The doomed girl, who, until that moment, had looked death in the face without dread, on seeing her murderers advance slowly, dumb, inexorable, felt her courage give way, and uttering a loud shriek of terror, she extended her hands before her, as if to keep off her enemies.

Yet it was not altogether selfish terror that made her wish to avoid death. At that final moment she remembered the oath of Duguesclin, that the life of Don Pedro should be sacred to him, as long as she lived.

Rachel, by an extreme effort, rose from her knees. "Oh, Levites, more ferocious than the Late Comers, whom ye curse!" she exclaimed; "oh, Jews, trembling before the swords of Christians, valiant only before a defenceless woman, why torture me thus?" Then she went round the circle, pleading to each Jew, and supplicating them to save her. In vain, on every face sat an implacable hatred. She then thought of Esau, and called on him to come and defend her.

At that appeal, Manasses sprang into the circle, and casting around him looks of fury, exclaimed, "Woe to him who touches that woman!"

At sight of the leper, the Levites could not restrain a movement of horror; but quickly recovering from their first emotion, they loaded him with curses, and threatened him with their heavy sticks; while Rachel, her arms extended towards him, cried, "Esau, abandon not the sister of thy childhood."

"Touch me not, Rachel," he said; "and yet," he added, while despair and horror contracted his features, and the tortures he endured made even the Levites shudder, "and yet if I were to carry you in my arms, your enemies themselves would not dare to tear you from my embrace."

"Well, take me then in thy arms, Esau," replied Rachel, with an effort; "what matters to me the horrid contagion so that I live, and thus shelter Don Pedro from the vengeance of Duguesclin."

But scarcely had she thus spoken, when one of the Levites threw the stone he held at the leper, who fell forward, and Rachel now felt that all hope was lost.

Hiding her face with her hands, she uttered a heart-rending shriek, to which a woman, who stood on the threshold in a Moorish dress, responded by a bitter laugh.

The Levites ranged themselves in a line before Rachel, and Zedekiah formally pronounced the curse of God on any one who should hesitate to strike the condemned.

Crouching on the pavement, Rachel trembled at each word; but she softly murmured, "I do not repent; it is for Don Pedro that I suffer; but, alas! I shall never see him more!"

Samuel, thus condemned to witness the murder of his child, writhed in his bonds, and the veins in his forehead swelled like cords.

The Levites now raised the consecrated stones to hurl them at the unfortunate Jewess, when suddenly a loud voice was heard at the door of the Morabethin, shouting, "By St. Ives, you cowardly rascals who stone a woman, turn about and look a Christian knight in the face."

It was Bertrand Duguesclin, who, having heard of Rachel's danger from Bouchard, had hastened to her succour. The Levites, terrified at his appearance on the threshold, drew back, and let the stones fall from their trembling hands.

But Zedekiah had not moved nor lowered his hand, and, fearful lest his prey should escape him, he hurled his heavy stone at Rachel, exclaiming with ferocious irony, "A Christian knight cannot prevail against Heaven."

The stone struck poor Rachel on the head, she uttered a loud shriek and fell on the pavement, feebly uttering the name of Don Pedro.

The enraged Breton fell on the fanatics with fury, and drove them with blows and imprecations to a corner of the Morabethin.

The tumult roused Esau from the stupor caused by the blow he had received; he was bewildered at first, but, recovering his scattered senses, he was about joining Duguesclin in his attack on the Jews, till, seeing Rachel stretched before him, he fell on his knees beside her and wept bitterly.

Bouchard had hastened to unbind Samuel, and to remove the gag from his mouth, when the latter, instead of running to his daughter, approached Zedekiah.

To be concluded in our next.

It appears that the election bets made on the last Presidential election are not all paid yet. One young lady in Iowa agreed to kiss the editor of a paper in that State once a month for four years if Grant was elected. She is keeping her word "manfully."

## SALLIE'S BEDTIME.

A father, not very far from here, read in the paper the other morning that the Utica girls who want their beaux to go home the same night they call, pull a string at the proper hour, which reverses a picture, on the back of which appears these words, "Ten o'clock is my bedtime."

This father, who has a daughter given to late hours, when a certain youth sits up and helps her to keep them, thought he would try this Utica plan, so he wrote in large characters on the back of a huge portrait of George Washington this inscription: Ten o'clock is Sallie's bedtime.

Then he arranged the picture so that when he attached a string to the frame, he could reverse it from his bed-chamber. But when Sallie entered the room, an hour later, her aesthetic eye was outraged by observing the portrait of George hanging slightly out of plumb, so to speak, and, in adjusting it, her father's little game was revealed in all its subtle ingenuity.

Sallie was not a Utica girl, however, so she just went to work and neatly effaced the figure 0, leaving the figure 1 standing solitary and upright—which, you will observe, made a few hours' difference in her bedtime. That night, as usual, Sallie received a visit from her young man—which his front name it was Henry—and her paternal parent attached a string to G. W.'s portrait, and retired to his downy couch.

About 10 o'clock, while Henry and Sallie were deeply engaged in the same knotty problem, with their heads so continuous that you could not insert a piece of tissue paper between them, the Father of his Country suddenly turned his face to the wall, as if he was ashamed to gaze upon such doings. Henry, with a sudden start, glanced at the picture, and saw the handwriting on the wall as it were; "1 o'clock is Sallie's bedtime." Then Henry looked at Sallie with an interrogation in his eye, which was partially dispelled by the fair maid murmuring: "It's all right." Henry said of course it was all right—and thought it was plenty late enough too for a young girl to be out of bed; but what business, he said, had George Washington to be flopping about in that way? Then Sallie explained, and the twin resumed work on the problem, Henry putting his arm around Sallie, to prevent her falling off the chair.

Meanwhile the old man was listening for the front door to open, and his would be son-in-law's footsteps pattering over the pavement, with the toes of his boots pointing from the house. These sounds not falling on his ears, and thinking maybe the old thing didn't work right, he gave the string another pull, and G. W. again faced the audience. Then he listened, but he heard no footsteps—nothing but a peculiar sound, resembling the popping of champagne corks.

Then he grew cross, and gave the string another jerk, causing G. W. to turn about with violent suddenness, just as if he was out of humor too.

And still all is quiet below—except the popping sound.

Then the string was pulled again—and again—and again—indicating that the old fellow was just ready to explode with rage. And for fully fifteen minutes did he have the portrait of the man who could not tell a lie turning excited flip-flaps and things on the wall, like a bewitched gymnast, until he fell asleep exhausted—Sallie's father fell asleep, not the portrait.

Henry kissed Sallie good night at 1 o'clock a.m., remarking as he did so that it would seem like a long weary year ere he would see her again—because, you know, he didn't expect to see her again until the evening of that day.

The next morning her father examined that portrait, and when he fully understood the situation he was pained. He shed a silent tear, detached the string, sponged out the inscription, and walked away with the weight of forty-five years on his shoulders—that being his age. He says a girl who would go back on her father in that way would just as lief as not disgrace her parents by marrying a Congressman.

## BOTHERS.

Men are bothers. Women were born to be anxious about them. Life without any men in it, would be such a calm that possibly nobody would want to go to heaven.

To be sure, without men, nothing would ever have been invented, except dresses. There would be no steam engines, nor any big buildings or bridges. We should still hammer our corn out between two cold stones, and bake it between two hot ones; but, on the other hand, we should very seldom have the fidgets; we should know about what was going to turn up next, and not feel anxious.

Men stay out late at night without any good reason. Many a woman has begun sitting up to let her father in, gone on with her brothers, continued with her husband, proceeded with her son, and wound up with her grandson, until sitting up for folks became chronic; and if ever her ghost appears, it will be with its night cap on, in the attitude of listening for somebody.

Men go out in boats upon the water, and in ships upon the sea; women stay at home and read the awful accidents. And when Tom and his friends, out in a yacht, are becalmed and have to "stay out" all night, Tom wonders that Susan is "almost dead with worry."