

Ordering the capacious measure to be refilled with wine, he drew forth a slip of paper from a pouch which hung to his girdle and served as a purse;—and while studying whatever was written upon that paper, he drank his second supply of liquor in a leisurely manner. Having discussed the wine and well conned the contents of the paper, he rose—paid his reckoning—mounted his horse—and galloped away in the direction of Toledo.

Shortly afterwards the Abbot of Fulda and Algenora resumed their journey; and at about two o'clock in the afternoon they entered a vast forest through which the high road ran. Deep and dense was the assemblage of trees on either side,—trees whose trunks showed that they were the growth of centuries, and whose towering summits formed an umbrageous canopy high above the travellers' heads.

"We have doubtless outstripped the procession of *Virgins* by a considerable distance," observed the Abbot of Fulda, as he and his beautiful companion slackened the speed of their horses at the foot of a hill.

"They were to leave the Moorish palace of Madrid about two hours later than the time at which we quitted the hostelry," replied Algenora. "At least, such was the order issued last night by the principal matron, the Lady Ildefonsa."

"And your late companions do not travel at the same speed as ourselves," remarked Berthold. "They must halt for the night at some distance on this side of Toledo—whereas we shall arrive in that famous city by sunset. That is to say, dear lady, if you feel yourself able to encounter the fatigue of so long a day's march?"

"Oh! I shall not be wearied, my kind friend," exclaimed the lovely virgin. "But does it not seem to you that this road is somewhat of the loneliest—and gloomiest?" she added, with a slight tremulousness in her voice.

"Even while you are yet speaking, senora," observed Berthold, "do I catch a glimpse of a horseman a-head:"—then, after a brief pause, he exclaimed, "But it is the very identical Moorish traveller who ere now took so hurried a repast and drank so deeply withal, at the little way-side inn where we ourselves halted. I recognise his superb Arab steed and the colour of his garments."

The Moor of whom he was speaking, had halted on the brow of the hill; and just as Berthold concluded the above remarks, the Moslem traveller looked back.

"He seems to be waiting for us to overtake him, as if he desired our company," said Algenora, a vague and undefined feeling of alarm suddenly springing into existence in her bosom.

"Or rather he stops on the eminence to breathe his horse," observed the Abbot of Fulda.

But scarcely had he thus spoken, when the Moorish traveller, who was about fifty yards distant, all in a moment clapped spurs to his horse's flanks, and plunged with the fleet animal into the forest. The disappearance of man and steed was so sudden—so abrupt—that it seemed as if they had melted away into the air;—and the circumstance elicited a cry of terror from the lips of Algenora, while an ejaculation of surprise burst from the tongue of Berthold.

At the same instant a shrill whistle rang through the forest;—and then followed the scene which we shall describe in the next chapter.

(To be continued in our next.)

PARTICULAR STUDIES.—A man who reads or meditates a good deal upon one subject is fond of talking about it, and is apt to think, not only that the subject of his studies must be quite as pleasant and profitable to others as it was to himself; but also, that he has the talent of imparting to them some portion at least of that enthusiasm which he has felt himself. In short, zeal in any cause, however trifling and unimportant, is like a spendthrift's money, it burns a hole in his pocket; with the advantage, that instead of impoverishing him, it adds a rich harvest of pleasure, and perhaps of renown, to the rest of his store.

THERE IS A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

THESE was at Naples a lady of the name of Corsina, born at Capovana, and wife of a noble cavalier, whose name was Messer Ramondo del Balzo. It happened after some years that heaven was pleased to deprive this lady of her husband, and she was left a widow, with an only son, whose name was Carlo. This youth, possessing all the excellent qualities and endowments of his father, became the mother's idol and only care. She bethought herself that it would be greatly to his advantage to send him to Bologna, to pursue his studies, in order that he might hereafter become a great man. Having made up his mind to this, she gave him a tutor, provided him with books, and every thing that would make him comfortable, and sent him away with a tender mother's blessing. There, for several years, she maintained him with every comfort he could wish. The youth, having every advantage, improved greatly, and became an excellent scholar, and by his gentleman-like manners, correct conduct, and great talents, had gained the affection of all his fellow collegians.

It happened, that having become, after some years, a doctor in law, and being nearly on the eve of his return to Naples, he was taken seriously ill, whereupon all the best physicians of Bologna anxiously endeavoured to save his life, but had no hopes of success. Carlo, perceiving he was a lost man, said to himself, "I do not care so much for myself, as for my poor, dear mother, who will no longer have a son, for whom she has sacrificed her all, and whom she expected would become her consolation, who might form some great alliance, and thereby restore our family name. Now, if she hears I am dead, and has not the comfort of seeing me once again, she will assuredly die with excessive grief."

This reflection, more than the loss of his own life, overwhelmed him with sorrow. This thought ever uppermost in his mind, suggested the idea to him of contriving some means to prevent his mother from being overpowered by her grief; he therefore immediately wrote to her in the following words:—"My dearest mother, I do entreat that you would be kind enough to get me a shirt made by the most beautiful and the most happy lady you can find in Naples, she who is most free from the cares or sorrows of this world."

The letter being dispatched, and coming to hand, the mother immediately considered of the means of satisfying this request, and how she could find one; she inquired among all her acquaintances where she could meet such an unconcerned, and indifferent, and easy-minded woman; but the task was arduous, yet she was determined to do her son's will. The lady, however, searched to such effect, that she at last found one, who appeared so cheerful, so beautiful, and so happy, and so unconcerned, that she seemed incapable of feeling a single unpleasant thought. Madame Corsina, fancying she had found the very person she was in search of, went to the lady, who received her very politely. Madame Corsina said to her, "Can you guess what I am come for? it is because looking upon you as the most cheerful lady in Naples, and the freest from painful thoughts or troubles, I wish to ask you a very great favour, that is, that you would make a shirt for me with your own hands, that I may send it to my son, who has earnestly entreated me to get it made by such a one as yourself."

The young lady answered, "You say that you consider me the most cheerful young woman in Naples."—"Yes," said Madame Corsina.—"Now," added the lady, "I will prove to you it is quite the reverse, and that there never was born, perhaps, a more unfortunate woman than myself, or who has more sorrows and heavy afflictions; and that you may be convinced of this," said she, "come with me;" and, taking her hand, she led her into an inner chamber, where, drawing aside a curtain, she pointed to a skeleton which was hang-

ing from a beam: upon which Madame Corsina, exclaimed, "Oh, heavens! what means this?"—"The young lady mournfully sighed, then said, "This was a most worthy youth, who was in love with me; my husband finding him with me, caused him directly to be hung as you see: and to increase my agonies, he compels me to come and see the unfortunate youth every night and morning; think what must be my anguish at being obliged to see him thus daily; yet, if you wish it I will do what you desire; but as to being the most cheerful, unconcerned, and happy person, I am, on the contrary, the most wretched woman that ever was on earth."

The dame remained in perfect astonishment, and said, "Well, I see clearly that no one is free from troubles and calamities, and that those that appear the most happy to us, are often the most wretched." She therefore took leave of the lady, returned home, and wrote to her son, that he must excuse her if she could not send the shirt, for she could not find a single individual who was free from troubles and sorrows. After a few days a letter arrived, stating that her son was dead; she, therefore, wisely thought to herself, that as she clearly saw no one was ever free from misfortunes and tribulations, even the very best of women, she would therefore take comfort, more especially as she perceived she was not the only one, and thereby quieted her mind, and lived more happily by her submission to the decree of heaven.

CAUSES OF DISEASE.—The greatest obstacle in the way of the honest and anxious inquirer after truth, is the difficulty of recollecting sound data. The causes of disease are frequently as mysterious as the sources of life: direct evidence is too often wanting. Thus for centuries past we have been disputing whether certain diseases are contagious or non-contagious, almost forgetting that compared with the investigation of their origin, that of their transmission is comparatively unimportant. It is true, that so far as we are acquainted with the subject, we are generally unable to collect other than presumptive evidence; but, when the presumptions are founded in so much probability, and the facts from which we deduce them are of so frequent occurrence, the effects so constantly and so surely following the apparent cause, we cannot do otherwise than reason upon and decide from the evidence we possess, imputing the absence of more direct testimony not to its non-existence, but to the want of a sufficient observation in those who, instead of being carried away by the judgment of other men, have exercised their own, in watching the operations of Nature, and in attending to the silent, but not less certain, warning which she gives to those who infringe even the most minute of her law.—*Lancet*.

THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.—The two varieties of the white rhinoceros are so similar in habits, that the description of one will serve for both: the principal difference consisting in the length and set of the anterior horn; that of the *muchocho* averaging from two to three feet in length, and pointing backwards, while the horn of the *kobaoba* often exceeds four feet in length, and inclines forward from the nose at an angle of forty-five degrees. The posterior horn of either species seldom exceeds six or seven inches in length. The *kobaoba* is the rarer of the two, and it is found very far in the interior, chiefly to the eastward of the Limpopo. Its horns are very valuable for loading rods, supplying a substance at once suitable for a sporting implement, and excellent for the purpose. Both these varieties of rhinoceros attain an enormous size, being the animals next in magnitude to the elephant. They feed solely on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh is excellent, being preferable to beef. They are of much milder and more inoffensive disposition than the black rhinoceros, rarely charging their pursuer. Their speed is very inferior to that of the other varieties, and a person well mounted can overtake and shoot them. The head of these is a foot longer than that of the *borèlè*. They generally carry their heads low, whereas the *borèlè*, when disturbed, carries his very high, which imparts to him a saucy and independent air. Unlike the elephants, they never associate in herds, but are met with singly or in pairs. In districts where they are abundant, from three to six may be found in company, and I once saw upwards of a dozen congregated together on some young grass, but such an occurrence is rare.—*Pickering*.