"Fly, lady, fly!" said their attendant, as she rushed into the apartment of the Duchess.

"We will sell our lives dearly," said the venerable D'Ligny, "and defend you, noble lady, to the last."

The Duchess rose, struck her hand to her forehead, for a moment, as if lost in thought; and then, casting a half smile upon the only meal she had seen for a week, she replied:

"This is no time to fight, my good General; I alone am leader in this war, we must e'en fly for it. Annette," she added, to the domestic, "detain them below as long as possible."

With a rapid step the Duchess led the way to the upper story; flight after flight of lofty stairs they ascended, until they reached a small chamber. The party looked at its narrow dimensions, as seeing no way of escape. At a sign from the Duchess, the young officer pushed aside the iron back of the chimney, while the noise below showed that the soldiers were already in possession of the mansion. The aperture thus opened disclosed a small closet under the eaves.

"Enter," said the Duchess, as all waited for her to precede, "I have brought you into peril, I must see my little train safe, ere I provide for myself."

As there was no time for ceremony, they passed before her through the narrow gate of safety, and as the Duchess drew back the plate, their enemies were upon them.

Their situation was uncomfortable enough; and as workmen were sounding adjacent buildings, plaster and dust fell upon them continually. Although almost without hope, the Duchess seemed amused at the vain attempts made to discover her retreat.

Meanwhile the search was prosecuted with rigor; every apartment was examined, workmen sounded the walls and guards were stationed at every door. The fact of an open letter being found rendered it certain to the commander that the Duchess was there, and the diligence of his search made each moment the danger of detection greater.

The continual jar on the walls threw the dust in showers over the little band, who, imprisoned in a nook scarcely six feet high, had hardly room to stand.

As day declined, two sentinels were posted in the apartment adjoining their retreat whose remarks awoke the merriment which ever slumbered in the heart of the Duchess, and in spite of her situation she often laughed outright. As night came on the soldiers complained of the cold, and to the horror of the prisoners, proposed lighting a fire. A quantity of pamphlets supplied them with material, and soon a crackling blaze glowed through the panel which screened their retreat. The situation of the Duchess was now rendered intolerable. Hungry and weary she had borne up hitherto with a good courage; but the smoke suffocating her and the panel against which she stood becoming nearly red hot, tears of pride and anguish started down her cheeks and were instantly dried by the intense heat.

"Madam, this is insupportable," said General Labree, "your grace had better yield than die!"

"No, I cannot," she replied, while with her hands she extinguished her burning dress. In the attempt the iron plate swung partly back and was with difficulty closed again, but not without arousing the attention of the *gens-de-armes*.

"It is in *vain*," she cried, as the aid-de-camp pushed aside the panel. "I am the Duchess; do not hurt me," said the fugitive, and they yielded themselves to the guard.

As she stood before the soldiers, one could hardly recognize the noble woman of a few days ago. Her dark locks singed by the fire, her dress burned and soiled, while deep traces of sorrow on her wasted countenance showed how great was the conflict within.

In obedience to her request she was taken instantly to the General, who received her with the respect due to her birth and character.

"General," said she, as she took his arm while leaving her last place of refuge, "you had not overcome me, hads't thou not made war upon me after the fashion of St. Lawrence's martyrdom."

Crowds assembled as the royal fugitive passed through the long line of soldiery on her way to the dreary imprisonment which awaited her, from which, after months of hope deferred, she alone was liberated through the powerful intercession of Austria and Prussia, and years after, in her Castle of Arheim, she beguiled her delighted audiences by relating her trial when she passed through France, a lonely fugitive.

"The Gift of Gab."

Sir Robert Peel, on more than one occasion invited Mr. Stephenson to Drayton. He refused at first, from indisposition to "mix in fine company," but ultimately went. On one occasion an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr. Buckland, on one of his favorite theories as to the formation of coal. But the result was that Dr. Buckland, a much greater master of tongue fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Next morning, before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds, deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up and asked him what he was thinking about.—"Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and if I had only the command of words which he has I'd have beaten him."

"Let me know all about it," said Sir William "and I'll see what I can do for you."

The two sat down in an arbor, when the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly acquainted with the points of the case, entering into it with all the zeal of an advocate about to plead the interests of his client. After he had mastered the subject, Sir William rose up, rubbing his hands with glee, "Now I am ready for him."

Sir Robert Peel was acquainted with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was that in the argument that followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law, and Sir William Follett had at all points the mastery over Dr. Buckland.

"What do you say, Mr. Stephenson?" asked Sir Robert, laughing.

"Why," said he, "I will only say this: That of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of gab."—*Men who have Risen.*

ARE YOU CONTENTED.—An eccentric, wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant.

"Well sir, are you a contented man?'

"Yes, sir, very."

"Then what do you want with my field?"

"The applicant did not stop to reply."

A Hint to Hard Swearers.

The vulgar sin of profanity is more common than formerly in the streets and all public places. We wish all addicted to the habit could understand how vulgar it is, and how generally it is accepted as a proof of a bad cause and a weak will. Pothouse politicians are especially addicted to the habit, and if there is any virtue in hard swearing, the "Little Napoleon" would go in with a rush. But of the habit in general, the *North American Review* comes down in the following sledge hammer style;

"There are among us not a few who feel that a simple assertion or plain statement of obvious facts will pass for nothing unless they swear to its truth by the names of the Deity, and blister their lips with every variety of horrid and sulphurious oaths. If we observe such persons closely, we shall find that the fierceness of their profanity is in inverse ratio to the affluence of their ideas. We venture to affirm that the profanest men within the circle of your knowledge are all afflicted with a chronic weakness of intellect. The utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacuem in sound is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to "swear."—The reckless taking of sacred names in vain is a little characteristic of true independence of thought as it is of high moral culture. In this breathing and beautiful world, filled as it were with the presence of the Deity, and fragrant with incense from its thousand altars of praise, it would be no servility should we catch the spirit of the reverent worshippers, and illustrate in ourselves the sentiment that the Christian is the highest style of men."

Signification of Names.

We have been asked many times for the meaning of various names, which fact induces us to give the following list derived from indisputable authority: Mary, Maria, Marie (French,) signifies exalted—according to some, Mary means lady of the seas; Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel signifies lively, Julia and Juliet, soft-haired; Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all fruitful; originally the Greek Helen, changed by the Latins into Helene, signifies alluring, though, according to Greek authors, it means one who pities. The interpretation of Caroline is legal; that of Charlotte is a queen; Clara, bright or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, a laurel; Edith, joyous; Olivia, peace; Phœbe, light of life; Grace, favor; Sarah, or Sally, a princess; Sophia wisdom;—Amelia and Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid: Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, plump; Pauline, a little one; Hannah, Anna, Anne, Ann, and Nancy, all of which are the same original name, interpreted, mean gracious, or kind; Jane signifies dignity; Ida, the morning star; Lucy, brightness of aspect; Louisa, or Louise, one who protects; Emma, tender; Catharine, pure; Frances, or Fanny, tender or free; Lydia severe; Minerva, chaste.

NEWS.—The word "News" is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective new. In former times, between the years 1525 and 1737, it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:—

N
W—|—E
S

Importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe; and from this practice is derived the term Newspaper.