VOL. XVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1865.

No. 19.

## DRAK, THE FARFADET.

In the last century there lived in the village of Gaillac in Languedoc, a young merchat, who, on arriving at manhood, bethought him to look round for a wife. So that she was amiable, in-

telligent, rich, pretty, and of a respectable family he would be satisfied; for Michael was aware of the importance of moderating his desires. Unhappily, however, there was not a girl in the village whom he thought worthy of bearing his

At length, he heard of a young maiden, who lived at Lavaur, endowed with every quality that could adorn the sex, and possessing a dowry of twenty thousand crowns Now this sum would be just sufficient to establish our friend Michael in business; so he immediately fell desperately in love with the young stranger. He was soon presented to her parents who received him very cordially. But the pretty heiress had many suitors for her band and heart, (I had almost said her dowry), and was quite undecided into whose keeping to yield them: after much ado it was determined to invite them all to a soirce and after having scanned them all, the heiress and her friends would make the important choice. On the appointed day Michael left Gaillac, for Lavaur. He put in his portmanteau his very best clothes: an apple green coat, silk stockings, buckled shoes, powder, and a satin ribbon for his hair. His horse, which was to have been the sole companion of his journey, was dressed in his finest trappings for the occasion. Besides this attention to externals, Michael did not forget the inner man, and not having any pistols to put in his holsters, he substituted a flask of Anday Brandy and a few slices of almond cake.

Indeed, Michael dreaded the coming ordeal so much, that his resolution wavered every step he advanced. On perceiving the church of Lavaur in the distance, he was completely discouraged; he slacked his animal's speed, then dismounted, the better to reflect on what he should say during the party that was to decide his future, he advanced some distance into a little grove, near by, and seated himself on the grass.

To keep him company he drew forth the contents of his holsters, which he placed between his knees, and his reflections were occasionally interrupted by a draught of brandy or substantial slices of cake.

His reflections and potations combined, produced a wonderful effect upon bin; he con- the vest, coat, and hat, join the pantaloons, take cluded by discovering in himself a number of ex- their respective places, and form an effigy of cellent qualities of mind and person, which he felt sure would make him the choice of the beiress and her friends; and as the sun was about setting beneath the horizon, he arose to continue him attracted his attention; the sound of the lute and cymbal was distinctly heard in the stillness of the evening, and he soon discovered the steps of dancers, quite near hun, Michael astonished, returned a few steps, and by the faint glimmering of the first stars, he perceived a party of dwarfs following their king, Tambourinet .-The clown of this band, the farfadet Drak, clothes this instant. brought up the rear, performing all sorts of antics, and imitating the cries of the jay.

These little folks surrounded the traveller, with a thousand testimonies of friendship, and as many expressions of welcome. The latter who had imbibed too freely to be otherwise than effigy, but this time he beheld it springing up the generous, returned their welcome kindly, and stairs: he followed it to the garret, where, after seeing that every eye was riveted on his cake, playing a variety of tricks, it took a fancy to he gave it to them and they commenced picking escape by a window. Our ill-fated suitor, exas-

at it like so many sparrows. Notwithstanding their great number each had a share except Drak, who had arrived when it

had all disappeared. Tambourinet then wished to try the brandy and the flask passed from hand to hand until it came to poor Drak, who, hading it empty, threw and swallows. Drak gained a high chimney, at

it away angrily. Michael burst out laughing.

"Tis but just, my little man, said he to the clown, 'to those who arrive too late, regret is all that remains."

'I'll make you remember your words, sir,' exclaimed Drak, angrily.

'How so ?' inquired he ironically, 'you don't they'll be all right again.' think you are big enough to revenge yourself, do you.

The little fellow disappeared without replying, dropped them. and Michael remounted his horse after taking

leave of Tambournet.

He had not gone a hundred paces, when the saddle turned, and landed him most unceremoniously in the middle of the dusty road. He arose somewhat dizzy, tightened the straps and once more remounted; but a little farther on he was crossing a bridge, the right stirrup gave way, and he suddenly found himself seated in the most immediately, he exclaimed resolutely, stream. As he came out in rather a bad humor he got a third fall on the stones by the roadside. my travelling suit.' Fearing that, if he continued thus he would not be able to present himself to the family of his chimney. lady love, he resolved to ride his horse bare-

great amusement of the people.

Laugh! laugh away, you silly people!' muttered our unfortunate friend, 'it's a great wonder, isn't, to see a man carrying his saddle when it cannot carry him?'

He at length reached the village inn, where he alighted and asked for a room in order to change his clothes. His value was opened very carefully, and each article laid out on the bed in order of importance.

His first thought was of his head, and the great question was, whether he should powder it white or flaxen. The former appearing to him more delicate, he seized the powder snuff and other side had been powdered yellow by some invisible hand, so that his head, half yellow and half white, had very much the appearance of a lemon partly pared.

Michael, stupified, hastily combed the powder out, being in too great a hurry to seek the cause of his misfortune, and extending his hand towards the roll of satin-ribbon, it slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor. Michael ran to catch it. but it seemed to fly before him; twenty times was he on the point of seizing it, and as many did it elude his eager grasp, one might have said it was puss playing with a bone. After chasing the flying roll for some time, our hero lost all patience, and perceiving that night was advancing, esigned himself to the necessity of wearing his old ribbon, and hastened to put on his morocco pumps. He first buckled the right, then the left, and he was admiring the beauty of his left foot when he noticed that the right slipper was unbuckled. He fastened it tighter, but no sooner had he done so than the other shoe claimed his attention, and during a whole hour he continued re-bucking first one and then the other, and at the end of that time was as far from completing his task as when he first put the shoes on.

Furious from so many disappointments; he again drew on his old travelling boots, as the only resource; then was about to take his velvet pantaloons from the bed, when lo! the pantaloons jumped to the floor and gambolled about in the most provoking manner. Fear petrified the lover; he stood for some moments with mouth open and arms extended, contemplating his ant-mated garment. But I will leave you, kind reader, to imagine his feelings, when he beheld himself, which commenced promenading apartment, imitating his uttitudes.

Pale with terror he leaned against the window. But at that moment his dancing image his journey, when a noise in the bushes behind | turned towards him, and from under the three cornered hat, peered the mischievous face of Drak, grinning at him in the most tantalizing manner.

Michael s creamed!

'Ah! you wicked dwarf! 'tis you, is it?' be exclaimed; 'by my faith, I'll make you repent of your insolence, if you don't give me my

So saying, he darted towards the figure; but Drak turned quickly, and in a moment was at the further end of the apartment.

Michael, beside himself with despair and imnationce, made another attempt to catch the perated, took the same road. The malicious farfadet passed from roof to roof, dragging the velvet pantaloons, the coat and vest, in all the rainspouts that lay in his way, to the great despair of the owner. At length, after a perogrination of some hours over the region of cats the base of which the victim of his freaks was obliged to remain. And looking down on him

as he stood panting and discouraged. the moss and dirt of the roofs, but fortunately, I. the cheeks, dark, half-closed eyes, small cherry most interesting of narratives, the Crib of

With these words, Drak shook the velvet pantaloons over the flue of the chimney and silently

What are you doing, you rascal?' cried Michael.

'I am sending your clothes to the wash,' said the dwarf.

And vest, coat, and hat, followed the pantaloons. The young gallant threw himself on the roof

with a most despairing groan; but, arising al-Well, it don't matter! I'll go the hall in

Listen, listen, interrupted the dwarf on the

backed and carry the saddle on his shoulders. clock fold the midnight hour. Michael counted heartielt prayer of gratitude was offered up on theriy love of Joseph, the noble conduct of constantly sought those of this poor child, and

And in this manner he entered Lavaur, to the the strokes between hope and despair, but when that day for the welfare both of mother and the twelfth sounded, he was completely overcome, | child. and could not restrain an exclamation of despair. Midnight was the time designated by the parents great measure similar to the day we have just of the heiress to make known the person whom she would choose as a husband, from among those who presented themselves as aspirants to her fa-He clasped his hands despairingly, saying:

'Unhappy man that I am; when I shall arrive, it will be all over, and I shall be the laughng-stock of the company.

'And that will be right, my big man,' replied Drak, sarcastically, for you once said yourself, to those who arrive too late, regret is all that remains. This, I hope, will teach you not to rail commenced the operation on the right side; but at the weak; for henceforth, you will remember as just he had finished he perceived that the that the very smallest persons are tall enough to revenge themselves,?

> THE TWO PATHS. (From the French of Madame Bourdon.)

The sun had risen without a cloud in a beautiful valley situated in the northern extremity of Bretagne; it had scarcely been above the horizon more than half ar hour, and every leaf and blade of grass was still so wet with dew as to bave somewhat the crystallised appearance of ice-plants. The trees seemed almost alive with feathered songsters, some flying to and fro collecting materials for their nests or food for their young, and others perching among the bright green leaves, and warbling forth such sweet strains that it required but little imagination to fancy them addressing hymns of love and thanksgiving to the great Creator of all things. Cottages were thinly scattered through the valley; some were so surrounded with trees as to be scarcely visible, others situated in open and sunny spots. The doors of these cottages were opened one by one, and the personts who inhabited them made their appearance, laden with mplements of industry; some carried spades and hoee, others pick-axes and large baskets; the generality were sunburnt and weather-beaten, from constant exposure to the atmosphere, but all looked cheerful and content, as they assembled in small groups to converse before commencing the labors of the day. Suddenly there was a pause; every countenance brightened up; no one spoke; but all listened for a inoment, and then looked at one another with a smile of joy. A merry peal of bells was heard distinctly resounding from the belfry of the old village church; and each felt certain that the neal of bells at this early hour must announce an expected and happy event, viz.: the birth of the first child of their beloved master, the Count of Vanvres. And they were not mistaken; for God had at length bestowed on the Count and his affectionate wife the blessing for which they had so long and so ardently signed. The young Countess was for the first time a mother—the mother of a fair girl.

On the same day, and almost at the same hour, another babe was born: the scene of its birth was a humble cot, the dwelling of John Philibert, a poor gardener; its birth likewise was hailed with joy, although it was his sixth child.

No sooner did the Courtess, who was a most virtuous and benevolent person, hear of the confinement of her poor neighbor, than she resolved to testify her gratitude to Heaven for the blessing she had just received by showing every possible kindness to one who was less favored by fortune than herself; for nothing in this world gave her greater happiness than the performance of deeds of charity; and she was likewise auxious to draw down upon herself and child those blessings from Heaven which are promised to such as perform the works of mercy.

The babes were taken together on the same day to the village church to be christened, and a stranger been present at the ceremony, he patriarchs and prophets, or the lives of the would most certainly have supposed them to be see a wash-boiler down the chimney here, so lips, tiny mottled hands, which they opened and Bethleham, or to portray the hear:rending scene kind of a world they had just entered.

given by the mother of Anna Vanvres to the understands. mother of Anna Philibert.

The childhood of the two little girls was in a described. They were born at the same hour, although placed in such different positions, and they were brought up very much together-perhaps not exactly in the same manner, but in the same place, -and their amusements and occupations were similar. Anna's greatest delight was to go to John Philibert's cottage and play in his old-fashioned kitchen-garden with her little adopted sister, to skip to and tro among the bee-hives, watch the industrious inhabitants flying in and out, collecting wax and honey, feed the chickens and pigeons, pat the large dog, help to gather and shell peas for market, carry bundles of grass and last, but not least, to endeavor to catch shepherdesses Genevieve or Joan of Arc. crabs in the rapid stream which rushed by the small domain of the Philibert family. This rural life and constant exercise in the open air delighted the little girl; she appeared to prefer the bare horizon seen over the garden hedge at the took little Nancy (the abbreviation of her cotnecks, and fixing their bright and soft eyes on the their pets, which started in alarm, and were ready in a moment to fly, if the swans sailed by, the proud and somewhat hostile appearance of the snowy birds being sufficient to awaken their fears.

These were happy days, and Madaine de Vanvres was charmed at the innocent friendship which existed between these children, whose cradles were thus separated and united by the hand of destiny, and she endeavored to increase the intimacy. Notwithstanding her delicate health, she made it rule to give both Anna and Nancy a lesson every day. She taught them reading and Catechism. Her weakness was so great that she was obliged to recline in an armchair; and the children stood by her side, repeating their lessons in turn, after which they leant upon her knee and listened to Scrinture stories, which her lively faith made her recount in an amusing and animated manner, although at the same time her language was simple and within their comprehension. She soon perceived that the capacities of her little punils were very unequal. That of Anna was acute and discerning, and she easily imbibed all intellectual fond .-Nancy on the contrary, had the greatest difficulty in learning to read; she made constant mistakes; jumbled words and letters together, and only succeeded in mastering words of two syllables by dint of resterated efforts and the greatest desire of pleasing her kind instructress. The child was perfectly aware of her inferiority, and used

'I should like much better, god-mother, to churn, or weed the garden, than to go on looking at these little black letters; they are so very

hard to learn. When you know how to read, Nancy, you will be able to say your prayers better; and I will give you a book, that you may follow the Mass and other services of the Church.'

Oh, then, I will do my very best, and try to learn my spelling, although it is so difficult.

She then renewed her\_efforts, although often Saints,-those servants of God who have loved shut, as if wishing to feel and find out what of Calvary, then Nancy's attention was riveted basket, containing a beautiful and complete with the most marked attention to a learned serbaby's trousseau, the gift of her god-lather: and mon delivered by his Bishop, the words of which an ample stock of wine and other useful articles, he did not in the least understand, 'My heart every feeling and longing of her soul.

Anna likewise took pleasure in hearing the In order that all around might share in her Bible stories, because they are in themselves so for which she had been so auxious to prepare seelings of joy, the Countess presented each interesting and novel to children; but it was them; but it was her last appearance in public, poor family, in the name of her new-born daugh- easy to perceive that her heart was not touched ter, with a thick winter coat for the father, a like Nancy's, and that, notwithstanding her great bore all the sufferings attendant on the fatal discloak for the mother, a warm dress for the boys; superiority in point of memory and understanding, order which was about to terminate her mental to this was added a few bottles of wine in case she did not feel that ingenuous enthusiasm which career with angelic patience and resignation; of sickness, and a large bit of beef to be cooked brought tears into the eyes of the little country she grieved only for those whom she left behind. and eaten , for the occasion. These gifts were girl when she listened to the account of the faith Her constant thought was her daughter, whom 'A sound fell upon his ear, the neighboring received with tears of thankfulness; and the and obedience of Abraham and Isaac, the bro- she loved with such intense affection; her eyes

Moses the friend of God, the virtue of young Samuel, the filial love of Ruth, the subline repentance of David, the heroic sufferings of the Machabees, the fortitude of the martyrs. the solitary lives led by the hermits and the high degree of prayer to which they were raised, the sacrifice of all the world holds most dear which was-and is-made by virgins dedicated to the Lord. The child could not have defined in words what she felt, but her little heart was in truth overflowing with the love of God, a wish to serve Him, and a hely enry for those who had done such great things for her good Master .-It would have been impossible for her to express the celestial ideas with which those Bible storiesfilled her mind,—how she nourished her soul with them when employed in taking care of her fato the goat, coax the old gardener to give them ther's goats, or spinning on the banks of the a ride in his cart when he returned from market, beautiful and bright river Loire, like the holy

Anna was very different, although much more. advanced and far more talented than her hittecompanion; the thoughts of God, His far, and the divine misteries of religion, gave her little pleasure, and made but small impression on her cottage to the lovely views and magnificent ave- heart. She read much, and her mind was somenues in her father's park. In turn, however, she times filled with enthusiastic admiration for one, and sometimes for another, of those brilliant tage companion's name) to the castle where they | characters portrayed in history, who shed lastre gambolled together on the velvet turf, on the on the period of their existence, and whose margin of the tranquil lakes, and among the pic- grindeur, glory, and in some cases noble qualities turesque monuments with which the park of this made them great in the sight of their fellowprincely residence was ornamented. Their great creatures. Everything which tended towards pleasure was to visit the pheasants, and feed the giving additional knowledge of the world detame deer, which bounded to meet them directly lighted her, and she often recounted the exploits they were in sight. It was interesting to watch of the heroes whom she so much admired to her the elegant animals stretching out their long young friend. But Nancy could not understand such feelings; such anxiety to attain supremacy happy children, whose musical laugh resounded in Athens, Rome, or Paris astonished her; and through the air when they saw the timidity of she wondered what great merit there could possibly be in the composition of magnificent poems (it was doubtful whether she even knew what 2 poem was). Her simple question at the end of each of these accounts usually was, But what have these great persons done for God?

On one occasion only did Anna success in rousing her enthusiasin; and this was by the history of Godfrey of Bouillon, who refused to wear an earthly crown in the place where his Saviour wore a crown of thorns; this trait raised him in her estimation almost to an equality with her beloved saints.

The childhood of Anna and Nancy glided away in this manner, and the period of their First Communion approached. Both prepared for it with innocent hearts; but the faith of Nany was both deep and lively, and her young heart was perfectly overflowing with fervor during the instructions given by Madame de Vanvres.

\* I to receive God ! she often exclaimed ; \* I. a poor country girl! Is it possible, O Lord ?

Anna was not wanting in faith; but she did! not feel that overwhelming sensation of love and gratitude with which the whole soul of Naney was mundated. She found the religious materiations wearisome, and was rather put out at the interruption to her other studies. She regarded. her First Communion merely in the light of a zaligious act which it was proper to perform; while Nancy looked forward to the day as the happiest of her life.

Madame de Vanvres sometimes drew a deep. sigh when she contemplated the piety and Bellings of delight with which she was filled, and? contrasted it with the coldness and tepidity afher own child, and exclaimed, 'Happy are those who bear the yoke of the Lord from their youta!' and, casting her eyes anxiously on Amazshe murmured inwardly, 'O my God! grant. that she may become Thine alone!'

The important day arrived. The two young girls knelt side by side, and received the Sacred Host,-that mysterious pledge of God's love for unsuccessfully; but no sooner did Madame de His creatures. Even Anna was affected; she both received the name of Anna Maria. Had Vanyres begin to relate the histories of the felt that interior sensation of happiness which 19 always bestowed on the innocent when He Who is at the door knocking enters the heart; but mo 'You see my good friend,' said he laughing, sisters, from their great likeness to one another. Him so truly, -or, above all, to speak of the one could help seeing, by the attitude of Nancy, you have made me spoil your nice ball suit, on Both were fair, with a slight rose that suffusing Child Jesus and His Divine Mother, of that and by the the tears she shed, that something more than words can express took place in the interior of her heart. Had she been questioned. she could not have described her sensations or her eyes sparkled with delight, and her heart desires either by words or similitudes; her feel-Little Anna of the cottage did not return made her understand everything. She might ings, her faculties, were absorbed, and, as it home alone, but was accompanied by a large have exclaimed, with the peasant, when listening were, entranced. Her simple answer wouldhave been, 'I love God, and I wish to serve Him alone;' which words would have expressed

The Countess of Vanvres was present at the touching ceremony of their First Communion, as her life was fast drawing to a close. She

STEEDED TO SEE STORY IN DEPORT