

courage, advanced a few steps towards the blooming group, which remained stationary, and saluting with my most gracious air, the eldest of the three, uttered, "What, if you please, is the name of this castle?"

The sweet girl smiled, looked at her two companions, and, slightly blushing, replied in French, "I believe, sir, it is called Falkenburg. At least, a French gentleman who is now speaking with my father in the Grand Tower, said so. If you will take the trouble to go round that way, Sir, you will meet them." These words, so much to the point, and spoken with a pure French accent, sufficed to convince me of my mistake; but the charming creature took the trouble of adding,—“We are not English, Sir; we are French; and you are from France.”

"How do you know, Miss," I replied, "that I am a Frenchman?"

"By your English," the youngest replied. The eldest sister looked at her with an air of severity,—that is, if beauty, grace, youth, innocence and joy, can have a severe air. For my part, I burst into a fit of laughter.

"But, young ladies," I said, "you, yourselves were speaking English a few minutes ago."

"It was only for amusement," the youngest replied. "For exercise," said the other, chidingly.

This flat and motherly rectification was lost upon the young girl, who ran gaily to the tombstone, raising slightly her gown, on account of the stones, and displaying the prettiest foot imaginable. "Oh!" she cried, "come and see this. It is a statue—is has no head—it is a man!"

The other two joined their sister; and a minute afterwards all three were upon the tomb, the sun reflecting their handsome profiles upon the granite spectre. A few minutes ago, I was asking myself the names of the young girls; and I cannot tell you what I felt when seeing thus together, those two mysteries, the one full of horror, the other full of charms.

By listening to their soft whisperings, I discovered the name of the second. She was the prettiest—a true princess for fairy tales. Her long eyelashes half hid the bright apple of her eye, that the pure light penetrated. She was between her younger and her eldest sister, as *pudeur* between *naïveté* and grace, bearing a faint resemblance to both. She looked at me twice, but spoke not; she was the only one of the three whose voice I had not heard, and the only one whose name I knew. At one time her younger sister said to her, "Look, Stella!" I at no former period so well understood all that is limpid, luminous, and charming in that name. The youngest made these reflections in an audible voice: "Poor man! they have cut his head off. It was then the time when they took off the heads of men!" Then she exclaimed, "Oh! here's the epitaph. It is Latin: '*For tacuit periit lux.*' It is difficult to read. I should like to know what it says." "Let us go for father," the eldest said; "he will explain it to us." Therefore, all three bounded away like fawns. They did not even deign to ask me; and I was somewhat humbled on thinking that my English had given them a bad opinion of my Latin. I took a pencil and