

Colonial Review.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

Oh, give me the Old Love Again.

Oh, give me the old love again, now,
And I don't smile on in that style;
Sure, trouble has made me quite thin, now,
Oh, Barney, bear with me a while.

With Bryan I'll own I have sported,
But sure, dear, I thought it no sin;
Call back, now, the days when we courted,
And give me the old love again.

With Cupid I've trifled and dilted,
Until he smiles on me no more;
Oh! leave me not lone and deserted,
But give me your heart as before.

Now Barney, my honey, believe me—
For Bryan I don't care a pin,
Sure, darling, I'll no more deceive you,
If you'll give me the old love again.

Faith, Barney, just make your mind easy;
My flirting meant nothing at all,
And if I'll in any way please you,
Why, sure, then, the priest you may call.

Myself knows you never was cruel,
I guess'd you'd all heart I should win,
So I'll leave off teasing my jewel,
And be true to the old love again.

Our Edible Mollusca.

By J. R. WILLIS, Esq., Halifax, N. S.

THIRD ARTICLE.

PERIWINKLE—Littorina littorea.—
(FAMILY.)—This species, though
never introduced to our markets, may be
collected at low tide very abundantly around
the whole seaboard of Nova Scotia; it ap-
pears to me, after a close comparison, to be
synonymous with the species of the same
name occurring on the coasts of Great Brit-
ain. A quart of them, which I sent alive
some time since, to my scientific friends at
Washington D. C. was considered quite
a prize. Strange to say, though it is found
here so commonly, it has not been to my
knowledge, collected on any of the contigu-
ous shores of the New England States.

Description.—SHELL, turbinated, thick,
pointed, few-whorled; aperture rounded,
outer lip acute, columella rather flattened,
no umbilicus; operculum pauci spiral; col-
or, blackish grey; within, purplish brown;
margin white, with numerous brown spots.
ANIMAL.—With muzzled-shaped head; elong-
ated tentacles; eyes sessile at the outer base
of the tentacles; mouth only with a lingual
band; foot oblong, with a marginal furrow
in front; Branchial plume single; opercu-
lum lobe, appendaged. (WALKE'S Manual
of Mollusca, &c.)

FOOD.—PERIWINKLE. Lunatia He-
ros.—(Say.) (Natica Heros.—Say. Res-
SEL, GOLL.)—Though scarcer than the
preceding, this species is found most com-

by those who have used it, as the species
which is found on the British coasts. Being
synonymous with the very common and well
known British Whelk, a scientific descrip-
tion of animal and shell is considered super-
fluous.

WHELK—Fusus Islandicus (GOLL.)
Though not found so plentifully as Buccinum
Undatum, it is pretty common in deep
water around the whole coast. Parties who
have eaten it inform me that they consider
it quite a delicacy. The very fine specimen
amongst the Nova Scotia Edible Mollusca at
the exhibition, was collected at Sable Island,
and presented to me by Dr. BERNARD GILBY,
Halifax.

Description.—SHELL elongated, fusiform
dilated in the middle, eight slightly convex
volutions, spire regularly attenuated to the
apex; aperture oblong-ovate, half the length
of the shell; canal short, sinuous and wide;
operculum horny; length, 2 1/2, aperture and
canal 1 1/2 inches. Color.—Epidermis horn-
colored, or soiled brown; surface beneath,
whitish opale cent; within, pearly white.
Annual unknown to me, I have never, as
yet, succeeded in capturing a living spec-
imen for the purpose of description.

WHELK—Fusus Decemcostatus.—
(GOLL.)—This fine species, like the two
preceding, is popularly called Whelk; it is
much scarcer and more esteemed as an ar-
ticle of food than F. Islandicus. I have
dredged dead specimens in Halifax Harbor
in twelve to fourteen fathoms of water, and
so far as I have ascertained it occurs at
about the same depth around the whole
coast; the specimen exhibited among Nova
Scotia Edible Mollusca, was presented to
me by Rev. JOHN AMBROSE, A. M., Rector
of St. Margaret's Bay District, and is from
that locality.

Description.—SHELL large, robust, solid,
ventro-convex, oval; whorls, six or seven, ob-
liquely flattened above the shoulder, and with
stout, coarse, revolving ribs, there are about
ten of these ribs on the body whorl, grad-
ually diminishing beneath. On the upper
whorls the ribs are reduced to two or three
large and coarse ones, which give a turreted
appearance to the spire; aperture ovate, lip
festooned by the termination of the revol-
ving ribs, pillar lip arched, and with a broad
callus, beak cancellate externally, canal
short and curved, operculum horny; length
3.2 of aperture and canal, 1.10 of shell.
Color.—Brownish white, or ash-colored; within,
pearly white; grooves on the lip chestnut-
colored. Annual unknown to me.

The Grande Breteche.

FROM HONORE DE BALZAC.

(Continued.)

I SHUT my door, after having been awak-
ened from my apathy by this last sally,
which the notary considered remarkably
clever. I then sat down in my arm-chair,
putting my feet on the two dogs on each
side of the fireplace. I plunged into a ro-
mance, in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe, found-
ed on the legal data supplied by M. Reg-
nault, when my door, manipulated by the

temper). He paid ready money for every-
thing, to avoid disputes. He was hasty,
look you. Our ladies thought him a very
amiable man.

'Because he was hasty?' I asked my
hostess.

'Perhaps so,' she said. 'You quite un-
derstand, monsieur, that a man must have
had something in his favor to marry Madame
de Merret, who, with all respect to the
others, was the handsomest and the richest
young person in the Vendôme. Her in-
come was something like twenty thousand
lives a year. The whole town went to her
wedding. The bride was a charming little
creature—a real jewel of a woman. Ah!
they were a handsome couple in their time.'

'Did they live happily together?'

'Heu, Heu! Yes—and no—as far as
one can presume. For such as we, you
know, didn't live at "hail-fellow-well-met"
with them. Madame de Merret was a good
woman, very nice and pretty, who perhaps
had sometimes to put up with her husband's
hot temper; but we liked her, although she
was a little proud. Bah! It was part of
her business to be so. When people are
noble, look you—'

'Nevertheless, some catastrophe must
have happened to make M. and Madame de
Merret separate so abruptly?'

'I never said there was a catastrophe,
monsieur; I know nothing about it.'

'Good! I am certain, now, that you
know everything.'

'Well, Monsieur! I will tell you all.
When I saw M. Regnault go to your room,
I guessed that he would talk to you about
Madame de Merret, apropos of the Grande
Breteche. That gave me the idea of con-
sulting monsieur, who seems to be a man of
discretion, and incapable of betraying a
poor woman like me, who have never in-
jured a creature, but whose conscience is
not easy, in spite of that. Up to the pre-
sent, I have never dared to open my mind
to the people here; they are a set of gos-
sips, with tongues of steel. In short, mon-
sieur, I have never had a traveller stop so
long in the house as you, and to whom I
could tell the story of the fifteen thousand
frances—'

'My dear Dame Lepas!' I replied, try-
ing to stop her flow of words, 'if your con-
science is not likely to be of a nature to com-
pense you for being so burdened with
it for the whole world.'

'Don't be alarmed,' she said, interrupt-
ing me. 'You shall see.'

Her eagerness made me believe I was not
the first person to whom my good landlady
had imparted the secret of which I was to
be the sole depository. I listened.

'Monsieur,' she said, 'when the Emperor
sent hither the Spanish prisoners of war, or
others I had to lodge at the government
expense a young Spaniard, who was ordered
to Vendôme on his parole. Notwithstand-
ing the liberty the parole gave him, he
thought proper to present himself to the
Sous-préfet every day. He was a grandee
of Spain! Nothing less! His name was
something ending with os and dia, such as
Luges de Férédia. I have his name written
in my register book, you may read it, if you

like. Oh! he was a handsome young man,
like a Spaniard, people say they are all ugly.
He was not more than five feet two or three
inches high, but he was well made, he had
small hands, which he kept so beautifully,
you should have seen them! He had as
many brushes for his hands, as a woman
was to fit up her complete toilet-table! He
had rich black hair, an eye of fire, and a
complexion with a slight coppery tinge, but
which was pleasing to look at all the same.
I never saw any one wear linen so fine as
his, although I have had princesses in the
house; and amongst others, Gen. Bertrand,
de Duke and Duchess d'Arantés, M. De-
cazes, and the King of Spain. He ate no
great things, but his manners were so po-
lite, so amiable, that it was impossible to be
angry with him on that account. Oh! I
liked him very much, although he did not
speak four words in the course of the day,
and it was impossible to enter into conversa-
tion with him. If you spoke to him, he
did not answer; it was a tic, a mania, what
they all have, as I have been told. He
read his breviary like a priest; he went reg-
ularly to mass, and to all the services at
church. And where should he fix himself—
we remarked that afterwards—but within
a couple of paces of Madame de Merret's
chapel! But, as he took his place there
the very first time he went to church, no one
suspected that it was done purposely. More-
over, he never looked up from his prayer-
book, poor young man! At that time,
monsieur, he used to walk on the hill in the

evening, strolling amongst the ruins of the
chateau. That was the poor fellow's only
amusement, it reminded him of his own
country. They say there's nothing but
mountains in Spain! From the beginning
of his captivity, he kept late hours. I was
uncomfortable at his not coming in before
the stroke of midnight, but we all got used
to his peculiarities, he took the key of the
door, and we did not sit up for him. His
lodgings were in the house which belongs to
us in the Rue de Casernes. At that time,
one of our ostlers told us that one evening,
as he went to water his horses, he thought
he saw the grandee of Spain swimming in
the river, a long way off, like a veritable
fish. When he came back, I told him to
take care of nettles amongst the grass; he
seemed annoyed at having been seen in the
water.

'At last, monsieur, one day, or rather
one morning, he was not to be found in his
chamber; he had not come back. After
searching everywhere, I saw a writing in
the drawer of his table, where there were
fifty Spanish gold pieces which they call
Portugaises, and which were worth about
five thousand francs; and besides, ten thou-
sand francs' worth of diamonds, in a little
scaled box. The writing was to the effect,
that, in case he should not return, he left
us the money and jewels, on condition of
founding masses to thank God for his escape
and for his salvation. At that time, my
husband was still living, and he tried to
hunt him up. And this is the strangest
part of the story. He brought home the
Spaniard's clothes, which he discovered un-
der a great stone in a sort of wooden pier
on the river's bank, on the same side as the
ruined chateau, nearly opposite to the
Grande Breteche. It was so early in the
morning when my husband went there, that
nobody saw him. He burned the clothes
after reading the letter, and we declared,
according to Comte Férédia's desire, that
he had made his escape. The Sous-préfet
sent the whole of the gendarmier on his
track; but *brist!* they did not catch him.
Lepas believed that the Spaniard was
drowned. I, monsieur, do not think so at
all; I rather fancy that he had something to
do with Madame de Merret's affairs, be-
cause Rosalio told me that the crucifix
which her mistress was so fond of that she
had buried with her, was of ebony and
silver. Now, at the beginning of M. Fé-
rédia's stay, he had a silver and ebony cru-
cifix, which I never saw afterwards. And
now, monsieur, don't you think I may make
my conscience easy about the Spaniard's fif-
teen hundred francs, and that they are
honestly mine?'

'Certainly. But have you never tried
to question Rosalio?' I asked.

'Oh yes, monsieur, to be sure I have.
But what can one do? The girl is as close
as a wall. She knows something, but it is
impossible to get her to talk.'

After chatting with me for a few moments
longer, my hostess left me in a state of
vague and gloomy thought, possessed by ro-
mantic curiosity, by a superstitious terrors
resembling the deep feeling which master,
when you enter by night a dark church,
which holds its lamps in the dis-
tance beneath its lofty arches—an indistinct
figure glides along, a rustling of gown or
cassock is heard, and you shudder. The
Grande Breteche, with its rank weeds, its
blocked windows, its rusty railings, its
closed doors, its deserted apartments, was
fantastically pictured on a sudden before me.
I endeavored to penetrate into this mysteri-
ous dwelling, by seeking for the clue to its
solemn story, its drama ending with the
death of three personages. Rosalio became
in my eyes the most interesting being in all
Vendôme.

On examining Rosalio's countenance, I
discovered the traces of a private thought,
in spite of the brilliant health which shone
on her plump visage. She held within her
bosom the principle either of remorse or of
hope; her attitude announced a secret, like
that of the devotee who abandons herself to
excessive prayer, or that of the infanticide
mother who for ever hears her infant's last
cry. Her demeanor, nevertheless, was un-
affected and rustic; her simple smile was the
reverse of criminal; and you would have
judged her to be innocent, only to look at
the great red-and-blue checkered handker-
chief which covered her vigorous bust—
framed, tightened-in, and laced by a gown
with white and violet stripes. 'No,' I
thought to myself, 'I will not leave Ven-
dôme without knowing the whole history of
the Grande Breteche. To arrive at my ends
I will try hard to get into Rosalio's good
graces, if needs must.'

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(FAMILY.)—This species, though
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FOOD.—PERIWINKLE. Lunatia He-
ros.—(Say.) (Natica Heros.—Say. Res-
SEL, GOLL.)—Though scarcer than the
preceding, this species is found most com-
monly about our sand beaches, where it is
often captured alive being cast ashore after
heavy gales. It attains a very large size,
specimens from Sable Island having been sent
to me measuring four or five inches in length,
and proportionally broad. It is said to be
very voracious devouring dead fish, &c.; it
is slightly sought after, as an article of food,
and never offered for sale in any of our
markets. The Warty Hermit Crab, Pagurus
polliticaris of DE KAY, often takes up
his residence in the dead shell of this species.

Description.—SHELL large, thick, globu-
lar ovate; whorls five, convex; spire con-
siderably elevated; aperture oval; the cal-
lus reflected over a small portion of the
large painful, and coarsely wrinkled um-
bilicus; lip sharp, smooth within. Color.—
Epidermis, then and yellowish; beneath
this, dark reddish mixed with ash; aper-
ture dark reddish brown, occasionally tinged
with yellowish; operculum amber-colored.

ANIMAL.—Head emarginate in front; two
long and pointed tentacles somewhat flatten-
ed at their base; eyes sessile at the exter-
nal base of these tentacles; mouth with a
labial tooth no tongue; foot short, deeply
bilobed across in front, exhibiting behind a
lobed appendix, supporting the operculum,
which is horny.

WHELK—Buccinum Undatum. (LIV.
RESSEL GOLL.) Though occurring
abundantly around the whole coasts of No-
va Scotia, it is rarely sought after, and only
occasionally used as an article of food; it is
said to be quite as nutritious and delicate,

about the same depth around the whole
coast; the specimen exhibited among Nova
Scotia Edible Mollusca, was presented to
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which the notary considered remarkably
clever. I then sat down in my arm-chair,
putting my feet on the two dogs on each
side of the fireplace. I plunged into a ro-
mance, in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe, found-
ed on the legal data supplied by M. Reg-
nault, when my door, manipulated by the
almost hand of a female, turned on its
hinges. I beheld my hostess enter—a stout,
merry woman, with a good-natured coun-
tenance, who had missed her vocation; she
was a Fleming, born to figure in one of
Temier's pictures.

'Well, monsieur!' said my landlady.
'So M. Regnault has doubtless been boring
you with his worn-out story about the Grand
Breteche?'

'Yes, Mère Lepas.'

'What did he tell you?'

I repeated in few words the gloomy and
freezing history of Madame de Merret. At
every sentence, my hostess protruded her
neck, gazing at me with an inkeeper's per-
spective; which is a sort of 'juste milieu'
between the instinct of the gendarme, the
astuteness of the spy, and the cunning of
the commercial man.

'My dear Dame Lepas!' I added, in
conclusion, 'you seem to know more about
it than I do. If not, why have you come
to my room?'

'Ah! on the faith of an honest woman,
and as sure as my name is Lepas—'

'Don't make asseverations; your eyes
are brimful of a great secret. You knew
M. de Merret. What sort of a man was
he?'

'By our lady! M. de Merret, you see,
was a handsome man, whom you had never
done looking at, he was so tall. A worthy
gentleman, who came from Picardy, and
who had, as we say here, his head close to
his cap—(i. e., who was of a passionate

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Madame de Merret, apropos of the Grande
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