

the Prince of Wales waits for me to arrange the preparations for my departure with the vanguard, which must take place to-morrow."

"You depart to-morrow for Spain!" exclaimed Rachel, unable to conceal the joy this news gave her.

"Yes, madam, to-morrow at daybreak, with Sir Robert Knowles and Sir William Felton. We go to Castile to re-establish your well-beloved king on his throne," said he, turning away with a ferocious smile.

Rachel did not lower her eyes nor quail while she was in the presence of Burdett, but as soon as he had disappeared, she hid her burning face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

In the meanwhile, the Late Comer hastened to open the gate of the barriade. "Come," said he to the host, who knelt on the threshold with all the signs of the profoundest respect, "let us use despatch. Where are your proteges?"

"Here, sir," replied the host, pointing to Perez the miner, who, with a white wand in one hand, and his cap in the other, bowed gravely to his new master.

"This man seems suited to his employment," said Burdett, examining him attentively; "his countenance is sufficiently grave and crabbed, and I almost think I have seen him before. But you must answer for his fidelity if I take him into my service. But who are these that follow you?"

"They are the others whom I thought you wished for," answered the host.

"Oh, the deuce! so many people," said Burdett, with a grimace that demonstrated how little inclination he had for such an additional expense.

"They are honest people, very sober, inured to hardship, and very moderate in their expectations," observed Perez; "and, like me, they look much less to wages than to the honour of serving a renowned knight. You will give them whatever share of the booty you may judge proper, for they exact nothing."

"Well, well, let them stay," said the captain. "Remember, my brave fellows," he added, "that lady whom you see ascending the staircase is your mistress. You will pay her the greatest attention, and obey her as myself; but you will carefully watch that she does not go beyond the precincts of the castle, and that no one from the outside enters during my absence. You understand."

"Yes, my lord," answered the five vassals.

"Which of you is my squire?" demanded Burdett.

"I am, sir," said Blas, advancing.

"Saddle me a horse immediately," said Burdett, "for I am about to return to Bordeaux."

Blas hastened to the stables, and Burdett confided the keys of the castle to his majordomo, Perez, who had changed his name simply to that of Pierre. He then went round the building with his servants, to indicate to them the points that required particular watching.

On his return to the principal entrance, he found a horse ready, and held by Blas, whose name was transformed into Blaise. The latter, after having held the stirrup for his master, lightly mounted a horse that he had saddled for himself, in order to follow a few paces behind.

Just as Blas was preparing to follow his master, the majordomo approached him, and said, in a low voice, "Thou wilt see Pedro, wilt thou not?"

"Should I have departed but with that design," answered the squire in the same tone. "And in case the king returns with me, thou wilt know by my giving three notes with this silver whistle; and thrusting his spurs into the horse's flanks, he rode off."

"At last we are masters of the place!" exclaimed the majordomo, shaking with an air of triumph the bunch of keys which, in virtue of his office, he had charge of.

"Don Pedro told us to watch over Rachel," said Diego; "let us be doing." Each of the brothers then went his way, to fulfil the part assigned him in this hazardous enterprise.

Pierce Neige, disguised as a page, knocked gently at the door of Rachel's chamber.

Hearing the door precipitately closed, and bolted inside, "Fear nothing," whispered he through the keyhole, "I am your little friend, Pierce Neige."

Rachel uttered a cry of joy at recognising the voice, and hastened to open the door.

"Imprudent child," cried she, with alarm; "who sent you to me?"

"My great brother, Pedro," answered he, mysteriously placing a finger on his mouth.

"Be!" exclaimed Rachel, whose countenance immediately flushed with joy. "But, if the men to whom Burdett entrusted the care of this castle before his departure discover thee, they will kill thee without mercy, poor Gil," added she, drawing him into the chamber as if to hide him.

"Kill me!" said Pierce Neige; "did you not then recognise them, beautiful lady?"

"Recognise what, Gil?" demanded Rachel, hastily.

"Those terrible guards are my brothers, Diego, Blas, Ruy, and Perez," answered Gil. "We are all five in the service of Captain Burdett."

"And by what miracle?" asked Rachel.

"Don Pedro said to us, 'Watch over Rachel,' and we came accordingly. Our mission is to prevent the captain reaching you before the hour fixed for the departure of the vanguard of the English army."

Rachel hung on the neck of the child one of her pearl necklaces, and said to him, "Be-

soch Heaven, Gil, that this night passes without misfortune to all of us."

The child kissed the hand of his young mistress, and returned to his brothers.

(To be Continued.)

THE LEG.

I was never remarkable for the beauty of my features, nor the gracefulness of my figure; but I possessed a pair of well-shaped, handsome legs; and with these and the charms of my conversation, I had managed to captivate the heart of the lovely Julia D'Arincourt. At least so it was currently reported, and so I myself believed. There was always a seat for me reserved in her box at the opera; I used to attend her in her shopping; and sometimes I had the extreme felicity of driving her in my cabriolet. I had been supping at a friend's, and the bottle circulated rapidly, for my friend was a noted *bon vivant*. As the wine sunk, our spirits became proportionally elevated. We agreed each to toast our mistresses. Of course I drank the health of my adored Julia in a bumper. I heard a suppressed titter proceed from Herbert Danvers, a conceited young fellow, who had long been an unsuccessful rival of mine. When it came to his turn to pledge, he also named the fair Julia. I looked fiercely at him, and he answered me with a look as fierce. All eyes were turned on us, and my next neighbor gave me a nudge, as much as to say, "Will you endure this, Vincent?"

I had a somewhat singular oath which I always made use of in moments of excitement. I was in the habit of swearing by my right leg, which member I considered to be cast in the very mold of perfection. I had originally adopted this oath to attract notice to the lower extremities of my person; but custom had rendered it so habitual, that I now used it even when I indulged myself with a little swearing in private. "By my right leg," thought I, "he shall answer this." I rose from my chair, and adjusting my neckcloth the while, to show my *non-chalance*, I thus accosted him: "Sir, this is neither place, nor time for quarrel, but by this leg," slightly tapping it, "I swear that if you do not instantly give up all claims to the lady, whose name has just passed your lips, you shall hear from me."

"This, sir," said he, "I care not how soon." That was enough. Mr. —, who had sat next me, offered his services as my friend on the occasion, and the harmony of the company was restored. Myself and rival each affected an hilarity and vivacity of spirits more than usual, as a proof of our unconcern. The party broke up at a late hour, and we all departed with dizzy heads, stout hearts, and staggering steps. My valet awoke me at twelve next morning, and informed me that Mr. — was waiting my leisure. I quaked at the recollection of my last night's adventure. He was ushered in. "Don't disturb yourself, my dear fellow," he began, "all's settled, all's right; I've arranged it amicably." "Thank God," ejaculated I, and my countenance brightened up. "I knew you would be delighted," he continued, "Danvers's second appeared wishful the affair should be off. 'No, no,' said I, 'no flinching—Vincent will never consent to that—they must fight.' And so my dear sir, we have settled it—time, place, and weapons."

My countenance fell alarmingly, and I cursed the busy fellow in my heart most vehemently. Four o'clock was the hour fixed for the meeting, and I employed the interval in making a few alterations in my will, and arranging my papers. A full half hour before the time, my second made his appearance, for he was a professed duellist, and seemed to enjoy the business exceedingly. We proceeded to the appointed spot—the signal was given—bang went the pistols—I sprang up three or four feet in the air; alas! that spring was the last I ever made—the bullet had passed through my right leg. My own shot was near being fatal, for it took off one of my opponent's whiskers. I was conveyed home, and lay for several days in a senseless state. When I recovered, oh, horrors of all horrors! I was but a portion of a man—the accursed surgeon had amputated my leg; that beautiful, that treasured limb—my right leg! I raged, swore, stamped—no not stamped, of that I was now incapable. I execrated the whole tribe of surgeons. I would rather have died a thousand deaths than to have been thus shockingly mutilated. Life, I detested it; what was life without my leg? I vented my wrath on my valet for allowing the awful deed to be perpetrated on his master; but I saw the dog laugh in his sleeve, for he knew I could not pick him. My first sensations were of a peculiar nature. When any of my intimate friends came to condole with me on my calamity, they would sometimes seat themselves on the side of my couch; and I often twitched away my stump, thinking my leg reclined on the place where they were about to be seated, and exclaim, "Take care of my leg!" These slight intervals of forgetfulness only made me feel my actual loss more grievously, and I muttered, "My leg!—What leg? I have no leg!" At times it seemed as though I felt the twinging of my toes, and involuntarily put down my hand to the spot they should have occupied, only to find it vacant. Once, too, when my strength was fast returning, after waking from a refreshing slumber, I sprang out of bed, as had formerly been my custom, entirely forgetting my loss, until I came down at full length on the floor. When my health was perfectly restored, I gave orders for a wooden leg. A wooden leg? Oh, insupportable! Oh, heavy hour! It came home, and was buckled to my unfortunate

stump. "Must I endure all this," thought I, "must I drag about this vile piece of timber during the remainder of my existence? Must I live on, a very romantic of human nature—an unnatural unity of flesh and timber, a walking scarecrow, a grotesque figure moving along on a cursed lump of wood! Truly I must. My favorite amusement, the dance, must be abjured; I was for ever debarred from 'ambling in a lady's chamber; or, rather, I could now do nothing else but amble. I soliloquized in a style something like Othello's:

"Oh, now for ever Farewell to music's sound! Farewell the dance! Farewell the gay quadrille's, and gallopes, That make existence pleasure, oh, farewell! Farewell the taper foot, and the sweet smile, The soft voluptuous form, the dear delicious whirl, The squeaking fiddle—and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious waltz! And, oh, ye mortal beauties, whose bright eyes The immortal Jove's dread lightnings counterfeited, Farewell! Alas, my dancing days are gone!"

I practised three days in my room, with my new member, before I ventured abroad; alternately cursing duels, surgeons, and wooden legs. At length I sallied out, but had not proceeded many paces, ere I was annoyed beyond endurance at the thumping noise which was produced each time that my auxiliary limb descended to the ground. I was seized with a strange desire, an irresistible inclination, to count the sounds that were emitted when my leg came in contact with the pathway. I strove to divert my attention from this circumstance, yet still every other minute I caught myself numbering my steps. "One, two, three," and so on. "Confound the stump," said I, "if it would but move in quietness, I might, perchance, enjoy a moment's forgetfulness of my misery; but every step reminds me of my misfortune, each thump increases my unhappiness." I strode away, without being able to get rid of the habit of reckoning my paces, until, almost unconsciously, I arrived at the abode of Julia D'Arincourt. A bright idea struck me. "I will try her heart. I will put her fidelity to the test," I said. "If she really loved me, the loss of a limb will not alter her feelings towards me; but she will cherish more tenderly the portion of me which still remains. If she scorn me, then farewell love, and farewell Julia D'Arincourt." I rang the bell, and was shown in. I began to ascend the lofty staircase, and thought I should never reach the top. "One, two, three," I commenced. I never knew the quantity of stairs which led to her drawing-room before that day. I heard, or fancied I heard, a giggling, as the servant announced my appearance, and my face became of a crimson hue. I stumped in, and beheld my rival, Herbert Danvers, the cause of all my sorrows, seated by the fair Julia's side. She proceeded to condole with me very ceremoniously, on what she termed my "shocking mishap;" and ever and anon she turned from me, and cast a languishing glance on Danvers. My blood boiled tumultuously, and I determined to come to an explanation with her before I quitted the house. I requested a few minutes private conversation. She looked at me with evident astonishment, and informed me that whatever communication I had to make, might be made before Danvers, who was entirely in her confidence. I put on one of my most pathetic looks. "Is it come to this," said I. "Well, so be it then. She whose heart changes in the hour of misfortune, is no fit mate for me. Adieu then, Julia, I leave you for ever, and may you never have cause to repent of your perfidy."

I rushed from her presence, and the clamour produced by the speed of my exit, was greeted with a peal of laughter from my false mistress and my unfeeling rival. As I was about to descend the stairs, I heard him repeating the following words from one of Hood's ballads:—

"Before you had those timber toes,

Your love I did allow;

But then, you know, you stand upon

Another footing now."

"Inhuman villain," muttered I; and in the hurry of my descent, I made a false step, and was precipitated headlong down stairs. I was assisted to rise by the servants, who, I could plainly see, had much ado to keep their countenances. I darted into the street, and fled along with a velocity which was absolutely terrific, considering my mutilated condition. The boisterous merriment of the populace accompanied me in my flight, but it had only the effect of adding to the rapidity of my progress.

I reached my home. A large fire was blazing in the first room which I entered. I wrenched from my stump the infernal wooden leg, and thrust it into the flames. With a grim delight I beheld it gradually reduced to ashes. "Perish," I exclaimed, "vile caricature of a leg; never again will I be indebted to thee for support; never will I be doomed to drag about that horrid block of degradation!" What was next to be done? I ordered a cork leg, and it was six weeks before I again ventured abroad, when I was enabled to move about something like my former self. I determined to quit London, and proceed to some distant place, where my misfortune might remain unknown, for I could not bear the thought of living where I might at any time hear my mutilation made the subject of discourse. I broke up my establishment in town, and having got rid of my servants, travelled alone to the place of my destination,

which was situated so far from the metropolis, that I thought I should not stand the slightest chance of meeting with any one who could remind me of my loss.

I took up my abode in a small, but beautiful village in Yorkshire, and was soon on terms of intimacy with the respectable portion of the inhabitants. At one dwelling I became a frequent visitor. The members of the family were all unaffected and amiable, and on the heart of a blooming girl, the only daughter of the master of the mansion, I soon began to imagine I had made a favourable impression.

Time passed delightfully, and I was on the point of making a declaration, and asking permission to pay my addresses in form, when I was startled by an unexpected apparition.

I called next day, just to enquire after the health of the family, and pass a pleasant hour in conversation. The first person I beheld seated in the drawing-room was an individual with whom I formerly had a slight acquaintance in London. I shrank from his gaze, as I would have done from the eye of a ravenous beast. It was in vain; he instantly recognized me, and shook me cordially by the hand, whilst I would as soon have placed my fingers in a cauldron of molten lead as within his grasp. I, however, pretended to be glad to see him, and we entered into conversation. I contrived to keep him for a while on subjects remote from the metropolis; but I found he would not be content until he began to talk of the events which had happened there previously to and since my departure. He achieved his purpose. I suppose he thought he had now got the discourse into the only channel which could afford me pleasure, for he rattled away with the utmost volubility, scarcely allowing any one else to speak. I, in the meantime, was sitting in a state of indescribable torture, every moment expecting him to allude to some circumstance connected with my misfortune. My expectations were realized. He was relating the particulars of some affair, the exact date of which he had forgotten. Suddenly he broke out, "Hum, ah, let me see—yes, by Jove! so it was! I now remember perfectly—it happened just previously to the time when Mr. Vincent met with his unfortunate accident."

Accident! what accident? was repeated by several voices. "Accident—oh, why his leg, to be sure—the time when he lost his leg." I waited for no more. I effected an instantaneous retreat from the house. It was my last visit, and on the morrow I bid adieu to the village for ever.

Several years have now passed since I fought the fatal duel; I have grown callous to my loss, and can even laugh when I think of the of the over-sensitiveness which formerly tormented me. I have again become a resident of the metropolis, and have the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice of a limb in all probability prevented me from sacrificing my fortune. Julia D'Arincourt became the wife of Danvers, and after a short career of extravagance and dissipation, he ended his existence in the King's Bench. I often meet my old flame, and have had sufficient proof that any proposals which might now be made by me would be thankfully accepted; but, thank God, I am not to be tempted, and can take a warning from the fate of another. So it is, that which at the time seems our greatest calamity, is often destined to prove our greatest good. As for my new leg—I can at least console myself with the thought that my right foot is never troubled with corns, and that the shoe cannot pinch in that quarter.

THE TARANTULA.

Horrible and loathsome as the rattlesnake is, and though, on the whole, he is, of course, more feared than any other creature in America, yet on the Western frontier he is not dreaded so much as the tarantula spider. This is an enemy against whom none can guard, and for whose bite no remedy has been found. Such alarm do they inspire that I have known a large party of men, who had "camped out" all through a snake country, and through the midst of hostile Indians, driven from a desirable position by discovering that tarantulas infested the spot. The tarantula spider commonly grows to the size of half a large walnut, being thick and rounded something like the half-shell, and has eight long legs, two at each corner. It is covered with long hair, and, indeed, as ugly and disgusting a reptile, or insect, or whatever it is, as can easily be seen. The people who dwell where these spiders most abound declare most stoutly that they attain a size equal to the clenched fist of a man, but I think this is a great exaggeration; at any rate, I have never seen any approach this size. I do not know if there are several varieties of the tarantula, but some are said to haunt the marshy borders of streams, while others are found in dry, rocky places. Last summer a woman in my neighborhood was bitten by one above her ankle; the poison acted quite as quickly as serpent-poison, and she was carried to the nearest town for surgical advice. I have not heard whether she lived or died; but her leg was one uniform size from the instep to above the knee—I should think eighteen or twenty inches round—and shockingly discolored and inflamed. I knew one of two men who were sleeping in a tent when a tarantula found its way in. They were both bitten by the same spider; one died, the other was scarred for life. The tarantula is more dangerous than other venomous creatures, because a light attracts it, and it will always crawl into a tent, if possible, where a light is burning. They inflict the wound with their mouths, and not with nippers or claws.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE, TORONTO TIME

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.					
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40	9.50	1.20
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10	6.20	11.30
Paris	0.00	10.25	3.23	7.50	12.57
London	6.45	12.50	5.25	0.00	2.45
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	0.00	5.05
Windsor	4.20	5.15	9.20	0.00	6.45

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Windsor	4.40	7.40	8.25	11.30	7.45
Chatham	6.05	11.00	9.55	1.10	9.10
London	6.00	8.40	10.20	12.35	3.55
Paris	7.40	10.20	0.00	2.10	6.05
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	0.00	3.35	7.35
Sus'n Br	10.55	1.00	p.m.	5.35	9.30

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.10
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40	p.m.	6.00

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35	7.40
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.15	p.m.	5.30

GRAND TRUNK EAST.

DETROIT TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30	0.00
Port Huron -	9.25	7.00	9.00	0.00
Sarnia -	10.20	0.00	9.45	0.00
London - Leave	11.20	7.30	a.m.	2.45
Stratford - Leave	1.50	0.00	1.25	9.15
Guelph -	3.45	7.30	3.10	11.05

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto -	6.22	0.00	5.37	1.05
Whitby -	8.00	0.00	7.07	8.55
Oshawa -	0.00	0.00	7.15	9.07
Bowmanville -	0.00	0.00	7.35	9.35
Port Hope -	9.25	0.00	8.30	10.30
Cobourg - Arrive	9.40	0.00	8.55	10.45
Cobourg - Leave	9.55	0.00	9.15	11.00
Belleville -	11.30	0.00	11.15	1.00
Napanee -	12.15	0.00	12.00	2.05
Kingston -	1.10	0.00	1.35	3.15
Brockville -	3.00	0.00	3.35	5.15
Ottawa -	10.00	0.00	12.00	noon

Prescott Jn - Arr	3.00	0.00		
Prescott Jn - Lve	3.35	0.00	4.10	5.45
Cornwall -	5.50	0.00	6.25	7.45
Montreal - Arrive	8.00	9.10	9.30	10.30

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	6.00	9.00
Cornwall -	11.00	0.00	9.15	11.40
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25	1.30
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00	6.15
Kingston -	4.05	0.00	2.00	4.00
Cobourg -	8.25	0.00	6.15	8.10
Bowmanville -	9.35	0.00	7.35	0.00
Oshawa -	10.00	0.00	8.00	0.00
Whitby -	10.12	0.00	8.12	0.00
Toronto - Arrive	11.30	0.00	9.30	11.00

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Toronto - Lve	11.30	3.45	7.30	11.45
Guelph -	1.50	5.28	9.25	1.55
Stratford -	3.30	7.45	12.15	3.45
London Arrive	0.00	9.10	2.10	10.45
Sarnia -	6.45	0.00	3.30	7.30
Port Huron -	6.35	11.06	3.30	7.30
Detroit - Arrive	9.15	4.05	6.05	10.00

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Moving North.		Moving South.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto	7.00	4.00	Collingwood 5.05
Newmarket	8.50	5.30	Barrie 6.50
Barrie	10.30	7.35	Newmarket 8.50
Collingwood	12.25	9.20	Toronto 10.35

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

GOING NORTH.			
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Toronto	7.05	3.50	
Markham	8.30	5.10	
Uxbridge	9.45	6.35	
Midland Junction	11.35	8.25	
GOING SOUTH.			
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Midland Junction	6.30	2.00	
Uxbridge	8.05	3.35	
Markham	9.20	5.10	
Toronto	10.45	6.40	

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for New York, Boston, and all points south.				
Going North.				
	p m	a m	p m	a m
Prescott Wharf, depart	1 15	6 30	4 10	2 00
Prescott Junction	1 30	6 40	4 20	2 20
Ottawa arrive	3 50	9 20	5 50	2 30