pitied the husband for having married a widow whose first marriage had been the result of a real passion, saying that we never could love truly twice. A Spanish count attached to the embassy sustained the contrary, to prove which he cited his own wife, whom the man of paradoxes knew to be a model of conjugal affection and maternal tenderness. "Well, said the count, she had loved an officer who still lives perhaps, and whom I shall probably never see, and this first love, at an age scarcely passed childhood, had taken such possession of her heart that she has owned to me that for three years she refused every match propoged to her by her father, in the hope of exhausting his patience and of obtaining permission to retire into a convent.

"It was during the war of the empire, my father-in-law, who was then governor of the town of ...... had retired with his daughter to a house in the suburbs, to oversee at the same time the conspirations in town and the movements of the guerillas in the country. The greatest precautions had been taken in order that his retreat should not be made known to the French. Life, itself ...... "

The count was at this part of his recital, when I saw Balthazar, who was by me, become as pale as death. His eyes filled with tears; he rose and left the house.—Le Voleur.

## 

## ON THE USE OF PERFUMERY.

No one should leave Paris, without visiting that "spicy Araby" of sweet odours, the Magazin of the Siour Felix Houbigant-Chardin, in the Rue St. Honoré. I passed an hour there, this morning, in an atmosphere that penetrated to the very imagination, and sont me home with ideas as *musquées* as my person. There is a philosophy in odours, if one knew how to extract it; attars and essences apply to the mind with considerable influence, through the most susceptible, but capricious of the senses. A Roman lady very literally "dies of a rose in aromatic pain," and swoons at the aspect of a bunch of flowers; while she inhales with indifference the steams of the *immondizia* piled up under her casement. A petite maîtresse of