

tunities of his bewitching little friend to go and bring him home from this evil.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

No. 3.

Trevalyon gone ; Vaura, weeping bitterly, is discovered by a handsome youth who, bounding in at the open window, throwing himself at her feet with many caresses, bids her be consoled, points to the dilapidated hangings, seems to contrast her surroundings with his own wealth, displaying his diamond jewels, his watch, his well-filled purse. She seems to be half frightened at his words ; when gazing up at a portrait of her uncle, showing him a little worn and sad, a sudden resolve seems to seize her ; she evidently consents to his wish, for his face glows and he embraces her, while drying her tears. She now leaves the room, returns in out-door costume ; he, laughing and excited, braids her lovely hair ; her sweet face is a trifle pale ; a jewelled comb holds together the heavy braids. he now pets two or three dogs, feeds her birds from her hand, climbs on to a table, kisses the portrait of her uncle, the tears starting afresh, picks a few blossoms from her favourite flowers, and they make their exit.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

No. 4.

A few days later—Same scene.

Enter a lady, purely the Gaul in face and gesture, excited though decided in manner ; with her two Frenchmen, the one a priest, the other a man of law. Following, and looking grief-stricken to the last degree, comes the youth of last scene. Vaura follows pale and sad, her uncle's arm around her ; priest takes a ring from Vaura's finger ; with a sharp instrument cuts it in twain. Lawyer takes a paper, reads, holds it in view of all, then tears