

The ribbon he lo'ed best  
Aye graced my middle sma';  
My very heart lap wi' delight  
To meet wi' young Langraw.

But Habsburn's banks are green,  
And Habsburn's haughs are fair,  
And nane will please my father now  
But Habsburn's doited heir.  
O what's his gear to me,  
His holms and hadden braw,  
I'd rather be Langraw's guid wife  
Than ledly o' them a'.

Now Annie, for the luvie  
I long hae bore to thee,  
O ye maun busk yoursel and gang  
And see Langraw for me.  
Take this lock of my hair,  
Ae fond farewell beside,  
And tell him Ellen Scott may dee,  
But neir be Habsburn's bride.

### THE HUNCHBACK OF STRASBOURG.

In the department of the Bas-Rhin, France, and not more than about two leagues north of Strasbourg, lived Antoine Delessert, who farmed, or intended farming, his own land—about a ten-acre slice of 'national' property which had fallen to him, nobody very well knew how, during the hurly-burly of the great Revolution. He was about five-and-thirty, a widower, and had one child, likewise named Antoine, but familiarly known as Le Bossu (Hunchback)—a designation derived, like his father's acres, from the Revolution, somebody having, during one of the earlier and livelier episodes of that exciting drama, thrown the poor little fellow out of a window in Strasbourg, and broke his back. When this happened, Antoine, *père*, was a journeyman *ferblantier* (tinman) of that city. Subsequently he became an active, though subordinate member of the local *Salut Public*; in virtue of which patriotic function he obtained *Les Près*, the name of his magnificent estate. Working at his trade was now, of course, out of the question. Farming, as everybody knows, is a gentlemanly occupation, skill in which comes by nature; and Citizen Delessert forthwith betook himself, with his son, to *Les Près*, in the full belief that he had stepped at once into the dignified and delightful position of the ousted aristocrat, to whom *Les Près* had once belonged, and whose haughty head he had seen fall into the basket. But envious clouds will darken the brightest sky, and the new proprietor found on taking possession of his quiet, unincumbered domain, that property has its plagues as well as pleasures. True, there was the land, but not a plant, or a seed thereon or therein, nor an agricultural implement of any kind to work it with. The walls of the old rambling house were standing, and the roof, except in about a dozen places, kept out the rain with some success; but the nimble, unrespecting fingers of preceding patriots had carried off not only every vestige of furniture, usually so called, but coppers, cistern, pump, locks, hinges—nay, some of the very doors and window-frames! Delessert was

profoundly discontented. He remarked to Le Bossu, now a sharp lad of some twelve years of age, that he was at last convinced of the entire truth of his cousin Boisdet's frequent observation—that the Revolution, glorious as it might be, had been stained and dishonoured by many shameful excesses; an admission which the son, with keen remembrance of his compulsory flight from the window, savagely endorsed.

'Peste!' exclaimed the new proprietor, after a lengthened and painful examination of the dilapidations and general nakedness of his estate—'this is embarrassing. Citizen Destouches was right. I must raise money upon the property, to replace what those brigands have carried off. I shall require three thousand francs at the very least.'

The calculation was dispiriting; and after a night's lodging on the bare floor, damply enveloped in a few old sacks, the financial horizon did not look one whit less gloomy in the eyes of Citizen Delessert. Destouches, he sadly reflected, was an iron-fisted notary-public, who lent money, at exorbitant interest, to distressed land-owners, and was driving, people said, a thriving trade in that way just now. His pulse must, however, be felt, and money be obtained, however hard the terms. This was unmistakably evident; and with the conviction tugging at his heart, Citizen Delessert took his pensive way towards Strasbourg.

'You guess my errand, Citizen Destouches?' said Delessert, addressing a flinty-faced man of about his own age, in a small room of Numéro 9, Rue Béchard.

'Yes—money: how much?'

'Three thousand francs is my calculation.'

'Three thousand francs! You are not afraid of opening your mouth, I see. Three thousand francs!—humph! Security, ten acres of middling land, uncultivated, and a tumble-down house; title *droit de guillotine*. It is a risk, but I think I may venture. Pierre Nadaud,' he continued, addressing a black-browed, sly, sinister-eyed clerk, 'draw a bond, secured upon *Les Près*, and the appurtenances, for three thousand francs, with interest at ten per cent.'

'Morbleu! but that is famous interest!' interjected Delessert, though timidly.

'Payable quarterly, if demanded,' the notary continued, without heeding his client's observation; with power, of course, to the lender to sell, if necessary, to reimburse his capital, as well as all accruing *dommages-intérêts*!'

The borrower drew a long breath, but only muttered: 'Ah, well; no matter! We shall work hard, Antoine and I.'

The legal document was soon formally drawn; Citizen Delessert signed and sealed, and he had only now to pouch the cash, which the notary placed upon the table.

'Ah ça!' he cried, eyeing the roll of paper proffered to his acceptance with extreme disgust. 'It is not in those *chiffons* of assignats, is it, that I am to receive three thousand francs, at ten per cent?'

'My friend,' rejoined the notary, in a tone of great severity, 'take care what you say. The offence of depreciating the credit or money of the Republic is a grave one.'

'Who should know that better than I?' promptly replied Delessert. 'The paper-money of our glo-