

munication with Jews and miscreants, and perform a public act of penance, you will escape excommunication."

"And will all these knights defend me?" demanded the king.

"Against mankind, there is not one of my vassals who will not defend you unto death, sire," answered Don Fernand de Castro.

"Long live Don Pedro!" exclaimed the crowd; but the knights remained sullen and mute. They saw themselves caught in a snare, and dreaded the future vengeance of the king whom they had so grossly insulted.

The bishop, resolving to get over the embarrassment, and to attempt a last effort to expose the dissimulation of Don Pedro, advanced towards the gates of the tower, saying, "I can now accept your hospitality, and prove to you the confidence I place in your word, Sir King."

"Be you welcome, Augustin Gudiel," answered Don Pedro; "I swear to you by my faith, that you shall leave the Castle of Lugo safe and sound."

"I fear nothing," said the bishop, boldly; "I only wish to assure myself of the sincerity of your repentance by commanding you to kneel before me, and hear the penance to which you will have to submit."

He then entered the gate of the tower, followed by four abbots and priors. No one at first dared follow him, for, notwithstanding these appearances of reconciliation, a sad presentiment oppressed all minds.

The two wardens on the turret now blew their horns to announce the entrance of the prelate. The sound seemed a mournful one to the priests, the knights, and the people. The procession mechanically began its march and entered the castle, while the king descended from the platform to receive the bishop, after having ordered Pierce Neige and Ruy to follow him, bringing the flasks and cups. Rachel had expressed a wish to retire, but the king imperatively exacted that she should remain near him.

Arrived in the castle court, he advanced towards Augustin Gudiel, concealing the violence of his resentment beneath a constrained smile.

"Thanks to your generosity, Sir Bishop!" he said, "you had really terrified me."

"It is to Heaven alone that pardon and absolution belong," answered the Bishop of Segovia. "We are but the ministers of His will." He did not seem to mistrust, or to be astonished at the excessive humility of the irascible King of Castile; but suddenly he stopped, and resisting the hand that was urging him on with gentle violence, he exclaimed, "But whither do you lead me, sire? why is not that object of abomination already removed from before our eyes?" And he pointed to Rachel with affected horror and contempt. "Have you forgotten," he continued, "what you just now promised, and what you are going to swear?"

"I have forgotten nothing, my father," answered Don Pedro; "order and I will obey you."

"It does not suffice to engage yourself to outward penance; above all things you must banish that creature of discord, that sorceress who has bewitched you. How dares she remain in our presence—that Jewess to whom the hangman ought to do justice!"

Rachel shuddered with fear; she wished to flee, but Don Pedro forcibly detained her.

"But this young girl," he said, "has done nothing more than preserve my liberty, and save my life, by revealing to me the conspiracy framed against me by the Jews of Seville."

"If she does not depart, I quit the castle," said the inflexible bishop. "Do not protect her if you wish to re-enter the pale of the Church." Then turning towards the monks that followed him, "Seize that girl," added he.

"Let no one dare to insult, or even to touch her!" exclaimed the king, violently agitated, addressing himself to the monks; "if he does not wish to appear in the presence of his Creator before his time."

"You protect and defend her," said the prelate, coolly; "this then is the way you propose to keep your promises; if so, I leave—"

"No," said Don Pedro; "Rachel, move away from that holy man. Now, Augustin," added he, in a low voice that no one else could hear, "be generous; I submit to your will; but what injury has that young girl done you? Why exact that I deliver her up to you, and thus reward her for having been my guardian angel?"

"She is a Jewess," said Augustin, drily.

"A Jewess! well, then, she the more merits my gratitude, as she owed no pity to a Christian."

"You blaspheme, wicked king," said the bishop, as he lowered his eyes with affright and rage on hearing these words.

"You then remain pitiless," said Don Pedro. "I will maintain the rights of the Church against all heresy," answered the prelate.

"Well, since thou art so obstinate, Augustin Gudiel," resumed the king, "I wish, on my side, to prove my repentance before all, in reconciling myself with the Bishop of Segovia, the holy prelate who knows not how to traffic with his conscience."

Augustin looked earnestly at Don Pedro. The latter was calm, serious, and solemn. "Pierce Neige," he said, "hand us two full cups, one for the bishop, and one for me. I wish to drink to our reconciliation."

The little fellow obeyed. The prelate scarcely touched the edge of the cup with his

lips, while Don Pedro half emptied his. Then he looked at Augustin, and comprehending his hesitation, "Thou doubtst me," said he, his face brightening with a vague and strange smile, "thou fearest poison. Drink, then, from my cup, mistrustful bishop; thou who believest me to have a heart like thine." And he pushed his half-filled cup violently to the lips of Augustin.

The wine splashed the face of the bishop, and ran over his embroidered robe; Augustin became pale with rage.

"Ah, wretch!" exclaimed Don Pedro, abandoning himself to his long-suppressed fury, "it was not the will of God that urged thee into this plot against thy master; it was the fear of my just resentment; it was thy ambition, thy cupidity. But know now, that I have read thy baseness in the bottom of thy soul, thou wilt not succeed in inspiring me with any other sentiment than contempt."

In the meanwhile the terrible and imprudent gesture of the king had been seen by the whole crowd. There was a general cry of horror and indignation. The knights raised their lances, the men-at-arms precipitated themselves around the bishop, crying vengeance, and the vassals of Don Pedro themselves approached their master with a threatening air.

Augustin Gudiel perfidiously smiled, and said, "My Divine Master was also insulted, but He did not avenge himself."

The monks laid the coffin, which was entirely wrapped in a black cloth, thick set with red flames, on the ground, and then ranging themselves round it in a circle, they began to chant the prayers for the dead.

Augustin Gudiel, who held in his hand the parchment, on which was inscribed the sentence of excommunication, then read it with a sonorous voice.

The bearer of the cross lowered it slowly at the conclusion, as an animated threat.

Paloma uttered a piercing shriek, and fell almost lifeless into the arms of Diego Lopez and Blas.

Poor Rachel viewed this mournful ceremony with eyes expanded by dread. At length she seized the arm of the king, and said to him quickly, "Thou hearest all that, Pedro, calmly, thou seest thy power, thy last army, thy last treasure vanish like smoke; thou seest thy friends disown and desert thee, and yet thou remainest calm. Heaven itself conspires against thee, and threatens thee by the mouth of this priest, and yet thou tremblest not. From the height of thy throne thou wilt fall lower than the meanest beggar who wanders alone without shelter and without defence. Water and fire will be refused thee—they will refuse thee even the porch of a gate as an asylum against the wind and rain of Heaven. Thy hand may not touch the fruit of a tree, thy lips may not be quenched at a spring belonging to a Christian, for thou hast plainly heard, thou hast well understood, hast thou not, that thou art excommunicated."

"I know the fate reserved for the excommunicated," said the king, mildly; "but why dost thou seem surprised at the indifference with which I brave the thunders of the Church?"

"Because I know," resumed the Jewess, fixing on her lover a penetrating look, "that it is I who have caused these thunders to burst on thy head."

The chanting now ceased. Then there was a moment of gloomy silence, in which everyone stood in expectation of seeing the fires of heaven fall and consume the excommunicated.

Don Pedro remained immovable. But the young Jewess, struck by this imposing spectacle, stooped towards him, and said, in a stifled voice, "This torture is too much for me. I wish I were dead. It seems to me that heaven closes its portals against thee, and that the earth is about to give way beneath thy feet on account of thy love for poor Rachel."

He cast an affectionate look on her, and mildly answered, "Heaven is where thou art, my beloved!"

Rachel felt heart-broken, "I wish I were a Christian!" murmured she, regarding with terror, mixed with contempt, those men who proscribed their king.

"A Christian!" repeated Don Pedro, surprised.

"If I were a Christian," resumed Rachel, "I could implore thy pardon, and redeem thee by my penitence."

The hymns had ceased. The priests drew near the coffin, and broke their black tapers on its lid. The bishop picked up one of the pieces, and threw it at the feet of Don Pedro, exclaiming, "O Lord, may thy anger consume the excommunicated. May the path under his feet become burning coals! May the wind dry his face, and his children be orphans! May others inherit his property! May whoever affords him hospitality, and does not flee from him, be excommunicated like him, and may the contact of the cursed be their death! All his followers are released from their oaths of allegiance."

The sentence was then affixed to the door-posts.

Fernand de Castro, Don Mens Rodriguez, and the four foster-brothers, immediately turned away from Don Pedro, who saw near him only the Jewess and little Pierce Neige. Smiling on the latter, he muttered, "Weak in mind, but strong in heart."

"My brethren," said Augustin Gudiel, "pray for the soul of our Lord Don Pedro. He is now cut off from the communion of the faithful; he is the victim of an evil spirit;

and whoever approaches, or does not remove from him, will be possessed like him."

"Possessed, possessed!" repeated Pierce Neige, drawing back, overcome by fright; and he fled and rejoined his brothers.

"That child, also!" said Don Pedro, who felt a tear trembling on his eyelids. "Alas!" he heard, regarding Rachel, "a heart warmed by love can alone participate in my misfortune, and transform it into happiness."

At that moment the Jewess convulsively pressed the hand of Don Pedro; then, with an unsteady step, she advanced towards the Bishop of Segovia.

The latter turned pale and made a step backwards, doubting if the hand of Rachel was not seeking a poignard beneath her robe.

"I come to you as a suppliant," said she, humbly, while a flash of contempt shot from her eyes, for she comprehended the fear of the prelate.

"What do you expect from me, wretch?" said he, with so much the more harshness, as he wished to hide that involuntary expression of fear that the Jewess had perceived.

"I will not allow Don Pedro to become a victim of his love for me," she replied, in an altered voice; "I am ready to obey your will."

Augustin Gudiel was filled with unbounded joy, for until then he did not feel himself avenged. The calmness of the king had humiliated him. He had not been able by imprecations to subdue the pride and disdain of Don Pedro, who showed himself superior to so many insults. The avowal of the Jewess made him conceive the hope of at last triumphing over his enemy, and making him confess his defeat.

"Rachel," answered he, with a perfidious smile, "if you remain with Don Pedro, his ruin will be complete; but if you leave him, he will recover his royal grandeur; and this separation will restore to him all his servants and partisans."

"Abandon him, when he counts on me alone!" said she shuddering.

"It is for his salvation, Rachel," said the bishop.

"For his salvation!" she answered, while her eyes sparkled under her arched brows like diamonds set in jet. "For his sake, what will I not do!"

"Consent to abjure your faith, and take the veil after your conversion."

"But he will never believe that I can abandon him," she said.

"When he sees himself alone, when thou shalt have disappeared, when thou art far from him, and he seeks thee in vain, then he will no longer doubt," replied the bishop, coldly.

"And thou promisest me," said she, trembling, "that at that price thou wilt absolve him, and restore to him his friends and defenders."

"Yes, the moment of thy expiation, Rachel, has arrived then," said the bishop, in a loud voice. "Abandon the man whom God condemns."

(To be Continued.)

#### HOW TO RAISE A DINNER.

A Zouave of the army of Italy was billeted at the house of a Savoyard, whose wife was the most avaricious in the whole of the country around.

The Zouave had drunk his pay on the march, and sold his bread for more milk, so as not to set out *sur une sene l'amble*. Now the host was not compelled by law to give him but three things—that is, water, fire and salt—two elements and one mineral, the whole insufficient to make a meal. The Zouave was not discouraged. He lit a fire first, put a pot of water on the hearth, and then went coolly to seek a large stone, which he carefully placed, as if it were beef, in the pot. The good woman opened her eyes with astonishment.

"What are you making?" she asked.

"Flint soup."

"And is it good?"

"So good you would lick your fingers. But unfortunately there is a trifle needed that I have forgotten."

"What is it?"

"Some vegetables to absorb the fat."

"They shall not be wanting. Here are some carrots and cabbage."

"The Zouave took the welcome vegetables, and continued to blow the fire. From time to time he stirred the stone with a spoon.

"It is becoming tender," said he; "it is of a good quality. What a pity there is not a little hogs lard to give it a flavor."

"My faith, my boy," said the old woman, "I have never eaten flint soup, and if you promise me a plate, I will go and get some hog's lard."

"Agreed. You shall have the first of the broth."

The lard was put in with the vegetables, and already it omitted a savory smell.

"I do not know if it is true," said the Zouave, speaking to himself; but they have affirmed to me that some cloves and a little garlic were not superfluous in this pottage."

The old woman had gone too far to stop at a trifle. The accessories were brought; and ten minutes after the foot-soldier served up an admirable Julien, which delighted his hostess.

The next day when the Zouave was ready to depart, the old woman found the stone entire in the pot, and wished to return it to her guest.

"Thanks," said, with the most perfect coolness, "but I do not like meat heated over again."

#### LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel, stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of the sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah, half a point, in many places, might bring us on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty and we are steering straight for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

A friend was once, when a lad, sailing down East River, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came to a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

"Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?" asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled, "Rocks!"

"Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood," said the thoughtless boy; "I would go straight over them."

The old man replied only by a look which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. "Poor foolish lad," it said, "how little you know about rocks!"

So, children, shun the rocks as you would the way to death. There are plenty of buoys to warn you where they lie hidden; and whenever you meet one, turn aside, for there a danger lies."

#### UNCLE ZEKE'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Some years ago there lived in one of our large cities an eccentric character known as Uncle Zeke, who never lost a chance of perpetrating a practical joke. Any place or occasion suited him, provided he could make his point. One fine Sunday he repaired to a fashionable church, some time after the service had commenced, and as there was not a seat vacant he took a prominent position in the centre aisle, where he stood bolt upright, with his stove-pipe hat clapped tightly on his head. Of course he attracted much attention, and very soon the sexton, a man for whom Uncle Zeke had an especial dislike, came creaking up to him and whispered that he must take off his hat.

"That's agin my principles," said Uncle Zeke.

"I can't help that," said the sexton, impatiently, "you must take it off."

"But I won't," replied Uncle Zeke.

"Then I shall take it off for you," said the sexton, who was becoming very nervous on account of the attention this whispered colloquy had occasioned.

"All right," said Uncle Zeke; "you kin take it off. That ain't agin my principles."

The sexton thereupon took hold of Uncle Zeke's hat and dexterously lifted it off his head. But what was the respectable sexton's horror when about two quarts of hickory nuts rolled out of the hat and went clattering and banging over the church floor.

And that was Uncle Zeke's joke on the sexton.

#### A FALSE IDEA.

A mistaken idea is that entertained by many that riches are necessary to perfect happiness. It is scarcely necessary to state a fact so well understood, that many men and women, possessed of great wealth, are exceedingly unhappy. Wealth cannot always purchase immunity from unhappiness. A thousand things occur in the fluctuations and busy scenes of life to bring sorrow and discontent to the homes of the rich as well as those of the poor. It is in the homes of people of moderate means, as a rule, that happiness is found.

"Put money in thy purse," said the mercenary and selfish Iago. In his estimation, lucre was the magic key to happiness, to position and power—to all that is desirable on earth. Get riches; no matter how, get riches. It is a false and fatal sentiment; a delusion and a snare. Such teachings have been the ruin of thousands of young men of the highest promise.

A good name is to be preferred to great riches. So runs the proverb, and the history of the human race is the verification of its truth.

The highest riches do not consist in a princely income; there is greater wealth than this. It consists in a good constitution, good digestion, a good heart, stout limbs, a sound mind, and a clear conscience. Some one

says that good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire, and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands. Better than money is a good disposition; and that man is rich who has generous impulses, a noble soul, and who is hopeful and cheerful, and who has the moral courage to keep the even tenor of his way, whatever may betide him. Such a man is rich, though not accounted so when measured by a money standard; but he stands immeasurably higher in point of true worth to the sordid, avaricious cormorant whose only claim to consideration consists in his money bags.

#### BIG DINNER BILL.

A couple of flat boatmen on the Mississippi river having made an extraordinary good speculation—made in fact, six hundred dollars, a very large sum for that kind of folk twenty years ago—concluded that while they were in New Orleans, they would for once in their lives see what it was to have a first-class hotel dinner. They could afford it, and they would go. So they went to St. Charles Hotel, and ordered the very best dinner the establishment could afford. When they had eaten to their entire satisfaction (and probably to the astonishment of the waiters) they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them with the wine list uppermost.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, here's a bill! Just look at it! Here you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the old thing comes to."

So Bill added up the price of wines on one side of the list and Jerry added them on the other and they made the sum total 584 dollars.

"Whew, Bill," said Jerry, "that's pretty nigh all we've got. What are we going to do about it?"

"We can't pay that," said Bill, it would clean us right out. The waiter aint here now, let us jump out o' the window and cut."

"No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do such a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill, and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

One Mr. Patrick F.— was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog—as Coleridge says, "a harmless dog"—who invaded his domicile, made abstractions from his cellar, and was very much in the way of Mrs. Patrick F. in the kitchen. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, and snow frozen so as to burn like carbonic acid gas frozen, after the dog had been turned out doors no less than three times, and the last time requested to go to a warmer place unmentionable, Patrick was again awakened by the noise of a rather extensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes; so that Mrs. Patrick F., becoming surprised, if not alarmed, at such a prolonged absence, arose also and went to the window.

From her point of observation, she saw in the clear moonlight, her lord standing "in naturalibus," barring the shirt, and the wind making free with that, as of course it would, at the northeast corner of the house. The dog seemed to be sustained on his "last legs," his fore legs forming two sides of an acute triangle.

"What are you doing there, Patrick?"

There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible—at last it came:

"I am—trying to fraze the baist to death!"

Seldom does a live Dutchman get the credit of more smart things than are set down to him in this catechism that he puts to a journeyman printer:

A Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern, in the Far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward, on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Misther Valking Shtick, vat you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshments," replied the printer.

"Supper and lotchin, I reckon?"

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mit chowelay in your pack, to sheat the gal?"

"No, Sir, I am no Yankee peddler."

"A singin'-master, too lazy to work?"

"No, Sir."

"Phrenologus, den, feeling te young folks' heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No, I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, ten, vat the tyefels can you be? Choost tell, and you shall have the best sassage for supper, and shtay all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whiskey to start mit in te mornin'."

"I am an humble servant of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, Sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot prints nooshpapers! Oh, yaw! yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot prints nooshpapers! Yaw! yaw! Walk up, a man vot prints nooshpapers! I wish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyefel of a dishtrick school master, who verks for nottin, and board round. I thought you vas him."