

The Governor and the equerry of the little Dauphin pace up and down before the door awaiting the decisions of the Faculty. Scullions pass them by without saluting. The equerry swears like a pagan; the governor recites some verses of Horace. And during all this time over there beside the stables a long plaintive whimpering is heard: it is the *sorrel* of the little Dauphin whom the grooms have forgotten and who sadly calls before his empty manger. And the king? Where is his Highness the king? The king has locked himself up alone in a room at the other end of the chateau. Royal personages do not care to be seen in tears. For the queen, it is different. Seated at the pillow of the little Dauphin, her fair face is bathed in tears, and she sobs aloud in the presence of all, as a mere draper's wife would do. On his little bed with its lace coverings, whiter than the pillows on which he rests, lies the little Dauphin with closed eyes. They imagine he is asleep; but no, the little Dauphin is not asleep. He turns again to his mother, and seeing her in tears says to her: "Madame La Reine, why are you crying? Do you really think that I am going to die?"

The queen tries to answer him, but sobs prevent her from speaking.

"Do not weep, Madame La Reine. You do not remember that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die in this manner."

The queen sobs more violently, and the little Dauphin commences to feel frightened.

"Holla!" he says. "I do not want death to come and carry me away, and I know the way to prevent him from getting here. Order up immediately forty of the strongest halberdiers to mount guard around our bed! Let a hundred big cannons watch night and day, fuses burning under our windows! and woe to death if he dares to draw near us!"

In order to humor the royal child, the queen gives a sign. Immediately the great cannons are heard rolling in the court-yard; and forty tall pikemen, their halberds in their hands, draw themselves up around the room.

They are old veterans with grizzled mustaches. The little Dauphin claps his hands on seeing them.

He recognizes one of them, and calls him by name.

"Lorrain! Lorrain!"

The weather-beaten old soldier takes a step towards the bed.

"I love you well, my old Lorrain. Show me your big sword. If death wants to take me away, you must kill him, won't you?"

Lorrain answers:

"Yes, Monseigneur," and two great tears roll down his tanned cheeks. At that moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin, and showing him a crucifix talks to him a long time in a low voice.

The little Dauphin listens to him with an astonished air; then all at once interrupting:—

"I understand perfectly what you tell me, Monsieur l'Abbé; but, still, could not my little friend Beppo die in my place if I gave him a great deal of money?"

The chaplain continues to talk to him in a low voice,

and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished.

When the Chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin resumes with a heavy sigh: "All that you have just told me is very sad, Monsieur l'Abbé; but one thing consoles me, that is, that up there, in the Paradise of the Stars, I shall be still the Dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank."

Then he adds, turning to his mother:—

"Tell them to bring me my fairest clothes, my doublet of white ermine and my velvet pumps! I want to look well before the angels and to enter paradise in the costume of a Dauphin."

For a third time the Chaplain bends over the little Dauphin and talks to him for a long time in a low voice. In the middle of his discourse the royal child angrily interrupts him:—

"But then," he cries, "to be Dauphin is nothing at all!"

And, not wishing to hear anything further, the little Dauphin turns over towards the wall and weeps bitterly.

#### ADDRESS TO THE ALPHABET.

Dear friends, although no more a dunce  
Than many of my betters,  
I'm puzzled to address at once  
Ye six and twenty letters.

Perhaps you'll think that may not be  
So hard a thing to do,  
For what is difficult to me  
Is A B C to you.

However, pray dismiss your fears,  
Nor fancy you have lost me,  
Though many, many bitter tears  
Our first acquaintance cost me.

Believe me, till existence ends,  
Whatever ills beset you,  
My oldest literary friends  
I never can forget you.

H. M.

#### BIBLIOTHECAL.

"My days among the dead are past;  
And I me I behold,  
Whate'er these casual eyes are cast  
The mighty minds of old;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day;  
With them I take delight in woe,  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude."

SOUTHEY.

Life in a library is not without its amusing side;—a librarian meets with many "moving incidents," and gathers a many-sided experience, and it would be