

girl? I really can't bear to look at her. Yet how cruel is her fate! for she is young, and perhaps susceptible of love."

"Young!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, her motions and attitude show youth, and extreme youth too. When at a distance, she might inspire interest, but this feeling is destroyed the moment she appears."

"I assure you," I said, that in the coach she seemed disposed to flirt with you, for she looked at you as if she desired to catch your attention."

"The poor wretch," said Maurice, as he raised his black silk cravat, and twisted his well-curved mustachios. "The little dead woman a coquette! and why not? Oh! woman, woman."

I should not suppose that you had much reason to complain. Have you been often in love?"

"Yes, but it never lasted more than a week."

"Yet you are going to be married."

"Oh! that is very different. A woman takes your name, and you administer her property; and then you have children to whom you leave your places and titles. But this is not what I term love. Augusta is charming—but I have known so many charming women. Marriage is good, because it fixes you in the station you are to live in. But love is the most delightful pastime that ———."* * *

Madame Pinguet rose, and fetching the deaf and dumb girl who was in the midst of a herd of goats playing with the animals, made signs to the poor creature to kneel and pray with her at the foot of the cross. I know not what the girl had at first thought Madame Pinguet wanted, but she had quietly suffered herself to be led under the elms. But when the good lady endeavoured to make her kneel, she tripped away laughing, and returned to the goats, which she at length led to browse upon the brier that formed so graceful a hedge around the cross.

"She is the genius of evil," Maurice exclaimed, "and the horror with which she inspires me is instinct. Look, she is destroying the only beauty in this landscape."