

manly and urbane manners, and most prepossessing exterior. On seeing my trepidation, and consequent inability to give a suitable finish to the work, he kindly offered to take it as it was, only suggesting a few touches necessary to the effect. Whilst I was thus engaged, he examined the paintings scattered through the apartment. The painting of M. de V. particularly attracted his attention. As I turned to where he stood, to have his opinion on what I had done, I saw him examine it attentively. 'Mademoiselle,' said he, 'I congratulate you; you have succeeded in giving the truest likeness I ever beheld of the most popular man in Paris. When, may I ask, did monsieur sit to you?' 'It was taken from memory,' I answered; 'and is the likeness of a valued friend, now no more.' 'It is, notwithstanding, an extraordinary likeness of M. le Marquis de Lisle,' replied my visitor; 'and this,' he continued, taking the picture of my father, 'this of the brave and worthy Vaillancour, is it also from memory?' I bowed in acquiescence; for the terms in which he mentioned my father's name brought tears to my eyes, and I feared to betray my emotion by speaking. He looked more earnestly at me: 'Forgive me,' he said, 'and do not impute my curiosity to impertinence, but I think I have the honour of addressing Mademoiselle Vaillancour?' Again I acknowledged the correctness of his supposition by a low bow. 'Ah, mademoiselle, pardon the freedom of my language, but I must tell you that you have acted unkindly to your friends, cruelly by your country. It is not by the exercise of her talents that the daughter of the valiant soldier, to whom France owes so much, should live.' He glanced round the dingy apartment, as he continued: 'It is not in the shade of penury she should find a home.' I could no longer restrain my tears—they flowed freely. 'Wealth and poverty,' I answered, 'were alike, when those I loved were lost to me forever—the one could not restore me lost happiness—nor the other render me more wretched.' The stranger appeared affected by my sorrow, and besought me to forgive him the pain he had inflicted. 'You have friends, dear lady,' he said, 'sincere and strongly-attached friends, who have never ceased to deplore your disappearance, and have used every effort to discover your retreat. Permit me to reveal it—nor suffer yourself, through the false dictates of a romantic mind, to continue a reproach to your country, on whose bounty you have the strongest claim.' The kindness of the stranger's manner won upon my confidence. I spoke to him frankly of my situation, and promised to reflect upon his advice. With many expressions of esteem, and wishes for my happiness, he bade me fare-

well. For the first time since my father's death, the tears I shed had their source in pleasure. To find his name was rescued from oblivion—that it lived in the affections of his countrymen—that glory shed a halo round his memory—this was balm to my bruised heart.

"Some time had passed—an hour or two—it might be more, but not much over, for day was on the wane when the stranger left, and the shades of a summer evening were but now closing in—near and distant the streaming floods of light showed that the rejoicings of the day were destined to be eclipsed by the splendour of the night: every object became more distinctly visible than when lighted by the meridian sun. In the garish effulgence there was no shadow. The dark alley where I dwelt was thought too insignificant to play a part in the magnificent pageant, or the dwellers therein wisely deemed it best perhaps to screen their poverty in gloom. Be it as it might, a glimmering lamp or two just served to conduct its residents to more joyous scenes; and, at the hour I speak of, myself and my desolate companion were the only living beings of the human kind that remained within its dull precincts. We saw men and women, and children of all ages, in groups, singly and in pairs, issue from the neighbouring houses, and hurriedly betake themselves to the brilliant thoroughfares; and when there was no more to see, we still were seated at the open casement, and, as we heard the prancing of horses, the rolling of carriages, the wavering, humming sound of gathering multitudes, mingle with music and glad voices, we wondered how so many thousands could be happy in a world where death held sway. Thus communing with our thoughts we sat, when footsteps, ascending to our apartments, gave us some alarm. Twice a gentle tapping was repeated before my friend summoned courage to give admission to the applicant. The gloom prevented me at first distinguishing the intruders. The voice, however, of the stranger who had left me but a short time ago, reassured me. He offered a brief apology for the unseasonableness of his visit. 'I hope for pardon,' he said, 'in consideration of my friend, the Marquis de Lisle's anxiety to be conducted to the presence of Mademoiselle Vaillancour. A trepidation seized upon me: I could not move, nor did I dare to raise my eyes, lest the gush of hope that sprung within my breast should be crushed forever. The stranger introduced, approached, bent familiarly over me. You might have heard the beating of my heart. 'Agnée, my beloved!' It was the voice of M. de V. A cry of joy burst wildly from my lips: I threw myself upon his breast, regardless of all else, but that the friend,