

was droll! *Was teufel!* but I would like to have seen him and Monsieur le Crevé after that dream."

Bread, cheese, and wine, being now set before them, conversation ceased. The man with the wooden leg eat and drank with the heartiness of an old campaigner, and very clearly showed that his predicament, whatever it might be, had no effect on his appetite. At last this exercise ceased—all things must come to an end. Unbuttoning his coat, he drew out a meerschaum also, and put it to immediate service. Then, for the first time, he appeared to notice our presence, and with polite inclination of the head, remarked, "*Monsieur est Anglais.*" On my acknowledging the fact, he rose, shook my hand heartily, and drawing his chair towards mine, said, "I have served: I was at Corunna."

"Indeed! Will you assist me in my potations? You are like myself, storm bound, I presume, and companionship is very desirable," I replied.

He smiled as he answered, "Not exactly so; my motions are more determined by that of our friend the aubergist, than by the weather. Frankly, I am a prisoner."

"A prisoner!"

"Oh! yes, nothing more simple. I waited on a rascally uncle, to obtain some account of a trifle—fifty thousand francs—that my mother, his sister, had left to his safe-keeping; when, *sacre!* he took me for a ghost, and has charged me with fraudulently possessing me of the money."

"A strange story this," I said. "Fill your glass, sir. It is somewhat important to be particular, but really—"

"I understand—you would like me to be more explicit?" I nodded. "Well, then, to begin at the beginning: when I was a mere boy, I got into a scrape—I had always a faculty that way; and the result was, that Cecile Desmoulins sent for me one morning, to say I was the father of a very pretty little girl. This was quite natural—the rest is not exactly so. Cecile got well, and I got along. I was an only child, a fatherless boy, and my mother did not scold over much. But a young fellow came to reside nigh Ohain, a relative of the Aumbeys. He saw Cecile, and made her overtures. I by no means approved. One morning Cecile came to me, and complained bitterly of his conduct. I waited on the scoundrel. He was very short, and gave me the meeting directly—it was to be that evening. I found a friend, Antoine Blemineckx, to assist. Peace to his soul! he died at Wagram. Reflecting on the matter, I wrote to my mother a penitential letter, and a farewell to Cecile; I requested my parent to be a mother to my child, and Cecile to be a daughter to my parent. They are all dead now!" and his voice trembled—"mother, *amie*, child, and so long ago, too, I can speak again lightly; but then it was otherwise. I knew my opponent was reputed a good