

Miscellany.

A GAME FOR A HEART

A Tale of the 15th Century.

[CONCLUDED.]

'Say nothing of it, I entreat your majesty, cried Dunois, who saw through the duplicity of his royal friend. 'Nothing will induce me to leave your majesty's side.'

'Nothing but my commands,' replied the king, with a malicious smile.

'Oh, if your majesty commands my absence, that's a different affair,' replied Dunois with a deep chagrin.

'I do command it, my noble friend,' cried Chas. grasping his hand. 'I make you generalissimo of my armies, and I command you forthwith to raise the royal standard, and rally all true and loyal subjects to its support. Here is your commission accompanied with your warrant, written by my own hand signed with my own seal. Depart this moment.'

'I will but bid adieu to Agnes.'

'Stay not even for that, my dear sir,' said the king earnestly. 'Your horse is saddled in the court-yard. I will make your excuses to our host. Ride forth and God be with you.'

'Sire!' replied Dunois, 'believe me, I shall not forget this mark of your majesty's confidence and favor.'

He bent his knee, raised the royal hand to his lips, and then with mingled emotions of pride at his advancement, and resentment at the interruption of his courtship, left the presence and mounted his horse.

The king watched his departure from the rampart. As he spurred his proud charger from under the gateway, he turned in his saddle and waved an adieu to a certain turret window, from whence, in the guise of a fluttering kerchief, streamed the farewell of the beautiful Agnes.

'The absent are always wrong,' muttered the king, in the words of a proverb. 'This formidable rival out of the way, the lady is mine.'

And he descended to meet the enchantress, and apologize for the abrupt departure of his friend.—That evening he displayed all his graces and was listened to with marked attention. There appeared to be no regret for the absent one. But the next day, when Charles was preparing to lay a scientific seige to the fair one, came a herald to the castle bearing a proclamation from the commander-in-chief, ordering all knights of France, whether wounded or not, to repair to the royal standard, and menacing with the king's displeasure and with forfeiture of estate and rank, any and all who should give harbor or shelter to any bold enough or base enough to disobey the summons.

'I regret, sir knight,' said the lady Agnes, 'that we are to be so summarily deprived of your society.'

'For that matter,' replied the king, who smarted at this retaliation on the part of Dunois, the motive of which he detected at a glance, 'I shall not be so discourteous as to leave you suddenly. I will tarry a few days longer.'

'But the summons is peremptory.'

'I am hardly able to bear my armor yet, as you can testify, fair maiden, since you have kindly tended me,' replied the king.

'Forgive me, fair sir,' rejoined the lady, 'I think I can fairly authorize you to take the field again.'

'Ah—cruel one! you are glad of the pretext to banish me.'

'Not so!' cried Agnes, 'and if my father consents—'

'Consents to what?' cried the old man, entering the hall.

'To my prolonging my stay a few days longer here,' said the king, anxiously.

'What!' cried the lord of the castle, 'in the face of yonder proclamation? Not so! were you my own son I would not harbor you. The king has ordered every good knight to join his royal standard.'

'I think my tarrying would not displease his majesty,' said the king.

'There is no exception in the orders,' said the inflexible old man. 'Well and wounded must to the standard. As a loyal knight you must obey.'

At this moment a horn sounded without. The drawbridge was heard to fall—hoof to ring in the courtyard, and then the clank of armed footsteps approaching—a warrior sheathed in steel rushed into the apartment. The visor of his plumed helmet was raised, and his bold features beamed with

It was Dunois the brave.

'What news from the war?' cried the lord of the castle.

'News that would stir the dead from their graves!' cried Dunois. 'News that should ring through France like the trump of approaching doom.'

'Speak! I charge you!' cried the king quivering with excitement. 'What news?'

'The English have taken Paris?'

'The English in Paris! and I here!' cried Charles. 'Mother of God! I must not lose a moment. What ho! bring me arms—my coat of Milan steel—my helmet and all my panoply. Saddle Abdallah instantly. Old man! do you stand trembling there? Forget your age as I my wound Arm all your vassals! they must ride with us.—Despatch! despatch! Each sand of time is golden!'

'And who are you that speaks with such authority?'

'Charles of France, your king!' exclaimed Dunois.

'O, sire!' cried Agnes, falling at his feet, 'I should have known you by the gallant words.—Now I feel the destinies of France are safe with you—and if the prayers of Agnes Sorel can avail—they will be offered up for you.'

'Rise dear maiden,' said the king. 'You shall help arm me for your knight—and buckle on my sword and spurs—and I will wear your colors in the field. Glory were little worth without the love of Agnes Sorel.'

Swiftly moved the fingers of the beautiful maiden as she armed him for the battle, and her own scarf fluttered from his shoulder, as he galloped from the castle by the side of the brave Dunois.

'You have conquered, sire, said the count.—'May you be as fortunate in war as love. He plays a losing game who plays against a king.'

A SOLILOQUY.

Peter Bush was in a dilapidated condition, out at elbows, out at knees, out of pockets, out of spirits, and out in the streets, and an out-and-out in every respect. He sat upon the curb-stone, leaning his head upon his hand, his elbow being placed upon a stepping stone. Mr. Bush had for some time been silent, absorbed in deep thought, which he relieved at intervals by spitting through his teeth forlornly into the gutter. At length heaving a deep sigh, he spoke, "They used to tell me—put not your trust in Princes,—and I haven't; none of em never wanted to borrow nothing of me and never see'd any of them to borrow nothing of them. Princes! pooh! put not your trust in politicians; them's my sentiments. There's no two mediums about that. Haven't I been sarving my country these five years, like a patriot; going to meetings and huzzinga my daylight out, and getting as blue as blazes; hav'nt I blocked the windows, got licked fifty times, carried I don't know how many black eyes and broken noses, for the good of the commonwealth, and the popularity of illegal rights, and all for what? Why, for nix.—If any good has come out of it, the country has put the whole in her pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I can get no office; Republics is ungrateful, I'll be hanged in they aint. I didn't want no reward for my services; I only want to be took care of, and have nothing to do; being took care of was the thing; Republics is ungrateful, I'm swaggered if they aint"

'Come with me,' said Charley, helping him along, 'I'll take care of you. But what made you a politician—haven't you a trade?'

'Trade! yes, but what's a trade, when a feller's got a soul, a whole-soul? Trade! I loved my country, and I wanted an office, I didn't care what, if it was fat and easy; I wanted to take care of my country, and wanted my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade, I'm made for talking, that's my line. Talking in the oyster cellars—in the bar-room—anywhere, I can talk all day, only stopping for meals and to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike. I've been on all sides, tried 'em, and I know none of them gave me anything, and I've a mind to knock off and call it half a day.'

ANECDOTE OF A RAVEN.—The following account of a raven's preference for a canine companion is given in the Saturday Magazine:—The latter was a large otter-dog, and was kept chained up in a stable-yard, where the raven began by occasionally snatching a morsel from the dog's feed. ing-pan, before he had finished his meal. As this was not resented, the raven always attended at meal times, and occasionally took away a scrap in his beak, beyond the reach of the dog's chain, and then return with it, play about, and hang it on the dog's nose, and, when the poor beast was in the

times, he hid the morsel under a stone, beyond the length of his chain, and then, with a cunning look mounted upon the dog's head. He, however, always ended by giving the dog the largest portion or the whole of the scrap thus played with. The life of this raven was saved by the dog, who, seeing the poor bird nearly drowned in a tub of water dragged his heavy kennel till he could put his head over the tub, when he took the raven up in his mouth, and laid him gently upon the ground where he soon recovered.—Home Gazette.

A LITTLE FABLE.—The sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go—they were spots of blood. It was on the table near the pen of the Secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off.

'Thou art right,' said the sword, 'I am a bad neighbor.'

'I fear thee not,' replied the pen, 'I am more powerful than thou art, but I like not thy society.'

'I exterminate' said the sword.

'And I perpetuate' answered the pen. 'Where are thy victories, if I reorded them not? Where the glory thou seekest, without my aid? Even where thou, thyself, shall one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion.'

The sword was silent.

THE ENGLISH CRYSTAL PALACE.

We find in the *Christian Mirror* the following interesting account of the present appearance of this immense edifice. It is compiled from the *British Banner*: "The Crystal Palace, removed from Hyde Park, and rebuilt on an enlarged scale at Sydenham, was inaugurated June 10th, being opened by the queen in person in the presence of some 40,000 spectators. So vast is this structure and its appurtenances, that the population of one of the smaller continental kingdoms might be collected in the palace and its grounds, without its seeming to be over-crowded. In point of magnitude, Solomon's temple was but a trifle compared with the palace at Sydenham. To form anything even approaching to an adequate conception of this stupendous edifice, it must be seen. Nothing merely pictorial can do more than give a glimpse of it. No notion of its magnitude can be conveyed by figures or description. Compared with the Crystal Palace every other structure in the realm is a little thing. The entire length of the great nave is 1608 feet; the length of center transept, 408 feet; length of end transepts, 312 feet. The width of the nave is 72 feet; the width of the center transept, 120 feet; the width of the end transept, 73 feet; projection of the bays, 8 feet.—These dimensions are all multiples of parts of 24 feet, the distance from column throughout. The height of the first story, including the girder, which is three feet, is 22 feet; the height of the second story, third story, fourth story in center transept, 20 feet in each case. The ribs of the roof spring at eight feet above the upper galleries in nave and transepts. The height from the floor to the center of the roof of the nave and of end transepts, is 106 feet; and the height from the floor to the center of the roof of the center transept is 170 feet. Several years must elapse before the institution has filled up the full measure of its splendor as at present contemplated, but even now at once it is the largest conservatory in the world—a gallery of universal art, a museum of natural history, most instructively arranged,—a magnificent sheltered promenade for the multitude—a sanitarium for the invalid—a school for the studios, and a delightful retreat and resting-place for all."

SHARKS.

There are many kinds of sharks, and they are all dreadful animals; but the most terrible of them is the white shark. He has six rows of hard teeth, which have very hard points, and are shaped like a wedge. He can make them stand upright, or turn them, if he please, flat in his mouth. They are in number one hundred and forty-four. It is said that some sharks are so large as to weigh three or four thousand pounds. Their bodies and fins are of a light ash color. When seizing their prey, their eyes are goggling, their teeth erected, and their fins agitated. They appear fierce, savage, and malicious, and are ready to devour everything that comes in their way. They frequent the seas where the climate is hot, and sometimes follow the snips and boats in long processions, looking about for that which may fall overboard; and the swell of the water occasionally lifts the foremost of them higher than the boats, alarming those unaccustomed to such scenes.

Sharks are greatly dreaded by the sailor; who, if they fall into the water, are almost sure to perish

shark to throw himself on one side, in order to seize his prey; and unless the man can be saved during that time, he is no more seen. Their fins and tails are very strong, and they swim with great swiftness. Sometimes when sailors are bathing, a shark suddenly makes his appearance; the poor fellows are filled with terror, and make great efforts to reach their comrades in the boat; but it often happens that one of them becomes a victim to the monster of the deep. The negroes employed in the pearl fisheries of South America, when diving, carry with them a sharp knife, and if this fish come near one of them, he endeavors to stick the knife into his belly. When this is done, the animal frequently swims off. When these negroes are in danger from the approach of the shark and are not aware of it, other divers plunge into the water, with knives in their hands, to rescue them; but are rarely successful.

HOME-MADE THUNDER.—An exchange tells the following amusing story of a Western farmer:—"A man in our 'diggins' was informed that thunder was death to creeping insects, and being much troubled with worms in his garden, and despairing, too, of any thunder of nature's manufacture, resolved to have some of domestic production.—Pursuant to this determination, he charged an old musket, muzzle full, took a pail of water and a lantern, proceeded to the cabbage garden, rained on all the plants copiously from his bucket, made the lantern open and shut *sesame*, by way of lightning, and then in hot haste let off 'Old Copenhagen' for thunder. The worms 'cut and run,' while the manufacturer of the domestic article lay with his back to the earth, rendered oblivious from the knocks caused by the re-percussion action of the thunder machine."

On a recent Sunday at Constantinople, two of the Grenadier Guards, in their bearskin caps, went over to that city from Scutari, who were all very anxious to find out who or what they might be.—They passed for generals at the very least; and it was strongly presumed that the bulk of the population put them down as Prince Napoleon and the Duke of Cambridge, taking a walk before dinner. The bearskin cap has more astonished the Turks than the whole army that is encamped at Scutari. "Inshallah! what a hat! What can it be? Can they take it off?"

A young gentleman was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for measures, not men. He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired his reasons for doing so. "Surely, father," said the young hopeful, "you told me to vote for measures, and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

KNOW-NOTHINGS.—The Herald has been looking into "scripture" to prove the existence of the order of know-nothings from a very long time ago and judges that Absalom was the leader of the first party from what it finds recorded in 2d. Samuel, xv., 2, which says—

"And with Absalom went two hundred men out of Jerusalem, that were called—and they went in their simplicity, and they knew not anything."

A western Editor appeals, in the following eloquent language to the sympathies of his delinquent subscribers:—"We cannot help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made, if his generous patrons could only hear his 'better half' scraping the bottom of the flour barrel! A man that can write editorials with such music sounding in his ears, can easily walk the telegraph wires, and turn somersets in the branches of a thorn bush."

An old maid was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day,—"I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but O, to live, and droop, and die, like a single pink—I can't endure it, and what's more I won't!"

The *Danville Herald* has a devil who thinks this is a great world. He says that at the office they charge him with all *pi* they do find, while at the house they charge him with all they don't find.—He seems to doubt the propriety of the proceedings.

"How will your county go this year?" asked a zealous politician of a citizen of Berks county.

"Vell, can't tell mooch," replied the simple Dutchman, "de man what tells us how to vote has not been round yet."

The Bishop of Buffalo has formally ex-communicated St. Louis' Church (German Catholic) in that city—the trustees continuing to refuse to give