

parliament, not, as appears by the record of their solemn decision, *on account of the impossibility of the thing, but, on account of the consequences it might have in opening a door to excuse all unchaste wives.*

In the seventh volumn of the *Causes Célèbres*, the following *conte assez joli*, as the compiler of that laborious work calls it, serves to relieve the dryness and monotony of forensic detail and argument.

The confessor of a married lady, who, like many others, was a virtuous woman till she was found out, exhorted her, when on her death-bed, as the only condition on which she might expect pardon for her sins, to reveal to her husband the secret authors of the existence of four boys, whom illicit amours had introduced into his family. "Your salvation can alone be secured by this candid avowal," said the priest, "which if you do not make, eternal misery will be your portion."—Struck with horror and repentance, the lady called her husband and the four boys to her bedside. She then addressed the reputed father, saying, "Sir, pardon my calling you by that title, I dare not address you by a more tender one: hitherto you have reposed in the conviction that you are the father of these four children: my conscience compels me, in my present situation, to declare to you the truth. Alas! I have given you heirs which do not belong to you." Judge of the astonishment both of the husband and the children, whilst she continued: "This eldest boy owes his being to the Abbé—who came, you know, to pass the summer at our country-house. Afterwards you must recollect, you thought I was deficient in gracefulness of motion; the dancing-master you gave me, was the father of the second. La Brie, your valet, whose fine figure you your-