

ABBE MAURY.

An old counsellor wishing to study Justinian's Institutes, employed the Abbe Maury, then very poor, to teach him Latin. Some years after he met the Abbe at a gentleman's house: "Ah Abbe!" said he haughtily, "how came you here?"—"I may ask the same question," replied the Abbe.--"Oh, no! there is some difference; but you are in better circumstances than formerly I suppose. Have you obtained any preferment as a clergyman?"—"I am grand vicar to M. de Lombez."—"What! well, that is something. How much is it worth?"—"A thousand francs."—"That is very little," and he resumed his haughty tone and contemptuous manner. "But I have a priory which produces a thousand crowns."—"A thousand crowns! oh, that is something handsome! (with an air of respect)--"And I became acquainted with the master of this house at the Cardinal de Rohan's."—"The deuce! do you visit the Cardinal de Rohan?"—"Frequently; he has given me an abbey."—"An abbey! ah that is valuable! Monseur l'Abbe, favour me with the honour of your company to dinner to day."

As the Abbe was one day going to the national assembly, of which he was a member, he was accosted by a gang of *poissardes*, one of whom exclaimed to him, "Mons l'Abbe, you speak like an angel, and notwithstanding you are but a fool."—"Ladies," replied the Abbe, smiling, "you well know that it is a disease of which no one dies."

In the debate which terminated in a decree depriving the clergy of their all the Abbe made every effort to support his order. He delivered an argumentative speech on the subject, which was, however, completely refuted by Thouret. The Abbe, driven to despair by his defeat, absolutely screamed with anger. "The gentleman," said Thouret, "is like the bird of night that screeches when shown the light."