

nothing of the confusion consequent upon such an accident.—The deaf and dumb girl quickly scrambled over our prostrate bodies, and got out first. When we had followed her and stood contemplating the carriage lying upon its side, and our baggage strewn about the road, we were content to offer short congratulations to each other, for the preservation of our lives. Not so the conductor : he gave vent to curses and imprecations.

"Did I not tell you so?" he exclaimed, "that cursed little *dead woman*, as they call her in her own neighbourhood, has brought misfortune upon us. This is the third time she has gone in my coach to Lyons. The first time, one of the horses fell dead ; the second, a postillion broke his leg, and now—."

A house by the road side offered us an asylum whilst the diligence was being repaired. There the conductor deposited us, whilst a postillion mounted one of the horses to fetch the blacksmith and wheelwright from a neighbouring village.

It was not yet nine o'clock, and we thought this a good opportunity for taking a comfortable breakfast. The weather was beautiful ; the sun shone brightly, and whilst our meal was getting ready, we rambled about the neighbourhood. But the scenery was not very picturesque or beautiful. There was indeed nothing to attract attention save a huge cross, about fifty yards from the house, surrounded by three young elms. A few branches of sweet-briar and common bramble were gently waving around a small grass plot extending around the stone at the foot of the cross. All this was very common ; but it was so tastefully done, that it would have formed a beautiful little vignette for a keepsake.

"Well," said Maurice, "as I have nothing else to do, I will sketch this pretty spot."

At this moment Madame Pinguet knelt upon the stone, and began to tell a long chaplet of beads,

"Admirable!" continued Maurice, she will be a good figure in my sketch. Can you conceive any thing like that young