

ment of the wheel, of these doomed men. On this same eventful eve, a little postern in the dark grey walls of the Moro Castle slowly opened, and two priestly figures stole out toward the water side. They were clad each in the garb of friars of the Franciscan order; one was the good old father-confessor of the Castle, a mild and worthy man whom all in Havana knew and loved; his companion, younger in years and in the church's communion, and whose slender proportions, not wholly concealed by his loose monastic garb, betokened constitutional delicacy of person. In silence the two monks took their seats in the wherry of an old Spanish waterman, who had been for hours on the lookout for a passenger.

The two monks had seated themselves side by side, and for the first time exchanged a few words in a low tone. The younger became the first speaker.

"Father Iago, I peril my life upon this undertaking; in vain have I implored the haughty, revengeful governor to spare him; at all risks that can be incurred, he must be rescued from his fearful fate!"

"The Holy Virgin knows how much I, too, feel for the unfortunate youth!" responded the good old man with a sigh. "He has ever been as a son to me, for have I not reared him up from infancy? He never had other protector than myself, since the moment I found him a foundling, without one natural guardian,—my poor Edmundo! When he first fled from the Governor's malignity for daring to aspire to the love of Don Paulo's proud niece, I had given him up as for ever lost;—strange that in Pedrigo the Picaroon should he now be recognized,—all Havana rings with the tale! Alas, my protegee a pirate!" sighed the good monk, regretfully.

"Oh, censure him not!" impulsively exclaimed the younger monk; "circumstances drove him to it,—he cannot be as desperate as his savage followers,—in his heart I know he loathes and despises them, and did but adopt this lawless life to wreak a just vengeance upon his powerful enemy!"

"He has an eloquent pleader in the, my young friend," replied Father Iago; and neither spoke again until the wherry stopped beneath the prison-ship's quarter, which the reader has of course surmised to be its destination.—The waterman, bountifully rewarded, had orders to remain until they re-appeared. As holy confessors, the two monks found no difficulty in gaining access to the Picaroon Chief, with whom the desired interview was planned with a far different purpose.

"Ha, holy fathers, come you to confess the savage picaroon? well met, for I have need of repentance ere I die, repentance for the fearful excesses to which headlong revenge had driven my fiery spirit on," was Edmundo's earnest greeting.

"Edmundo!" in a low, soft voice uttered Isabel, dropping her monk's disguise, and the next instant was clasped to his heart. "Edmundo, I am here to avert the doom which hangs over you!"

"And I!" said Father Iago, earnestly speaking. "The Senora Isabel has nobly devoted herself to your preservation. But the scheme she has matured for your rescue, of whose nature I am as ignorant as you, I cannot believe will succeed. But if it fail there is one alternative still left. In my own breast I hold a secret which perchance may move the stern Don Paulo from his purposes:—and yet do I tremble to use it, for on the other hand, it may instead clench surer his doom; but we will see!"

"Edmundo, my own—thou shalt not perish!" cried the excited Isabel; and once more donning the monk's black cowl, she darted away. Full five minutes was she gone, and when, with flushing cheek and blazing eye, the Spanish girl again reappeared, Edmundo thought he heard the sound of rushing water in the hold; and a fearful suspicion took possession of his soul.

"See! see! I have scuttled the ship!" cried the noble girl, wildly waving a hatchet in her hand, while the sound of roaring water came up from below.

"Alas, erring girl, what have you done?"

"You shall see, Edmundo!" and then a loud utterance of his name summoned the captain of the prison-ship to her side. "See, captain, this moment have I returned from your vessel's hold,—hear the roar of the leak below! Now listen to me: I am the Senora d'Estrella, the niece of the Governor;—your ship is fast sinking;—you must let loose your prisoners, and give them a chance for their lives, or they perish in their chains amid the waves! You dare not do otherwise; set your captives free, for nothing can save your ship!"

The terrified Spaniard rushed on deck; like madmen, the crew went to work at the pumps;—the carpenter ordered below; it was in vain—all seemed lost! but in the midst of his despair a sudden thought seized upon his mind. A sand-bar lay on his weather-beam; could he reach it in time, the vessel would go aground,—the prisoners he would not be forced to release. Quick and stern his orders rang through the ship; a deep shout of joy broke from his lips, as the keel grated harshly upon the sand-bar! The now despairing Isabel had succeeded but to be foiled by this unlooked for contingency.

"Do not despair! thy lover yet may be saved!" said the kind priest, encouragingly; "the secret must now be disclosed, at all hazards, for all else has failed! Wait for the governor's arrival!"

Morning came, and the appointed hour of execution brought Don Paulo on board, to witness his revenge.—The blackamoors crew, one by one, were broken upon the wheel! and at last, when all his followers had perished by that fearful death, Edmundo, the chief of the Picaroons, was bound to the horrible tool of death!

"Proceed!" said the governor.

"Hold!" said the father-confessor.

In astonishment, rage, and wonder, Don Paulo turned. "Stay death! I have a secret for your excellency's ear!"

"Tis ill-timed then; I thirst for my enemy's blood!"

"Hold, I say, proud governor, or thou art damned for ever!" said the old monk, imperiously. Listen: many years ago, a child was left at the convent gate, not one week old; I reared it up, it became as a son to me. That child was Edmundo—was Pedrigo the picaroon! Now

mark me, Don Paulo; a twelvemonth since, a villain died by the public hangman's hand; but ere he perished on the scaffold, he revealed to me, under the seal of confession, that he it was who had left that infant at the monastery's gate. He owned that he had received it from its parent's hand, to drown it remorselessly; but he took pity on its innocence, and spared it thus! Cruel Spaniard, does thy guilty head solve you the mystery? Don Paulo, in Edmundo de Torros, in the dreaded Picaroon, behold your deserted outcast son!"

The Moro Castle was gaily illuminated; the time had advanced two months. It was a day of joy in Havana, for Cuba's governor had wed that new-found son, whom he had looked on as his mortal foe, to the beautiful Spanish maid. Yes, the peerless Isabel's hand now followed the heart which she had long since surrendered to her loved, the self-same cousin, whom she had sworn never to marry, though he could be raised from the dead.

A TALE OF HORROR.

A recent traveller gives the following as one of his experiences of foreign enjoyments. He had gone to sleep in his tent, and continues:—

"I might have slept for some four or five hours, and a dreamless and satisfying sleep it was; and certain it is—let sciolists say what they will, and sceptics throw doubts by handfals on the assertions of metaphysicians—at last before I awoke, and in my dreamless slumber, I had a visible perception of danger—a helpless cognizance of being bed followed by peril—a consciousness of hovering presence of death.

"How to describe my feelings I know not; but as we have all read and heard that if the eyes of a watcher are steadily fixed on the countenance of the sleeper for a certain length of time, the slumberer will be sure to start up, awakened by the mysterious magnetism of a recondite principle of vision; so was it, that with shut eyes and drowsed-up senses, an inward ability was conferred upon me to detect the living presence of danger near me—to see, though blind, the formless shape of a mysterious horror crouching beside me; and, as if the peril was that my night mate was of a nature to be quickened into activity by any motion on my part, I felt in my very stupor the critical necessity of lying still; so that when I at last awoke, and felt that as I lay with my face toward the roof, there was a thick, heavy, cold, creeping thing upon my chest, I stirred not, nor uttered a word of panic. Danger and fear may occasionally dull the senses, and paralyze the faculties, but they generally sharpen both; and ere I could twice wink my eyes, I was wide awake, and aware that coiling and coiling itself up into a circle of twists a huge serpent was on my chest. When I tell you that the whole of my breast, and even the pit of my stomach, were covered with the cold scaly proportions of the reptile, you will own that it must have been one of considerable size.

"What my thoughts were—so made up of abhorrence, dread, and the expectation, nay, assurances of speedy death that must follow any movement on my part, I can never tell in language sufficiently vivid to convey their full force. It was evident the loathsome creature had at length settled itself to sleep, and I felt thankful that, attracted by my breath, it had not approached the upper part of my throat. It became quite still, and its weighty pressure—its clammy chillness at first becoming gradually (so it seemed to me) of a burning heat, and the odious indescribable odor which was exhaled from its body and pervaded the whole air, so overwhelming me, that it was only by a fierce struggle that I prevented myself from shrieking. As it was, a cold sweat burst from every pore—I could hear the beating of my heart, and I felt, to my dismay, that the palsy of terror had begun to agitate my limbs. "It will wake," thought I, "and then all is over."

"At that juncture something, it might be a wall-lizard, or a large beetle fell from the ceiling right upon my left arm, which lay stretched beside me. The snake uncoiling its head, raised it with a low hiss, and then, for the first time, I saw the hood, the fearful crest glittering in the faint sunshine; it was a cobra di capello.

"Shutting my eyes to exclude the dreadful spectacle, I lay almost fainting, until again all was quiet. Had its fiery glances met mine, all would have been over; but apparently it was once more asleep, and presently I heard the Lascar moving about, undoing the fastenings of the tent, and striking a light. A sudden thought struck me, and with an impulse I could then ascribe to nothing short of desperation, though its effects were so providential, I uttered in a loud but sepulchral tone, *Kulassi!*" (Lascar.)

"*Sahib!*" was the instantaneous response, and my heart beat quicker at the success of my attempt. I lay still again, for the reptile evidently roused, made a movement, and its head, as I suppose, fell on my naked arm. Oh, God! the agony of that moment, when suppressed terror almost gave way to madness!

"I debated within myself whether I should again endeavour to attract the attention of the kulassi, or remain perfectly quiet; whether it would not be better than either to start up at once and shake the loathsome burthen from me. But the latter suggestion was at once abandoned by the assurance I felt that it would prove fatal; impeded by the heavy coils of the creature, weak and nerveless from excitement, I could not escape its fangs. Again, therefore, I spoke in the hollow but distinct accents which arise from the throat when the speaker is afraid to move a muscle—*Kulassi chiragh!*" (Lascar, a lantern.)

Again the cobra moved, and again thank God, the ready Lascar replied—

"*Lata houn, Sahib!*" (I am bringing it, sir.)

"There was then a sound of clanking metal; light advancing flashed across the roof of the veranda, and at the noise of quick-coming feet, lo! one after one its horrible coils unwinding, the grisly monster glided away from my body; and the last sounds that struck my sense of hearing were the *Ya ilahi samp!* (Oh God, a snake!) of the Lascar, for I fainted away, for the first time in my life."

A BAD COLD.

A Dutchman, up at Schaghticoke, by the name of Kendrick, had a son by the name of Jacob, Yaupy, as the Dutch usually call it, with whose education he had taken much pains, instructing him in all the rudiments of good breeding, &c., until he became satisfied that his boy Yaupy was a pattern of obedience and good manners, and he took every occasion to show off Yaupy's accomplishments and sound his praises among his neighbours. He said that "Yaupy had more latin den most all de boys in de school; he can read through de spelling book and spell all through all de reading books, and can tell all de pictures in de big Bible!"

Kendrick was visited one day by the domine, who called to inquire into the state of his moral and religious affairs, and to give instructions to his family. Kendrick, thinking it a good opportunity to show off his paragon of a son, and wishing, at the same time, to be kind and civil to his domine, called out to his boy in an adjoining room:—

"Yaupy, you go down in de cellar, and draw de tominie a bitcher of either, onst."

"Go to the —, father," said Yaupy, "and draw the cider yourself; you know where it is as well as I do."

This was rather a stumper for poor Kendrick; but unwilling that the doctor should go away with an unfavourable impression of Yaupy's manners, he undertook to apologise for him:

"Tominie," said he, "dat is von of de best little poy I ever seed in my life; but he has got a very bad cold shust now."

NOT SIMON PURE SMITH.—A Philadelphia paper tells a story connected with the whipping-post of Delaware, where a man received twenty lashes, well laid on. The culprit, instead of bellowing "like ten thousand" when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on still harder. On giving him the twentieth blow, the constable could stand it no longer. "Well, here, mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can lick you no more, but I'd just like to know what it is that's so funny?" "Funny," roared the other, "Funny! why, it's the best joke I ever heard of! Ha! ha! ha! oh! ha! ha!" said he as alternately his pain and merriment predominated. "Funny! Well, what is the joke?" "Joke!" roared the other, "why, it's excellent. You've got the wrong Smith! I want the man that was to be whipped! It's the other one! Now you'll have to go it all over again! Really, it's too good! You must commence over again and lick the other man! Ha! ha!"

A RARE PATRIMONY.—A young man of Nuremberg, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would enquire.

The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he.

"Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he would give you twenty thousand dollars for it?"

(What an idea!)

"Not for the world!"

"Tis well," replied the lawyer; "I had a reason for asking."

The next time he saw the girl's father, he said—

"I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my certain knowledge, he has been offered and he refused twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

SPUNKY GIRLS.

The Yankee factory girls are some. In one of the factories in Maine, recently, the proprietors reduced the wages, whereupon there was a general determination to "strike," and as they were obliged to give a month's notice before quitting work, they have meanwhile posted the following interesting paragraph: "We are now working at our notice, and shall soon be without an employment—can turn our hand to most anything—don't like to be idle—but determined not to work for no hing where folks can afford to pay. Who wants help? We can make bonnets, dresses, puddings pies and cake; patch, darn, knit, roast, stew and fry; make butter and cheese, milk cows, feed chickens, and hoe corn; sweep out the kitchen, put the parlor to rights, make beds, spit wood, kindle fires, wash and iron, besides being remarkably fond of babies—in fact can do anything the most accomplished housewife is capable of, not forgetting the scolding on Mondays and Saturdays; for specimens of spunk, will refer you to our overseer. Speak quick. Black eyes, fair foreheads, clustering locks, beautiful as a Hela, can sing like a seraph, and smile most bewitchingly. Any elderly gentleman in want of a good housekeeper—or a nice young man in want of a wife—willing to sustain either character, in fact, we are in this market. Who bids? Going, going, gone!" Who's the lucky man?"

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A full grown Buckeye, in rather an obnoxious and "balmy" state, tumbled into a stage coach one bright morning, beside a traveller who was in pursuit of knowledge, certainly at that time, under difficulties. After the ribbons had been picked up and the "hosses" received notice to start, the traveller remarked to the new comer that "Ohio was a fine country."

"Ta—hie—aint nothin else!" hiccupped the Buckeye.

"What is the staple production, sir?"

"Co-or-on!"

"You must raise a large quantity. What is done with it, sir?"

"Wher—hie—why, a great de-e-nl is used up for wher—hie—isky, and some they waste in making bread!"