

singe-là," and she rubbed her little hands together with delight at the very idea of being possessed of so great a treasure.

During these details, which were delivered with all the volubility and action peculiar to a French child, Dormer sought to catch a glimpse of the features of the stranger. It was some moments before she afforded him an opportunity; but when she did, he at once recognised in the expansive brow, the fallow complexion, the full dark eye, and the Grecian expression of countenance, the wonderful being, whose powers of song had so often captivated the souls, and commanded the homage of millions.

Little do they, he mused, who have seen her at the Italian opera, resplendent in costume, brilliant in talent, and moving with all the majesty of a queen, imagine her *vêtue en vilaine robe de chambre, en mouchoir de tête, et en pantoufles*. Little do they, whose souls have thrilled at the powerful energies of her Medea and her Tancredi, imagine her holding senseless converse with a loathsome and disgusting monkey. Yet these things are; and there is, it is to be presumed, as much difference between Madame P—a *en scene*, and Madame P—a *en particulière*, as there is between Madame Dorjeville *en société*, and Madame Dorjeville *en déshabille*.

The opening of the door through which the *femme de chambre* had disappeared, once more recalled him to the painful consciousness of what was passing around him. He turned, and beheld the person in regard to whose appearance his last comparison had been instituted. How unlike, indeed, to the Madame Dorjeville whom he had once been in the habit of meeting during the days of his own folly and inexperience. An old black silk gown hung loosely over her shoulders, and a pair of dirty cotton stockings as loosely over her heels, one of which protruded from a furred slipper—the other from a red satin shoe. Her hair drawn tightly across her forehead, by numerous and vari-coloured *papil-*