

ing the bridle of the king's horse, and so rapidly did they advance that they speedily outstripped the cortege. Presently the loud and continuous roaring of the winds aroused the bishop from his reverie; and, looking up, he was startled to see the immense whirlwind of sand which surrounded him, and completely separated him from his followers; now and then a half-stifled shriek struck upon his ear; or the full wild cry of a horse as it sunk beneath the moving sands would come like a death warning to his coward heart; and then the air became so dark that it was impossible to distinguish any object at a few paces distance. Don Pedro still advanced, and excepting the bitter smile upon his lips, he might have been a statue, so calmly did he regard the dangers around him.

At length, overcome by his terrors, Augustin Gudiel exclaimed, "Save me, oh save me, my liege lord!" at the same time cutting the bonds which held the king, who, urging his horse forward, said, contemptuously, "Dost thou ask pardon of me? me! whom thou wouldst so treacherously have given up."

"Help! help!" shrieked the bishop, who, having lost the support of Don Pedro's powerful steed, and unable to manage his mule, was rapidly sinking: "help me, and I will serve you; I will betray the Count of Trastamara into your hands!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the king, "I need not your services; if I save you, it will be the servant of the Church and not the traitor whom I rescue."

The mule was gradually sinking, and its struggles only increased the danger; again Augustin implored for help. "Well mayest thou fear death," said the king; but the bishop heard nothing, saw nothing except his own danger. At this moment the mule plunged fearfully, and Gudiel disengaged himself from the saddle, alighting on the sands, into which he would inevitably have sunk had not Don Pedro, with admirable dexterity, assisted him with his hand.

"Come," said the king, "follow my example, we must leave the horse and mule to their fate; cast yourself flat on the sand, and by good fortune you may escape," and as he spoke he threw himself down, the bishop did the same, and after half-an-hour's painful labour they arrived at a spot where the sand became much firmer, and where they could walk at their ease.

The rain continued to fall heavily, and they took shelter beneath some large trees which stood near. Presently the bishop was startled by a man who appeared to drop from the clouds, another and another followed, until he was surrounded by men whom he took to be bandits laying in wait for travellers; in fact, one demanded his purse, which he surrendered with as good a grace as possible, and the others turned round towards the king. Augustin took this opportunity to whisper to the man a few words.

"What?" exclaimed he, "shall we obtain a large ransom for that man? who will give it for him?"

"Don Enrique, King of Castile; this is Don Pedro the dethroned."

"Don Pedro of Castile!" shouted the man, "long live the true king!" and his companions echoed the cry with enthusiasm.

Don Pedro now came forward. "Did you not know me," said he.

"Ah," replied Diego Lopez, for they were his foster-brothers, "we thought you dead, lost in the shipwreck; we ourselves have wandered hungry and half-naked about the coast the last three weeks; but who is the wretch who would betray you, let him at once expiate his crime?"

"No," replied the king, "I have pardoned him; his person is sacred; he is the Bishop of Segovia; leave him to the judgment of Heaven; and you, Ruy, if your skill serves you, lead us back to Bordeaux."

The storm was well nigh over, and Ruy, acting as guide, led them by a narrow, though safe path back towards the forest of Larnac, whither Augustin Gudiel cautiously followed them at a distance.

Suddenly Gudiel saw a peasant tottering along one of the paths of the forest carrying a mattock over his shoulders. He did not pay much attention to him, but only quickened his pace to follow the little troop closer. The serf came towards him, they looked at, and recognised each other. Gudiel trembled.

"God is just!" said the peasant, in a calm firm voice. Augustin endeavoured to pass on, but Daniel, for it was he, putting his hand on him, said, "My children are dead from hunger; my wife died mad; and I shall die of grief and misery, because thou made me reject the alms of the Jewess."

Gudiel, alarmed, let his purse (which had been returned to him) fall into the hand of the peasant, who indignantly threw it on the ground and put his foot upon it.

"Thou givest alms too late, sir," he cried; "gold remunerates not the dead."

Gudiel still endeavoured to pass on. He dared not answer, he foresaw some forcible and implacable resolution in the voice and gesture of that serf.

"Say thy prayers," said the peasant, coldly, as he twined his mattock with frightful rapidity over the head of Augustin, who fell on his knees, crying, "Help, help, Don Pedro!"

"My prayer is not finished," answered Gudiel, in an almost inarticulate voice.

The peasant paused, and Don Pedro coming up, seized the arm of Daniel. "Let that man go in peace," said he, "he has driven me from my kingdom; he has torn from me her whom I love. Just now he wanted to sell me the very hour after I had saved him from the raging sands; yet I have pardoned him because he is a minister of God."

Daniel regarded the king with a savage smile. "Good king," replied he, "you will return to your kingdom—you will see again your mistress—you are saved—you are free. Let me, then, execute my task; it is but justice." And turning towards Gudiel, "Art thou ready to appear before thy Maker?" said he.

"But this man is a priest!" exclaimed Don Pedro. "Thou wilt be accursed."

"I know it," returned Daniel, grinding his teeth, "but I shall have avenged my wife and children. I am a miserable and proscribed serf, I have nothing more to hope for, nothing more to love. He also will be accursed—we shall soon meet together."

Augustin, encouraged by the presence of Don Pedro, endeavoured to profit by the apparent inattention of the peasant, by throwing himself on him and trying to drag his weapon out of his hand; but Daniel, who, while talking to Don Pedro, kept a strict watch on his victim, retreated a few steps, and struck him a violent blow on the head with his mattock.

The Bishop of Segovia fell on the sand a bleeding corpse.

The serf, stupefied at his crime, threw the mattock down. Then turning to Don Pedro and his foster-brothers, "I seek not to flee," said he to them. "Go find the provost, but make haste, or I shall be dead before he comes." His knees trembled, he was powerless as an infant; in that horrible murder he had exhausted the remainder of his energy and strength.

"Heaven is my witness!" exclaimed Don Pedro, "that I wished to save the life of that unfortunate man."

"The reptile dead, the poison is dead too," muttered Daniel, as he fell on the sands red with the blood of the bishop, murmuring, "May you be blessed, noble king, you and the Jewess, for your generosity. At the expense of my soul I have avenged you both."

"The hand of God has pressed heavily on this man," said Don Pedro, sadly. "Let us now endeavour to arrive at Bordeaux before the closing of the gates, for I have need, my valiant brothers, to put your courage and address to the proof. Rachel is by this time the wife of Captain Burdett, and with your assistance I hope to see her again. The brave men who ventured to introduce themselves into the Jewry of Seville, will not fear penetrating into the den of the English freebooter?"

"We are at your orders," replied Diego Lopez.

"Well, let us march," said the king, "and as we proceed, I will give you my instructions respecting the perilous enterprise I wish you to undertake."

When Don Pedro and his foster-brothers re-entered Bordeaux, their plan was completely arranged, and it only remained to put it into execution.

(To be Continued.)

MY NOSE.

If ever there was a mortal who suffered undeservedly, that mortal is myself. I am guilty of no enormous crime. I am not one of those persons who look after everybody's business except their own. I am tolerably charitable; that is, rather than be pestered by the importunities of a beggar, I throw him a penny. I am a regular attendant at church, and though I sometimes fall asleep during a long sermon, I do not scoff at the parson when I awake. I am not given to liquor, except when oppressed with sorrow, which, unfortunately, is too often the case; and even then I am not quarrelsome. This last good quality some of my kind friends account for by saying I am a coward; but such an assertion, I assure the reader, is perfectly unfounded. And yet, though possessed of these and numerous other negative qualifications, I am scorned, laughed at, despised, shunned, and made miserable. And all for what? Because I have a nose! "A nose!" methinks I hear the reader exclaim, "why, so has everyone." Ah, reader, but mine is no common nose—would that it were. Didst thou ever read Shakespeare's description of Bardolph, whose monstrous proboscis is compared to an ignis-fatua? If so, thou mayst form a faint idea of my most prominent feature, though no description can paint to thee my nose as it really is, decorated with its ruddy pimples and quizzical twists. Yet, Heaven knows, its present appearance has not been caused by intemperance, or any other excess; it has "grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength," until it has gained its now unseemly ponderosity.

I have no friend to whom I can impart my sorrows, and therefore, reader, though thou art an utter stranger to me, I have made a choice of thee for a confidant. Patient reader—if thou art not patient, throw aside this record of misery, for be assured I shall quickly put thy patience to the test—it may seem strange to thee why, and for what reason, a single feature should make me so unhappy; "bear with me a little longer," and I will pour into thine ear a tale "whose slightest word shall harrow up thy soul." I am one of the

most sensitive and bashful beings in the world, so that I cannot walk the streets without meeting with a host of vexations; and the most petty slight or insult will rankle in my memory for days and weeks. No one can take a hint sooner than myself, and if I am in company, which latterly happens but seldom, and an allusion of a disagreeable nature is made to any one, I examine it in all its bearings with painful nicety, until I construe it as being applied to me. This unfortunate disposition has caused me endless uneasiness. If there be a whisper, I am instantly on the alert to catch its meaning, for I fancy myself and nose are the subjects of conversation, and consequently sit on thorns. I have heard of people being haunted by spectres, that make it a rule of regularly becoming visible at a certain hour of the night; but this amounts to nothing, when compared to the manner in which I am haunted by nose. By night and by day it is ever before my eyes, saluting me with its fearful length and redness. "Oh! for a long, long sleep, and so forget it!" Never do I walk forth without my being greeted by the vulgar with some very offensive appellations. Innumerable are the ill-natured names that have been heaped upon me by the lower class—of which "nosy" is the most common. Many a time have I hurried away, like a dog with a canister at his tail, when pestered by a group of graceless urchins, following and shouting after me; and when I have gained my destination, I have cursed my nose, and wept out of pure vexation. The more respectable class do not express themselves so openly, but then their astonished looks, and significant smiles, speak daggers to me. Every step which I take, some wandering eye is fixed upon me, and so am I annoyed by these gazes, that my cheeks have generally a blush of as deep a crimson as that which tinges my nose, rendering me still more conspicuous. To add more to my distresses, I am remarkably fond of females, yet such is the peculiarity of my countenance that I am entirely unfitted to their society. Wilt thou believe it reader, I was once desperately in love; and I had the assurance to declare my passion, and as thou mayst suppose, was unsuccessful in my suit. If thou art not already tired with my prosing, I will relate to thee the progress and catastrophe of this unfortunate affair.

The only house at which I felt myself comfortable, was the dwelling of a young man who had been my school-fellow, and who ever took my part, and repressed the insults and tricks which my fellow-students were accustomed to play upon me, on account of the deformity of my face—for even when at school my nose was of an alarming dimension. My old school-fellow introduced me to his father and sisters, and though, at first sight, it was difficult for them to restrain their visible faculties at my grotesque appearance, they soon grew familiar with me; and as I am naturally good tempered and obliging, I soon became a sort of favorite with the family. I was at first somewhat galled by the smothered titters, and ill-concealed mirth of the servants, when I entered the house; however, I was pretty liberal in my bounty to them, so that their marks of rudeness soon passed away. My friend had three sisters, and when in their company, I was often so charmed that I forgot my nose, and all the taunts and uncomplaisances I had experienced on its account, and exerted myself to the utmost to please them in return. The young ladies were all lovely, but by far the most beautiful, in my eyes, was the youngest, whose lively simplicity, and arch and expressive glances, made a complete conquest of my poor heart. Love stole upon me imperceptibly, and I was over head and ears before I discovered my situation. Reader, didst you ever feel a deep yet almost hopeless attachment? If not, thou canst have no idea of what I suffered. It was in vain that I endeavored to reason myself out of my passion, every day it became stronger. I resolved to try what effect absence would produce upon me, and refrained from visiting my fair enslaver for the space of a week. At the end of that period I was still worse, and found that I could hold out no longer. I, therefore, went to the house more frequently than ever, and at every visit drank large draughts of love. I at length resolved to brave all, and bring my amour to a crisis by revealing my sentiments. My nerves were braced to the extreme pitch when I sallied forth to execute my purpose, and to increase my courage I had fortified myself by swallowing a few extra glasses of port. I walked into the house with a firm step, and just opportunely for my purpose, found my enchantress alone. This was the most eventful moment of my existence. I was kindly invited to take a chair, and encouraged by the bland manner in which the words were spoken, I drew my seat near her. A short time elapsed in exchanging common-place civilities, and as I was afraid of losing the precious opportunity, I cast an anxious look round the room, to be assured that there were no listeners, and then commenced to speak. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and denied me utterance; the chairs and tables seemed to be amusing themselves by dancing round the apartment, and my heart beat as though it were keeping time to their movements. This lasted for a few moments, and then I managed to stammer out my meaning. What I said, I know not; but this I know, I did express myself so as to become sufficiently intelligible, and no sooner had I finished my declaration, than my fair one riveted her eyes on my nose, and after striving to no purpose to repress her mirth,

burst into a long and loud fit of laughter, and ran from the room. Whether, from the excess of my feelings, I fainted, or how I got out of the house, I am utterly at a loss to conceive. The first thing that I recollect is, finding myself in the street, walking at a terrible rate, without a hat, and with a train of boys at my heels. I gained my door, rushed in, fancied my blood had attained such a heat that it bubbled like boiling water, and threw myself, quite exhausted, on a couch.

My mistress and my nose were constantly before me, and my visions became of the most frightful description. Once I dreamt that my nose had been transformed into a rocket, had shot from my face, and set the bed curtains on fire. In my eagerness to escape from the flames, I was on the point of jumping out of the window, when I awoke. Another time I dreamt that I had found favor with my mistress, and was preparing to greet her with a kiss, when she assumed the shape of a demon; a pair of wings jutted from her shoulders, and seizing me by the nose, she sprung with me into the air, and alighting on the top of a steep precipice, plunged me into a dark and dread abyss. When I arrived at the bottom, the shock awoke me, and I found that I had leapt down stairs and bruised myself in the most pitiful manner.

But why do I trouble thee, good reader, with my sorrows! Why do I complain of what cannot be remedied? I have consulted physicians innumerable as to the means of removing this cursed protuberance from my face. I have rubbed it with all kinds of ointments; nay, I have even thought of getting it amputated, but this, I am told, would prove fatal. Poverty may be surmounted by perseverance and industry; ill-health may be got the better of; in short, for all other human evils there is a remedy, but a long nose will attend its own to the grave. Pray, reader, that thou mayst never be cursed like him who has obtruded his nose and sufferings upon thy notice.

FIXED IDEAS.

In the Mind of Man—That he is overworked. That his constitution requires stimulants. That, if he had them, he could at this moment invest a few hundreds to the greatest advantage. That smoking is good for his nerves, his worries, his literary pursuits, his tooth-ache, &c. That he ought to belong to a Club. That he could reform the Army, do away with the Income-tax, manage the Railways better, and make a large fortune by keeping an Hotel. That he knows a good glass of wine. That he could win a heap of money if he were to go to Homburg. That medicine is all humbug. That he could preach as good a sermon himself. That he should soon pick up his French if he went abroad. That he must win on this year's Derby.

In the Mind of Woman—That she has nothing fit to put on. That things ought to be bought because they are cheap. That there is company in the kitchen. That she is not allowed sufficient money for housekeeping. That she never goes out anywhere. That her best black silk is getting awfully shabby. That she requires a change about the month of August. That her allowance is too small. That she never looks fit to be seen. That cook drinks. That there is always "a glare." That there is somebody in the house. That Mrs. Orpington is dreadfully gone off, or dreadfully irate up, or not so very good-looking, after all.

GUESSING ON HORSEBACK.

A young lady of Massachusetts, who was an ardent admirer of Wendell Phillips, and a firm advocate of prohibition, when riding from her father's country seat to a neighboring village, met a young man on foot, who was carrying a suspicious-looking jug. She at once reined in her horse, and asked him what he had in his jug.

Looking up with a comical leer, he simply winked one eye and smacked his lips, to indicate that it was something good.

The young lady, supposing he meant alcohol, immediately began to talk temperance, but her auditor requested the privilege of first asking her just one single question.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"It is this," he replied, "Why is my jug like your side saddle?"

She could not tell.

"It is because it holds a gal on," said he.

"What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued: "Young man, do you not perceive—"

TRAVELLERS GUIDE, TORONTO TIME

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The Shortest and Quickest route from Toronto to Ottawa.

FOUR TRAINS DAILY, MAKING CERTAIN CONNECTIONS WITH GRAND TRUNK R. R.
And with the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain, and the Rome and Watertown railways, for New York, Boston, and all points south.

	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Prescott Wharf, depart	1 15	9 30	4 10	2 00
Prescott Junction	1 30	9 40	4 20	2 20
Ottawa arrive	3 50	10 20	6 50	3 15

Going South.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Ottawa, depart	10 30	12 50	5 10	10 00
Prescott Junction	12 40	3 40	12 05	3 05
Prescott Wharf, ar	12 40	12 50	12 15	3 15

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Suspension Br.	7 00	12 40	4 10	9 50	1 20
Hamilton	7 20	9 00	2 10	6 20	1 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 20	7 45	8 25	11 30	7 45
Chatburn	6 05	11 20	9 55	1 10	9 10
London	6 00	8 40	10 00	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.	p.m.	a.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.	a.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

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Stratford - Leave	1 50	0 00	1 25	9 15
Guelph	3 45	7 30	3 10	11 05
Toronto - Arrive	6 00	10 15	5 25	1 05

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto	6 23	0 00	5 37	1 05
Whitby	8 00	0 00	7 07	3 55
Oshawa	8 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

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Bellefleur	11 30	0 00	11 15	1 00
Napamese	12 15	0 00	12 00	2 05
Kingston	1 10	0 00	1 35	3 15
Brockville	1 30	0 00	3 35	5 15
Ottawa - Arrive	10 00	12 00	noon	12 00

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Prescott Jn - Arr	2 00	0 00		
Corwall - Lve	3 25	0 00	4 10	5 45
Corwall - Lve	5 50	0 00	6 25	7 45
Montreal - Arrive	8 00	9 10	9 30	10 30

TORONTO TO DETROIT.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Lve	11 30	3 45	7 30	11 45
Guelph	1 50	5 25	9 25	1 35
Stratford	3 30	7 45	12 n.a.	3 45
London - Arrive	0 00	9 10	2 10	10 45

NORTHERN RAILWAY.
Moving North.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.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 20	9 20	Toronto	10 35

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.
GOING NORTH.

	a.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.
Midland Junction	6 30	2 00
Uxbridge	8 05	3 35
Markham	9 20	5 10
Toronto	10 45	6 40

CANADA CENTRAL AND BROCKVILLE AND OTTAWA RAILWAYS.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Leave Brockville	8 30	2 15	3 2	
Leave Ottawa	7 00	10 00	4 20	6 00
Arrive at Sand Point	12 50	8 00	8 20	
Leave Sand Point	6 00	9 10	3 45	

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