

The table was soon spread. As might have been expected from the name of the place, soup figured first, followed by the *bouilli*, flanked by a loaf of bread about as long as a yard-stick, and proportionably slender. A long necked bottle of wine, added its grace to the array of *comestibles*. The wine was very agreeable, price 12 sols the bottle! Think of that, ye bucks, who, at the hotels of New York pay six dollars a bottle for Old Madeira, *sans grimace*.

Saying bon-jour to the civil people of the inn, and encouraging Charles to another pedestrian effort, I was again *en route*. The road still followed the course of the Loing.

Charles had none of my enthusiasm for seeing the world; beside, he was in his own land, where every thing was as familiar to him as a "thrice-told-tale," or the village spire. Whereas, to me novelty invested the scenery, the people, the dwellings, every object, animate or inanimate, moving or stationary, with more or less interest. Accordingly, fatigued as he was, and sore at foot, he was any thing but a pleasant companion. He trudged on as moodily as a taciturn John Bull. All the national gaiety had evaporated, and sombro was his face. Unaccustomed to marching, or long walks, blisters began to rise on his feet; and he grumbled and groaned so abominably that I wished him in the red sea or any other equally convenient and agreeable place. About 5 P. M. we reached the hamlet of Fontenay, and here, he fairly mutinied, persisting, all I could say to the contrary, on entering a mean looking cabaret at the entrance of the hamlet. What with fatigue and pain, from his blistered soles, he was completely knocked up, and he gave in.

What befel me and Charles at Fontenay, I reserve for another chapter.

#### AN ASKER.

A LADY was recently visited by a female servant who had been married, and seeing that she presented an appearance of having very much bettered her circumstances, she enquired the nature of her husband's profession. To this interrogatory the young woman replied, "He is an asker, ma'am." "An asker!" inquired the good lady with amazement, "and what in the world is that?" "Oh, ma'am, he stands at the corner of street and asks." "Why, you don't mean to say that you have married a beggar, do you?" "Yes, ma'am, but it's a very good business. My husband thinks it very bad work indeed, if he don't bring more than five shillings a day."

I WILL not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

#### THE HUMMING BIRD'S SONG.

I HAVE come—I have come from my own dear nest,  
Where my young lay sheltered aneath my breast:  
I have come, while the dews on the flowers lay,  
To sip their sweets, and then lie away,  
Humming along, as with slender wing  
On the cups of the flowers I trembling cling.

Down in their deep and honied cells,  
Where their perfumed sweetness all hidden dwells,  
I go—and revel a moment there,  
Murmuring still on the fragrant air;  
On their loaded petals, a kiss I press,  
While I'm folded away in their perfumed breasts.

Then away, away through the tangled dell  
I roam o'er the flowers I love so well,  
Now bending me down to the daisy meek,  
Now hid in the columbine's wild retreat,  
Humming along as I joyous go,  
Where the hidden wild flowers sheltered grow.

But back I hie when at even tide  
The shadows are spreading all far and wide,  
And safely gathered within the nest,  
My little ones shelter aneath my breast;  
While a heavenly goodness through all the hours  
Still keeps me in safety and guards the flowers.

B.

#### THE BUTTERFLY.

WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY A PICTURE OF THE BUTTERFLY  
AND ROSE.

THE butterfly was a gentleman  
Of no very good repute,  
And he roved in the sunshine all day long,  
In his scarlet and purple suit—  
And he left his lady-wife at home  
In her own secluded bower,  
Whilst he like a bachelor floated about,  
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,  
And seldom from home she stirred,  
She loved him better than all the world,  
Though little for her he cared;  
Unheeded she passed the day—she knew  
Her lord was a rover then,  
But when night came on, her lamp she lit  
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,  
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray;  
Some wild bird had seen the neglected one  
And flown with her far away.  
Then beware ye butterfly, all beware,  
If such a time should come,  
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish  
You had cherished the lamp at home.

B.

MAKE no vows of enmity while you are smarting with a sense of neglect or cruelty; pain speaks with little propriety.—*Zimmerman*.