

take place in the interval between the contracting parties."

The king acquiesced by a nod, Michel took up a sheet of paper, and in a bold, clear hand noted down the particulars of the capitulation. He then handed it over to the king to sign. Henry IV. read it through without a word, but his quivering lip and half-closed eyes showed the fury that filled his mind. It began:

"Terms of the Capitulation of the Citadel of St. Malo, agreed to between Henry IV. King of France and Navarre, and Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere, Provisional Dictator of St. Malo, &c. The monarch, however, made no remark, signing one, and taking another signed by Michel. The count and his daughter figured as witnesses. Then Michel rose, bowed gallantly but rather haughtily, and prepared to leave the room.

"Stay," said Henry IV., who saw all the value of attaching such a man personally to himself, feeling convinced, as he did, that St. Malo must be his at last. "Michel de la Bardeliere, I can respect and esteem in you a loyal enemy. I wish, however, public circumstances apart, to be your friend, and therefore beg your acceptance of a gift."

"Your Majesty mistakes; you have in your possession no gift that a Malouine can accept," replied Michel rather haughtily.

"Dictator of the Republic of St. Malo!" said the king almost good humoredly, "I have. Count de Fontaines, the best way of sealing an alliance such as I wish to enter into with my dear friends the Malouines is to marry the Republic to one of mine. Michel loves your daughter, and I believe your daughter!"

"Sire, I fall from the clouds—I cannot breathe—I am faint with emotion—it is not possible!"

"Sire," said Michel, deeply moved, "your majesty has a noble way of forgiving your enemies. In acting as I have done, I have been solely actuated by a strong sense of duty. Be assured that my personal gratitude and friendship will be as enduring as my life. I own that I love the Lady Isabella, but I never hoped!"

"But is it possible that my daughter can have encouraged a young man employed in my house as a secretary?" said the governor, perfectly aghast with horror.

"My dear father," replied Isabella, "one of whom you made a companion and a friend. You have never refused me anything yet, and you will not now."

The Count de Fontaines sank in a chair. The king tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Come, my old and faithful friend," he said, "do oblige your sovereign. You know I am no hard master."

"Sire, I can refuse you nothing. But to give my daughter to one who has deceived me, who has degraded me, who has taken a castle under my command!"

"De Fontaines, Henry the Fourth mounted guard, and was overcome by the audacious valor of this youth. None will dare blame you. It is upon whom the disgrace will fall."

De Fontaines held out his hand to Michel, whom in reality he loved. The other pressed it, and hurried away, his most ardent dreams realized beyond his brightest hopes.

CHAPTER VIII.

The postern-gate opened to let Michel pass, after he had placed his own sentries over the whole castle, and then he went forth to announce to the citizens assembled without, that at daylight the castle that had so long frowned above their heads would be in their power. The young man was received with rapture. He immediately ordered a portion of the guard to remain under arms, sending the rest to take an hour's refreshment. He then asked Porcon and ten others of the notable citizens to accompany him to his house, where he found his mother and sister sitting up in a state of deep agitation and excitement.

"My son," cried the fond mother, on seeing him enter, while his sister embraced him cordially, "what is all this I hear? Your name, unjustly execrated until now, has been this night lauded to the skies."

"My mother, the cause is simply this: my fellow-citizens hitherto have not known me; they know me now."

"I never doubted you, Michel," said his sister warmly.

"I knew you did not, Caterina," said the brother gently. "But I must talk with my friends; I can but tell you now that you will in a few days welcome a new sister. Isabella is mine!"

This was said in a whisper, and then Michel seated himself at a table with his friends. Their discourse fell at once on the form of government

which the free city of St. Malo should assume. The young man, true to his classical traditions, proposed that they should appoint a consul and a senate, the whole spiritually dependent on their bishop, but in reality free, the priest having no part in temporal affairs. Michel, however, indulged in no illusions. He was aware that despite their victory their position was difficult, and was perhaps only tenable as long as civil wars continued to weaken France. But he chose that they should keep their entire independence as long as possible; that if the day of servitude should ever come, they might fall nobly, securing to themselves immunities and privileges such as their position deserved. His friends adopted his ideas without hesitation, and then, having partaken of refreshment, they departed to summon the old members of the commonality to confirm or reject their decision. Michel remained with his family, who now asked of him an explanation of what had passed. The young leader of the successful revolt gladly satisfied their curiosity, and had just concluded amid exclamations of admiration and astonishment from both, when a servant entered.

"What is it, Jean?" said Michel.

"His reverence, Charles de Bourneuf, Bishop and Lord of St. Malo, wishes to see you," replied the youth.

"Let him enter," said Michel coldly. "Dear mother and sister, leave me alone a while with him."

The two women acquiesced, and Michel remained alone. A moment later, the bishop entered. He was a middle sized, slight made man, with an expression of great cunning, and a countenance in general expressive of inordinate ambition and lust of power and wealth.

"Hail, saviour of Gaul!" cried he enthusiastically. "You have the reptile in your hands. The enemy of our church, the heretic usurper is taken; a power greater than any held by man for ages, is yours. Use it well, Michel, and heaven and earth have no rewards great enough for you."

"Explain yourself," said Michel quietly, at the same time offering the bishop a seat.

"Michel, are you not aware that Henry of Navarre is a heretic?" began the bishop.

"He was a heretic, but to gain a crown he has abjured," replied Michel in his driest tones; "and although still suspected of being of the new religion, is at least in name a Roman Catholic, and servitor of his holiness the pope."

"You say truly, Michel. He is still a heretic, and as such unfit to reign in France. On the other hand, there is the League of all true Catholics, which seeks to place on the throne a prince devoted to the interests of the Church. But Henry, supported by the devil and Calvin, is a great general, and we have not been able to overcome him. It has been left for you to perform this wondrous feat. He is your prisoner. Michel, the interests of our religion, the salvation of the monarchy, are in your hands. Declare for the League, give up the Bernais as hostage to them, and the war is over; peace will reign, the true interests of God will be triumphant, and your name will be everlastingly glorious."

"Rather, then, let it be everlastingly infamous," replied Michel firmly: "for I have signed a convention with Henry of Navarre and France; and mark me, my lord bishop, at dawn he rides forth freely."

"Never!" said Charles furiously. "I am lord here, and I will not allow it. I am hereditary ruler in St. Malo, and no treaty is valid without my signature. Never will I sign my name to a wicked and absurd capitulation that sets a heretic and a usurper free."

"Then, your reverence, the treaty must live without your signature. It is signed, and must be carried into effect."

"Who will dare to carry it out in defiance of me?"

"I will, my lord bishop! I braved last night and this morning greater dangers than you can place in my way. I braved the ascent of the Generale by a single rope, the threatening sword of Henry the Fourth, and for two years the contempt of my fellow citizens. Mark me; reading, philosophy, and reflection have taught me that the difference between Romanism and Protestantism is a matter of feeling. There are abuses on both sides, but the balance is with us. I am not bigoted to the one or the other, and like not sudden changes; but rather than submit to the rule of a priest, and change masters, I pledge myself in six months to make St. Malo as strong a hold of Reformation as La Rochelle. I respect the sincere piety of my countrymen, but myself half a Huguenot, I would not grieve to see all my countrymen so. But I will not, in so grave a matter, take any initiative; they are good and happy. But

mark me, Charles de Bourneuf, no tampering with our liberties. I am neither for king nor league—I am for the liberties of St. Malo. But, in preference to the League, I would accept the king."

"But you, a simple citizen, a merchant, a trader, how dare you resist your hereditary lord, the bishop of St. Malo? Michel, fear not only the excommunication of the church, but temporal punishment."

At this instant a deputation of citizens entered, headed by Porcon. They bowed slightly to the bishop—profoundly to Michel.

"Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere," said Porcon, in a voice of deep emotion, "I have submitted your proposition to the citizens, and they have decided that St. Malo is an independent commonwealth, governed by a consul, a senate of fifty, and a town council of one hundred—all elected by the people. In token of their deep gratitude to you—the saviour of your country, they declare unanimously that you are consul for four years. Long live the Republic and its first consul!"

Michel closed his eyes to check the strong feelings that overcame him. The bishop advanced furiously towards the deputation.

"And my rights?" he asked—he asked with clenched fists, says the old chronicle.

"Charles de Bourneuf," said Michel firmly, "return to your palace and leave it not without further orders. We respect you in your spiritual capacity, but your known devotion to a foreign party causes the city to declare that you are forever excluded from its temporal councils."

Michel had always objected to the interference of priests with government, but, in those days of spiritual bondage, he threw in the party allusion to soothe the bigoted. The priest went out muttering words of revenge, and shut himself up in his palace, which he never left again for four years, except under good guard. Michel received on his shoulders with humility the furred cloak of ancient days worn by the lords of St. Malo, allowed the tiara to be placed on his head and the sword by his side, and then marched forth, to carry out the terms of the capitulation. As the sun rose he entered the castle, where, to his great surprise, he found a chapel fitted up for his marriage, which there and then was celebrated by the command of the king. Then, trumpets sounding and colors flying, and all military honors rendered to them, the garrison, headed by the king and count, marched out, Michel accompanying them some distance. At last they parted, with many mutual good wishes, and the consul returned to his native city, to organize and consolidate his government.

During four years Michel ruled as consul, beloved by his countrymen, whom he made rich, prosperous, and happy. His views were enlarged and comprehensive, and his first thought was to foster commerce—the right hand of civilization. St. Malo became wealthy to a proverb, enjoying as she did the greatest blessing of a state—peace. But at the end of four years war ceased in France; Henry IV. was universally recognized as king; the pope allowed him to be a good Catholic, and every town and city in the land did homage. He sent word to Michel that he could not resist the advice of his ministers, but must reduce St. Malo to allegiance. Michel was too clear-sighted not to be aware that resistance was useless. He sent, however, a haughty message to the king, in the name of the senate, for he would not join even in the least appearance of submission. He spoke as Cromwell might have done to Louis XIV., and the terms offered by the senate were accepted. Henry IV. forbade any Protestant chapels to be built within three leagues; the people were exempt from taxes for six years; they chose their own guard; they elected their own magistrates; had a prior and two consuls to try all causes; in fact, they simply owned themselves a city of France, and remained as they were.

Though not in importance one tithe of what it was, St. Malo is still an important place, and there are many even now who would gladly return to the good old times under the rule of their first and last republican consul, Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere, whose descendants have uniformly served their city well, either as magistrates, merchants, or sailors, preserving religiously in their family the legend of the Rock Republic.

The general reader, however, connects the name with smuggling and contraband brandy, and is almost always ignorant of the daring feats which have induced us to recall the name of Michel de la Bardeliere.

A BATCH OF PUNS.

A baker, advertising, said,
"I wish none this to heed,
Not bred to making bread, because
I need a man to knead,
Mould, set, and in a shop I have.
At Leeds, to take the lead."

[From "Way Down East" by Jack Downing.]

A NEW WAY TO CURE THE HYPOCHONDRIA.

Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his fall work which had been several times interrupted by the periodical turns of despondency in his wife. One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy day's work to do and had engaged one of his neighbours to come with two yoke of oxen and a plough to help him "break up" an old mowing field. His neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plough the whole field. He accordingly had left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charges to take good care of their mother. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team and his neighbor was holding the plough and things went on to their mind till about ten o'clock in the forenoon when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was dreadful sick, and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perplexed. Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it has always proved to be before, still the idea of the possibility that this sickness might be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he had laid down his goadstick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle breath awhile, walked deliberately towards the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his imagination had added such wings to his speed, that he found himself moving on a quick run. He entered the House and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her own estimation, almost ready to breath her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears.—She had already taken her leave of her dear children, and awaited only to exchange a few parting words with her dear husband. Mr. Woodsum approached the bedside, and took her hand tenderly as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of approaching dissolution different from what he had witnessed on former occasions.

"Now my dear," said Mrs Woodsum, faintly, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death bed, and have but a short time longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. I would cheerfully die, if it was not the anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think, my dear?" she continued with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind, good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused and looked earnestly in his face. "Well, I've sometimes thought of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn manner.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a contraction of the muscles of the mouth.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you have had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadful to think of it, but I don't know but it might be my duty."

"Well I don't think but it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort of a person. Every thing depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you will get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Woodsum, "there is one that I have thought of for some time past, I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression more of earth than heaven, returning to her eye, "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum?—You haven't named it to her yet, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; "but, my dear, we had better drop the subject, it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; I never could die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great ear-