

often threatened thee with the halter."

Ben Levi listened more attentively, and then exclaimed, tremblingly, "Don Pedro! merciful Heaven! thou hast had pity on me!"

With the help of Blas and Perez, Don Pedro then descended from the window, and returned with them through the labyrinth of dirty streets that formed the Jewry of Bordeaux. When he had traversed that quarter, he turned to his companions, and said to them, sorrowfully, "Brothers, you will not accompany me into Spain."

"What!" exclaimed Perez, "shall strangers, Englishmen and Gauls, Germans and Gascons, fight for you, while we remain at Bordeaux, with arms crossed like idle monks, beseeching Heaven to give you victory?"

"God will protect me," replied Don Pedro, "but I leave my heart at the Castle of Larnac with her whom no one protects, and whose death so many fanatics have sworn to compass? Will you abandon her when I confide her to you? If you do not guard her, I will throw myself at the first attack into the midst of the enemy's battalions, and will never leave them with life. While Rachel lives, I hope to conquer; Rachel dead, I seek but to die."

Six days afterwards, the army of the Black Prince was on the march to Spain, with the King of Castile at its head; the foster-brothers ad, but resigned, remained at the Castle of Larnac.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—The Skirmish.

Don Enrique, now no longer the humble Count of Trastamara, but the powerful King of Castile, had just pitched his camp in the neighbourhood of Navaretto, having under his banners upwards of sixty thousand men, without reckoning the French and Bretons. But it was not this multitude that inspired him with the confidence which he felt in the issue of the war; it was the arm and genius of Bertrand Duguesclin, the only knight whose fame could balance the renown of the Black Prince.

He had, besides, another auxiliary, more formidable than spy or traitor, more disastrous than the lance or the sword. That auxiliary was hunger, which had invaded the enemy's ranks.

The English, on their march, saw only towns abandoned, and villages stripped and deserted; the peasants driving their cattle before them, after burning whatever crops they were unable to carry away. It was no purpose that Tom Burdett gallantly led the marauders; they encountered little but empty habitations and burnt granaries.

Famine decimated the English army, and in the camp of Don Pedro the tents after sunset remained dark, and enveloped in profound silence.

Those of the Spaniards, on the contrary, as soon as day closed, were brilliantly lighted up; their jovial songs resounded in the night air; they drank, they jested, they made merry, for abundance reigned in the camp of Don Enrique.

The night was differently spent by the followers of Don Pedro; bands of rough determined fellows, eager for pillage and devastation, after covering their armour with linen cloaks, overspread the country, falling like vultures on castles and farms, which they sacked, carrying away without pity whatever provisions, forage, and cattle they could lay their hands on.

Towards the border of a small river near Navaretto, stood a farm which, although but a few bow-shots from the camp of Don Enrique, had been pillaged with daring boldness by the English and Gascon freebooters.

This audacious attack, and all the scenes of pillage and murder that were enacted almost beneath the eyes of the sentinals, were but the forerunners of the fearful drama that was preparing.

The pillaged farm did not remain long unoccupied. The jovial host, Master Bouchard, that ardent admirer of Duguesclin, unable to resist the desire of witnessing the feats of arms of his favourite hero, had closed his inn, turned his little property into money, and bravely joined the company of the Breton captain in the capacity of a sutler.

Arrived at Navaretto, and finding that the battle was to take place in the environs, his first care was to seek a place from which he might witness the combat without incurring any personal danger. The farm before mentioned offered peculiar attractions to Master Bouchard, for it was situated on an eminence, which commanded an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country, and, besides, as the innkeeper locally argued, having been so recently devastated, the enemy was not likely soon to visit it again.

Through the interest of Duguesclin he obtained permission to establish a canteen there.

In a few days spies announced the approach of the Black Prince with the main body.

A grand movement was made in the army of Don Enrique, and the trumpets sounded on all sides.

The Prince of Wales, no longer able to restrain the impatience of his soldiers, who felt that there was no safety for them but in victory, had promised to attack the enemy the following day, and commanded the army to be ready to march at the first sound of the trumpet, and at the third call to follow the banner of St. George. Then dismissing the troops to repose, he inspected every part of the camp. Having found everything in good order, he retired to his tent, less to sleep than to indulge in the deep and solemn thoughts

that agitate the soul on the eve of great events.

Don Pedro, who had accompanied the prince in his rounds, was as little inclined to repose, and spent the rest of the night in ruminating on the chances of the coming battle. He was still plunged in profound meditation when the trumpets sounded their three flourishes, and the English ranged themselves in battle array, and marched.

As soon as the advanced sentinals of Don Enrique perceived their approach, they fell back on the camp, shouting, "To arms! the English—the English!"

The Spaniards, notwithstanding the reports of their spies, had not believed that the English would dare to attack their formidable army, and now hastened, in disorder and confusion, to form their order of battle.

At length the Prince of Wales exclaimed, with an energy that roused the hearts of all who surrounded him, "In the name of God and St. George advance!"

At that cry, every one instinctively raised weapon, the order of the prince was repeated by the captains, the companies moved forward with loud acclamations, to which the Spaniards responded with equal enthusiasm.

Don Enrique, at the head of a corps of his most able slingers, saluted the English with a shower of stones, while the Welsh archers discharged their barbed arrows against the Spaniards.

The action had begun. Deafening clamours resounded from all sides, every knight shouted his war-cry to animate his men. "Castile for Don Enrique!" "St. George for Guyenne!"

In an instant the air was darkened with showers of stones and arrows; there was a moment of confusion, during which, it was impossible to know which of the two parties had suffered most in the first shock.

One man, however, could see pretty clearly the state of affairs; it was Master Bouchard, who, with his head thrust through one of the upper windows of his inn, followed with ardour the banner of Duguesclin, as he drove before him, at the point of his sword, a whole troop of the enemy's archers.

Presently he perceived a number of Spanish and Moorish horses, as if panic-struck, at full gallop, carrying away or overthrown their riders, and precipitating themselves, at the risk of drowning, into the river.

A litter, drawn by four mettlesome mules, splendidly harnessed in the Moorish fashion, had stopped on the muddy banks, and was surrounded by four Gallic archers, who endeavoured to make the restive mules retrace their road, without troubling themselves about the two Moorish conductors, who were saving themselves by swimming.

Suddenly one of the archers opened the door of the litter, and turning to his companions, cried aloud, "A woman, a woman! The prize is good—our day's work is done."

(To be Continued.)

A YANKEE TRICK.

Just before the Declaration of Independence a Yankee peddler started down to New York to sell a lot of bowls and dishes he made of maple. Jonathan travelled over the city asking everybody to buy his wares, but no one was disposed to purchase.

It happened that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New York, and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his ware. He got a suit, by hook or crook, for history doesn't tell where he got it, and strutting up town one morning, asked a merchant if he had any wooden ware as the commodore wanted a lot for the fleet.

The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but there was some in town, and if he would send in, in the afternoon, he would supply him with pleasure.

"Very good," said the naval officer, "I will call."

Jonathan now cut for home by the shortest route, and he'd scarcely doffed his borrowed plumage, before down came the merchant, who, seeing that Jonathan had sold none of his wares, offered to take the whole if he would deduct fifteen per cent. But Jonathan said that he would be glad if he wouldn't take 'em home before he'd take a cent less than his first price.

The merchant finally paid him down in gold his price for the wooden ware which lay on his shelves for many a long day thereafter, and Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his manoeuvre, while the merchant cursed British officers ever after.

If a poor lone youth with waxed end to his moustache, should write a young lady in this city to meet him by moonlight alone, and the young lady's old mother should come in on a tangent and tan the gent until the plane of his coat-tail formed an angle with a vertical line, would the hypothenuse of the community be equal to the sum of the squares described by the young man in "gittin' away from dar'?" And if so—how?"

The day laborer who earns, with hard hand and the sweat of his face, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised by his generous motive to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

Potatoes are now so scarce in Ireland that rations of bread are supplied in their stead to the inmates of the various jails three times a week.

A WOMAN CHANGED INTO A MAN!

A WONDERFUL STORY FOR STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

The *New York World* quotes the following from the *Missouri Democrat* saying its truth is vouchsafed, but the reader may believe it or not. Some 15 years ago, at one of the principal seminaries in Ohio were two beautiful and accomplished young ladies, whom circumstances threw unusually close together. They became like the friends in Shakespeare, "a double cherry growing on one stem." They studied together, being in the same class, roomed together, ate slates pencils together, and, in their nocturnal envelopes, sat at their room window to gaze upon the moonlight and the tom-cats, who gently slept on the adjoining roof. In course of time they graduated, and each went to her home. But their friendship was not impaired by distance, and the national revenue was considerably increased by the postage on daily letters from each to the other, full of affection and not crossed more than twice. In 1863 one of them became acquainted with a gallant soldier from Iowa, holding the rank of colonel, who had distinguished himself during the war. A brief acquaintance formed during the furlough soon ripened into love, and finally culminated in a happy marriage. For two years they lived together, and under their roof no guest save happiness seemed to have been admitted. One child, the idol of its parents, was born to them. Towards the end of 1865, however, people began to notice that Mrs. — had changed considerably in appearance. Her voice, once soft and silvery, had now a genuine masculine ring. Her hands seemed no longer small and fragile, under their weight of rings, but large and bony. An indescribable change in her walk was apparent, and at last a luxuriant beard forced its way upon her face. It was painfully evident that her sex was changing. Physicians and surgeons were called in, and all were astonished, but none could prevent nature from carrying out her strange freak. The unfortunate wife, almost broken-hearted, begged of her husband to apply for a divorce. He applied for it, and it was granted.

Mrs. —, throwing off the petticoat and panier, which were hardly compatible with the beard, gave up her feminine pursuits and accomplishments, forsook the sewing machine, treated talking as a lost art, and earned her way by giving music lessons on the piano. Of music she had always been very fond, and her rare accomplishments now stood her in good stead. Through all this time, even when parted from her husband, she had been in correspondence with her faithful friend and schoolmate of years before. The changes which caused husband and friends to forsake her had no effect upon the faithful heart of her girl friend. And now comes the strangest part of this truthful and wonderful story. The school girls of 10 years ago are now man and wife. When Mrs. — developed into Mr. —, she naturally turned for consolation and friendship to her old friend and talked love, not as the school girl, but as the man. In the new character she won again the heart which was already hers. They were betrothed and married, and now live together happily in the State of Iowa, prosperous in business, and highly respected by all who know them. As a matter of course the names of the parties are withheld, on account of the prominent positions they hold in society, and to shield them from the curious gazes of all who visit their city. A correspondent of the *Democrat*, while travelling there, heard this strange story, went into their store, and made a small purchase in order to obtain a view of this strange couple. He found them both in the store. The husband may be some 28 or 30 years of age, but does not look older than a man of 25. His figure is slight and well knit. His height is about five feet five inches, and his weight may be 130 or 140 pounds. His hair is a wavy brown, almost black, and he wears a neat little moustache, but no beard.

A WOMAN'S DEFENCE OF DRESS.

For myself, I should be thankful to return to the habits of our grandmothers—buy a bonnet which would do to wear ten years; have three dresses, two for every day, and one "nice," and wear them year after year till they wear out, without alteration; also twist up my hair in a plain wad at the back of my head. I should then have more time for reading and study, and more money to spend in books and travelling, to say nothing of the unlimited time and money for doing good. And I know of very many women who would be only too happy to throw aside the wearisome shackles of fashion. But what would be the result? With the maiden, no more beaux; with the wife, a cessation of devotion on the part of her husband—results too direful to be contemplated for a moment. I speak what I know, and testify what I have seen. I have myself been to parties, and economically clad, and I was despised and rejected of men; again I have been more expensively attired, and I had more beaux than I knew what to do with.

By the way, why don't some of the wise and sensible bachelors court and marry among the vast army of working-girls? They are dressed simply, and are accustomed to habits of economy. They would be glad enough of good homes, and would make excellent wives. They are personally attractive, and, I doubt not, are quite as refined and intelligent as the average of fashionable women. Why is there not a greater demand for them as wives, and why

are not the Flora McFlimseys a drug in the market?

Let the facts speak for themselves. Be not deceived, O my brethren. With you lies the fault; from you must come the remedy—refuse to pay court to silk, panniers, frills, and chignons, and we should go to calico in battalions.

TABLETS OF MEMORY.

Who does not love at times to sit quietly down and commune with the past, with all its changes of joy and sorrow, of sunshine and shadow? True, there may be scenes in life's drama over which we would gladly throw the veil of oblivion, and forget that we have acted a prominent part therein. There may come up to us the echoes of a song, breathed out in notes of sadness long years ago, and which we had well nigh forgotten. We may find here and there by the wayside some crushed and faded flowers that will cause our heart-strings to vibrate, even now, with the most tender emotions, but only for a moment, and then to subside in painful throbbings, as the stern reality forces itself upon our minds. Perhaps we cherished some glittering hopes, and anxiously watched over the beautiful buds of promise, only to see them fade one by one away, leaving us to gather the withered fruits of disappointment. We may have drunk from the fountain of love its sweet waters, yet found at the bottom only the bitter dregs of deceit and faithlessness. It may be that when the sun of prosperity beamed the brightest, and the skies seemed the fairest, the dark clouds of adversity suddenly loomed up and enveloped us in their dreary folds, shutting out every cheering ray, and leaving us in the shadows of the night of despair.

And yet there are many green bowers in the past in which memory fondly lingers, plucking now and then a flower to add to the number already transplanted to her beautiful gardens, where the sweet buds of hope, faith, and love bloom in perpetual beauty. Ah! yes, how often she wanders away back through the dusky shadows of time, and with truthful pencil sketches each scene of life with masterly touch upon golden tablets, that anon are hid away within the utmost recesses of the heart, secure from every gaze but that of our inmost soul, when it retires to commune with itself.

There is a beautiful picture of life's morning hours, colored with the soft tints that played over the cloudless sky of infancy and childhood, when thought first took possession of her chambers, and the soul set out to reach its destination in the shoreless realms of eternity. As we view it there seems to fall upon our ears the loving tone of a mother's gentle voice, soft and low as when she used to calm our childish fears and hushed us to sleep. One by one the loved faces, so familiar in our early days, pass before us, and though long years have intervened and thrown their dusky shadows between us and our youthful hours, yet do we well remember our childhood's home, with all its dear old associations, and every nook and spot is revisited with an interest scarcely less than when our picture of fancy was a reality. The old brown cottage, with its broad, high gables, and low, moss-covered projecting eaves, stands out before us as once it did of yore. The old trees wave their branches before the door over which the clambering vines twine themselves into a beautiful archway. The little brooklet ripples along at the foot of the hill, with the same sweet song that charmed us when we wandered upon its flower-banks in childish glee. Our listening ears can almost hear the tinkling of the bell upon the hill-side pastures, and the orchard, the meadow, the wild woods, and the old familiar haunts and play-grounds seem to echo again with the voices which rang out in joyous innocence long years ago.

But a little farther on and the horizon of our existence becomes more widely extended, the mind increases in strength, and hope leads us through ambition's flowery fields. Step by step we move on in our career, new beauties presenting themselves at every turn in life's pathway, and new hopes springing up to encourage and cheer us in the performance of our duties. By-and-by the objects we have so diligently pursued and the prizes we have struggled for are gained, and then what pleasant emotions thrill through our souls as we realize that a victory has been won.

All along the course we have pursued there are sunny spots, for life is not all shadows and darkness. The seed we have planted in sorrow often springs up in a harvest of joy. The teardrops that fall so thickly at our feet turn to brilliant pearls of happiness; and the clouds that hang so drearily around us roll away before the cheering sunshine of love and sympathy. It is well for us that we sometimes pause in our journey of life, and review the tablets whereon are pictured the happy recollections of the past, for it gives us renewed strength and courage to meet the future, the unknown future, yet so full of hope and golden promise.

"Do be frank," said Mr. Smith to Miss Francis, who had been quizzing him for an hour. "But Edward, I have been Frank 25 years, and I should like to try some other name, just for a change," was the arch reply.

A gray eye is still and sly; a roughish is the brown; the eye of blue is ever true; but in the black eye's sparkling spoll, mystery and mischief dwell.

DIDN'T LIKE MUTTON.

A good story is told of the recent excellent performance of Handel's "Messiah" at the Broadway Baptist Church. A farmer took his wife to hear the grand music so splendidly rendered on that occasion, and after listening with apparent enjoyment, the pair became suddenly interested in one of the grand choruses, "We all like sheep." Next a deep base voice uttered in the most earnest tones, "We all like sheep." Then all the singers asserted, "We all like sheep." "I'm sure I don't," exclaimed old rusticus to his partner. "I like beef and bacon, but I can't bear sheep meat!" There was an audible titter in that vicinity, but the splendid music attracted attention from the pair and they quietly slipped out.

HIRING OUT.

A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wa'll, I didn't teach long—that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wa'll, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out."

"Why did you give up?"

"Wa'll I give it up for some reason or nuther. You see, I traveled into a destrict and enquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles, named my objection, introducing my self, and asked what he thought about lettin' me try my luck in the destrict. He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my handwriting. He said, no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait. 'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' says he, 'and I can tell jist's well's I heard you examined,' says he. He sot in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'able frustrated and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough; then I s'pected suthing was to pay, and I looked round. Wa'll, the door was shet and Snickles was gone!"

THEORY OF RESPIRATION.

A man's chest contains nearly two hundred cubic inches of air; but, in ordinary breathing, he takes in at one time and sends out again only about twenty cubic inches, the bulk of a full-sized orange; and he makes about fifteen inspirations in a minute. He vitates therefore in a minute the sixth part of a cubic foot—but which, mixing as it escapes with many times as much of the air around, renders unfit for respiration three or four cubic feet. The removal of this impure air, and the supply in its stead of fresh air, is accomplished thus—the air which issues from the chest, being heated to near the temperature of the living body, namely, ninety-eight degrees, and being thereby dilated, is lighter, bulk for bulk, than the surrounding air at the ordinary temperature; it therefore rises in the atmosphere to be diffused there, as oil set free under water rises. In both cases, a heavier fluid is, in fact, pushing up and taking the place of a lighter. This beautiful provision of nature, without trouble to the person, or even his being aware of it, is relieving him at every instant from the presence of a deadly though invisible poison—and replacing it with pure vital sustenance; and the process continues while he sleeps, as well as when he wakes, and is as perfect for the unconscious babe, and even the brute creature, as for the wisest philosopher. In aid of this process come the greater motions of the atmosphere, called winds, which mingle the whole, and favor agencies which maintain the general purity.

AUTOMATONS.

Some wonderful accounts are handed down of mechanism so constructed as to resemble in figure and imitate the actions of mankind. Archytas, of Tarentum, about four hundred years before our era, is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could fly. Albertus Magnus constructed an automaton to open the door when any one knocked. The celebrated Regiomontanus made a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, saluted the emperor, and returned. He also constructed an iron fly, which flew out of his hand and returned, after flying about the room. In 1738, an automaton flute-player was exhibited at Paris, that could play on the flute in the same manner as a living performer. In 1741, Vaucanson produced a flageolet player which played the flageolet with the left hand, and beat a tambourine with the right. He also made a duck, which dabbled in the water, swam, drank, and quacked like a real duck. A Frenchman exhibited a duck in this city, seven or eight years ago, which went through several of the same operations. Automaton have been constructed which wrote, played on the piano-forte, etc. During the present century, a Swiss named Mailardes, constructed a figure representing a female, which performed eighteen tunes on the piano, and continued in motion an hour. He also made another figure representing a boy that could write and draw.