

"But how do you propose to act?" asked the king, who had ever a relish for military plans.

"The city-guard rests, and the people will soon be asleep. At midnight there will not be an owl stirring. I will enter the city with a hundred soldiers, leaving the rest as a reserve, and simply proclaiming your presence in the castle, St. Malo is ours."

Isabella turned very pale, Michel ground his teeth and started. His emotion, however, was not remarked.

"Nay," said the king; "the people are goodly burghers, and would fight. We should have a scene of midnight massacre that makes my heart sick. Let us try other means. Tomorrow, summon them in the king's name to yield to his authority, and then if they refuse, we can use force."

"As your majesty wishes," replied de Fontaines, who, a rough soldier, knew no means of action, save brute strength and measures of violence, unfortunately an idea but too prevalent with military men in all ages.

"If I might be permitted to speak," said Michel respectfully, "I would give a piece of advice."

"Speak, Master Secretary," replied Henry IV., dryly.

"In my humble opinion, neither course will succeed. Your majesty is not master of France till your conversion to the Catholic Church has been recognized by the Pope; therefore St. Malo thinks herself bound by no ties to obey you, while the stout burghers, would rather bury their city in its own ruins than be ruled by one suspected of heresy."

"Truly," said the king, still more dryly. "Well, as you think that my reason may not prove convincing, what say you to the warlike proposition of Monsieur de Fontaines?"

"He might succeed, but the Malouine are stubborn dogs, and I fancy the burgher guard will perish to a man first. They know the value of liberty. They pay no taxes now except to themselves, and they fear that your majesty, however gentle and generous a king, may not exempt them from state charges, if they once join France."

"And personally what think you?" asked the king, with a scrutinizing air.

"Sire, I should not sympathize with men who hate me because they see me here, but at bottom I think them right," and the young man smiled at the vacant astonishment of De Fontaines.

"Then why are you not with them?" continued the king.

"For many reasons, sire," said Michel with some emotion; "in the first place, because of my strong personal attachment to Monsieur de Fontaines, a man of learning and parts, in whose society and conversation I learn much that is valuable and useful."

The Count de Fontaines appeared much flattered, the king laughed heartily.

"I should have thought it was the Count found your learning agreeable, for I believe you have studied and read, young man. But is the Lady Isabella a person of learning, and do you find her society also valuable and useful?"

"The Lady Isabella, sire, is a person of rare modesty, talents, and with a deep desire for study. Shut up in this castle, her chief resource is books, and she has been pleased to ask my advice and assistance in fathoming the secrets of Latin and Greek poesy," replied Michel, firmly.

"A new Abelard and Heloise," said the king, with something of a frown; "but you may retire to your studies, as I have private business with the governor, Master Secretary."

Michel bowed and retired, the Lady Isabella having preceded him by ten minutes. The king waited until he was quite out of hearing.

"Sir Count that youth is a burning local patriot. He is personally attached to you, and more so to your daughter, but the moment you turn against his native city, he will abandon you, and combat you even unto the death."

"Sire, exclaimed the astounded governor, opening eyes that would have done honor to a Mongolian idol: "you mistake Michel. The lad loves but Greek and Latin; he reads all day, and is the companion of my daughter, and my secretary and friend. He could never be a traitor."

"Count de Fontaines, there are few men who have not been traitors within the last twenty years, during these long civil wars. But I have learned to read men's countenances. This youth has served you while the ally and protector of his native city. But once turn against St. Malo, and, knowing your plans, he will frustrate them. Make no noise, but see that he does not leave the castle to-night."

"Your Majesty shall be obeyed," said the count, rising with an effort.

"No haste, Sir Count, let us take a walk on the

ramparts, and there consider further what is to be done."

And the king and the count walked forth to the battlements in earnest discourse.

## CHAPTER IV.

The great tower of the castle of Anne of Brittany was the favorite place of resort both of Isabella and Michel. Here they often sat for hours in the day reading, watching the waves, the wide sea, and the white sails glancing in the distance on the moving water. In the evening, they sometimes came with the count to spend an hour or two in discourse; and, on the present occasion, the young people were seated there in the company of two waiting-maids, who conversed, in a corner, of their absent sweethearts; both being well-favored girls, sought in marriage by rich young citizens of the town. It was a lovely night. The moon danced over the speckled waters with a brightness almost equal to that of day, silencing the house-tops and the ramparts, the cathedral and the rocks of St. Malo, while it brought out in bold relief the towers of Solidor.

"I must leave you," said Michel in a low tone; "my dream of love and happiness is over. Your father has at last resolved to become the aggressor. You know my feelings, you know my hopes; but you know also that I love my native city, and am determined to see it free and independent. I have never deceived you, and in your heart you are a Malouine yourself."

"Yes, Michel, you have taught me to love all that belongs to you. Your country is my country, your home my home. I was but a French girl two years ago, now I am of St. Malo. But remember your solemn promise and my vow. You will in any struggle look after my father; and I, if anything happens to him, shall enter a convent, and we part forever. But could I not warn him?"

"Isabella, your father never tells you his secrets; if he did, you would not betray them to me. I tell you mine; they must be sacred as your word."

They were looking down from the battlements as they spoke to where the sea broke against the rocks a hundred and twenty feet below.

"I will keep true to my word," exclaimed Isabella; "but be careful."

"My love, I answer for your father's life with mine," replied Michel, warmly.

"And be careful of your own," continued Isabella sadly; and then she added more cheerfully, "at all events, my Greek and Latin lessons are at an end."

"Why, dearest?" asked Michel anxiously.

"Because you are now so occupied with your warlike schemes, your plots and conspiracies, that you will have no time to think of me."

"When the time comes that I do not think of you, my heart will have ceased to beat. But adieu, Lady Isabella; here is the king and your father."

"Whither away so hastily?" said the rather sarcastic voice of the king.

"I was making place for your majesty," replied Michel with a shudder. In the sound of that voice, he thought he detected a suspicion of his great secret.

"Nay, stay near the Lady Isabella, while the count and I keep sentry awhile. Methinks there will be rumors in the street to-night. What building is that so brilliantly lighted up in the Grand Place?"

Michel drew a long breath and then answered calmly, a clock meanwhile striking ten: "It is the palace of the bishop."

"A notorious Leaguer," said the king.

"Yes, sire, and hence kept a prisoner in his own palace."

"I faith, a goodly set of rebels, that will own neither one king nor the other, nor even their own bishop-elect," said Henry IV., laughing, and then he turned to whisper to the governor. They leaned over the battlement towards the town, so placed that no one could descend the stairs of the tower without brushing against them; while Michel and Isabella overlooked the sea.

The town was dark and still, save where the palace of the bishop stood out in marked relief in the large place. Suddenly this was more evident as the moon disappeared, and the scene became in general dark and gloomy. At this moment a bugle sounded from some unknown spot in the town—a grave and solemn air, that made the heart of king and governor beat; it was almost unearthly in its tone.

"What means that?" said Henry IV., in a low tone.

"I know not; but perhaps if we ask Michel, he will tell us," replied the governor. He knows all the customs of the place."

"Then ask him, in God's name, for methinks

that horn bodes no good, sounding at this hour in the silent city."

They turned to where Michel and Isabella had been, but Michel had disappeared, and Isabella was standing up, her back turned to them, talking with her maids.

"Where is Michel?" said the Count de Fontaines, hurriedly advancing towards his daughter.

"He left me but a moment since, and said he would be back presently," replied Isabella.

"Said I not so?" muttered the king. "There is something beneath all this. Count de Fontaines, go down into the castle and keep good watch. I will mount sentry myself on this tower. I feel that the night will not pass without events. Be quick; and if you can, prevent Michel from leaving the castle. Put him in safe custody until morning."

The count and his daughter left the summit of the tower, and descended the stairs leading to the Place d'Armes. Henry remained alone. His mind was in that uneasy state which is said to prelude misfortune. He was anxious, because he could not tell whence the dangers would come; but he determined, fatigued as he was, to watch all night, and take rest only next day. He walked up and down for some time, but he heard nothing but the wind, which had risen almost to a gale, and howled around the battlements, and once at midnight the sound of the wild music played on the mysterious bugle. He looked down upon the dark town, but without noticing anything remarkable, except that the palace of the archbishop remained lighted up in the same brilliant manner. He then sat down for a few minutes, musing deeply; then his eyes closed a moment. He saw again Michel and Isabella, and he heard afar off the semi wailing of a plaintive horn; and then he was in a sound sleep, from which he awoke only when startled by the din of arms, the firing of guns, and a general murmur throughout the castle. He rubbed his eyes and started to his feet.

We must, however, retrograde an hour or two.

To be continued.

## DISTINGUISHED DRUNKARDS.

"Shut up the low grogeries," say many; "prevent the sale of bad rum, preserve the poor and the ignorant from intemperance, and we are with you; but the educated classes need no law; regard for their own character is a sufficient protection to them." Strange delusion! Inexplicable blindness to the facts of history and the occurrences of every day! Without referring to books, memory, unassisted, supplies us with a catalogue of well-known names, the bare mention of which refutes the plea we have quoted.

Alexander the Great, one of the brightest spirits of antiquity, one of the three greatest generals of the world, whose tutor was Aristotle, who slept with the poems of Homer under his pillow, conquered the world, and died of a drunken debauch in the thirty-third year of his age.

The fall of the Roman Empire was precipitated by the drunkenness of its emperors; as human nature was eternally dishonored by the enormities committed by them in drunken fury.

Of the ten sovereigns who have reigned in Russia since the accession of Peter the Great, all but four were beastly drunkards. Of the Empress Elizabeth, it is written, "She was completely brutified by liquors, from day to day she was almost always in a state of bacchic ecstasy, she could not bear to be dressed, in the morning her women loosely attached to her some robes, which a few cuts of the scissors disengaged in the evening." And the passage gives an idea of the general condition of the Russian court for more than seventy years.

The present King of Prussia, whom Niebuhr instructed and praised, thanking God for giving Prussia so wise and noble a Prince, is a notorious drunkard, the contempt of his subjects, the scoff of Europe.

The late King of the Sandwich Islands, upon whom a corps of missionaries exhausted their eloquence and skill, was a drunken caricature of the kindly office to the last.

The City of Washington, where the elite of the nation is supposed to congregate, is the most drunken town in the Union. Champagne is one of the great powers of the country, a thing relied upon to corrupt the very men who are sent to Washington under the impression that they are our wisest and our best.

Daniel Webster has been known to present himself before the people in a state of intoxication so advanced that he could talk little other than gibberish. We have seen him so.

Hannegan, a Senator of the United States, was an abandoned drunkard, and when sent abroad as plenipotentiary, disgraced the country by the most continuous and outrageous drunken debauchery.

Some of the most important enactments ever passed by Congress, enactments involving the welfare of future empires, have been passed while the floor of the House was occupied by honorable and intoxicated members.

The tea-room of this city, established for the convenience, not of the city's vagabonds, but of the city's "fathers" and head men, was for many a disgraceful year, a scene of drunkenness.

It was when maddened by drink that Dr. Graham committed murder.

Hartley Coolidge, a man abounding in amiable qualities, who inherited much of his father's genius, with much of his father's infirmity of purpose, could never master his propensity to drink. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a poet, and—a drunkard.

Edgar Poe—but why speak of him? The story of his miserable end is more familiar to the people even than the melancholy refrain of the "raven."

Charles Lamb, the gentle Charles, the kind, the tender, the beloved, could sacrifice so much for his sister, but could not help being carried home and put to bed in insensible drunkenness.

Douglass Gerrold is a devotee of gin. For many years, it is said, he has been impairing his fine powers by habitual excess in drink.

Byron, Burns, Steele, Hone, and a host of other names, eminent or illustrious, might be added to the list of distinguished drunkards. Burns, we are confident, had not died in the prime of life, a defeated, heart-broken man, his destiny all unaccomplished, if he had not been addicted to convivial drinking. And who knows for how much of Byron's reckless verse the world should curse the gin-bottle?

In our colleges, is not the secret demijohn one of the perpetual anxieties of president, professor and parent? At our fashionable parties, is champagne—one of the vilest of drinks—moderately consumed? Do not our grand banquets generally degenerate into occasions of disgusting excess? Are the sons of our leading citizens the most temperate of our youth? Is it poor women who buy brandy drops by the pound?

Talk no more of shutting up only the low grogeries. All grogeries are low, and all grog is pernicious, whether sipped by gentlemen, sucked by ladies, or swilled by the dregs of the people.—*N. Y. Life Illustrated.*

## PEN AND INK PORTRAIT OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.

—The Rev. S. G. Osborne thus describes Miss Nightingale:—"Miss Nightingale in appearance is just what you would expect in any other well bred woman, who may have seen perhaps more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self possession, and giving when she wishes a quiet look of determination to every feature. Her general demeanor is quiet, and rather reserved; still I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous.—In conversation she speaks with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain under the principles of the action of the moment every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learnt the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. I can conceive her to be a strict disciplinarian; she throws herself into a work as its head—as such she knows well how much success must depend upon literal obedience to her from every order. She seems to understand business thoroughly, though to me she had the failure common to many 'Heads'—a too great love of management in the small details, which had better perhaps have been left to others. Her nerve is wonderful! I have been with her at very severe operations, she was more than equal to the trial.—She has an utter disregard of contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever."

## THE PERFUME OF FLOWERS.—Perfume may be

gathered, according to the *Scientific American*, in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and pour the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirit, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use. As the season for sweet scented blossoms is just approaching, this method may be practically tested, and without any great trouble or expense. It would add additional interest to the cultivation of flowers.