A ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES

I am a Spaniard and the only son and sole heir of Don Thomas de Milanetta, a grandee of Spain of the second class by whom I was educated [illegible] and reared [illegible] I was constantly with her, and did all I could to extract her secret from her; but she treasured in the bottom of her heart what she wished to conceal from me, while she seen guessed what I here not disclose to her. Yes, it was in her chill and comfortless cell that I, her judge, her Lord, the arbiter of her life, fell at her feet and revealed in passionate accents what she had already read in my looks and gestures. It was in her prison that she coldly repulsed my love and rejected her pardon on the terms I offered her. No one who had seen us then would have said: 'He is the judge, and she the victim.' She was always calm, cold, and resigned, while I endured all the tortures of disappointed love, irritated by repulse. The vault of the prison resounded with my entreaties and angry exclamations, with my sighs and passionate appeals, and I moment-rily was the prey of every contending emotion. [illegible] ready to kill Milanetta, and now [illegible] to save her at all hazards, now begging her to be mine, and now determined to bid the executioner to perform his fatal office. I was no longer myself. I loved for the first time, and the being to whom I poured out my heart and soul in protestations of adoration, transport and fidelity coldly answered, 'I cannot listen to you. I love another,' after an awful outbreak of rage at such an announcement, I insisted upon knowing who my rival was, but she replied, with the same calmness of tone and look, 'that you shall never know.'

At this junction a violent knocking was heard at the prison door. My people were looking for me on all sides, as a French nobleman had just arrived in great haste at the castle and demanded to see me immediately. I went to him at once striving in vain to hide from my servant the emotions with which I was agitated and at whose violence I myself was alarmed. I made my appearance in the great hall, a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. I here saw a young man who was pacing the hall with hurried steps, and who desired to converse without witnesses.

'I am the Marquis de Chaveal,' said he, 'I possess a castle in France, which, like yours, is on the very frontier, and like you, I am engaged in suppressing smuggling, and executing justice against those engaged in it.'

The name of the Marquis was familiar to me, as we had correspondedtogether to devise measures for the security of the frontier.

'But, continued he, 'however rigid and unrelenting may be our justice against those taken in the act, it is rather too much that we should condemn innocent people to death merely because they refuse to give reasons for their behaviour.'

'To what do you allude, Monsieur?' I said to me. 'A young girl named Milanetta, has fallen into the hands of your officers.'

'Well?' 'Can you explain?'

'That is the sole object for my visit. It was but this morning that I heard of her arrest her condemnation, and that she declined disclosing the nature of her frequent trips into France by night. I know the cause and am come to unfold it to you, but it is in full confidence of your honour and discretion. Milanetta's love is mine.'

'Yours?' 'You Milanetta's lover?'

'You seem surprised at this, because such a beautiful creature as Milanetta did not reside with me in my castle, or that I did not take her with me to Paris during last winter. You may be also astonished that a noble of France should be sufficiently enamoured of a peasant girl to submit to the constraint of mystery and the harass and trouble of nightly and dangerous interviews. But Milanetta is not one of those women who yield easily, nor is she one whose influence can be easily shaken off.'

'I think I know her character, I added.'

'Oh, no! You never can know the leap will of love and energetic feeling in the heart of that young creature. You could never know that on yielding to the passion which possessed her, and which I shared, she has never passed one day without stealing for her guilt, even in our fondest meetings. She has risked everything to see me and to love me in secret; and now you have the object of her nocturnal journeys, which she would not disclose to you because she would have to blush at the confession, and lost a public declaration made to her judge should come to the ears of her father. To prevent this she would have died without opening her lips. Now, my Lord, I have said sufficient to convince you that she is unjustly condemned. You are absolute here. I ask her pardon of you and feel assured that you will gladly concede it.'

The Marquis's language, the love which he confessed, and Milanetta's passion for him, of which he boasted proudly and fervently, threw me into rage and despair. Ideas of vengeance and of blood rushed through my brain until I grew giddy. Without a consciousness of what I was doing, or going to do I rang the bell impatiently and ordered Milanetta to be brought immediately before me.

'Do not let her see me' cried the Marquis, 'let her not be acquainted with what I have done! If she learned that it was to me that she owed her life, her feeling toward me would be absorbed in gratitude, and it is her love only that I desire.'

This expression increased my frenzy, while the Marquis, who was nearly as much agitated as I was, did not perceive my emotion. He only heard the sound of steps in the corridor, and thinking that it was Milanetta who approached, he asked me where he could conceal himself. I pointed to the door of my closet, and the moment it closed upon him Milanetta came into the hall. For a minute I was speechless, overpowered by transports of envy and passion. Milanetta turned away from the fierce expressions of my features. With a hoarse voice I shouted, 'I know your lover now; I am no longer ignorant who it is you prefer to me. He has come to solicit your pardon. The Marquis de Chaveal has cleared you of the charge of smuggling but has acknowledged that you are his *amie*!'

'What!' she frantically exclaimed, 'has the Marquis been here?'

'He is here still, *Milanetta*,'

'What, here? here in your power? Oh! spare him, my Lord, spare him. It is I only who deserve your vengeance death is my portion, but for him!'

'Yes, scornful girl, Death for you! He has asked for mercy for you—he has come to ask me to place you again in his arms; but I will give you to the executioner, and your lover shall witness!'

The Marquis flung open the door with violence. I had quite forgotten that he was there, and he had heard every word I spoke. At his appearance Milanetta uttered one despairing shriek, while I looked at them both vindictively. He hesitated an instant, and said with a low voice, 'My Lord Count, you are a gentleman by birth, but you have disgraced your name and rank. Among people of our station the sword is the only arbiter, and the injuries of jealousy or love are settled by that appeal. It is not by hanging Milanetta that you should avenge yourself when you have the opportunity as a gentleman of fighting me.'

'What! Would you accept a challenge?'

'This very instant.'

'But you know the strict laws against duelling, and the rigorous strictness with which both kings enact the penalty?'

'I know very well that both in France and Spain the duellist is punished by the forfeiture of his estates; that his shield is defaced and his coat of arms burned, and that if his enemy is killed he is beheaded, but I hate you now as strongly as you can hate me, and to hold my sword point to your heart I would face every peril and every disgrace.'

'To-morrow, then, at daybreak, I will be at Venasque with a second.'

'Be it so. And now sign Milanetta's pardon.'

'Her pardon.'

'It is the first and only condition of our meeting.'

I signed it and handed it to Milanetta who refused it.

'What will it avail me,' said she 'When my father knows the secret of my nocturnal journeys? When he questions me, what answer can I give him? If I tell him the truth he will kill me on the spot.'

'Kill you, Milanetta?'

'He is only a smuggler or a bandit in your eyes; but this bandit is as jealous of his daughter's honor as any peer of France or grandee of Spain. He will kill me, I tell you, and I would prefer dying by the executioner's hand to his.'

Next morning, before the sun rose, I was at the very extremity of the Spanish frontier, and the Marquis made his appearance almost as soon. He brought his second, but I had forgotten to bring one. A man on horseback was passing within a few paces of us. I called to him and asked him if he would become my second in a duel.

He immediately dismounted, measured our swords like a person accustomed to the business, and offered me his own as better tempered than mine. We had scarcely crossed our blades when the French and Spanish guards came running up, separated us, enjoined us to desist, and threatened to arrest us if we renewed the combat. Milanetta had informed them of our intention. I perceived the rage and mortification of the Marquis at this interruption, but I told him we could laugh at their interference, and fight before their faces without their having the power to interfere.

'The frontier of France and Spain is marked by that cross. You, who are a Frenchman, cross into Spain, while I step into France. We can then cross our blades our feet touching the frontier line, which we can keep between our bodies and our swords. The Spaniard who fights a Frenchman on French ground, and the Frenchman who meets a Spaniard on the Spanish soil, cannot be reached by the law, for the King of Spain has no more power over you than the King of France has over me, and neither would violate the laws of nations by arresting their subjects on a foreign territory.'

With one bound I stood upon the territory of France, while the Marquis remained in Spain, and we both called to the guards. 'Back, marshalmen of French, you have no authority over a noble of Spain.' 'Away, holy brotherhood of Spain, keep your hands off a gentleman of France.'

The soldiers fell back amazed and irresolute, while we stood and fought in the narrow pass, where there was not room for more than a man to stand. Our swords had scarcely ceased when the Marquis fell pierced to the heart. I rushed forward to support him, when my second, holding me in his iron grasp, shouted: 'Stop where you are!' One foot forward and death shares you in the face, and that upon the scaffold.' His words were interrupted by a shriek, and we saw Milanetta fling herself upon the dead body uttering the most passionate exclamations of agony and tenderness. My second gnashed his teeth when he saw and heard her. He rushed to her and tore her roughly from the body which she embraced. She uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and, falling on her knees and clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

'Forgive me, father, forgive me.'

'Dishonoured,' answered he, with a gloomy voice. 'Then die with him!' and with one blow of his knife he laid her lifeless at his feet. Then lifting up her body he flung it to me, saying, 'She who dies in her shame is not worthy to find a grave in her country, the soil of Spain rejects the body of Milanetta, who gave herself up to a Frenchman.'

The guards of the holy brotherhood surrounded the smuggler, who threw the knife away and held out his hands to them.

'Bind me,' said he, 'I am the leader of the smugglers you can hang me at once for smuggling, but not for killing my daughter. You have outlawed the smuggler; therefore he takes justice into his own hands.'

My estate was confiscated, my escutcheon disfigured, my castle burned, and a price set upon my head; but heaven has punished me in lengthening my existence and protracting my sorrows. I have survived this event fifty years, but my heart is still young in recollections and sufferings, and from that time I have never trod upon the soil of my country! *From an Old Magazine.*

SAM'S BIRTHDAY.

On the nineteenth day of last month, Sam could and would have testified, from information and belief, that he was 'eight yeahs ol', gwine on nine;' but on the morning of the twentieth, that interesting infant of color was informed by his mother that he was 'nine yeahs ol', gwine on ten.'

'Hoo-ee!' he cried, 'what a pow'ful white I must be! Ole! Or else I wuz sot out de ar Jonah's gourd you tell me 'bout, what wuz only a temporary lectle sumbitch at night, and gib big as de hen-house afore mornin'—carry cum-up. Hes! hey! look heah, mammy, is I skipped any Christmasses?'

'No, chile, replied mother, 'you ain't skipped nothin. Dis is yo' birthday: de leave ob which is, dat yo' ole dat so many yeahs afore you was fust borned. I dont know how 's'll be, sam.—folks is sim'lar to de oceangrass, what grows up mighty pearl, tell 'long comes somebody wid a hoe to sloch it down,—but if you lib long enough, an' nuffin happens, you'll keep on habbin a buff-day ebry yeah wunst a yeah till you dies. An' ebry time you has one, son, you'll be one yeah older.'

'Fine way to git gray-headed,' said Sam.

At this moment a mighty crash resounded from the kitchen, downstairs, and Aunt Phillis descended the steps with great precipitation. Then Sam heard her shouting, angerily:

'You, Bose! Oh, you *bettah* git, you mean ole no-'count rascal! I do 'spise a houn'-dog!'

Sam went on with his toilet, musing the while, upon the probability of his ever getting to be as old as Uncle 'Afrikin Tommy,' who was the patriarch of the plantation, and popularly supposed to be 'close onto' two hundred years of age; and who was wont to aver that when he arrived in that part of the country, when he was a boy, the squirrels all had two tails apiece, and the Mississippi River was such a small stream that people bridged it, on occasion, with a fence-rail. Thus meditating upon the glorious possibilities of his future, Sam got ready for breakfast, and went down. It was not until he had absorbed an enormous quantity of fried pickled pork and hot corn cakes, and finally with reluctance ceased to eat, and his mother told him what had caused the noise a little while before, how old Bose, the fox-hound, had with felonious intent came into the kitchen, and surreptitiously 'supped up' the chicken-soup that had been prepared for Sam's birthday breakfast; and further, how the said delinquent had added insult to injury, by contemptuously smashing the bowl that he had emptied.

Sam, however, was too true a philosopher to cry long over spilt milk or soup. He reflected that the breakfast he had just taken would prevent his eating any soup, even if he had it. 'I is n't injyrubber,' said he to himself, with which beautiful and happy thought his frown was superseded by a smile, the smile developed into his normal grin, and he began to chant an appropriate stanza from one of his favorite lyrics:

O-o-o-old Uncle John!
A-a-a-and Sally Goodin!
When you get enough corn-bread
It's dee as good as puddin'.

The excellent Aut Phillis was much affected by the saint-like conduct on the part of her son. She sighed; fearing that the boy was too good to live.

'Nommind, Sam,' said she, 'you need n't tote no wood to-day, or fetch no water, or do nuffin. Go down to de quarters, an' git Pumble to play wist you.'

Pumble was a boy who in age and taste corresponded closely with Sam, as he did in complexion. His real name, at full length, was Pemble-chook, he having been christened at the instance of Mahs'r George in honor of the immortal corn and-seeds man. Off went Sam in search of this boy, and he found him at the back of the maternal mansion, splitting up pine knots for kindlings. Sam approached him with a very slow, dignified step, and a look of commiseration.

'Hey, nigger!' said Sam, dat's all you fit for, is to work. Why don't you be a gemmen like me, what aint a gwine to do a lick o' work dis whole day?'

'Done runnel away, is you?' answered Pumble. 'Well, I ll come 'round dis chenin, when de ole coonas gibs you a dose ob hickory tea.'

'Dat 'll do, boy,' said Sam. 'Let you know dis is my buff-day, an' I won't work for *nobody*, on *my* buff-day. Go ax yo' mammy kin you come up an' play wid me, tell her *my* mammy sent word for you to come.'

Pumble dropped the hatchet, stared ecstatically and ran in to obtain the desired permission. It was granted. Then this dialogue occurred:

'Be a good chile!'

'Yes 'm.'

'Don't forgit yo' manners!'

'None.'

'Member you 's *my* son!'

'Yes 'm.'

'Don't you git into no mischief!'

'None.'

'Ef you dose, I 'll w'ar you out, sah.' Now, go 'long!'

The boys trotted merrily away together. But they had not gone fifty rods before they hear Pumble's mother calling him. They stopped to listen.

'*Tuke keer ob yo' clo'es!*' she shouted, and then went back into her house.

Under a great pecan-tree, on the lawn before the 'big house,' Sam and Pumble sat down to consider and consult, or, as they expressed it, 'to study up what us gwine to do.'

'Shill I tell a story?' asked Pumble.

'Does you know a good one?' inquired Sam.

'Dis story 's gwine to be a new one,' said Pumble, 'bekase I 'll make it up as I go 'long.'

'Tell ahead,' said Sam.

'Wunst upon a time,' began Pumble.

'What time?' interrupted Sam.

'Shut up! Wunss upon a time. Dey wus a man. An' dis heah man lighted up he pipe, an' started out on de big road. An' he went walkin' along. Right stret along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along. An' *walkin* along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along.'

'Dat man wus gwine all de way, wus n't he?' interrupted the listener.

'He had n't got no way, hardly, yit,' said Pumble, 'but he kep' a-walkin' along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along.'

'Dat 's all?'

'Dat 's all!'

As was his invariable custom when deeply interested, Sam began to sing. Pumble joining in:

'Jay-bird settin'
On a swinger limb
Me wink at Daughsy,
Daughsy wink at him;
Daughsy put de gun,
Pull on de trigger,
Off go de lock—
An' down come de nigger!'

From Harell, St. Nicholas for May.

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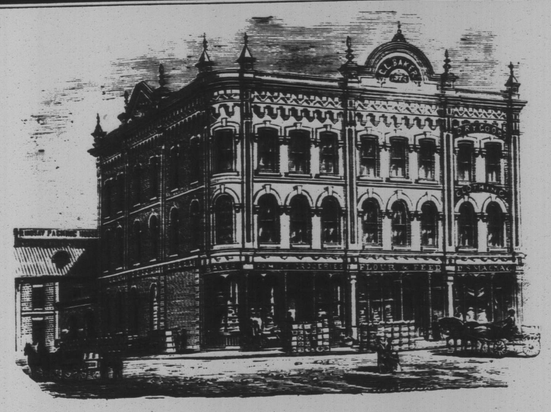

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JAMES HOLDEN,
Managing Director.

Whitby, Nov. 13th, 1877. 1079-1y.

Midland Railway of Canada.

COMMENCING on WEDNESDAY, December 5th, 1877, and until further notice trains will

LEAVE LINDSAY for Lakefield, Peterboro', Port Hope and intermediate stations at 7.30 a.m., 11.30 a.m., and 4.25 p.m. For Toronto and points on T. & N. R'y, Washaboshene, Georgian Bay, and intermediate Stations at 1.00 p.m.

ARRIVE

From Lakefield, Peterboro', Port Hope and intermediate stations at 9.30 a.m., 1.00 p.m., and 6.45 p.m. From Washaboshene, Georgian Bay, Toronto and intermediate stations, at 3.25 p.m.

For further particulars see Pocket Time Cards to be had at all stations.

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1053

VICTORIA RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Taking effect on

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1st, 1878.

STATIONS.		GOING SOUTH. MIXED.	MAIL.
†Kinmount	leave	5.00 a.m.	2.30 p.m.
*Bethel's	"	5.15 "	3.05 "
*Fell's	"	5.58 "	3.25 "
Bobcaygeon	via Str. Victoria	1.30 "	2.25 "
Sturgeon Pt. Hotel		6.00 "	3.50 "
†Fenelon Falls	"	6.30 "	4.20 "
†Midland Ry Jun	"	7.10 "	4.55 "
†Lindsay	arr.	7.15 "	5.00 "
Lindsay via W. P. P. & L. R'y	leave	7.30 "	5.30 "
Toronto via G. T. R.	arr.	11.07 "	11.07 a.m.

STATIONS.		GOING NORTH. MAIL.	MIXED.
Toronto via G. T. R.	leave	7.02 a.m.	
Lindsay, via W. P. P. & L. R'y	arr.	11.00 "	
†Lindsay	leave	11.30 "	3.45 p.m.
†Midland Ry Jun	"	11.40 "	3.55 "
†Fenelon Falls	"	12.30 p.m.	6.45 "
Sturgeon Pt. Hotel	via Str. Victoria	12.45 "	7.00 "
Bobcaygeon	"	2.10 "	8.30 "
*Fell's	"	1.10 "	7.05 "
*Bethel's	"	1.40 "	7.25 "
†Kinmount	arr.	1.45 "	8.00 "

†Telegraph stations. *Platform stations—trains stop on signal only.

CONNECTIONS.

LINDSAY.—With Midland Railway for Orillia, Washaboshene, Midland City, Peterboro', Port Hope, Toronto, and all points on the Grand Trunk and Nipissing Railways. (The regular summer connections with the Midland Railway will be advertised as soon as that road makes their change of time) With W. P. P. & Lindsay R. R. for Port Perry, Whitby, Toronto, and all points on the Grand Trunk.

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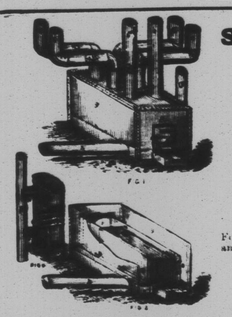

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Photographs, $1 per Dozen.
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Best light and latest improved instruments.

Pictures made or enlarged from the smallest to life size. A good assortment of Mouldings for framing Pictures, on hand. Call and give the New Gallery a trial.

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For sale Double and single Rifles, Breech and Muzzle Loaders. Shot guns—Muzzle Loaders—double and single—one inch bore down, barrels of various grades. Breech Loading Double Shot Guns of the best quality. Single Duck Guns, 4 feet barrels, large bore. More than 100 guns to choose from. We have just completed a Boring Machine of the latest improved principle, and are prepared to Bore Guns 6 feet down to short lengths and guarantee good shooting. Old worn rifles bored for shot guns a specialty. All repairs executed in a workmanlike manner on reasonable terms. Ammunition of all grades for sale.

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None other is Genuine.

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NO BREAKAGES—No vexatious delays in gathering the crop.
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THE BEST REAPER—The most simple and durable of all Harvesters—The best & cheapest machine in the market.

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Steel frames being substituted for Wrought Iron frames.
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Only Five Pieces of Cast Iron in Combined Machine.
Weight thereby reduced over Three Hundred Pounds.
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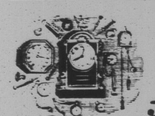

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All work guaranteed.

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