

The treasurer regarded the haughty favourite and his daughter alternately, trying to read in their countenances which assertion he ought to credit. The supplicating looks of the one seemed to say, "My father, implore your pardon; I have come here to intercede in your favour; while the eyes of the other, sparkling with audacious confidence, seemed to reproach his tardiness.

The Morisca was victorious; Samuel, overcome by her fascinating influence, felt all his energy arise. Aixa, with a disdainful gesture, pointed to Rachel and Don Pedro, and the hatred of the Jew rekindling against the man who had taken away his child, he could not allow so precious an opportunity to escape of avenging himself, and tearing away his daughter from the dishonour that threatened her.

A dark cloud passed over his brow, and he thus answered the question the king had put to him, "Sire, the time has indeed arrived to settle matters between us; you will at length see what each of these chests contains." Then approaching the door of the hall with a quick, but firm step, he pushed in the bolt, double locked it, and carefully put the key into the pocket of his robe.

"What are you about, Master Samuel?" demanded Don Pedro, quickly, surprised at the audacity of his treasurer.

"Nothing is more disagreeable than to be interrupted when regulating accounts, answered Ben Levi, with an affected air of good-nature.

"And you prudently wish to put yourself on your guard against unwelcome intruders," said the king, thinking his foster-brothers could not now long delay.

"You have guessed right, sire."

"But I have not the same feelings of mistrust as you, Master Samuel," said Don Pedro, "I wish that door to remain open; you will therefore, immediately give me the key."

The treasurer precipitately took refuge behind his chests, which he quietly unhooked.

"I command you to deliver up that key," exclaimed Don Pedro, springing towards the rebellious old man.

"And I, a Jew, forbid you," replied a hollow voice, that seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth.

At the same moment the lids of all the chests moved, and five men rose, like spectres from their tombs, and stood upright, menacing and terrible.

Rachel affrighted throw herself before the king. Aixa, her eyes flashing with ferocious joy, bounded like a panther to the side of Samuel.

"Well managed," cried Tom Burdett, with a triumphant air. "The wolf is caught at last."

Don Pedro, betrayed by the Jews, abandoned by his foster-brothers, on whose fidelity he had so firmly depended, having in that critical moment only Rachel by his side, resolved at least to defend himself to the last. Seizing a short-bladed dagger that hung on the wall, he retired to one of the corners of the armoury, so as to have all his enemies in front, and avoid any surprise. Then with all his strength he uttered a cry of appeal and distress as a signal to his defenders. An extreme paleness overspread his fierce countenance, but his eye was cool and calm, his hand sure, and his heart beat freely in his bosom. Yet he did not deceive himself as to the probable result of the contest in which he was about to engage; he only wished, in sacrificing his life, to die like a valiant knight, with his face turned towards his enemy.

"To business," exclaimed Esau and Zedekiah. The former turned his eyes affectionately towards the daughter of Samuel, but every time he chanced to encounter the sorrowful glance of the poor child, his bronzed cheeks became purple.

"One instant," said Tom Burdett, pushing aside his companions, and advancing towards the king. "Sire," said he, "if I delivered your brother, tied hand and foot, to you, as I am going to deliver you to him, how much would you give me?"

"I would pave the road from the Alcazar to the rebel's camp with marabolins," said the king, proudly.

"Zounds!" cried Burdett, "however, little Don Enrique has proved himself a good brother, yet I can see that generosity is a family virtue. The capturing of your sacred person is good fortune in earnest."

"But you have not got me yet; Captain Pillager," said the undaunted king.

"Patience, honoured sir," replied Burdett, "you will lose nothing by waiting." While speaking he quietly took from his chest a number of cords with slip knots.

Don Pedro saw these preparations without exhibiting the least emotion, but Rachel more and more terrified at this frightful scene, threw herself at the feet of the adventurer, saying to him, "Sir Knight, the king is your prisoner. It is easy to see that he cannot resist so many enemies, and you, who are so good a lance, so redoubtable a captain, above all; but instead of selling him to Enrique, who would put him to death, fix the price of his ransom and save him; you know it is customary. The lives and liberty of prisoners are often bought with money. Why not accord to Don Pedro what you have granted to a thousand others? Why should you wish for his death? What harm has he ever done you?"

And, as Burdett turned towards his companions, she continued; "Oh, do not consult them! they are traitors, they hate Don Pedro, but, if you consent, they will not dare

oppose you, they will obey; besides, you, the captain of an English company, are you afraid of four Sevillian Jews?"

Burdett, who saw in this proposition the means of attaining his object without striking a blow, feigned to be softened. "Gently, my belle," said he, "do not agitate yourself; from pure courtesy and chivalry, we will see if we cannot do something for you. In fact, I have an hatred against that ferocious lord, who is, notwithstanding, prepared to thrust his dagger into me; and, however little I may find my account in it—"

"No; no pity for Don Pedro," interrupted Esau.

"No pity for him," repeated Zedekiah and the other Jews.

"Not so much noise, my lambs," said Tom Burdett, roughly. "Do you think, in speaking of ransom to the King of Castile, that I wish to rob you of your share?"

"To talk of ransom," said Don Pedro, shrugging his shoulders, "I must first be your prisoner."

"You hear him," said Esau, "he braves us; and we lose or time in hesitating."

Rachel darted towards Ben Levi, and stretching out her arms, "My father, save your king," she said to him.

But the latter repulsed her, saying, harshly, "Hold your tongue, accursed girl!"

The poor child then, with a desperate effort, turned to Esau Manasses. "And you, Esau," she said, "will you, too, be indifferent to my entreaties, like that marauding captain, who has a purse in the place of a heart? Will you repulse me like my father? Will you be less considerate and lenient to the supplicating Rachel now than you were yesterday? Oh, Esau! hate me, despise me, curse me; say that I am a foolish vain girl for daring to love Don Pedro—a culpable and lost girl for not having rejected his love—accuse me of weakness, of caprice, of degradation—I will accept that as a just punishment. But, if you yet remember the child you loved, whom you carried in your arms—who, by a look, a smile, made you obey—if the remembrance of that pure and innocent Rachel yet makes your heart vibrate at her name, I conjure you, Esau Manasses, save Don Pedro."

Esau leant towards Rachel, and violently seizing her arm, said to her, in a low, hoarse tone, "Yes, I remember Rachel whom you invoke—poor, imprudent creature—but I have come here, it is to avenge that dear and saintly image, stricken, polluted by that man, for whom you vainly intercede. Oh! you well know your influence over me, shadow of the Rachel I loved!—deceitful phantom that appears to me to mock my credulous hopes! Yes; your voice yet softens my heart, but that tenderness is changed into rage and hatred when I see the man who has stolen your love, which I regarded as my treasure—that man who enjoys my tortures. Like Burdett, I would have treated for the liberty of the king, could I have preserved the hope of one day realising the dream of my life, at seeing absence efface from your mind the remembrance of that man, as the waves of the sea efface the traces imprinted on the sand of the shore. But to this hour your insensate love stands between him and me, and having awakened in my heart torments worthy of the condemned, you yet speak to me of pity."

"I thought you loved me," interrupted Rachel, sorrowfully.

"In wishing to save the king you have lost him," said Esau.

"Do you forget your oath," asked Rachel.

Manasses was about to answer, when Don Pedro exclaimed, "It was the oath of a renegade, Rachel."

"Yes, I am a renegade," replied Esau.

"Why may not a Jew become a Christian? The Christian king has become a Jew, in loving a daughter of my race."

"Let that blasphemy fall again on you, accursed Jews, who are gorged with the wealth of the people, and who, coward-like, betray your master, after having drawn on his head the maledictions of his people."

"But you, what have you done with our brethren?" cried the frantic Zedekiah, approaching him, his features distorted with rage.

"To disembarass yourself of the chaste and pious Queen, Blanche of Bourbon, whose virtue your suspicion and accusations attacked in vain, you loaded Daniel and Turquand, the dealers in perfumes, with wealth and honours—two of our people, tempter! Before the crime, you called them your good, your faithful Jews; but your purposes accomplished, what did you do to our brethren? Daniel and Turquand were hung by your orders."

"As you deserve to be yourself, infamous columnator!" indignantly exclaimed Don Pedro, who dagger in hand, bursting with rage, while the pupils of his eyes, horribly dilating, seemed to flash lightning.

Samel Ben Levi, encouraged by the example of the rest, and seeing that the king was lost, for five swords were raised against him, and his cry of appeal had not been answered, came forward also to insult his deserted master.

"While you sent mourning into the bosom of the noblest families of your kingdom," said he "braving the imprecations of all your subjects, I fell like a vulture on the spoils of the proscribed and dead, and filled your coffers. How have you recompensed my devotedness? I had but one child, whom I loved more than life, and you have tarnished her name with your love. May the maledictions of Heaven fall on your head!"

Don Pedro, in the midst of this deluge of cruel reproaches and cowardly menaces, preserved his presence of mind admirably.

In the meanwhile the Morisca wished also to gratify her hatred, and give vent to her revengeful feelings, before the conspirators struck their victim the last blow. She pushed the treasurer roughly aside, and bending forward, ready to precipitate herself on Don Pedro, less like a woman than a tigress.

"Since it is a question of that girl," said she to him, pointing her finger at the young Jewess, "before these men convey you hence, or kill you, for I know not which they mean to do, I must divulge to you the secrets of a heart which you have never known how to read. Do you remember, Don Pedro, those hours of rapture in which I seemed to partake of your intoxicating happiness?—in which I appeared agitated by an overpowering felicity? Well, I boldly deceived you, for I never loved you, never!—do you hear that? Yet you believed I did, and vainly imagined, silly fool as you are, that I was enraptured with the blue eyes and flaxen hair inherited from your Gothic progenitors; but the Jewess, enlightened by her jealousy, better understood the proud soul of Aixa. What I loved in you was your Alcazar, your power, your crown; and since all that has gone from you, since you have preferred a Jewess to the daughter of Mohamed, thou king without a throne, hunted mayest thou be on earth, and accursed by Heaven!"

Don Pedro received this last insult with a disdainful smile, for his eyes encountered those of Rachel, which plainly said, I at least love you only for yourself.

"By the unshorn beard of my friend, Calverley!" exclaimed Tom Burdett, with a gesture of contempt; "how much longer will you bait this brave lord like enraged mastiffs? You growl and show your teeth, but you do not bite."

In fact, the Jews, who had successively insulted the king, faced him without daring to approach nearer.

"I verily believe, captain, that all these men are sorely afraid," said Aixa, with a contemptuous laugh. "The fewer cowards, the quicker the fray."

These words produced a magical effect on the Jews. They brandished the swords and poignards they carried secreted under their robes, and narrowed the semicircle they had formed round the king. Tom Burdett, notwithstanding his ferocious courage and Herculean strength, kept himself aloof; he wanted to see how the Jews would stand the first shock against a knight so famed for his address and valour as Don Pedro.

"Accursed dogs! dare you then raise your hands against your sovereign?" exclaimed Don Pedro, advancing boldly to meet them.

The Jews retreated, frightened.

"Give me, a subject of Don Enrique—give me a chance," said Esau, with his sword upraised.

"He is no longer our king," resumed Zedekiah, who wished to see his party gain all the honour of the conspiracy. "Besides, his title cannot save him. Did he not once say to Samuel, who was alarmed at seeing the heads of the highest noblemen roll under the axe of the executioner, 'The higher the grass, the easier to mow?'"

"Not always," said a voice, at the sound of which the king started, while four swords glittered around him.

It was the voice of Ruy, the mower. The conspirators turned their heads with fright, at the same time the five royal coats of mail before-mentioned, noisily moved and bounded from the top of the pedestals on to their marble pavement, and rushed among the king's assailants as if they had been endowed with life by a magic power.

There was a moment of disorder and frightful consternation. "Treason! treason!" cried the conspirators, all at once, running round the immense hall in the hope of finding an outlet, forgetting that the only door by which they could escape had been locked by Samuel himself.

Burdett, recovering the first from the surprise, endeavoured to struggle against the three foster-brothers of the king, Ruy, Perez, and Blas, whose steel armour gave them an extraordinary advantage over the English adventurer, habited in a simple coat of mail. They attacked him as the most dangerous of the band. Pierce Neige, although a little embarrassed in his tiny guilt armour, performed wonders. Armed with a chain, at the end of which hung a ball, studded all over with sharp points, which he made whirl round him with wonderful dexterity, with shouts of laughter he drove Jacob and another Jew into one of the corners of the hall.

These wretches watched, with terrified looks, the evolutions of the iron ball, and lying close in their corner, uttered cries of horror and despair; while the archer, Diego Lopez, held the vanquished Zedekiah beneath him.

Esau, the renegade, was the only one who sustained the combat, and he walked round and round Don Pedro, like a wild beast.

Every time he attempted to spring on his prey, he felt the point of the dagger strike him in the breast, and force him to retreat; passion made his hand tremble, and his sight dim.

Don Pedro, expert in the management of arms, resolved to finish with an enemy he regarded as unworthy of him; advancing towards Esau, he compelled him to retreat step by step. It was thus he reached the

place where the chests stood, among which Zedekiah was struggling with Diego Lopez, who pressed him under his steel knee-piece. All at once the archer uttered a loud cry. The Jew had treacherously run his poignard into the throat of Diego, who was about rolling in his turn under Zedekiah, when the king, forgetting his own danger, ran to his assistance.

The renegade, profiting by his unexpected chance, threw himself on Don Pedro to strike him behind, which would have been fatal to the king, had not Rachel, prompted by the devotion with which love inspires woman, thrown herself forward and received the blow.

The sword of Esau pierced the shoulder of the young girl, the blood flowed, Rachel closed her eyes, and sinking on her knees, fell, without uttering a cry, at the feet of the king.

Don Pedro, turning round at the instant, thought her dead; then losing his sang froid, and impelled by his despair, his eyes flashing with madness, he rushed at Esau.

The renegade, alarmed at the involuntary murder he had committed, and seeing that adorable creature, for whom he would have given ten times his life, stretched on the floor, no longer offered more than a mechanical resistance.

"Rachel killed by me!" said he with the fixed look of a madman. "Rachel, accuse me not, you will be avenged. I am about to die—forgive me?"

Pierce Neige, who was still tormenting, with unmerciful malice, the two Jews he had under his hand, saw Esau, close pressed by Don Pedro, coming towards him. The shrimp suspended for a moment the torture he was inflicting on the two Jews; a sharp, whistling sound was heard, announcing that a new impetus had been given to the terrible weapon that he had in hand, and almost directly the renegade rolled heavily on the ground—the points of the iron had struck him on the ribs. Pierce Neige quickly picked up the cords that Tom Burdett, had thrown on the ground and with the assistance of the king, bound Esau Manasses with them.

"Here, Gil," then cried Diego Lopez, in a faint voice. Yet, notwithstanding his wound, the brave archer had never quitted his hold on Zedekiah, but kept him close pressed under his knee, the Jew being almost blinded by the blood which flowed from Diego's wound, drop by drop on his face.

Pierce Neige ran to the succor of his brother, who was almost exhausted from loss of blood, and quickly bound the fanatical Jew, who immediately commenced chanting a psalm to the Most High.

Of all the conspirators, Tom Burdett alone was yet contending; in vain the agile Blas had tried to surprise him from behind, by jumping on his shoulders, while Perez, creeping on the ground, attempted to lift him in the air, and make him loose his footing, and Ruy, with a poignard having a blade with jagged teeth, encircled him in his bony arms, and hugged him body to body.

The danger appeared to have tripled the strength of the bold freebooter. He had, by a violent effort, shaken off the centaur, Blas, like a troublesome fly; by a blow from his iron heel, he had thrown Perez, bruised all over, ten paces from him; as to Ruy, the mower, he had nearly pressed his breath out of his body, and when he released him, throwing him on the floor whence his body heavily rebounded, Ruy was nearly suffocated, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets.

But the brave freebooter, whose Samson-like strength had protected him against the three brothers, was to be vanquished by a child. At the moment the king summoned Burdett to surrender, and while the latter yet hoped to conquer, crossing swords with Don Pedro, Gil made sundry turns of his new kind of sling, so as to increase its force; taking the robust Englishman in flank, he aimed at him so terrible a blow, that after breaking his sword in two, the iron ball struck him on his broad chest.

The giant stumbled, stunned by the violence of the shock. This was the signal for his defeat; the three foster-brothers clung to him like an incubus of which he could not now disembarass himself. Burdett dragged Ruy, the mower, with him in his fall, and while both were struggling together on the floor, Pierce Neige and his brothers tied the adventurer fast with his own cords.

(To be continued.)

RESIST THE BEGINNING.

The Arabs have a fable of a miller who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. Said the camel: "It is very cold outside, I want to get my nose in." The nose let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced by the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not long enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave; as for myself, I shall stay where I am," said the camel to the miller.

The moral of this fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must never yield to it. We must not let even its nose in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields even in the slightest degree will soon be entirely overcome; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest mood; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

FABLES OF ZAMBRI, THE PARSEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN BY DOD GRILE.

(From the London Journal.)

A caterpillar had crawled painfully to the top of a hop-pole, and not finding anything there to intercept him, began to think of descending. "Now," soliloquized he, "if I only had a hair of wings I should be able to manage it very nicely." So saying, he turned himself about to go down, but the heat of his previous exertion, and that of the sun, had by this time ripened him into a butterfly. "Just my luck!" he growled. "I never wish for anything without getting it. I did not expect this when I came out this morning, and have nothing prepared. But I suppose I shall have to stand it." So he spread his pinions and made for the first open flower he saw. But a spider happened to be spending the summer in that vegetable, and it was not long before Mr. Butterfly was wishing himself back atop of that pole, a simple caterpillar. He had at last the pleasure of being denied a desire. *Hæc fabula docet* that it is not a good plan to call at houses without first ascertaining who is at home there.

It is related of a certain Tartar priest that being about to sacrifice a pig he observed tears in the victim's eyes. "Now I'd like to know what is the matter with you?" he asked. "Sir," replied the pig, "if your penetration were equal to that of the knife you hold, you would know without inquiring; but I don't mind telling you. I weep because I know I shall be badly roasted." "Ah," returned the priest, meditatively, having first killed the pig, "we are all pretty much alike: it is the bad roasting that frightens us. Mere death has no terrors." From this narrative we learn that even priests sometimes get hold of only half a truth.

A fox and a duck having quarrelled about the ownership of a frog, agreed to refer the dispute to a lion. After hearing a great deal of argument, the lion opened his mouth to speak. "I am very well aware," interrupted the duck, "what your decision is. It is that by our own showing the frog belongs to neither of us, and you will eat him yourself. But please remember that lions do not like frogs." "To me," exclaimed the fox, "it is perfectly clear that you will give the frog to the duck, the duck to me, and take me yourself. Allow me to state certain objections to—"

"I was about to remark," said the lion, "that while you were disputing, the cause of contention had hopped away. Perhaps you can procure another frog." To point out the moral of this fable would be to offer a gratuitous insult to the acuteness of the reader.

A dog being very much annoyed by bees, ran, quite accidentally, into an empty barrel lying on the ground, and looking out at the bung-hole, addressed his tormentors thus:—"Had you been temperate, stinging me only once at a time, you might have got a good deal of fun out of me. As it is, you have driven me into a secure retreat; for I can snuff you up as fast as you come in through the bung-hole. Learn from this the folly of intemperate zeal." When he had concluded, he awaited a reply. There wasn't any reply; for the bees never had gone near the bung-hole; they went in the same way he did, and made it mighty warm for him. The lesson of the fable is that one cannot stick to pure reason while quarrelling with bees.

An ass meeting a pair of horses, late one evening, said to them:—"It is time, all honest horses were in bed. Why are you driving out this time of day?" "Ah!" returned they, "it is so very late, why are you out riding?" "I never in my life," retorted the ass, angrily, "knew a horse to return a direct answer to a civil question." This tale shows that this ass did not know everything. [The implication that horses do not answer questions seems to have irritated the worthy fabulist.—Translator.]

A stone being cast by the plough against a lump of earth, hastened to open the conversation as follows:—"Virtue, which is the opposite of vice, is best fostered by the absence of temptation!" The lump of earth being taken somewhat by surprise, was not prepared with an apothegm, and said nothing. Since that time it has been customary to call a stupid person a clod.

A little girl in Lyons, N. Y., was choked to death by a bean in her throat, last week.

Nine hundred children have perished of cholera infantum in New York within a month.

Horace Greeley has been done in sugar by a Kansas confectioner. He looks sweetly pretty, of course.

It is said that Brick Pomeroy lost \$300,000 in his attempt to run "red-hot" journalism in New York.

A New York "doctor" has been applying oil of vitriol as a lotion for a child's mouth. He is in seclusion for the present. The child died.

The Boston Globe says that Stanley, the Herald correspondent, was "a consummate fabricator of sensation" in Omaha five years ago.

One young lady at Saratoga has four new dresses sent to her every week from town. She considers herself economical compared to some girls.

An Ohio journalist has written the heading, "Another Lie Nailed" 37,000 times during his long career. His busiest moments have been spent in the present exciting campaign.

A Missouri legislator clinched an argument against dogs the other day, by swearing that the money expended in supporting 21,000,000 dogs in the United States would buy 1,344,000,000 whisky cocktails every year.

A large diamond of the first water is reported to have been found in a Georgia gold mine. Quartz crystals, we believe, are not uncommon there, but we fear the "first water," worth \$60,000, "won't wash."

In trembling accents a young lover of Mobile, Ala., put to his sweetheart the important question of his life, and she replied with the utmost calmness and a sweet sigh of resignation, "Anything to beat Grant, dear?"

As Rev. P. W. Hobbs, of Nockmum, Tex., was coming from Seguin to that place, he was shot at five times and killed. The assassin turned out in mass and freed the party up, and have arrested one young man on suspicion.