

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

said I—I'm frightened to death, quoth he—They are running at the ring of pleasure, said I, giving him a prick—By saint Boogar, and all the saints at the backside of the door of purgatory, said he—(making the same resolution with the abbesse of Andoüillets) I'll not go a step further——'Tis very well, sir, said I—I never will argue a point with one of your family, as long as I live ; so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—I'll take a dance, said I—so stay you here.

A sun-burnt daughter of Labour rose up from the group to meet me, as I advanced towards them ; her hair, which was a dark chestnut approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

We want a cavalier, said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them—And a cavalier ye shall have, said I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadst thou, Nannette, been arrayed like a duchess !—But that cursed slit in thy petticoat !

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a