

the word Ursula in a low voice ; then, as if but in thought, he remained silent.

On receiving back her almanac, Madame Pinguet asked him whether his intended bride bore the name of Ursula in addition to that of Augusta. But M. Maurice was so absent that the good lady was obliged to repeat the question several times, ere a faintly articulated—"No" issued from his lips : after which he uttered not another word.

We were at that hour of the day so solemnly described by Alighieri :—

*Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore :*

an hour at which even the postillions cease to swear, and involuntarily participate in the calmness spread over nature.—Silence led to reverie, reverie to sleep ; and neither of us knew how time had latterly past, when the coach stopped, and we found ourselves at Châlons-sur-Saône. Here we had supper. The linen was clean, the fare excellent, and all seemed well satisfied, except M. Maurice.

The diligence again started. Are we out of Châlons ?" constantly inquired M. Maurice.

"Why do you ask ?" said at length one of the female passengers.

"Oh ! I have no particular reason."

"Were you ever before at Châlons ?"

"Yes ; I was once quartered there."

Here the conversation ceased ; for the motion of the coach, the darkness, and the heat of the weather, disposed us to sleep ; to which, for my own part, I had yielded, when I was awoken by a horrible jolt : the vehicle had stopped.

"What is the matter ? what has happened ?" But we had no time for conjecture ; the door opened. "There is still a vacant place," said the conductor. This was true, and yet we grumbled, for we were so comfortable at that moment.

"Here's a young lady, said the conductor "who will not take up much room ;" and a small figure in white appeared