

u? " Send her
y I suppose, down
p. He will, if he
n. He dare not
1 without license
r, you know. The
olds a tight rein
Bigot may keep
on—the more the
betall him if he
Pompador's con-
he herself dotes on
re reason." De
ed that was the
ly there was rea-
it.
t!" exclaimed
You are fined a
e for leaving the

replied he, "and
s hot as Tartarus
ike a grilled sal-
d, Cadet's broad,
d and glowing as
e walked a little
d his hard brain
ond a point under
uor.
o get some fresh
shall walk as far
i. They never go
y old inn."
i you!" "And
ozen voices.
we will all go to
here they keep the
bec. It is smug-
that makes it all

Taverne de Menut
nion of the good-
at the Fleur-de-
ad paid the King's
the stamp of the
e said; and he ap-
tlemman present on
liquors.
rest took another
ease the landlord,
th no little noise
ne of them struck
; which, beyond all
sed the gay, rol-
the French nation
the old regime:

Quatre!
vaillant!
quatre
alent,
de battre,
vert galant!"

party arrived at
hey entered with-
a spacious room—
beams and with
walls, which were
proclamations of
endants and dingy
by sailors from

the middle of the
ed by a lot of fel-
the baser sort,—
voyageurs,—in
ad tuques—red or
heads. Every one
outh. Some were
jolly visages—half
flow candles stuck
on the wall—were
lgar but faithful
Schalken and
re singing a song
y came in.
e table sat Master
lack earthen mug
one hand and a
His budget of
in the corner, as
a free-and-easy at

nd Blind Bartemy
d time for the cel-
e on each side of
ull as ticks and
jolly chorus was in
entered.
e and bowed to the
ad honored them
ray sit down, gen-
iously offering his
ept it as well as
of which he drank
old Norman cider
better than the
most humble servi-

tors, and highly esteem the honor of your visit," said Master Pothier, as he refilled the black mug.

"Jolly fellows!" replied Cadet, stretching his legs refreshingly, "this does look comfortable. Do you drink cider because you like it, or because you cannot afford better?"

"There is nothing better than Norman cider, except Cognac brandy," replied Master Pothier, grinning from ear to ear. "Norman cider is fit for a king, and with a lining of brandy is drink for a Pope! It will make a man see stars at noonday. Won't it, Bartemy?"

"What! old turn-penny! are you here?" cried Cadet, recognizing the old beggar of the gate of the Basse Ville.

"Oh, yes, your Honor!" replied Bartemy, with his professional whine, "pour l'amour de Dieu!"

"Gad! you are the jolliest beggar I know out of the Friponne," cried Cadet, throwing him a crown.

"He is not a jollier beggar than I am, your Honor," said Max Grimeau, grinning like an Alsatian over a Strasbourg pie. "It was I sang bass in the ballad as you came in—you might have heard me, your Honor?"

"To be sure I did; I will be sworn there is not a jollier beggar in Quebec than you, old Max! Here is a crown for you too, to drink the Intendant's health and another for you, you roving limb of the law, Master Pothier! Come, Master Pothier! I will fill your ragged gown full as a demijohn of brandy if you will go on with the song you were singing."

"We were at the old ballad of the Pont d'Avignon, your Honor," replied Master Pothier.

"And I was playing it," interrupted Jean La Marche; "you might have heard my violin, it is a good one!" Jean would not hide his talent in a napkin on so auspicious an occasion as this. He ran his bow over the strings and played a few bars—"that was the tune, your Honor."

"Ay, that was it! I know the jolly old song! Now go on!" Cadet thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his laced waistcoat and listened attentively; rough as he was, he liked the old Canadian music.

Jean tuned his fiddle afresh, and placing it with a knowing jerk under his chin, and with an air of conceit worthy of Lulli, began to sing and play the old ballad:

"A St. Malo, beau port de mer,
Trois navires sont arrives,
Charges d'avoine, charges de bled;
Trois dames s'en vont les mer-
chander!"

"Tut!" exclaimed Varin, "who cares for things that have no more point in them than a dumpling! give us a madrigal, or one of the devil's ditties from the Quartier Latin!"

"I do not know a 'devil's ditty,' and would not sing one if I did," replied Jean La Marche, jealous of the ballads of his own New France. "Indians cannot swear because they know no oaths, and habitants cannot sing devil's ditties because they never learned them; but 'St. Malo beau port de mer,'—I will sing that with any man in the Colony!"

"Sing what you live! and never mind Varin, my good fellow," said Cadet, stretching himself in his chair; "I like the old Canadian ballads better than all the devil's ditties ever made in Paris! You must sing your devil's ditties yourself, Varin; our habitants won't,—that is sure!"

The gentlemen, on their return to the Taverne de Menut, found De Pean in a rage. Pierre Philibert had followed Amelie to the city, and learning the cause of her anxiety and unconcealed tears, started off with the determination to find Le Gardeur.

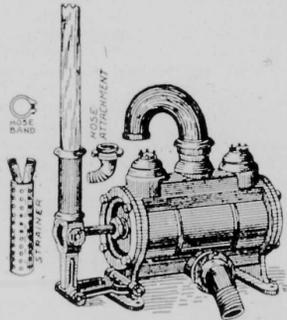
The officer of the guard at the gate of the Basse Ville was able to direct him to the right quarter. He hastened to the Taverne de Menut, and in haughty defiance of De Pean, with whom he had high words, he got the unfortunate Le Gardeur away, placed him in a carriage, and took him home, receiving from Amelie such

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sweet and sincere thanks as he thought a life's service could scarcely have deserved.

"Par Dieu! that Philibert is a game-cock, De Pean," exclaimed Cadet, to the savage annoyance of the Secretary. "He has pluck and impudence for ten gardes du corps. It was neater done than at Beaumanoir!" Cadet sat down to enjoy a broad laugh at the expense of this friend over the second carrying off of Le Gardeur.

"Curse him! I could have run him through, and am sorry I did not," exclaimed De Pean.

"No, you could not have run him through, and you would have been sorry had you tried it, De Pean," replied Cadet. "That Philibert is not as safe as the Bank of France to draw upon. I tell you it was well for yourself you did not try, De Pean. But never mind," continued Cadet, "there is never so bad a day but there is a fair to-morrow after it, so make up a hand at cards with me and Colonel Trivio, and put money in your purse; it will save your bruised feelings. De Pean failed to laugh off his ill humor, but

he took Cadet's advice, and sat down to play for the remainder of the night.

"Oh, Pierre Philibert, how can we sufficiently thank you for your kindness to my dear, unhappy brother?" said Amelie to him, her eyes tremulous with tears and her hand convulsively clasping his, as Pierre took leave of her at the door of the mansion of the Lady de Tilly.

"Le Gardeur claims our deepest commiseration, Amelie," replied he; "you know how this has happened?"

"I do know, Pierre, and shame to know it. But you are so generous ever. Do not blame me for this agitation!" She strove to steady herself, as a ship will right up for a moment in veering.

"Blame you! what a thought! As soon blame the angels for being good! But I have a plan, Amelie, for Le Gardeur—we must get him out of the city and back to Tilly for a while. Your noble aunt has given me an invitation to visit the Manor House. What if I manage to accompany Le Gardeur to his dear old home?"

"A visit to Tilly in your company

would, of all things, delight Le Gardeur," said she, "and perhaps break those ties that bind him to the city."

These were pleasing words to Philibert, and he thought how delightful would be her own fair presence also at Tilly.

"All the physicians in the world will not help Le Gardeur as will your company at Tilly!" exclaimed she, with a sudden access of hope. "Le Gardeur needs not medicine, only care, and—"

She blushed, and only replied, with absolute indirection, "Oh, I am so thankful to you, Pierre Philibert!" But she gave him, as he left, a look of gratitude and love which never effaced itself from his memory. In after-years, when Pierre Philibert cared not for the light of the sun, nor for woman's love, nor for life itself, the tender, impassioned glance of those dark eyes wet with tears came back to him like a break in the dark clouds, disclosing the blue heaven beyond; and he longed to be there.

To be Continued.