

overwhelmed with sleep. To call him up, to make a noise, was more than I dared ; to escape alone was an impossibility. The window was not very high ; but under it were two great dogs, howling like wolves. Imagine, if you can, the distress I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed to be an age, I heard some one on the staircase, and through the clink of the door, I saw the old man with a lamp in one hand, and one of his great knives in the other.

The crisis was now come. He mounted—his wife followed him ; I was behind the door. He opened it ; but before he entered he put down the lamp, which his wife took up, and coming in, with his naked feet, she being behind him, said in a smothered voice, hiding the light par-

tially with her fingers—"gently, go gently." On reaching the ladder, he mounted, with his knife between his teeth, and going to the head of the bed where that poor young man lay, with his throat uncovered, with one hand he took the knife, and with the other—ah, my cousin !—he seized—a ham which hung from the roof,—cut a slice, and retired as he had come in !

When the day appeared, all the family, with a great noise came to arouse us as we had desired. They brought us plenty to eat ; they served us up, I assure you, a capital breakfast. Two chickens formed a part of it, the hostess saying, "you must eat one, and carry away the other. "When I saw them, I at once comprehended the meaning of those terrible words. "Must we kill them both ?"



The river is green, and runneth slow --
 We cannot tell what it saith ;
 It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death.

—FABER.

