

look only on the dark side of the picture. He contrasted *his poverty* with the *comparative opulence* of his rival; the *contempt* in which *he* was held, with the respect Lubert exacted on account of his superior station in the village; them animated by the sorrowful contrast, he recalled all the miseries which had surrounded him from his infancy, and came to the conclusion, that he and happiness were not to journey together through life. He added, that if he must renounce the *only hope*, which had cheered him, during his hitherto joyless existence, he would willingly resign his young life.

These commonplaces of love and despair, so sincere even in their exaggeration, gave the young girl serious alarm. Niette was trying to overcome them by tender reproaches, when the voice of her father was heard without. She rose, surprised and frightened at his sudden return, and made a sign to Marzou, who sprang into the garden. The front door opened almost at the same time, and Goron entered, followed by Lubert. Though their sitting at the alehouse had been much shorter than usual, their faces were flushed, their voices loud, and their movements unsteady. This half drunkenness did not, however, affect them both in the same manner. It had increased the *aggressive* and *over-bearing* temper of Goron, while *stupidity* became the leading characteristic of Lubert's inebriety. The young girl who had read their faces at a glance, stepped aside, as if she hoped to escape them, but Lubert perceived her, and pointed her out to Goron, exclaiming with a rude laugh: '*Here she is, here she is!*'

'Then keep her, comrade,' replied the fisherman, approaching the fire to light his pipe. Lubert took him at his word, and was about to seize the young girl, but she escaped from him with a loud cry. He then turned towards her father and said in a disconcerted manner:—'Well, 'you see she is not willing.'

Niette had by this time effectually gained the door, and stood upon the threshold ready to make her escape. 'If an honest girl cannot remain here without being insulted,' she said, in a voice which trembled, more with *indignation* than fear, 'she will seek a home elsewhere.'

'What's all this about?' cried Goron with a terrible frown. 'What does an honest girl want of any other home, but that of her father?' Niette tried to stammer forth a reply; but he did not give her time. 'Come, come, peace!' interrupted he, violently; 'shut the door, and draw near; we have something to say to you. Here, Lubert, a glass or two will enlighten our ideas.' So saying, he placed upon the table a bottle of brandy and two glasses. Lubert seated himself opposite to him, whilst the young girl who had silently obeyed her father's injunction, remained at some distance immovable, and fixing upon the two drinkers her anxious eyes, which, however, soon fell beneath the imperious gaze of Goron:—

'Then,' said the latter, commencing with a transition to which he was accustomed, and which formed a sort of connecting link between his thoughts and his