L. D. Tuckle

THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

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☞ *All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.*

POETRY.

"The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies,
Now soaring 'midst the tracks of light and air
And now the monarch of the woods and lair."

(Continued from our last.)

PLUTO AND THE DISEASES.

"And I," quoth Jaundice, "do my best
To kill, but fail like all the rest,
As when those pills begin to play,
I must be off like yesterday.
For soon the cheeks I marked for doom,
Begin like any rose to bloom."
Groan'd Collic—"My complaint's the same,
And I am losing all my fame;
Those Pills of Peters', I'm inclined
To think, pervade the very wind,
For wheresoe'er I go to work,
They fall upon me like a Turk:
So—(all unequal to the strife,)
I run away to save my life—
And if the past were bound to curse,
The future will be ten times worse;
For by a patented machine,
Which I in Gotham late have seen,
He makes with ease, I've heard him say,
Five hundred thousand pills a day!
So that the chance is very small,
Of people dying there at all."
Here Headache—Tapeworm—Indigestion,
And Gout—by turns took up the question;
Then followed ten blue devils, whining,
With Scurvy, Ague, and Plague repining,
At that unsparing scourge of ills—
By all men known as "PETERS' PILLS."
The king of terrors look'd the while,
As though his soul were turned to bile;
And poured ten thousand oaths of dread,
On the devoted Doctor's head;
Then thus address'd the gentle crew;
"Sweet devils, this will never do.
Your tyrant must be bribed by Death,
OR THERE'S AN END TO LOSING BREATH,
At least if he's above temptation,
The only way to save the nation,
Is by a Yankee speculation—
For instance, pay the rogues, so prying,
So many dollars each for dying;
Or (which the end as well fulfils,)
For swearing against PETERS' PILLS."
Up whirl'd at once that hungry pack,
With Death fresh mounted at their back,
All shrieking wild with hope and will,
For vengeance on the gallant pill.
And hence all ye who'd fain resort,
For cash in hands to Pluto's court,
Step forth at once, nor wait for thinking,
But take so pills, and die like winking.
But ye who'd laugh at Colic grim:—
Who'd shake old Gout from breast or limb;
Who'd make slow fever skip away,
As nimbly as a hunted flea;
Who'd drive hot Headache from your noddle,
Who'd make both Spleen and Scurvy toddle;
Who'd force Dull Care to take a trip;
Or give Old Death himself the slip;
Come one, come all, and have your wills,
By PATRONISING PETERS' PILLS.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From "James' Tales," illustrating the passions.

LOVE.

Continued from our last.

Blanche of Navarre felt all that she had done, felt all that she had said; but yet, with agitation and alarm, there was mingled a hope and an expectation, and a thrill of joy—of joy, how bright, how glorious, how ennobling! joy springing from the elevation, from the brightening, from the beatifying of the character of a being that we love; joy born from the thanksgiving of triumph over evil; joy lighted up by feeling ourselves beloved, with threefold and most ample love, for having given back virtue to a noble heart—for having restored the bright deity to a worthy shrine.

All this she felt, and felt it in its utmost intensity—nor any the less for the apprehensions that accompanied it; for the human heart, even in the brightest and the best, values certain joy less than when it is doubtful and in expectation. Again and again he kissed her hand; but, as he did so, at length she started and withdrew it: not that she feared aught from him, for, mingled with the passionate energy with which he pressed it to his lips, there was deep deference and respect; but at that moment a shadow seemed to pass across the further side of the hall. In the dim twilight of that evening hour, and in that vast Gothic chamber, the eyes of Blanche could not discover who it was that crossed toward the opposite door; but she, standing at the window, with all the light which yet lingered in the evening sky forming a back-ground, bright when contrasted with the gloom within, was but too well seen at that moment when Francis of Foix pressed his lips upon her hand.

The eye of Isabel of Valois was upon them; and all the rage of disappointed passion, mortified pride, and wounded vanity, took possession of her heart at once. The action of that rage upon herself need not be dwelt on here: its effects upon her conduct toward others, is what we have to deal with. She passed a sleepless and angry night; and, by the following morning, rose determined to wreak her hatred on Blanche of Navarre by any means that offered. But, though she was prepared to go to the most extreme lengths that hate and anger could dictate, her mind was too shrewd and piercing not to see that she must conceal her wrath to sate its appetite more completely.

From the first moment she had set her foot within her husband's kingdom, her husband's sister had been the object of her hatred and her envy. She had seen that the admiration of his people and his court followed Blanche of Navarre in preference to her; and that had been cause of enmity enough.—The place which Blanche had held in that kingdom, and that palace, became another object of jealous anger. All this had rendered her treatment of that fair and noble girl any thing but like the fruit of sisterly love. Now, however, when, added to all the rest, she saw that Blanche had Borne away from her the love of one on whom herself had fixed too deep and dangerous an affection, strange to say, her conduct became changed. While rage flashes forth, deep hatred often clothes itself in smiles; and such was the garb which hers assumed, the better to conceal her purpose.

On the morning after that on which all her jealous suspicions had been confirmed by what she had seen, she greeted Blanche with gay and affectionate demeanor; and none, of all the court, could divine what caused the unusual paleness of her cheek, for the queen seemed both well and happy. At the great assembly of the Navarrese nobles, in the evening, she singled out Don Ferdinand de Leyda, who, now recovered from his wounds, had returned to court, & lived there on terms of friendship with his late opponent. She conversed with him several times in a low tone, and, with many a gay smile and sportive gesture, seemed holding with him some light aud pleasant communion on matters of revelry or amusement. Still, toward Blanche she continued the same demeanor; and Blanche, who knew not what hatred is—except the hatred of evil—felt the change with pleasure, and looked forward to the coming hours with brighter hopes.

It was on the third evening after, when the sun had gone down, and all the town was ringing with the revelry which, at that time, in Navarre, accompanied each high festival, that the queen announced to her fair sister her intention of going forth, disguised, among the rest, and mingling with the merry-making of the time. She asked the company of her husband's sister, too; and, when Blanche shrunk back, and steadily refused, Isabel of Valois informed her, boldly, that the king himself was to be of the party; and, though unwilling and surprised, the princess at length yielded. She had scarcely made her preparations when she was joined by the queen and several others, all already masked; and in one she thought she recognised her brother. An injunction, however, was given to keep silence till they had quitted the palace; and, issuing forth into the streets, they mingled with a multitude of other groups, all full of gayety, and mirth, and song.

They wandered on for some time; but Blanche at length grew uneasy, for the mask she had taken for her brother soon belied his appearance by his voice. Isabel of Valois, however, hurried forward toward the great square, where the multitudes of the Navarrese capital seemed all gathered together; and there, in the press and the crowd, Blanche and the queen were suddenly separated from the rest of the party; aud the queen, seizing her arm, exclaimed,—"Come hither, come hither! if thou lovest me, dear sister, come hither! There is some one I would fain avoid;" and, linking her arm through that of Blanche, so as to prevent the possibility of her escaping, she hastened on, turned through the long arcades, and darted forward into a doorway which stood open

Blanche tried to stay her; but still she hurried onward saying that she knew her way, and that the passage which they followed would but bring them into the back street, whence they could return at once to the palace. Blanche desired nothing farther, and followed quickly on; when, to her surprise, the queen pushed open a door, and she found herself in a moment in a blaze of light. The glare, following the darkness, blinded her for a time; but the next instant she perceived that she was in a high gallery, raised above a large and splendid hall. It had been built for musicians, but there were none there at the moment; and below, seated at a table, was a gallant assemblage of the young nobles of the land, with Don Ferdinand de Leyda at their head, and Francis of Foix sitting on his right hand. Though concealed by the pillars that supported the roof, Blanche would instantly have darted back again out of the gallery; but Isabel of Valois held her firmly by the arm, without uttering a word, and even advanced still further toward the front. None of the guests seemed to see them; but, at that very moment, Don Ferdinand de Leyda filled the golden cup by his side, and, bending his head, with a light smile, to Francis of Foix, he said,—"My noble lord count, when we last met here, we had a foolish quarrel on your drinking to your *next* conquest—Blanche of Navarre."

The queen turned, and Blanche could perceive her glorious black eyes gazing upon her through the mask with a gleam of triumph and satisfaction. But Don Ferdinand went on: "At present, my lord, I rise to drink to your permanent friendship, now cemented by generous blood, as well as generous wine; and, as you have lain a wounded man amidst fair and compassionate ladies, I suppose I may add to my toast, your *last* conquest—Blanche of Navarre?"

Blanche's strength failed her, and she would have sunk to the ground, had not the firm hold of the queen supported her.

Francis of Foix turned to reply: and, though she trembled in every limb, she listened eagerly for his words. Though he spoke not so loud as the other had done, the full, rich tones swept up to where she stood; and she heard him clearly say,—

"Willingly, good friend, do I drink that part of your toast which wishes our permanent friendship!—But if you would drink my last conquest—lords and nobles of Navarre, drink to my conquest over myself! When last we met around this board, I, in the mad vanity of my idle conceit, declared that I would conquer Blanche of Navarre, or she should conquer me—and now I tell you all, the conquest has been hers!. Ay! and, though I love her more than life, no knight in Navarre shall couch a lance more willingly than I, against the breast of any one who says that she is aught but purity itself!"

The nobles who surrounded him gazed on him for an instant as he stood before them; and then, as if by one consent, each started forward and grasped his hand in turn. But Blanche of Navarre had not seen that action; for, at the words which came so balmy to her heart, the queen had stamped her foot, with angry vehemence, upon the gallery, and, dragging her forth into the passage, cast off her hold, and left her to find her way back alone.

In terror and apprehension, Blanche hastened on, and regained the square; but there, amidst a multitude of strangers, excited by gayety and good companionship, wild with revel and drunkenness, she, a solitary woman, hurrying on with a terrified air, was stopped at every turning, agitated by rudeness and impertinence; and, when at length she reached the palace-gates, she found them closed; and the attendants refused to give her admittance till she had unmasked her face and discovered who she was.

With a burning cheek and a throbbing heart, she sought her own apartments; but she had not long reached them, when a message from her brother called her to his presence. The queen was hanging upon his bosom, bedewed with false and hypocritical tears· and he instantly poured forth upon Blanche's head a torrent of reproaches, for misleading his young wife in regard to the customs of the land. Blanche now found that she had been deceived, and that her weak brother had been deceived also. He had neither been present, nor had ever heard of any of the proceedings of that night, till the queen, coming home, in answer to his angry reproof, had given him a false statement of the whole, casting the blame of all upon his sister.

Blanche heard him to an end, and then told him the truth. But the queen rose up in indignant passion, exclaiming, that if he chose to sit there and hear his bride calumniated; she, at least, would not remain to be traduced and insulted to her face; that he might believe which he pleased—her, or his sister. Blanche, but that the prolonged absence of his sister, after all the rest had returned, might well show him which tale was most worthy of credit. For her part, she said, she never spoke aught but truth; and she would stay no where, where her truth was doubted. She was ready; she added, to return to her native land; and, in quitting Navarre, there was none that she should regret but him, her husband. and she wept again, with well-dissembled grief. She then quitted the apartment; and Blanche saw, with bitter pain and many an apprehension, that her brother's mind was completely under the dominion of a false, fiery, vicious woman.

It was not her part, however, to say aught against her; but she defended herself. She reminded him, that from youth they had been brought up together; that he had seen, and must have remarked, all her actions, must have known, and learned to trace, the sources of all her thoughts, even from the sweet, undisguised days of infancy, to the more mature, but not less candid days of womanhood. Through life, to the eye of fraternal affection she had opened her bosom, like a flower expanding to the summer sun; and she now called upon him to say, whether ever yet in life he had discovered one deceitful thought, one subterfuge, one falsehood.

He owned that he had not; he owned that he knew her to be truth itself, and yet he felt sure, he said, that his bright queen—his lovely Isabel—was true and virtuous also. There must have been some great mistake between them—some extraordinary error: one of those misunderstandings which so often which so often produce bitterness and enmity between people formed by nature to love and esteem each other He besought Blanche, then, to let him mediate between her and the queen; and, though at first he had been all wrath and indignation, his whole desire was now—the desire of weak minds—to restore harmony between people who could never assimilate, and to purchase tranquility by unworthy concessions.

Blanche was silent, and left him to act as he thought fit; and on the following day he descended with his queen, who now assumed all the airs of sullen and offended pride, and appeared to hold high her own forbearance, in tolerating the presence of the person whom, in truth, she had greatly injured. For a time the king felt inclined to take the part of her whom he had loved from infancy, whom he had never known to swerve from truth, and whom he now felt to be in the right; but the artful woman to whom he was bound played upon his passions, made use of his weakness, led him to tolerate her injustice, made him a party to her errors: and, once having done so, armed his vanity against his innocent sister, in defence of the wrong he committed or suffered.

Thus, day by day, new insults and new mortifications were poured upon the head of Blanche of Navarre. In the face of the whole court she was neglected and ill-treated. She was reproved for faults she did not commit; her actions, her words, her very thoughts, were misinterpreted. When silent, she was called sullen; and, when she spoke, she was scoffed down with scorn. She bore, with unanswering patience, the daily torture to which she was subjected; but she grieved for her brother, even more than for herself. She grieved to see a nature, good, though weak, perverted and debased; she grieved even to know that the time must come when his blinded eyes would be opened, and opened but to misery. And yet she could not but feel bitterly the personal evils of her situation. Often her heart would swell with indignation, and she would long to pour forth the severe truth which rose to her lips; often her breast would throb with anguish, and she longed to weep for those insults which her generous nature refused to retaliate.

She had one consolation, however, during all her sorrows; Francis of Foix continued at the court of Navarre; and his presence was to her a blessing. It was not alone that, every day, she saw him still walk with noble firmness in that right path into which her love had led his footsteps; but it was, also that every pang which was inflicted upon her but increased his tenderness and affection, that every insult which was offerred to her but made his devotion more deep and more apparent. His eyes would flash at each harsh word addressed to her; his lip would quiver at the scornful glance which she did not return; and his voice would soothe, console and support her, when open neglect, or rude uncourteousness, was all she met from those who should have loved and cherished her.

To Blanche, this was all a blessing and a consolation; but, to Isabel of Valois, the sight of that unconcealed tenderness was like swallowing molten fire. At one time, she thought to point out to her husband the love which she too surely felt to exist, and induce him to drive forth from his court, with ignomy, if not with vengeance, the object of her own criminal passion. But then, her heart failed her: the very opposition she met with, made that passion more intense and, with rage mingling with her love, she suffered Francis of Foix to remain; while a thousand vague, wild schemes for ridding herself of her rival, chased each other, day by day, through her brain. At one moment, her mind rested on the darkest and most unscrupulous means of delivering herself from the presence of her she envied, hated and feared, and had the poisoned cup been near at hand, or could the dagger have been used without great risk fair Blanche of Navarre might have passed away from earth by some unknown fate. But Isabel could use no such means without risk to herself. She had none around her on whom she could thoroughly depend; and a knowledge of her own baseness made her fear to confide in any one; the base, because she doubted them; the virtuous because she feared them. She pursued her plans, however, with the pertinacious virulence of a malignant woman; and the weakness of her husband rendered him her constant tool.

At length she succeeded. It was one morning early in the bright summer, while the cool gray of the dawn still mingled with the warm and golden promises that were poured forth from the kingly gates of the East, when Blanche of Navarre was awaked from calm sleep, and told that she must prepare to depart from the dwelling of her fathers. She arose to obey; and, ere the world was yet awake, she was placed in a litter, and carried rapidly toward the distant mountains. Her brother's hand was to the order for departure, which was shown her, and she made no resistance. She asked to see him, indeed, but was refused; and all attendance, but that of one woman, was denied. Thus was she carried onward toward the valley where, days of yore, the steel-clad paladins of Charlemange fought and fell before the weapons of a treacherous foe.—toward that valley, famous in story and in song, where Orlando died, and left to the vague poetry of tradition a mighty shadow and a dim but immortal fame.

Half-way between the pass of Roncesvalles and the city of Pampeluna, stood then one of those old Gothic castles which may still be seen throughout the course of the various valleys which they were built to defend against the incursions of many an inimical state around. Blue and high the mountains rose around, and on one of those lofty hill, starting up in the midst of a narrow valley, it commanded a view of the passes on every side, and guarded the spot where the various roads met. To this abode was Blanche of Navarree borne by those who escorted her; and the orders which were given, in her hearing, to the captain of the fortress, into whose hands she was delivered, showed her that she was a prisoner, condemned, unheard, condemned though innocent, The only thing that marked her brother's love, or her brother's consideration, was, that the apartments assigned to her were spacious and arranged with taste, for her convenience.

But Blanche had within her own heart the courage which springs from virtue; calm power of endurance which arrises from a conscience at rest. She was not one to yield herself to despair, nor to fret, with impatient passion, under bonds that she could not cast off. With mild determination she made up her mind to endure that which was allotted her, and with hope she looked up to Heaven, and trusted that a time of deliverance would yet come. From the windows of her apartments she gazed forth, and, instead of deriving gloom and melancholly from the aspect of the mighty rocks that surrounded her. their grand tranquility seemed to sink into her soul, and to teach her to be unmoved and firm, and peaceful, as themselves. The shadows of the clouds swept over their their blue bosoms, the morning light tinged them with gold, and the evening purpled them with its rich parting hue: and such, also, seemed to be the course of her existence; the morning rose, and found her bright and calm; the evening set, and left her tranquil and resolved; the shadows of some dark cares would come across her mind; but its own serenity still returned, and the clouds passed away without leaving their traces behind them.

She thought, however, of Francis of Foix; she thought of him often, kindly and tenderly; she thought of all that he would suffer from her absence. She loved to let imagination picture his occupations, his thoughts, his feelings. It became a solace to her, an enjoyment to be alone and think and, in the perfect solitude wherein she lived, where no eye could see her, no scornful glance draw matter for a deriding laugh from the feelings of her heart, she would sit, and let the expression of those feeling pass as they would over the countenance, without one effort to repress them; now showing themselves in one dewy tear, now breaking forth into a bright smile of hope and confidence. Thus passed the hours; till, at length, one day, when, in the midst of her musings, she had given way to all she felt, and a name—now the more deeply beloved from having been dwelt upon long in the solitary companionship of memory—the name of Francis of Foix, trembled on her lips, her ear caught the sound of a quick-coming step, and, turning round she beheld, in her very chamber, a man was wrapped in a long pilgrim's robe. Her heart beat quickly, but the next moment he himself was at her feet.

"Blanche!" he said, "Blanche! do you forgive me for what I have done? Do you forgive me for having sought you here—for having risked the discovery of all the love I bear you, in order to free you from the unworthy thraldom in which you are held?"

"Can you doubt it?" she replied. "Oh, Francis! can you doubt that this is a moment of joy?"

He pressed his lips upon the small hand he held, and then replied,—"And yet, dear Blanche, do you consider all that must be, if you would now obtain your freedom by the means that I have prepared? Think me not ungenerous enough, think me not base enough, to seek to take the slightest advantage of the shameful persecution to which you have been subjected, in order, even to obtain happiness for myself. I speak but because thy pure and virtuous name is now as dear to Francis of Foix even as to yourself; and I would not,—no, not for earth, and all that earth can give—by any act or deed of mine, bring, however unjustly, one stain upon that clear, unspotted fame. Hear me, therefore—hear me! If Blanche of Navarre flies with Francis of Foix, she must determine to become his wife as soon as they have together broken the bands with which tyranny has enthralled her. Safe, indeed, shouldest thou be, dear Blanche," he added; "safe, as a sister or a child, from word, or deed, or thought, that could offend thee wert thou to wander with me, alone, persecuted, unprotected, throughout the world: and, were I as happy—had I been as wise, as many another man has been, thou mighest do so without fear of blame or of reproach. But Francis of Foix has made for himself an evil name, which ages of virtue will scarcely purify; and I fear,—oh! I fear to ask thee to fly with me, even from persecution and injustice, unless thy confiding heart can trust to the deep love thou hast inspired, and thy hand become mine as soon as we are free."

Blanche had turned pale, and then again red; and now she sat with downcast eyes, and a cheek once more bloodless and white as marble. It was not that she feared: it was not that she doubted any longer; it was not even that her heart hesitated in regard to its choice. She knew, she felt that she loved him: she knew, she felt that she was truly beloved. But it was the very depth of such feellngs: it was the very strength of the passion in her heart: it was the very intensity of the emotion in her bosom, that blanched her cheek, and caused her knees to shake.

She had to make a solemn promise, on which the happiness or misery of all her future life depended: she had to risk peace, joy, existence itself, upon the faith and truth of him she loved.—All the world of a woman's happiness was to be staked upon the resolution of the instant: that shrinking modesty of her nature was to yield, for the first time, to acknowledge that she loved; every timid scruple was to give way, and she was to wed at once, without any of the sweet and gentle alleviations which the presence and comforts of friends, and many an old, habitual form and observance afforded, to soften the great change in woman's life and feelings. But it was no apprehension made her pause ere she replied: it was not timid delicacy nor hesitating reluctance; but deep, how strong, how all-absorbing was the love which had grown upon her heart. It was this that overpowered her; it was this that took away her speech; it was this that called all the blood from her cheek, and gathered the warm eddying stream into the filled fountain of her heart.

Francis of Foix saw, but comprehended not entirely the agitation that she suffered. "Oh, Blanche!" he said gently twining his arms round her, "doubt me not, doubt me not. Could you but tell the change that has taken place in my heart; could you but feel how deeply, how totally, how through every thought and feeling I am changed, you would not fear to trust me, even with the treasure of yourself. Let me show thee how I am changed! Let me tell thee,—let me dare to tell thee, that the time has been when the shameless renown of having triumped over thy purity would have been no unwelcome sound to my ears. Yet now I pledge thee my honor and my soul, that I would sooner any one should call Francis of Foix a coward, than that one stain should rest upon Blanche of Navarre."

"I know it, I know it!" she replied; "I have heard the speak it when thou thoughtest that no ears heard thee but those of scoffers. I have heard thee, Francis, and my heart has thanked thee. I know that thou wilt love me; and I now that thou wilt be true to me; I doubt thee no longer; I am confident in thine honor."

"Then why, why hesitate?" he said.

"I hesitate not," she answered, while the warm blood now rushed up into her cheek, and glowed on her brow, "I do not hesitate! it was agitation, but no doubt. It was deep, deep emotion, but not hesitation!"

"Then, thou lovest me!" he exclaimed, pressing her eagerly, but tenderly, to his bosom; "then, thou lovest me! thou art mine. Dear, dear Blanche! thou hast led me back from the depths of folly and vice, and then hast rewarded the effort with thyself. A vow will bind us at the altar—a vow, too often broken, to often utterly forgot. But here, before thee, as I kneel in the sight of God, who sees us both, I take a deeper vow, to dedicate my whole existence unto thee, to make thy happiness my whole object, my whole care; not alone to repay thee for love, but to exceed all that thou canst feel or show; and prove to thee, that the heart of Francis of Foix, like the bright blade of a well tempered sword, may have been dimmed for a while by the breath of evil, but is still unrusted, strong, and firm as ever. My Blanche! my own! my only beloved!"

Blanche bent down her head upon his shoulder and wept; and ages of smiles were not worth that one moment of tears. But other matters pressed for thought; and her lover told her, that he was there with three resolved companions, habited as pilgrims to the shrine of St. Jago; that they had obtained hospitality of the governor of the castle, and that he had left his comrades below, to amuse that officer with story and with song, while he had obtained leave to wander round the ramparts of the castle. They were to repose there for that night: his train was within a few miles distance, and if Blanche, he said, and her attendant, would be prepared by half an hour after midnight, he doubted not, either by corruption or by stratagem, to obtain the means of effecting her escape from the castle.

She promised; and, after a few moments more given to the outpourings of affection, he left her, to pursue his scheme. Blanche could trust in the girl who had accompanied her thither; and, as soon as she entered the chamber, she told her all. Their preparations were speedily made; and long and heavy seemed the hours till the sun went down behind the mountains! Often, too, did they fancy that the weary marker of the march of time had fallen asleep upon his post, and believed that the castle clock had forgotten to strike the hours as they went by. The clanging step of the sentinels upon the ramparts and bastions, beneath the windows, seemed slower and more heavy than ever. The song of the warder in a neighboring tower, as he gazed over the moonlit country, and enlivened his watching with sweet music, seemed tedious and interminable; and all the lagging tardiness of long expectant moments hung upon them, till, at length, the bell tolled midnight. After that, silence soon fell over the castle; and they listened, fearful of speaking, even in a whisper, lest they should lose some sound given as a signal or a warning.

The windows were open, and the summer air breathed sweet and mild; but, in a moment or two after, borne on the wings of that light wind, came a sound from amidst the rocky passes which led away toward Pampeluna. It was the clanging of a horse's feet over the hard road cut along the bosom of the mountain. It came on with furious speed, as if bearing some hasty messenger, sent with important tidings. Now it was faintly heard in the far distance; now ceased entirely, as some craggy turning intervened; now was perceived again, as the wind rose and the steed approached. It came on; grew louder and louder; next sunk away, but not entirely, behind some bold rock or interposing hill; then burst forth again along the side of the nearest mountain, and ceased not, with measured clang, till a loud horn sounded at the gate.

(To be continued.)

The excess of the value of the Cotton raised in South Alabama in the year 1838, over that of the year 1837, is $3,550,000. A gratifying result to the planter, and a subject for felicitation to the community generally.