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Sign of the Big Watch.

THE SECRET: er, the Fleur De Lys!

It was just about the end of a fine au-

tumn evening, that I found myself mounting the hill which leads to the pretty watering place of Petiteseaux. It may as well bear that name as any other, and so Petitescaux it shall be. Charming, most inviting spot it appeared to be; for that approach was directly under a rich green wall, which stretched up far above my head; being indeed, the straight side of a bigh mountain, handsomely furnished with this rich green planting. Out of which becoming back-ground, could be seen peep-ing out, far a-head, the white buildings which made up the little cantonment known as Petitescaux. 'It will take me,' I said to myself, 'a good twenty minutes before I can unbuckle, and take my ease in my caravanserai. By the way, what case in my caravansarai? And with that I took out a pocket-book which my friend Wilbraham had written down with his own hand the the name of what he said was the sweetest. freshest, and cosiest inn the heart of travelling man could require. Watched over by a most bewitching landlady, who was herself a picture to look at. The name of the inn was, the Fleur de Lys, and that of its mistress, Madame de Croquette, both set down earefully in the pocket-book. I was here, said my friend, but two days; and heartily sorry was I to quit. It is likely enough that I shall join you there.' On that I put up the pocket-book, and pursued my road under shelter of the green wall. There were httle winding walks up its sides, leading to a pavilion or summer house, perched high enough, and which one fresh and unwearied, might have found entertainment in pursuing. I will sit in that pavilion,' I said to myself, 'some of these fine summer evenings, when I shall have grown to be of the place. 'Twill be very cool and refreshing after the day's

pose, than fanty or fifty two-storied, white, shining houses. Clearly a very grand, fashonable, dainking town, some say. When our grand children should be grown up. there will be marble fountains, and steps, a gorgeous redoute, conversation house. and salons de jue, with light click click of roulette wheels as music. Healthier music. too, from the Grand Orchestra, of thirty performers, under the eminent Herr Spongel, playing morning, nean, and night, in their elegant open air temple, while the noble visiters drink. All which are to be foreseen in the future. This innocence of aspect, this pastoral effect will have passed off against that time. There will be the hot glare of countless gas lights. lighting up white moustachioed faces of indusery. chevaliers, and faded aristocrats. Who knows but this low building, hidden almost with green flowering plants-and which I see is the Fleur de Lys inn, may hereafter be swept clean away, or burst into a dazaling, staring, sumptuous, and exhorbitant Hotel of the Four Seasons, or Imperial

work, whatever that shall be. Drinking

At last, here it was. Not more, I sup-

the springs of Petiteseaux, perhaps?

No one seems to be abroad in the Mttle town. No one heeds me. No officious gush of the porter or waiter interest. No encumbering of a man with help, as rough Samuel Johnson put it. I entered under the porch and laid my waflet down unassisted. Then sate myself down beside it. Some one was coming down the stairs with a very light step, and singing. A chamber wench most likely, no!

I stood up at once and recovered myself as a soldier on duty. She gave a little start, and curtseved. The most charming little French woman in the world, that might have been cut out and stolen from a picture; with a little lace cap perched on the back of her head; with a nest little jacket of linen, and apron with frilled pockets-Madame Croquette beyond a doubt .-But that cold blooded Wilbraham to have been so slack in his praise!

Said the little woman, with a certain dignity of her own, 'Monsieur is welcome to the Fluer de Lys. He has perhans travelled far, and will desire to repose him-

'He did desire to repose himself.' I answered, 'but for that matter, he would ask Madame's permission to stay where he was in her shady porch, that is in proximi- plain to be seen that Faquinet's position which coated Madame's house.

'Well, it was a pretty place,' Madame would admit with a sigh, 'and curious to say this was her favorite seat too.' And with a delicate little kerchief, which came from one of her little pockets, she brushed from off the seat about a pinch of dust, if so much, and sat down just opposite.

'Then if Madame knew,' said I, feeling that an opening for a compliment was given me, which only the dullest kind would have negleced; 'then if Madame knew what a becoming frame to a charming picture it stand upon her position whatever that was, she would sit there all day long.' She smoothed down her apren, and said

with a smile, it was tres bien dit. "Tis the truth Ma'am." I said bluntly. and my friend Wilbraham is a stock and stone !

'Your friend Vilbram,' she said. 'O mon Dieu! you know him! There is another friend of his, one Monsieur Traveiks, who had been staying with us, -a good. hearted, well-intentioned sailor, but, mon Dieu, so absurd? And thereupon Madame chattered through a whole list of folk, and all about them. In one quarter of an hour we were the best friends in the world .-'Come,' said she, rising' 'now I will show you your apartment; the prettiest little apartment in the world."

The prettiest little apartment in the world opened on the court; for there was nothing short of a court in Madame's hotel. Nothing short, too, of a fountain in the that seemed to come from the bottom of her centre, and orange trees in square green boxes ranged regimentally about. Coming

Madame's description of her apartment, as sprung up so suddenly between us. It was and end his days here, shepherd like. Sit being too boastful, must have been a hard, clear that she had exercised a sort of prefer- at the head of his own table d'hote, and ensour, practical charl. He might as well have ence in my regard; choosing me out to be tertain his strangers. Queer destiny! Yet, tackled Mr. Sterne's Parisian wig maker the recipient of her little troubles. His a man, wind buffeted and travel-sore, might for offering the buckle to be submerged in must have been a gritty heart that could cheerfully accept it, especially, if there the ocean. The sentimental clergyman have been devoid of interest in them. The were one so charming to sweeten the toils thought a pail of water would have been as truth is, those fine Briton's qualities she convenient; not so poetical truly. I know, had spoken of, do make themselves felt.—

the been standing before her us she said it—the sentimental clergyman—he would have agreed with her heartily, and minauderies and false lacquer of her own question.

The sentimental clergyman have been as truth is, those fine Briton's qualities she of direction. Ah, well a day! When little grey boots and narrow collars in their way into a man's head, it is all up with him. As to showing fight, it is out of the would have agreed with her heartily, and minauderies and false lacquer of her own question. Heaven only knows how long.

corridor, which ran down one side of the (they called him Edonard Galli Mathias) ened after a few day's stay. Out on the court. No more fitting place. Decidedly would have proved but a sorrow comforter. farm before breakfast one day, Madame might look in for a short time or so a bare king her hand. Petiteseaux was more advanced than it had said; She was alone in the world, she had said; Faquient untolded to me me me whole story at first appeared to me, and was making but whence came Madame's matrouly present for that dignity. One should conform to the were to let you into a first appeared to me, and was making but whence came Madame's matrouly present for that dignity. One should conform to the were to let you into a first secret I am sure you would. Shall I tell him? Yes—no. dinner time, Madame had also said, I in, delicately as I could, certain leading excited as she proceeded. pany gather together,—the quality of status; filing what lawyers call a bill of dis-which I had already guessed; for there was covery. She was a widow, she said; had many leagues away; in which town, as of breathed who was more deserving of gener- But I stopped her voice of Pelichinelle.'

say, they were of the quality I had one of the little eyes, and the subject guessed: for there was a little round black changed. man with sharp ferret eyes, who had no spoke for him. There were half a dozen or so | friend, has told me as much. merchants, or trading men, who had not such visible marks of their calling about them; fat, twinkled-eyed fellows, to whom waters must have been of prodigious benefit. But three ladies only, of the company, Madame Tourlou, Madame Faquinet, and Madame Badine; betwixt whom raged fires of jeal-

ousy, and undying animosity. These elements, with Madame Croquette herself at the head of her own table, were gathered together in the little glass pavilion, at the hour of dinner. I was set next to Madame Croquette, a stranger, and person of distinction. Needless to say Madame's demitoilette was charming. No staring, or taking measures of the stranger and his points; he might have been sitting there as in his accustomed seat, every day this month back. Monsieur le Cure. who sat beside me; and who, I believe, was deen, or vicer-general, or dignitary of some sort, in contiguous district, addressed me in his smooth, placid tones, as jogged her and they dropped at once. Crown, or perhaps of England. Who though he had parted from me at breakfast. He was good enough to detail to me the offgin and progress of the malady that had brought him to the waters, taking in Madame towards the close, who listened with extraordinary interest.

Gentle little woman! she had heard it twenty times I could swear. 'O ciel?' she sighed, with hands clasped, how cruelly you must have suffered, Monsieur le Cure!

'Mesdames and Mossieurs," said the good man, with more force than appropriateness. 'I can assure you that I had a fire within my veins that can only be likened to what the bon Dieu has prepared for such as do not love him. My interior was to speak bouleverse!' Here the vicar looked round with an interesting aspect almost indeseri-

'Oh heavens,' said Madam again, with hands still clasped, and a tearful swimming look in her eyes, 'how cruelly you must

I felt as if I could have gladly taken on me all Monsieur le Cure's peculiar sufferings to have purchased some of Madame's seductive pity.

Twas easy enough to seize the right

state of things betwixt Madame Tourlou. the advocate's lady, and Madame Faquinet notary, or writingman's lady. It was ty to the sweetly smelling honeysuckles was unhappily ill defined in the social scale which coated Madame's house. ty rocognised, and far lower walks. Tourlou was one of the upper tendom in the profession; nay, it might come to this, that Faquinet would have to do writing work at Tourlou's bidding, or employ. This peculiar relation naturally gave rise to an awkwardness between the ladies; who fired hostile glances at one another, from opposite sides of the table. With Tourlou's lady I could have no sympathy; she being a fat, blouzed, arrogant creature, that would might be. Now Madame Faquinet was a round, smart little person, who, I had a strong notion, must have begun life as a grizette, or, perhaps, as small milliner .-I was glad to see she made little account of her blowsed enemy opposite; amusing herself with small archery work on one of the young traders who sat beside her. As for Tourley and Faguinet, they were, strange even up stairs. to say, the best friends in the world, and

> 'Mon Dieu, whispered Madame to me. 'if you were to know all I go through to prevent them pulling of caps!' (she did not use this exact English idoim,) 'you would think they would pull my little eyes out between them! Madam Tourlou. she went on, holds herself as belonging to the cream of the cream, and turns up the nose at poor little Faquinet. In truth, my heart is altogether ecrase by their jealousies. and here Madame drew up a deep sigh little lacerated heart. 'You, Messieurs of spoken of by the harmonious husbands,

talked across the table of a walk they had

had together that morning:

taken her band in his, and kept it there for country's petits maitres and gallants. For The Briton's sterling aplomb and sound instance, that provincial exquisite not get sense spoken of so handsomely by Madame, Dinner, Madame had said, would be mentioned, sitting at the foot of the table, continued to make itself felt in other quar- tend in any case." toward three o'clock, in that long glass twirling his moustaches of imperial pattern ters. Its appreciation was further strength-

should have opportunity of seeing her com- interrogatories bearing on Madame's social a town of fair size and respectability, not been these two years. No mortal had ever it to you. Monsieur-was it to be borne? course, abounded gentlemen of working al regard than defunct Croquette. He was habits; small merchants, smaller advocates, the best of men, best of busbands, would physicians, and the like, who had not have been the best of fathers, had Provi-wealth enough for distant travel, and were dence only so willed it. He now reposed glad to turn Petiteseaux into a small pinch-beck health restoring watering place.— corner of Mounsieur le Cure's graveyard. And so all the quality of the respectable with the wost charming headstone in the towns came to l'etiteseaux when it could, world over him. The laced handkerchief At dinner, then I saw them all. Strange now wiped off a little tear at the corner of hers.'

need to write advocate after his name of lady who was now speaking in a harsh. Tourlor. Neither had the long grave man tone, that seemed to come though a comb.) in black, who was called Riquet, any rea- 'I can only say that when I and Monsieur son to set out his card that he was of the Tourlou were residing in Paris - which we faculty of Medicine. He was out speaking; are accostomed to do for at least there weeks as at were, of his profession. So, too, was it in each year-such a thing was undreamnt with the notary, or scribblingman, Fagui- of. In fact, Madame, the wife of the disnet; and with Monsieur le Cure, whose garb trict procureur, who is our very intimate

and snorted. Madame whispered mo: 'En garde! See-they cross swords!-Listen, and you will be diverted!

The husbands were indifferent, and were not out of that mood yet. But the notary's wife was not slack. She seemed to bristle over with little points.

'Bah! what can sleeping provincials know of that sweet city; who are taken up by man been, so to speak, Lafarged : worked ers came flying through the glass door to ness of a worm in the bud to prey on their complaisant husbands, like school girls on off by the process known to that daring fetch me in. If Monsieur would only so olive check? Else what the eignificance a holiday? I was born there, Dieu merci / widow? I should like to hold inquest on far honor them! They would be so described of that little embarrasement and those and hope to end my days there. I know remains of deceased Croquette, to have him lated if he did not. It must be so triste blushes? It was a great mystery, and a every turn in the dear city.'

'Like enough,' said her enemy, now puffing and flaming; 'no one will dispute Madame's knowledge of the streets!

This was an awkward allusion to grisette lady; who well nigh bounced from her chair. Her arm became instinctively a kimbe, poissarde fashion, but her husband does that speech mean? I would gladly

know it, and have it made known to this 'Not half so fine a prospect,' said the

'I will not take the trouble,' retorted 'Certainly,' replied the little round wo- maids. man, 'we should always wash our linen at home-ah! Madame?"

By which was conveyed a dexterous alted with the laundress profession.

'I will not !' said the lady, roundly, and wife-pah !

'Mes files / mes files / murmered the Cure, wiping his lips, 'a little moderation, I implore of you, such a little roughness during the season devoted to nutrition | the world has presented me with bouquets, may seriously disarrange the digestive except you, Monsieur, Eisdone !' she said, functions. Be patient, my children !'

'Yes, Monsieur le Cure,' Madame Croquette said, a little fretfully, 'the whole Mad. Torlou, 'for I saw him gathering thing is not worth a straw.'

On which there came a truce, for that hour at least; and Monsicur le Cure gave coming to that wise resolution in the garden. the most perfect fashion. I had never us some reminiscence of how he first began to grow wrong interiorly; of how his ail-flowers.' I said, with a cold stare. 'I warmth of admiration. She said I was the was so elegant, Madamo said; first ment came upon him like a thief in the must ask Madame's forgiveness. As to its very good. I was so complaisant ; did so night, and seized upon him insidiously; of being Madame's fete day I was as yet a much honor, &c., &c. Every one seemed ry-surprise mingled with consternation, times; and then-(shrug.) 'Garcou! some with the moustache, whom I have mention- Dear Adolphe had indeed offered his hand. hesitation, astonishment, perplexity-with of that Volnay I had yesterday. Mind, other highly curious and interesting par- the same.' ticulars. These caried us well through the desert and after dinner wine. The hostile ladies still glared fiercely at one another.

All through that cool evening there was a bivonse, all round the house : out on the green sward: under the shady trees: in the pleasant garden, and even in the court under the gallery. The ladies fetched green charts, all saving and except Tourlou, who was reported to be asleep, and sporing

'She is a nightmare, a goblin, a topuble to our sweet life here. said Madame to me under the perch, 'Your sober English common sense must take her in hand.

I would do anything. I said, to aid Madmore pointed, but for those emperial moustaches, which I found, had drawn mear; were saying something to her very sweetly. as they fancied and mincingly. He was cut short, however-very short. Madame had plainly no relish for such an intruder : and so, with a slow shrug, he twisted himself about on his heel, and sauntered off.

Alone I took the road through the woods the English nation, have wisdom. Such and thought of Madame Croquette. I 'Such a pleasant thing!' these were words for commencement of an amicable dispute, Gold!

out through the glass door of the prottiest gravity, such aplomb. Tou can devise a leaned against a tree. She was charming that reached me. Presently came the Cure apartment in the world, you would see there was a gallery overhead, making a canopy, and pleasant shade, with a little wooden chair for you to sit on, and smoke, and look at the fountain and orange-trees. Sible melanchely. There was something to the sound of the postoral in the stitle collar barely a single half inch in breadth. And that little toy household of ming eyes of her's on me with an inexpressible melanchely. There was something to those little grey boots—even to those little grey boots—even to the fittle collar barely a single half inch in breadth. And that little toy household of here and the pastoral in the postoral in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in breadth. And that little toy household of here and look at the fountain and orange-trees. Sible melanchely. There was something to the fittle collar barely a single half inch in breadth. And that little toy household of here and look at the fountain and orange-trees. Sible melanchely. There was something to the fittle collar barely a single half inch in breadth. And that little toy household of here and look at the fountain and orange-trees. Sible melanchely. There was something to the fittle collar barely a single half inch in breadth. And that little collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in breadth. And that little collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch in the fittle collar barely a single half inch i

'It must end! It must end!' she said, turning to her poissarde's attitude. 'I will not endure her insolence. Now I put | ed. 'Madame did so most effectually,' I said.

concurring as of course. 'She will not offer to engage with me again.' Madame continued.

'She will not' I said, 'if she be wise.' 'The pig?' Madame exclaimed, with strong disgust. 'She should be ashamed to show to the world that huge person of

'I can only say,' (it was the lawyer's broad tree, and reading his breviary. The view before, so it had grown to be a little your promise? good man looked as though he would be stale. I went down the hill on the other Well, if you must know, come to my inclined for a little pleasant digestive con- side, to the little brook miniature waterfall, little bonder at breakfast-time, and, perversation; but I could not bring myself which was held to be about the prestiest hapato break in upon his pious task, so I passed thing in these parts. But the waterfall him with a profound salute.

month. There is a hundred ways of pas- the spot, the unbealthy tone of my mind regard this gentle recluse, this charming sing the time. Firstly and chiefy, sweet may be gathered. Returning, then, by provincial ! It seemed terrible coxeombry little Madame herself; who, to say the the back of the house, in me very content to let such a notion even near the : and yet Here she looked round on the company truth, has shown a wish very plainly to ted name of mind, I passed one of the win- one might as well have shammed blindness. make her house and self as agreeable as dows opening on the ground, whence sounds Why may I not admit, to myself only, and might be to the stranger.

But traveller beware! Perhaps this tivity, and right merry they appeared. It that persuasion! charming little widow may have been of was Madame's own little boudoir. These And pray why not let me ask, (this I Delilah quality. She may have been fa- French folk can enjoy themselves. I said, spoke to myself pacing the garden, thoughtmiliar with drugs and unballowed potions. with a sigh. Officious, prying, Mensieur fully waiting for breakfast summens,) are band) bear looking into? Had the good breviary, had spied me. One of the wait- matters; not suffering anything in the likein a jar and analysed by Professor Taylor. in that fashion. Then came another with that old speculation, of how a worse desti-These fair French souls were evertdanger- greater instance. And so with neglectus my might surely befull one than spending vels? All those smiles and winning ways the most wretched shift, the Briton with treat, far removed from the busy hum of element in the social station of the notary's were but traps and pitfulls. So, stranger, all his dignity, had to suffer himself to be men. Proprietor of the little territory, I say again, beware !

> The bare notion made me turn pale. I had not thought of the subject in that view of the British lien. before. Youth is ever careless, and here ness, and I returned home rather moodily. and a little ashamed of myself. In future men, as all the world has known this long

in taste and wholly different from that of only kindness. the day before. (even the little beets were forgetting all restraint, 'I will not take of another bue.) I wrapped myself close in such talk from any low quill-driver's wife! a cold and repelling demeanor; wanting of them. Had they all too readily taken 'Nor I,' said Madame Faquinet, a kim-nothing, certainly, in a proper respect; up that hint of mine let fall at dinner?be once more, 'from any Parvenu Robin's but being to the fall as dry as any chie ever pared I have a strong idea, on the whole, such intimation readily enough. Prodithat I behaved like a brute.

'Did you not know this was my fete day?' said Madame, beaming with smiles. 'All shaking her head, 'how comes it ?" 'Pardieu ! he must have mislaid it,' said

one, with thy own tyes.

The poor little woman looked wounded:

but it was the first step towards establishing a proper distance between us. The and returned with menacing rustle from first step, too towards playing that brute their gowns. Character spoken of. I felt, as I sipped the Volnay, critically, how they must have all admired the sturdy Briton's aplomb and way of putting the thing. But Madame, with the tast of her country, took me at once, as I wished to be taken, and dropped that confidential manner which had work and bestowed themselves on little so distressed me. She became landlady; and I guest. Was not that, after all, the proper footing ? and, for the rest of that dinner ceremony, I was treated with all formality. Which should have been most welcome to the Briton's heart ? for it was at the desired, and yet -...... It was a little provoking, certainly, to hear all the jokes and private allusions which went ame ; perhaps would have added something round outside of me and which it was now plain, had been bitherto repressed from respect to the attanger. Even the Cure became less subjective, and les off jokes. Tourlou of the comb, floundeted whale-like in merriment. I looked on a little rucful; but it was better thus.

Breaking up, they whispered a good deal together, and talked in knots. 'What hour ? 'You will come, of course, Monsieur le Cure.' 'In Madame's own room?'

to me with mysterious manner ; Monsieur will attend, of course?" 'At what ceremony ?' I asked. 'Madame's little fete,' he said.

'I have heard nothing of it-received n nvitation ! What a deplorable mistake ! It sterrible, and should have been thought of ! said the good man, all in a flutter.

in, who was standing just by, 'there is none needed. Madame will be overjoyed to see me, with infinite regret—the happy bours every one, as a matter of course. Cure still troubled. 'West; f will settle get -

ty. 'I beg that you will not take any step your staying with us lenger. Do not go in the matter. I should not be able to at- yet.'

Madame shrugged her shoulders and laugh- another of those tell tale blushes?

'He is welcome to come if he please.' Be it so, Monsieur le Cure.' Confusion! I had an engagement which would ultimately prevent the acceptance of that kind invitation—I was engaged to myself, for a walk—for anything—for nothing, in fact.

I was wrath at Madame's cool, French treatment, and yet was not such a footing more desirable? Oh, infinitely! It was about mine o'clock when I return- wanted in the kitchen. ed from a dull stupid walk. I went up the Towards mid day, I came upon Monmour hill to see the famous view; but I had been ame said, 'perhaps not at all.' lo Cure, sitting on a camp stool under a up the hill many times to see the famous 'Cruel one,' I said, reproachfully, 'and

'Ah!' she said in a shrill tone, 'what was I on the verge of a precipice. These conceived. All the gift flowers scenting Where, at the wead of my own table, I notions filled me with distrust and uneasi- it like a garden. Such a chatter of might learn from passers-by how the rough tongues! Such enjoyment; such pleasant world outside was progressing. Madame's faces; such courtly airs and postures wor- charms would daily heighten; children; caution should mark my guarded way, as thy of the Louis Quatorze court. Lawlawyer, still on the walk, 'as I had seen the queer old song has it; designing we- yers were unfrocked, and unlike lawyers. The houses of Tourlou and Faquinet seemtime, abound in France. These said sweet | ed on easy terms. Madame, from her easy Madame Tourlou, still through the comb. dainty creatures are only so many mer- chair, said I ded her too much honor; but she would try her best to entertain the So, when dinner hour came that day, stranger. Words very fridgedly speken. and with it vesterday's company of the Cure Come, I said to myself, let me relatifur lawyers, traders, lawyers' wives, and Mad- this one night, there can be no harm in lusion to Madame's origin, dfmly associa- ame herself in a suit of raiment exquisite that; for this gentle little woman means

> But slack! the wise resolution was formed too late I I was among them, but not Those sharp minded French folk secept gious respect came from Madame-from everybody. I was, as it were, grand seigneur. Nay, it seemed as though' I had brought in with me a certain chill and restraint, which heaven knows, I tried hard te thaw and dissipate. Many more of Madame's perfections I had to learn that night. By and by she went over to the piano and discoursed little French ballads in the most There was truth in this; but it was before delightful fashion; patois things acted in ed before. Supercilious fellow! He lounged on the sofa in a laty insoueiant mood. That night in my room-the prettiest litthe room in the world, be it recollected -I

made a wholesome resolution; namely, to have a regular formal making up with Madame. There was something pleasing in quarrelling for the sweet pleasure of making all things straight again.

So, that next morning-it was a fine sunny forgiving morning I went forth to the garden where I saw Madame out betimes, trimming her flowers, and here made charatable, that her wame contained one repentant acknowledgment of all my sins. Had fornished myself with the choicest of bouquets procured from neighboring horticulturists, and presented them humbly as a peace offering, which was graciously accepted. The old smiles were returning, gender could catch her, she would forfeit a the old winning thanner was coming back. We are friends now, she said, putting out her hand, but we never were eligibles.

'Nor ever shall be.' I said: Who shall tell ? she said. von looked so wickedly at me yesterday, was quite frightened 'Did I?' I answered, quite aghast at my

own villany. 'No, it cannot have been ! Indeed you did? 'Twas not at you, then : It must have

which completely restored the old harmony. I said : 'By the way, I have received letters-business letters-this merning, which I fear will harry my departure. I must think of setting out to morrow, or the day after.' There was no such pressing need of dispatch, but I thought I would see how she took it. Was it possible-was that a little tinge of color creeping over her cheek? 'Mon dieu ! and must you 'really go?'

Bah! Monsieur le Cure,' Tourlou put she said at length. 'What a misfortune.' 'I must, indeed, I said, 'and, believe. I have passed in this little retreat shall no-Twould be more on regle,' said the ver be forgotten by me; neither onn I for-

O, I am so desolated at this piece of 'I beg,' I said, stepping him with digni- news,' she interrupted, 'I had counted on

I looked at her with a strange feeling of But be had gone, and was speaking to interest. What could she mean? 'Do Madame at the end of the room. Well, f you really wish me to remain? I said, ta-

The good man was explaining the diffi- I cannot bring my mind to it ! and she culty to Madame with much earnestness. turned away her head. Was it to hide

'Dear Madame,' I said, 'you must las me into this little mystery. 'I eannot, Monsieur.

You must I will promise you to stay if you do!' She turned round. Well, that makes a difference. So I must tell you my secret. You must know;

Here came running from the house the soubrette or waiting woman. Madame was

You shall hear it another time, Mad-

With that she disappeared. What bould fell flat, and the brook was naught. From this secret be ? Could it be, indeed-that I shall tarry here, I said, at least one these dismal conceits suggested to me on the wanderer had inspired with a sort of of voices came. Here was the seene of fest in the strictest confidence, that I lean to

How would that decease of Croquette (bus- la Cure who might have been reading his not our French sisters outspeaking in such exhumed, and the contents of stomach put so deleful for him to be wandering about pleasing mystery, toe. Then I fell into ous. Had we not read of them is the no- excuse ready, and unable to fetch up even the residue of his life in this pleasant reled in half resisting, half complying, with where none of the world's wickedness had more of the aspect of the British sheep than as yet penetrated ; where might be studied eternally that pastoral simplicity so charac-The prettiest little room that could be teristic of the French rural districts .-Autoine, Marie, Katelle, growing up about us: the golden age at hand, life toiling on like a dream.

Breakfast, Monsieur ! Claroon, with fluttering napkin, announces.

In the boudoir, as it was called, Madame was seated 'I have promised to tell you my secret; and shall keep my promiso. I dr . v near confidently. Will you be

angry Madame, if I tell you that I have half guessed it already? 'Not a soul in the house knows it but ourself and another ?" Another ? I said. You have told it to

another ? 'Ma fol, why not? Was it indiscrees 'H'm. I said. Well then, she said, 'in three words my little secret is this; I am going to be

married next week!" I started to my feet with a bound. Married !- what do you mean? "Tis intelligible," she said laughing '(t is monstrous!' I said, intensely me tified: 'and to whom pray?" It was to that insolent, insufferable tra-

what his first feelings were at the discove- stranger to it-not one of Madame's in- to delight in it, but that heavy exqui ite view? Adolphe, that was his name .-Noble person ! Such qualities, such powers, and even torres - that is to say, some sort of estates. He was altogether char-

A four-horse diligence went by in an hours time. I would depart by the fourhorse diligence. That business of mine the notion; perhaps tears from Madame. had now become so pressing, that it would It is an old story that, leaning towards not almit a moment's delay, I said, kick-

ing my portmanteau violently. As for Madame Croquette, the conclusion I came to when fairly caged in the cousee of the diligence was, that she was a thorough French well, not to be unlatter too many:

A challenge to skate was given by Miss of Salem, a Di Vernon young indy, gender could catch her, she would forfeit a kies. The Boston Herald says that an athletic negro, hearing of the challenge, give chase, and soon his arm encircled her maint: Her brother, however, sverted the impend-Mon dieu, ing smack by presenting the fellow with a resterday, & bill, telling him to slide. The Afri can started on a bonder with the finds remarking audibly that he would'at g 35 to kiss may white gal libius

Pike's Peak gold is said to be workin 22 been at old Tourlou.' This was the signal, an ounce, Kansas papers are full "Gue