

MEMENTOES.

Two little shoes—a curl of golden hair
A childish toy—a tiny vacant chair;—
What memories they bring!
I feel again her kisses warm and sweet,
I hear once more the noise of little feet,
And merry laughter ring

Through this still room, just as it did of old
Until I almost fancy I behold
Her just about to spring
To my embrace, forgetting, in my joy,
That in a fairer home beyond the sky
Our pet bird now doth sing.

They say they buried her where wild flowers blow;
Our darling buried! Ah, it can't be so—
Things are not what they seem;
And yet yon little grave with grass o'ergrown,
Her sweet name "Annie," carved upon a stone,
Dispel my foolish dream.

Heaven's ways are wise—yet on her vacant chair
Whene'er I look and see e is not there,
My sad heart will rebel.
Oh, Father! with thy peace my spirit fill;
Teach me to bow submissive to thy will—
Thou doest all things well.

Kingston, C.W. MARY J. McCOLL.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

*Translated for the Saturday Reader from the
French of Paul Féval.*

Continued from page 299.

Among the archers of the convent and the lay brothers the belief gained ground that that sham patient, who had entered the infirmary by fraud, was the great enemy of mankind in person, and that the queen had been carried off by the fallen archangel, who had assumed the features of Jean Cador.

The good prior Anselme wished to direct these searches himself. Full of sorrow he had gone through all the vaults under the cloisters, and when he returned, broken-hearted, to his cell, he had visited every cellar of the establishment. We must, however, except one, for nobody had a key to the private cellar of the abbot. That was a retreat made in the farthest extremities of the underground premises. Father Anselme had tried it, but had found it secured.

"There is nobody there," he said to himself; and the monks who accompanied him withdrew, leaving the underground premises, as they supposed, a solitude.

But they were sadly deceived—for there was some one in sire abbot's private cellar; and when their steps denoted that they were at a sufficient distance, a merry laugh broke forth through the grating of the door, which proved to demonstration that those within were not feeding upon melancholy. Let us do what father Anselme was not able to do—let us set the door of that noble cellar ajar, and take a peep at the joyous companions who had selected that strange place for their orgies.

It is as dark and stifling as in an oven; but hark! you can hear the noise of a pitcher as it touches the stone floor, and you may see the end of a lighted torch shooting its smoky rays through the darkness. The torch lit up three red and satisfied faces, and these belonged to our old friends Ezekiel, Trefouilloux, and pauvre Louise.

"What! our old pauvre Louise, who had received the dagger of Eric the Dane full in the breast?" It was indeed the same.

There are some beautiful and pure sentiments which may be regarded as the flowers of human life—such as friendship, love, and honour. Poets have always admitted that these holy feelings were capable of acting as talismans for the protection of those who bore them. We have seen brave men upon the field of battle, saved from the bullet which was destined for them by the star of honour. We have seen, especially in romances, simple medallions containing the

portrait of the loved one—or even a simple ringlet of blonde or brown hair, breaking the point of a weapon which was about to pierce the heart defended by them. But we must be permitted in this instance to supersede friendship, love, and honour, by a much more modest attribute.

The life of pauvre Louise had been saved by his natural love of linen; the sheets and shirts that he had stolen had parried the dagger so vigorously handled by Eric—and pauvre Louise was there drinking like a fish, near the bundle of linen which had saved his life.

These three thirsty rogues, in the well-furnished wine cellar of my lord abbot of St. Martin-hors-des-Murs, were indeed three rats in a cheese—they had already made acquaintance with every corner and every bin; and Trefouilloux, who was but lightly versed in the science of arithmetic, had calculated that they could drink there, without choking, for two years to come.

The misfortune was, they had nothing to eat—that, however, did not as yet disturb them; for they had come to the conclusion that if they kept themselves drunk all the time they would not experience the pangs of hunger.

"Oh! my brothers!" exclaimed the grateful Trefouilloux, "what a different life this is from that which we led upon the liberties of Notre Dame!"

"No sun here to burn our skulls," added Ezekiel.

"And no rain," exclaimed pauvre Louise; "that cold rain which pierces to the marrow!" and they all raised the flagons, which served them as drinking cups, to their lips, fraternally drinking to each other's good health.

They were all seated round the lamp on their casks—the dark depths of the cellar absorbed most of the light, leaving nothing visible but their three illuminated faces. And yet they could not avoid a certain gravity in their joy; they felt, indeed, that they were in possession of such extreme delights as could scarcely have been imagined in their wildest dreams. Wine from morn to night—from night till morning—an inexhaustible source of warmth and intoxication—a very paradise!

"When they come to draw the abbot's wine," resumed Trefouilloux, "we must hide behind the empty casks."

"Ah! that's true," groaned pauvre Louise, in a bad humour; "that rogue of an abbot will be sending for a little of our wine every day."

The other two found nothing to laugh at in that, and were seriously thinking of some means of preventing the abbot from broaching their nectar.

"Bah!" cried Ezekiel, "everybody must drink."

"And besides," said Trefouilloux, with an air of reflection, "when we return to the liberties of Notre Dame, it will be no time to be fabricating tales. We must say that we have been beyond sea, and have visited the Holy Land, and we may as well concoct these stories now, we are at leisure."

"When we return to the liberties of Notre Dame," said Ezekiel, in his turn—

But here pauvre Louise, with his hands pressed on his stomach, interrupted with—"Have you not an old crust of bread in your pockets, my brothers?"

"Bread!" cried Ezekiel and Trefouilloux, shrugging their shoulders, "what do you want with bread?"

"I want to eat it," replied pauvre Louise, naively.

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux could find no words to express their contempt.

"Listen, brothers," resumed pauvre Louise, already bending double with his arms crossed upon his breast, "if your stomach has not yet warned you, it is because you supped later than me—perhaps as late as the night before last—but patience. You will not have to wait long!"

"If thou art so hungry, canst thou not drink?" cried Trefouilloux.

"The fool!" added Ezekiel, "to be talking of an empty stomach in the middle of a sea of hypocras!"

Pauvre Louise, wishing to fortify himself

against the first attack, followed the counsel of his brothers, and drank off a large bowl of wine; but he had scarcely followed it when a deep groan escaped his breast.

"I am burning! I am burning!" said he.

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux, never very brave, were seized with fear, and sickness soon followed on the heels of fear. They looked at each other anxiously.

"In fact," muttered Ezekiel, touching the pit of his stomach, "I have a hell raging here."

"I don't perceive it," said Trefouilloux; "but one would think you were touching a hot plate of iron."

"I am burning! I am burning!" repeated pauvre Louise, in pitiful accents.

The whole scene was now changed; our three friends, pale as death, cast their terrified eyes around them—regarding with horror the empty bottles, demi-johns, and casks that lay around them, and which had so lately inspired them with nothing but gaiety.

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux now joined pauvre Louise in his lamentations; but exceeded him in the misery of their tones.

"I am burning! I am burning!" they cried. They would have given ten tuns of the best wine for one mouthful of water.

"Oh!" said Trefouilloux, "how dark it is here. I am suffocated. What would I give for one ray of that fine sun that we enjoyed in the purlieus of Notre Dame!"

"And God's blessed rain, that I have sucked drop by drop!" added pauvre Louise.

"I was saying just now," resumed Trefouilloux, in a voice which betrayed much emotion,—"I was saying—when we return to the purlieus of Notre Dame,—but oh! my good brother!" added he, bursting into tears, "who can tell if we shall ever return there?"

Upon this they rose from their seats on the barrels, as by one impulse, and rushed towards the door; but the door was as secure as the doors of a prison.

They returned and gathered round the torch, which was about its end, while their groans filled the cellar. One final flare of the torch before its total extinction, transfixed their agonised eyes, and seemed to foretell the fate of their own lives, which were to be extinguished in that dreadful darkness; the torch went out and nothing more was heard, through the night, but their heavy and indistinct groaning.

Towards dinner hour, the good old sleepy monk, who had been put to watch Mahmoud-el-Reis in his cell before the arrival of the queen, came to the abbot's cellar to procure a flagon of wine. He turned the great key without fear or suspicion.

At the spectacle that met his view—he thought he was still asleep and dreaming. The casks had all been rolled out of their places, broken demi-johns lay about in confusion, while, crouched upon the ground, he observed three men who were snoring with all the unconsciousness of innocence. The poor sleepy monk thought all this was the effect of witchcraft, and being now wide awake began to scream like a peacock. That was not the wisest thing which he could have done; for he woke up the three bandits, who, leaping to their feet, refreshed, but still preserving some idea of the agony they had experienced on the former evening, took the good monk and his lamp for a sign-post pointing to the purlieus of Notre Dame, which had been miraculously opened to them; there was the glorious sun—the refreshing rain—the open air and liberty, that they had been bemoaning.

Oh yes! the poor sleepy monk had committed a great error in screaming. But that was his last scream. The bandits strangled him and took to their heels, Ezekiel and Trefouilloux, as though the evil one was at their heels—and pauvre Louise more leisurely—for he had to open his bundle of linen and add thereto the shirt of the poor sleepy monk—which was still in good condition.

And the gossips of Paris were now in their glory. All the dark schemes of the king's