

when waiting through the livelong night, with the certainty of being murdered, unresisting, in the morning.

Active exertion, gallant daring, the exercise of the high powers of the soul, set at nought the idea of annihilation; and when, with eager eye, man puts forth all his faculties in the moment of danger, their very possession tells him that he is immortal, and makes the open gate of the tomb appear but the portal of a better world.

It is the cold, calm, slow approach of the dark hour of passage, when the mind has nought to work upon but that one idea, which smears the dart with all the venom that it is capable of bearing. Then rise up all those dark doubts and apprehensions with which the evil spirit besieges the small garrison of faith.

The young knight strove vigorously to repel all weakness; but he could not shut out regret. Twelve hours had scarcely passed, since, in the pride of success and the vanity of hope, he had clasped her he loved in his arms, and fancied that fate itself could scarcely sever them—and now he was to lose her for ever.

Of such things were his thoughts, as he gazed forth on that solemn night; but suddenly something, he knew not what, called his attention from himself; and he looked down from the window of his chamber upon the top of the wall below.

The distance was some thirty feet, the night was dark, for the moon had gone early down, but, even in the dim obscurity, he thought he saw something like a man's head appear above the battlement.

In a moment after, with a bound as if it had been thrown over by an engine, a human body sprang upon the top of the wall, ran forward to the tower in which he was confined, and struck the stonework with its arm.

Without any apparent footing, he could perceive one leg stretched upward, while the hand seemed to have obtained a grasp of the wall itself, and then the rest of the body ascended to the height of about four feet from the ground, like a squirrel swarming up a large beach tree.

A long thin arm was then extended, far over the wall, to a deep window, just beneath that at which the young knight stood, and by it the whole body was drawn up into the aperture of the wall, while a sentinel passed by with slow and measured steps.

As soon as the soldier in the direction of the casement from which Hugh de Monthermer was gazing down, and the hand struck once or twice, in different places, making a slight grating sound, as if it were armed with some metal instrument.

At length it remained fixed, and then the head and shoulders were protruded from the opening of the window below, the feet resting upon the stonework.

Then came one of those extraordinary efforts of agility and pliability of limb which Hugh had never witnessed but in one being on the earth. By that single hold which the fingers seemed to have of the wall, the body was again swung up till the knee and the hand met, and the left arm was stretched out toward the sill of the casement above.

Although the figure appeared to be humped and bowed, and consequently, in that respect unlike the Dwarf, Tangel, Hugh de Monthermer could not doubt that it was he, and, reaching down as far as possible, whispered, 'Take my hand, Tangel!'

In an instant the long, thin, monkey-like fingers of the dwarf clasped round his, as if they had been an iron vice, and with a bound that nearly threw the stout young soldier off his battlement, Tangel sprang through the window into the room.

'Ha, ha!' he said, in a low tone, 'who can keep out Tangel?'

'No one, it seems, my good boy,' answered Hugh, 'but what come you here for? I fear I cannot descend as you have mounted.'

'Here, help me off with my burden,' rejoined the boy, 'and thou wilt soon see what I come for. But we must whisper like mice, for tyrens have sharper ears than hares, and keener than cats. Here a priest's gown and a thorn art just the height of the king's confessor, and I shall pass for his pouncet-bearer. Here's a ladder too, not much bigger than a spider's web, but strong enough to bear up the fat friar of Barnsdale.'

The feelings of Hugh de Monthermer, at that moment, must be conceived by the reader, for he will not attempt to describe them. Life, liberty, hope, were before him; and the transition from despair to joy as it had lately been from happiness to grief. He caught the young dwarf in his arms, saying, 'If I live boy, I will reward thee. If I die, thy heart must do it.'

'No thanks to me,' said Tangel, in a somewhat trembling voice, 'no thanks to me good knight. It is all Robin's doing, though I was glad enough to have a finger in the pie, and that wall that horse, could no more climb up than I than he could leap over Lincoln Church. But come, come, fix these hooks to

the window—get the gown over thee, and then let us look out for the sentinel—he will pass again before we have all ready.'

'But there are entries in the outer court, too,' said Hugh de Monthermer. 'How shall we manage, if we meet with any of them?'

'Give them the word,' said Tangel. I waited, clinging as close to the wall as ivy to an old tower, till I heard the round pass, and the word given. It was 'The three leopards.' But there he goes now—let us away, quick!—he will soon be back again!'

Letting the ladder, made of silken rope, gently down from the window, Hugh bade the dwarf go first, but Tangel replied, 'No, no, I will come after, and bring the ladder with me. I have got my own staircase on the four daggers that I fixed in the crevices. Go down, holy father, go down, and if that book be a breviary take it with you.'

'It may serve as suck,' said Hugh; 'but ere I go, let me leave them a message; and, taking a piece of half-charred wood from the fire, he wrote a few words with it upon the wall. Then approaching the window he issued forth, and then descended easily and rapidly to the battlements.

The dwarf seemed to have some difficulty in unfastening the hooks of the ladder, however, for he did not follow as quickly as Hugh expected; and whether the sentinel had turned before he got to the end of his beat, or his pace was more rapid than before, I know not, but ere the boy began to descend, the soldier's steps were heard coming round from the other angle of the wall. Hugh gave a quick glance up to the window in the tower, and saw the dwarf was aware of the sentry's approach, and also that the ladder hung so close to the building as not to be perceptible without near examination. His mind was made up in an instant; and, folding his arms upon his chest, he drew the hood farther over his face, and walked on to meet the sentinel, with a slow pace, and his eyes bent upon the ground.

The moment the soldier turned the angle, and saw him, he exclaimed, 'Who goes there? Stand! Give the word!'

'The three leopards,' replied Hugh, in a calm tone.

'Pass,' cried the sentinel. 'Your blessing, holy father! This is a dark night.'

'Dominus vobiscum,' replied Hugh; 'it is dark indeed, my son. But no nights are dark to the eye of God; and turning with the sentinel on his round, he added, in a loud tone, as they passed immediately under the window, 'You did not see my boy upon your round, did you? He was to come hither with the books; but marry, he is a truant knave, and is doubtless loitering with the pages in the King's ante-room.'

'I saw him not, holy father,' said the soldier. 'Is the King still up?'

'Ay, he is, answered Hugh, 'and will be, for this hour to come.' And on he walked by the side of the man till they were out of sight of the window.

'The boy is marvellous long in coming,' observed the pretended priest.

'Shall we turn back and see, good father?' asked the soldier.

'Oh, no!' replied Hugh; 'this is the way he should come; for he has to pass round by the court, you know; unless, indeed, he goes up the steps at the outer side.' Just as he spoke, the sound of quick feet following was heard, and the sentry turned sharply once more, exclaiming, 'Who goes here?'

'The three leopards,' said a childish voice, very unlike that of Tangel; but Tangel it proved to be, dressed in his white cope and hood, bearing a small bundle beneath his arm.

'Thou hast been playing truant,' cried the knight, 'and shalt do penance for this.'

But he did not venture to carry far his pretended reprimand, lest some mistake between him and Tangel might discover the deceit; and walked on by the side of the sentinel to the top of the flight of steps which led down into the court close by another of the towers; he there wished him good night, giving him a blessing in a solemn tone.

The guard at the bottom of the stone stairs heard the conversation and the seeming priest above, and without even asking the word walked on beside the young knight and the dwarf, and passed them to the sentry at the gate.

The large wooden door under the archway was ajar, while several of the soldiery were loitering without, telling rude tales of love to some of the fair girls of Nottingham, who had ventured upon the drawbridge, even at that late hour, to lose their time and reputation, (if they had any) with the men-at-arms; for human nature and its follies were the same, or very nearly the same then as now. At the end of the drawbridge, however, was a sentinel with his partizan in his hand, taking sufficient part in the merriment of the others, notwithstanding his being on duty, to make him start forward in alarm at the sound of a step, and showing his alertness by lowering his weapon and fiercely demanding the word. Hugh gave it at once; adding in a quiet tone,

'Ought you not to be more upon guard, my son, against those who come in than those who go out?'

'Pass on, and mind your own business, Sir Priest!' replied the sentry, who was not a very reverent son of the church. 'These knaves in their black gowns,' he murmured, 'would have nobody speak to a pretty lass but themselves.'

Hugh had continued to advance, and he certainly did not now pause to discuss the question of duty with the soldier, but hastened into the town; through a great part of which it was necessary for him to pass, and then through the dark streets of Nottingham, descending the hill rapidly, and breathing lighter at every step.

'Hark!' he said at length, speaking in a low

tone to the boy. 'Do you not hear people following!'

'It is likely,' replied the dwarf; 'I am not alone in Nottingham. We may have some difficulty at the gates, however; for the warder at the tower is as surly as a bear, and though we all know him well, yet it is a robe of cendal to a kersey jerkin he refuses to get up and turn the key.'

In another minute the question was put to the proof by the boy running forward toward the town gate, and knocking at the low door under the arch. At first there was no answer whatsoever, and the dwarf, after knocking again, shouted loudly, 'Ho, Matthew Pole! Matthew Pole! open the door for a reverend father, who is going forth to shrive a sick man.'

'To shrive a harlot, or a borrel of sack,' grumbled an angry voice from within. 'I will get up for none of ye; and if I did I could not open the gate wide enough at this hour of night for the fat friar of Barnsdale to roll his belly out.'

'Tis neither he of Barnsdale or Tuck either,' cried the boy, 'but a holy priest come from the castle.'

'Then he had better go back whence he came,' replied the warder. 'Get you gone, or I will throw that over thee which will soil thy garments for many a day. Get thee gone, I say, and let me sleep, till these foul revelling lords come down from the castle, who go out every night to lie at Lamley.'

A noise of prancing horses, and of eager voices, was heard the moment after coming rapidly down the hill; and Hugh de Monthermer, putting his hand under his black robe, seized the hilt of the anelace, or sharp knife, which had been accidentally left with him when his sword was taken away.

'I will sell my life dearly,' he said, speaking to the dwarf.

'Stand in the dark,' whispered Tangel, 'and they will not see you;—these are the Lords who sleep out of the town.'

Hugh de Monthermer had scarcely time to draw back when a troop of horsemen, who had in fact left the castle before him, came down to the gate, having followed the highway, while he had taken a shorter cut by some of the many flights of steps of which the good town of Nottingham was full.

'What ho!' cried a voice, which the young lord recognized right well. 'Open the gate. Are you the warder's boy?'

'No, please you, noble lord,' replied Tangel. 'And I cannot make old surely Matthew Pole draw a bolt or turn a key, although he knows we are in haste.'

'What ho! open the gate,' repeated the voice in a loud tone. 'How know you that I am a noble lord, my man?'

'Because you sit your horse like the Earl of Mortimer,' answered the boy.

'You may say so, indeed,' said the other, laughing. 'But who is that under the arch?'

'That is my uncle,' replied Tangel, 'the good priest of Pierrepont. He is going to shrive the poor man that fell over the rock, as your lordship knows, just at sun-down.'

'I know nothing about him,' exclaimed Mortimer; 'but I do know, that if this warder comes not forth, his thrift shall be a short one. Go in, Jenkin, and slit me his ears with thy knife till they be the shape of a cur's. Ha, here he comes at length. How now, warder! how dare you keep me waiting here? By the Lord, I am minded to hang thee over the gate.'

The burley old man grumbled forth something about his lantern having gone out; and then added, in a louder tone, 'I did not expect you, my lord, so soon, to-night. You are wont to be an hour later.'

'Ay, but we have some sharp business at day-break to-morrow,' cried Mortimer; 'so we must be a-bed by times.'

Slowly, as if unwillingly, the warder drew down the large oak bar, saying 'You must give the word, my lord.'

'The three leopards,' replied Mortimer. Come, quick, open the gate, or, by my halidome, it shall be worse for you.'

With provoking slowness, however, the old man undid bolt after bolt, and threw wide the heavy wooden valves; and without further question, the train of Mortimer rode out, his very robes brushing against Hugh de Monthermer as he passed. The young knight and the boy followed slowly; and before the gates could be closed again, coming rapidly from the neighbouring streets, several other men on foot issued forth in silence, without giving any word to the warder.

'Ah, you thieves!' said good Matthew Pole to the last of them, 'if I chose to shut you in, there would be fine hanging to-morrow.'

'No, no,' replied the man, 'there would be one hung to-night, good Matthew, and he would serve for all. You don't think we let the hanging begin without having the first hand in it?'

A straggling house or two on the outside of the gate were passed in a few minutes; a lane among trees lay to the right and left, and a little stile presented itself in the hedge, formed of two broad stones laid perpendicularly, and two horizontal ones for steps. Over these the boy sprang at a leap before Hugh de Monthermer, who followed quickly, tho' somewhat more deliberately.

The moment he was past, a hand seized his arm, and a voice cried, 'Free, free, my good lord! By my fay, we shall have all the honest part of the Court under the green boughs of Sherwood before long. Taking the king's venison will become the only lawful resource of honest men; for if they don't strike at his deer, he will strike at their heads.'

'Ah! Robin, is that you?' said Hugh. 'This is all thy doing, I know; and I owe thee life.'

'Faith, not mine,' replied Robin Hood, 'tis the boy's—'tis the boy's. My best contrivance was to get into the castle court to-morrow, by

one device or another; secure the gate, send an arrow into Mortimer's heart, and another into the headsman's eye; make a general fight of it, while you were set free, and then run away as best we could. 'Twas a bad scheme; yet at that early hour we could have carried it through, while one half the world was asleep, and the other unarmed. But Tangel declared that he could run up the wall like a cat, so we let him try, taking care to have men and ladders ready to bring him off safe if he were caught. So 'tis his doing, my lord; for you contrived to get the elf's love while he was with you.'

'And he has mine forever,' answered Hugh. 'But alas! my love can be of little benefit to any now.'

'Nay, nay, never think so,' replied the outlaw; 'as much benefit as ever, my good lord. Cast off your courtly garments, take to the forest green, with your own strong right hand defend yourself and your friends, set courts and kings at naught and defiance, and you will never want the means of doing a kind act to those who serve you. I ought not, perhaps, to boast, but Robin Hood, the King of Sherwood, has not less power within his own domain than the Third Harry on the Throne of England—but, by my faith, I hope the blessed Virgin has holpen Scathelock and the Miller with their band, to get out of the gates, for they are long a coming, and there will be fine hunting in every hole of Nottingham to-morrow morning—I came over the wall with Hardy and Pell.'

'They are safe enough—they are safe enough—reckless Robin,' cried Tangel, 'I heard the Miller's long tongue bandying words with surly old Matthew Pole, as if ever one bell stopped another. But hark! there are their steps, and we had better get on, for I have a call to sleep just now.'

'Well, thou shalt sleep as long as thou wilt to-morrow,' said Robin, 'for thy good service to-night; but by your leave, my lord, you and I must ride far, for it were as well to leave no trace of you in the neighbourhood of Nottingham. Here are strong horses nigh at hand, and if you follow my counsel, you will be five-and-twenty miles from the place where they expect to find you by daybreak. It will be better for us all to disperse, and to quit this part of the country; my men have their orders, and I am ready.'

The counsel was one that Hugh de Monthermer was very willing to follow, and ere many minutes more had passed, he and Robin Hood were riding through the shady roads of Sherwood, as fast as the obscurity of the night would permit.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

This is the title of a work, very recently published, written by Mr. GEORGE BORROW, a gentleman who was sent out by the London British and Foreign Bible Society, to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. We have perused about a third of the work, and find it both interesting and instructive. We give below a few extracts, and shall continue to do so as we proceed.

LISBON.

With all its ruin and desolation, Lisbon is unquestionably the most remarkable city in the Peninsula, and perhaps in the south of Europe. It is not my intention to enter into minute details concerning it; I shall content myself with remarking, that it is quite as much deserving the attention of the artist as even Rome itself. True it is, that though it abounds with churches, it has no gigantic cathedral, like St. Peter's, to attract the eye and fill it with wonder, yet I boldly say that there is no monument of man's labour and skill, pertaining either to ancient or modern Rome, for whatever purpose designed, which can rival the water-works of Lisbon; I mean the stupendous aqueduct whose principal arches cross the valley to the north-east of Lisbon, and which discharges its little ruel of cool and delicious water into the rocky cistern within that beautiful edifice called the Mother of the Waters, from whence all Lisbon is supplied with the crystal lymph, tho' the source is seven leagues distant. Let travellers devote one entire morning to inspect the Arcos and the Mal da agons, after which they may repair to the English Church and cemetery, Pere-la-chaise in miniature, where, if they be of England, they may well be excused if they kiss the cold tomb, as I did, of the author of 'Amelia,' the most singular genius which their island ever produced, whose works it has long been the fashion to abuse in public and to read in secret. In the same cemetery rest the mortal remains of Doddridge, another English author of a different stamp, but justly admired and esteemed.

CINTRA.

My first excursion was to Cintra. If there be any place in the world entitled to the appellation of an enchanted region, it is surely Cintra; Tivido is a beautiful and picturesque place, but it quickly fades from the mind of those who have seen the Portuguese Paradise. When speaking of Cintra, it must not for a moment be supposed that nothing more is meant than the little town or city; by Cintra must be understood the entire region, town, palace, quintas, forests, crags, which suddenly burst on the view on rounding the side of a bleak, savage, and sterile looking mountain. Nothing is more sullen and uninviting than the southwestern aspect of the stoney wall which, on the side of Lisbon, seems to shield Cintra from the eye of the world; but the other side is a mingled scene of fairy beauty, artificial elegance, savage grandeur, domes, turrets, enormous trees, flowers, and waterfalls, such as is met with nowhere else beneath the sun. Oh! there are strange and wonderful objects at Cintra, and strange and wonderful recollections attached to them; the ruin on that lofty peak, and which covers part of the side of that precipitous steep, was