

The Ottawa Free Press.

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VOLUME II.

OTTAWA, AUGUST, 1867.

NUMBER 3

L'ORCO.*

A TALE OF VENICE.

(Translated from the French for the Rural New-Yorker.)

WE were assembled as usual under the vine arbor. The evening was stormy, the air heavy, and the sky loaded with black clouds, furrowed by frequent flashes of lightning. We maintained a melancholy silence. One would have said that the sadness of the atmosphere had reached our hearts, and that we felt ourselves involuntarily disposed to tears. BEPPA above all seemed to have abandoned herself to painful thoughts. The Abbe, frightened at the disposition of the party, had tried in vain several times, and in all manner of ways, to re-animate the gaiety of our friend, ordinarily so lively. Neither questions, nor teasings, nor prayers, could draw her out of her reverie; but with her eyes fixed upon the heavens, and her fingers wandering casually over the trembling strings of her guitar, she seemed to have forgotten all that was passing around her, and to be interested only in the plaintive sounds she brought out of her instrument, and the capricious course of the clouds. The good PANORIO, discouraged by the bad success of his attempts, took the part of addressing himself to me.

"Come, dear ZORZINE," said he, "try the power of your friendship upon this capricious beauty. There exists a sort of magnetic sympathy between you two which is stronger than all my reasonings, and the sound of your voice always succeeds in drawing her from her most profound distraction."

"This magnetic sympathy of which you speak, my dear Abbe," replied I, "comes from the identity of our sentiments. We have suffered in the same manner, and thought the same things, and we know each other well enough to know what order of ideas certain external circumstances will recall to our minds. I will wager that I can divine, if not the object, at least the nature of her present reverie." And, turning towards BEPPA, I said quietly, "Carissima, of which of your sisters were you thinking?"

"Of the most beautiful, the most proud and the most unhappy," replied she, without turning her head.

"When did she die?" said I, already interesting myself in the fate of her who lived in the memory of my noble friend, and desiring to associate myself by my regrets with a destiny which ought not to be strange to me.

"She died at the end of last winter, on the night of the *bal masque* which was given at SEVILIO palace. She had resisted many sorrows and had come out victorious from many dangers; she had passed through terrible agonies without yielding, and yet she died all at once, without leaving any trace behind her—as if she had been carried away by a thunder-cloud.

Everybody here knew her more or less well, but no one so well as myself, for it was only in the proportion that she was beloved that she made herself known. Some people do not believe in her death, although she has never re-appeared since the night I speak of. They say that it often happens that people disappear in this way for a long time and afterwards return. But for myself I know she will never return, and that her *role* upon earth is finished. I would like to doubt it if I could, but she has taken care to acquaint me with the fatal truth by the very man, even, who was the cause of her death. And what a misfortune was this, my God?—the greatest misfortune of these unfortunate times! Her's was such a beautiful life!—so beautiful, so full of contrasts, so mysterious, so brilliant, so sad, so magnificent, so enthusiastic, so austere, so voluptuous, so complete in its relations to all things human! No, no life nor death have been like to her's. She had found the means, even in this prosaic age, of suppressing from her life all its miserable realities, leaving behind only its poesy. Faithful to the old customs of the national aristocracy, she never showed herself except at night-fall, masked, but never followed by any one.

There is not an inhabitant of the city who has not met her wandering about in the *places*, or in the streets; not one who has not seen her gondola fastened in some canal; but no one has ever seen her leave or enter it. Although the gondola was wholly unguarded, no one ever heard of any attempt at theft upon it. It was painted and equipped like all the other gondolas, and yet everybody knew it: and even the children would say on seeing it, "There is the gondola of the Mask." As to the manner in which it went, and the place from whence it brought its mistress in the evening, or returned her in the morning, no one ever suspected. The coast guard of customs had, indeed, often seen a dark shadow gliding over the lagunes, and taking it for the boat of a smuggler, had chased it into the open sea; but when daylight came they could never see anything on the waves that resembled the object of their pursuit. So, at length, they inquired themselves no more about it, and were content with saying whenever they saw it: "There is the gondola of the mask again." At night the mask would perambulate the whole city, in search of we know not what. It would be seen turn by turn in the greatest parks and in the narrowest and crookedest streets, on the bridges and under the archway of the grand palace, in the most frequented places and in the most deserted. Sometimes it went slowly, sometimes fast, without appearing to be inquired either by the crowd or by solitude, but never stopping. It appeared to contemplate the houses, the monuments, the canals, and even the sky of the city with impassioned curiosity, and to breathe with joy the air which circulated through it. Whenever it met a friend

it would make a sign to her to follow it, and would soon disappear with her. It has many times taken me thus from the midst of the crowd into some deserted place where it talked to me of the things we loved. I followed it with confidence because I well knew we were friends; but many of those to whom it made the sign dare not accept the invitation. Strange stories were circulated in regard to it which cooled the courage of the most intrepid.

It was said that many young men, believing they could discover a woman under this mask and this black robe, had become enamored with her, because of the singularity and mystery of her life, and her beautiful form and noble attractions, and having had the imprudence to follow her had never re-appeared. The police, too, having remarked that these young men were all Austrians, had used all the means in their power to find them again, and to capture the person who was accused of causing their disappearance. But the police were never more fortunate than the custom-house officers, and never could obtain any news of the young foreigners, nor lay hands upon her. An odd adventure had discouraged the most ardent spies of the Venetian inquisition. Seeing that it was impossible to overtake the mask in Venice at night, two of the most zealous of the officers resolved to wait for her in her own gondola, so as to seize her when she entered to leave the city. One evening, when they saw it fastened to the quay *des Es-lavous*, they descended into it and concealed themselves. They remained there all night without seeing any one, until about an hour before day, they thought they could perceive that somebody was untying the boat. They rose in silence and prepared to spring upon their prey; but at the same instant a terrible kick of the foot upset the gondola, and with it the unlucky agents of Austrian public order. One of them was drowned, and the other was only saved by the aid of the smugglers. The next morning there was no trace of the bark, and the police might have believed it to be sunk; but the next evening they saw it fastened in the same place, and in the same state as it was the night before. Then a superstitious terror took possession of all the *argousins* and not one cared to re-commence the attempt of the past night. Since that day the mask has never been troubled more, and continues its promenades as in the past.

At the beginning of last Autumn an Austrian officer named Count FRANZ LICHTENSTEIN came here in garrison. He was a passionate and enthusiastic young man, who had in him the germ of all the grand sentiments, and something like an instinct of the nobler thoughts. Notwithstanding his bad education as a nobleman, he had known how to preserve his mind from all prejudice, and to keep in his heart a place for liberty. His position forced him to dissimulate

(Continued on fourth page.)

* A Hobgoblin, or Spirit.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have formed and entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in, and MANUFACTURERS of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

and intend carrying on a business as such, in Ottawa, under the name and firm of

F. G. & C. A. CROSBY.

Such partnership to date from 12th day of August, A. D. 1867.

F. G. CROSBY,
C. A. CROSBY.

The Ottawa Free Press

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OPPOSITE THE RUSSELL HOUSE,

—AND—
Circulated Gratuitously.

OTTAWA, AUGUST, 1867.

This paper will be published Monthly, and sent gratuitously to all who will send their address to the Editor. Its columns will contain much useful and instructive reading matter, and also advertisements informing the public where goods of the best quality may be obtained at reasonable prices. Nothing objectionable will be admitted into the pages of *The Free Press*; but articles interesting to farmers, mechanics and merchants, and carefully selected anecdotes, will make the paper cheap at one hundred times its price.

Send your address to

EDITOR OF *Free Press*,

OTTAWA, C. W.

MOTHERS.—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is, when a person talks of his "dear old mother!" Away with your mincing "mamas," and "mamas" suggestive only of a fine lady, who deposes her duties to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her fine new gown! Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all-embracing, who is beautiful always, whether arrayed in satin or modestly attired in bombazine.

WHEN the earthquake occurred at San Francisco, a lady who was engaged in washing an infant of very tender age, ran screaming into the street. She stood on the sidewalk for some time swinging something in her hand, which at first was taken for a dressed chicken by the bystanders, but which began to speak for itself in language which placed it at once in the category of a different class of animated nature. She was holding it by the foot, head downward, and had forgotten all about what she had in hand.

CONTINUED SALE

—OF—

PRINTS, GREY AND WHITE COTTONS, &c.,

AT THE

SHAWL, MANTLE AND MILLINERY SHOW ROOMS.

THE Subscribers have determined on CONTINUING THE GREAT SALE OF CHEAP "PRINTS" and other "COTTON GOODS" until the 1st September, in order to make room for Fall Importations, now being bought in the British Markets.

From advices received, "Cotton Goods" will not be any lower than those advertised. An early call will ensure a bargain.

MAGEE & RUSSELL.

OTTAWA, Aug. 7th, 1867.

TO LET.

A PORTION of the Large Brick Building on ALBERT STREET, formerly occupied by Professor N. B. WEBSTER.

The Model School Rooms and Lecture Hall, (Furnished,) and the LIBRARY, finely fitted up with Shelves and Cases,

—OR—

BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ROOMS,

for a Private Family, consisting of a commodious Drawing Room, with folding doors; a Sitting Room, and four large Bed Rooms; a Hall and Spacious Dining Room in the Basement, together with a Kitchen on an improved plan.

In the building and finishing of the House, every attention has been paid to lighting, heating, and ventilating, and the no less important matters of drainage and sewerage.

For further particulars, enquire of F. G. CROSBY, 51 Sparks Street.

GEORGE HAY,

IMPORTER,

AND

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Shelf and Heavy

HARDWARE,

SPARKS STREET,

OTTAWA.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Kept in Stock or supplied to order.

JAMES HOPE & CO.,

Manufacturing Stationers & Bookbinders,

IMPORTERS OF

GENERAL STATIONERY,

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

SCHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES, Church Services, &c.,

Corner of Sparks and Elgin Streets,

OTTAWA.

JAMES HOPE.

S. S. M. HUNTER.

DR. C. LEGGO,

Physician, &c.,

Next door to Crosby's Mammoth Boot,

Sparks Street, Central Ottawa.

SELLING OFF.

THE undersigned would take this opportunity to express our thanks to the people of Ottawa and vicinity, for their very liberal patronage in the past, and to solicit a continuance of their favors in the future, and to assure them that no efforts on our part shall be wanting to supply them with the

Very Best and Cheapest

BOOTS AND SHOES

possible. We do not pretend to sell at Cost, but do profess to sell as low as any establishment in Ontario or any other part of the Dominion of Canada. Our Stock will always be large and varied; as well selected, and as well manufactured as can be found in Ottawa, and with the ONE PRICE SYSTEM we hope to merit and receive a continuance of the very liberal patronage given us in the past.

F. G. & C. A. CROSBY,

51 SPARKS ST., CENTRE TOWN.

Ottawa, 20th August, 1867.

DR. JOHN LEGGO,
DENTIST,

HUNTON'S BLOCK,

Next door to Crosby's Mammoth Boot,
Sparks Street, Central Ottawa.

F. G. & C. A. CROSBY would respectfully call the attention of the people of Ottawa and vicinity to our extensive stock of Boots and Shoes, which we offer for sale at a very small advance from cost. NO SECOND PRICE.

WANTED:

A NUMBER OF FIRST-CLASS MEN wanted to work on LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE BOOTS AND SHOES sewed and Pegged, at

The Ottawa Boot and Shoe Manufactory,
51, SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA.

At CROSBY'S, 51 Sparks Street, may be found a large assortment of Gent's, Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes; also, Over-Shoes in great variety, all of which are offered at a very small advance from cost. Mr. JAMES McCULLOUGH, so long and favorably known in Ottawa for his superior knowledge in boot-making, conducts the custom department.

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Poetry.

BOB FLETCHER.

I ONCE knew a plowman, Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old and was ugly, and so was his dame;
Yet they lived quite contented and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the plowman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away
They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day;
The song of the lark, as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the plow, and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage, in front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave their hearts up to love,
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vine could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart
Tho' the thorn was still there, and the blossom it bore,
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over Nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from the plow to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest she reposed from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by his door when the evening was gray,
And the hill and the landscape was fading away,
And have heard from the cottage with grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense arise.

And I thought on the proud, who would look down with
scorn,

On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,
And I felt that the riches and follies of life,
Were dross to contentment like Bob and his wife.

A CONNUBIAL SERMON.

A CONNUBIAL little sermon, from the text, "Be happy as you are," is thus preached by a contemporary print:—"Wife and mother, are you tired, and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out feelings to that faithful, but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at these sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, 'What a fool I was to marry and leave my father's house, where I lived in ease and in quiet?' Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of the body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and unmindful for, their comforts and their joys? O, wife and mother! what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms, and from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft, little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you, or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all; for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And O! what would you do, if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for believe it, thou wife of a true and loving husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own. The present is all you can enjoy; use it well.

HAND-MADE boots and shoes may be found in great variety at CROSBY'S boot and shoe establishment, Centre Town.

TO LUMBERMEN AND OTHERS.

THE GREAT RUSH

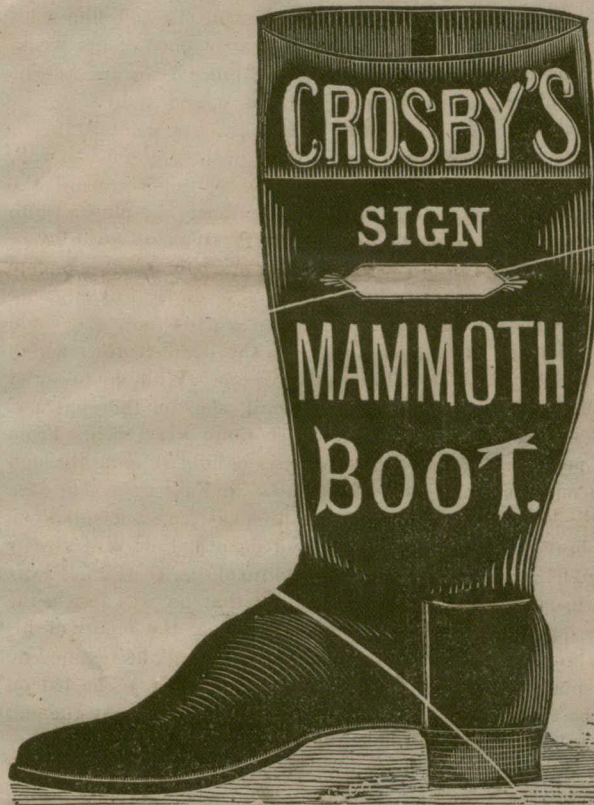
TO OUR ESTABLISHMENT,
51, SPARKS STREET,
(SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH BOOT.)

has obliged us to increase our force, by which means we hope to be able, as heretofore, to accommodate customers with

The best Hand-made
BOOTS & SHOES,
In Central Canada.

We now supply many of the principal
Lumbermen on the Ottawa and
Gatineau,
and would respectfully invite others
to CALL AND INSPECT THE WORK.

Encourage Home Manufacture, and
get good value for your money.

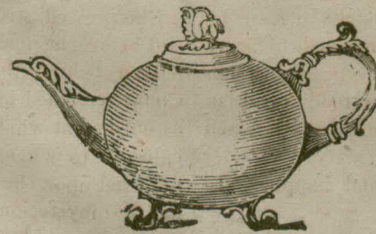


VERDICT IN FAVOR OF

THE TEA POT.

ESTABLISHMENTS:

Union Block,
SUSSEX STREET,



AND
Rideau Street.

Some dealers in Tea, Sugar, Coffee and Spices, From various causes were vying in prices, Till rivalry into fierce quarrel was veering, Which timely was checked by a stranger appearing "Fie! Fie!" he exclaimed, "let this quarrelling [cease, Your passions restrain, and disturb not the peace; Low PRICES 'tis folly to quarrel about, 'Tis QUALITY, only, that's worth finding out— Let's fairly and calmly put that to the test, And we shall find out the cheapest and best; And when 'tis decided, proclaimed, let it be, Who sells the best Coffee and who the best Tea."

The plan was approved of, and judges elected, Whose honest opinions had ne'er been suspected; When this Tea, and that Tea, they tasted in turn, And then tried the Coffees from out a new urn, And in a few seconds returned to decide. "Unbiassed, and void of all prejudice, we Unite in asserting that ROBINSON'S TEA We've put in each possible way to the test, And find it really the CHEAPEST and BEST; And as for their COFFEES, we also declare, Such Coffee is not to be met elsewhere." Thus was ended a noisy affray, And Robinson's Teas are the theme of the day.

ROBINSON & Co.,

THE TEA POT, OTTAWA.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING TEA.

FIRST—See that the water boils before you attempt to brew the Tea.

SECOND.—Never use hard water—it will spoil the best of Tea. If you cannot obtain soft water, put a small piece of Baking Soda, about the size of a pea into the Tea Pot, and you will find your Tea better and stronger.

THIRD.—Attend to these directions, get your tea from THE TEA POT in Ottawa, and you will always have

A CUPOF GOOD TEA.

(Continued from first page.)

his tastes and ideas in public; but as soon as his duty was ended for the day, he would hasten to leave off his uniform, which seemed to him indissolubly leagued to all the vices of the government he served, and to mingle with the new friends he had made in the city by his goodness and spirit. We loved above all to hear him talk of Venice. He had viewed it artistically, had interiorly deplored its servitude, and had come to love it, as much as a Venetian. He was never tired of wandering over it night and day—never tired of admiring it. He wished, as he said, to know it better than those who had had the happiness to be born here. In his nocturnal promenades he met the mask. At first he paid no great attention to it, but having observed that it seemed to study the city with the same curiosity and the same care as himself, he was struck with the strange coincidence, and spoke of it to several persons. They told him the stories which were current regarding the veiled woman, and advised him to be on his guard. But as he was brave to tenacity, these advertisements, instead of frightening him, excited his curiosity, and inspired him with a mad desire to make the acquaintance of the mysterious personage who had frightened the vulgar so much. Wishing to preserve the same incognito with the mask which the latter did with him, he dressed himself as a citizen and commenced his nocturnal promenades. He was not long in meeting what he sought. In the beautiful moonlight he saw the masked woman standing before the charming church of *Saints John and Paul*. She seemed to contemplate with adoration the delicate ornaments which decorated the portal. The Count approached her with slow and silent steps. She did not appear to perceive him, and did not stir. The Count stopped an instant to see if he was discovered, and then continued his way until he arrived close to her. He heard her sigh profoundly; and as he understood Venetian very little, but Italian very well, he addressed her in very pure Tuscan:

"*Salut*," said he, "*salut* and happiness to those who love Venice!"

"Who are you?" answered the mask, in a voice full and sonorous as that of a man, but sweet as that of a nightingale.

"I am a lover of beauty."

"Are you of those whose brutal love violates free beauty, or of those who kneel captive before it, and weep with its tears?"

"When the *Roi des nuits* beholds the rose flowering joyously under the breath of the breeze, he claps his wings and sings; but when he sees it wither under the burning breath of the storm, he hides his head under his wing and groans. So is my soul moved."

"Follow me, for you are one of my faithful ones."

And seizing the hand of the young man she drew him toward the church. When he felt the cold hand of the unknown, and saw her direct her course, with him, toward the sombre depths of the portal, he recalled involuntarily the sinister stories he had heard recounted, and seized all at once with a panic of terror, he stopped.

The mask turned around, and fixing on the paling face of her companion a scrutinizing look she said to him:

"You are afraid? Adieu."

Then letting go his arm she left him with rapid steps. FRANZ was ashamed of his weakness, and precipitating himself toward her, he seized her hand in his turn, and said:

"No, I have no fear. Let us go on."

Without answering him she continued to walk on. But in the place of going toward the church, as in the first instance, she plunged into one of the little streets that open upon the *place*. The moon was hidden and the most complete obscurity reigned in the city. FRANZ could hardly see where to place his foot, and could distinguish nothing in the deep shadows which enveloped him everywhere. While he followed his guide at a hazard, she, on the contrary, seemed to know her route very well. From time to time some rays of light slipping through the clouds would show to FRANZ the side of a canal, a bridge, an archway, or some unknown part of a labyrinth of deep and crooked streets—then all would fall into obscurity again. FRANZ had quickly recognized that he was lost in the streets of Venice, and was at the mercy of his guide; but, resolved to brave all, he testified no inquietude, and allowed himself to be led on without making any observations. At the end of a full hour the mask stopped.

"It is well," said she, "you have heart. If you had given the slightest sign of fear during our course, I should never have spoken to you again. But you have been impassable, and I am satisfied with you. Meet me then to-morrow at the place *Saints Jean-et-Paul*, at eleven o'clock. Seek not to follow me: it will be useless. Turn into the street at your right and you will see the place *Saint Mare*. *Au revoir*."

She pressed strongly the hand of the Count, and before he had time to answer her, disappeared behind the angle of the street. The Count remained for some time motionless, still astonished at what had come to pass, and undecided as to what he should do. But, having reflected upon the little chance he had of finding the mysterious lady again, and the risk he ran of losing himself if he pursued her, he determined to return home. He therefore took the street to the right, and, after a few minutes found himself in fact, upon the place *Saint Mare*, and from there he easily reached his hotel.

The next day the Count was faithful to the rendezvous. He arrived on the place just as the clock sounded eleven. He saw the masked woman waiting for him on the steps of the portal.

"It is well," said she; "you are exact. Let us go in."

Saying this, she turned quickly towards the church. FRANZ, who saw the door closed and knew that it was never opened for any one at night, believed the woman to be mad. But what was his surprise when he saw the door yield to the first effort! He followed his guide mechanically, who rapidly re-closed the door after he had entered. They then found themselves both in darkness; but FRANZ remembering that a second door without a lock still

separated them from the nave, conceived no inquietude, and prepared to push it before him to enter. But she arrested his arm.

"Were you ever in this church?" asked she, abruptly.

"Twenty times," answered he, "and know it as well as the architect who built it."

"Say, rather, you believe you know it, for you really do not know it yet. Enter."

FRANZ pushed open the second door and penetrated into the interior of the church. It was magnificently illuminated in every part, but completely deserted.

"What ceremony are they going to celebrate here?" asked FRANZ, stupefied.

"None. The church expected me this evening—that is all. Follow me."

The Count in vain sought the meaning of the words addressed to him by the mask: but still, subjugated by a mysterious power, he followed it with obedience. She led him to the middle of the church and caused him to remark, comprehend and admire the general harmony and *ordonnance* of things. Then, passing each part under examination, she detailed to him, one by one, the nave, the colonnades, the chapels, the altars, the statues, the paintings, and all the other ornaments—showing him the meaning of everything, unveiling to him the idea hidden under each form, making him feel all the beauties of the works which composed the *ensemble*, and making him penetrate, so to speak, into the very entrails of the church. FRANZ listened with religious attention to all the words from this eloquent mouth which pleased to instruct him, and from moment to moment recognized how little he had before comprehended this *ensemble* of works which had seemed so easy for him to understand. When she had ended, the light of the candles was growing pale in the morning light which penetrated the glass windows. Although she had spoken many hours, and had not seated herself for an instant during the whole night, neither her body nor her voice betrayed the slightest fatigue. Only her head was bowed upon her breast, which beat violently, and she seemed to listen to the sighs which it exhaled. All at once she straightened up her head, and raising both her arms to heaven, she cried:

"O, servitude! servitude!"

At these words, the tears falling from underneath her mask fell upon the folds of her black robe.

"Why do you weep?" cried FRANZ, approaching her.

"Meet me to-morrow," said she, "at midnight, in front of the Arsenal."

She went out by the lateral door on the left, which closed heavily behind her. At the same moment the *Angelus* sounded. FRANZ, startled by this unexpected noise of the bell, turned around and saw that all the candles were extinguished. He remained some time motionless with surprise; then he left the church by the grand door which the sacristans were just opening, and slowly returned home, seeking to divine who this woman could be, who was so bold, so artistic, so powerful so full of charm in her words, and majesty in her demeanor.

To be concluded in our next.