

to draw water; but, as these matters never reached the ears of her uncle, they soon died away, especially as she was, notwithstanding her reserve, an universal favourite with every body.

We have mentioned, that Mr Bunch was very particular in noticing and endeavouring to find out the signification of his dreams.—One night he had one of a nature most to impress his imagination. He dreamed that he was sitting in his shop busily employed in whetting his razors, when a being, whom he at once recognised for the goblin whom the peasants denominated “the gray man of the mountain,” entered and commanded him to follow. He obeyed, and accompanied his mysterious conductor over brake and fell to a great distance, till they came to a moss-clad and sterile mountain, which rose to a considerable height. Here the spirit took up a handful of the earth, and pointed out to him certain particles of shining, light-coloured metal, which, to the eyes of Mr Bunch, seemed pure silver. This done, they proceeded towards the summit. At length they arrived at a spot where lay two spades and other implements for digging.—The goblin took up a spade, and pointed to Mr Bunch to do the same, and they both fell to work. They had not proceeded far when they began to turn up huge masses of ore, which glistened in the faint light, and Mr Bunch began to imagine, that his long-cherished ideas of wealth were about to be realized. The spirit suddenly ceased from working, and, slapping Mr Bunch on the back, pointed out the road homewards, at the same time looking at the treasure before him with a knowing wink. Mr Bunch hesitated to leave so much wealth behind him; he, therefore, essayed to pick up one of the huge lumps of silver, as he imagined it was, that he might carry it home; but the goblin perceiving his intention, gave him a kick, which sent him rolling down the side of the mountain, head over heels, to the very bottom. When he had recovered himself, he felt a little indignant at such uncourteous treatment. He rose up with the intention of remonstrating, but he saw the spirit dilated to a gigantic size standing on the very pinnacle of the mountain, and motioning for him to proceed homewards. This mandate he thought it most prudent to obey; for, thought he, one who can give such a kick as that which I now feel tingling at my breech is not a fit personage to be treated with disrespect. He resolved, however, to return at some future day, when the goblin might be asleep, or in a better temper, and help himself to as much wealth as he wanted. With this prudent resolve he turned himself homeward, carefully noting every landmark that might enable him to retrace his steps.

When he awoke, he was surprised to find that the sun was already high in the heavens, and that his niece was up and bustling about. He hastily arose and dressed himself, pondering all the time upon his strange dream. Bessy's care for her uncle's comfort was on that morning expended in vain, for he scarcely glanced at the good things which she had so carefully provided; and great was her surprise when he bade her look well to the shop, and keep herself within doors, for that he was going out, and should probably be absent a great portion of the day. The truth is,

that he imagined he could find his way to the very spot which he had dreamt of, and was fully impressed with the conviction, that he should discover a mine of wealth. Just as he was about to issue forth, the latch of the door was lifted, and a stranger entered.—Mr Bunch intended to give an abrupt reply and brush past; but, when he saw the commanding presence of the individual, he respectfully laid aside his hat, and stood in the attitude of awaiting his orders.

EXPLOIT OF THE DUCHESS OF BERRI.—

This mad but intrepid woman resolved to enter Nantes on foot, in the dress of a peasant girl, accompanied only by Mademoiselle de Kersabiec and M. de Ménars. In consequence of this decision, on the very next market day, which I believe was on the 16th of June last, the Duchess, at six o'clock in the morning, set out from a cottage at which she had slept, situated in the neighbourhood of Chateau Thebaud. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec was dressed like the Duchess, and M. de Ménars as a farmer.—They had five leagues to travel on foot. After journeying half an hour, the thick nasled shoes and worsted stockings, to which the Duchess was not accustomed, hurt her feet; still she attempted to walk, but judged that, if she continued to wear these shoes and stockings, she would be unable to proceed, she seated herself upon the bank of a ditch, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued the journey barefooted. A moment after, she perceived, as she remarked the peasant girls who passed, that the fineness of her skin, and the aristocratic whiteness of her legs, were like to betray her; she therefore went to the roadside, took some dark-coloured earth, and rubbed her legs with it. She had still four leagues to travel before they reached the place of her destination. The sight it must be confessed, was an admirable theme to draw philosophical reflections from those who accompanied her. They beheld a woman, who, two years before, had her place of Queen-Mother at the Tuilleries—who rode out in a carriage drawn by six horses, with escorts of body guards resplendent with gold and silver—who went to the representation of theatrical pieces acted expressly for her, preceded by runners shaking their torches—who filled the theatre with her sole presence, and on her return to her palace, reached her bed-chamber, walking upon double cushions of Persia and Turkey, lest the floor should gall her delicate little feet; this woman, the only one of her family, perhaps, who had done nothing to deserve her misfortunes, they now saw, still covered with the powder of the action of Vieillevigne, beset with danger, proscribed, a price set upon her head, and whose only escort and court consisted of an old man and a young girl, going to seek an asylum, from which she might perhaps be shut out, clad in the garments of a peasant, walking barefooted upon the angular sand and sharp pebbles of the road. And it was not she who suffered; it was her companions: for they had tears in their eyes, and she, laughter, jests, and consolation in her mouth. At length, Nantes appeared in sight, and madame put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. On reaching the Pont Pymil, she found herself in the midst of a detachment commanded

by an officer formerly in the guard, and whom she recognised as having often seen on duty at her palace. Opposite to the Bouffai, somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder; she started and turned round: the person guilty of this familiarity turned out to be an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit upon the ground and was unable by herself to replace it upon her head. “My good girls,” she said addressing the Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, “help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple.” Madame immediately seized a handle of the basket, made a sign to her companion, to take the other, and the load was quickly placed upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when madame seized her by the arm and said, “Stop mother, where's my apple?” The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, saw a placard headed by these three words in very large letters: “STATE OF SIEGE” This was the ministerial decree which outlawed four departments of La Vendée, and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard and calmly read it through, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mademoiselle de Kersabiec who pressed her to hasten to the house where she was expected. But the Duchess replied that the placard concerned her too nearly for her not to make herself acquainted with its contents. The alarm of her two companions, whilst she was reading it, may easily be imagined. At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the house at which she was expected, and where she took off her clothes which were covered with dirt. They are now preserved there as relics. She soon after proceeded to the residence of Mesdemoiselles Deguigny, where an apartment was prepared for her, and within this apartment a place of concealment. This apartment was a sort of garret on the third floor, and the place of concealment a recess within an angle closed by a chimney. An iron plate formed the entrance, which was opened by a spring.—*Dernooncourt's the Duchess of Berri in La Vendée.*

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