

hand. At this moment the man moved again, and rose; Michel had laid down his musket, but he clutched a dagger and a heavy pistol. He had never taken life, but now he was resolved to spare not this stranger, if he stood in the way of his success. The man went to the side where was the tower, looked over, saw nothing suspicious, and returned to his seat. In another minute he was again asleep; and Michel, passing his arm through the loop-hole, crossed the battlements, and in a minute was on the top of the tower, crouching in the deep shadow of the wall.

"Who goes there?" said a deep, commanding voice that made Michel shudder. He lay still and made no reply, his hand on both pistol and dagger, resolved that no man made by God's hand should cause his enterprise to fail.

The man looked sleepily about, muttered to himself that he saw shadows everywhere, and again fell asleep. He thus most certainly saved his own life.

At this instant of time Michel heard, distinctly above the storm, the first stroke of the half-hour; his heart sank within him. The ladder was not safely fastened on one side; on he went, however, with cold and steady hand, knotting, tying, until he heard the deep-toned bell cease to vibrate.

He had not finished yet, and his companions were ascending; but still he pursued his work and in a few minutes had completed his task. The ladder seemed firm as a rock. Then he rose up boldly, and walked slowly up and down the platform of the tower.

When Henry IV. awoke the first time from a heavy sleep, his eyes were so fatigued that he did not perceive the unusual movement in the town. He never thought of looking towards the sea; it never struck him that any danger could come thence. He accordingly, although determined to watch through the night, again allowed slumber to gain upon him, believing that any danger would become apparent at dawn. When he heard a faint, incautious movement made by Michel, he was half asleep, and what he heard seemed part of a restless dream.

The king was a peasant alone in a hut—that is, the only one awake. On a couch slept a beautiful young woman, with two children beside her. All looked warm and comfortable, and a dog nestled comfortably at her feet before a bright fire. The peasant was gazing with rapture at the scene, when the dog moaned, and raised its head, but seeing nothing, it lay down again. Presently it barked sharply, and this time the young woman held up her head and, seeing the peasant, smiled. "Art not going to rest to-night, my husband?" she said, in well known tones that made the man's heart leap.

"Presently, dearest, but I have been so happy gazing at you that I never thought of slumber," replied the peasant.

"Then will I get up and share your watching," said she; and the beautiful girl rose, and advanced towards the fireplace, while the dog leaped up, wagging its tail.

The king at this moment started, and found himself seated on a hard stone bench, on the summit of the great tower of the Generale, and a man looking curiously at him. "Who is it?" cried he, leaping up, and putting his hand upon his sword.

"I, sire," replied Michel, coldly.

"Michel!" exclaimed the king, rubbing his eyes, and much surprised; "and what do you here? Surely you do not expect the Lady Isabella!"

"No, sire, I am waiting to hear the cathedral clock strike two," continued Michel firmly, and even somewhat sternly.

"Why, Master Secretary?" cried the king, somewhat struck with his tone, and still impressed with the belief that something was about to happen.

"That is a secret your majesty will learn soon enough," replied Michel; "for it now strikes the quarter."

At this moment Michel heard a noise that made his blood run cold; he clearly distinguished the grating of a cord against iron, and knew that the ladder had slightly slipped. His anguish was intolerable.

"Young man," exclaimed the king, with severity, "I am not accustomed to receive such replies. Your answer bodes no good. Already I have spoken to the count of my suspicions, and they are now realized. Speak, young man, or I will have you arrested as a traitor, and punished as you deserve."

"Before I reply to any questions" said Michel firmly—he had heard no further sound—"I must

beg your majesty to explain what you mean by the word traitor applied to me."

"If you are in any plot to secure the independence of St. Malo, and to take this castle out of the king's hands, you are a traitor, and a double traitor—first to your king and then to your employer."

"Sire, I have no king."

"How mean you, sirrah?" continued Henry IV., much struck by the lofty and bold manner of the young man. "Who then, if you please, am I?"

"Henry of Navarre, king of France, but not monarch of St. Malo, which since its foundation has been an independent community, allied sometimes to France, sometimes to Brittany, but never the serf of either."

"But France and Navarre are now united; you can pretend no longer to resist both. You might cope with one, backed by the other, but never with united France."

"We will try," said Michel modestly.

"But madman!" said the king, his anger vanishing before the other's audacity, "you may be sure that all France will soon be peacefully inclined, and ruled over by me. How then can you contend against me, with a citadel commanding your town?"

"I mean to take the castle, continued Michel listening anxiously all the time."

"Fore heaven, you are a bold rascal, Master Michel; and had I not been warned, you would make me uneasy. But now I have nothing to fear, since I am prepared. You must certainly expect me to put you in confinement." And the king made a motion for the other to follow.

"Your majesty may be assured that, had I not been certain of my success, I should have remained silent," said Michel coldly.

"But, man of enigmas, explain yourself. When do you mean to take the castle?" cried the king, impatiently.

"This morning, as the clock strikes two," said Michel quietly.

"The fellow is mad!" exclaimed Henry, half inclined to laugh. "Your means? for it will strike two instantly."

"If your majesty will look over towards the town at the open place before the Quo-en-Grognie, you will begin to understand."

The king turned hurriedly to the ramparts, and peering down into the depths below, saw distinctly a body of about 1000 men, standing silently in front of the main entrance of the castle, with six pieces of cannon pointed towards the gates of the hated tower.

"Ah! Ventre St. Gris! these knavish citizens have caught us napping. Master Secretary, this must be looked to. You are my prisoner; follow me!"

"Your majesty is mistaken," said Michel firmly, at the same time placing himself before the head of the winding stair; "it is your majesty who is my prisoner."

"Passemblez; this is beyond a joke; make way, man, or my sword shall carve it for me," and the king laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Michel never replied; and at the same instant the horn, which had already so puzzled the king, was heard sounding wofully but clearly behind his back, on the summit of the tower of La Generale. The king turned sharply round, and saw behind him three men, while a fourth was leaping over the battlements.

"St. Denis to the rescue!" cried Henry IV., but ere he could utter another word, he was caught hold of by the armed men, and held a prisoner.

"Respect the brave Henry of Navarre, King of France!" said Michel in a low tone, "and you, your majesty, give your royal word not to seek escape by violence, and I will leave your sword."

"Ventre St. Gris, young man!" exclaimed the king, overwhelmed with surprise and vexation as much as with fury at his defeat, and well aware that, if Michel chose, he could now put him into the hands of the League, and thus buy their support—"I promise what you ask; but pray tell me by what magic you have gained possession of this tower? Surely you have not ascended from the sea!"

"We have, your majesty, by the same rope that enabled me to escape this evening, some four hours before; but we have no time to explain anything now. Hark! the cannon proclaim the attack; and as I mean my victory to be accomplished without bloodshed, we must act. Your majesty will be pleased to descend with me, and announce to the garrison that fifty-seven of the bravest youths in St. Malo hold the Generale; that we thus have the powder magazine in our hands; that I offer to the garrison an honorable capitulation; but mark

this—I have vowed to take the citadel or die. At three o'clock, if the gates are not opened, and the castle be not in my hands, I will set fire to the powder magazine!"

The king heard his cold, calm voice, he saw his iron face, he looked out upon the raging waves, and down the immense depths of the tower, more terrible from the profound darkness, and he believed.

"I will bear your message, Sir Michel," he said quietly; "but let us hasten." There were now fifteen men on the summit of the tower, and others were rapidly ascending.

"Follow me, Pepin," continued Michel, speaking in loud commanding tones; "we must hasten below. The castle is alarmed; but as yet all attention is drawn from this side. As you go, tell me how you fared."

They descended rapidly the winding stair-case, overcame the resistance of the small guard of four men in a lower chamber, and then barricading themselves in, awaited the progress of events, after sending forth their great prisoner as bearer of their wishes and commands.

The bold youth had then time to listen to Pepin's story.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### THRILLING INCIDENT.

I passed up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I however passed up the aisle until I gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every person appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the woods and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white banded creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart, doubting not that the fair damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself—that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild and romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry, and of tenderness; and then I thought of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home, alone and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit; for we are surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other. Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as the stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace, and she actually slackened her's, as if to let me come up with her. "Noble creature!" thought I; "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom."

I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She then began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if I were doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly; "I thought when I saw you in the meeting-house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half dollar on me about three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother

John has got home now, and says if he catches the feller he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!"

Reader, did you ever take a shower-bath?

### NEW PATENT MEDICINE.

Doesticks, the famous New York correspondent of the Detroit Daily Advertiser, has invented a new patent medicine. This is the way he did it:—

Bought a gallon of tar, a cake of bees wax and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-four hours I presented to the world the first batch of "Doestick's Patent Self-Acting Four-Horse-Power Balsam," designed to cure all diseases of mind, body or estate, to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the bare-foot, decency to blackguards, and common sense to the Know Nothings. It acts physically, morally, mentally, psychologically and geologically, and it is intended to make our sublunary sphere a blissful paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be but as a side show.

The wonderful effects of the Balsam are thus recounted by Dr Doesticks:

I caused some to be applied to the Washtenaw after its failure, and while the balsam lasted the bank redeemed its notes with specie. The cork of one of the bottles dropped upon the head of a childless widow, and in six weeks she had a young and blooming husband. Administered some to a hack driver in a glass of gin and sugar, and that day he swindled but seven people, and only gave two of them bad money in change. Gave a few drops gratis to a poor woman who was earning a precarious subsistence by making calico shirts with a one eyed needle, and the next day she was discovered to be heir to a large fortune. The Know Nothing candidate for Mayor of the city has sent for a bottle, and it has entirely cured him of a violent verbal diarrhoea. Gave some to an uptown actor, and that night he said "damned" only twenty one times.

One of the daily papers got the next dose, and and in the next edition but one there were but four editorial falsehoods, seven indecent advertisements, and two columns and a half of home made "Foreign Correspondence." Caused fifteen drops to be given to the low comedian of a Broadway theatre, and that night he was positively dressed more like a monkey—actually spoke some lines of the author—made only three insane attempts at puerile witticisms—only twice went out of his way to introduce some grossly indelicate line into his part, and for a wonder lost so much of his self-conceit that for a full half hour he did not believe himself the greatest comedian in the world. Gave some to a newsboy, and he manufactured but three fires, a couple of murders, and one horrible railroad accident, in the next thirty minutes. Put some on the outside of the Crystal Palace, and the same day the stock went from 22 up to 44. Our whole Empire City is entirely changed by the miraculous power of "Doestick's Patent Self-Acting, Four-Horse-Power Balsam."

### HOW MR. JONES FAILED.

Some men fail so frequently, that it may almost be said of them, they do 'nothing else.' We wish they would all follow the example of Mr. Jones.

There once lived, in the city of Boston, a certain Mr. Jones. This same Mr. Jones was an eccentric man—very much so; and among his many other peculiarities was that of failing in business once in every two years. Some people now-a-days have the same extraordinary habit. Mr. Jones always paid his creditors fifty per cent.—no more nor no less than fifty per cent. A very dignified pompous man was Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones failed again—made an assignment of his effects as usual, and was very much surprised when his assignee said to him—

"Mr. Jones, we shall declare a dividend of forty per cent."

"Sir," said Mr. Jones, in a very dignified manner "you must make it fifty, sir. I always pay fifty cents on the dollar, sir."

"It can't be done," said the assignee.

"It shall be done," said Mr. Jones, elevating his right hand.

"We have not enough property in our hands to do it," said the assignee.

"Sir," said Mr. Jones, declare fifty per cent.—I always pay fifty per cent.—and, sir, if you have not sufficient property in your hands to pay fifty per cent., I, sir will pay the balance out of my own pocket!"

If thou art master be sometimes blind; if a servant be sometimes deaf.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends in.