

"Here, old man," said Lechus, "take care of your daughter; you, Casimer, are a fine gallant, to leave your sweetheart to the tender mercies of an idle fellow like me?"

"I wish I had a right to the title you bestow upon me in joke," said Casimer. "But I never could induce Ora to give me one kind word."

"She will think better of it, depend upon it," said Lechus, with a sly glance at Ora. "I know her mind upon the subject. She says you are a proper man and handsome, and rich withal, qualifications which she never thought of bestowing upon me."

"Is this true?" said the delighted Casimer, taking the hand of the little flirt, who turned indignantly away, saying as she did so: "I have heard of love in a desert; but love in a crowd like this!—the poor god would require an additional pair of eyes and wings, to find his way."

"And his worshippers a double pair of ears, to listen to his fine speeches," said Lechus. "Hear them! what a larum! The air grows heavy with their shouts. There's the Herald's trumpet! Hark! do you hear it? And here come the candidates, each gorgeous self shrouding an anxious heart. The good old Weyvode Beleslaus looks pale with secret care. Beshrew my heart! neighbour Steinulf, were I the dressed up puppet by his side—that fellow in crimson on the black horse, (which looks the nobler animal of the two,)—I would not care for a crown, if I could call that beautiful woman mine."

"Do you call her pretty, master Lechus?" said Ora, curling up her own pretty lip. "She is but a fair haired painted doll. I could shew you a finer face any day."

But Lechus was in no humour to discuss the subject, and, in spite of her late disasters, Ora followed the stream of spectators back to the market place, to see the candidates, and hear the proclamation. The blacksmith was about to follow her example, when a powerful arm detained him. A shudder ran through his herculean frame. He turned—and beheld the Tartar at his side.

"The devil!" involuntarily burst from his lips.

"The same—at your service," returned the courteous stranger.

"What do you want with me just now?"

"To make your fortune."

"I trust no one to do that, but myself."

"Vastly independent—but listen to reason?"

"It will decide against listening to you," said Lechus. "I told you before I wanted none of your counsel."

"You are a foolish fellow," said the Tartar, "to undervalue what you know so well. Is there a day, or an hour perhaps, without your listening to my advice?"

"That is the reason I have done so ill in the world," said Lechus.

"No, no," said the Tartar, laughing. The world

is mine; wealth and station are in my gift, and you would still have possessed these, had you adopted my advice. But you have such an opinion of your own sagacity that though you have ever been a ready listener, it always ended in your following your own suggestions, instead of mine. Come, once more, I am willing to help you. Your fortune depends upon the events of this hour. Open your eyes and ears and I will work wonders for you; your place is in yonder circle," he continued, pointing to the centre of the market-place, which was filled by the candidates for royalty. "Force your way thither; wherever men are gathered together, there, be sure, I am in the midst of them. Farewell, we shall meet again at midnight."

In spite of his boasted independence, Lechus felt greatly inclined to follow the Tartar's advice. Another moment decided him. He had as much right there as any one else, and bounding forward, he plunged among the living mass.

"Where are you going, Lechus?" said Casimer, attempting to hold him back. "Do not thrust yourself into the presence of those above you—you will be trampled beneath their horses' hoofs. Nay, your head may pay the forfeit of your rashness."

"Crowns have become so common of late," said the blacksmith, bursting from him, "that even mine may serve to play a game at bowls."

*(To be continued.)*

#### DUELLING.

WE read in Swedish history, that Adolphus, King of Sweden, determining to suppress these false notions of honour, issued a severe edict against the practice. Two gentlemen, however, generals in his service, on a quarrel, agreed to solicit the King's permission to decide their difference by the laws of honour. The King consented, and said, he would be present at the combat. He was, attended by a body of guards and the public executioner, and before they proceeded to the onset, he told the gentlemen, that they must fight till one of them died.—Then turning to the executioner, he added, "and do you immediately strike off the head of the survivor."

This had the intended effect; the difference between the two officers was adjusted, and no more challenges were heard of in the army of Gustavus Adolphus.—*Trusler's Memoirs.*

#### FOLLY AND MADNESS.

FOLLY consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.—*Locke.*

#### TOPICS OF DISCOURSE.

THE weather is not a safe topic of discourse; your company may be hippish: nor is health; your associate may be a *malade imaginaire*: nor is money; you may be suspected as a borrower.—*Zimmerman.*