

tendance on a certain *Monsieur* who vainly undertook to teach him the French accent. Nature had intended Guy for a linguist, and so with no tuition and scarcely any labour he could read French tolerably before he left home. Mr. Frost reproached these meetings as earnestly as though they were preliminaries to another Fort Sumpter affair; his introduction to Miss Percy had evidently given him a settled dislike to the French language. Guy was not surprised at this, but another phase of the old gentleman's character astonished him exceedingly, and that was the interest he took in the Stamp album, before noticed. Whether his tutor was verging towards his "second childhood" or whether there was really something remarkably peculiar in the amusement, was beyond his discrimination. He turned the subject over in his mind again and again. Was there any association between the Stamps of the present day, and the hieroglyphics of ancient times? Did this man's mind, which delighted to hide itself among the shadows and obscurities of the past, discover any similarity between this custom of to-day and some practice of date so ancient as to be a mere mist hovering around the memory? It was an enigma he could not solve. Had he handed it over to some of the subscribers of the "*Monthly Gazette*" they might have assisted him, since they seem to understand those small armies of figures in its puzzle-department—figures, enigmatical enough to refer one with a shudder to Samson and the Philistines. Instead of denouncing the album as a waste of time, and a childish folly Mr. Frost had at first gazed at it with a perplexed glow of pleasure on his face; "very pretty" very singular" and such like exclamations were his comments as he turned over the leaves and examined the Stamps already inserted; and very puzzling to Guy were his questions concerning the affair altogether. As he studied the album, Guy studied him; but, I must say that the tutor's study seemed the most progressive. At his first arrival in France Mr Frost had manifested very little interest in the country, its institutions and inhabitants: but after a while a change seemed to have passed over his views, and he took repeated walks in company with an American whose acquaintance he had accidentally made—a man of rather a disreputable appearance,—but who seemed to understand the city, its language and manners. Guy was certainly surprised, to say the least of it. His tutor who had never cultivated the acquaintance of any one, to be now so suddenly intimate with a stranger and one whose manner was so repulsively *vulgar*! The old gentleman read less than formerly, and seemed intent, on some occupation, which he desired to keep private, for on Guy or the servants entering the room he usually closed his small desk, quickly and locked it. Guy did not wish to intrude upon his tutor's business, whatever it was, and thus often lounged round the hotel, when he would rather have been in his own parlor; but

the servants were not so particular, one especially seemed constantly to have some errand into this parlor when Mr. Frost was there. Guy had noticed him several times creeping up to the door quite softly and then opening it hastily—and on such occasions the tutor had closed the desk with considerable trepidation. But the man had been so very respectful and attentive, that he could not actually complain of his conduct, which he imagined an undue curiosity that in time would wear itself out. The secret came out in time, though much to Guy's annoyance.

After a prolonged stay in one of the public galleries, on his return to his hotel, he found Mr. Frost absent and a man, a stranger, in possession of the room. Guy looked at him for an explanation which was given with much courtesy Mr. Frost was in the hands of the police and this stranger was one of that same respectable body, and contemplated accompanying our young traveller to the same care. His desk and papers had also been taken possession of. Guy was indignant of course; who wouldn't be? But that did not avail him anything here, and would doubtless have been much against him, only the man happened to be really sensible—one who could read the human countenance better than he could do a book. This knowledge told him that the young American before him was no criminal as the curious servant—himself a secret agent of the Police—had represented.

It was no business of his guard to enter into details; but he stated to his prisoner the necessity of submission and advised him to wait patiently till his release was effected, which he maintained *would* be the case if he was innocent of crime. Guy took his advice, and on arriving at his destination allowed himself to be searched quietly. He found a night in a guard-house a very undesirable event—still less so was his visit to the police office where he was surrounded by a crowd of low offenders, among whom he recognized his tutor in a pitiable state of horror and dismay. He bowed and smiled pleasantly to him, but this only stimulated the affrighted old man to attempt a frantic rush to his side and caused him to be roughly handled for insubordination. After some private conversation between the inspector and Guy's guard, he, together with his tutor was allowed an immediate and private examination.

On opening Mr. Frost's desk the whole cause of the arrests was found to be a Stamp album. The poor, old-tutor, perhaps ashamed of the business, had been secretly forming a collection. His anxiety lest he should be observed and his walks with a man well known to the police as a gambler, had been noticed by this servant—a secret member of the police, as I have before stated.

A very curious conversation took place between Mr. Frost and the inspector in which one of the guards-men acted as interpreter. Although I have heard it said that the Emperor