

TUESDAY, JULY 19.

Here was a terrible blow to all hope, and in the discouragement it inflicted three long months were passed, De Marais growing thin and wretched from fretting, and by his despondency occasioning his friends the deepest solicitude. At length one of his relatives resolved on a bold step. He went direct to the Rue de Marais, and demanded to speak with the dyer. It is not very easy to say how he opened a negotiation of such delicacy; that he did so with consummate tact and skill there can be no doubt, for he so worked on the dyer's compassion by the picture of the poor young fellow, utterly ruined in his career, unable to face the world—to meet his regiment—even to appear before the enemy, being blue!—that the dyer at last confessed his pity, but at the same time cried out, "What can I do? There is no getting it off again?"

"No getting it off again! do you really tell me that?" exclaimed the wretched negotiator.

"Impossible, that's the patent," said the other, with an ill-dissembled pride. "I've spent seven years in the invention. I only hit upon it last October. Its grand merit is that it resists all attempts to efface it."

"And do you tell me," cries the friend in terror, "that this poor fellow must go down to his grave in that odious—well, I mean no offence—in that unholy tint?"

"There is but one thing in my power, sir."

"Well, what is it, in the name of mercy? Out with it and name your price."

"I can make him a very charming green!"

It is needless to say that this offer was rejected in despair. Color for color, it was better to be blue than green.

Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?
 No; why do you ask such a question?
 Cause that leetle man, with a heap o' hair on his face, cotch'd hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste!'

It is with extreme regret we confess that we have, in all the sanguine and assured hopes with which we started on our course of journalism of the liberal support we were to receive from our friends, been most cruelly disappointed. We had imagined that the warm manner in which we were received, and the still warmer support promised us on our first timid appearance in public, augured well for the numerous future contributions which were to adorn our columns. We fancied they would take a corresponding pleasure in aiding those few, who have the editing of this journal, in their duties, in order to render our pages more diversified, and to take from them that sameness of style and treatment always characteristic of youthful productions; and eagerly seize the opportunity as a means of exercise and improvement of the noblest faculties of man. But we imagined wrongly, as many wiser have done before us. Not a single line; not a single word; not even a single suggestion have we received from any. Whether to attribute this neglect to a cooling of their former zeal; a decaying of their former interest, or to indolence we know not; it is probably traceable to all three. Be that as it may, we consider ourselves to have been deserted in a most shameful manner. We believe that now, to aggravate the matter, little interest is taken in the paper, at all circumstance very discouraging to those who use their best efforts to make it as interesting as possible. We trust the neglect does not arise from a contempt of the diminutive size of our