

tion; and yet the thing had its ridiculous aspect also. She had been pretty free, in the journal, with her criticisms on the Austrian army, though only with regard to the appearance and manners of the officers. How they were to take her remarks on their moustaches, their everlasting smoking, and their almost as constant perseverance in *dining*, was not to be conceived. Then her papers—scraps of paper on which she had tried rhymes, such as love, dove; heart, part; fame, name; with a view to embodiment in her poems—letters from young friends, telling all about the parties of their respective mammas, and how interesting the last baby was: to think of these being subjected to the rigid scrutiny of a council of either Ten or Three, was too whimsical. To the count, on the other hand, everything was grave and official. He said he could well believe, that she was innocent of all that had been imputed to her; still, his instructions must be obeyed. He could not promise the restoration of her papers in less than ten days. At the end of the examination, he courteously dismissed her, but not without letting her know, that she and her companion would be under the surveillance of the police till the papers were fully examined.

My light-hearted niece returned to me with an air of importance quite new to her, and which did not abate till she observed how exceedingly I had suffered during our separation. I felt reassured on learning that every thing depended on the examination of the papers, as I had no doubt they were of a sufficiently innocent character. The shock, however, had been enough to mar my power of enjoying Venice. We did, indeed, go about to see the usual sights; and even the shadow-like attendance of the policeman ceased at length to give us much annoyance. But I saw everything through an unpleasant medium, and heartily wished myself out of a region where the government of pure force seems the only one attainable. At the end of a fortnight, we received back our papers, with many apologies for their detention, and for the scrutiny to which we had been exposed; which, however, it too truly appeared, had been brought upon us by that one incautious expression of Claudia at Verona. Very soon after, we left Venice, and regained the safe shores of England with little further adventure.

[Note.—Let no one suppose that this is in any degree an exaggeration of the present state of things in Venice. Only about a month after the adventure of the two ladies, two individuals of that city were condemned for having been in correspondence with political exiles. One, a nobleman, had his sentence commuted to the galleys, at the intercession of a Spanish princess, daughter of Don Carlos; the other, a bookseller in the Piazza di San Marco, was hanged on the morning of Saturday, the 11th October, during the whole of which day his body was exposed to the public gaze. The walls were next day found extensively inscribed with, "Venetians! remember the murder of yesterday, and revenge it!"—*Ed.*]
—*Chamber's Ed. Jour.*

AMBIGUOUS SIGN.—The following is said to be copied from a sign-board at D—: "Boarding-school for young *faddies*."

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S STORY.

'Now, monsieur,' said my host, as he folded up his napkin in a complicated way, 'draw your chair to that chimney-corner, and I will establish myself in this one. When my wife has cleared away the things, she will come and sit between us.'

I did as I was told to do, my friend seated himself with a comfortable look, crossed his legs, and began to twirl his thumbs. And the old lady having soon finished her work, threw a fresh log on the fire, which quickly gave out a famous blaze. She then blew out the candle, took her place, and smoothed down her apron. 'There!' said she, and she began to knit.

'Would monsieur like to hear me tell a story?' asked her husband, putting his head on one side with an air that seemed to say, 'You do not probably know what a rare privilege you may now enjoy.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' said I.

'Well, do, Jean,' said his wife.

'I am very fond of a telling a good story by the fireside, after supper on a Saturday night,' said the schoolmaster; 'and I think,' he continued, after a moment's reflection, 'that I will tell you about a strange thing that once took place at Vallerançon, a village not far from this.'

'O do, Jean!' cried the good lady. 'I always like to hear that story, I have heard it so often. Besides, of course, I know all about it.'

'Of course, you do, Marie. You see, monsieur, my wife was housekeeper to one of the parties concerned in it, so it is natural enough—'

'Well, begin, Jean,' said the impatient little woman.

'I will at once, and do you put me right if I go wrong.'

'To be sure; but begin, begin!'

'At Vallerançon,' said my host, after clearing his throat, and assuming a solemn air, 'there is a Protestant temple. A few years back—about twenty years back—the curé of the parish—'

'The pastor, you mean,' interrupted madame.

'The pastor, I mean,' resumed the narrator; 'though there was a curé too, and I might have been speaking of him, for all you knew. But no matter. His name was Martin, and an excellent man he was; for, though I am a Catholic, I trust, monsieur, that I can appreciate a good man of a different creed. One day he went to say mass as usual—'

'To say mass! To preach, you mean, Jean.'

'To be sure I do; to preach as usual. When he had got into the pulpit, he began to give out his text from a small Bible he held in his hand, and had read some verses, when suddenly he seemed agitated, stood for some moments silently looking on the book, and then, without any explanation put it into his pocket, and made his way rapidly out of the church, crossing himself.'

'What are you about, Jean, with your masses, and curés, and crosses?' cried madame, laying down her knitting, and looking full at her husband. 'Don't you know that Protestants never cross themselves? What do you mean?'

'I really do not know,' replied the poor man, evidently much annoyed; 'I never told a story so ill before. I cannot tell what is the matter