Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge

by Alexandre Dumas

Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Le chevalier de Maison-Rouge

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Le chevalier de Maison-Rouge

Author: Alexandre Dumas

Auguste Maquet

Release date: August 6, 2023 [eBook #71356] Most recently updated: December 2, 2024

Language: English

Original publication: Boston: Little, Brown, & co., 1890

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/71356

Credits: Aaron Adrignola, Graeme Mackreth and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at https://www.pgdp.net (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/American Libraries.)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LE CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE ***

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE ROMANCES.

LE CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE.

"OH, HOW LONG IT IS SINCE I HAVE SEEN ANY FLOWERS!" Drawn and etched by E. Abot. Chevalier de Maison-Rouge.

LE

CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE.

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BOSTON: LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

1897.

Copyright, 1890, 1894, By Little, Brown, and Company.

University Press: John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The "Chevalier de Maison-Rouge," though it deals with events subsequent to those covered by the earlier stories of the Marie Antoinette cycle, was written at an earlier date. In it we are introduced to a new set of personages, and see no more of the characters whose fortunes furnish the fictitious as distinguished from the historical interest of the earlier stories.

The months which elapsed between the execution of the King and the appearance in the Place de la Révolution of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette were thickly strewn with tragedy, particularly after the final conflict between the Gironde and the Mountain, and the decisive victory of the latter, resulting in the undisputed supremacy of the band of men in whom we now see the personification of the Reign of Terror.

Those portions of the narrative which describe the life of the queen at the Temple, and subsequently in the Conciergerie, are founded strictly upon fact. Of the treatment accorded to the little Dauphin by Simon, who is given much prominence

in the story, it need only be said that it falls far short of the truth as it is to be found in numberless memoirs and documents. There is nothing in all history more touching and heart-rending than the fate of this innocent child, who was literally done to death by sheer brutality in less than two years; nor is there any one of the excesses committed by the extreme revolutionists which has done more to cause posterity to fail to realize the vast benefits which mankind owes to the Revolution, in the face of the unnamable horrors which were perpetrated in its name.

The noble answer of Marie Antoinette to the unnatural charges brought against her by Hébert (not Simon) was actually made at her trial.

There is no direct historical authority for the various attempts herein detailed to effect the escape of the Queen, although rumors of such were circulating unceasingly. The titular hero of the book is not an historical personage, nor are Maurice Lindey and Lorin; but the latter are faithful representatives of a by no means small class of sincere and devoted republicans who turned aside with shrinking horror from the atrocities of the Terror.

The mutual heroism of Maurice and Lorin in the final catastrophe reminds us of the similar conduct of Gaston in the "Regent's Daughter" when he fails to reach Nantes with the reprieve until the head of one of his comrades had fallen. Nor can one avoid a thought of Sydney Carton laying down his life for Charles Darnay, in Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," wherein the horrors of the Terror are so vividly pictured.

One must go far to seek for a more touching and pathetic love-episode than that of Maurice and Geneviève, whose sinning, if sinning it was, was forced upon them by the cold and unscrupulous Dixmer in the pursuit of his one unchangeable idea.

On the 16th of October, 1793, the daughter of the Cæsars lost her life through the instrumentality of the machine which we saw Cagliostro exhibit to her in a glass of water at the Château de Taverney more than twenty years before. Then she was in

the bloom of youth and beauty, a young queen coming to reign over a people who had just begun to realize their wrongs and their power. To-day she is a woman of thirty-eight, prematurely aged, but bearing about her still the noble dignity of her ancient race, and proving anew, as Charles I. had proved, and as her own husband had proved, that the near approach of death brings forth the noblest qualities in those of royal lineage.

We cannot better end this brief note than by quoting the characteristic but powerful apostrophe of Carlyle in his essay upon the "Diamond Necklace."

"Beautiful Highborn, thou wert so foully hurled low! For if thy being came to thee out of old Hapsburg dynasties, came it not also (like my own) out of Heaven? Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy: of thy birth, soft-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of Heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendor: and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier-Tinville's judgment bar was but the merciful end? Look there, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care: the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads: the air deaf with their triumph yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang: her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face which she hides with her hands. There is, then, no heart to say, God pity thee? O think not of these: think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the Crucified,—who also treading the wine-press alone, fronted sorrow still deeper: and triumphed over it, and made it holy: and built of it a Sanctuary of Sorrow for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of

thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light,—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block: the axe rushes—Dumb lies the World: that wild-yelling World and all its madness is behind thee."

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Period, 1793. Marie Antoinette, } The Dauphin, } prisoners at the Temple. Madame Royale, } The Princess Elizabeth, } Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, } M. Dixmer, }engaged in an attempt to rescue the Queen. Geneviève, his wife, } Sophie Tison, } Lieutenant Maurice Lindey, a patriot, in love with Geneviève. Maximilien-Jean Lorin, his friend. Santerre, Commandant of the Parisian National Guard. Simon, a cobbler. President Harmand, of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser. M. Giraud, the city architect. Chauveau Lagarde, counsel for the Queen. Jean Paul Marot, } Robespierre, } Danton, } Chénier, } Montagnards. Hébert, } Fabre d'Églantine, } Collot d'Herbois, } Robert Lindet, } MM. Vergniaud, } Féraud, } Brissot, } Louvet, }Girondins. Pétion, } Valazé, } Lanjuinais, } Barbaroux, } MM. Roland, } Servien, } Clavières, }of the French Ministry, August, 1793. Le Brun, } and Monge, } Generals Dumouriez, } Miacrinski, } Steingel, } Neuilly, }officers commanding the French armies on the frontiers. Valence, } Dampierre, } Miranda, } Henriot, Commandant-General of the National Guard. Citizen Devaux, of the National Guard. Citizens Tonlan, } Lepître, } Agricola, }of the Municipal Guard. Mercevault, } Grammont, Adjutant-Major. Tison, employed at the Temple Prison. Madame Tison, his wife. Arthémise, ex-dancer at the opera. Abbé Girard. Dame Jacinthe, his servant. Turgy, an old waiter of Louis XVI., attending the royal family at the Temple. Muguet, femme-de-chambre of Dixmer. Madame Plumeau, hostess of an alehouse near the Temple. Agesilaus, servant to Maurice Lindey. Aristide, concierge at Maurice's house. Gracchus, a turnkey at the Conciergerie. Richard, jailer at the Conciergerie. Madame Richard, his wife. Duchesse, }Gendarmes at the Conciergerie. Gilbert, } Sanson, the executioner.

CONTENTS.

Chapter Page I. The Enrolled Volunteers 1 II. The Unknown 13 III. The Rue des Fossés Saint Victor 22 IV. Manners of the Times 30 V. What Sort of Man the Citizen Maurice Lindey was 40 VI. The Temple 46 VII. The Oath of the Gamester 57 VIII. Geneviève 68 IX. The Supper 79 X. Simon the Shoemaker 90 XI. The Billet 100 XII. Love 110 XIII. The Thirty-First of May 141 XIV. Devotion 148 XV. The Goddess Reason 157 XVI. The Prodigal Child 163 XVII. The Miners 171 XVIII. Clouds 182 XIX. The Request 191 XX. The Flower-Girl 200 XXI. The Crimson Carnation 207 XXII. Simon the Censor 215 XXIII. Arthémise 222 XXIV. The Mother and Daughter 231 XXV. The Conspiracy 240 XXVI. The Little Dog Jet 252 XXVII. The Muscadin 263 XXVIII. The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge 273 XXIX. The Patrol 282 XXX. The Password 292 XXXI. The Search 300 XXXII. The Fire 309 XXXIII. The Morrow 322 XXXIV. The Conciergerie 326 XXXV. La Salle des Pas-Perdus 337 XXXVI. The Citizen Théodore 347 XXXVII. The Citizen Gracchus 355 XXXVIII. The Royal Child 361 XXXIX. The Bouquet of Violets 372 XL. The Tavern of Noah's Well 384 XLI. The Registrar of the Minister of War 392 XLII. The Two Billets 399 XLIII. The Preparations of Dixmer 405 XLIV. The Preparations of the Chevalier 412 XLV. The Inquiry 420 XLVI. The Sentence 429 XLVII. The Priest and the Executioner 437 XLVIII. The Cart 445 XLIX. The Scaffold 453 L. The Visit to the Domicile 461 LI. Lorin 466 LII. Sequel to the Preceding 475 LIII. The Duel 482 LIV. The Salle des Morts 490 LV. Why Lorin went out 502 LVI. Long Live Simon! 505

LE CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENROLLED VOLUNTEERS.

It was on the evening of the 10th of March, 1793, ten o'clock was striking from Notre Dame, and each stroke sounding, emitted a sad and monotonous vibration.

Night had fallen on Paris, not boisterous and stormy, but cold, damp, and foggy. Paris itself at that time was not the Paris of our day, glittering at night with thousands of reflected lights,—the Paris of busy promenades, of lively chat, with its riotous suburbs, the scene of audacious quarrels, and daring crime,— but a fearful, timid, busy city, whose few and scattered inhabitants, even in crossing from one street to another, ran concealing themselves in the darkness of the alleys, and ensconcing themselves behind their portes-cochères, like wild beasts tracked by the hunters to their lair.

As we have previously said, it was the evening of the 10th of March, 1793. A few remarks upon the critical situation of the country, which had produced the changed aspect of the capital, before we commence stating the events the recital of which form the subject of this history.

France, by the death of Louis XVI., had become at variance with all Europe. To the three enemies she had first combated,—that is to say, Prussia, the Empire, and Piedmont,—were now joined England, Holland, and Spain. Sweden and Denmark alone preserved their old neutrality, occupied as they were besides in beholding Catharine II. devastating Poland.

The state of affairs was truly frightful. France, more respected as a physical power, but less esteemed as a moral one, since the massacres of September and the execution of the 21st of January, was literally blockaded, like a simple town, by the whole of Europe. England was on our coasts, Spain upon the Pyrenees, Piedmont and Austria on the Alps, Holland and Prussia to the north of the Pays-Bas, and with one accord from the Upper Rhine to the Scheldt two hundred and fifty thousand combatants marched against the Republic. Our generals were repulsed in every direction. Miacrinski had been obliged to abandon Aix-la-Chapelle, and draw back upon Liege; Steingel and Neuilly were driven back upon Limbourg; while Miranda, who besieged Maestricht, fell back upon Tongres. Valence and Dampierre, reduced

to beat a retreat, did so with a loss of half their number. More than ten thousand deserters had already abandoned the army, and cleverly scattered themselves in the interior. At last the Convention, having no hope except in Dumouriez, despatched courier after courier, commanding him to quit the borders of the Biesboos (where he was preparing to embark for Holland), and return to take the command of the army of the Meuse.

Sensitive at heart, like an animate body, France felt at Paris—that is to say, at its core—each and every blow levelled at it by invasion, revolt, or treason, even from quarters the most distant. Each victory was a riot of joy; every defeat an insurrection of terror. It is therefore easy to comprehend what tumult was produced by the news of these successive losses which we had just experienced.

On the preceding evening, the 9th of March, they had had at the Convention a sitting more stormy than usual; all the officers had received orders to join their regiments at the same time, and Danton, that audacious proposer of improbable things (but which nevertheless were accomplished),—Danton mounting the tribune, cried out, "Soldiers are wanting, say you? Offer Paris an opportunity of saving France. Demand from her thirty thousand men, send them to Dumouriez; and not only is France saved, but Belgium is secured, and Holland is conquered." This proposition had been received with shouts of enthusiasm, registers had been opened in all the sections, calling on them to assemble in the evening. Places of public amusement were closed to avoid all distraction, and the black flag was hoisted at the Hôtel de Ville, in token of distress. Before midnight, five and thirty thousand names were inscribed on the registers; only this evening, as it had before occurred in September, in every section, while inscribing their names, the enrolled Volunteers had demanded that before their departure the traitors might be punished.

The traitors were in fact the "contre-revolutionists,"—the hidden conspirators who from within menaced the Revolution, thus menaced from without. But as may be

easily understood, the word "traitor" extended to all those to whom the extreme parties who at this period tore France wished to apply it. The traitors were the weaker party; as the Girondins were the weakest, the Montagnards decided that the Girondins must be the traitors.

On the next day, which was the 10th of March, all the Montagnard deputies were present at the sitting. The Jacobins, armed, filled the tribunes, after having turned out the women; the mayor presented himself with the Council of the Commune, confirming the report of the Commissioners of the Convention respecting the devotedness of the citizens, but repeating the wish, unanimously expressed the preceding evening, for a Tribunal Extraordinary appointed to judge the traitors. The report of the Committee was instantly demanded with loud vociferations. The Committee met immediately, and in five minutes afterward Robert Lindet declared that a Tribunal would be formed, composed of nine judges (independent of all forms, and acquiring proof by every means), divided into two permanent sections, and prosecuting, by order of the Convention or directly, all those who were found guilty in any way of attempting to mislead the people.

This was a sweeping clause, and the Girondins, understanding it as their death-warrant, rose en masse. Death, cried they, rather than submit to the establishment of this Venetian inquisition.

The Montagnards, in reply to this apostrophe, demanded to put the matter to the vote in loud tones. "Yes," exclaimed Féraud, "let us vote to make known to the world the men who are willing to assassinate innocence under the mask of the law." They voted at length; and against all expectation the majority decided—(1) that they would have juries; (2) that these juries should be of equal numbers in the departments; (3) that they should be nominated by the Convention. At the moment when these three propositions were approved, loud cries were heard; but the Convention, accustomed to receive occasional visits from the populace, inquired

their wishes, and were informed in reply that it was merely a deputation of enrolled Volunteers, who, having dined at the Halle-au-Blé, demanded to be permitted to display their military tactics before the Convention.

The doors were opened immediately, and six hundred men, armed with swords, pistols, and pikes, apparently half-intoxicated, filed off amid shouts of applause, and loudly demanded the death of the traitors. "Yes," replied Collot d' Herbois, addressing them, "yes, my friends, we will save you—you and liberty—notwithstanding their intrigues." These words were followed by an angry glance toward the Girondins, which plainly intimated they were not yet beyond reach of danger. In short, the sitting of the Convention terminated, the Montagnards scattered themselves among other clubs, running first to the Cordeliers and then to the Jacobins, proposing to place the traitors beyond the reach of the law by cutting their throats that very night.

The wife of Louvet resided in the Rue Saint Honoré, near the Jacobins. She, hearing these vociferations, descended, entered the club, and heard this proposition; then quickly retraced her steps, and warned her husband of the impending danger. Louvet, hastily arming himself, ran from door to door to alarm his friends, but found them all absent; then fortunately ascertaining from one of the servants they had gone to Pétion's house, he followed them there. He found them quietly deliberating over a decree which ought to be presented on the morrow, and which by a chance majority they hoped to pass. He related what had occurred, communicated his fears, informed them of the plot devised against them by the Cordeliers and Jacobins, and concluded by urging them on their side to pursue some active and energetic measure.

Then Pétion rose, calm and self-possessed as usual, walked to the window, opened it, looked at the sky, and then extended his hand, which he drew in covered with moisture. "It rains," said he; "there will be nothing to-night."

Through this half-opened window the last vibration of the clock was heard striking

ten.

Such were the occurrences of the 10th of March and the evening preceding it,—occurrences which, in this gloomy obscurity and menacing silence, rendered the abodes destined to shelter the living like sepulchres peopled by the dead. In fact, long patrols of the National Guard, preceded by men marching with fixed bayonets, troops of citizens, armed at hazard, pushing against each other, gendarmes closely examining each doorway, and strictly scrutinizing every narrow alley,—these were the sole inhabitants who ventured to expose themselves in the streets. Every one instinctively understood that some unusual and terrible plot was in progress.

The cold and drizzling rain, which had tended so much to reassure Pétion, had considerably augmented the ill-humor and trouble of these inspectors, whose every meeting resembled preparation for combat, and who, after recognizing each other with looks of defiance, exchanged the word of command slowly and with a very bad grace. One would have said on seeing them separate and return to their several posts, that they mutually feared an attack from behind.

On the same evening, when Paris was a prey to one of these panics (so often renewed that they ought, in some measure, to have become habitual),—the evening on which the massacre of the lukewarm revolutionists was secretly debated, who after having voted (with reservation for the most part) the death of the king, recoiled to-day before the death of the queen, a prisoner in the Temple, with her children and her sister-in-law,—a woman, enveloped in a mantle of lilac printed cotton with black spots, her head almost buried in her hood, glided along the houses in the Rue Saint Honoré, seeking concealment under a door-porch, or in the angle of a wall, every time a patrol appeared, remaining motionless as a statue and holding her breath till he had passed, and once more pursuing her anxious course with increased rapidity, till some danger of a similar nature again compelled her to seek refuge in silence and immobility.

She had already (thanks to the precautions she had taken) travelled over with impunity part of the Rue Saint Honoré, when at the corner of the Rue de Grenelle she suddenly encountered, not a body of patrol, but a small troop of our brave enrolled Volunteers, who, having dined at the Halle-au-Blé, found their patriotism considerably increased by the numerous toasts they had drunk to their future victories. The poor woman uttered a cry, and made a futile attempt to escape by the Rue du Coq.

"Ah, ah, Citizen!" cried the chief of the Volunteers (for already, with the need of command natural to man, these worthy patriots had elected their chief), "Ah, where are you going?"

The fugitive made no reply, but continued her rapid movement.

"What sport!" said the chief; "it is a man disguised, an aristocrat who thinks to save himself."

The sound of two or three guns escaping from hands rather too unsteady to be depended upon, announced to the poor woman that her haste was a fatal mistake.

"No, no," cried she, stopping short, and retracing her steps; "no, Citizen; you are mistaken. I am not a man."

"Then advance at command," said the chief, "and reply to my questions. Where are you hastening to, charming belle of the night?"

"But, Citizen, I am not going anywhere. I am returning."

"Oh! returning, are you?"

"Yes."

"It is rather a late return for a respectable woman, Citizeness?"

"I am returning from visiting a sick relative."

"Poor little kitten!" said the chief, making a motion with his hand, before which the horrified woman quickly recoiled, "where is your passport?"

"My passport! What is that, Citizen? What do you mean?"

"Have you not read the decree of the Commune?"

"No."

"You have heard it proclaimed, then?"

"Alas, no! What, then, said this decree, in the name of God?"

"In the first place, we no longer say 'God'; we only speak of the 'Supreme Being' now."

"Pardon my error. It is an old custom."

"Bad habit—the habit of the aristocracy."

"I will endeavor to correct myself, Citizen; but you said—"

"I said that the decree of the Commune prohibited any one to go out, after ten at night, without a civic pass. Now, have you this civic pass?"

"Alas! no."

"You have forgotten it at your relative's?"

"I was ignorant of the necessity of taking it with me on going out."

"Then come with us to the first post; there you can explain all prettily to the captain; and if he feels perfectly satisfied with your explanation, he will depute two men to conduct you in safety to your abode, else you will be detained for further information. File left! forward! quick march!"

From the cry of terror which escaped the poor prisoner, the chief of the enrolled Volunteers understood how much the unfortunate woman dreaded this interview.

"Oh, oh!" said he, "I am quite certain we hold distinguished game. Forward, forward—to the route, my little ci-devant."

And the chief seizing the arm of the captive, placed it within his own, and dragged her, notwithstanding her cries and tears, toward the post of the Palais Egalité.

They were already at the top of the barrier of Sergents, when suddenly a tall young man, closely wrapped in a mantle, turned the corner of the Rue des Petits-Champs at the very moment when the prisoner was endeavoring, by renewing her supplications, to regain her liberty. But without listening the chief dragged her brutally forward. The woman uttered a cry of grief mingled with terror. The young man saw the struggle, heard the cry, and bounding from the opposite side of the street, found himself facing the little troop.

"What is all this? What are you doing to this woman?" demanded he of the person who appeared to be the chief.

"Before you question me, you had better attend to your own business."

"Who is this woman; and what do you want with her?" repeated the young man, in a still more imperative tone than at first.

"But who are you, that you interrogate us?"

The young man opened his cloak, when an epaulet was visible, glistening on his military costume.

"I am an officer," said he, "as you can see."

"Officer! In what?"

"In the Civic Guard."

"Well, what of that?" replied one of the troop. "What do we know here of the officers of the Civic Guard?"

"What is that he says?" asked another man, in a drawling and ironical tone peculiar to a man of the people, or rather of the Parisian populace, when beginning to be angry.

"He says," replied the young man, "that if the epaulet cannot command respect for the officer, the sword shall command respect for the epaulet."

At the same time, making a retrograde movement, the unknown defender of the

young woman had disengaged his arm from the folds of his mantle, and drawn from beneath it, sparkling by the glimmer of a lamp, a large infantry sabre. Then with a rapid movement which displayed his familiarity with similar scenes of violence, he seized the chief of the Volunteers by the collar of his jacket, and placing the point of the sabre to his throat, "Now," said he, "let us speak like friends."

"But, Citizen," said the chief, endeavoring to free himself.

"I warn you, that at the slightest movement made, either by you or any of your men, I pass my sabre through your body."

During this time two men belonging to the troop retained their hold of the woman.

"You have asked who I am," continued the young man, "which you had no right to do, since you do not command a regular patrol. However, I will inform you. My name is Maurice Lindey; I commanded a body of artillery-men on the 10th of August, am now lieutenant in the National Guards, and secretary to the section of Brothers and Friends. Is that sufficient?"

"Well, Citizen Lieutenant," replied the chief, still menaced with the blade, the point of which he felt pressing more and more, "this is quite another thing. If you are really what you say,—that is, a good patriot—"

"There, I knew we should soon understand each other," said the officer. "Now, in your turn, answer me: why did this woman call out, and what are you doing with her?"

"We are taking her to the guard-house."

"And why are you taking her there?"

"Because she has no civic pass, and the last decree of the Commune ordered the arrest of any and every individual appearing in the streets of Paris without one, after ten o'clock at night. Do you forget the country is in danger, and that the black flag floats over the Hôtel de Ville?"

"The black flag floats over the Hôtel de Ville, and the country is in danger, because two hundred thousand slaves march against France," replied the officer, "and not because a woman runs through the streets of Paris after ten o'clock at night. But never mind, citizens. There is a decree of the Commune, it is true, and you only did your duty; and if you had answered me at once, our explanation might have been a much shorter and probably a less stormy one. It is well to be a patriot, but equally so to be polite; and the first officer whom the citizens ought to respect is he, it seems to me, whom they themselves appointed. In the mean time, take the woman with you, if you please. You are at liberty to depart."

"Oh! Citizen," cried the woman, who had listened to the whole of this debate with the most intense anxiety,—"Oh! Citizen," she cried, seizing the arm of Maurice, "do not abandon me to the mercy of these rude and half-drunken men."

"Well, then," said Maurice, "take my arm, and I will conduct you with them as far as the Poste."

"To the Poste!" exclaimed the terrified woman, "and why to the Poste, when I have injured no one?"

"You are taken to the Poste," replied Maurice, "not because you have done any one wrong, or because you are considered capable of so doing, but on account of the decree issued by the Commune, forbidding any one to go out without a pass, and you have none."

"But, Monsieur, I was ignorant of the law."

"Citizen, you will find at the Poste brave and honorable men, who will fully appreciate your reasons, and from whom you have nothing to fear."

"Monsieur," said the young woman, pressing Maurice's arm, "it is no longer insult that I fear, it is death; if they conduct me to the Poste, I am lost."

CHAPTER II.

THE UNKNOWN.

There was in this voice an accent of so much terror, mingled with superiority, that Maurice was startled. Like a stroke of electricity, this vibrating voice had touched his heart. He turned toward the enrolled Volunteers, who were talking among themselves. Humiliated at having been held in check by a single individual, they were now consulting together with the visible intention of regaining their lost ground. They were eight against one; three were armed with guns, the remainder with pistols and pikes. Maurice wore only his sabre. The contest could not be an equal one. Even the woman comprehended this, as she held down her head and uttered a deep sigh.

As to Maurice, with his brows knit, his lip disdainfully curled, and his sabre drawn from its scabbard, he stood irresolute, fluctuating between the sentiments of a man and a citizen,—the one urging him to protect the woman, the other counselling him to give her up. All at once, at the corner of the Rue des Bons-Enfans, he saw the reflection of several muskets, and heard also the measured tread of a patrol, who, perceiving a crowd, halted within a few paces of the group, and through the corporal demanded, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," said Maurice. "A friend! Advance, Lorin!"

He to whom this order was addressed, placed himself at the head of his eight men, and quickly approached.

"Is it you, Maurice?" said the corporal. "Ah, libertine! what are you doing in the streets at this hour?"

"You see, I come from the section of Brothers and Friends."

"Yes; to visit that of sisters and friends. We know all about that.

"Ah, listen, ma belle, When the dusk midnight hour The church-bell shall toll, I will haste to thy bower; To thy side I will steal, Spite of bolts and of bars, And my love will reveal 'Neath the light of the stars.

Is it not so, eh?"

"No, friend, you are mistaken. I was on my way home when I discovered this citizen struggling in the hands of these citizen Volunteers, and ran up to inquire why they wished to detain her."

"It is just like you," said Lorin.

"For all the world knows that the fair sex so dear Has ever a friend in the French cavalier."

Then turning toward the Volunteers, "Why did you stop this woman?" inquired the poetical corporal.

"I have already told the lieutenant," replied the chief of the little troop, "because she had no pass."

"Bah! bah!" said Lorin, "a great crime, certainly."

"Are you then ignorant of the decree of the Commune?" demanded the chief of the Volunteers.

"Yes; but there is another clause which annuls that."

"Which?"

"Listen:—

"On Pindus and Parnassus, it is decreed by Love, That Beauty's witching face, That Youth and fairy Grace, Without a pass, by day or night, may through the city rove.

What do you say to this decree, Citizen? it is gallant, it seems to me."

"Yes; but it does not appear to me peremptory. In the first place it has not appeared in the 'Moniteur;' then we are neither upon Pindus nor Parnassus; it is not yet day; and lastly, the citizeness is perhaps neither graceful, young, nor fair."

"I wager the contrary," said Lorin. "Prove that I am in the right, Citizeness; remove your hood that all may judge if you come under the conditions of the decree."

"Monsieur," said the young woman, pressing closer to Maurice, "having saved me from your enemies, protect me now from your friends, I beseech you."

"You see," said the chief, "how she hides herself. In my opinion she is a spy of the aristocrats,—some street-walker."

"Oh, Monsieur!" said the young woman, stepping before Maurice, and discovering a face radiant with youth, rank, and beauty, visible by the light of the lamp, "do I look like what they have termed me?"

Maurice was dazzled. He had never even dreamed of beauty equal to that he had caught sight of for a moment, and only for a moment, since the unknown had again concealed her face in the hood as rapidly as she had unveiled it. "Lorin," said Maurice, in a whisper, "claim the prisoner, that you may conduct her to your post; you have a right to do so as chief of patrol."

"Very good," said the young corporal, "I understand with half a word."

Then, addressing himself to the unknown, "Let us go, ma belle," continued he; "since you will not afford us the proof that you are within the conditions of the decree, you must follow us."

"Why follow you?" said the chief of the enrolled Volunteers.

"Certainly. We shall conduct the citizeness to the post of the Hôtel de Ville, where we are on guard, and there she will be examined."

"Not so, not so," said the chief of the first troop; "she belongs to us, and we will keep her."

"Citizens, citizens," said Lorin, "you will make me angry!"

"Angry, or not angry, morbleu, it is equally the same to us. We are true soldiers of the Republic, and while you patrol the streets, we go to shed our blood on the frontier."

"Take care you do not shed it by the way, citizens, which is very likely to occur, if

you are not rather more polite than you are at present."

"Politeness is a virtue appertaining to the aristocracy, and we belong to the lower orders," replied the chief.

"Do not speak of these things before Madame," said Lorin, "perhaps she is an Englishwoman. Do not be angry at the supposition, my beautiful bird of the night," added he, gallantly, turning toward the unknown. "Doubtless you are conversant with the poets, and one of them tells us 'that England is a swan's nest situated in the midst of a large pond.'"

"Ah! you betray yourself," said the chief of the enrolled; "you avow yourself a creature of Pitt, in the pay of England. A—"

"Silence," said Lorin; "you do not understand poetry; therefore I must speak to you in prose. We are National Guards, affable and patient fellows enough, but still children of Paris,—that is to say, if we are provoked we strike rather hard."

"Madame," said Maurice, "from what you have now witnessed you can easily imagine what will soon follow. In five minutes ten or twelve men will be cutting one another's throats for you. Is the cause your defenders have embraced worthy of the blood they are about to shed?"

"Monsieur," replied the unknown, clasping her hands, "I can only assure you that if you permit me to be arrested, the result to myself will be dreadful, but to others fatal; and that rather than you should abandon me, I would beseech you to pierce me through the heart with the weapon you hold in your hand, and cast my corpse into the Seine."

"Madame," replied Maurice, "I will take all the responsibility upon myself;" and letting drop the hand of the lovely incognita which he held in his own,—

"Citizens," said he, addressing himself to the National Guard, "as an officer, as a patriot, and a Frenchman, I command you to protect this woman. And, Lorin, if any of these canaille say one word, put them to the bayonet."

"Carry arms!" cried Lorin.

"God of mercy!" cried the unknown, enveloping her head still closer in her hood, and supporting herself against a post, "O God! protect him!"

The Volunteers directly placed themselves on the defensive, and one among them fired his pistol, the ball passing through the hat of Maurice.

"Charge bayonets!" cried Lorin.

Then, in the darkness of night, a scene of struggling and confusion ensued, during which one or two shots were heard, followed by cries, imprecations, and blasphemies; but no one appeared, because, as we have said, a massacre was secretly debated, and it was believed that it had commenced. Two or three windows only were opened for an instant, but were immediately closed. Less in number, and worse armed, the enrolled Volunteers were in an instant defeated. Two were badly wounded and four others pinned against the wall, each with a bayonet at his breast.

"There," said Lorin, "I hope now you will remain as quiet as lambs. As for you, Citizen Maurice, I order you to conduct this woman to the post of the Hôtel de Ville. You understand you are answerable for her."

"Yes," said Maurice. Then, in a low tone, "And the password?" added he.

"The devil!" said Lorin, rubbing his ear, "the password; it is—"

"Do not fear I shall make a bad use of it."

"Faith," said Lorin; "make what use you like of it, that is your concern."

"Tell me then," said Maurice.

"I will tell you all in good time, but let us first dispose of these tipsy fellows. Then, before we part, I shall not be sorry to give you a few words of advice."

"Well, I will wait."

Lorin then turned to his National Guards, who still kept the enrolled Volunteers in subjection.

"Now," said he, to the latter, "have you had sufficient?"

"Yes, dog of a Girondin," replied the chief.

"You deceive yourself, my friend," said Lorin, coolly; "we are better sans-culottes than yourselves, seeing that we belong to the club of Thermopyles, of whose patriotism no one, I hope, entertains a doubt. Let these citizens go," continued Lorin, "they resist no longer."

"It is not the less true that if this woman is an object of suspicion—"

"If she was a suspicious character she would have made her escape during this skirmish, and not, as you see she has done, waited till it had terminated."

"Hum!" said one of the Volunteers, "What the Citizen Thermopyle observes is quite true."

"Besides, we shall know, since my friend is going to conduct her to the Poste, while we go and drink to the health of the nation."

"Are we going to drink?" said the chief.

"Certainly, I am very thirsty, and I know a pretty little cabaret at the corner of the Rue Thomas du Louvre."

"Why did you not say so at once, Citizen? We are sorry to have doubted your patriotism; and to prove it, let us, in the name of the nation and the law, embrace each other as friends."

"Let us embrace," said Lorin.

And the enrolled Volunteers and the National Guards embraced with warm enthusiasm. At this period the French people were as anxious to embrace as to behead one another.

"Let us now go," cried the two united troops, "to the corner of the Rue Thomas du Louvre."

"And we," said one of the wounded, in a plaintive voice, "do you intend to abandon

us here?"

"Ah, well! yes," said Lorin, "abandon the heroes who have fallen bravely fighting for their country against patriots—it is true by mistake, but still true for all that; we will send you some wheelbarrows. Meanwhile you can sing the Marseillaise, it will divert you."

Then approaching Maurice, who was waiting for him, with the unknown, at the corner of the Rue du Coq, while the National Guards and enrolled Volunteers arm-in-arm retraced their steps toward the square of the Palais-Egalité,—

"Maurice," said he, "I promised you some counsel, and it is this. Be persuaded to accompany us, rather than compromise yourself by protecting this young woman, who, it is true, is very charming, and on that account not the less to be suspected; for charming women who run about the streets of Paris at midnight—"

"Sir," said the young woman, "judge me not from appearances, I implore you."

"In the first place, you say sir, and that is a great fault. Do you understand, Citizeness, what I say?"

"Of course I do, Citizen; but allow your friend to accomplish his kind action."

"In what way?"

"By conducting me home, and protecting me on my road."

"Maurice, Maurice," said Lorin, "consider well what you are about; you will compromise yourself terribly."

"I know it well," said the young man; "but what would you have me do? If I leave the poor woman, she will be stopped at every step by the patrols."

"Oh, yes, yes! while with you, sir,—while with you, Citizen, I meant to say, I shall be safe."

"You hear," said Lorin, "safe! She then runs great danger?"

"My dear Lorin," said Maurice, "let us be just. She must be either a good compatriot

or an aristocrat. If she is an aristocrat, we have erred in protecting her; if she is a good patriot, it is our duty to preserve her."

"Your pardon, friend; I am sorry for Aristotle, but your logic is at fault. See what he says:—

"Iris my reason steals away, And yet she tells me to be wise; Oh, lady! I can only say, Then turn away those glorious eyes."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "a truce to Dorat, to Parny, and to Gentil-Bernard, I pray you. Speak seriously; will you, or will you not, give me the password?"

"That is to say, Maurice, you place me in this dilemma,—I must either sacrifice my duty to my friend, or my friend to my duty; but I fear, Maurice, my duty will fall the sacrifice."

"Decide, then, for one or the other, my friend; but in the name of Heaven, decide quickly."

"You will not abuse it?"

"I promise you."

"That is not sufficient; swear!"

"Upon what?"

"Swear upon the altar of your country."

Lorin pulled off his hat, presenting to Maurice the side with the cockade, and Maurice, finding the affair very simple, took, without smiling, the oath required upon this improvised altar.

"Now, then," said Lorin, "this is the password—France and Lutèce; perhaps you would say, France and Lucrèce; but let that pass, it is Roman all the same."

"Fair Citizeness," said Maurice, "I am now at your service. Thanks, Lorin."

"Bon voyage," cried Lorin, replacing on his head "the altar of his country," and faithful to his Anacreontic taste, departed singing:—

"Eleonora, Eleonora! Now I've taught you how to love, Tell your passionate adorer Does the lesson weary prove?"

CHAPTER III.

THE RUE DES FOSSES SAINT VICTOR.

Maurice finding himself alone with the young woman felt for the moment deeply embarrassed. The fear of being duped, attracted by her marvellous beauty, troubled his conscience as a pure and exalted Republican, and caused him to hesitate when about to offer her the support of his arm.

"Where are you going, Citizeness?" said he.

"Alas, sir, a long way from here," replied she.

"But how far?"

"By the side of the Jardin des Plantes."

"It is some distance; let us proceed on our way."

"Ah, sir!" said the unknown; "I plainly perceive I am a burden to you; but indeed it is no ordinary danger that I incur. Were it not so, believe me, I should not abuse your generosity."

"But, Madame," said Maurice, who during this tête-à-tête had totally forgotten the language imposed by the Republican vocabulary, and returned to the language of a gentleman, "how is it, in all conscience, that at this hour you are found in the streets of Paris, where, with the exception of ourselves, you do not see a solitary individual?"

"I have told you, sir; I have been paying a visit to the Faubourg du Roule. Leaving home at mid-day, and knowing nothing of what had taken place, I returned in equal ignorance, all my time having been spent in deep retirement."

"Yes," murmured Maurice, "in some retired house, the resort of the aristocrats. Confess, Citizeness, that, while outwardly demanding my protection, you laugh in

your sleeve at my egregious folly."

"Why should I act thus?"

"You are aware that a Republican is your guide. Well, this Republican betrays his cause, that is all."

"But, Citizen," quickly rejoined the unknown, "I, as well as you, love the Republic; you labor under a mistake concerning me."

"Then, Citizeness, if you are a good patriot, you can have no cause for concealment. Where do you come from?"

"Monsieur, excuse me."

There was in this "monsieur" so much sweetness and modesty of expression, that Maurice believed it to be founded on some sentiment concealed.

"Surely," said he, "this woman is returning from some assignation."

At this moment, without knowing why, he felt deeply oppressed at this thought, and for a short time he remained silent.

When these two nocturnal promenaders had reached the Rue de la Verrerie, after having encountered three or four patrols, who, thanks to the password, allowed them free passage, the last watchman appeared somewhat suspicious. Maurice found it necessary to give his name and residence.

"That is all that is required from you," said the officer; "but the citizeness, who is she?"

"The sister of my wife."

The officer permitted them to pass.

"You are then married, sir?" murmured the unknown.

"No, Madame; why do you think so?"

"Then," said she, laughing, "you had better have said I was your wife."

"Madame," said Maurice, "the name of wife is rather too sacred to be lightly bestowed. I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

The unknown in her turn felt an oppression of the heart, and remained silent and confused. At this moment they crossed the Bridge Marie. The young woman quickened her pace as they approached the end of their journey. They crossed the Bridge de la Tournelle.

"We are now, I believe, in your quarter," said Maurice, planting his foot on the Quai Saint Bernard.

"Yes, Citizen," replied the young woman; "but it is precisely here I most require your kind assistance."

"Really, Madame," said Maurice, "you forbid me to be indiscreet, yet do all in your power to excite my curiosity. This is not generous. Grant me your confidence. I have merited it, I think. Will you not do me the honor to tell me to whom I speak?"

"You speak, sir," said the unknown, smiling, "to a woman whom you have saved from the greatest danger she has ever encountered; to one who owes you a debt of everlasting gratitude."

"I do not require so much, Madame; be less grateful, and pending the second we shall yet be together, tell me your name."

"Impossible!"

"You would have told it nevertheless to the first sectionary, if you had been taken to the station."

"No, never!" exclaimed the unknown.

"But in that case you would have gone to prison."

"I had considered all that."

"And prison at this moment—"

"Means the scaffold; I know all that."

"And you would have preferred the scaffold?"

"To treason,—to discover my name would be treason."

"I said truly, you compel me to act a singular part for a Republican!"

"You act the part of a truly generous man. You find a poor woman subjected to insult; you do not contemn her because she might be 'one of the people,' but that she may be exempted from fresh annoyances, to save her from shipwreck, you reconduct her to the miserable quarter she inhabits."

"As far as appearances go, you state the matter correctly, and I might have credited you, had I never either seen you or heard you speak; but your beauty and mode of expression stamp you as a woman of distinction, and it is just this distinction, in opposition to your costume and this miserable quarter, which proves to me that your absence from home at this unseasonable hour conceals some mystery. You are silent. We will speak no more. Are we far from your house, Madame?"

At this moment they entered the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor.

"You see that small dark building," said the unknown to Maurice, pointing toward a house situated beyond the walls of the Jardin des Plantes. "When we reach there you must quit me."

"Very well, Madame, issue your orders; I am here only to obey."

"You are angry."

"I angry?—not the least in the world; besides, what does it matter to you?"

"It matters much, since I have yet a favor to ask of you."

"What is that?"

"A kind and frank adieu,—the farewell of a friend."

"The farewell of a friend! Oh, Madame, you do me too great an honor. A singular friend, not to know the name of his friend, who even conceals from him where she resides, no doubt from the fear of being too much troubled with his company."

The young woman hung down her head, but did not reply to this sarcasm.

"As to the rest, Madame," continued Maurice, "if I have discovered a secret, I did so involuntarily, and without any effort on my part to do so."

"I have now reached my destination, sir," said the unknown.

They were opposite the old Rue Saint Jacques, lined with tall dark-looking houses, intersected by obscure narrow alleys, leading to streets occupied by manufactories and tanyards, as within two steps ran the little river De Bièvre.

"Here!" said Maurice, "is it here that you live?"

"Yes."

"Impossible!"

"It is so, nevertheless. And now, adieu! my brave chevalier, my generous protector, adieu!"

"Adieu! Madame," said Maurice, with slight irony of tone, "but first again assure me you run no further risk of danger."

"None whatever."

"In that case I will leave you."

Maurice then bowed coldly and retired a few paces. The unknown remained standing for an instant in the same place.

"I do not like to take my leave of you thus," said she. "Come, Monsieur Maurice, your hand."

Maurice approached, and held out his hand, and then felt the young woman slip a ring on his finger.

"Oh, Citizen! what have you done? Do you not perceive that you have lost one of your rings?"

"Sir, you wrong me much."

"The crime of ingratitude is wanting in me; is it not so, Madame?"

"Come, I beseech you, sir—my friend, do not leave me thus. What do you wish to know? What do you ask?"

"Payment—is it not so?" said the young man, bitterly.

"No," said the unknown, with a bewitching expression; "but forgive me the secrecy I am obliged to preserve toward you."

Maurice, seeing in the obscurity those beautiful eyes wet with tears, feeling the pressure of that soft hand reposing between his own, hearing the accents of that persuasive voice, which had almost descended to the depths of prayer, felt his anger all at once yield to admiration.

"What do I ask?" said he. "To see you again."

"Impossible! utterly impossible."

"If only for once—one hour, a minute, a second."

"I tell you it is impossible."

"Do you tell me seriously," said Maurice, "that I shall never see you again!"

"Never," said the unknown, in a desponding tone.

"Madame," said Maurice, "you certainly jest with me." Then, raising his noble head, he shook his hanging curls like a man wishing to escape from some power which, in spite of himself, still bound him. The unknown regarded him with an undefinable expression. It was evident she had not altogether escaped the sentiment she had inspired.

"Listen," said she, after a moment's silence, interrupted only by a sigh, which Maurice had in vain endeavored to suppress. "Swear to me, upon your honor, to shut your eyes the moment I desire you to do so, and to keep them closed while you count sixty. Mind, upon your honor."

"If I swear, what will happen to me?"

"It will happen that I will prove my gratitude to you in a manner that I faithfully promise you I will never again to any other person, should he even do more for me than you have done, which would be no easy matter."

"But, at least, am I not to know—"

"No; trust to me. You will see—"

"In truth, Madame, I know not whether you are angel or demon."

"Will you swear it?"

"Yes; I swear to do as you desire me."

"Whatever occurs, you will not open your eyes—whatever happens. You understand? even if you should feel yourself struck with a poniard."

"You bewilder me. My word of honor required with so much urgency?"

"Swear, then, Monsieur. It appears to me that you run no great risk in so doing."

"Well, I swear," said Maurice, "whatever may happen," closing his eyes.

He hesitated.

"Let me see you only once more—only once more," said he. "I entreat you."

The young woman let fall her hood, with a smile not quite free from coquetry, when, by the light of the moon, which at this moment shed its lustre between two clouds, he again beheld, for the second time, the raven hair hanging in masses of shining curls, the beautifully arched and pencilled eyebrows overshadowing the almond-shaped eyes, so soft and languishing, an exquisitely formed nose, and lips fresh and brilliant as coral.

"Oh, you are beautiful, lovely, divine!" said Maurice.

"Shut your eyes," said the unknown.

Maurice obeyed.

The young woman took both his hands within her own, and placed him in the

desired position.

Suddenly he felt a warm perfume pervade his face, and lips slightly touch his mouth, leaving between his lips the disputed ring.

All passed rapid as thought. Maurice experienced a sensation almost amounting to pain, so deep was it and unexpected, penetrating to his very inmost soul.

He made a brusque movement, and extended his arms before him.

"Your oath!" said a voice, already in the distance.

Maurice clasped his hands over his eyes the more strenuously to resist the strong inclination he felt to perjure himself. He counted no more; he thought no more, but remained tottering, his nerves totally unstrung.

In about an instant he heard a noise like that of a door closing a few paces distant from him; then again everything was silent. Then he removed his hand, and opened his eyes, looking round about him like a man just awakened from a deep sleep, and might, perhaps, have fancied all that had occurred a passing dream, had he not held between his lips the identical ring, proving that the adventure, however incredible, was an incontestable reality.

CHAPTER IV.

MANNERS OF THE TIMES.

When Maurice came to himself, he looked around, but saw only the gloomy, dirty alleys extending to his right and left. He essayed to find out exactly where he was, that he might recognize it again; but his mind was disturbed, the night was dark, and the moon, which for a moment had appeared to light up the lovely face of the fair unknown, had again retired behind the clouds. The young man, after a moment of cruel incertitude, retraced his steps toward his own house, situated in the Rue de Roule.

Arriving at the Rue Sainte Avoie, Maurice was much surprised at the number of

patrols in motion in that quarter of the Temple.

"What is the matter now, Sergeant?" inquired he, of the chief of patrol, who, all on the alert, had just been thoroughly searching the Rue des Fontaines.

"What is it?" said the sergeant. "It is this, mon officier. It was intended this night to carry off the woman Capet, and the whole nest besides."

"How was that?"

"A band of Royalists had, I do not know how, procured the password, and introduced themselves into the Temple in the costume of chasseurs of the National Guard. Fortunately, he who represented the corporal, when speaking to the officer on guard, addressed him as 'Monsieur.' He sold himself,—the aristocrat!"

"The devil!" said Maurice; "and have they not arrested the conspirators?"

"No. The Royalists reached the street, and dispersed."

"And is there any hope of capturing any of these fellows?"

"There is only one among the number of sufficient importance to arrest,—that is the chief, a very slight man, who had been introduced among the men on guard by one of the municipals of the service. We gave the villain chase, but he found a door behind, and fled through the Madelonnettes."

Under any other circumstances, Maurice would have remained for the rest of the night with the patriots who guarded the safety of the Republic; but since one short hour, love of country was no longer his sole engrossing thought. He continued his way, and the tidings he had just learned were soon banished from his mind by the recent stirring events in which he had himself taken so active a part. Besides, these pretended attempts at rescue had become very frequent, and the patriots themselves were aware that under certain circumstances politicians made use of them to advance their own ends; therefore, this news caused our young Republican no great disquietude.

On returning home, Maurice found his "official" (at this epoch they had no longer servants),—Maurice, say we, found his official waiting, but who, while waiting, had fallen asleep, and while sleeping snored uneasily. He awoke him, and with all due regard for his fellow-man, made him pull off his boots, then dismissed him, that he might not interrupt his cogitations, and jumping into bed, it being very late, and he also having youth on his side, slept soundly, notwithstanding the preoccupation of his thoughts.

The next day he discovered a letter on his table-de-nuit. This letter was written in a clear, elegant hand, but unknown to him. He looked at the seal. Engraved on it was the single English word, "Nothing." The letter merely contained these words, "Thank you. Everlasting gratitude in exchange for everlasting forgetfulness." Maurice summoned his domestic (the true patriot never rang, the bell denoted servility; indeed, many officials only entered the service of their masters on this express condition).

The official of Maurice had received, nearly thirty years before, at the baptismal font, the name of John; but in '92 he was, by private authority, rebaptized (John savoring of Aristocracy and Deism), and now called himself "Scævola."

"Scævola," demanded Maurice, "do you know where this letter came from?"

"No, Citizen."

"Who brought it to you?"

"The concierge."

"And who brought it to him?"

"A messenger, no doubt, since it has no post-mark."

"Go down, and request the concierge to walk up."

The concierge complied, because it was Maurice who made the request, and he was much beloved by all the officials with whom he was concerned in any way; but at

the same time the concierge declared that had it been any other tenant, he should have asked him to walk down.

The concierge was called Aristide.

Maurice interrogated him. It was a stranger who had brought the letter, about eight in the morning. The young man multiplied his questions, and varied them in every possible shape, but could elicit nothing further. Maurice requested his acceptance of six francs, also desiring, if this stranger again presented himself, that he would follow him, without appearing to do so, and inform him (Maurice) where he went.

We hasten to say, that, much to the satisfaction of Aristide, who felt himself rather insulted by this proposition, the man returned no more.

Maurice remained alone, crushing the letter with vexation; he drew the ring from his finger, and placed it with the crumpled letter upon the table-de-nuit, then turned toward the wall, with the foolish idea of sleeping afresh; but at the end of an hour Maurice, relinquishing his attempted coolness, kissed the ring and re-read the letter. The ring was a splendid sapphire; the letter, as we have said, was a charming little billet, displaying its aristocracy in every line.

As Maurice re-read and examined it, the door opened. Maurice hastily replaced the ring on his finger, and concealed the note under his pillow. Was this the modesty of newly awakened love; or was it the shame of a patriot, who would not wish it to be known that he was in relation with people imprudent enough to write such a billet, of which the perfume alone was sufficient to compromise both the hand that penned it and the hand that received it?

He who entered was a young man attired as a patriot, but a patriot of surpassing elegance. His jacket was composed of fine cloth, his breeches of cashmere, and his stockings of fine striped silk. As to his bonnet, it might have shamed from the elegance of its form and splendid purple color even those of the Trojan Paris himself. Added to all this, he carried in his belt a pair of pistols of the royal

manufacture of Versailles, and a short sabre like those of the pupils of Champ-de-Mars.

"Ah! thou sleepest, Brutus," said the new-comer, "and the country is in danger. Fi, donc!"

"No, Lorin," said Maurice, laughing, "I do not sleep, I dream."

"Yes, I understand, of Eucharis."

"Well, as for me, I cannot understand."

"Bah!"

"Of whom do you speak? Who is this Eucharis?"

"Why the woman—"

"What woman?"

"The woman of the Rue Saint Honoré,—the woman of the patrol, the unknown, the woman for whom you and I risked our heads last night."

"Oh, yes," said Maurice, who knew perfectly well what his friend would say, and only feigned ignorance, "the unknown."

"Well, who was she?"

"I know nothing about her."

"Was she pretty?"

"Pshaw!" said Maurice, pouting his lips disdainfully.

"A poor woman forgotten in some love adventure.

"Yes; weak creatures that we are, 'Tis Love that ever tortures man."

"Possibly," said Maurice, to whom such an idea was at this moment peculiarly repugnant, and who would have much preferred finding the unknown to be even a conspirator rather than a light woman.

"And where does she live?"

"I know nothing concerning her."

"Come, now; you know nothing, that's impossible!"

"Why so?"

"You escorted her back."

"She escaped from me at the Bridge Marie—"

"Escaped from you!" cried Lorin, with a roar of laughter; "a woman escape from you!

"Say, can the trembling dove elude The vulture,—tyrant of the air; The fawn, on whom the tiger rude Springs from his solitary lair."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "I wish you would accustom yourself to speak like other people. You annoy me horribly with your atrocious poetry."

"To speak like other people, indeed! Now, it appears to me I speak better than most people. I speak as the Citizen Demoustier, both in prose and poetry. As for my poetry, mon cher, I know a certain Emilie who does not consider it so bad. But to return to yours."

"My poetry!"

"No; your Emilie."

"Have I an Emilie?"

"Ah, ah! your gazelle may have turned tigress, and shown her teeth in a manner that may not have pleased you, although in love."

"I in love?" said Maurice, shaking his head.

"Yes, you in love.

"Deadly are the bolts of Jove, But deadlier far the shafts of love."

"Lorin," said Maurice, arming himself with a pipe-key which lay upon the table; "I swear that if you will spout verses I will whistle."

"Then let us talk politics; besides, that brought me here. Have you heard the news?"

"I know that Widow Capet wished to escape."

"Oh, that is nothing!"

"What more is there, then?"

"The famous Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is in Paris!"

"Is that true?" said Maurice, raising himself to a sitting posture. "When did he come?"

"Yesterday evening."

"But how?"

"Disguised as a chasseur of the National Guard. A woman who is thought to be an aristocrat, disguised as a woman of the people, took him the clothes to the barrier gate; an instant afterward they came in arm-in-arm. It was not till after they had passed that the suspicion of the sentinel was excited. He had seen the woman pass with a bundle and repass accompanied by a soldier, when it suddenly struck him something was wrong, and he ran after them. They had disappeared in a hôtel of the Rue Saint Honoré, where the door was opened as if by magic. The hôtel had a second point of egress, leading on to the Champs Elysées. Bon soir to the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge and his companion; they had both vanished. Our rulers will demolish the hôtel and guillotine the proprietor, but that will not deter the chevalier from renewing the attempt which has hitherto failed; it is four months since his first failure, and yesterday was his second."

"Is he not arrested?" demanded Maurice.

"Ah! well. Yes, mon cher, as well attempt to stop Proteus, arrest Proteus; you know the trouble Aristæus had to accomplish it,—

"'Pastor Aristæus, fugiens Peneïa Tempe.'"

"Take care," said Maurice, carrying the key to his mouth.

"Take care yourself, for this time you will not whistle at me, but at Virgil."

"That is very true, and as long as you do not translate him I have nothing to say. Now, to return to the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"We agree that he is a brave man."

"The fact is, that to undertake such things he must possess immense courage."

"Or intense adoration."

"Do you believe, then, in the love of the chevalier for the queen?"

"I do not believe it. I only mention what report says. Besides, she has turned the brains of so many others, that this would not be at all surprising. She once fascinated Barnave, they say."

"Never mind; the chevalier must have had confederates even in the Temple."

"Very possibly,—

"Love breaks through bars, And laughs at bolts."

"Lorin!"

"Ah! it is true."

"Then you think like the rest?"

"Why not?"

"Because according to your account the queen must have had already two hundred lovers."

"Two, three, four hundred. She is quite handsome enough for that. I do not say that she loves them; but in short, they love her. All the world beholds the sun, but the sun does not see all the world."

"You say, then, that the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge—"

"I say they are on his track at this moment, and if he escapes this time the bloodhounds of the Republic, he will be a cunning fox."

"And what does the Commune in all this affair?"

"The Commune is about to issue a decree, by which every house (like an open register) must display on the front the name of every inhabitant, both male and female. This is realizing the dream of the ancients,—why should there not be a window in every breast, that all the world may see what passes there?"

"An excellent idea that," said Maurice.

"To place windows in men's breasts?"

"No; but to place a list of names on every door."

Maurice felt, in fact, that this might be the means of assisting him to discover the unknown, or at least afford him some clew whereby he might be able to trace her.

"Is it not so?" said Lorin. "I have already betted this measure will secure us a batch of five hundred aristocrats. By the bye, we have received this morning, at our club, a deputation of enrolled Volunteers; they arrived conducted by our adversaries of last night, whom I had not abandoned till dead drunk,—they came, I tell you, with garlands of flowers and immortal crowns."

"Indeed," replied Maurice, laughing; "and how many were there?"

"They were thirty, and were shaved, wearing bouquets in their button-holes.

"'Citizens of the Club of Thermopyles,' said the orator, 'as true patriots, we wish the union of Frenchmen not to be interrupted by any misunderstanding; we therefore come to fraternize with you anew.'"

"Well, what then?"

"Then we again fraternized, and in this reiteration, as Diafoirus expresses himself, we raised an altar to the country, with the table of the secretary and two carafes in which the nosegays were deposited. As you were the hero of the feat, you were three times summoned to appear, that you might be crowned; but as you did not reply, seeing you were not present, and it was necessary to crown something, they crowned

the bust of Washington. This was the order of the ceremony."

As Lorin concluded this statement, which at this epoch had nothing of burlesque, a noise was heard proceeding from the street; and drums, first heard in the distance, now approached nearer and nearer. This, at that period, was the common way of issuing general orders.

"What is all that?" said Maurice.

"The proclamation of the decree of the Commune," said Lorin.

"I will run to the station," said Maurice, leaping from his bed, and calling his servant to assist him.

"I will return home and go to bed," said Lorin. "I had not two hours' sleep last night, thanks to those outrageous Volunteers. If they only fight a little, let me sleep; but if they fight much, come and fetch me."

"But why are you so smart to-day?" said Maurice, eyeing him all over as he rose to withdraw.

"Because on my way here I am obliged to pass the 'Rue Béthisy,' and in the Rue Béthisy, on the third flat, is a window which always opens when I pass."

"Then you do not fear being taken for a fop?"

"I a fop! I am, on the contrary, known for a French sans-culotte. But one must make some sacrifice to the softer sex. The worship of the country does not exclude that of love; indeed, one commands the other:—

"Our Republicans profess We should follow ancient lore; Beauty we prize none the less, That we love our freedom more.

Dare to whistle to that, and I denounce you as an aristocrat. Adieu, mon ami."

Lorin held out his hand to Maurice, which the young secretary cordially shook, and went out thinking of a sonnet to Chloris.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT SORT OF MAN THE CITIZEN MAURICE LINDEY WAS.

While Maurice Lindey, having dressed quickly, proceeds to the section of the Rue Lepelletier, of which, as we already know, he was secretary, we will endeavor to lay before the public the antecedents of this young man, introduced upon the scene by one of those impulses so familiar to powerful and generous natures.

The young man had spoken the plain truth the preceding evening, when in reply he had said his name was Maurice Lindey, resident in the Rue du Roule. He might have added he was a child of that half aristocracy accorded to the gentlemen of the robe. His ancestors, for two hundred years, had distinguished themselves by that invariable parliamentary opposition which had rendered so illustrious the names of Molé and Maupeou. His father, honest Lindey, who had passed his life grumbling against despotism, when on the fourteenth of July, '89, the Bastille had fallen by the hands of the people, died from sudden fright and the shock of seeing despotism replaced by a liberty militant, leaving his only son independent in fortune and republican in principle.

The Revolution which had closely followed this great event found Maurice in all the vigor and maturity of manhood befitting a champion about to enter the lists; his republican education improved by his assiduous attendance of the clubs, and by his reading all the pamphlets of that period. God alone knows how many Maurice had read. Deep and rational contempt for the hierarchy, philosophical consideration of the elements which form the social body, absolute denial of all nobility which is not personal, impartial appreciation of the past, ardor for new ideas, a sympathy with the people which was blended with a belief in aristocratic organizations,—such were the morals, not of the hero we should have chosen, but of him whom the journal from which we draw our facts has given us as the hero of our narrative.

As to his personal appearance he was in height five feet eight inches, from twenty-five to twenty-six years of age, and muscular as Hercules. His beauty was of

the cast characteristic of the Frank,—that is to say, fair complexion, blue eyes, curling chestnut hair, rosy cheeks, and ivory teeth.

After the portrait of the man comes the position of the citizen. Maurice, not rich, but still independent, bore a name much respected, and above all popular. Maurice, known by his liberal education and principles still more liberal than his education,—Maurice placed himself, so to speak, at the head of a party composed of all the young citizen-patriots. It was well that with the sans-culottes he passed for rather lukewarm, and with the sectionaries as rather foppish. But the sans-culottes no longer remembered his lukewarmness when they saw him snap in twain the knotted cudgels, and the sectionaries pardoned his elegance when he one day scientifically planted a blow between two eyes that had been for some time watching him in an offensive manner.

And now for the physical, moral, and civic combined. Maurice had assisted at the taking of the Bastille; he had been on the expedition to Versailles, had fought like a lion on the 10th of August; and in this memorable journey, it is only justice to observe, he had killed as many patriots as Swiss,—not being more willing to tolerate an assassin in a blouse than an enemy to the Republic in a red coat. It was he who in order to exhort the defenders of the château to surrender themselves, and to prevent the shedding of blood, threw himself before the mouth of a cannon which a Parisian artillery-man was about to discharge; it was he who by a window first entered the Louvre, regardless of the firing of five hundred Swiss and as many gentlemen in ambush; and when he perceived the signal of surrender, his avenging sword had already cut through more than ten uniforms. Then, seeing his friends leisurely massacring some prisoners, who having thrown down their arms and clasping their hands supplicated for life, he furiously attacked these friends, which gained for him a reputation worthy of the good days of Rome and of Greece. War declared, Maurice enrolled himself, and departed for the frontier in the rank of lieutenant, with the first 1500 volunteers the city sent against the invaders, which volunteers were each day

to be followed by 1500 others.

At the first battle in which he assisted—that is to say at Jemappes—he was struck by a ball, which after having divided the muscles of his shoulder lodged against the bone. The representative of the people knew Maurice, and sent him back to Paris for surgical treatment.

For a whole month, consumed by fever, he tossed upon his bed of suffering; but in January was able to resume his command, if not by name, at least in fact, of the club of Thermopyles,—that is to say of one hundred young men of the Parisian citizens, armed to oppose any attempt in favor of the tyrant Capet. And yet more, Maurice, with contracted brows, dilated eyes, and pale face, his heart filled with a strange mixture of moral hatred and physical pity, assisted, sword in hand, at the execution of the king, and perhaps he alone of all that throng remained silent when the head of the son of Saint Louis fell on the scaffold; and then Maurice only raised on high his redoubtable sabre, while his friends, loudly shouting Vive la liberté, omitted to notice that on this occasion at least one voice did not unite itself with their own.

This was the individual who on the morning of the 14th of March bent his steps toward the Rue Lepelletier, and of whose stormy career our history will furnish further details.

Toward 10 o'clock, Maurice reached the section of which he was the secretary. The commotion was great. The question in agitation was, to vote an address to the Convention in order to repress the conspiracies of the Girondins. They impatiently awaited the arrival of Maurice.

The only subject talked about was the return of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, the audacity with which this arch-conspirator had for the second time entered Paris, where he well knew a price was now fixed on his head.

To this circumstance was attributed the attempt made the preceding evening on the Temple, and each one expressed his hatred and indignation against the traitors and

aristocrats.

Contrary to the general expectation, Maurice appeared preoccupied and silent, wrote down the proclamation, finished his employment in three hours, demanded if the sitting had terminated, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, took his hat, and proceeded toward the Rue Saint Honoré.

Arrived there, Paris appeared quite different to him. He revisited the corner of the Rue du Coq, where during the night he had first seen the lovely unknown struggling in the hands of soldiers. Thence he proceeded to the Pont Marie, the same road he had travelled by her side, stopping where the different patrols had stopped them, repeating in the same places (as if they had preserved an echo of their words) the sentences exchanged between them; only it was now one o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun, shining brilliantly upon this walk, reminded him at every step of the occurrences of the past night.

Maurice crossed the bridges, and entered directly the Rue Victor, as it was then called.

"Poor woman," murmured Maurice, "she did not reflect yesterday that the duration of the night was only twelve hours, and that her secret would not in all probability last longer than the night. By the light of the sun, I will endeavor to find the door through which she vanished, and who knows but I may perhaps even see her at a window?"

He then entered the old Rue Saint Jacques, and placed himself in the same spot as the unknown had placed him on the preceding evening. For an instant he closed his eyes, perhaps foolishly expecting the kiss he had then received would again impress his lips. But he felt nothing but the remembrance; 'tis true that burned yet.

Maurice opened his eyes and saw two little streets, one to the right, the other to the left. They were muddy, dirty, and badly paved, furnished with barriers, cut by little bridges thrown over a kennel. There might be seen the beams of arches, nooks,

corners, and twenty doors propped up, fast falling into decay. Here was hard labor in all its misery, here was misery in all its hideousness. Here and there was a garden enclosed by a fence, others by palisades of poles, some by walls; skins were hanging in the out-houses, diffusing around that disgusting odor always arising from a tanyard.

Maurice's search lasted for nearly two hours, during which he found nothing, and divined nothing, and ten times he had retraced his steps to consider where he was. But all his efforts were in vain, his search was a fruitless one, as all trace of the young woman seemed to have been effaced by the fog and rain of the previous night.

"Truly," said Maurice, "I must be in a dream. This filthy place could not for an instant have afforded refuge for my beautiful fairy of last night."

There was, in this wild Republican, more real poetry than in his friend of the Anacreontic quatrains, since he clung to this idea, fearful to sully, even in thought, the spotless purity of the unknown. But all hope had now forsaken him.

"Adieu," said he; "mysterious beauty, you have treated me like a child and a fool. Would she have led me here if she really lived in this wretched locality? No; she would only pass as a swan over the infected marsh, and like a bird in the air leave no trace behind."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TEMPLE.

The same day and the same hour, when Maurice, disappointed and unhappy, repassed the Bridge de la Tournelle, several municipals, accompanied by Santerre, Commandant of the Parisian National Guard, made a visit of inquiry to the Temple, which had been transformed into a prison, since the 13th of August, 1792.

The visit was made especially to a portion of the third story, consisting of an antechamber and three rooms. One of these chambers was occupied by two females,

a young girl, and a child of nine years old, all dressed in mourning. The elder of the females was about seven or eight and thirty. She was seated at a table reading.

The second, whose age appeared twenty-eight or twenty-nine, was engaged on a piece of tapestry.

The young girl, who was about fourteen, was seated near the child, who, ill and in bed, closed his eyes as if asleep, although that was utterly impossible, owing to the noise made by the municipals. While some moved the beds, others examined their clothes and linen; the rest, when their search was concluded, remained rudely staring at the unfortunate prisoners, who never even raised their eyes,—the one from her book, the other from her embroidery, and the third from her brother.

The eldest of these women was tall, handsome, and very pale. She appeared to concentrate all her attention on her book, although in all probability her eyes read, but not her mind. One of the municipals approached her, brutally snatched away her book, and flung it into the middle of the room. The prisoner stretched her hand across the table, took up another book, and continued to read.

The Montagnard made a furious gesture, as if he would take away the second, as he had the first; but at this attempt, which startled the prisoner at her embroidery near the window, the young girl sprang forward, and encircling the reader's head with her arms, weeping, exclaimed, "My poor mother! my poor mother!" and then embraced her. As she did so the prisoner placed her mouth to her ear, and whispered: "Marie, there is a letter concealed in the stove; remove it."

"Come! come!" said the municipal, brutally dragging the young girl toward him, and separating her from her mother, "shall you soon have finished embracing?"

"Sir," said the girl, "has the Convention decreed that children shall not embrace their mothers?"

"No; but it has decreed that traitors, aristocrats, and ci-devants shall be punished. That is why I am here to interrogate you. Answer, Antoinette."

She who was thus grossly accosted did not even deign to look at her examiner, but turned her head aside, while a flush passed over her face, pale with grief and furrowed with tears.

"It is impossible," said he, "that you are ignorant of the attempt last night. Whence came it?"

The prisoners still maintained silence.

"Answer, Antoinette," said Santerre, approaching her, without remarking the almost frenzied horror which had seized the young woman at sight of this man, who, on the morning of the 21st of January, conducted Louis XVI. from the Temple to the scaffold. "Reply. They were conspiring last night against the Republic, and seeking your escape from the captivity in which you are kept till you receive that punishment of your crimes which the will of the people may inflict upon you. Tell me, do you know who are the conspirators?"

Marie started at the harsh tone of that voice, which she endeavored to fly from by removing her chair to the greatest distance possible, but replied no more to this question than to the former ones, paid no more deference to Santerre than she had done to the municipal.

"You are then determined not to reply?" said Santerre, stamping his foot furiously.

The prisoner took up a third volume from the table, Santerre turned himself away. The brutal power of this man who commanded 80,000 men, who had only need of a gesture to drown the voice of the dying Louis XVI., was defeated by the dignity of a poor prisoner, whose head he could cause to fall, but whose will he could not bend.

"And you, Elizabeth," said he, addressing the other lady, who at that instant ceased from her embroidery to join her hands in prayer, not to these men, but to God, "will you reply?"

"I do not know what you ask," said she; "therefore I cannot reply."

"Morbleu! Citizen Capet," said Santerre, impatiently, "I think what I say is sufficiently clear too. I again tell you, that yesterday an attempt was made for your escape; and you certainly must know the culprits."

"Having no communication with those outside, Monsieur, we cannot possibly tell what people do, either for or against us."

"Very well," said the municipal; "we will now hear what your nephew will say."

And he approached the bed of the young dauphin. At this menace, Marie Antoinette suddenly rose.

"Monsieur," said she, "my son is ill, and now asleep—do not wake him."

"Reply then."

"I know nothing."

The municipal walked straight to the bed of the little prisoner, who, as we have said, feigned sleep.

"Come, wake up, Capet," said he, shaking him roughly.

The child opened his eyes and smiled.

The municipals then surrounded his bed.

The queen, agitated with fear and grief, made a sign to her daughter, who, profiting by this moment, glided from the apartment into the room adjoining, opened the mouth of the stove, drew out a letter and burned it; then, reentering the room, reassured her mother with a glance.

"What do you want with me?" asked the sick child.

"To inquire if you heard nothing during the night?"

"No; I was asleep."

"You are very fond of sleep, it seems."

"Yes; for when I sleep I dream."

"And what do you dream?"

"That I again see my father, whom you killed."

"Then you heard nothing!" said Santerre, quickly.

"Nothing."

"These wolf's cubs are, in truth, well-agreed with the she-wolf," said the municipal, furious with rage. "There has been, notwithstanding, a plot."

The queen smiled.

"She defies us, the Austrian!" cried the municipal. "Well, since it is thus, let us execute in all its rigor the decree of the Commune. Get up, Capet."

"What would you do?" said the queen, forgetting herself. "Do you not see my son is ill, and suffering from fever? Do you wish to kill him?"

"Your son," said the municipal, "is the cause of constant alarm to the Council of the Temple; he is the point at which all the conspirators aim, and flatter themselves they shall carry you all off together. Well, let them come. Tison—call Tison."

Tison was a species of journeyman, charged with all the heavy household work in the prison. He appeared. He was a man of forty years old, much sunburnt, of a rude and ferocious aspect, with matted black hair overhanging his eyebrows.

"Tison," said Santerre, "who came yesterday to bring the prisoners' food?"

Tison gave the name.

"And their linen, who brought it to them?"

"My daughter."

"Then your daughter is a laundress?"

"Certainly."

"And you gave her the washing of the prisoners?"

"Why not? She might as well gain that as another; it is no longer the tyrant's money,

but belongs to the nation, who pays for them."

"You were told to examine the linen with the greatest attention."

"Well, do I ever fail in my duty? In proof of which, they had yesterday a handkerchief tied in two knots. I took it to the Council, who ordered my wife to undo the knots, iron, and return it to Madame Capet, without saying anything about it."

At this remark of two knots being tied in the pocket-handkerchief, the queen trembled, the pupils of her eyes dilated, and she and Madame Elizabeth exchanged hasty glances.

"Tison," said Santerre, "your daughter is a person of whose patriotism no one can entertain a doubt; but when she leaves the Temple to-day she returns there no more."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" said Tison, terrified, "what are you saying to me? Shall I not see my daughter except when I go out?"

"You shall go out no more," said Santerre.

Tison looked wildly around, without allowing his eye to remain fixed on any particular object, and suddenly exclaimed, "I am not to go out; that is it, is it? Well, then, I will go out altogether. Give me my dismissal. I am neither traitor nor aristocrat, that I should be detained in prison. I tell you I will go out."

"Citizen," said Santerre, "obey the orders of the Commune, and be silent; or I tell you it may be all the worse for you. Remain here and watch all that passes. There is an eye on you. I warn you."

During this time the queen, who thought herself for a moment forgotten, recovered by degrees, and replaced her son in his bed.

"Desire your wife to come up," said the municipal to Tison.

He obeyed without a word. The threats of Santerre had rendered him as meek as a lamb.

Tison's wife came up.

"Come here, Citizeness," said Santerre; "we are going into the antechamber; during that time, search all the prisoners."

"Listen, wife," said Tison; "they are not going to permit our daughter to come to the Temple any more."

"What! they will not permit our daughter to come here! Then we shall see her no more?"

Tison mournfully shook his head.

"What do you say to this?"

"I say we shall make a report to the Council of the Temple, and the Council will decide it. In the mean time—"

"In the mean time I will see my daughter again."

"Silence," said Santerre, "you were brought here for the purpose of searching the prisoners; search them, then, and afterward we shall see—"

"But—now—"

"Oh, oh!" said Santerre, knitting his brows, "you are contaminated, it appears to me."

"Do as the Citizen General tells you, wife," Tison said; "afterward, we shall see."

And Tison regarded Santerre with a humble smile.

"Very well," said the woman; "go, then, I am ready to search."

The men went out.

"My dear Madame Tison," said the queen, "you know—"

"I only know, Citizeness Capet," said the horrible woman, gnashing her teeth, "that you are the cause of all the misery of the people; and also that I have reason to suspect you, and you know it."

Four men waited at the door, to assist Tison's wife, if the queen offered any resistance.

The search commenced on the queen.

There was found on her person a handkerchief tied in three knots, which unfortunately appeared a reply to the one spoken of by Tison; a pencil, a scapulary, and some sealing-wax.

"Ah! I knew it," said Tison's wife; "I have often told the municipals she wrote, the Austrian! The other day I found a lump of sealing-wax in the socket of the candlestick."

"Ah, Madame," said the queen, in a supplicating tone, "only show the scapulary, I entreat you."

"Yes," said the woman, "I feel pity for you, who have felt so much pity for me to take my daughter from me."

Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale had nothing found upon them.

The woman Tison recalled the municipals, who entered, Santerre at their head. She showed them the articles found upon the queen, which, as they passed from hand to hand, afforded subject for an infinite variety of conjectures; but the handkerchief tied in three knots excited, above all, the imagination of these persecutors of the royal race.

"Now," said Santerre, "we are going to read the decree of the Convention to you."

"What decree?" demanded the queen.

"The decree which orders you to be separated from your son."

"Is it, then, true that this decree exists?"

"Yes; the Convention has too much regard for the health of a child confided to its guardianship, to leave him in the care of a mother so depraved."

The eyes of the queen flashed lightning.

"But make some accusation at least, tigers that you are."

"That is not at all difficult," said a municipal; and he pronounced one of those infamous accusations brought by Suetonius against Agrippina.

"Oh!" cried the queen, standing, pale with indignation, "I appeal from it to the heart of every mother."

"That is all very fine," said a municipal; "but we have already been here two hours, and cannot lose the whole day. Get up, Capet, and follow us."

"Never, never!" cried the queen, rushing between the municipals and the young Louis, and preparing to defend the approach to his bed, as a tigress the entrance to her den. "Never will I permit you to carry away my child!"

"Oh, Messieurs," said Madame Elizabeth, clasping her hands in the most touching attitude of prayer, "Messieurs, in the name of Heaven, have pity on us two mothers."

"Then speak," said Santerre; "state the names, avow the project of your accomplices; explain what they wished to intimate by the knots made in the pocket-handkerchief brought with your linen by Tison's daughter, and the meaning of those tied in the handkerchief found in your pocket, and on these conditions I will leave you your child."

A look from Madame Elizabeth seemed to implore the queen to submit to this dreadful sacrifice.

But quietly brushing from her eye a tear which sparkled like a diamond, "Adieu, my son!" cried she; "never forget your father who is in heaven, or your mother who will soon join him there, and never omit to repeat morning and evening the prayer I have taught you. Adieu! my son."

She gave him a last kiss; then rising calm and inflexible, "I know nothing, Messieurs," said she, "do as you please."

But the queen must have required more fortitude than is contained in the heart of a

woman, and above all of a mother. She fell back fainting upon a chair, while they carried away the child, who with fast flowing tears held out his arms, but uttered not a single word or cry.

The door closed behind the municipals who carried away the royal child, and the three women remained alone. There was for a moment the deep silence of despair, interrupted only by occasional sobs.

The queen first broke silence.

"My daughter," said she, "that letter?"

"I burned it, as you desired me, mother."

"Without reading it?"

"Without reading it."

"Adieu, then, to the last ray of hope, divine hope!" murmured Madame Elizabeth.

"You are right, my sister, you are right; it is almost beyond endurance." Then turning toward her daughter, "But you at least saw the hand-writing, Marie?"

"Yes, mother, for a moment."

The queen rose, went to the door to make sure she was not observed; then drawing a pin from her hair, approached the wall, and from a chink drew out a small paper folded like a letter, and showing it to Madame Royale, "collect your thoughts before you reply, my child," said she; "was the writing the same as this?"

"Yes, yes, mother!" cried the princess; "I recognize it!"

"God be praised, then!" cried the queen, falling with fervor on her knees. "If he could write since this morning, he is safe. Thanks, O God! thanks! So noble a friend deserves thy miraculous preservation."

"Of whom do you speak, mother?" demanded Madame Royale. "Who is this friend? Tell me his name, that I may commend him to God in my prayers."

"You are right, my child; never forget it. This name, for it is the name of a

gentleman replete with honor and courage, one not devoted to us through ambition, for he has only revealed himself since our misfortunes. He has never seen the queen of France, or rather the queen of France has never seen him, and he devotes his life to her defence. Perhaps he will be recompensed as all virtue is now recompensed, by a dreadful death. But—if he dies.—Oh! I shall still think of him in heaven. He is called—"

The queen looked uneasily around, then lowering her voice, "He is called the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. Pray for him."

CHAPTER VII.

THE OATH OF THE GAMESTER.

The attempted abduction however doubtful might be the fact, since if it had any reality it had failed in its very commencement, had excited the anger of some, and the interest of others. What afforded strong probability to the existence of such a project was the fact that the Committee for General Security learned that three weeks, or a month before, a number of emigrants had entered France from different parts of the frontier. It was evident that these people who thus risked their lives did not do so without design, and this design was in all probability to co-operate in carrying off the royal family.

Already, upon the proposition of the Conventionalist Usselin, the terrible decree had been promulgated, which condemned to death all emigrants convicted of having returned to France; all Frenchmen convicted of having intended to emigrate; every individual convicted of having assisted in their flight, or in their return, either a female or male emigrant; and lastly, all citizens convicted of having afforded shelter to an emigrant. With this dreadful law commenced the "Reign of Terror." All that was wanting was the law for suspected persons. The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge was an enemy far too active and audacious for his return to Paris, and his appearance in the Temple, not to call forth the gravest measures. More severe inspections than

had previously taken place were made in a number of suspected houses; but with the exception of some female emigrants who allowed themselves to be taken, and some old men who did not care enough for their few remaining days to dispute with the executioner, their researches produced no other result.

The sections, as may be imagined, were after this event much occupied for several days, and consequently the secretary of the section Lepelletier, one of the most influential in Paris, had little time to think of his unknown fair one. At first, as he had resolved on quitting the old Rue Saint Jacques, he had tried to forget her, but, as his friend Lorin had observed to him,—

"Alas! endeavoring to forget But makes us recollect the more."

Maurice, however, neither said nor confessed anything. He buried in his heart all the details of that adventure which he had been able to conceal from the scrutiny of his friend. But Lorin, who knew Maurice to be of a joyous and hilarious nature, and now saw him constantly sad and thoughtful, seeking solitude, doubted not, to use his own expression, that the rogue Cupid had passed that way. It is remarkable, that, during its eighteen centuries of monarchy, France had had few years so mythological as the year of our Lord 1793.

In the mean time the chevalier was not taken, and he was no more spoken of. The widowed queen, cruelly robbed of her child, contented herself by weeping, in company with her sister and daughter. The young dauphin was consigned to the care of "Simon the Shoemaker," and entered upon that course of martyrdom which, in the short space of two years, was to reunite him with his father and mother. There was a moment's calm. The Montagnard volcano rested before devouring the Girondins.

Maurice felt the weight of this calm, as the heaviness of the atmosphere is felt in stormy weather, and not knowing how to dispose of his leisure, abandoned himself entirely to the ardor of a sentiment which if not actually love itself bordered closely upon it. He re-read his letter, again kissed his beautiful sapphire ring, and resolved

(notwithstanding his oath) to make one more attempt, promising himself this should indeed be the last. The young man had first thought he would go to the section of the Jardin des Plantes, and there make inquiry from the secretary, his colleague. But the first idea (and we may add, which he still retained) that the beautiful unknown was mixed up in some political plot, still restrained him, as the thought that any indiscretion on his part might be the means of sending this lovely woman to the Place de la Révolution, and her head to the block, caused his blood to curdle and freeze in his veins. He therefore determined on seeking this adventure alone, and without any further information.

His plan, besides, was very simple. The catalogue of names inscribed on each door would certainly afford him some clew, and then by interrogating the porters he might be able to solve the mystery. In his capacity of secretary of the Rue Lepelletier, he possessed full and entire right to make all inquiries. Besides, Maurice, ignorant of the name of the unknown, was able to judge of it by analogy. It was impossible so lovely a creature should not possess a name in harmony with her form, some name appertaining to sylph, fairy, or angel, since her arrival on earth must have been hailed as that of a superior and supernatural being. This name would then most infallibly guide him.

Maurice then dressed himself in a coat of dark brown cloth, adorned his head with the bonnet-rouge worn on great occasions, and set out on his voyage of discovery alone. He had in his hand one of those knotted cudgels called a constitution, which wielded by his vigorous hand was powerful as the club of Hercules, and in his pocket he placed his commission as secretary of the section Lepelletier. These were at once his physical security and his moral guarantee.

He prepared himself to review afresh the Rue Saint Victor, the old Rue Saint Jacques, reading by the light of the declining day all those names (inscribed by hands more or less practised) upon the panels of every door.

Maurice had reached the hundredth house, and consequently read the hundredth list, and nothing had yet occurred to induce him to imagine that he was in the least degree upon the trail of the unknown, as he had fully made up his mind that no name could be hers which did not belong to the class he had imagined, when a good-natured shoemaker, noticing the anxiety and impatience depicted on the young man's countenance, came out with his strap of leather and his punch, and looking at Maurice over his spectacles,—

"Do you wish any information respecting the tenants of this house, Citizen?" said he; "if so, I shall be happy to give it to you."

"Thanks, Citizen," stammered Maurice; "I am looking for the name of a friend."

"Tell me the name, Citizen; I know everybody in this quarter. Where does this friend live?"

"He lived, I think, in the old Rue Saint Jacques; but I fear he has removed."

"But how is he named? I must know that."

Maurice taken thus unawares hesitated for a moment, then pronounced the first name that presented itself to his memory.

"René," said he.

"And what trade?"

Maurice was surrounded by tanneries.

"A journeyman-tanner," said he.

"In that case," said a burgess, who stopped and regarded Maurice with a certain good-nature, not totally exempt from distrust, "you should address yourself to his master."

"That is true," said the door-keeper; "you are quite right, the masters know the names of their workmen; here is Citizen Dixmer, who is manager of a tannery, and has more than fifty workmen in his yard, he can perhaps tell you." Maurice turned

round and saw a burgess of commanding figure and mild countenance, the richness of whose attire denoted opulence.

"Only as the citizen porter observes, it is necessary I should know the family name."

"The one I said,—René."

"René is his baptismal name; it is the family name I require. All my workmen sign their family name."

"Upon my word," said Maurice, growing impatient under this species of interrogation, "the family name? I do not know it."

"What," said the burgess, with a smile, in which Maurice thought he discerned more irony than he wished to appear,—"what, not know the surname of your friend!"

"No."

"In that case, it is not probable you will find him," and the burgess, gravely bowing to Maurice, walked a short distance and entered a house in the old Rue Saint Jacques.

"The fact is, that if you do not know his surname," said the porter—

"Well, I do not know it," said Maurice, who would not have been sorry to find some occasion to vent his ill-temper, and was at the moment much inclined to seek a quarrel. "What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, Citizen, nothing at all; only since you do not know the name of your friend, it is as Citizen Dixmer said more than probable you will not find him," and the citizen porter went into his lodge, shrugging his shoulders. Maurice felt a great inclination to thrash this porter, but he was an old man, and his infirmities saved him. Had the porter been twenty years younger, Maurice would have given a scandalous illustration of the principle,—equal in law, unequal in physical force. Besides, the day was drawing to a close, and he had only a few moments of daylight left. He availed himself of it by returning to the first street, then to the second,

examined every door, searched in every nook, looked under every palisade, climbed each wall, threw a glance into the interior of every gateway, looked through the keyholes, knocked at some deserted warehouses without receiving any reply, till at length nearly two hours had elapsed in this useless investigation.

Nine o'clock struck; no more noise was heard, no movement seen in this deserted quarter, whose life seemed to have retired with the light of day. Maurice in despair made a retrograde movement, when all at once, at the winding of a narrow alley, he discerned a light. He immediately ventured into the dark passage, without remarking that at that very moment a curious head, which for the last quarter of an hour (from the midst of a clump of trees, rising above the wall) had followed all his movements, then disappeared suddenly behind this wall. A short time after this head had disappeared, three men came out from a small door in this same wall, went into the alley where Maurice had preceded them, while a fourth, for greater security, locked the door of entrance into the alley. At the end of the alley, Maurice discovered a court; it was on the opposite side of this court that the light was burning. He knocked at the door of a poor, solitary house, but at the first sound the light was extinguished. He redoubled his efforts, but no one answered his call; he saw they were determined to make no reply, so comprehending that it was only a useless waste of time, he crossed the court and re-entered the alley. At this moment the door of the house turned softly on its hinges, three men came out, and then the sound of a whistle was heard.

Maurice turned round, and saw three shadows within a short distance. He saw in the darkness also (his eyes having become accustomed to this obscurity) the reflection of three glittering blades. He knew that he was hemmed in. He would have brandished his club, but the alley was so narrow that it touched the wall on either side. At the same moment he was stunned by a violent blow on the head. This was an unforeseen assault made upon him by the four men who entered through the door in the wall. Seven men at the same time threw themselves upon Maurice, and

notwithstanding a desperate resistance, overpowered him, and succeeded in binding his hands and bandaging his eyes.

Maurice had not even uttered a cry, or called for aid. Strength and true courage are self-reliant, and are ashamed of extraneous aid. Besides, Maurice had often heard that no one would enter this deserted quarter. Maurice was thus, as we have said, thrown down and bound, but had not uttered a single complaint. He had reflected as to what would follow,—that as they had bandaged his eyes they did not intend to kill him directly. At Maurice's age respite becomes hope. He recovered his presence of mind, and listened patiently.

"Who are you?" demanded a voice, still breathless from the late struggle.

"I am a man they are murdering," replied Maurice.

"What is more, you are a dead man if you speak loud, or call for assistance, or even utter the least cry."

"If I had wished to cry, I need not have waited till now."

"Are you ready to answer my questions?"

"Let me hear them first; I shall then see whether I ought to reply."

"Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"You came then of your own accord?"

"Yes."

"You lie!"

Maurice made a desperate effort to disengage his hands, but it was in vain.

"I never lie," said he.

"In either case, whether you came of your own accord or were sent, you are a spy."

"And you are cowards!"

"We cowards!"

"You are seven or eight against one man bound, and you insult that man. Cowards! cowards! cowards!"

This violence on the part of Maurice, instead of enraging his adversaries, appeared to produce a contrary effect. It was even a proof that the young man was not what they had laid to his charge; a true spy would have trembled, and begged for mercy.

"There is nothing insulting in that," said a voice, milder yet firmer than any that had previously been heard; "in the times we live in, one may be a spy without being a dishonest man, only it is at the risk of one's life."

"If that is your opinion, you are welcome to question me, I will answer you faithfully."

"What are you doing in this quarter?"

"Looking for a woman."

This excuse was received with a murmur of incredulity; the murmur increased and became a storm.

"You lie!" replied the same voice. "There is no woman in the matter, and we know what we mean by 'woman;' there is no woman to pursue in this quarter. Avow your project, or die."

"Come," said Maurice, "you will not kill me for pleasure, unless you are downright ruffians."

Maurice made a second effort, more violent and unexpected than the first, to disengage his hands from the cord which bound them, when suddenly a cold sensation, sharp and painful, shot through his breast.

Despite himself, Maurice fell back a step.

"Ah! you felt that," said one of the men. "Well, there are eight inches like the inch with which you have just become acquainted."

"Complete your work, then," said Maurice, resignedly; "it will at least soon be over."

"Come now, who are you?" asked the voice which was at once mild and commanding.

"Do you wish to know my name?"

"Yes, your name."

"Maurice Lindey."

"What!" exclaimed a voice, "Maurice Lindey, the revolu—the patriot? Maurice Lindey, secretary of the Lepelletier section?"

These words were pronounced with so much heat that Maurice saw clearly that they were decisive. To reply was in a manner to fix irrevocably his fate.

Maurice was incapable of cowardice. He drew himself up like a Spartan, and said in a firm voice,—

"Yes, Maurice Lindey; yes, Maurice Lindey, the secretary of the section Lepelletier; yes, Maurice Lindey, the patriot, the revolutionist, the Jacobin; Maurice Lindey, in short, whose brightest day on earth will be that on which he will die for liberty."

A death-like silence followed this reply.

Maurice presented his breast, expecting every moment that the blade, whose point he had already felt, would be plunged into his heart.

"Is your statement really true?" asked a voice which betrayed some emotion; "come, young man, do not lie."

"Search my pocket," said Maurice, "and you will find my commission. Look at my shirt-bosom, and if my blood has not effaced them, you will there see embroidered my initials, M and L."

Maurice at once felt himself lifted by strong arms which bore him a short distance. He heard first one door open, then another; but the second was narrower than the

first, for his bearers could scarcely pass through with him.

The murmurs and whispers continued.

"I am lost," thought Maurice. "They are going to tie a stone round my neck and throw me into some hole of the Bièvre."

But in another moment he felt that the men ascended some steps, where the air was warmer, and where they placed him on a seat. He heard a double door shut and the steps withdraw. He believed that he was left alone. He listened as intently as a man can whose life depends upon a word, and he believed that he heard that same voice whose tones had already struck him as mixing mildness with command, say to the others,—

"Let us deliberate."

CHAPTER VIII.

GENEVIÈVE.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, which seemed a century to Maurice. Nothing more natural; young, handsome, vigorous, supported in his strength by a hundred devoted friends, in combination with whom he sometimes dreamed of the accomplishment of great achievements, he found himself all at once without the least preparation in peril of losing his life in an ignominious den of assassins.

He understood that they had shut him up in some chamber; but was he watched?

Again he struggled to break his bonds. His muscles of steel swelled and contracted; the cord cut into his flesh, but did not break.

The most terrible thing was that his hands were fastened behind his back so that he could not remove the bandage from his eyes. If he could only see, he might escape.

As he had made these attempts to free himself without opposition, without anything stirring around him, he concluded that he was alone. The ground under his feet was soft and soundless, might be gravel or perhaps clay. An acrid and pungent smell

announced the presence of vegetable matter. Maurice fancied he was in a greenhouse, or some place very like it. He took a step or two, hit the wall, turned, and groping with his hands, felt some garden-tools. He uttered an exclamation of joy.

With unparalleled exertion he examined these tools, one after the other. His flight now became a question of time. If chance, or Providence, granted him five minutes, and if among these tools he found a sharp instrument, he was saved.

He found a spade. From the way in which Maurice was bound, it required a great struggle to raise the spade a sufficient height for his purpose. He at length succeeded, and upon the blade of the spade which he supported against the wall with his back, he at last cut, or rather wore away, the cord which confined his wrists. The operation was tedious, the iron cut slowly. The perspiration streamed from his face; he heard a noise as of some one approaching; with a tremendous effort the cord, half-severed, broke. He could not help giving a cry of joy; now at least he was sure to die in defending himself.

Maurice tore the bandage from his eyes.

He had not been mistaken; he found himself not in a greenhouse, but in a kind of pavilion used as a receptacle for the more delicate plants unable to outlive the winter in the open air. In a corner the gardening implements were stowed away, one of which had been the means of rendering him so important a service. Facing him was a window; he rushed toward it; it was grated, and a man armed with a carbine placed sentinel before it.

On the other side of the garden, about thirty paces distant, rose a small turret, fellow to the one where Maurice remained prisoner. The blind was down, but through the blind a light was visible.

He approached the door and listened; another sentinel paced to and fro before this door. These were the footsteps he had heard.

But from the end of the corridor a confusion of voices resounded. The deliberation had evidently degenerated into disputation. Maurice could not hear distinctly what was said; some words, however, reached him, and amid these words—as if for them only the distance was short—he distinguished plainly, Spy! Poniard! Death!

Maurice redoubled his attention; a door opened, and he heard more distinctly.

"Yes," said one voice, "he is assuredly a spy; he has discovered something, and is certainly sent to take us and our secret unawares. In freeing him we run the risk of his denouncing us."

"But his word," said a voice.

"His word—he will give it only to betray us. Is he a gentleman that we should trust his word?"

Maurice ground his teeth at the idea which some folks still retained, that only a gentleman could keep his oath.

"But he does not know us; how can he denounce us?"

"No; he certainly does not know us nor our occupation, but he knows the address, and will return; next time he will be well accompanied."

This argument appeared conclusive.

"Then," said the voice which several times already had struck Maurice as belonging to the chief, "it is decided."

"Yes, a hundred times yes; I do not comprehend you with your magnanimity. My good sir, if the Committee for the Public Safety caught us, you would see if they acted toward us with so much ceremony."

"You persist, then, in your decision, gentlemen?"

"Without doubt, and you are not, we hope, going to oppose it."

"I have only one voice, gentlemen; it has been in favor of his liberation: you possess six, and they all vote for his death. Let it, then, be death."

Maurice felt the blood freeze in his veins.

"Of course he will howl," said a voice; "have you removed Madame Dixmer?"

"Madame Dixmer!" murmured Maurice; "I begin now to comprehend. I am in the house of the master-tanner who spoke to me in the old Rue Saint Jacques, and who went away laughing because I was unable to tell him the name of my friend. But how can it be to his interest to assassinate me?"

Looking round, Maurice perceived an iron stake with a handle of ash-tree wood.

"In any case," said he, "before they assassinate me, I will kill more than one of them."

And he sprang to secure this harmless instrument, which, in his hand, was to become a formidable weapon. He then retired behind the door, and so placed himself that he could see without being seen. His heart beat so tumultuously that in the deep silence its palpitations might be heard. Suddenly Maurice shuddered from head to foot. A voice had said,—

"If you act according to my advice, you will break a pane, and through the bars kill him with a shot from a carbine."

"Oh, no, no!—not an explosion," said another voice, "that might betray us. Besides, Dixmer, there is your wife."

"I have just looked at her through the blind; she suspects nothing—she is reading."

"Dixmer, you shall decide for us. Do you advocate a shot from the carbine, or a stroke from the poniard?"

"Avoid firearms as much as possible—the poniard."

"Then let it be the poniard. Come!"

"Come!" repeated five or six voices, together.

Maurice was a child of the Revolution, with a heart of flint, and in mind, like many others at that epoch, an atheist. But at the word "Come!" pronounced behind the

door, which alone separated him from death, he remembered the sign of the cross, which his mother had taught him when an infant he said his prayers at her knee.

Steps approached, stopped; then the key turned in the lock, and the door slowly opened.

During this fleeting moment, Maurice had said to himself,—

"If I do not strike at once, I am a dead man. If I throw myself upon the assassins, I take them unawares—gain first the garden, then the street, and am saved!"

Immediately, with the spring of a lion, and uttering a fierce cry which savored more of menace than terror, he threw down the first two men, who believing him bound and blindfolded were quite unprepared for such an assault, scattered the others, took a tremendous leap over them, thanks to his iron muscles, saw at the end of the corridor a door leading into the garden wide open, rushed toward it, cleared at a bound six steps, found himself in the garden, and guessing his whereabouts as nearly as possible, rushed toward the gate. It was secured by a lock and a couple of bolts. Maurice drew back the bolts, tried to open the lock; but it had no key.

In the mean time his pursuers, who had reached the steps, perceived him.

"There he is!" cried they; "fire upon him, Dixmer, fire! Kill him—kill him!"

Maurice uttered a groan; he was enclosed in the garden; he measured the walls with his eye—they were ten feet in height.

All this passed in a moment. The assassins rushed forward in pursuit.

Maurice was about thirty paces in advance; he looked about him with the air of a condemned man who seeks the shadow of a chance to save himself. He perceived the turret, the blind, and behind the blind the light.

He made but one bound,—a bound of six feet,—seized the blind, tore it down, passed through the window, smashing it, and alighted in a chamber where a lady sat reading.

The lady rose terrified, calling for help.

"Stand aside, Geneviève; stand aside!" cried the voice of Dixmer, "stand aside that I may kill him!"

And Maurice saw the carbine levelled at him.

But scarcely had the woman looked at him than she uttered a frightful cry, and instead of standing aside, as desired by her husband, rushed between him and the barrel of the gun.

This movement concentrated all Maurice's attention on the generous woman, whose first impulse was to protect him from danger and death.

In his turn he uttered a cry of astonishment.

It was the unknown whom he had so eagerly sought.

"You!" he exclaimed, "you—"

"Silence!" cried she.

Then, turning toward the assassins, who, variously armed, approached the window,—

"Ah! you will not kill him!" cried she.

"He is a spy," said Dixmer, whose usually placid countenance had assumed an expression of stern resolution,—"he is a spy, and therefore must die."

"A spy—he!" said Geneviève; "he a spy! Come here, Dixmer; I need only say one word to prove that you are strangely deceived."

Dixmer and Geneviève approached the window, and in a low voice she uttered a few words.

The master-tanner raised his head quickly.

"He!" said he.

"He himself," said Geneviève.

"You are certain, quite certain?"

This time the young woman did not reply, but smiling held out her hand to Maurice.

The features of Dixmer now assumed a singular expression of coolness and gentleness. He rested the butt-end of his musket on the ground.

"This is quite another thing," said he.

Then making a sign to his companions to follow, he stepped aside with them, and after saying a few words, they disappeared.

"Conceal that ring," murmured Geneviève; "it is known by every one here."

Maurice quickly drew the ring from his finger, and slipped it into his waistcoat-pocket.

A moment afterward the door of the pavilion opened, and Dixmer, unarmed, advanced toward Maurice.

"Pardon me, Citizen," said he, "that I did not know sooner the obligation I am under to you. My wife, while retaining a grateful remembrance of the service you rendered her on the 10th of March, had forgotten your name. We were therefore completely in ignorance with whom we were concerned; otherwise, believe me, we should not for a moment have entertained suspicion either of your honor or intentions. I therefore again ask your pardon."

Maurice was bewildered; with the greatest difficulty he preserved his equilibrium; he felt his head turn round, and was near falling. He supported himself against the mantel-piece.

"Why on earth did you wish to kill me?" he asked.

"This is the secret, Citizen," said Dixmer; "I confide it to your keeping. I am, as you already know, a tanner, and principal in this concern. The greater part of the acids I employ in the preparation of my skins are prohibited goods. Now the smugglers have received intelligence of an information laid before the counsel-general. I feared

you were an informer. My smugglers were more alarmed than myself at your bonnet-rouge and formidable appearance, and I do not conceal from you that your death was resolved upon."

"Pardieu! and well I know it," said Maurice; "you tell me no news. I heard your consultation, and have seen your carbine."

"I have already apologized," said Dixmer, in a tone of marked kindness. "You must understand that, thanks to the unsettled state of the times, myself and partner, Monsieur Morand, are likely to realize an immense fortune. We have the furnishing of the military bags, and finish from fifteen hundred to two thousand each day. Owing to this blessed state of things in which we live, the municipality are much occupied, and have not time strictly to examine our accounts, so that it must be confessed we fish a little in troubled waters; the more so because, as I have already told you, the preparatory materials we procure by smuggling allow us to gain two hundred per cent."

"The devil!" said Maurice, "that appears to me an honest living enough, and I can now understand your dread lest a denunciation on my part should put an end to it; but now you know me, you fear me no longer. Is it not so?"

"Now," said Dixmer, "I do not even ask your word of honor." Then, placing his hand on his shoulder and smiling, "As it is only between friends," said he, "may I inquire what brought you here, young man? But of course, if you wish to keep it secret, you are perfectly at liberty to do so."

"I have already told you, I believe," murmured Maurice.

"Yes, a woman," said the burgess; "I know there was something about a woman."

"Mon Dieu! excuse me, Citizen, I am aware some sort of explanation is due to you. Well, then, I sought a female, who the other evening, disguised, told me she resided in this quarter. I neither know her name, position, or place of abode. I only know I am madly in love with her, that she is short—"

Geneviève was tall.

"That she is fair, and of a lively temperament."

Geneviève was a brunette, with large pensive eyes.

"A grisette, in short," continued Maurice; "so to please her, I assumed the popular dress."

"That explains all," said Dixmer, with a faith which a sly wink did not belie.

Geneviève colored, and feeling herself blush, turned away.

"Poor Citizen Lindey," said Dixmer, laughing; "what a miserable evening we have caused you to pass! and you are about the last I would wish to injure, so excellent a patriot, a brother; but, in short, I believed some confounded spy had usurped your name."

"Let us say no more on the subject," said Maurice, who knew it was time for him to withdraw; "put me on my road, and let us forget—"

"Put you on your road!" exclaimed Dixmer; "let you leave us! no indeed, not yet. I give—or rather my partner and myself give—a supper to-night to those brave fellows who wished so much to slaughter you a little while ago. I reckon upon your supping with them, that you may see they are not such devils as they appear to be."

"But," said Maurice, overjoyed at the thought of being for a few hours near Geneviève, "I do not know really if I ought to accept—"

"If you ought to accept!" said Dixmer; "I know you ought; these are good and stanch patriots like yourself. Besides, I shall not consider that you have forgiven me unless we break bread together."

Geneviève uttered not a word. Maurice was in torment.

"The fact is," stammered Maurice, "I fear I may be a constraint upon you, Citizen—this dress—my ungentlemanly appearance—"

Geneviève looked timidly toward him.

"We invite you in all kindness," said she.

"I accept your invitation, Citizen," said he, bowing.

"I will go and secure our companions," said Dixmer; "in the mean time, warm yourself, my dear sir."

He went out. Maurice and Geneviève remained alone.

"Ah, Monsieur!" said the young woman, in an accent to which she in vain tried to convey a tone of reproach, "you have failed in your word; you have been exceedingly indiscreet."

"Madame," cried Maurice, "have I in any way compromised you? Ah! in that case, pardon me; I will retire, and never—"

"Goodness!" said she, rising, "you are wounded in the breast; your shirt is stained with blood."

Indeed, upon the fine, white shirt of Maurice—a shirt forming a strange contrast to his coarser clothes—a large red spot of blood had spread itself, and had dried there.

"Do not be under any alarm, Madame," said the young man, "one of the smugglers pricked me with his poniard."

Geneviève turned pale, and taking his hand,—

"Forgive me," said she, "the wrong that has been done you; you saved my life, and I have nearly caused your death."

"Am I not sufficiently recompensed in finding you? You cannot for a moment imagine it was for another that I sought."

"Come with me," said Geneviève, interrupting him; "I will find you some clean linen. Our guests must not see you thus; it would be too great a reproach to them."

"I am a great trouble to you, Madame, I fear," said Maurice, sighing.

"Not at all; I only do my duty; and," she added, "I do it with much pleasure."

Geneviève then conducted Maurice to a large dressing-room, arranged with an air of elegance he had not expected to find in the house of a master-tanner. It is true this master-tanner appeared to be a millionnaire. She then opened the wardrobes.

"Help yourself," said she; "you are at home." She withdrew.

When Maurice came out, he found Dixmer had returned.

"Come! come!" said he, "to table; we only wait for you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUPPER.

When Maurice entered with Dixmer and Geneviève into the dining-room, situated in the part of the house where they had first conducted him, the supper was ready but the room vacant. He saw all the guests enter successively. They were six in number, men of agreeable exterior, for the most part young and fashionably dressed; two or three even wore the blouse and red bonnet.

Dixmer introduced Maurice, naming his titles and qualifications. Then, turning toward Maurice,—

"You see," said he, "Citizen Lindey, all those who assist me in my trade. Thanks to the times in which we live, thanks to the revolutionary principles which have effaced all distinction, we all live upon the same footing of sacred equality. Every day we assemble twice at the same table, and I am happy you have been induced to partake of our family repast. Come! to table—citizens, to table."

"And—Monsieur Morand," said Geneviève, timidly, "do we not wait for him?"

"Ah, true!" said Dixmer. "This citizen of whom I have already spoken, Citizen Lindey, is my partner. He conducts, if I may so express myself, the moral part of the establishment. He attends to the writing, keeps the cash, superintends the factories, pays and receives the money, and, in short, works harder than any of us. The result is that he is sometimes rather late. I will go and tell him we are waiting."

At this moment the door opened, and the Citizen Morand entered.

He was a short man, dark, with bushy eyebrows, and wore green spectacles—like a man whose eyes are fatigued from excess of work—concealing his black eyes, but not effectually obstructing their scintillating gleams. At the first words he uttered, Maurice recognized that mild, yet commanding voice engaged in his behalf when endeavoring to save him from becoming a victim to that terrible discussion. He was habited in a brown coat, with large buttons, a white waistcoat; and his fine cambric shirt-frill was often during dinner smoothed by a hand which Maurice, no doubt from its being that of a tradesman, admired much for its beauty and delicacy of appearance.

They all took their seats. Morand was placed on Geneviève's right hand, Maurice on her left. Dixmer sat opposite his wife. The rest of the guests seated themselves promiscuously round an oblong table. The supper was excellent. Dixmer had a capital appetite, and did the honors of the table with much politeness. The workmen, or those who pretended to be such, under this example became excellent companions. The Citizen Morand spoke little, and ate still less; drank scarcely anything, and rarely smiled. Maurice, perhaps from the reminiscences his voice awakened, felt for him immediately a lively sympathy, only he was in doubt as to his age; and this rather annoyed him, as sometimes he imagined him to be a man of forty or forty-five years, and sometimes to be quite young.

Dixmer, on placing himself at table, felt obliged to offer some explanation to his guests for the admission of a stranger into their little circle. He acquitted himself like an artless man, one unaccustomed to deceit; but the guests, as it seemed, were not hard to manage on this point; for, notwithstanding the awkwardness displayed by the manufacturer of hides in the introduction of the young man, they all appeared perfectly satisfied.

Maurice regarded him with astonishment.

"Upon my honor," said he to himself, "I shall really soon think that I myself am deceived. Is that the same man who, with flaming eyes and threatening voice, pursued me, gun in hand, and absolutely wished to kill me three quarters of an hour since? Then I should have taken him for either a hero or an assassin. Goodness! how the love of hides does transform a man."

While making these observations Maurice experienced a strange feeling of joy and grief, and felt unable to analyze his own emotions. He at length found himself near his beautiful unknown, whom he had so ardently sought. As he had dreamed, she bore a charming name; he was intoxicated with the happiness of finding himself at her side; he drank in her every word; and at each sound of her voice the most secret chords of his heart vibrated; but he was deeply wounded by all he saw.

Geneviève was exactly what he had pictured her; the dream of a stormy night, reality had not destroyed. Here was an elegant woman, of sad demeanor but refined mind, affording another instance of what had so frequently occurred during the latter years preceding this present celebrated year '93. Here was a young woman of distinction compelled, from the ruin into which the nobility was ever falling, deeper and deeper, to ally herself to a commoner engaged in commerce. Dixmer appeared a trusty man. He was incontestably rich, and his manners to Geneviève were those of a man making every endeavor to render a woman happy. But could kindness, riches, or excellent intentions compensate her for what she had sacrificed, or remove the immense distance existing between husband and wife, between a refined, distinguished, charming girl, and a vulgar-looking tradesman? With what could Geneviève fill up this abyss? Alas! Maurice now guessed too well. With love! And he therefore returned to that opinion of the young woman he had formed on the evening of their first meeting,—that she was returning from some love affair.

The idea of Geneviève loving any one was torture to Maurice. He sighed, and deeply regretted having exposed himself to the temptation of imbibing a still larger dose of

that poison termed love. At other moments, while listening to that ductile voice, so soft and harmonious, examining that pure and open countenance which evinced no fear that he should read every secret of her soul, he arrived at the conclusion that it was utterly impossible that this matchless creature could descend to deceit; and then he found a bitter pleasure in remembering that this lovely woman belonged solely to this good citizen, with his honest smile and vulgar pleasantries, and would never be to him more than a passing acquaintance.

They conversed of course on politics. How could it be otherwise at an epoch when politics were mixed up with everything. Political subjects were even painted on the plates, political designs covered the walls, and politics were daily proclaimed in the streets. All at once, one of the guests who had hitherto preserved silence inquired concerning the prisoners of the Temple.

Maurice started, in spite of himself, at the ring of that voice. He recognized the voice of the man who, a strenuous advocate for extreme measures, had first struck him with his dagger, and then advocated his death. Nevertheless, this man, an honest tanner, and head of the manufactory, at least so Dixmer represented him, soon incited the good humor of Maurice by the expression of ideas the most patriotic, and principles the most revolutionary. The young man, under certain circumstances, was not inimical to these extreme measures, so much in fashion at this period, of which Danton was the apostle and hero. In this man's place, from the effect of whose voice and weapon he felt himself still smarting, he would not have attempted to assassinate the man he believed to be a spy, but would rather have locked him in the garden, and there, equally armed, sword to sword, have fought him without mercy, without pity. This is what Maurice would have done; but he comprehended soon that this was too much to expect of a journeyman-tanner.

This man of extreme measures, who appeared to possess in his political ideas the same violent system as in his private conduct, then spoke of the Temple, and

expressed surprise that the prisoners were confided to the guardianship of a permanent council liable to be corrupted, and to municipals whose fidelity had already been more than once tempted.

"Yes," said the Citizen Morand; "but it must be remembered that on every occasion, up to the present time, the municipals have fully justified the confidence reposed in them by the nation, and history will record that the Citizen Robespierre alone has merited the title of 'Incorruptible.'"

"Without doubt, without doubt," replied the interlocutor; "but because a thing has not yet happened, it would be absurd to suppose it never can happen. As for the National Guard," continued the foreman of the manufactory, "well, the companies of the different sections are placed, each in their turn, on duty at the Temple, and that indifferently. Will you not admit that there might be, in a company of twenty or five-and-twenty men, a band of seven or eight determined characters, who some fine night might slaughter the sentinels and carry off the prisoners?"

"Bah!" said Maurice; "you see, Citizen, this would be a foolish expedient. In fact the thing was tried three weeks or a month ago, and did not succeed."

"Yes," replied Morand; "because one of those aristocrats who composed the patrol had the imprudence in speaking to let fall the word 'Monsieur,' I do not know to whom."

"And then," said Maurice, who wished to prove that the police of the Republic did their duty, "because the entrance of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge into Paris was already known—"

"Bah!" cried Dixmer.

"They knew that Maison-Rouge had entered Paris?" coldly demanded Morand; "and did they know by what means he entered?"

"Perfectly."

"Indeed!" said Morand, leaning forward to look at Maurice, "I should be curious to know that, as up to the present moment no one can speak positively. But you, Citizen, you, secretary of one of the principal sections in Paris, ought to be better informed."

"Doubtless; therefore, what I am about to tell you is the true statement of facts."

All the guests and even Geneviève appeared prepared to pay the greatest attention to this recital.

"Well," said Maurice, "the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge came from Vendée, it appears; he had traversed all France with his usual good fortune. Arrived during the day at the Barrière du Roule, he waited till nine o'clock at night. At that hour a woman, disguised as a woman of the people, went out through the barrier, carrying to the chevalier a costume of chasseur of the National Guard. Ten minutes afterward she re-entered with him; but the sentinel, who had seen her go out alone, felt rather suspicious when he saw her return with a companion. He gave the alarm to the post; the post turned out, when the two culprits, knowing they were pursued, flung themselves into a hôtel where a second door opened into the Champs Elysées.

"It seems that a patrol devoted to the tyrants waited for the chevalier at the corner of the Rue Bar-du-Bec. You are acquainted with the rest."

"Ah, ah!" said Morand; "this is very strange."

"But positively true," said Maurice.

"Yes, it has an air of truth; but the female, do you know what became of her?"

"No; she has disappeared, and they are quite ignorant who she is, or what she is."

The partner of Citizen Dixmer, and Citizen Dixmer himself, appeared to breathe more freely.

Geneviève had listened to the whole of this recital, pale, silent, and immovable.

"But," said Morand, with his usual coolness, "who can say that the Chevalier de

Maison-Rouge made one of the patrol who gave the alarm at the Temple?"

"A municipal, one of my friends, that day on duty at the Temple. He recognized him."

"He knew him from description?"

"He had seen him before."

"And what sort of man, personally, is this Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?"

"A man of five or six and twenty, short, fair, and of a pleasing countenance, with magnificent eyes and superb teeth."

There was a profound silence.

"Well," said Morand, "if your friend the municipal recognized this pretended Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, why did he not arrest him?"

"In the first place, not knowing of his arrival at Paris, he feared being the dupe of a resemblance; and then my friend, being rather lukewarm, acted as the lukewarm generally act,—gave him the benefit of his doubt, and let him alone."

"You would not have acted thus, Citizen?" said Dixmer, laughing boisterously.

"No," said Maurice; "I confess it, I would rather find myself deceived than allow so dangerous a man as the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge to escape."

"And what would you have done, then, Monsieur?" timidly inquired Geneviève.

"What would I have done, Citizeness?" said Maurice. "Oh, by Jove! I would have made short work of it. I would have had every door in the Temple shut. I would have walked straight up to the patrol, have placed my hand on his collar, and said to him, 'Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, I arrest you as a traitor to the nation;' and my hand once upon his collar, I would not soon release him, I can tell you."

"And what would have happened then?" asked Geneviève.

"It would have happened that he and his accomplices would have been arrested, and that very hour would have been guillotined; that is all."

Geneviève shuddered, and darted on her neighbor a look of affright. But the Citizen Morand did not appear to notice this glance, and phlegmatically emptied his glass.

"The Citizen Lindey is right," said he; "there was nothing else to do; but, unfortunately, it was not done."

"And," demanded Geneviève, "do you know what has become of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?"

"Bah!" said Dixmer, "in all probability he did not wish to remain longer, and finding his attempt abortive, quitted Paris immediately."

"And perhaps even France," added Morand.

"Not at all, not at all," said Maurice.

"What! has he had the imprudence to remain in Paris?" asked Geneviève.

"He has not stirred."

A movement of general astonishment followed this assertion which Maurice had stated with so much confidence.

"This is only a supposition, Citizen, on your part," said Morand,—"merely a supposition, that is all."

"No; I affirm it as a positive fact."

"Ah!" said Geneviève; "I acknowledge, for my part, I cannot believe it is as you say; it would be such an unpardonable imprudence."

"You are a woman, Citizen; and can comprehend, then, what would outweigh, with a man of such a character as the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, all considerations of personal security?"

"And what can outweigh the dread of losing one's life in a manner so dreadful?"

"Ah, Citizeness!" answered Maurice, "love."

"Love!" repeated Geneviève.

"Certainly. Do you not know, then, that the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is enamored of Marie Antoinette?"

Two or three incredulous laughs were faintly heard. Dixmer looked at Maurice as if he sought to penetrate the very depths of his soul. Geneviève felt the tears suffuse her eyes, and a shuddering she could not conceal from Maurice ran through her frame. The Citizen Morand spilled some wine from his glass, which he was then in the act of putting to his lips. His paleness would have alarmed Maurice, had not all the young man's attention been at the time centred on Geneviève.

"You are moved, Citizeness," murmured Maurice.

"Did you not say I should understand this because I was a woman? Well, we women feel for such devotion even if opposed to our principles."

"And that of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is the height of devotion, as it is said he has never even spoken to the queen."

"Ah! there now, Citizen Lindey," said the man of extreme measures; "it seems to me, permit me to observe, that you are very indulgent to the Chevalier—"

"Monsieur," said Maurice, perhaps intentionally making use of a word which had ceased to be in vogue, "I love all brave and courageous natures, which does not prevent my fighting them when I meet them in the ranks of my enemies. I do not despair of one day encountering the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"And—" said Geneviève.

"If I meet him—well, I shall fight him."

The supper was finished. Geneviève set the example of retiring, by herself rising from table. At this moment the clock struck.

"Midnight!" said Morand, coolly.

"Midnight," exclaimed Maurice,—"midnight already?"

"That exclamation affords me much pleasure," said Dixmer; "it proves you are not

wearied, and induces me to hope we may see you again. It is the door of a true patriot which opens to receive you; and, I trust, ere long, you will find it that of a sincere friend."

Maurice bowed, and turning toward Geneviève,—

"Will the Citizeness also permit me to repeat my visit?" demanded he.

"I do more than permit, I request you to do so. Adieu, Citizen," and Geneviève retired.

Maurice took leave of all the guests, particularly saluting Morand, with whom he was much pleased; pressed Dixmer's hand, and went away bewildered, but on the whole more joyful than sad, from the various and unexpected events of the evening.

"Unfortunate encounter, unfortunate encounter!" said the young woman, after Maurice's departure, and then burst into tears in the presence of her husband, who had conducted her to her room.

"Bah!" said Dixmer, "the Citizen Lindey, a known patriot, secretary to a section, admired, worshipped, and highly popular, is, on the contrary, a great acquisition to a poor tanner who has contraband merchandise on his premises."

"Do you think so, mon ami?" asked Geneviève, timidly.

"I think it is a warrant of patriotism, a seal of absolution, placed upon our house; and I think, after this evening, that the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge himself would be safe at our house."

And Dixmer kissed his wife with an affection more paternal than conjugal, and left her in the little pavilion set apart for her special benefit, passing himself into another part of the building, which he inhabited with the guests we have seen assembled round his table.

CHAPTER X.

SIMON THE SHOEMAKER.

The month of May had commenced. A bright clear day expanded the lungs tired of inhaling the icy fogs of winter, and the rays of the sun, warm and exhilarating, shone upon the black walls of the Temple. At the wicket of the interior, which separated the tower from the gardens, the soldiers of the post were smoking and laughing. But, notwithstanding the beauty of the day, and the offer made to the prisoners to descend and walk in the garden, the three females refused to do so; as, since the execution of her husband, the queen had obstinately secluded herself in her chamber, not wishing to pass the door of the apartment lately occupied by the king on the second story. When by any chance she took the air, since the fatal occurrence of the 21st of January, she did so on the platform of the tower, where even the battlements were inclosed with shutters.

The National Guards on duty, who knew the three females had received permission to go out, waited in vain all day, expecting them to turn the authority to some account. Toward five o'clock a man descended, and approached the sergeant in command of the post.

"Ah! ah! is that you, Father Tison?" said the sergeant, who appeared to be a right merry fellow.

"Yes, it is I, Citizen; I bring you, on the part of the municipal Maurice Lindey, your friend, who is now upstairs, this permission, granted by the Council of the Temple to my daughter, to pay a visit to her mother this evening."

"And you are going out just as your daughter is coming in? Unnatural father!" said the sergeant.

"I am going much against my inclination, Citizen Sergeant. I also hoped to see my poor child, whom I have not seen for two months, and to embrace her this evening. I am going out now. This service, this damned service, compels me to go out. It is necessary I should go to the Commune to make my report. A fiacre is waiting for me at the door, with two gendarmes, and it is exactly the time when my poor Sophie

will arrive."

"Unhappy parent!" said the sergeant.

"And, Citizen Sergeant, when my child comes to see her poor mother, who is dying to see her, you will allow her to pass?"

"The order is correct," replied the sergeant, whom the reader has no doubt recognized as our friend Lorin; "so I have nothing to say against it; when your daughter comes, she may pass."

"Thanks, brave Thermopyle! thanks," said Tison; and he went out to make his report to the Commune, murmuring, "My poor wife, how happy she will be!"

"Do you know, Sergeant," said one of the National Guard, seeing Tison depart, and overhearing the last words,—"do you know there is something in these things that makes my blood run cold?"

"What things, Citizen Devaux?" demanded Lorin.

"Why," replied the compassionate National Guard, "to see this man, with his surly face and heart of stone, this pitiless guardian of the queen, go out with his eyes full of tears, partly of joy, partly of grief, thinking that his wife will see his daughter, and he shall not. It does not do to reflect upon it too much, Sergeant; it is really grievous."

"Doubtless that is why he does not reflect upon it himself, this man who goes out with tears in his eyes, as you term it."

"Upon what should he reflect?"

"That it is three months since this woman he so brutally uses has seen her child. He does not think of her grief, only of his own; that is all. It is true this woman was queen," continued the sergeant, in an ironical tone rather difficult of comprehension; "and one is not obliged to feel the same respect for a queen as for the wife of a journeyman."

"Notwithstanding, all this is very sad," said Devaux.

"Sad, but necessary," said Lorin. "The best way then, is, as you say, not to think of it," and he began to sing—

"Where the branches met On a rocky stone There I found Nicette, Seated all alone."

Lorin was in the midst of his pastoral ditty, when suddenly a loud noise was heard from the left side of the post, composed of oaths, menaces, and tears.

"What is that?" demanded Devaux.

"It sounded like the voice of a child," said Lorin, listening.

"In fact," said the National Guard, "it is a poor little one they are beating. Truly they ought only to send here those who have no children."

"Will you sing?" said a hoarse and drunken voice.

And the voice sung in example—

"Madame Veto promised That all our heads should fall—"

"No," said the child, "I will not sing."

"Will you sing?"

And the voice recommenced—

"Madame Veto promised—"

"No! no!" said the child. "No, no, no!"

"Ah! little beggar," said the hoarse voice; and the noise of a lash whirring through the air was distinctly heard. The infant screamed with agony.

"Ah! sacre bleu!" said Lorin; "it is that rascally Simon beating the little Capet."

Several of the National Guards shrugged their shoulders. Two or three tried to smile. Devaux rose and went out.

"I said truly," murmured he, "that parents should never enter here."

All at once a low door opened, and the royal child, chased by the whip of his

guardian made a flying leap into the court, when something hard struck his leg, and fell on the ground behind him.

He stumbled, and fell upon his knee.

"Bring me my last, little monster, or else—"

The child rose and shook his head, in token of refusal.

"Ah! this is it, is it?" cried the same voice. "Wait, you shall see," and the shoemaker Simon rushed from his hut as a wild beast from its den.

"Hallo! hallo!" cried Lorin, frowning. "Where are you going so fast, Master Simon?"

"To chastise this little wolf's cub," said the shoemaker.

"To chastise him, for what?"

"For what?"

"Yes."

"Because the little beggar will neither sing like a good patriot, nor work like a good citizen."

"Well, what have you to do with that?" demanded Lorin. "Did the nation confide Capet to you that you might teach him to sing?"

"And what business have you to interfere, I should like to know, Citizen Sergeant?" said Simon, astonished.

"I interfere, as it becomes every man of feeling to do. It is unworthy of a man to see a child beaten, and to suffer him to be beaten."

"Bah! the son of a tyrant."

"He is a child; and the child has not participated in the crimes of the father. The child is not culpable, and, consequently, ought not to be punished."

"And I tell you he was placed with me to do what I choose with him. I choose that he shall sing 'Madame Veto,' and sing it he shall."

"Contemptible wretch!" said Lorin. "'Madame Veto' is mother to this child. Would you yourself like your child to be made to sing that you were one of the canaille?"

"Me!" cried Simon. "Vile aristocrat of a sergeant!"

"No names," said Lorin. "I am not Capet; and they shall not make me sing by force."

"I will have you arrested, vile ci-devant!"

"You!" said Lorin; "you have me arrested! you had better try to arrest a Thermopyle."

"Good, good; he laughs best who laughs last. And now, Capet, pick up my last, and come and finish your shoe, or by thunder!—"

"And I," said Lorin, turning deadly pale, and advancing a step forward, his hands clinched, and his teeth set,— "I tell you he shall not pick up your last, he shall not make shoes; do you hear, idiot? Oh, yes! you have your big sword there, but I am no more afraid of it than I am of yourself. Just you dare to draw it."

"Ah! massacre," roared Simon, turning pale with rage.

At this moment two women entered the court. One of them held a paper in her hand. She addressed herself to the sentinel.

"Sergeant," cried the sentinel, "it is Tison's daughter, who asks to see her mother."

"Let her pass, since the Council of the Temple permit it," said Lorin, who did not wish to leave for a moment, for fear Simon should avail himself of his absence and again beat the child.

The sentinel allowed the two women to pass; but hardly had they ascended four steps on the dark staircase, when they encountered Maurice Lindey, who was descending into the court. It was almost dark, so that he was unable to distinguish their features. Maurice stopped them.

"Who are you, citizens?" said he; "and what do you want?"

"I am Sophie Tison," said one of the women; "I obtained permission to visit my

mother, and have come to see her."

"Yes," said Maurice; "but this permission was for yourself only, Citizeness."

"I brought my friend, that there might be two of us in the midst of the soldiers, at least."

"Very good; but your friend cannot go up."

"As you please, Citizen," said Sophie Tison, pressing the hand of her friend, who, close against the wall, seemed paralyzed with surprise and terror.

"Citizen sentinels," said Maurice, raising his voice and addressing the sentinels who were stationed on every landing, "allow the Citizen Tison to pass, but do not permit her friend to pass; she will remain on the staircase. See that she is treated with all due respect."

"Yes, Citizen," replied the sentinels.

"Go up, then," said Maurice.

The two women then passed on; and Maurice, leaping over the remaining five or six steps, advanced rapidly into the court.

"What is all this?" said he to the National Guard; "and what is the cause of this noise? The cries of a child were heard as far as the prisoners' antechamber."

"It is this," said Simon, who, accustomed to the manners of the municipals, believed, on perceiving Maurice, that he came as an ally; "this traitor, this spy, this ci-devant, this aristocrat, prevents me from belaboring Capet," and he shook his fist at Lorin.

"Yes, by Heaven, I did prevent it," said Lorin, drawing his sword; "and if you again call me ci-devant, aristocrat, or traitor, I will run my sword through your body."

"A threat!" cried Simon; "guard! guard!"

"I am the guard," said Lorin; "so you had better not call; for if I come to you, I will exterminate you."

"Come here, Citizen Municipal, come here," said Simon, now seriously alarmed at

Lorin's threats.

"The sergeant is quite right," said the municipal, to whom he had appealed for assistance; "you are a disgrace to the nation, coward, to beat a child."

"And why did he beat him? Do you know the reason, Maurice? Because the child would not sing 'Madame Veto;' because the child would not insult his mother."

"The miserable wretch!" said Maurice.

"And you also?" said Simon. "Am I surrounded by traitors?"

"You villain!" cried the municipal, seizing Simon by the throat, and tearing the last from his hand; "try to prove that Maurice Lindey is a traitor," and he applied the leather strap vigorously to the shoulders of the shoemaker.

"Thanks, sir," said the child, who regarded this scene with the coolness of a Stoic; "but he will revenge himself upon me."

"Come, Capet, come, my child," said Lorin; "if he beats you again, call for help; I will chastise him, the hangman. And now, little Capet, return to your tower."

"Why do you call me Capet, even you who protect me? You know very well that Capet is not my name."

"Not your name!" said Lorin; "what is your name, then?"

"I am called Louis Charles de Bourbon. Capet is the name of one of my ancestors. I know the history of France; my father taught me."

"And you want to teach a child to mend old shoes, to whom a king has taught the history of France?" cried Lorin; "it beats everything."

"You need not be concerned," said Maurice to the child; "I will make my report."

"And I mine," said Simon; "and among other things I shall say that instead of allowing one woman to enter the tower, you permitted two to pass."

At this moment the two women went out from the keep. Maurice ran after them.

"Well, Citizeness," said he, addressing the one by his side, "have you seen your mother?"

Sophie Tison placed herself immediately between the municipal and her companion.

"Yes, Citizen, thank you," said she.

Maurice had wished to see the young girl's friend, or at least to hear her voice, but she was enveloped in her mantle, and seemed determined not to utter a single word. He also thought that she trembled. This appearance of fear excited his suspicion. He reascended the stairs quickly, and through the glass partition saw the queen endeavoring to hide something in her pocket which looked like a billet.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "I have been duped."

He called his colleague.

"Citizen Agricola," said he, "enter Marie Antoinette's room, and do not lose sight of her."

"Heyday!" said the municipal, "is it because—"

"Enter, I tell you, and do not lose sight of her for an instant, a moment, a second."

The municipal entered the queen's apartment.

"Call the woman Tison," said he to one of the National Guard.

Five minutes afterward Tison's wife arrived in high spirits.

"I have seen my daughter," said she.

"Where was that?" demanded Maurice.

"Here, of course, in this antechamber."

"Well; and did not your daughter ask to see the Austrian?"

"No."

"Did she not enter her room?"

"No."

"And during the time you were conversing with your daughter, did no one come out of the prisoners' chamber?"

"How should I know? I was fully occupied with my daughter, whom I had not seen for three months."

"Recollect yourself."

"Ah, yes; I think I remember."

"What?"

"The young girl came out."

"Marie Thérèse?"

"Yes."

"Did she speak to your daughter?"

"No."

"Your daughter gave nothing to her?"

"No."

"Did she pick up nothing from the ground?"

"My daughter?"

"No, the daughter of Marie Antoinette."

"She picked up her pocket-handkerchief."

"Oh, woman! what were you thinking of?" cried Maurice.

And he rushed toward a bell-cord, which he pulled violently. It was an alarm-bell.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BILLET.

The other two municipal guards came up hastily. A detachment of the post accompanied them. The doors were shut, and two sentinels intercepted the egress from each chamber.

"What do you want, sir?" said the queen to Maurice when he entered. "I was about to retire, when, five minutes since, the citizen municipal suddenly forced his entrance into my chamber, without informing me what he desired."

"Madame," said Maurice, bowing, "it is not my colleague who desires anything from you, it is myself."

"You, sir?" demanded Marie Antoinette, looking at Maurice, whose courteous behavior had caused her to regard him with some favor; "and what do you desire?"

"I request that you will be kind enough to show me the letter you were concealing when I entered just now."

Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth trembled. The queen turned very pale.

"You are mistaken, sir; I concealed nothing."

"You lie, Austrian!" cried Agricola.

Maurice quickly placed his hand on the arm of his colleague.

"One moment, my dear colleague," said he; "leave me to speak to the citizeness, I am a little bit of a lawyer."

"Go on then; but do not stand on ceremony with her, morbleu!"

"You have concealed a letter, Citizen," said Maurice, austerely; "now it is necessary we should see this letter."

"But what letter?"

"The letter that Tison's daughter brought you, and which the citizeness, your daughter" (Maurice alluded to the young princess), "picked up with her pocket-handkerchief."

The three females looked at each other with terror.

"But, Monsieur, this is worse than tyranny," said the queen; "we are women! women!"

"Do not mistake," said Maurice, with firmness; "we are neither judges nor executioners, we are overseers,—that is to say, your fellow-citizens,—commissioned to guard you. We have our order; to violate it is treason. Citizeness, I pray you to give me the letter you have concealed."

"Gentlemen," said the queen, with much hauteur, "since you are overseers, search, and deprive us of our rest to-night as usual."

"God forbid we should lay our hands upon women! I am now going to inform the Commune, and shall await its orders. But you cannot retire to bed; you may sleep upon these easy-chairs, if you please, and we shall guard you. If necessary, they will search you."

"What is the matter?" said Tison's wife, appearing at the door quite bewildered.

"It is this, Citizeness," said Maurice, "that by lending yourself to treasonable practices, you have debarred yourself from seeing your daughter any more."

"From seeing my daughter? What do you tell me then, Citizen," demanded Tison's wife, who could not yet comprehend why she was not to see her daughter.

"I tell you, that your daughter did not come here to see you, but to bring a letter to the Citizen Capet; and therefore she shall return here no more."

"But if she does not come here, I shall not be able to see her, as we are forbidden to go out."

"This time you have no one to blame but yourself,—it is your own fault," said Maurice.

"Oh!" screamed the poor woman, "my fault! why do you say it is my fault? Nothing has happened, I assure you. If I thought anything could have happened, woe to you, Antoinette; you should pay dearly for it," and the exasperated woman shook her fist at the queen.

"Threaten no one," said Maurice; "but rather gain by kindness what we demand, for

you are a woman, and the Citizeness Marie Antoinette, who is herself a mother, will take pity on you. To-morrow your daughter will be arrested,—to-morrow imprisoned; then, if they discover anything, and you know that when they choose they always can do so, she is lost, and also her companion."

The woman Tison, who had listened to Maurice with increasing terror, turned wildly toward the queen.

"You hear, Antoinette? My daughter! It is you who will ruin my child!"

The queen in her turn appeared bewildered, not by the fury which sparkled in the eyes of her female jailer, but by her evident despair. "Come with me, Madame Tison," said she, "I have something to say to you."

"Holloa! No cajolery; we are not in your way here," said Maurice's colleague. "Before the municipality—everything open and above board."

"Never mind, Citizen Agricola," whispered Maurice, "provided we discover the truth, it does not matter in what fashion we do so."

"You are right, Citizen Maurice; but—"

"Let us pass behind the glazed partition, Citizen Agricola; and if you agree with me, we will turn our backs, and I am certain the individual for whom we evince this consideration will not make us repent it."

The queen heard these words, intended for her to hear, and cast upon the young man a look of grateful acknowledgment. Maurice carelessly turned his head, and walked to the other side of the glazed partition. Agricola followed him.

"You see this queen," said he to Agricola: "as a queen she is very culpable, as a woman she is high-minded and dignified. It is well to destroy crowns; princes are purified by misfortune."

"By thunder! you speak well, Citizen Maurice; I like to hear you talk, and your friend Lorin. Is that poetry you recited?"

Maurice smiled.

During this conversation, the scene which Maurice had anticipated was passing on the other side.

The woman Tison approached the queen.

"Madame," said the queen, "your despair grieves me. I do not wish to deprive you of your daughter,—that would be too cruel; but pray consider, perhaps by doing what these men require, your child will be lost none the less."

"Do what they tell you!" cried the woman,—"do what they tell you!"

"But first, at least, hear what is the matter."

"What is the matter?" demanded the woman, with almost savage curiosity.

"Your daughter brought a friend with her."

"Yes, a work-woman like herself. She did not like to come alone, because of the soldiers."

"This friend committed a letter to your daughter; your daughter let it fall. Marie, who was passing, picked it up. It is, doubtless, a paper of no consequence, but still one upon which evil-minded people might put a bad construction. Did not the municipal just tell you, when they wish that they can always do so?"

"Well, go on."

"That is all; you wish me to give up this paper,—do you wish me to sacrifice a friend, without perhaps benefiting your daughter?"

"Do what they tell you!" shrieked the woman,—"do what they tell you!"

"But if this paper implicates your daughter," said the queen; "do try to understand."

"My daughter is, like myself, a good patriot," cried the hag. "Thank God, the Tisons are well known. Do what they tell you!"

"Good Heavens!" said the queen; "how can I make you understand?"

"My child, I want them to return me my child," cried Tison's wife, stamping her feet. "Give me the paper, Antoinette, give me the paper!"

"There it is, Madame," and the queen tendered a paper to the wretched creature, which she seized, and held joyfully above her head, crying,—

"Come here, come here, citizen municipals. I have the paper; take it, and give me back my child."

"You sacrifice our friends, sister," said Elizabeth.

"No, sister," replied the queen, mournfully; "I only sacrifice ourselves. The paper implicates no one."

At the cries of the woman Tison, Maurice and his colleague came toward her, when she immediately held out the paper to them. They opened it and read,—

"At L'Orient [the east] a friend still watches."

Maurice had no sooner cast his eyes on this paper than he started. The hand-writing seemed to him not unknown.

"My God!" cried he, "can it be that of Geneviève? But no, it is impossible; I am mad. It resembles hers, certainly; but what can Geneviève have to do with the queen?"

He turned round, and observed that Marie Antoinette was watching him attentively. As for the woman Tison, as she awaited her fate, she devoured Maurice with her eyes.

"You have done a good action," said he, to Tison's wife; "and you, Citizeness, a great one," addressing the queen.

"Then, sir," replied Marie Antoinette, "follow my example. Burn the paper, and you will perform a charitable one."

"You are joking, Austrian," said Agricola. "Burn a paper that may perhaps enable us to discover a whole covey of aristocrats? Good faith! no; we are not quite such fools

as that."

"Ah, yes! do burn it; it might compromise my daughter," implored the woman Tison.

"I believe you; your daughter and some others," said Agricola, taking the paper from the hands of Maurice, which the latter, had he been alone, would most certainly have destroyed.

Ten minutes afterward, the paper was deposited on the bureau of the members of the Commune. It was instantly opened and commented upon in various ways.

"'At L'Orient—a friend watches.' What the devil can that mean?" said one.

"Why," replied a geographer, "at Lorient, that is clear enough. Lorient is a little town of Brittany, situated between Vannes and Quimper. Egad! we ought to burn the town, if it be true that it shelters aristocrats who are watching still over the Austrian."

"It is all the more dangerous," said another, "because Lorient being a sea-port, they might establish communication with England."

"I propose," said a third, "that we send a committee to Lorient, and that a thorough search of the place be instituted."

This proposition made the minority smile, but was approved by the majority; they accordingly resolved that a committee be sent to Lorient to watch the aristocrats.

Maurice had been informed of the consultation.

"I think it may perhaps mean the East," said he; "but I am quite sure it is not in Brittany."

The next day the queen, who, as we have previously said, would no more enter the garden, to avoid passing the door of the apartment where her husband had been imprisoned, requested permission to ascend the tower to take the air, with her daughter and Madame Elizabeth. Her wish was instantly acceded to; but Maurice

followed her, and mounting the stairs, ensconced himself behind a little turret where, concealed, he awaited the result of the letter of the preceding evening. The queen at first walked without manifesting any concern, with Madame Elizabeth and her daughter, then stopped, while the two princesses continued their promenade, and turning toward the "East," observed intently a house at the windows of which several persons were visible, one of whom held a white handkerchief.

Maurice, on his part, drew a telescope from his pocket, and while he adjusted it, the queen made a quick movement, as if to request those at the window to retire; but Maurice had already remarked the head of a man, with fair hair and pale complexion, whose salutation was so respectful as almost to border on humility. Behind this young man, for he appeared to be five, or six, and twenty years of age, stood a woman partially concealed from his view. Maurice directed his glass toward her, and thinking that he recognized Geneviève, inadvertently made a motion which brought him under the notice of the party. Immediately the female, who also held a telescope in her hand, drew back, dragging the young man away with her. Was it really Geneviève? Had she also recognized Maurice? Had this couple only retired at the signal given them by the queen? Maurice waited a moment to see if the young man and woman would reappear; but seeing the window remain unoccupied, he recommended the strictest vigilance to his colleague, Agricola, quickly descended the staircase, and went and concealed himself at the corner of the Rue Portefoin, to see if they came out of the house. It was in vain; no one appeared. He could not resist the suspicion which had entered his mind from the moment the companion of Tison's daughter had persisted in maintaining so obstinate a silence. Maurice directed his course toward the old Rue Saint Jacques, where he arrived, bewildered by the strangest suspicions, doubts, and fears. When he entered, Geneviève, attired in a white morning-dress, was seated under an arbor of jasmine, where she was accustomed to breakfast. She, as usual, accorded Maurice a friendly greeting, and invited him to take a cup of chocolate with her. Dixmer on his part, who had in the

mean time arrived, expressed the greatest joy at meeting Maurice at this unwonted hour; but before he permitted Maurice to take the cup of chocolate he had accepted, always enthusiastically attached to his trade, he insisted that his friend the secretary to the section Lepelletier should come with him and see the manufactory.

On their way to the workshops Dixmer, taking Maurice's arm and hurrying him along, observed,—

"My dear Maurice, I have important news for you."

"Political?" asked Maurice, always occupied with one idea.

"Ah! dear Citizen," said Dixmer, smiling, "do you think we trouble ourselves about politics? No, no; relating to our business, thank Heaven! My honored friend, Morand, who, as you know, is a celebrated chemist, has discovered the secret of staining morocco red in an unequalled manner,—that is to say, the color remains unalterable,—by a process never discovered till now. It is this color I want to show you. Besides, you will see Morand at work; he is quite an artist."

Maurice did not exactly comprehend how making a red dye constituted an artist; but nevertheless accompanied Dixmer across the tanyards, and in a separate sort of office saw the Citizen Morand at work. He had on his blue spectacles, was in his working-dress, and seemed entirely absorbed in the intensely interesting process of changing a sheep-skin from dirty white to purple. He had tucked up his sleeves, and his hands and arms were red to the elbow. As Dixmer remarked, he had devoted himself heart and soul to cochineal.

So entirely was he preoccupied that he merely moved his head to Maurice.

"Well, Citizen Morand," said Dixmer, "what say we?"

"We shall gain a hundred thousand francs yearly by this process alone; but I have not slept for eight days, and these acids have affected my sight."

Maurice left Dixmer with Morand and joined Geneviève as he said to himself, "It

must be confessed the trade of municipal is degrading to the hero! About eight days in the Temple one might fancy one's self an aristocrat and denounce one's self. Honest Dixmer! Plodding Morand! Gentle Geneviève! And I, idiot that I was, to have suspected them for a moment!"

Geneviève awaited Maurice with a sweet smile calculated most effectually to dispel every vestige of suspicion. She was as usual sweet, amiable, and charming.

The hours passed in Geneviève's society were those only in which Maurice could be said really to exist. At all other times he was infected with that fever which might be termed the fever of '93, by which Paris was separated into two hostile camps, and existence rendered a perpetual combat. Toward noon, however, he had to part with Geneviève, and return to the Tower of the Temple.

At the end of Rue Sainte Avoie he met Lorin, who was bringing down his guard from duty. He left the ranks and came to meet Maurice, who still wore upon his countenance the impress of the happiness he had enjoyed in the society of the lovely Geneviève.

"Ah!" said Lorin, cordially shaking his friend by the hand,—

"In vain you seek your anguish Within your heart to hide, I know for whom you languish, For whom so long you've sighed; Within your heart, within your eyes, Love reigns, and triumphs in his prize."

Maurice put his hand in his pocket in search of his key. This was the method he adopted to put a stop to his friend's poetical vein. But Lorin saw the movement, and ran away, laughing. "Apropos," said he retracing his steps, "you have three days more at the Temple; I recommend poor little Capet to your care."

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE.

In fact Maurice for some time had experienced a strange medley of happiness and

misery. It is always thus at the commencement of the tender passion. His daily occupation at the section Lepelletier, his evening visits to the old Rue Saint Jacques, and some occasional visits to the club of the Thermopyles, filled up his days.

He did not deceive himself. He well knew that to see Geneviève daily was to imbibe large draughts of a hopeless love.

Geneviève was a woman of retired manners and pleasing appearance, who would frankly tender her hand to a friend, and would innocently approach his face with her lips, with the confidence of a sister, and the ignorance of a vestal before whom the words of love appear as blasphemy.

Thus in the purest dreams that the first style of Raphael has traced upon the canvas is a Madonna with smiling lips, chaste eyes, and heavenly expression. This creation of the divine pupil of Perugino may help us to portray the likeness of Geneviève.

In the midst of flowers she imbibed their freshness and perfume; isolated from the occupation of her husband, and from her husband himself, she appeared to Maurice each time he saw her like a living enigma, of which he could not divine the meaning, and dared not ask it.

One evening when, as usual, he had remained alone with her, they were both seated at the same window by which he had entered, a few nights since, with so little ceremony; the perfume of the lilacs in full bloom floated upon the soft breeze that had succeeded the radiant sunset. After a long silence, Maurice, having during this silence followed the intelligent and holy eye of Geneviève as she watched the appearance of the stars in the azure vault of heaven, ventured to inquire concerning the great disparity between herself and husband. She so young, and he already past the middle age; she so refined in manner, while everything around announced him a man of inferior birth and education; she so sublime in her thoughts and aspirations, while her husband had not an idea beyond his manufactory.

"Here, at the abode of a master-tanner, are harp, piano, and drawings, which you

acknowledge to be your own. How is it that here I meet with aristocracy which though I detest it in others, I adore in you?"

Geneviève fixed upon Maurice a look full of candor.

"Thanks," said she, "for this inquiry; it proves to me that you are a man of delicacy, and that you have not sought information concerning me from any one else."

"Never, Madame," said Maurice. "I have a devoted friend who would die for me; I have a hundred comrades ready to follow wherever I may lead them,—but among all these hearts, when a woman is concerned, and above all, such a woman as Geneviève, I know but one I would trust, and that one is my own."

"Thanks, Maurice," said the young woman, "I will myself tell you, then, all you desire to know."

"Your maiden name first," said Maurice. "I only know your married one at present."

Geneviève detected the selfishness of love in this question, and smiled.

"Geneviève du Treilly," said she.

Maurice repeated, "Geneviève du Treilly!"

"My family," continued Geneviève, "was ruined after the American war, in which both my father and elder brother had taken part."

"Gentlemen both?" said Maurice.

"No, no," said Geneviève, blushing.

"And yet you said your maiden name was Geneviève du Treilly."

"Frankly, Monsieur Maurice, my family was rich, but had no claim to nobility."

"You do not trust me," said the young man, smiling.

"Oh, yes! I do," replied Geneviève. "In America my father was connected with the father of Monsieur Morand. Monsieur Dixmer was managing man to Monsieur Morand. We were ruined, and Monsieur Morand, knowing that Monsieur Dixmer

was a man of independent fortune, presented him to my father, who in his turn presented him to me. I saw that my father had beforehand resolved on my marriage. I understood it was the wish of my family. I did not love Monsieur Dixmer, neither had I ever loved any one, but I accepted him.

"I have now been Dixmer's wife for three years, and I am bound to say that he has proved to me so good and excellent a husband, that notwithstanding the difference of taste and the disparity of age you have remarked, I have never even for a moment experienced the slightest feeling of regret."

"But," said Maurice, "when you married Monsieur Dixmer he was not at the head of this manufactory."

"No, we lived at Blois. After the 10th of August Monsieur Dixmer purchased this house and the adjoining workshops; and that I might not be annoyed by the workmen, and to spare me the sight of many things repulsive to a person of my habits,—which are, as you observed, Maurice, a little aristocratic,—he gave me this pavilion, where I live alone, retired, gratifying my various fancies and desires, and happy when a friend like yourself, Maurice, comes either to distract or partake in my reveries."

And Geneviève tendered her hand to Maurice, which he ardently kissed. Geneviève blushed slightly.

"Now, my friend," said the young woman, drawing away her hand, "you know how I became the wife of Monsieur Dixmer."

"Yes," said Maurice, regarding Geneviève with great attention; "but you have not told me how Monsieur Morand came to be associated with your husband."

"Oh, that is very simple," said Geneviève. "Monsieur Dixmer had, as I have told you, some fortune, but still not sufficient to engage alone in a large concern like this. The son of Monsieur Morand, his protector, as I have already mentioned,—this friend of my father, you will remember,—provided half the funds, and as he

possesses a good knowledge of chemistry, he devotes himself to various improvements with the energy you have remarked, and, thanks to which, the business of Monsieur Dixmer, who has charge of all the practical part, has extended immensely."

"Monsieur Morand is also a great friend of yours, is he not, Madame?" said Maurice.

"Monsieur Morand is a noble-hearted being, one of the worthiest men in existence," gravely replied Geneviève.

"If he has given you no other proofs," said Maurice, a little piqued at the importance accorded by Geneviève to the young man, the partner of her husband, "than dividing the expenses of this establishment with Monsieur Dixmer, and inventing a new dye for morocco, allow me to say that you rather over-rate his merits."

"He has given me many other proofs, sir," said Geneviève.

"He is young, is he not?" said Maurice. "His green spectacles render it difficult to tell his age."

"He is thirty-five."

"You have known him then a long time?"

"From infancy."

Maurice bit his lips; he had always suspected Morand loved Geneviève.

"Oh!" said Maurice, "that explains his familiarity with you."

"It seems to me, sir," said Geneviève, smiling, "that this familiarity, which is hardly even that of a friend, does not need any explanation."

"Oh, pardon me, Madame, you know all affectionate natures are jealous, and my friendship was jealous of that you appear to feel for Monsieur Morand."

He ceased talking. Geneviève also remained silent. Nothing further was said that day respecting Morand, and Maurice quitted Geneviève more than ever in love, for he was jealous.

However blinded the young man might be by his passion, whatever turmoil might be in his heart, there were in the recital of Geneviève many gaps, much hesitation, and many concealments, to which at the moment he had paid no attention, but which now returned to his memory and strangely tortured him. The feeling that there was some mystery about the family could not be dispelled even by the liberty allowed him by Dixmer of conversing with Geneviève as often and as long as he pleased, nor by the solitary interview they had together every evening. Moreover, Maurice had now become a constant and expected guest at the house, where he not only enjoyed unrestrained intercourse with Geneviève, who seemed guarded by her angelic purity from any advances on the part of the young man, but he now escorted her in all the excursions made from time to time in the quarter in which she lived. In the midst of this established intimacy one thing surprised him. The more he sought (perhaps the better to watch his sentiments for Geneviève) the friendship of Morand, by whose genius, notwithstanding his prejudice, he felt himself captivated, and whose pleasing manners won him more and more every day, the greater the inclination evinced by this whimsical man to avoid him. Of this he complained bitterly to Geneviève; for he did not doubt that Morand had discerned in him a rival, and that his conduct proceeded from jealousy.

"The Citizen Morand hates me," said he one day to Geneviève.

"You?" said Geneviève, with a look of astonishment. "You?—Monsieur Morand hates you?"

"Yes; I am sure of it."

"And why should he hate you?"

"Do you wish me to tell you?" cried Maurice.

"Certainly," replied Geneviève.

"Well, then, because I—"

Maurice stopped; he was going to say, "because I love you."

"I cannot tell you why," replied Maurice, coloring. The fierce Republican near Geneviève was as timid and as confused as a young girl.

Geneviève smiled.

"Say," replied she, "there is no sympathy between you, and I may perhaps believe you. You are of a sanguine temperament, have a brilliant intellect; and you are a man of birth and education, while Morand is a merchant grafted on a chemist. He is timid and retiring. It is this timidity that deters him from taking the first step toward your acquaintance."

"And who asks him to make the first advance toward me? I have made fifty to him, and he has never responded. No," continued Maurice, shaking his head; "that cannot be the reason."

"What is it, then?" said Geneviève.

Maurice chose to remain silent.

The day after this conversation with Geneviève, he visited her at two o'clock in the afternoon, and found her ready dressed to go out. "Welcome," said she, "you will act as my chevalier."

"Where are we going, then?" demanded Maurice.

"I am going to Auteuil. The weather is delightful. I mean to walk part of the way. Our carriage will convey us to the barrier, where it will wait for us. We will then walk to Auteuil, and when I have finished my business there, we will return."

"Oh!" said Maurice, "what a delightful day you offer me!"

The two young people went on their journey. Beyond Passy the carriage put them down, and they continued their journey on foot.

On arriving at Auteuil, Geneviève stopped.

"Wait for me," said she, "at the entrance to the park; when I have finished I will rejoin you."

"Where are you going then?" demanded Maurice.

"To a friend's house."

"Where I cannot accompany you?"

Geneviève smilingly shook her head.

"Impossible!" said she.

Maurice bit his lips.

"Very well," said he; "I will wait."

"Ah! what?" said Geneviève.

"Nothing," replied Maurice. "Shall you be long?"

"If I had thought it would inconvenience you, Maurice, if I had known you were engaged," said Geneviève, "I would not have requested you to do me the slight favor to accompany me to-day. I might have asked—"

"Monsieur Morand," interrupted Maurice, sharply.

"No; you are aware Monsieur Morand is at the manufactory at Rambouillet, and does not return till this evening."

"Oh, it is to that circumstance that I owe the honor?"

"Maurice," said Geneviève, softly, "I cannot keep the person I came to see waiting; but if this puts you to the least inconvenience return to Paris, only send back the carriage for me."

"No, no, Madame," replied Maurice, quickly, "I am at your service." He bowed to Geneviève, who, sighing softly, proceeded on her way, and entered Auteuil.

Maurice went to the appointed place, and commenced walking backward and forward with long impatient strides, cutting off with his cane like Tarquin all the heads of the weeds, flowers, and thistles, which he found upon the road; and like all persons whose thoughts are preoccupied, he continued without pausing to trace and

retrace his footsteps.

And what occupied his thoughts? The desire to know whether Geneviève loved him or not. Her manner to him was that of a friend or sister, but he felt this was no longer sufficient. He loved her with an entire love. She had become his sole thought by day, his constantly renewed dream by night. At one time, he only asked to see her again; nothing could satisfy him now but her love.

Geneviève was absent for an hour, which to him had appeared an age; he then saw her approaching him with a smile upon her lips. Maurice, on the contrary, went to meet her with a frowning brow.

Geneviève, smiling, took his arm.

"Here I am," said she; "pardon me, mon ami, for having made you wait."

Maurice only replied by a bow; and they then entered a shady lane, which, by a winding path, conducted them into the high-road.

It was one of those delicious evenings in spring when every plant sends its fragrance on high, when every bird, either seated on the branches, or skipping from spray to spray, warbles its songs of praise to God; one of those evenings that seem destined to live forever in our memory. Maurice was silent, Geneviève pensive. She fondled with one hand the flowers of a bouquet which she held in the other that rested on the arm of Maurice.

"What is the matter with you?" said he, all at once, to Geneviève; "and what makes you so sad to-day?"

Geneviève might have answered, My happiness. She regarded him tenderly.

"But you," said she, "are you not more than usually sad to-day?"

"I," said Maurice, "have reason to be sad,—I am unhappy; but you—"

"You unhappy?"

"Doubtless; do you not perceive sometimes from my tremulous tones how much I

suffer? Does it not often happen, when I am talking with you or your husband, I am compelled suddenly to seek the air, because I feel as if my heart would burst?"

"But," demanded Geneviève, embarrassed, "to what do you attribute this suffering?"

"If I were an affected lady," said Maurice, attempting a laugh, "I should say it was a nervous attack."

"And at this moment do you suffer?"

"Much," said Maurice.

"Let us return, then."

"What, already, Madame?"

"Certainly."

"True," said the young man, "I forgot Monsieur Morand would return from Rambouillet this evening; and it is fast approaching." Geneviève looked at him reproachfully.

"Oh, again!" said she.

"Why then did you, the other day, favor me with so high a eulogium of Monsieur Morand? It is your own fault."

"How long is it since, to people we esteem," demanded Geneviève, "we may not express our real opinion of an estimable man?"

"It must be a very lively esteem to cause you to accelerate your pace, as you at this moment are doing, for fear of being too late by a few minutes."

"You are to-day absolutely unjust, Maurice. Have I not passed part of the day with you?"

"You are right; and I am indeed too exacting," replied Maurice, giving way to his impetuosity. "Let us return to meet Monsieur Morand."

Geneviève felt her displeasure pass from her mind to her heart.

"Yes," said she; "let us return to Monsieur Morand. He at least is a friend who never causes me the slightest pain."

"They are, indeed, valuable friends," said Maurice, choking with jealousy, "and I, for my part, should like a few such."

They were now upon the high-road; the horizon crimsoned as the departing rays of the setting sun glistened upon the gilt moldings of the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides. A star which on a previous evening had attracted the attention of Geneviève, sparkled in the azure of heaven. Geneviève released Maurice's arm with melancholy resignation.

"Why have you made me suffer?" said she.

"Ah!" said Maurice, "I am not so clever as some people, and do not know how to make myself loved."

"Maurice!" said Geneviève.

"Oh, Madame, if he is always good, always composed, it is because he does not suffer."

Geneviève again placed her white hand on the powerful arm of Maurice.

"I pray you," said she, in an altered tone, "to speak no more; to speak no more!"

"And why?"

"Because your voice makes me ill."

"You are displeased with everything about me, even my voice?"

"Be silent, I conjure you."

"I will obey you, Madame," and the impetuous young man passed his hand over his face, damp with perspiration.

Geneviève saw that he really suffered. People of Maurice's temperament have griefs of their own, little known or understood by the generality of mankind.

"You are my friend, Maurice, a precious friend," said Geneviève, looking at him kindly; "do not deprive me of your valuable friendship."

"Oh, you would not long regret it," said Maurice.

"You are mistaken," said Geneviève, "I should regret it very long, and forever."

"Geneviève! Geneviève!" cried Maurice, "have pity upon me."

Geneviève shuddered. It was the first time Maurice had uttered her name in these passionate accents.

"And now," continued Maurice, "since you have divined me, let me tell you all, Geneviève, for though you should kill me with a look, I have been silent too long; I will speak, Geneviève."

"Sir," said the young woman, "I have supplicated you in the name of our friendship to remain silent; I still pray you to do so, for my sake, if not for your own. Not another word; in the name of Heaven! not another word!"

"Friendship, friendship! if it be a friendship like this you profess for me, that you feel for Monsieur Morand, I wish for no more of your friendship,—I, Geneviève, require more than others."

"Enough," said Madame Dixmer, with the gesture of a queen,—"enough, Monsieur Lindey; here is our carriage, please to conduct me to my husband's house."

Maurice trembled with fever and emotion, when Geneviève, to rejoin the carriage, which indeed was only a few paces distant, placed her hand on his arm.

They both entered the carriage; Geneviève took the front seat, and Maurice the one opposite. They traversed Paris without either one or the other having uttered a word. Only, all the way, Geneviève had held her handkerchief before her eyes. When they entered the building, Dixmer was occupied in his counting-house, Morand had just returned from Rambouillet, and was changing his dress. Geneviève held out her hand to Maurice, as she entered her chamber.

"Adieu! Maurice, you have wished it."

Maurice said nothing, but walked directly to the mantel-piece, where hung a portrait of Geneviève. He ardently kissed it, pressed it to his heart, replaced it, and went out. Maurice reached home without knowing how he arrived there; he had passed through Paris without seeing anything, without hearing anything; all that had happened to him appeared like a dream; he was unable to account for his actions, his words, or the sentiments which had induced them. There are moments when the most serene spirits succumb under the violence of their own emotions.

It was, as we have said, rather a race than a return, on the part of Maurice. He undressed himself without the assistance of his valet-de-chambre, nor did he reply to his cook, who displayed his supper duly prepared for him, but taking the day's letters from the table, he read them all, one after the other, without comprehending a single word. The mists of jealousy, that intoxication of reason, were not yet dissipated. At ten o'clock Maurice mechanically sought his bed, as, indeed, he had done everything else since his parting with Geneviève.

If Maurice in his cooler moments had been told of this extraordinary behavior in another, he would not have been able to comprehend it, but would have considered him mad to have pursued this desperate conduct, totally unauthorized either by too much reserve or too much "abandon" on the part of Geneviève. He now only felt that a terrible blow had been dealt to all his hopes, of which he had never even to himself rendered an account, and upon which, vague as they were, reposed all his visions of happiness,—dreams which like an intangible vapor floated shapelessly toward the horizon, and there disappeared. Thus it happened, as it nearly always does in such cases, that Maurice, stunned by this blow, dropped asleep directly he found himself in bed, where he remained free from all sentiment till the morrow. He was awakened by the noise of the official opening the door, who came as usual to unclose the windows which looked upon a large garden, and to bring some flowers.

At that time, in the year '93, much attention was paid to the culture of forced flowers, and Maurice dearly loved all flowers; but now without even bestowing a glance upon them, he half raised his heavy head, and supporting it on his hand, endeavored to recall the events of the preceding evening. Maurice asked himself, without being able to account for it, the cause of this mad folly. The sole cause was jealousy of Morand; but the moment was certainly ill-chosen to give vent to his jealousy of a man when this man was at Rambouillet, and while enjoying a tête-à-tête with the woman one loves, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, on one of the lovely days of spring.

It was not suspicion of the inmates at the house at Auteuil, where Geneviève had remained an hour; no, the incessant torment of his life was the idea that Morand loved Geneviève, and yet—singular phantasy of the brain, strange combination of caprice—not a gesture, a look, not even a word from Dixmer's partner had afforded the slightest grounds for this belief.

The voice of the valet-de-chambre aroused him from this revery.

"Citizen," said he, showing him the open letters on the table, "have you selected those you wish to keep, or shall they all be burned?"

"Burn what?" said Maurice.

"The letters the Citizen read last night, before he retired to bed."

Maurice could not remember having read one.

"Burn all," said he.

"Here are to-day's letters, Citizen," said the official.

He presented a packet of letters to Maurice, and threw the others in the fire. Maurice took the letters, felt the impression of a seal, and fancied that he recognized the perfume of a friend, and looking over his correspondence he found a sealed envelope and hand-writing that made him tremble. This man, who bravely faced

danger, trembled before the odor of a letter. The official approached him to inquire what was the matter, but Maurice signified a wish to be alone.

He turned and returned this letter; he felt a presentiment it contained misery for him, and started and trembled before unknown misfortune.

Having collected all his courage he at length opened it, and read as follows:—

Citizen Maurice,—It has become necessary that we should burst these bonds—bonds which, on your side, affect to exceed the bounds of friendship. You are a man of honor, Citizen, and now that a night has passed since the occurrences of yesterday evening, you ought to comprehend that your presence at our house is no longer desirable. I leave it to you to excuse yourself in any way you think best to my husband. On the arrival this day of any letter from you to Monsieur Dixmer I shall be convinced that I have to regret the loss of a friend who has unfortunately been most imprudent, and whom all social propriety will deter me from meeting for the future. Adieu forever.

Geneviève.

P.S. The bearer awaits your reply.

Maurice called; the valet-de-chambre reappeared.

"Who brought this letter?"

"A messenger."

"Is he waiting?"

"Yes."

Maurice did not sigh, did not for a moment hesitate, but, partly dressing, seated himself before his writing-desk, and taking the first sheet of paper that came to hand (he found it had on it the impression of a head with the name of the section), he wrote,—

"Citizen Dixmer,—I respected you, and I still do so; but I cannot visit you any

longer."

Maurice considered what reason he could assign for not visiting Dixmer, and one idea alone presented itself to his mind, that which at this epoch would have occurred to any one. He thus continued,—

"Certain rumors are afloat relative to your lukewarmness in public affairs. I have no wish to accuse you, and no mission to defend you. Receive my respects, and feel assured your secrets will remain forever buried in my heart."

Maurice did not even revise this letter, written, as we have said, under the impression of the first idea that presented itself. He did not doubt the effect it would produce. Dixmer, an excellent patriot, as Maurice imagined from his conversation at least, would be much grieved at receiving it, his wife and Monsieur Morand would no doubt influence him not to reply, and forgetfulness would gradually spread itself like a dark veil over the happy past, transforming it into a dark and melancholy future. Maurice signed and sealed his letter, gave it to the official, and the messenger departed.

Then a heart-felt sigh escaped the Republican; he took his hat and gloves and proceeded to the section.

He hoped, poor Brutus, to recover his stoicism by occupying himself with public affairs.

Public affairs were indeed terrible; the 31st of May was preparing. The "Terreur," which, like a torrent, precipitated itself from the height of the Montagne, endeavored to carry away the dike opposed to it by the Girondins, those audacious "Modéréts" who had dared to demand vengeance for the massacres of September, and to wrestle for an instant to save the life of the king.

While Maurice was working with an energy that drove the fever from his heart to his head, the messenger had re-entered the old Rue Saint Jacques, filling the dwelling there with terror and astonishment.

The letter, after passing through Geneviève's hands, was given by her to Dixmer.

Dixmer opened and read it, without at first understanding it; he then communicated the contents to the Citizen Morand, who, becoming as pale as death, supported his head upon his hand.

In the situation in which Dixmer, Morand, and their companions found themselves (a situation totally unknown to Maurice, but which our readers have penetrated) this letter was like a thunderbolt.

"Is this an upright, honest man?" asked Dixmer, in great distress.

"Yes," replied Morand, without the least hesitation.

"Never mind," said the advocate for extreme measures, "you see we were very wrong not to kill him."

"My friend," said Morand, "we struggle against violence, we brand it with the name of crime. We have acted rightly, whatever may be the result, in not assassinating this man. I repeat, I believe Maurice to possess a noble, generous spirit."

"Yes; but if so noble and generous a spirit belongs to this warm Republican, perhaps he may regard it in the light of a crime, if he has made any discovery, not to immolate his own honor, as they say, 'on the altar of his country.'"

"But," said Morand, "do you think he knows anything?"

"Do you not understand? He speaks of secrets buried in his heart.

"These secrets are evidently those confided to him by me relative to our contraband transactions. He knows no others."

"But," said Morand, "this interview at Auteuil? does he suspect anything? You know he accompanied your wife?"

"It was I who told Geneviève to take Maurice with her as a protector."

"Listen," said Morand, "we shall soon see if these surmises be true. The turn of our battalion to guard the Temple happens on the 2d of June,—that is to say in eight

days. You are captain, Dixmer, and I lieutenant; if our battalion or even our company receives a counter-order, like that received the other day by the battalion of Buttes-des-Moulins, which Santerre has replaced by that of Gravilliers, all is discovered, and we have only to flee from Paris, or die fighting. But if all follows in the usual course of things—"

"We are lost all the same," replied Dixmer.

"How so?"

"Pardieu! does not all revolve upon the co-operation of this young municipal? Was it not he who, without knowing it, was to open the road for us to the queen?"

"That is true!" said Morand, confounded.

"You see, then," said Dixmer, knitting his brows, "that at any price we must renew our intimacy with this young man."

"But if he refuse, if he fear to compromise himself?"

"Listen!" said Dixmer, "I will question Geneviève; she saw him last, perhaps she may know something more."

"Dixmer," said Morand, "it is with pain I see you mixing Geneviève with all our plots; not that I fear any indiscretion on her part. O great God! the drama we are acting is a dreadful one, and I at once blush and tremble to place the head of a woman at stake."

"The head of a woman," said Dixmer, "weighs as heavily as that of a man, where stratagem, candor, and beauty can do as much and sometimes even more than force, strength, power, or courage. Geneviève shares in our convictions and our sympathies. Geneviève shall also share our fate."

"Well, my friend," said Morand, "I have said all I ought to say. Geneviève is in every way worthy of the mission you have given her, or rather, that she has taken upon herself. It is saints who become martyrs."

And he held out his delicate and effeminate hand to Dixmer, who roughly pressed it between his own. Then Dixmer, recommending Morand and his companions to watch with increased vigilance, quitted them, and entered Geneviève's apartments.

She was seated before a table, bending over a piece of embroidery. She turned round at the noise of the opening door, and recognized Dixmer.

"Ah! is it you, mon ami?" said she.

"Yes," said Dixmer, with a placid, smiling countenance. "I have received a letter from our friend Maurice, which I cannot understand in the least. Read it, and tell me what you think of it."

Geneviève took the letter with a hand of which (with all her self-command) she could not disguise the tremor, and read. Dixmer followed her eyes as they ran over every line.

"Well?" said he, when she had finished.

"Well! I think that Monsieur Maurice Lindey is an honest man, and from him we have nothing to fear," replied Geneviève, with the greatest calmness.

"You think he is ignorant who the persons are you visited at Auteuil?"

"I am certain that he is."

"Why then this sudden determination? Did he appear yesterday less friendly or more excited than usual?"

"No," said Geneviève; "I believe he was just the same."

"Consider well what you tell me, Geneviève, for you must understand your reply will greatly influence our future projects."

"Wait, then," said she, with an emotion that overthrew all her attempt at calmness. "Wait—"

"Well!" said Dixmer, all the muscles of his face slightly contracting; "collect your thoughts, Geneviève."

"Yes!" said the young woman, "yes, I remember, yesterday he was not particularly civil. Monsieur Maurice," continued she, "is a little tyrannical in his friendship, and," hesitatingly added, "sometimes we have quarrelled for whole weeks."

"This is then merely a quarrel?" demanded Dixmer.

"Most probably."

"Geneviève, understand this: in our position it is not probability that will suffice, it is certitude we require."

"Ah, well, dear, I am certain."

"This letter, then, can be only a pretext for not visiting us again?"

"Mon ami, how can you wish that I should speak to you about such things?"

"Speak, Geneviève, speak; of any other woman I would not ask it."

"It is a pretext," said Geneviève, looking down.

"Ah!" said Dixmer. Then after a moment's silence, placing upon his wife's chair the hand with which he had been striving to compress the beatings of his heart,—

"Will you do me a service?" said he.

"What service?" said Geneviève, turning around surprised.

"To prevent even the shadow of danger. Maurice is, perhaps, deeper in our secrets than we imagine. That which you believe a pretext may, perhaps, be a reality. Write him a line."

"I!" said Geneviève, starting.

"Yes, you. Tell him that you have opened the letter and desire an explanation. He will then call, you can interrogate him, and will easily discover what is the matter."

"Oh, no!" cried Geneviève, "I cannot do as you wish me; I will not do it."

"Dear Geneviève, when interests so powerful as those that rest upon us are at stake, will you recoil before any paltry consideration of self-love?"

"I have told you my opinion of Maurice, Monsieur," said Geneviève, "he is honest and brave, but capricious; and I do not choose to submit to any authority but that of my husband."

This answer, returned with so much calmness, and at the same time firmness, convinced Dixmer that to insist further at this moment would be worse than useless. He did not add another word, but looked at Geneviève without seeming to do so, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and went out.

Morand was awaiting his return with great anxiety. Dixmer repeated word for word all that had been said.

"Well!" said Morand, "we will wait, and think no more about it; rather than I would cast a shadow of care on your wife, rather than wound her self-love, I would renounce—"

Dixmer placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"You are mad, sir," said he, looking at him steadily, "or else you do not know what you are saying."

"What! Dixmer, do you think—"

"I think, Chevalier, that you have no more self-command than I have, to give utterance to sentiments on the impulse of the moment. Neither you, I, nor Geneviève belong to ourselves, Morand. We are the chosen defenders of a certain cause, and this cause depends upon its supporters."

Morand trembled, and preserved a gloomy and thoughtful silence. They took several turns round the garden without exchanging a word. Then Dixmer left Morand.

"I have some orders to give," said he, in a calm voice. "I must leave you, Monsieur Morand."

Morand held out his hand to Dixmer, and looked after him as he turned away.

"Poor Dixmer," said he, "I fear much that in all this you risk the most."

Dixmer returned to the manufactory, and having issued several orders, looked over the day-book, and distributed bread and fuel to the poor of the section, went home, and changed his working dress for his walking costume immediately on his arrival there.

An hour afterward Maurice Lindey, while deeply engaged in his readings and allocutions, was interrupted by the voice of his official, whispering in his ear,—

"Citizen Lindey, some one who, so he pretends at least, has something of importance to say to you, is waiting at your house."

Maurice, on entering, was much surprised at meeting the master-tanner, who had there comfortably installed himself, and was turning over the newspapers. All the way along he had questioned the domestic, who, of course, not knowing Dixmer, could afford him no clew to his identity.

On perceiving Dixmer, Maurice stopped at the threshold of the door, and blushed in spite of himself.

Dixmer smilingly arose, and held out his hand.

"What ails you? and what have you written to me?" he inquired of the young man. "Indeed, my dear Maurice, I feel it sensibly. You designate me as 'lukewarm and a false patriot.' Now as you dare not repeat these accusations to my face, acknowledge you wish to seek a quarrel with me."

"I will avow anything you please, my dear Dixmer, for your conduct to me has always been that of a worthy man; but I have nevertheless made a resolution, and that resolution is irrevocable."

"But how is that?" said Dixmer, "when according to your own confession you have nothing to reproach us with, and yet, notwithstanding, you leave us?"

"My dear Dixmer, believe me, acting as I now am, and depriving myself of such a friend, I must be actuated by powerful motives."

"Yes; but under any circumstances," said Dixmer, affecting to smile, "these reasons are not those you have written. What you have written to me is merely a subterfuge."

Maurice reflected an instant.

"Listen, Dixmer," said he; "we live in an epoch when a doubt conveyed in a letter can and must annoy you; this I can well understand. It would then be acting like a dishonorable man to allow you to remain in this state of inquietude. Yes, Dixmer, the reasons I gave you were not the true ones."

This avowal, which should have cleared the face of the merchant, only seemed the more to cloud it.

"But at least tell me the true motive," said Dixmer.

"I cannot tell you," said Maurice; "and yet I am certain if you knew it, you would afford me your approval."

Dixmer still continued to press him.

"Then you really wish to know it," said Maurice.

"Yes," replied Dixmer.

"Well, then," replied Maurice, who felt a sensation of relief as he approached the truth; "this is the truth. You have a young and beautiful wife, who is as virtuous as she is beautiful; yet Madame Dixmer's well-known character cannot prevent my frequent visits to your house from being misinterpreted."

Dixmer turned rather pale.

"Indeed!" said he. "Then, my dear Maurice, the husband should thank you for the wrong you do the friend?"

"Understand," said Maurice, "I have not the folly to suppose my presence can be dangerous to your repose, or that of your wife; but it might, perhaps, afford subject for calumny, and you are aware the more absurd the scandal, the easier it gains belief."

"Absurd!" said Dixmer, shrugging his shoulders.

"Absurd, as much as you please," said Maurice, "but separate, we shall not the less be good friends, for we shall have nothing to reproach ourselves with; while, on the contrary, if near—"

"Well! What then?"

"There would be food for scandal."

"Do you think, Maurice, that I should believe—"

"Oh, let us say no more," said the young man.

"But why did you write this instead of telling it to me, Maurice?"

"Just to avoid the scene of this moment."

"And are you vexed, Maurice, that I respected you sufficiently to demand an explanation?"

"No; on the contrary, I swear I am glad to have seen you once again before our final separation."

"Our final separation, Citizen! you whom we esteem so much!" taking Maurice's hand and pressing it between his own.

Maurice started.

"Morand," continued Dixmer, who failed not to notice this start, "Morand said to me again and again this morning, 'Do all in your power to bring back Maurice.'"

"Monsieur," said the young man, frowning and drawing away his hand, "I did not believe I stood very high in the estimation of Monsieur Morand."

"Do you doubt it?" said Dixmer.

"I!" replied Maurice, "I neither believe nor doubt it, and have no motive to inquire on the subject. When I went to your house it was to visit yourself and your wife, and not on account of Monsieur Morand."

"You do not know him, Maurice," said Dixmer; "Morand possesses a noble soul."

"I grant it," said Maurice, smiling bitterly.

"Let us, however, return to the object of my visit," continued Dixmer.

Maurice bowed, like a man who hears all, but has nothing more to say.

"You say, then, that these reports have already circulated?"

"Yes, Citizen."

"Well, then, let us speak frankly. Why should you pay any attention to the silly prattling of idle neighbors? Have you not your own clear conscience, Maurice; and Geneviève, has she not her sense of honor?"

"I am younger than you," said Maurice, who began to be astonished at this pertinacity, "and perhaps view things with more susceptibility. This is why I declare that on the reputation of such a woman as Geneviève a shadow even should not be permitted to be cast. Permit me, therefore, my dear Dixmer, to adhere to my former resolution."

"And now," said Dixmer, "since we are in order for confession, tell me one thing more."

"What!" said Maurice, coloring, "what more do you wish me to avow?"

"That it is neither politics, nor the report of your assiduity at my house, that induces you to leave us."

"What is it, then?"

"The secret you have discovered."

"What secret?" demanded Maurice, with so naïve an expression of curiosity, as completely to reassure the tanner.

"The secret of the smuggling affair, which you discovered the same evening when our acquaintance commenced in so strange a manner. You have never forgiven me this fraud, and accuse me of being a bad Republican because I employ English

products in my manufactory."

"My dear Dixmer, I solemnly declare to you that when I visited at your house, I had totally forgotten I was in the house of a smuggler."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"You really, then, had no other reason for abandoning the house than that you have stated?"

"Upon my honor."

"Well," said Dixmer, rising and taking the young man's hand, "I hope you will re-consider this resolution which has been productive of pain to us all, and will again return to us as usual."

Maurice bowed, but made no reply, which was of course equivalent to a refusal. Dixmer left, annoyed at not having been able to re-establish an intimacy with this man whom certain circumstances had rendered not only useful to him but almost indispensable. Maurice was agitated by a variety of emotions of a contrary nature. Dixmer entreated him to return. Geneviève would pardon him. Why then should he despond? Lorin in his place would have selected a crowd of aphorisms from his favorite authors. But then he had Geneviève's letter, that formal dismissal, which he had carried with him to the section and placed near his heart; also the little word received from her the day after he had rescued her from the cowards who insulted her; and lastly, the obstinate jealousy entertained by the young man against the detestable Morand, the first cause of his rupture with Geneviève.

Maurice remained inflexible in his resolution. But it must be acknowledged the privation of his daily visits to the old Rue Saint Jacques formed a sad blank in his existence; and when the hour arrived at which he had been accustomed to pay his daily visit to the quarter Saint Victor, he fell into a profound fit of melancholy, and began, from that moment, to experience every aspect of hope and regret.

Each morning on awakening he expected to receive a letter from Dixmer, and acknowledged to himself that he who had so firmly resisted all personal persuasion, would now at last yield to a letter; each day he sallied out in hopes of meeting Geneviève, and, beforehand, had arranged a thousand means of accosting her; each evening he returned home in hopes of there finding that messenger who had one morning unwittingly brought him the grief which had now become his constant companion.

Often, in his hours of despair, his strong nature rebelled at the idea of enduring so much torture, without retaliating upon the primary cause of all his suffering and all his misery, Morand. Then he formed a project to go and seek some quarrel with Morand; but Dixmer's partner was so inoffensive and gentlemanly that to insult or provoke him would be a cowardly proceeding on the part of a Colossus like Maurice.

It was fortunate that Lorin came to distract the attention of Maurice from troubles which he obstinately concealed from his friend, though he did not deny to him their existence. Lorin had used every argument of theory and practice to secure to its country that heart overwhelmed in grief by another love. But although the political situation was grave, and although in another state of mind it might have dragged Maurice into the centre of the whirlpool, it could not restore to the young Republican that first activity which had distinguished him as a hero on the 14th of July and the 10th of August.

In fact, two systems, for the last ten months in view of each other, which thus far had only made some light attacks on each other, and had engaged in a few skirmishes as a prelude, now prepared to meet body to body, and it was evident that the struggle once begun would end fatally for one or the other. These two systems, born in the bosom of the Revolution itself, were those of Moderation, represented by the Girondins,—that is to say, by Brissot, Pétion, Vergniaud, Valazé, Lanjuinais,

Barbaroux, etc.,—and the Terror, or the Mountain, represented by Danton, Robespierre, Chénier, Fabre, Marat, Collot d'Herbois, Hébert, etc.

After the 10th of August, as after every action, the power appeared to pass into the hands of the Moderates. A ministry had been formed from the wreck of the former ministry, and of a new coalition. Roland, Servien, and Clavières, former ministers, had been recalled; Danton, Monge, and Le Brun had been nominated afresh. With one exception only, all these ministers belonged to the Moderate party. Of course when we say "Moderate" we speak relatively.

But the 10th of August had had its echo from afar, and the coalition hastened to march, not to the assistance of Louis XVI. personally, but of the royalist principle tottering at its basis. Then were heard the menacing words of Brunswick, and as a terrible realization, Longwy and Verdun had fallen into the power of the enemy. Then the Terrorist reaction had taken place; then Danton had dreams of the days of September, and had realized the bloody dream which displayed to the enemy all France as a scene of wholesale assassination, and ready to struggle for her precarious existence with all the energy of despair. September had saved France, but in saving her had rendered her lawless. France saved, and the Energetic party having become powerless, the Moderates regained some strength, and wished to recriminate those dreadful days. The words "murderer" and "assassin" had been uttered; a new name had even been added to the national vocabulary,—it was that of "Septembriseur."

Danton had bravely accepted it. Like Clovis he had for a moment inclined his head under the baptism of blood, only to raise it still more lofty and menacing. Another opportunity to renew the Terror presented itself; it was the process of the king. Violence and moderation entered, not altogether to wrestle against persons but principles. The trial of relative strength was made on the royal prisoner. Moderation was overcome, and the head of Louis XVI. fell upon the scaffold.

As the 10th of August, so the 21st of January had restored to the coalition all its energy. It was still the same man who opposed them, but not the same fortune. Dumouriez, arrested in his progress by the disorder of all the administrations, which prevented the succor of men or money from reaching him, declared against the Jacobins, whom he accused of causing this disorganization, adopted the party of the Girondins, and ruined them in declaring himself their friend.

Then the Vendée arose; the departments threatened; misfortune producing treason, and treason misfortune. The Jacobins accused the Moderates, and wished to strike their death-blow on the 10th of March,—that is to say, on the eventful evening when our story commenced. But too much precipitation on the part of their adversaries saved them, and perhaps also the rain which caused Pétion (that profound anatomist of the Parisian mind) to remark,—

"It rains! there will be nothing to-night."

But since the 10th of March everything threatened ruin to the Girondins. Marat was accused and acquitted. Robespierre and Danton were reconciled, at least as a lion and tiger are reconciled before killing the bull they both intend to devour; Henriot, the Septembriseur, nominated Commandant-General to the National Guard; everything presaged that awful day which would carry away by storm the last obstacle the Revolution opposed to the Terror.

Such were the great events in which under any other circumstances Maurice would have taken that active part for which his powerful nature and exalted patriotism so fully qualified him. But happily, or unhappily, for Maurice, neither the exhortations of Lorin, nor the terrible demonstrations on the streets, had been able to divert his mind from the one idea that possessed it; and when the 31st of May arrived, the fierce assailant of the Bastille and the Tuileries was laid upon his bed, devoured by that fever which destroys the strongest, and which nevertheless a word can dissipate, a look can heal.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY.

During the morning of the 31st of May, when the tocsin and beat of drum had been sounding since the break of day, the battalion of the Faubourg Saint Victor entered the Temple.

When all the usual formalities had been gone through, and the posts distributed, the municipals on service arrived, bringing with them four pieces of cannon in addition to those already forming the battery at the gate of the Temple.

At the same time Santerre arrived, with his epaulets of yellow wool, and a coat on which his patriotism was displayed by large spots of grease. He reviewed the battalion, which was in a proper state, but on counting the municipals, found only three.

"Why are there only three municipals?" inquired he; "and who is the bad citizen who fails us?"

"The absent citizen, General, is not lukewarm," replied our old acquaintance, Agricola; "for it is the secretary of the section Lepelletier, the chief of the brave Thermopyles, the Citizen Maurice Lindey."

"Well, well," said Santerre, "I know as well as yourself the patriotism of the Citizen Maurice Lindey; but that will not deter me, if he is not here in five minutes, from inscribing his name in the list of the absent."

And Santerre passed on to other details.

A few paces from the general, at the moment he pronounced these words, a captain of chasseurs and a soldier had stationed themselves, one leaning against his gun, the other seated on a cannon.

"Did you hear?" said the captain to the soldier, in a low tone. "Maurice has not yet arrived."

"Yes; but rest assured he will arrive, unless there should be a riot."

"In case he should not come," said the captain, "I will place you sentinel on the staircase; and as she will probably ascend to the tower, you will be able to speak a word to her."

At this moment a man, evidently a municipal from his tricolored scarf, entered; but this man being a stranger to the captain and the chasseur, they both regarded him attentively.

"Citizen General," said the new-comer, addressing Santerre; "I request you to accept me in place of Citizen Maurice Lindey, who is ill. Here is the medical certificate; in eight days it will be my turn to mount guard. I now exchange with him; in eight days he will do duty for me, as to-day I will for him."

"Provided the Capets and Capettes live eight days longer," said one of the municipals.

Santerre replied by a slight smile to this pleasantry, and turning toward Maurice's proxy,—

"Very good," said he; "sign the register, in lieu of Maurice Lindey, and state in the column of observations the reason for this exchange."

The captain and chasseur exchanged looks of delight, mingled with astonishment.

"In eight days," said they.

"Captain Dixmer," cried Santerre, "take your position in the garden with your company."

"Come, Morand," said the captain to the chasseur his companion.

The drum sounded, and the company led by the master-tanner filed off in the direction prescribed. They piled arms, and the company divided into groups, which, according to their inclination, walked to and fro.

Their place of promenade was the same garden where, in the time of Louis XVI., the

royal family came sometimes to take the air. This garden was naked, barren, and desolate, completely despoiled of trees, flowers, or verdure of any kind.

At about five-and-twenty paces, or perhaps rather nearer that portion of the wall built on the Rue Portefoin, was a species of cottage, which the foresight of the municipality had established for the convenience of the National Guard stationed at the Temple, who in days of riot, when they were not permitted to go out of the grounds, found it an accommodation to take their meals in this little cottage. The direction of this little alehouse had been a matter of contention, till at length concession was made in favor of an excellent patriot, the wife of a suburban killed on the 10th of August, who bore the name of Plumeau.

This little cabin, built of planks and mud, rose in the middle of a flower-bed, of which the bounds may still be recognized by a hedge of dwarf box-trees. It was composed of a single chamber, twelve feet square, under which extended a cave, the descent to which was by steps rudely cut in the earth itself. Here the Widow Plumeau stowed away her wine and provisions. This department was alternately managed by herself and daughter, a girl of twelve or fifteen years of age.

Hardly established at their bivouac, the National Guards separated, as we have said, some to saunter in the garden, while others chatted with the hostess. Some amused themselves by criticising the designs traced upon the walls, which were all meant to be of a patriotic character,—such as the king pendent with this inscription, "Monsieur Veto taking an air-bath;" or the king guillotined with this, "Monsieur Veto spitting in the sack;" while others were giving gastronomical orders to Madame Plumeau, according to the suggestions of their different appetites. Among the latter were the captain and the chasseur whom we have previously remarked.

"Ah, Captain Dixmer!" said the cantinière, "I have some famous Saumur wine."

"But, Citizeness Plumeau, in my opinion, at least, the Saumur wine is nothing without Brie cheese," replied the captain, who, before he stated this opinion, had

carefully looked round, and detected the absence of his favorite viand.

"Ah! Captain, it is true; but the last morsel has been consumed."

"Well," said the captain, "no Brie cheese, no Saumur wine for me; and remark, Citizeness Plumeau, my order would have been of some amount, as I had intended to treat all my company."

"But, Captain, I ask you to wait only five minutes, and I will run and procure some at the house of the citizen concierge who competes with me, and who always has it. I shall pay very dear, and you, I am sure, are too good a patriot not to compensate me."

"Yes, yes," replied Dixmer; "and in the mean time we will go down into the vault, and select our own wines."

"Make yourself at home, Captain, pray do."

And the Widow Plumeau ran with all her might toward the lodge of the concierge, while the captain and chasseur, provided with a light, raised the trap-door, and descended into the cave.

"Good," said Morand, after an instant's inspection, "the cave extends in the direction of Rue Portefoin. It is nine or ten feet in depth, and there is no brickwork."

"What is the nature of the soil?" inquired Dixmer.

"Chalk; it is all made earth. These gardens have been turned over many times. There is nowhere any rock."

"Be quick," cried Dixmer, "I hear the clogs of our vivandière; take two bottles of wine and let us go up."

They both appeared at the trap-door as Madame Plumeau entered, carrying the cheese so strenuously insisted upon by Dixmer, while several chasseurs followed her, attracted by the favorable appearance of the said cheese.

Dixmer did the honors; he offered twenty bottles of wine to his company, while the

Citizen Morand recounted the devotion of Curtius, the disinterestedness of Fabricius, and the patriotism of Brutus and Cassius,—histories almost as much appreciated as the Brie cheese and the Anjou wine offered by Dixmer, which is not saying a little.

Eleven o'clock struck. At half-past, the sentinels were relieved.

"Does not the Austrian generally take her walk from twelve to one?" asked Dixmer of Tison, who passed the cabin.

"From twelve to one, exactly," and he began to sing.

His song was received with a shout of laughter from the National Guard. Dixmer immediately summoned those men in his company whose duty it was to mount guard from half-past eleven o'clock till half-past one, told them to hasten their breakfast, and made Morand take arms, in order to place him, as had been agreed, on the highest story of the tower, in the same turret behind which Maurice was hidden the day he had intercepted the signs intended for the queen from the window on Rue Portefoin. If any one had noticed Morand at the moment he received this order, simple and expected as it was, he would have seen him grow pale beneath the masses of his long black hair.

Suddenly a dull noise shook the courts of the Temple, and sounds were heard in the distance like the roaring of a hurricane.

"What is that?" asked Dixmer of Tison.

"Oh!" replied the jailer, "it is nothing; some little uproar these rascally Brissotins are making before they go to the guillotine."

The noise became more and more threatening, the roar of artillery was heard, and a crowd of people rushed past, near the Temple, shouting,—

"Long live the Sections!" "Long live Henriot!" "Down with the Brissotins!" "Down with the Rolandists!" "Down with Madame Veto!"

"Good!" said Tison, clapping his hands, "I will go and open the door for Madame Veto, that without any disturbance she may enjoy the love the people evince for her."

He approached the wicket of the turret-keep.

"Holloa, Tison!" cried a formidable voice.

"Yes, General," replied he, stopping short.

"No egress to-day," said Santerre; "the prisoners are not to quit their chambers."

The order was peremptory.

"Good!" said Tison, "so much the less trouble."

Dixmer and Morand exchanged looks of disappointment; then waiting till the hour for duty had struck (though nothing could now be attempted), they both went to walk between the cabin and the wall running toward Rue Portefoin. Morand began to measure the distance, taking geometrical steps,—that is to say of three feet.

"What is the distance?" inquired Dixmer.

"Sixty to sixty-one feet," replied Morand.

"How many days will be required?"

Morand considered, then traced on the ground with a stick some geometrical signs, which he immediately effaced.

"Seven days at least," said he.

"Maurice will be on guard in eight days," murmured Dixmer. "It is, then, absolutely imperative that within eight days we should be reconciled to Maurice."

The half-hour struck; Morand, sighing, resumed his musket, and conducted by the corporal, went to relieve the sentinel who was patrolling the platform before the tower.

CHAPTER XIV.

DEVOTION.

The day following these events,—that is to say the 1st of June,—at ten o'clock in the morning, Geneviève was seated in her accustomed place near the window. She asked herself why, for the last three weeks, the days for her rose so sad; why they passed so slowly; and lastly, why instead of waiting for the evening with impatience, she now dreaded its return.

Her nights above all were wretched,—those nights that used to be so happy; those nights passed in dreaming of the past and of the future.

At this moment her eyes fell upon a case of magnificent striped and crimson carnations, which since the winter she had removed from the little greenhouse where Maurice had been imprisoned, to bloom in her own apartment.

Maurice had taught her to cultivate them in the mahogany bed in which they were inclosed; she had watered and trimmed them herself so long as Maurice had been there, for when he came in the evening she delighted to show him the progress, thanks to their united care, that the flowers had made during the night.

But since the cessation of Maurice's visits the poor carnations had been quite neglected, and for want of requisite care and attention the opening buds had withered, turned yellow, and fallen down outside the balustrade.

Geneviève comprehended, from this sight alone, the reason of her own melancholy. She said to herself, "It is with flowers as with certain friendships which we nourish and cultivate with ardor till they bloom in the heart, and then, in a moment, a suspicion, a caprice, an unkindness strikes at the root of this friendship, and the heart that it had revived again contracts, languishes, and dies." The young woman experienced a sensation of anguish. She examined her inmost thoughts; the sentiments she had endeavored to combat, and which she had hoped to conquer, she feared now more than ever would only die with her; then she felt a moment's despair, for she knew the struggle would become more and more impossible. She

meekly bowed her head, imprinted a kiss upon the withered flowers, and wept.

Her husband entered at this moment. He, on his side, was too much preoccupied with his own thoughts to notice the trying ordeal through which his young wife was passing, nor did he pay the least attention to the tell-tale redness of her eyelids.

It is true Geneviève rose quickly to meet him, and in so doing turned her face from the window, standing in the dim light.

"Well?" said she.

"Well, nothing new; impossible to approach her, impossible to convey any message to her, impossible even to see her."

"What!" cried Geneviève, "with all the noise there has been in Paris?"

"It is this very uproar which has made the guard redouble their vigilance, from the fear that some might avail themselves of the general excitement to make an attempt on the Temple; and the very moment when her Majesty was about to walk upon the platform, an order was given by Santerre that neither the queen, Madame Royale, nor Madame Elizabeth should go out to-day."

"The poor chevalier! he must be sadly disappointed."

"He was in despair when he saw the chance had thus escaped us, and turned so pale that I had to drag him away lest he should betray himself."

"But," asked Geneviève, timidly, "was there not then at the Temple any municipal of your acquaintance?"

"There ought to have been one, but he did not come."

"Who?"

"The Citizen Maurice Lindey," said Dixmer, in a tone he endeavored to render indifferent.

"And why did he not come?" said Geneviève, in her turn making a similar effort at self-command.

"He was ill."

"He—ill?"

"Yes, and seriously so. Patriot as you know him to be, he was obliged to cede his turn to another."

"This is most unfortunate."

"But, goodness, Geneviève!" replied Dixmer, "if he had been there, as matters now stand, it might have been just the same. Unfriendly as we are at present, he might perhaps have even avoided speaking to me."

"I think," replied Geneviève, "you exaggerate the unpleasantness of our situation. Monsieur Maurice may have taken a whim not to come here; may have some futile reasons to see us no more,—but is not on that account our enemy. Coolness does not exclude politeness, and I am convinced on seeing you come to him, he would meet you half-way."

"Geneviève," replied Dixmer, "what we require from Maurice needs something more than politeness,—a firm and attached friendship. This feeling is destroyed; we have nothing further to hope from him."

And Dixmer heaved a deep sigh, while his usually placid face bore a troubled expression.

"But," said Geneviève, hesitatingly, "if you think that Monsieur Maurice is so necessary to your projects—"

"It amounts to this," replied Dixmer, "that I despair of being able to succeed without him."

"Well, then, why do you not try some new method to regain the Citizen Lindey?"

It seemed to her that in speaking of the young man by his surname, her voice sounded less tender than when she called him by his Christian name.

"No," replied Dixmer, shaking his head; "I have done all that I could. Any new

proceeding would appear singular, and necessarily arouse his suspicions; and then, look you, Geneviève, I see further than you into this affair. Maurice feels deeply wounded."

"Wounded!" exclaimed Geneviève, greatly moved. "What would you say? Speak."

"You know as well as I do, Geneviève, that in our rupture with the Citizen Lindey there is more than caprice."

"To what then do you attribute this rupture?"

"To pride, perhaps," said Dixmer, quickly.

"To pride!"

"Yes; he did us honor, in his opinion at least, this good burgess of Paris, this demi-aristocrat of the gown,—concealing his susceptibilities under his patriotism; he conferred honor upon us, this Republican so powerful in his section, in his club, in his municipality, by according his friendship to a manufacturer of hides. Perhaps we have made too few advances; perhaps we have forgotten ourselves."

"If we had even been guilty in this respect, I think your last step would have redeemed all that," replied Geneviève.

"Yes; supposing the offence came from me; but if, on the contrary, it proceeded from you?"

"From me! Do you imagine that I have in any way offended Monsieur Maurice?" said Geneviève, astonished.

"Who knows, with a person like him! Did you not yourself at first accuse him of caprice? I therefore return to my first opinion, Geneviève; you did very wrong not to write to him."

"I!" cried Geneviève; "do you think so?"

"Not only do I think so now, but have done so ever since this rupture of the last three weeks."

"And—" asked Geneviève, timidly.

"I look upon this step as indispensable."

"No, no! Dixmer; do not exact this of me."

"You know, Geneviève, I make no exactions of you; I only entreat you. Well, listen; I beseech you to write the Citizen Maurice."

"But—" said Geneviève.

"Hearken!" said Dixmer, interrupting her; "there is between you and Maurice either some serious cause of quarrel,—for, so far as I am concerned, he has had no reason to complain of my conduct toward him,—or some childish disagreement."

Geneviève made no reply.

"If this is merely a silly broil, it is folly to render it lasting; and if you have serious motives for quarrelling, situated as we are, you ought not even to value your dignity or self-respect. We must not place in the balance the quarrels of young people against objects of the highest interest. Make one effort; subdue your own feelings, and write one word only to Maurice Lindey, and he will return."

Geneviève reflected a moment.

"But," said she, "could we not find some means less compromising to renew friendly intercourse between Monsieur Maurice and yourself?"

"Compromising, do you call it? It appears to me, on the contrary, to be the most natural way possible."

"No; not for me, mon ami."

"You are very obstinate, Geneviève."

"Allow me to tell you it is the first time, at least, that you have discovered it."

Dixmer, who for some time had been crushing his handkerchief between his hands, now wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Yes," said he; "and it is this that increases my astonishment."

"Good Heaven!" said Geneviève, "is it possible, Dixmer, that you do not divine the cause of my resistance, and that you wish to force me to speak?"

And overcome with contending emotions, her head sunk upon her breast, and her arms fell listlessly by her sides. Dixmer appeared to make a strenuous effort to command himself, took Geneviève's hand, compelled her to raise her head, looked into her eyes, and began to laugh; but in a manner so forced and unnatural, that had Geneviève been less agitated at the moment, it must have been evident even to her.

"I see how it is," said he; "you are in the right, and I was blind. With all your wit and distinction, my dear Geneviève, you have fallen into a vulgar notion,—you have been fearful that Maurice might fall in love with you."

Geneviève felt as if an icy chill had penetrated to her heart. This irony on the part of her husband, relative to Maurice's affection for her,—that love of which, from the knowledge she possessed of the character of the young man, she could estimate all the violence, and in which, though only acknowledged with deep remorse, she participated in the depths of her heart,—this irony petrified her. She felt it was utterly impossible to reply.

"I have guessed rightly, have I not?" said Dixmer. "Well, reassure yourself, Geneviève; I know Maurice to be a fierce Republican, whose heart contains no other love than love of country."

"Sir!" exclaimed Geneviève, "are you certain of what you say?"

"Eh, without doubt," replied Dixmer. "If Maurice loved you, instead of quarrelling with me he would redouble his attentions and civilities to one whom it was his interest to deceive. If Maurice loved you, he would not so easily renounce his title of 'friend of the family,' generally used to cover these intrigues."

"Do not, I beseech you," cried Geneviève, "make a jest of these things."

"I do not jest, Madame; I only tell you Maurice does not love you, that is all."

"And I—I," said Geneviève, "tell you that you are mistaken."

"In that case," replied Dixmer, "Maurice, who has had sufficient strength to tear himself away rather than make a cuckold of his host, is an honest man; and as such men are rare, Geneviève, one cannot do too much to reclaim them when lost. Geneviève, you will write to Maurice, will you not?"

"Oh, my God!" cried the young woman, letting her head fall on her hands, for he to whom she looked for support in a moment of danger had precipitated instead of restraining her fall.

Dixmer regarded her for a moment, then forcing a smile,—

"Come, darling," said he, "no woman's self-esteem. If Maurice wishes to recommence a declaration, laugh at the second as you did at the first. I know you, Geneviève, you are a worthy and noble woman. I can depend on you."

"Oh!" exclaimed the young woman, sinking on her knees, "how can one place confidence in others when one cannot place confidence in himself?"

Dixmer turned pale, as if all his blood had rushed back to his heart.

"Geneviève," said he, "I have done very wrong to cause you so much anguish of mind. I ought to have explained myself at once. Geneviève, we live in an epoch of self-sacrifice. I have devoted myself to the queen, our benefactress,—not only my arm, not only my head, but my happiness. Others will give her their lives; I do more than give her my life,—I risk my honor; and if that perishes, only one more tear will fall into the ocean of miseries which is preparing to swallow up France. But my honor runs no risk under the guardianship of such a woman as my Geneviève."

For the first time Dixmer had entirely revealed himself. Geneviève raised her head, and fixed her beautiful eyes, full of admiration, upon him; then slowly rose, and presented her forehead to him to kiss.

"You wish it?" said she.

Dixmer made a sign in the affirmative.

"Dictate, then," and she took up a pen.

"No; it is sufficient to use, not to abuse this worthy young man," said Dixmer; "and since he will be reconciled himself to us on receipt of a letter from Geneviève, this letter should be from Geneviève, and not from Monsieur Dixmer."

And Dixmer a second time kissed his wife's forehead, thanked her, and went out.

Then Geneviève tremblingly wrote,—

Citizen Maurice,—You know how much my husband respects you. Have three weeks of separation, which to us have appeared an age, made you forget? Come, we await you; your return will be a real fête.

Geneviève.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GODDESS REASON.

As Maurice had informed General Santerre the preceding evening, he was seriously ill.

While he kept his chamber, Lorin in his daily visits had made use of every argument to induce him to enter into some active pursuit calculated to divert his mind from its trouble; but Maurice continued obstinate. There are some maladies we do not desire to heal. On the 1st of June, Lorin came about one o'clock.

"Is there anything particular going on to-day," asked Maurice, "that you are so superb?"

Indeed, Lorin was splendidly attired. He wore the bonnet-rouge, the carmagnole, and the tricolored girdle ornamented with two instruments, then called the "cruets of the Abbé Maury," but which before and since have been plumply and plainly termed pistols.

"In the first place," said Lorin, "it is generally the breaking up of the ice of the Gironde which is in train, but by beat of drum. At this moment, for example, they are heating the bullets red on the Place du Carrousel; then, in particular, there is a grand solemnity to which I invite you the day after to-morrow."

"But what is there to-day? You came for me, you say?"

"Yes; to-day we have the rehearsal."

"What rehearsal?"

"Why, the rehearsal of this great solemnity."

"My dear fellow," said Maurice, "you know that it is now eight days since I last went out; consequently I am ignorant of everything, and therefore the more require to be fully informed."

"What! Have I not told you?"

"You have told me nothing."

"First, you already know, we had suppressed God for some time past, and have replaced him with the 'Supreme Being.'"

"Yes; I know all that."

"Well, it seems they have found out something; that the 'Supreme Being' was a Moderate, a Rolandist, and, in short, a Girondin."

"No jesting on sacred subjects, Lorin; you know I do not like it."

"What would you have, my boy? we must keep up with the age. I too like the ancient God well enough; first, because I was accustomed to him. As for the 'Supreme Being,' it appears he really has faults, and since he has been above yonder, everything has been playing at cross-purposes; at all events, our legislators have decreed his downfall."

Maurice shrugged his shoulders.

"Shrug your shoulders as much as you please," said Lorin; "but now we are going to

worship the 'Goddess Reason.'"

"And are you engaged in all these masquerades?"

"Ah! mon ami, if you knew the Goddess Reason as I know her, you would be one of her warmest partisans. Listen; I wish you to know her, and will present you to her."

"A truce to all this folly. I am out of spirits, you well know."

"The very thing, then; she will enliven you; she is a nice girl. Ah! but you know the austere goddess whom the Parisians wish to crown with laurels, and drive about in a gilded paper-car! It is—guess."

"How can I guess?"

"It is Arthémise."

"Arthémise!" said Maurice, taxing his memory in vain to recollect the name.

"Yes; a tall brunette, with whom I formed an acquaintance last year at the Opera-ball; by the same token, you came to sup with us, and made her tipsy."

"Ah! yes," said Maurice, "I remember now. It is she, is it?"

"She has the best chance. I presented her to the concourse. All the Thermopyles have promised me their votes. In three days the general election will take place. To-day we enjoy the preparatory dinner, to-day we spill the wine of Champagne; perhaps after to-morrow we may spill blood! But let them spill what they like, Arthémise shall be goddess, or may the devil carry me away! Come, come, we will help her on with her tunic."

"Thanks; but I have always entertained a repugnance for things of this sort."

"To robe goddesses? Peste! old fellow, you are difficult to please. Let me see; if that does not suit you, I will put her tunic on, and you shall take it off."

"Lorin, I am ill, and not only out of spirits, but the gayety of others makes me miserable."

"Ah, that is it! You frighten me, Maurice; you no longer either laugh or fight. You

surely are not engaged in any plot?"

"I? Would to God—"

"You mean, Would to the Goddess Reason!"

"Leave me, Lorin; I cannot, and will not, go out. I am in bed, and here let me rest in peace."

Lorin scratched his ear.

"Well," said he, "I see how it is."

"What do you see?"

"That you wait for the Goddess Reason."

"By Jove," cried Maurice, "witty friends are great bores. Go, or I shall load both you and your goddess with curses."

"Charge! charge!"

Maurice raised his hand to curse him, when he was interrupted by his official, who at this moment entered, bearing in his hand a letter for his brother citizen.

"Citizen Agesilaus," said Lorin, "you enter at an unfortunate moment. Your master was just going to be eloquent."

Maurice let fall his hand, which he listlessly extended for the letter; but the instant he touched it he started, and eagerly examining both the seal and hand-writing, grew very pale in the anticipation of bad tidings, and broke the seal hastily.

"Oh, our interest is awakened at last," said Lorin, "it seems to me."

Maurice heard him not; his whole soul was merged in the four lines of Geneviève. He read and re-read them three or four times over; and then raising his head, gazed at Lorin like a man quite stupefied.

"The deuce!" said Lorin; "the intelligence must be wonderful indeed, which that letter contains."

Maurice read the letter for the fifth time; a hue of vermilion suffused his face, his eyes brightened, and a deep sigh relieved his breast; then forgetting at once his illness and attendant weakness, he leaped from his bed.

"My clothes!" cried he to the astonished official,—"my clothes, my dear Agesilaus. Oh, my poor Lorin—my good Lorin, I expected this every day, but in truth I did not hope for it. Here, my white trousers and frilled shirt; please dress my hair and shave me immediately."

The official hastened to execute Maurice's orders, and dressed and shaved him in a trice.

"Oh, I shall again behold her! I shall again behold her!" cried the young man, "Lorin, I never till this moment knew what happiness meant!"

"My poor Maurice," said Lorin, "I think you require the visit I recommended to you."

"Oh, my dear friend, pardon me; for truly reason has forsaken me."

"Then I offer you mine," said Lorin, laughing at his own execrable pun.

The most surprising thing was that Maurice laughed also. His present happiness had made him so cheerful.

This was not all. "Wait," said he, cutting some orange blossom from a tree in full bloom; "present this from me to the worthy Widow Mausole."

"A la bonne heure!" said Lorin; "in consideration of your gallantry, I pardon you. Then it appears to me you are absolutely in love, and I always feel profound respect for the unfortunate."

"Yes, I am in love," said Maurice, and his heart dilated with joy. "I am in love; and now, since she loves me, I may declare it; for since she has recalled me, must she not love me, Lorin?"

"Doubtless," complacently replied the adorer of the Goddess Reason; "but take care,

Maurice, for the fashion in which you take this makes me fear for you."

"Often love is but a freak Of the tyrant men call Cupid. 'Tis he bewitches when you speak With any woman, howe'er stupid. Come, then, with me,—love only Reason; And so escape Dan Cupid's treason."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Maurice, clapping his hands; then taking to his heels, he descended the steps four at a time, and directed his steps toward the well-known old Rue Saint Jacques.

"I believe he applauded me, Agesilaus, didn't he?" asked Lorin.

"He certainly did, Citizen; and no wonder, for those were very pretty verses that you repeated."

"He is worse than I thought him," said Lorin, in his turn descending the staircase in rather a calmer mood. Arthémise was not Geneviève.

Hardly had Lorin and his orange blossom arrived at the Rue Saint Honoré, when a crowd of young citizens, to whom he had been accustomed to administer either kicks or half-pence, according to his humor, respectfully followed him,—mistaking him, no doubt, for one of those virtuous individuals to whom Saint Just had proposed that people should offer a white robe and a bunch of orange blossoms.

As the cortège every moment increased in numbers,—for even at this epoch a virtuous man was a rare sight to behold,—there were several thousand young citizens present when the bouquet was offered to Arthémise, a homage which made several other "Reasons" who had joined the ranks very ill with sick headache next day. It was on the same evening that the famous distich was circulated through Paris,—

"Long life to Goddess Reason— The pure, clear dawn of day."

And as it has come down to us without any knowledge of the author,—a fact which has powerfully exercised the sagacity of revolutionary archæologists,—we have

almost the audacity to affirm that it was composed for the fair Arthémise by our friend, Hyacinthe Lorin.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

Maurice could not have been quicker, had he even possessed wings. The streets were crowded, but Maurice only remarked the crowd as it retarded his course. It was said everywhere that the Convention was besieged; that the majesty of the people was offended through its representatives, whom they prevented from coming out; and of this there seemed some probability, as the ring of the tocsin was heard, and the thunder of the cannon sounding an alarm. But what at this moment, to Maurice, mattered either the tocsin or the cannon? What cared he whether the deputies were or were not able to come out, when the prohibition did not extend to him? So he quickened his pace, that was all. While running, he pictured to himself Geneviève waiting at the little window overlooking the garden, in order to see him; and that she would perceive him far off; and then her smile, more than ever charming, would welcome him back again.

Dixmer also was no doubt informed of this happy return, and would tender him his coarse, large hand, so frank and loyal in its greeting. He loved Dixmer; now even his love almost extended to Morand with his black locks and his green spectacles, behind which he fancied he could see the glitter of his brilliant but saturnine eyes.

He loved the whole world, for he was happy, and would willingly have showered flowers on the heads of all mankind that they might be as happy as himself.

But for once he was deceived. Poor Maurice! he deceived himself, as a man generally does when he reckons according to his wishes.

Instead of the sweet smile awaiting Maurice, which was to receive him when he would be seen from afar, Geneviève had determined on meeting Maurice with the most distant politeness,—a feeble rampart with which to oppose the torrent that

threatened to invade her heart. She had retired to her chamber on the first floor, and did not intend coming down till sent for.

Alas! she also deceived herself.

Dixmer alone was not deceived; he watched for Maurice through a wired lattice, and smiled ironically.

Morand was gravely occupied in dyeing black some tails which are placed on white cat-skin to imitate ermine.

Maurice pushed open the little door of the alley, to enter unceremoniously through the garden; as of old, the door opening rang a little bell which indicated the arrival of Maurice.

Geneviève, who had stationed herself behind the closed window, started, and let fall the curtain she had drawn on one side.

The first sensation experienced by Maurice on entering his friend's house was disappointment. Not only was Geneviève absent from the window on the ground-floor, but on entering the little salon where he had uttered his last adieu, he found her not, and was compelled to announce himself, as if an absence of three weeks' duration had transformed him into a stranger. His heart was oppressed.

It was Dixmer whom Maurice first saw. He came forward, and embraced him with exclamations of joy.

Geneviève then came down. She had tried in vain to restore some color to her pallid cheek; but before she had proceeded twenty steps the blood receded to her heart.

Maurice saw Geneviève appear in the shadow of the door; he advanced toward her smiling, intending to kiss her hand, and then only perceived how sadly she was changed. She on her part noticed with anxiety the attenuated frame of Maurice, and his fevered look of wild excitement.

"You are here then, sir," said she, in a voice whose emotion she could not subdue.

She had determined to address him with perfect indifference.

"Good-day, Citizen Maurice; why have your visits been so rare of late?"

This fickleness appeared more strange still to Maurice, and now what a shadow was cast upon all!

Dixmer cut short this examination, and put an end to all reciprocal reproaches by ordering dinner to be served; it was nearly two o'clock. They passed into the salle-à-manger, where Maurice saw a cover was placed for him. Then the Citizen Morand arrived, dressed in the same chestnut-colored coat and in the same waistcoat—he always wore his green spectacles—and white frilled shirt, and had the same long thick black hair. Maurice felt so well-disposed toward him that he wondered now when he had Morand before him that he should have ever felt the least concern about his rivalry at a distance. In short, what probability was there that Geneviève loved this little chemist? He was in love, and in consequence a fool to allow such folly to enter into his head.

Besides, the moment would have been badly chosen for jealousy. Maurice carried within his waistcoat pocket Geneviève's last letter, and his heart, bounding with joy, beat beneath it.

Geneviève had recovered her serenity. There is this peculiarity in the organization of women, that the present is able to efface all hues of the past, and distances all fears for the future.

Geneviève felt happy, having resumed her self-command: that is to say, she became calm and dignified, though still kind,—another shade which Maurice had not the requisite skill to comprehend. Lorin would have found the explanation in "Parny," in "Bertin," or the "Gentil Bernard."

The conversation turned upon the Goddess Reason. The fall of the Girondins, and the new mode of worship by which the kingdom of heaven had fallen to the lot of the distaff were the prevailing topics of the day. Dixmer pretended he should not

have been sorry to see this unparalleled honor offered to Geneviève. Maurice felt inclined to laugh. Geneviève, however, concurred in the opinion of her husband, while Maurice regarded them both with astonishment, wondering that patriotism could so far mislead a sensible man like Dixmer and a woman of so poetical and refined a nature as Geneviève.

Morand developed the theory of female politicians. He cited Théroigne de Méricourt, the heroine of the 10th of August, and Madame Roland, the "Soul" of the Girondins. Then, en passant, he launched out against the "Tricoteuses." These words made Maurice smile. It was, however, a cruel joke against these female patriots that they were latterly termed "the female leeches of the guillotine."

"Ah! Citizen Morand," said Dixmer, "we respect patriotism even when it is mistaken."

"As for me," said Maurice, "as far as I know of patriotism, I always find the women sufficiently good patriots, when not too high aristocrats."

"You are quite right," said Morand; "and as for myself, I frankly confess I consider a woman very contemptible when she affects the demeanor of a man, and a man a coward, unworthy of the name, when he insults a woman, even were she his bitterest enemy."

Morand was gradually drawing Maurice on to delicate ground. Maurice on his side replied by an affirmative sign. The lists being opened, Dixmer, like the sounding herald, added,—

"One moment, one moment, Citizen Morand; you except, I hope, those women who are known enemies of the nation?"

A silence of some moments succeeded this "parry and thrust" to the response of Morand and the sign of Maurice. Maurice first interrupted the silence.

"Let us except no one," said he, sadly; "those females who have been enemies to the nation are now, it appears to me, sufficiently punished."

"You allude to the prisoners of the Temple,—to the Austrian, the sister and daughter of Capet?" cried Dixmer, with a rapidity which deprived his words of all expression.

Morand changed color while awaiting the reply of the young Republican, seeming to sink his nails into his breast in the intensity of his interest.

"Just so," said Maurice, "it is of them I am speaking."

"Who?" said Morand, in stifled tones. "Is what they say, true?"

"What do they say?" demanded the young man.

"That the prisoners are cruelly maltreated, sometimes even by those whose duty it is to protect them."

"There are individuals," said Maurice, "who do not deserve the name of men. There are some cowards who, totally deficient in real courage, retain a desire to torture the vanquished in order to persuade themselves that they are the conquerors."

"You are not one of those men, Maurice, I am quite certain," said Geneviève.

"Madame," replied Maurice, "I who now speak to you mounted guard near the scaffold on which perished the late king. My drawn sabre in my hand, I was prepared to slay any one who attempted to rescue him. Notwithstanding, on his approach I removed my hat, and turning toward my men said,—

"'Citizens, I here warn you that I shall run my sword through the body of the first man that insults the king.'

"And I defy any one to assert that a single shout was heard to proceed from my company. From my hand first emanated those ten thousand placards affixed to the walls of Paris after the king's return from Varennes,—

"'Whoever acknowledges the king shall be flogged. Whoever insults the king shall be hanged.'"

"Well," continued Maurice, without noticing the deep impression his words had produced on his listeners,—"well, I have proved to you that I am a frank, good

patriot, that I hate all kings and their partisans. Yet I declare, notwithstanding my opinion, which is nothing short of a firm conviction, that, notwithstanding the certainty I feel that the Austrian is in a great measure the cause of the miseries that desolate France, never, never shall any man,—let him be who he may, even Santerre himself,—insult the ex-queen in my presence."

"Citizen," said Dixmer, shaking his head as if he disapproved of so much hardihood, "are you aware you ought to be very sure of us before you make such declarations in our presence?"

"I make them before you, and would do so before all the world, Dixmer; and I will add, she may perhaps perish on the same scaffold as her husband, but I am not one to fear a woman; on the contrary, I have a kindly regard for all those who are weaker than myself."

"And the queen, Monsieur Maurice?" demanded Geneviève, timidly; "has she sometimes evinced her sense of this delicacy, to which she is so little accustomed?"

"The prisoner has thanked me several times for my consideration for her, Madame."

"Then she must expect your turn to guard with pleasure?"

"I believe she does, Madame," replied Maurice.

"Then," said Morand, tremulous as a woman, "since you have confessed what no one nowadays confesses,—that you have a generous heart,—you will not surely persecute the children either?"

"I!" said Maurice; "ask the infamous Simon the weight of the arm of the municipal before whom he had the audacity to beat the little Capet."

This answer produced a spontaneous movement at Dixmer's table. All the guests rose respectfully; Maurice alone remained seated, and had not the slightest idea that he had elicited this mark of admiration.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" said he, astonished.

"I thought some one called from the manufactory," said Dixmer.

"No," said Geneviève; "at first I thought so too; but we are mistaken." And all resumed their seats.

"Ah! it is you then, Citizen Maurice," said Morand, in a tremulous voice, "who are the municipal so much talked about, and who so nobly defended a child."

"Talked about?" said Maurice, with the utmost naïveté.

"Yours is a noble heart," said Morand, rising from the table. That he might give way to his feelings, he retired to the manufactory, as if some pressing business there awaited him.

"Yes, Citizen," replied Dixmer; "they do speak about it, and it should be said that all those possessed of brave, generous hearts applaud without knowing you."

"And let him remain unknown," said Geneviève. "The glory he would acquire would be replete with danger."

Thus in this singular conversation, without knowing it, each had contributed his word of heroism, devotion, and sensibility. There had been love and admiration which could not be expressed in words.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MINERS.

At the moment they left the table, Dixmer was told that his notary awaited him in his study. He excused himself to Maurice; besides, he was accustomed to leave him thus, and proceeded to attend his man of business.

He was negotiating for the purchase of a small house, Rue de la Corderie, facing the garden of the Temple. It was rather, as to the rest, a lot than a house that Dixmer was purchasing, for the present building was in a state of dilapidation; but it was his intention to rebuild it.

The bargain had not been delayed with the proprietor; that same morning the notary

had seen him and agreed to pay 19,500 francs. He therefore brought the agreement for signature, and came to receive the requisite money for the purchase, as the proprietor would that day clear out the building that the workmen might commence operations on the morrow.

The contract signed, Dixmer and Morand accompanied the notary to the Rue de la Corderie, to view this new acquisition; for they had purchased without seeing it.

It was a house situated near where No. 20 now stands,—three stories in height, and surmounted by a curved roof. The lower part at one time had been let to a wine-merchant, and contained some most excellent cellarage.

The proprietor, above all things, vaunted his cellars; they were the best part of the house. Dixmer and Morand appeared to attach very little interest to these cellars, yet both, as if from mere politeness, descended with the proprietor into what he called his vaults.

An exception to the general rule, he had not exaggerated. The cellars were magnificent; one of them extended under the Rue de la Corderie, and from this cellar they could hear the carriages roll over their heads.

Dixmer and Morand did not appear to appreciate this advantage. They even spoke of filling them up, observing that however convenient they might be to a wine-merchant, they became perfectly useless to honest burgesses, who intended to occupy the whole of the house.

After the cellars they visited the first, second, and third story; from the third they completely over-looked the garden of the Temple. It was, as usual, invaded by the National Guard, who enjoyed this privilege, since the queen never walked there now.

Dixmer and Morand recognized their friend, the Widow Plumeau, with her usual activity, doing the honors of her tavern; but doubtless their anxiety to be in their turn remembered by her was not very great, as they kept themselves concealed behind

the proprietor, while he expatiated on the advantages of this view, at once so varied and agreeable.

The purchaser then wished to see the attics.

The proprietor, doubtless, was unprepared for this demand, since he had not got the key; but soothed by the bundle of bills shown him, he descended to search for it.

"I was not deceived," said Morand, "and this house will answer our purpose exactly."

"And what do you say to the vaults?"

"That it is an interposition of Providence, which will spare us two days' labor at least."

"Do you think that it is in the direction of the cantine?"

"It inclines a little to the left; but that is of no consequence."

"But," said Dixmer, "how will you be able to follow your subterranean line with the certainty of its terminating where you wish?"

"Rest assured," said Morand; "that is my affair."

"If we were every day to give a signal from here that we are watching?"

"But from the platform the queen could not see it; for the attics alone are as high as the platform, and I am doubtful even about them."

"Never mind," said Dixmer, "either Maury or Toulan may see it from some opening, and they will inform the queen."

And Dixmer tied several knots in a white calico curtain, passing it backward and forward before the window as if shaken by the wind.

Then both, as if impatient to visit the attic, awaited the proprietor's return on the staircase, having first closed the door, not wishing to afford the worthy man a sight of his waving curtain.

The garrets, as Morand had foreseen, did not reach the height of the summit of the tower. This was at once an advantage and disadvantage,—a disadvantage, because they could not communicate by signs with the queen; and an advantage, because the very impracticability alone disarmed all suspicion. The highest houses were naturally the objects of the strictest surveillance.

"It is necessary, either by means of Toulan, Maury, or Tison's daughter, to find some way to tell her to keep upon the watch," murmured Dixmer.

"I have thought of that," said Morand.

They descended; the notary waited in the salon with the contract signed.

"It is all right," said Dixmer; "the house suits me; so hand over to the proprietor the sum of 19,500 francs in payment, and let him give a receipt."

The proprietor did so, first scrupulously counting the money.

"You understand, Citizen," said Dixmer, "the principal clause, that the house must be vacated this evening; that, in short, I must put the workmen in to-morrow."

"Well, Citizen, I agree to do so. You can take the keys this evening at eight o'clock; all will be free."

"Pardon me," said Dixmer, "but did you not tell me, Citizen Notary, there was a way out leading into the Rue Portefoin?"

"Yes, Citizen," said the proprietor; "but I had it closed; for having only one official, the poor devil had too much fatigue, being obliged to watch both doors. But it is so built up that at any time it can be re-opened in two hours at least. Would you wish to convince yourselves, citizens?"

"Thanks, it is not necessary," said Dixmer, "I attach no importance to this way out; it is useless to me."

They then both left, having for the third time reminded the landlord of his promise that the apartments should be empty at eight o'clock that evening.

At nine o'clock they both returned, followed by five or six men at a distance, of whom, in the confusion then reigning in Paris, no one took any notice. They both entered first. The landlord had kept his word; the house was totally empty.

They closed the shutters with the greatest care, and with the aid of a tinder-box, lighted some wax candles which Morand had taken in his pocket.

Then one after another the six men entered. These were the ordinary guests of the master-tanner, the same contrabandists who one evening wished to kill Maurice, but had now become his friends.

They closed the doors, and descended into the vault.

This vault, so contemptuously treated during the day, had become at night the most important part of the house.

Having first stopped up every crevice through which a curious eye might penetrate to the interior, Morand placed a cask upright, and began to trace with a crayon geometrical lines upon a piece of paper.

While he was thus engaged, his companions, conducted by Dixmer, left the house, following the Rue de la Corderie, and at the corner of the Rue de Beauce stopped before a covered carriage. In this carriage was a man who silently distributed to each one the instrument of a pioneer,—to one a spade, to another a mattock, to this one a lever, to that a pick-axe; each man concealed his tool under his overcoat, or mantle. The miners retraced the road to the small house, and the carriage disappeared.

Morand had finished his calculation.

He went straight to an angle of the cave.

"There," said he, "dig!"

And the work of deliverance immediately commenced.

The situation of the unhappy prisoners in the Temple became daily more serious and hourly more wretched. For an instant the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame

Royale had indulged some hope. The municipals Toulan and Lepître, touched with compassion for the august prisoners, had evinced some interest in them. At first little habituated to the marks of sympathy, the poor women were suspicious; but suspicion ceases to exist where there is hope. Besides, what now could happen to the queen, separated from her son by a prison, from her husband by death? To follow him to the scaffold,—this idea had possessed her for some time, and she had now become accustomed to it.

The first time Toulan and Lepître returned on guard, the queen particularly requested, if they really felt any interest in her misfortunes, they would describe to her the last moments of the king. This was putting their sympathy to a sad test. Lepître had assisted at the execution; he obeyed the order of the queen.

The queen demanded the journals containing the report of the execution. Lepître promised to bring them when next on guard; it would be his turn again in three weeks. In the king's time they had at the Temple four municipals; the king dead, they had only three,— one to watch during the day, two during the night. Toulan and Lepître invented a stratagem, that they might always keep watch together at night.

The hours of guard were drawn by lot; they wrote on one ballot "day," on two others "night." Each drew his ballot from a hat, and chance decided the night-watch.

Every time that Toulan and Lepître were on guard they wrote "day" on three ballots, and presented the hat to the municipal they wished to oust, and he, thrusting his hand into the improvised urn, necessarily drew forth a ballot on which was inscribed "day." They then destroyed the other two, murmuring against the hazard which always decreed them the most wearisome watch of the two,—that is to say, the night.

When the queen was sure of her guards she corresponded with the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. Then an escape was attempted, but the attempt was detected. The queen and Madame Elizabeth were to flee disguised as municipal officers, with

cards that would be provided for them. As to the two children,—that is to say, Madame Royale and the young dauphin,—they had remarked that the man who came to light the lamps of the Temple was always accompanied by two children, of the same age apparently as the Princess Royale and the dauphin. It was therefore arranged that Turgy, of whom we have previously spoken, should dress himself as the lamp-lighter, and carry away the prince and princess.

We will mention in a few words who Turgy was.

Turgy was an old waiter of the king's, introduced at the Temple with part of the family from the Tuileries, for the king had at first been permitted a well-appointed table. The first month this consideration cost the nation thirty or forty thousand francs.

It may easily be understood this prodigality could not last. The Commune decreed otherwise. They dismissed the chefs, the cooks, and scullions; one single man-servant only was retained,—that man was Turgy.

He was naturally the medium of communication between the prisoners and their partisans, for Turgy was permitted to go out, and consequently was enabled to forward their letters, and introduce the replies. These billets were generally twisted round the stoppers of the carafes containing the milk of almonds brought to the queen and Madame Elizabeth. They were written with lemon-juice, and perfectly illegible till held near the fire.

All was prepared for the escape, when one day Tison lighted his pipe with the paper-stopper of a carafe. As the paper burned, the writing became visible. He instantly extinguished the half-burned paper, and carried the remaining fragment to the Council of the Temple, when, being held near the fire, they could only read a few disjointed words, the other part being burned to ashes. But they recognized the hand-writing of the queen. Tison, being questioned, mentioned some slight marks of attention and sympathy he fancied he had observed on the part of Lepître and Toulan

toward the prisoners. The two guards were immediately denounced to the municipality, and allowed no more to enter the Temple.

Turgy remained.

But suspicion was now excited to the highest degree. He was never left a single moment alone with the princesses. All communication with the exterior was now utterly impossible.

Madame Elizabeth had nevertheless one day given Turgy a little gold knife to clean, with which she used to cut fruit. Turgy suspected something, and when wiping the knife drew off the handle, and in the handle found a letter.

This letter contained an alphabet of signs.

He returned the knife to Madame Elizabeth; but a municipal then present prevented him, and in his turn securing the knife, took the blade and handle apart; but fortunately the letter was no longer there. The municipal nevertheless confiscated the knife.

It was at that time that the indefatigable Chevalier de Maison-Rouge meditated this second attempt, which they intended to carry into execution by means of the house which Dixmer had purchased.

The prisoners, however, had by degrees lost all hope. That day the queen, terrified by the noise in the streets which reached her ears, and learning from these cries that they were debating the trial of the Girondins, the last supporters of moderation, felt dreadfully depressed. The Girondins dead, the royal family lost their only defence in the Convention.

At seven o'clock the supper was served. The municipals examined every plate as usual, unfolded each napkin successively, searched the bread, the one with a fork, the other with his fingers, and concluded by breaking into pieces the macaroons and walnuts, for fear any letter should reach the prisoners. These precautions being concluded, the royal family were invited to their meal in these simple words: —

"Widow Capet, you may eat."

The queen shook her head, signifying she was not hungry. But at this moment Madame Royale advanced, as if to embrace her mother, and whispered,—

"Seat yourself at table, Madame. I fancied Turgy made a sign."

The queen, tremblingly, raised her head. Turgy was opposite to her. The napkin laid over his left arm, and with his right hand he touched his eye.

She immediately rose, without any further objection, and resumed her usual place at table.

The two municipals assisted at the meal, being strictly prohibited from leaving the princesses alone for an instant with Turgy.

The feet of the queen and Madame Elizabeth met, and pressed each other under the table.

As the queen was seated opposite Turgy, not one of his gestures escaped her notice; besides, they were all so natural that they neither could nor did inspire the municipals with any suspicion whatever.

At the removal of the supper the same precautions were used as before; the smallest pieces of bread were taken up and examined. After which, Turgy went out first, the two municipals following; the woman Tison remained.

This woman had become ferocious since her separation from her daughter, of whose fate she was totally ignorant. Every time the queen lavished a caress on Madame Royale, it threw her into an excess of rage almost bordering on frenzy; so much so, that the queen, who so well understood the griefs of a mother, often denied herself this consolation—now, alas! the only one left her—of pressing her daughter to her heart.

Tison came now to seek for his wife, who at first declared she would not leave till Widow Capet was in bed.

Madame Elizabeth then wished the queen good-night, and entered her chamber.

The queen and princess having also retired, Tison's wife took the candle and went out.

The municipals had already thrown themselves upon their beds in the corridor.

The moon, pale visitant of the unhappy princesses, shone through the window of the roof, casting her rays across the foot of the queen's bed.

For an instant everything remained calm and silent in the chamber.

Then a door turned softly on its hinges, a shadow passed across the rays of the moon, and approached the queen,—it was Madame Elizabeth.

"Did you notice?" said she, in a whisper.

"Yes," replied the queen.

"And you understood?"

"So well that I dare not believe it."

"Let us see; repeat the signs."

"First, then, he touched his eye to indicate he had some news for us; then he passed his napkin from his left to his right, which meant that they were occupied in our deliverance. Then he put his hand to his face, to signify that the expected aid would reach us from the interior, and not from a stranger; then when you asked him not to forget the milk of almonds to-morrow, he made two knots in his pocket-handkerchief. Thus it is again the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge,—noble-hearted man that he is."

"It is he," said Madame Elizabeth.

"Are you asleep, my child?" demanded the queen.

"No, ma mère," replied Madame Royale.

"Then pray for you know whom."

Madame Elizabeth quietly regained her chamber, and for some minutes during the silence of the night the soft, sweet voice of the youthful princess might be heard addressing her prayer to God. It was at that moment, at a signal from Morand, the first stroke of the pick-axe sounded in the small house at Rue de la Corderie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLOUDS.

Aside from the intoxication of renewed visits, Maurice was certainly much disappointed at the reception of Geneviève, and reckoned upon solitary interviews to regain the road he had lost, or seemed to have lost, in her affections.

But Geneviève had wisely arranged her plan, and did not intend to allow him an opportunity for a tête-à-tête, being conscious of their danger even from the happiness they afforded her.

Maurice trusted to the morrow. A kinswoman of Geneviève's, no doubt previously invited, came to call upon her, and Geneviève had retained her. This time there was nothing to be said; it could not be the fault of Geneviève. When leaving, Maurice was requested to escort this relation to Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, where she resided. Maurice went away pouting, but Geneviève smiled, and he construed this smile into a promise.

Alas! Maurice deceived himself. The next day, the 2d of June, that terrible day that witnessed the downfall of the Girondins, Maurice dismissed his friend Lorin, who absolutely wished to carry him off to the Convention, and put everything aside that he might visit his fair friend. The Goddess of Liberty had a powerful rival in Geneviève.

Maurice found Geneviève in her little salon, all grace and amiability, but near her was a young femme-de-chambre with the tricolored cockade, engaged in marking pocket-handkerchiefs in the corner of the window, who never left her place.

Maurice knitted his brows, and Geneviève, perceiving he was not in the best temper

possible, redoubled her assiduities; but since her amiability was not carried so far as to dismiss the young official, he impatiently left an hour earlier than usual.

All this might have perhaps happened by chance. Maurice took patience. The political situation, besides, was so terrible that long as it was since he had interested himself in public affairs, the report reached even him. It required nothing less than the downfall of a party who had reigned in France for ten months to withdraw his attention from his all-engrossing passion for Geneviève.

The next day witnessed the same management on the part of Geneviève, and Maurice, having foreseen this, had arranged his plan. So ten minutes after his arrival, seeing that the young woman, having finished marking a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, commenced six dozen of table napkins, Maurice, we say, drew out his watch, rose, bowed to Geneviève, and went out without saying one word.

Still more, as he left, he did not even once look back.

Geneviève, who had risen to watch him across the garden, remained an instant speechless, pale, and trembling, then dropped into her chair, thunderstruck at the effect of her diplomacy.

At this moment Dixmer entered.

"Maurice gone?" said he, with astonishment.

"Yes," stammered Geneviève.

"But he had only just arrived."

"He was here a quarter of an hour, or nearly so."

"Then he will return?"

"I much doubt it."

"Leave us, Muguet [lily of the valley]," said Dixmer.

The femme-de-chambre had assumed the name of the flower from hatred to her

baptismal name of Marie, which was unfortunately that of the Austrian.

She rose at the command of her master, and quitted the room.

"Well, dear Geneviève," said Dixmer, "is peace restored between you and Maurice?"

"On the contrary, I think we are cooler than ever."

"And this time, who is to blame?" said Dixmer.

"Maurice, without the slightest doubt."

"Permit me to judge."

"What!" said Geneviève, blushing, "you cannot guess—"

"Why he is angry? No."

"It seems to me, it is some whim about Muguet."

"Bah! truly; then you must send the girl away. I will not deprive myself of a friend like Maurice for the sake of a femme-de-chambre."

"Oh!" said Geneviève, "he is not, I think, so angry as to require her to be sent away; it will suffice to—"

"What?"

"To exile her from my chamber."

"And Maurice is right," said Dixmer; "it is you he comes to visit, and not Muguet; it is therefore quite unnecessary that she should be present."

"But, my dear Dixmer," replied she, regarding her husband with astonishment.

"Geneviève," replied Dixmer, "I hoped to have found in you an ally who would render more easy the task imposed upon me, and find, on the contrary, that your fears redouble our dangers and difficulties. Four days since I thought all was settled between us, and now everything must be done over again. Have I not told you that I confide in you, in your honor? Have I not told you that it is positively necessary that Maurice should become our friend, more intimate than before, but less suspicious

than ever? Oh, mon Dieu! these women are an everlasting obstacle to our projects."

"But, is there no other way? I have told you before, that for all our sakes it would be better if Monsieur Maurice returned here no more."

"Yes, for our sakes, perhaps; but for the sake of her who is far above us, of her for whom we have promised to sacrifice our lives, fortune, and happiness, it is necessary that this young man should return. Are you aware they begin to suspect Turgy, and talk of placing another servant near the queen?"

"Well, I will send away Muguet."

"Gracious Heaven! Geneviève," said Dixmer, with a movement of impatience very unusual with him, "why do you speak to me thus; why stifle the ardor of my ideas by your own; why strive to create difficulties where too many already exist? Geneviève, act like an honorable, devoted woman; act as you feel you ought to act. I tell you, to-morrow I go out—to-morrow I take Morand's place as engineer. I shall not dine with you, but he will; he has something to ask Maurice, and will explain to you what it is. What he has to request you may imagine, Geneviève, is a thing of vital import; it is not indeed the goal to which we march, but the way leading to it. It is the last hope of that devoted, noble-minded man, our protector, to whom we are bound to dedicate our lives."

"And for whom I will freely give mine," cried Geneviève, with enthusiasm.

"Well, this man, Geneviève, I cannot tell why, as you must have seen is not loved by Maurice, by whom, above all things, it is necessary he should be respected. In short, from the bad temper in which you have put Maurice to-day, he may perhaps refuse Morand that which it is so imperative we should obtain at any price. Do I now need to tell you, Geneviève, to what dread end your petty delicacy and sentimentality are leading Morand?"

"Oh, sir!" cried Geneviève, clasping her hands and turning pale, "let us never mention that!"

"Then," said Dixmer, pressing his lips to his wife's forehead, "reflect upon it, and form your resolution;" and he went out.

"O my God!" murmured Geneviève, with anguish, "with what violence do they compel me to accept this love toward which my whole soul inclines!"

The next day, as we have already said, was Sunday.

It was customary in the family of Dixmer, as in all the bourgeoise families at that period, that the dinner should be longer and more ceremonious on that day than on any other. Since their intimacy, Maurice, having received a general invitation, never omitted to dine with them on that day. Although they did not dine till two o'clock, Maurice used to come at noon.

From the manner of their parting, however, Geneviève almost despaired of seeing him that Sunday.

In short, twelve o'clock struck, then half-past, then one.

It would be impossible to describe what passed in the heart of Geneviève during this period of anxious expectation.

She was at first dressed with the greatest simplicity; then, seeing that he delayed his coming, she, with a feeling of coquetry natural to the heart of woman, had placed a flower at her side, a flower in her hair, and still listened, her heart each moment beating faster and faster. The dinner-hour had almost arrived, and Maurice had not appeared.

At ten minutes to two, Geneviève heard the sound of a horse's feet, that sound she knew so well.

"Oh!" cried she, "his pride could not wrestle against his love. He loves me! he loves me!"

Maurice dismounted, and gave his horse to the gardener, desiring him to remain where he was. Geneviève saw with anxiety that the gardener did not lead the horse

to the stables.

Maurice on this day looked superlatively handsome. A splendid black coat, a white waistcoat, breeches of chamois leather designed for limbs after the model of Apollo, a white cambric stock, and his waving hair, displaying a fresh, beaming face, formed altogether a type of manly beauty.

He entered. As we have already said, his presence swelled the heart of Geneviève, who received him joyfully. "Ah!" said she, holding out her hand, "you have come to dine with us, have you not?"

"On the contrary, Citizen," said Maurice, coldly, "I have come to ask your permission to absent myself."

"To absent yourself?"

"Yes; the sectional affairs claim my attention. I feared you might wait, and would accuse me of being wanting in politeness, therefore came to make my excuses in person."

Geneviève again felt her heart sink within her.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" cried she, "and Dixmer, who does not dine at home, counted upon finding you here on his return, and desired me to detain you."

"Ah, then, Madame! I comprehend your importunity, it is a command of your husband's; and I not to guess all this! I shall never cure myself of conceit."

"Maurice!"

"It is for me, Madame, to draw my inference from your actions rather than your words; it is for me therefore to comprehend that if Dixmer is absent the greater the reason I should not remain. His absence would surely add to your constraint."

"Why so?" timidly inquired Geneviève.

"Because you appear, since my return, sedulously to avoid me, notwithstanding I returned for your sake, and yours only; and you well know, mon Dieu! that ever

since my return I have invariably found some one with you."

"Then," said Geneviève, "you are still angry, mon ami, although I endeavor to act for the best."

"No, Geneviève; you would do much better to receive me as before, or drive me away altogether."

"Maurice," said Geneviève, tenderly, "understand my situation, consider my anguish, and do not enact the tyrant over me any longer."

And the young woman regarded him mournfully.

Maurice remained silent.

"What do you require then?" continued she.

"I require your love, Geneviève; since I now feel I cannot live without that love."

"Maurice! have pity on me."

"Then, Madame, you leave me to die."

"To die?"

"Yes, to die, or to forget."

"You could then forget?" said Geneviève, the tears rushing from her heart to her eyes.

"Ah, no, no!" said Maurice, falling on his knees before her; "no, Geneviève, I may die, perhaps, but forget you, never, never!"

"And yet," replied Geneviève, with firmness, "that would be the best, Maurice; for this love is criminal."

"Have you said this to Monsieur Morand?" said Maurice, recalled to himself by her sudden frigidity of manner.

"Monsieur Morand is not a madman like yourself, and has never yet compelled me to indicate to him how he should conduct himself in the house of a friend."

"I wager," said Maurice, smiling ironically, "that if Dixmer dines out Morand is not absent. Ah, Geneviève, by this means you can always deter me from loving you; for while Morand is here, forever at your side, not quitting you even for a single moment," continued he, contemptuously, "I should not love you, or rather I should not confess that I loved you."

"And I," cried Geneviève, driven to extremity by this eternal suspicion, and seizing the young man's arm with a species of frenzy, "I swear solemnly—now, Maurice, mark me well, and let it be once for all—that Morand has never breathed to me a word of love, that he neither loves me nor ever will love me. I swear this on my honor; I swear this by the soul of my mother.

"Alas! alas!" said Maurice, "I wish I could believe you."

"Oh, believe me, poor foolish youth!" said she, with a smile which, to any one else than one blind with jealousy, would have been a charming confession of the state of her heart,—"believe me. Besides, if you wish to know more, Morand loves a woman in whose presence all others sink into insignificance, as the flowers of the field fade before the stars of heaven."

"And who is this woman who is able to eclipse all other women," demanded Maurice, "when among the number we find Geneviève?"

"Do we not always," said Geneviève, smiling, "consider the one we love as the chef d'œuvre of the creation?"

"Then," said Maurice, "if you do not love me, Geneviève—"

The young woman waited with anxiety the end of the sentence.

"If you do not love me," continued Maurice, "will you at least swear never to love another?"

"Ah! that, Maurice, I will swear with all my heart," cried the young woman, delighted that he had thus compromised with her conscience.

Maurice seized the hands she was raising to Heaven, and covered them with ardent kisses.

"And now," said he, "I will be kind, indulgent, and confiding. I will even be generous. I wish to see you smile, and myself to be happy."

"And you will ask me nothing more?"

"I will endeavor."

"And now," said Geneviève, "I think it will be useless to hold the horse any longer. The section will wait."

"Oh, Geneviève! the whole world might wait, if I could only stay with you!"

Steps were heard in the court-yard.

"They come to tell us that dinner is ready," said Geneviève. They silently pressed each other's hands.

It was Morand, who came to tell them they only awaited their presence at table. He also was in full dress for the Sunday's dinner.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REQUEST.

In the mean time Morand did not a little excite the curiosity of Maurice. The most refined of fops could not discover a fault in the tie of his cravat, the folds of his boots, or the texture of his linen; but it must be allowed his hair and spectacles were always the same. It then appeared to Maurice, so much was he reassured by the oath of Geneviève, that he now for the first time viewed these locks and spectacles in a proper light.

"The devil!" said Maurice to himself as he went to meet him,—"the devil take me if I am now ever again jealous of this worthy Citizen Morand. Put on every day, if you choose, your full-dress coat, or even make yourself one of cloth of gold, since from this time I promise to see nothing but your hair and spectacles, and above all, never

again to accuse you of loving Geneviève."

We can easily understand that the shake of the hand bestowed upon the Citizen Morand at the conclusion of this soliloquy was more frank and cordial than usual. Contrary to custom, the party was small, covers being placed for only three on a narrow table.

Geneviève was seated nearly opposite Maurice, between himself and the light, which reflected on her luxuriant black curls, tingeing them with the blue hue of the raven's wing, and enhancing the brilliancy of her eyes and complexion.

Beyond his pigeon-colored suit, Morand appeared to have dismissed all recollection of the day from his mind,—that brilliant wit which Maurice had sometimes heard burst fresh from the lips of this singular man, which would no doubt have been accompanied by flashes from his eyes, had they not been totally obscured by the green spectacles.

He uttered a thousand witticisms, but never himself smiled; indeed, what added piquancy to his witticisms and a strange charm to his sallies was his own imperturbable gravity. This merchant, who had made numerous voyages and visited various countries, trading in every sort of skin, from the skin of the panther to that of the rabbit; this chemist, with arms dyed with his own chemical preparations,—was as conversant with Egypt as Herodotus, Africa as Lavaillant, and the Opera and the boudoir as any fop.

"But the devil take me, Monsieur Morand," said Maurice, "you are not only a clever man, but a scholar also."

"Ah! I have both seen and read much," said Morand; "and then it is necessary I should prepare myself in some degree for the life of pleasure I intend to lead when I retire on my fortune. It is time, Citizen Maurice, it is time."

"Bah!" said Maurice; "you talk like an old man. What age then are you?"

Morand turned round, startled by this question, natural as it certainly was.

"I am thirty-eight," said he. "Ah! see what it is to be a scholar, as you term it. It makes one old."

Geneviève began to laugh, and Maurice joined in; but Morand merely smiled.

"You have, then, made several voyages?" demanded Maurice, pressing Geneviève's foot between his own.

"Part of my youth," replied Morand, "was passed in a foreign land."

"And you have seen much?—pardon me, I ought to say, have observed much; for a man like yourself cannot see without observing," replied Maurice.

"Ma foi! yes; seen much?" replied Morand, "I have seen almost everything."

"Everything, Citizen," replied Maurice, laughing; "that is saying a great deal. If you were to search—"

"Ah, yes! you are right; there are two things I have never seen. It is true, in our days, these two things are becoming more and more rare."

"What are they, then?" demanded Maurice.

"The first," said Morand, gravely, "is a god."

"Ah!" said Maurice, "but in lieu of a god I shall be able to show you a goddess, Citizen Morand."

"How so?" interrupted Geneviève.

"Yes; a goddess of quite modern creation,—the Goddess Reason. I have a friend, of whom you have sometimes heard me speak,—my dear and brave Lorin,—with a heart of gold, whose only fault is that of making verses and vile puns."

"Well?"

"Well, he selected for Paris a Goddess Reason, in good condition, and in whom they can discover nothing at all objectionable. It is the Citizeness Arthémise, ex-dancer at the Opera, and at present dealer in perfumes, Rue Martin. As soon as she is definitely received as goddess, I will show her to you."

Morand bowed his head in token of thanks, and continued,—

"The other," said he gravely, "is a king."

"Ah! that is more difficult," said Geneviève; "there are no more of them," she added, forcing a smile.

"You should have seen the last," said Maurice; "it would have been prudent to do so."

"The result is," said Morand, "I have not the least idea of a crowned head; it must be very sad?"

"Very sad, indeed," said Maurice; "I will answer for it,—I who see one nearly every month."

"A crowned head?" demanded Geneviève.

"At least," said Maurice, "one that has borne the weight and miserable burden of a crown."

"Ah, yes! the queen," said Morand; "truly, Monsieur Maurice, it must be a melancholy sight—"

"Is she as proud and beautiful as they say?" demanded Geneviève.

"Have you never seen her then, Madame?" demanded Maurice, surprised in his turn.

"I? never!" replied the young woman.

"Indeed!" said Maurice, "that is strange."

"And why strange?" said Geneviève. "We lived in the country till '91; since '91 we have resided in the old Rue Saint Jacques, which much resembles the country, only here they have neither light nor air, and still less flowers. You are acquainted with my life, Citizen Maurice? It has always been the same. How do you suppose I could have seen the queen, when I have had no opportunity whatever of so doing?"

"And I do not think you will avail yourself of that which unfortunately, perhaps, may present itself," said Maurice.

"What do you mean?" demanded Geneviève.

"The Citizen Maurice," replied Morand, "alludes to a thing no longer a secret."

"To what?" demanded Geneviève.

"To the probable condemnation of Marie Antoinette, and to her death upon the same scaffold where her husband died. The citizen said, in short, that you would not avail yourself of the opportunity offered you of seeing her the day when she will quit the Temple for the Place de la Révolution."

"Oh, certainly not!" cried Geneviève, as Morand pronounced these words with the utmost sang-froid.

"Then you can only lament," said the impassible chemist; "for the Austrian is well guarded, and the Republic a fairy that renders invisible whatever she pleases."

"I acknowledge, however," said Geneviève, "I have been very desirous to see this poor woman."

"Let us see," said Maurice, anxious to gratify all the wishes of Geneviève; "have you really such an inclination? Then only say the word. I agree with the Citizen Morand that the Republic is a fairy; but I, in quality of municipal, am somewhat of a wizard."

"Could you procure me a sight of the queen, you, Monsieur?" cried Geneviève.

"Certainly, I can."

"And how?" demanded Morand, exchanging a rapid glance with Geneviève, which escaped the notice of the young man.

"Nothing more simple," said Maurice. "There are certainly some municipals of whom they are distrustful; but as for me, I have given sufficient evidence of my devotion to the cause of liberty to render me above all suspicion. Besides, admittance to the Temple depends conjointly on the municipals and the chiefs of the post. Now, the chief of the post is, just at this moment, my friend Lorin, who

appears to me to be called indubitably to replace General Santerre, seeing that in three months he has risen from the rank of corporal to that of adjutant-major. Well, come and see me at the Temple the day I shall be on guard,—that is to say, next Thursday."

"Well," said Morand, "I hope now your wishes will be gratified. There is the whole matter arranged."

"Oh! no, no," said Geneviève; "indeed, I would not have it thus."

"And wherefore not?" said Maurice, who only anticipated in this visit to the Temple an opportunity of seeing Geneviève on a day when he had expected to be deprived of this happiness.

"Because," answered Geneviève, "it might perhaps, dear Maurice, expose you to some unpleasant dispute; and if anything were to happen to you through gratifying a whim of mine, I should never, while I lived, forgive myself."

"You have spoken wisely, Geneviève," said Morand. "Suspicion is at present very rife; the best patriots even are now suspected. Renounce this project, which, as you say, is after all a mere caprice of curiosity."

"They will say that you are envious, Morand, and that not having yourself seen either king or queen, you do not wish others to do so. Come, to end all discussion, join the party."

"I! good faith! No."

"It is then no longer the Citizen Dixmer who wishes to visit the Temple; it is I who entreat both her and you to come there, to divert a poor prisoner. For the great door once closed upon me, I remain for twenty-four hours as much a prisoner as the king would be, or a prince of the blood." And pressing between his own feet the foot of Geneviève, "Come then," said he, "I entreat you!"

"What do you say, Morand," said Geneviève, "will you come with me?"

"It will be losing a day," said Morand, "and will retard by just so long the time when I expect to retire from business."

"Then I shall not go," said Geneviève.

"But why?" demanded Morand.

"Because I cannot depend upon my husband to escort me; and if you will not accompany me—you, a respectable man, thirty-eight years of age—I have not the hardihood to encounter alone all the chasseurs, artillery-men, and grenadiers, requesting to speak to one of the municipals only three or four years older than myself."

"Then," said Morand, "since you deem my presence indispensable, Citizeness—"

"Come! come! learned Citizen, be as gallant as if you were simply an ordinary man, and sacrifice half a day to the wife of your friend," said Maurice.

"Well, let it be so," said Morand.

"Now," said Maurice, "I only require one thing from you,—that is, discretion. Visiting the Temple is considered a suspicious proceeding, and should any accident occur in consequence, we should all be guillotined. The Jacobins do not jest. Peste! you see how they have treated the Girondins."

"The devil!" said Morand, "this observation of the Citizen Maurice requires consideration. This would be a sort of retiring from business that would not suit me at all."

"Did you not hear," said Geneviève, smiling, "that the Citizen Maurice said all?"

"Well, what of that? All?"

"All together."

"Yes, without doubt," said Morand, "company is very agreeable; but I much prefer, fair sentimentalist, to live in your society than to die in it."

"What the devil was I thinking of," said Maurice to himself, "when I imagined this

man loved Geneviève?"

"Then it is all settled," said Geneviève. "I address myself to you, Morand, thoughtful, absent man that you are,—remember it is on Thursday next; so do not on the Wednesday evening commence some chemical experiment that will occupy your time and attention for the next twenty-four hours, as very frequently happens."

"You may be perfectly easy on that point," said Morand. "Besides, you can remind me."

Geneviève then rose from table, and Maurice followed her example. Morand was about to leave also, and perhaps to follow them, when one of the workmen brought the chemist a small vial containing some liquid which instantly engrossed all his attention.

"Let us make haste," said Maurice, drawing away Geneviève.

"Oh, be assured," said she, "he will remain there for an hour at the very least."

And the young woman allowed him to take her hand, which he tenderly pressed between his own. She felt remorse for her treachery, and tried to compensate for it by her kindness.

"Do you see," said she to Maurice, crossing the garden and showing him the carnations, which had been removed into the air with the hope of reviving them,—"do you see my flowers are all dead?"

"What killed them?" said Maurice; "your neglect? Poor carnations!"

"It was not my neglect, but your desertion, kind sir."

"They required, my little Geneviève, some water, that was all; besides, my absence should have left you plenty of time."

"Ah!" said Geneviève, "if flowers were watered with tears, the poor carnations, as you call them, would not have died."

Maurice threw his arms round Geneviève, and drawing her to him, before she had

time to prevent him, pressed his lips upon the half-smiling, half-languishing eye, now fixed upon the drooping, dying flowers.

Geneviève felt so much self-reproach it made her lenient to others.

Dixmer returned home late, and on his return found Morand, Maurice, and Geneviève talking botany in the garden.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

At length the anticipated Thursday, the day of Maurice's guard, arrived. It was now the month of June. The sky was of a deep and cloudless blue, and against this sheet of blue rose the heavy white mass of new houses. The coming of the dreadful dog-star was already foreseen,—that dog represented by the ancients as thirsting with an unquenchable thirst, and which, to borrow the phraseology of the plebeian Parisians, licked the pavement very dry. Paris was clean as a carpet, and perfumes filled the air, mounting from the trees, emanating from the flowers, circulating and intoxicating with joy, as if to render the inhabitants of the capital forgetful for a few moments of that vapor of blood which rose without intermission from the pavement of their streets.

It was Maurice's duty to enter the Temple at nine o'clock; his two colleagues were Mercevault and Agricola. At eight o'clock he was in the old Rue Saint Jacques, in grand costume as citizen municipal,—that is to say, with a tricolored scarf tightly fastened round his lithe, muscular frame. He as usual rode there on horseback, and on his route won the sincere approbation, admiration, and eulogiums of the fair patriots who saw him pass. Geneviève was already prepared; she wore a simple muslin dress, a species of light taffeta mantle, and a small bonnet ornamented with the tricolored cockade. Thus attired, she was of dazzling beauty.

Morand, who, as we have seen, had been earnestly solicited to accompany them, had, no doubt for fear of being mistaken for an aristocrat, attired himself in his usual

costume,—half-burgess, half-artisan. He had just entered, and his countenance betrayed great fatigue; he said he had been at work all night, in order to complete some urgent business.

Dixmer had gone out immediately on the return of his friend Morand.

"Well," demanded Geneviève, "what have you decided on, Maurice; and how are we to see the queen?"

"Listen," said Maurice, "I have arranged everything. I shall arrive at the Temple with you, and then introduce you to my friend Lorin, who commands the guard; I then take my post, and on the first opportunity will come for you."

"But," demanded Morand, "where are we to see the prisoners, and how are we to see them?"

"At either their breakfast or their dinner, if that will suit you, through the glazed partition of the municipals."

"Perfectly," said Morand.

Maurice then saw Morand approach a cupboard at the farther end of the salle-à-manger, and drink hastily a glass of pure wine, which rather surprised him, as Morand was usually very abstemious, his strongest beverage being water merely colored with wine.

Geneviève saw that Maurice regarded him with astonishment.

"Only imagine," said she, "he must be half-dead with fatigue; he has taken nothing since yesterday morning."

"Did he not dine here?" asked Maurice.

"No; he was trying some experiments in the city."

Geneviève took a useless precaution with respect to Maurice, since lover-like he was an egotist, and had merely bestowed upon the action of Morand that superficial attention which an amorous man accords to everything except the woman whom he

loves.

To his glass of wine Morand added a crust of bread, which he hastily swallowed.

"And now," said he, "dear Citizen Maurice, I am quite ready; when you choose we will depart."

Maurice, who was stripping the decayed petals from one of the dead carnations he had plucked in passing, now offered his arm to Geneviève, saying,—

"Let us start."

On their way Maurice felt so happy that he could scarcely contain himself; he would have uttered cries of joy had he not restrained his emotion. What could he desire more? Not only had he acquired the certainty that she did not love Morand, but also the hope that he possessed her affection. The glorious sun shone upon the world, the arm of Geneviève was reposing within his own, while the public criers, shouting at the top of their voices the triumph of the Jacobins and the defeat of Brissot and his party, announced that the country was saved.

There are truly moments in life when the heart of man seems too small to contain the joy or grief concentrated there.

"Oh, what a lovely day!" exclaimed Morand.

Maurice turned round in surprise. This was the first burst of feeling he had ever heard issue from the lips of this singularly reserved and absent man.

"Oh, yes; it is indeed lovely," said Geneviève, pressing closer the arm of Maurice; "would that it may continue till evening pure and cloudless as it is now!"

Maurice applied these words to himself, and his happiness redoubled each moment.

Morand at the same time regarded Geneviève through his green spectacles with a peculiar, grateful expression. Perhaps he also applied her wish to himself.

They thus crossed the Petit Pont, the Rue de la Juiverie, and the Bridge Notre Dame; they then proceeded to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the Rue Barre-du-Bec, and the

Rue Sainte Avoie. As they progressed, Maurice's step became more and more elastic, while on the contrary those of his male and female companions waxed slower and slower.

They had reached the corner of the Rue des Vieilles-Audriettes, when all at once a flower-girl impeded their passage, by offering them her basket filled with flowers.

"Oh, what magnificent carnations!" cried Maurice.

"Oh, yes, very beautiful!" said Geneviève; "it seems the cultivator of these had no preoccupation to distress him, for they are not withered and dead."

This speech sank deep into the heart of the young man.

"Ah! my brave Municipal," said the flower-girl, "purchase a bouquet for the pretty citizen. She is dressed in white; look at these superb crimson carnations; white and purple look well together. She will place the bouquet upon her heart, and as her heart is near to your blue coat, you will have there the national colors."

The flower-girl was young and pretty; her compliment was well-turned and well-chosen, for had it been made expressly for that occasion, it could not have better applied to the circumstances. Besides, the flowers were almost symbolical; they were similar to those now dead.

"I will purchase some," said Maurice, "since they are carnations; all other flowers I detest."

"Ah, Maurice," said Geneviève, "it is useless, we have so many of them in the garden."

But although her lips uttered the refusal, her eyes expressed a longing desire to possess them.

Maurice selected the most beautiful of the bouquets. It was the one the pretty flower-girl had presented to him.

It consisted of twenty deep red carnations, emitting an odor at once sweet and

pungent; in the centre, towering above the rest, rose a magnificent carnation.

"Here," said Maurice to the seller, throwing on her basket a bill of five francs, "that is for you."

"Thanks, my brave Municipal," said the flower-girl, "a thousand thanks."

And she went toward another couple, trusting the day commenced thus auspiciously would so continue till its close. During this apparently simple scene, which had only occupied a few seconds at most, Morand seemed scarcely able to support himself, and wiped the perspiration from his pallid brow, while Geneviève also turned pale and trembled. She took the nosegay which Maurice presented to her, and clasping it in her lovely hand, held it to her face, less to inhale the odor than to conceal her emotion.

The remainder of the journey was pleasant, at least so far as concerned Maurice. As for Geneviève, her gayety seemed affected, and Morand evinced his enjoyment in a fashion peculiar to himself,—that is to say, in smothered sighs or startling bursts of laughter, and occasionally uttering some formidable witticisms which fell upon the passers-by like sparks of fire.

At nine o'clock they reached the Temple.

Santerre called over the municipals.

"I am here," said Maurice, leaving Geneviève under the care of Morand.

"Welcome," said Santerre, holding out his hand to the young man.

Maurice took care not to refuse the hand thus offered to him. The friendship of Santerre was certainly most valuable at this epoch. At sight of this man who had commanded the famous rolling of drums, Geneviève shuddered, and Morand turned pale.

"Who is this lovely citizeness?" demanded Santerre of Maurice, "and what does she here?"

"She is the wife of the brave Citizen Dixmer; you have heard this excellent patriot spoken of, Citizen General?"

"Yes, yes," replied Santerre; "the chief of a tannery, captain of chasseurs of the legion Victor."

"The same."

"Good! good! My faith, she is pretty. And this ugly fellow who has given her his arm?"

"That is the Citizen Morand, her husband's partner, and chasseur in Dixmer's company."

Santerre approached Geneviève.

"Good-day, Citizeness," said he.

Geneviève made an effort.

"Good-day, Citizen General," replied she, smiling.

Santerre felt flattered by both title and smile.

"And what brings you here, fair patriot?" continued Santerre.

"The citizeness," replied Maurice, "has never seen Widow Capet, and would like to see her."

"Yes," said Santerre, "before—" and he made an atrocious gesture.

"Precisely," replied Maurice, coldly.

"Very well," said Santerre, "only mind they are not seen entering the keep: it would be a bad example; in other respects, do as you think fit."

Santerre again shook hands with Maurice, made an inclination of his head to Geneviève in a friendly and protecting manner, and went to attend to his other duties.

After a great many evolutions of gendarmes and chasseurs, after some manœuvring

with cannon, the heavy reverberations of which, it was considered, carried to the environs a salutary admonition, Maurice gave Geneviève his arm, and followed closely by Morand, advanced toward the post, at the door of which Lorin was vociferating loudly, commanding the manœuvres of his battalion.

"Good!" cried he, "why there is Maurice; peste! with a female too who appears to me rather agreeable. Does the sly rascal wish to bring her into competition with my Goddess Reason? If it were so, poor Arthémise!"

"Hallo! Citizen Adjutant," said the captain.

"Ah! that's right; attention!" said Lorin; "file to the left, left—Good-day, Maurice; not so quickly—"

The drums rolled, the company dispersed to their respective places, and when each was at his post, Lorin hastened to exchange compliments with his friend. Maurice presented Lorin to Geneviève and Morand. Then an explanation commenced as to the purport of their visit.

"Yes, I understand," said Lorin; "you wish your friends to enter the keep; that is easily managed. I will go directly and station the sentinels, then I will order them to admit you and your friends."

In ten minutes afterward Geneviève and Morand entered behind the three municipals, and placed themselves behind the glazed partition.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CRIMSON CARNATION.

The queen had just risen. Having been indisposed for two or three days, she had remained in bed longer than usual; but having heard from her sister that there had been a splendid sunrise, she made an effort to quit her couch, and that she might be enabled to breathe the pure air with her daughter, had requested permission to walk on the platform, which had been granted her without the slightest difficulty.

She had also been induced to act thus from another cause. Once, and it is true once only, from the height of the tower she had seen the dauphin playing in the garden. But at the first signal of recognition between the mother and child, Simon interfered, and compelled the boy to retire immediately.

Nevertheless, she had seen him; that was a great source of happiness to her. True, the poor little prisoner was very pale and much changed. Then he was dressed as a child of the people, in a blouse and coarse trousers. But his beautiful fair waving curls were still left him, forming around him a glory which God no doubt intended the infant martyr to retain in heaven.

If she could only see him once again, oh, what a cordial to the heart of the unhappy mother!

There was yet another motive.

"My sister," Madame Elizabeth had said to her, "you know we found in the corridor a straw standing upright in a corner of the wall. In the language of our signs this desires us to be watchful, as a friend is coming near us."

"That is true," replied the queen; who, regarding her sister and child with pity, would not on their account permit herself to despair of their ultimate safety.

The duties of the service accomplished, Maurice was then highest in authority in the keep of the Temple, since chance had elected him as guard during the day, and the other municipals, Agricola and Mercevault, as guards during the night.

The municipals had left, after laying their procès-verbal before the Council of the Temple.

"Ah, Citizen Municipal," said the woman Tison, coming forward to salute Maurice, "you bring company, then, to see our caged pigeons? It is only I who am condemned no more to see my poor Sophie."

"They are friends of mine," said Maurice, "who have never yet seen the Widow

Capet."

"Ah! well, they will see admirably behind the partition."

"Assuredly," said Morand.

"Only," said Geneviève, "we shall seem to be actuated by that cruel curiosity which induces some persons to mock the misery of unfortunate prisoners from the outside of an iron grating."

"Ah! then why not take your friends to the tower walk, since the woman Capet will take an airing there to-day with her sister and her daughter; for they have left her a daughter, while I who am not guilty, have been deprived of mine. Oh, these aristocrats! it will always be the case; let us do what we will, favor is always shown to them, Citizen Maurice."

"But they have taken from her her son," replied he.

"Ah! if I had a son," murmured the female jailer, "I should lament my daughter less."

Geneviève during this time had exchanged looks with Morand several times.

"Mon ami," said the young woman to Maurice, "the citizen is in the right. If you could by any means place me in the way of Marie Antoinette, it would be less repugnant to my feelings than gazing at her here. It seems to me that this manner of viewing people is at once humiliating both to them and to us."

"Kind Geneviève," said Maurice, "you possess true delicacy of mind."

"Egad! Citizen," said one of Maurice's colleagues who was at that moment breakfasting in the antechamber on bread and sausages, "if you were the prisoner, and Capet's wife felt curiosity to see you, she would not be so very particular about the indulgence of her fancy,—the jade!"

Geneviève, with a movement quicker than lightning, threw a rapid glance toward Morand, to note the effect of these words upon him. In effect, Morand quivered, a

strange phosphorescent light gleamed from under his eyelids, and his hands were clinched for an instant; but all this was so momentary that it passed unperceived.

"What is the name of this municipal?" asked she of Maurice.

"It is the Citizen Mercevault," replied the young man; and then added, as if to apologize for his coarseness, "a stone-cutter."

Mercevault heard it, and cast a sidelong glance at Maurice.

"Come! come!" said the woman Tison; "finish your sausage and your half-bottle, that I may clear the table."

"It is not the fault of the Austrian if I finish them now," grumbled the municipal; "for if she could have murdered me on the 10th of August she would have done so; thus the day when she 'sneezes in the sack' I shall be in the first rank, firm at my post."

Morand turned as pale as death.

"Come! Citizen Maurice," said Geneviève, "let us go where you promised to take us; here it seems as if I were a prisoner. I feel suffocated."

Maurice conducted Geneviève and Morand out, when the sentinels, previously instructed by Lorin, allowed them to pass without any difficulty. They installed themselves in a little passage on the upper story, so that the moment when the queen, Madame Royale, or Madame Elizabeth ascended to the gallery, these august personages could not do otherwise than pass before them.

As the promenade was fixed for ten o'clock, and they had only a few minutes to wait, Maurice not only did not quit his friends, but further, in order that the slightest suspicion might not be excited by this rather illegal proceeding, having met Agricola, he took that municipal with him.

It struck ten.

"Open!" cried a voice from the base of the tower, which Maurice knew to be that of

General Santerre.

Immediately the guard assumed arms and closed the iron gratings; the sentinels also presented arms. There was then heard in all the court a confused noise of iron, stones, and footsteps, which vividly impressed both Morand and Geneviève, for Maurice observed them both turn pale.

"All these precautions to guard three poor women," murmured Geneviève.

"Yes," said Morand, endeavoring to smile; "if those who tempt them to escape were now here, and in our place saw what we see, it would disgust them with their trade."

"In fact," continued Geneviève, "I begin to think they will never escape."

"I hope they never will," said Maurice, inclining over the staircase as he spoke.

"Attention," cried he; "here are the prisoners."

"Name them to me," said Geneviève, "for I do not know any of them."

"The first two who are ascending are the sister and daughter of Capet. The last one, preceded by a little dog, is Marie Antoinette."

Geneviève made a step forward. Morand, on the contrary, instead of looking at them, pressed himself close against the wall, his lips more livid and earthy than the stones of the keep.

Geneviève, with her white robe and bright pure eyes, appeared like an angel awaiting the prisoners to cheer them on their dark and dreary road, and to administer in passing a ray of comfort to their desolate and blighted hearts.

Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale pursued their way, having only thrown a glance of astonishment at the strangers. No doubt the former imagined they were those whom the signals announced, for turning round quickly to Madame Royale, she pressed her hand, and while so doing, dropped her handkerchief, as if to inform the queen.

"Pay attention, my sister," said she; "I have dropped my handkerchief."

And she passed on with the young princess.

The queen, with panting breath accompanied with a short dry cough indicating ill-health, stooped to pick up the handkerchief which had fallen at her feet, when her little dog, more agile than its mistress, seized it, and ran forward with it to Madame Elizabeth. The queen continued her ascent slowly, and after some steps found herself in her turn before Geneviève, Morand, and the young municipal.

"Flowers!" cried she; "oh, how long it is since I have seen any flowers! How deliciously they smell! You are happy to possess these flowers, Madame."

Quick as the idea formed in her mind, prompted by these melancholy words, Geneviève extended her hand to offer her bouquet to the queen.

Then Marie Antoinette raised her head, looked at her, and an almost imperceptible blush passed over her colorless face.

But by a natural movement, from an habitual passive obedience to regulation, Maurice put out his hand to arrest the arm of Geneviève.

The queen then remained hesitating, when, looking at Maurice, she recognized him as the young municipal who had always spoken to her with so much firmness, but at the same time tempered with equal respect.

"Is this forbidden, sir?" said she.

"No, no, Madame. Geneviève, you can offer your bouquet," said Maurice.

"Oh, thanks, thanks, sir," said the queen, with grateful acknowledgments; and bowing with gracious affability to Geneviève, the queen extended her emaciated hand, and selected at random a single carnation from the mass of flowers.

"Take them all, Madame, take them all," timidly said Geneviève.

"No," said the queen, with a fascinating smile; "this bouquet may come perhaps from one you love. I will not deprive you of it."

Geneviève blushed, and at this blush the queen smiled.

"Move on! Citizen Capet," said Agricola, "you must continue your route."

The queen bowed, and ascended the steps, but before she disappeared, turned around and murmured,—

"How sweet these carnations smell! and what a beautiful young lady!"

"She has not seen me," murmured Morand, who, almost kneeling in the shade of the corridor, had quite escaped the notice of the queen.

"But you had a good view of her, had you not, Morand? Had not you, Geneviève?" said Maurice, doubly happy, first from the sight he had procured his friends, and also that he had afforded ever so slight a gratification to the unhappy prisoner.

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Geneviève; "I saw her very well, and were I to live for a thousand years, I should never forget her."

"And what do you think of her?"

"She is charming."

"And you, Morand."

Morand clasped his hands, but made no reply.

"Tell me," said Maurice, laughing, in a whisper to Geneviève, "is it the queen of whom Morand is enamoured?"

Geneviève started, but recovering herself instantly, replied smilingly,—

"It really looks like it."

"You have not yet told me what you think of her, Morand," persisted Maurice.

"I thought her very pale," replied he.

Maurice retook the arm of Geneviève, to descend toward the court. In the dark staircase it seemed to him that Geneviève kissed his hand.

"Ha! what does that mean, Geneviève?"

"It means, Maurice, that I shall never forget that to gratify a whim of mine you have

risked your life."

"Oh!" said Maurice, "what exaggeration, Geneviève! Between you and me, you well know that gratitude is not the sentiment I wish to inspire you with."

Geneviève pressed his arm softly.

Morand followed with faltering steps.

When they reached the court, Lorin came and identified the two visitors, showing them to the gate.

Before leaving the Temple, Geneviève made Maurice promise to dine the next day in the old Rue Saint Jacques.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIMON THE CENSOR.

When Maurice returned to his post, in a state of transcendent happiness, he found Tison's wife weeping.

"What have they done to you now, mother?" asked Maurice.

"All this makes me furious," replied the female jailer.

"Why?"

"Because there is nothing but injustice for poor people in this world."

"But how?"

"You are rich, you are a bourgeois, you come here only for a day, and they permit pretty women to visit you here, who present bouquets to the Austrian; while I who nestle everlastingly in this dove-cot am not allowed to see my poor Sophie."

Maurice took her hand, and slipped into it a bill of ten francs.

"There, good woman, take that, and do not despair. Goodness! the Austrian will not last forever."

"Ten francs," said the female jailer, "that is kind of you; but I would rather have

even a curl-paper from my poor girl's hair."

As she finished these words, Simon, who was then coming up, heard them, and saw the female jailer put in her pocket the bill Maurice had given her.

We will mention what sort of a temper Simon was in.

He came from the court where he had encountered Lorin. Now, a decided antipathy existed between these two men.

This hatred was less induced by the violent scenes with which our readers are already familiar than by difference of race, an everlasting source of detestation, which, however mysterious it may at first appear, is easily explained.

Simon was hideous, Lorin handsome; Simon was vulgar, Lorin the very opposite; Simon was a Republican bully, Lorin one of those ardent patriots who had sacrificed everything to the Revolution; and then, if they had on a former occasion come to blows, Simon instinctively felt that the fist of the fop, no less effectually than that of Maurice, would have inflicted upon him a plebeian punishment.

Simon on perceiving Lorin, stopped short, and turned pale.

"It is still this battalion that mounts guard," growled he.

"Well," said a gendarme who overheard this apostrophe, "it is as good as another, it seems to me."

Simon drew a pencil from his pocket, and pretended to note down something on a piece of paper almost as black as his hands.

"Ah!" said Lorin, "you know how to write then, Simon, since you are tutor to young Capet? Look, citizens, upon my honor he takes notes; he is Simon the Censor."

A universal shout of laughter proceeded from the ranks of the young National Guards, almost all men of education, at the ridiculous title bestowed upon the wretched cobbler.

"Very well, very well," said he, grinding his teeth, and turning white with rage;

"they say you have permitted strangers to enter the keep, and that without the consent of the Commune. Very well, I am going to draw out the procès-verbal by the municipal."

"He at least knows how to write," said Lorin; "it is Maurice, Maurice with the Iron Hand; don't you know him?"

At this moment Morand and Geneviève went out.

On seeing this, Simon rushed into the keep, at the very moment, as we have said, when Maurice, by way of consoling her, presented the woman Tison with the bill of ten francs.

Maurice paid no attention to the presence of this miserable wretch, whom by a natural instinct he always avoided if he by any chance encountered him, regarding him in the light of a disgusting and venomous reptile.

"Ah, well!" said Simon to Tison's wife, who was wiping her eyes with her apron; "so you wish to bring yourself to the guillotine, Citizen?"

"I!" said the woman, "what put such a thought into your head?"

"Why, because you receive money from the municipal for allowing aristocrats entrance to the Austrian."

"I!" said the woman Tison; "be silent, you are mad!"

"This shall be entered in the procès-verbal," said Simon, emphatically.

"Come, now, they are friends of the Municipal Maurice, one of the best patriots that ever existed."

"Conspirators, I tell you. Besides, the Commune shall be informed; it will judge for itself."

"What! you mean to lodge information about me then, spy of the police!"

"Exactly so, if you do not lodge information yourself."

"Information about what? About what do you wish me to lodge information?"

"About what has happened."

"But nothing has happened."

"Where were these aristocrats?"

"There, upon the staircase."

"When Capet's wife ascended the stairs?"

"Yes."

"And they spoke to her?"

"They exchanged two words."

"Two words! Besides, there is a perfume of the aristocrat here."

"It is the scent of carnations."

"Carnations! what carnations?"

"Why, the citizen had a bunch of them, which perfumed the whole place."

"What citizen?"

"The one who saw the queen pass."

"Oh, the thing is clear; you say the queen! Ma'am Tison; this consorting with aristocrats will be your ruin! Ah, what is this I am treading upon?" continued Simon, stooping down.

"Ah!" said the woman Tison, "it is a flower, a carnation; it must have fallen from the hand of the Citizeness Dixmer, when Marie Antoinette took one from her bouquet."

"The woman Capet took a flower from the Citizen Dixmer's bouquet?" said Simon.

"Yes; and it was I who gave her the bouquet," said Maurice, in a loud and menacing tone, who had been for some moments listening to this colloquy, and whose patience was nearly exhausted.

"It is all very well, it is all very well; one sees what one sees, and one knows what one says," growled Simon, who still held in his hand the carnation crushed by his

huge foot.

"And I also know one thing," replied Maurice, "which I am now going to tell you; it is that you have nothing whatever to do in this keep, and that your honorable post of hangman is down there with the little Capet, whom I would, for your own sake, recommend you not to chastise to-day, as I am here to defend him."

"Do you threaten me? Do you call me hangman?" cried Simon, crushing the flower in his hand. "Ah! we shall see if it is permitted these aristocrats—why, what is this?"

"What?" asked Maurice.

"That I feel in this carnation? Ah! ah!"

The eyes of Maurice were transfixed with astonishment as Simon drew from the calyx of the flower a small paper, rolled with the most exquisite care, which had been artistically introduced into the centre of the clustering leaves.

"My God!" said Maurice, "what can this mean?"

"We shall know, we shall very soon know," said Simon, approaching the window. "Ah! you and your friend Lorin told me I did not know how to read. Well! you shall see."

Lorin had calumniated Simon; he could read all kinds of print, and manuscript also when sufficiently large. But the writing in the little billet was so minute that Simon was obliged to have recourse to his spectacles. He consequently placed it on the window, while he proceeded to take an inventory of the contents of his pockets; but while thus engaged, the Citizen Agricola opened the door of the antechamber exactly facing the little window, thereby causing a current of air which blew away the little paper, light as a feather from a bird's wing, so that when Simon, after a moment's exploration, had discovered his spectacles, placed them on his nose, and turned himself round, his labor was lost,—the paper had disappeared.

"There was a paper here," roared Simon, crimson with rage and

disappointment,—"there was a paper here. Look to yourself, Citizen Municipal, for it must and shall be found."

And he descended precipitately, leaving Maurice in a state of stupefaction.

Ten minutes afterward three members of the Commune entered the keep. The queen was still upon the platform, and strict orders had been issued that she should be kept in total ignorance of all that had just occurred. The members of the Commune desired to be conducted to her presence.

The first object which met their view was the crimson carnation, which she still held in her hand. They regarded her with surprise, and approaching her,—

"Give us this flower," said the president of the deputation. The queen, who had not expected this intrusion, started and hesitated.

"Surrender your flower, Madame," said Maurice, in a sort of alarm, "I entreat you."

The queen tendered them the carnation. The president took it and retired, followed by his colleagues, into a neighboring apartment to make an examination, and draw up the procès-verbal.

They opened the flower—it was empty.

Maurice breathed afresh.

"Wait a moment," said one of the members, "the heart of the carnation has been removed. The calyx is empty, it is true, but in this calyx most unquestionably a letter has been concealed."

"I am quite ready and willing," said Maurice, "to furnish all necessary explanation; but first of all, I request to be arrested."

"We shall make a minute of your proposal, but shall not act upon it," said the president. "You are known as a stanch patriot, Citizen Lindey."

"And I will answer with my life for the friends I had the imprudence to bring with me."

"Answer for no one," replied the procurator.

A tremendous hubbub was now heard in the court. It was Simon, who having long and vainly sought for the little billet wafted away by the wind, went to Santerre and informed him that an attempt had been made to carry off the queen, with all the accessories which the powers of his excited imagination could lend to such an event. Santerre was in great haste; he investigated the Temple, and changed the guard, to the great disgust of Lorin, who stoutly protested against this offence offered to his battalion.

"Ah! vile cobbler," said he to Simon, menacing him with his sabre, "I have you to thank for this pleasantry; but only wait a little, and I will pay you back in your own coin."

"I think rather that the entire nation will pay you," said the shoemaker, rubbing his hands.

"Citizen Maurice," said Santerre, "hold yourself at the disposal of the Commune, who will examine you."

"I await your orders, Commandant; but I have already said that I desire to be arrested, and I repeat my request."

"Wait, wait," murmured Simon, with a malicious smile; "since you are so bent upon it, we shall try to settle that little matter for you," and he went to find the woman Tison.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARTHÉMISE.

They searched during the whole day in the court, in the garden and its environs, for the little billet which had caused all this tumult, and which they no longer doubted contained the whole plot.

They interrogated the queen, after having separated her from her daughter and sister,

but elicited nothing more from her than that she had, on the staircase, encountered a young woman carrying a bouquet, and had drawn a single flower from the centre.

Moreover, she would not have plucked this flower had she not first obtained the consent of the Municipal Maurice.

She had nothing more to tell. This was the truth in all its force and simplicity.

This was all reported to Maurice when his turn came to be questioned, and he declared that the deposition of the queen was quite correct.

"But," said the president, "there was then a plot."

"Impossible," said Maurice; "I was dining at Madame Dixmer's, and proposed that she should see the prisoners, hearing her remark she had never done so; but neither the day nor the manner of so doing was arranged."

"But the flowers were purchased," said the president; "the bouquet had been made beforehand."

"Not at all; I myself purchased these flowers from a flower-girl, who offered them to us at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles-Audriettes."

"But at least this flower-girl presented the bouquet to you?"

"No, Citizen; I selected it myself from ten or twelve others. Certainly, I purchased the most beautiful."

"But was there a possibility of secreting this billet on your road to the tower?"

"Impossible, Citizen. I never left Madame Dixmer's side for a moment, and to perform the operation named on each flower,—for remark that every flower, according to Simon's account, must have contained a like billet,—would at least occupy half a day or more."

"But, in short, could not two prepared billets have been placed in the flowers?"

"The prisoner in my presence took one at random, after having declined the rest."

"Then, in your opinion, Citizen Lindey, there was not a plot at all?"

"Oh, there must have been a plot!" replied Maurice, "and I am the first not only to believe but to affirm it; my friends, however, were not concerned in it. Nevertheless, as the nation must necessarily be alarmed, I offer security by surrendering myself prisoner."

"Not at all," said Santerre; "should we act thus with tried friends like you? If you surrender yourself prisoner to answer for your friends, I surrender myself prisoner to answer for you. The thing is simple. There is no positive accusation. No one will know what has passed. Let us henceforth act with redoubled vigilance,—you especially,—and we shall succeed in probing this matter to the bottom, and at the same time avoid publicity."

"Thanks, Commandant," said Maurice; "but I shall answer as you would answer were you in my place. We must not stop here; we must discover the flower-girl."

"The flower-girl is far away, but be perfectly easy on that point; she shall be sought for. As for you, watch your friends, while I will guard the prison correspondence."

No one had thought of Simon, but he had formed his own project.

He arrived toward the conclusion of the sitting, and learned the decision of the Commune.

"Ah! then all that is needed is a formal accusation," said he, "to make sure work. Wait five minutes and I will lay one before you."

"What is it?" said the president.

"It is," said Simon, "the courageous Citizeness Tison who accuses of secret practices that partisan of the aristocracy, Maurice, and denounces the intrigues of another equally false patriot, one of his friends named Lorin."

"Take care, take care, Simon; your zeal for the nation perhaps misleads you. Maurice and Lorin are tried patriots."

"That will be seen at the tribunal," replied Simon.

"Consider well, Simon; this will be a disgraceful proceeding in the sight of all true patriots."

"Disgraceful or not, what is that to me? Do I dread disgrace? We shall at least learn the whole truth about traitors."

"Then you persist in lodging an accusation in the name of the woman Tison?"

"I will accuse them myself this very night to the Cordeliers, and you too, Citizen President, if you do not at once command the arrest of that traitor Maurice."

"Well, so be it," said the president, who, after the manner of those wretched times, trembled before those who clamored the loudest; "he shall be arrested."

While this decision was forming against him, Maurice had returned to the Temple, where the following billet awaited him,—

Our guard being violently broken up, I shall not be able, in all probability, to see you before to-morrow morning. Come then and breakfast with me; during that meal you shall give me a true and particular account of the plots and conspiracies discovered by Simon.

A pink the culprit was,— So honest Simon does depose; But I shall information seek This morning from a lovely rose.

And to-morrow, in my turn, I shall lay before you all Arthémise's answers to my questions.

Yours faithfully, Lorin.

Maurice replied,—

There is nothing new; so sleep in peace to-night, and breakfast without me to-morrow, as, on reviewing the incidents of the day, I find I shall not, in all probability, be able to leave till noon.

I should like to be a zephyr to waft a kiss to the rose of which you speak.

I give you leave to whistle at my prose as much as I do at your verse.

Yours faithfully, Maurice.

P.S. For the rest, I believe the conspiracy was only a false alarm, after all.

Lorin had indeed left at one o'clock with the whole of his battalion, thanks to the brutal conduct of the shoemaker; he however consoled himself with a quatrain, and went to visit Arthémise.

Arthémise was delighted to see Lorin. The weather, as we have said, was magnificent; she therefore proposed a walk along the quay, to which Lorin of course assented. They had walked some distance, discoursing on politics, Lorin recounting his expulsion from the Temple and vainly endeavoring to divine the cause, when, on reaching the vicinity of Rue des Barres, they perceived a flower-girl, who, like themselves, was walking up the right bank of the Seine.

"Ah, Citizen Lorin!" said Arthémise, "I hope you are going to present me with a bouquet?"

"Two, if you wish it," said Lorin; and they both redoubled their speed to overtake the flower-girl, who walked at a rapid pace.

On arriving at the Bridge Marie, the young girl stopped, and leaning over the parapet, emptied the contents of her basket into the river.

The flowers separated, whirled round for an instant in the air, while the bouquets, dragged down by their weight, fell more quickly, till at last both flowers and bouquets floated upon the surface, following the course of the water.

"Stop!" said Arthémise, regarding the flower-girl thus strangely occupied; "it is said—but yes—but no—but if—ah! this is strange."

The flower-girl placed her finger on her lips, as if to entreat Arthémise to be silent, and disappeared.

"Who is this, then?" said Lorin; "do you know this mortal, goddess?"

"No; I fancied at first—but certainly I am deceived."

"She, however, made a sign to you," persisted Lorin.

"But why is she a flower-girl this morning?" said Arthémise to herself.

"You acknowledge, then, that you know her, Arthémise?" asked Lorin.

"Yes," replied Arthémise; "she is a flower-girl I sometimes deal with."

"At all events," said Lorin, "she has a strange method of disposing of her merchandise."

And both, after having looked for the last time at the flowers, which had already reached the wooden bridge and received a fresh impetus from the arm of the river passing under its arches, continued their route toward the Rapée, where they anticipated dining tête-à-tête.

This incident was forgotten for the moment; but as it was at least singular, and of rather a mysterious character, it vividly impressed Lorin's poetic imagination.

In the mean time, the accusation brought by Tison's wife against Maurice and Lorin caused a great tumult at the club of the Jacobins; and Maurice was informed at the Temple by the Commune that his safety was endangered by the public indignation. This was a recommendation to the young municipal to conceal himself if he were guilty; but with conscious rectitude Maurice remained at the Temple, where he was found at his post when they came to arrest him, and at the same time to interrogate him.

Remaining firm in his resolution not to endanger the safety of his friends, in whom he felt the most implicit confidence, Maurice was not the man to sacrifice himself by a ridiculous silence worthy of a hero of romance, and therefore demanded that the flower-girl should be arrested.

It was five o'clock in the evening when Lorin returned home, and heard, at the same moment, of the arrest of Maurice, and also of the demand made by him.

The flower-girl of the Bridge Marie instantly recurred to him like a sudden

revelation. This singular individual casting her flowers into the Seine; the coincidence of place; the half admission of Arthémise,—all these facts combined convinced him that this was the solution of the mystery demanded by Maurice.

He bounded from his chamber, flew rather than ran down four flights of stairs, and precipitated himself into the presence of the Goddess Reason, who was engaged in embroidering golden stars on a robe of blue gauze. It was her robe of divinity.

"A truce to the stars, sweetheart," said Lorin; "they have arrested Maurice this morning, and, in all human probability, this evening I shall share the same fate."

"Maurice arrested!"

"By Heaven, he is! In these times nothing is more common than the occurrence of such troubles; but they excite little attention because they come in troops, that is all. Almost all important matters originate in trifles. Never neglect trifles. Who was that flower-girl we met this morning, sweetheart?"

Arthémise started.

"What flower-girl?"

"The one who so recklessly cast her flowers into the Seine."

"Ah, my goodness!" said Arthémise; "is this circumstance, then, so serious that you return to question me so urgently about it?"

"So serious, sweetheart, that I entreat you to answer my question without loss of time."

"Dear Lorin, I cannot do so."

"Goddess, with you nothing is impossible."

"I am in honor bound to keep silence."

"And I am bound in honor to make you speak."

"But why do you insist upon it thus?"

"Why? Zounds! that Maurice may not have his throat cut!"

"Merciful Heavens! Maurice guillotined!" cried the young woman, much alarmed.

"Without speaking of myself; for to tell you the truth my head feels by no means secure upon my shoulders."

"Ah! No, no!" said Arthémise, "to speak would be the poor girl's utter ruin."

At this moment Lorin's official rushed into the apartment.

"Ah! Citizen," cried he, "save yourself! save yourself!"

"And why?" demanded Lorin.

"Because the gendarmes have arrived; and while they were forcing an entrance, I gained the next house by the roof, and hastened to prevent your return."

Arthémise uttered a heart-rending cry, for she truly loved Lorin.

"Arthémise," said Lorin, "do you really place the life of a flower-girl in comparison with that of Maurice and that of your lover? If so, I declare to you that I no longer regard you as the Goddess Reason, but shall proclaim you the Goddess Folly."

"Poor Héloïse!" exclaimed the ex-dancer of the Opera; "if I betray you, it is not my fault."

"Well done, my darling!" said Lorin, presenting a paper to Arthémise, "you have already favored me with her Christian name, oblige me now with her surname and address."

"Oh, write it! never, never!" cried Arthémise; "I would rather tell you."

"Tell me, then, and rest assured I shall not forget."

And Arthémise, in an agitated voice, gave the name and address of the pretended flower-girl to Lorin.

"She is called Héloïse Tison, and lives, Rue des Nonandières, No. 24."

At this name, Lorin uttered an exclamation, and fled. He had not reached the corner

of the street when a letter was delivered to Arthémise. It only contained three lines,—

Not a word concerning me, dear friend; the revelation of my name would infallibly ruin me. Wait till to-morrow. I quit Paris to-night.

Thine, Héloïse.

"Oh, my God!" cried the future goddess, "if I could only have divined this I should have waited till to-morrow," and she rushed to the window to recall Lorin, if there was yet time; but he had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

We have already said that in a few hours the news of this event had circulated through Paris. In short, there were at this epoch various indiscretions easy to comprehend on the part of a government of which the political schemes were made and unmade in the street.

The rumor gradually gained ground, till it at length reached the old Rue Saint Jacques, and two hours after the arrest of Maurice they heard of his detention.

Thanks to the activity of Simon, the details of the plot were quickly reported beyond the Temple; but as every one embellished the original according to his fancy, the truth was somewhat altered by the time it reached the master-tanner's. One said a poisoned flower had been conveyed to the queen, by means of which the Austrian would stupefy her guards, and thus be enabled to escape from the Temple; it was also said that certain suspicions were entertained of the fidelity of the battalion dismissed by Santerre on the preceding evening,—so that already several victims were consigned to the hatred of the people.

But the inhabitants of the old Rue Saint Jacques were not, of course, deceived as to the real nature of the event; and Morand on one side, and Dixmer on the other, went

out immediately, leaving Geneviève a victim to the most violent despair.

If this misfortune had befallen Maurice, it was she who had been the sole cause of it. It was her hand that had conducted the young man blindfold to the entrance of the dungeon which now enclosed him, and which, in all human probability, he would quit only for the scaffold.

But under any circumstances Maurice should not lose his head on account of his devotion to her wishes. If Maurice were condemned, she would accuse herself before the tribunal, and would confess all. She would take all the responsibility upon herself, and at the expense of her life would save Maurice. And Geneviève, instead of feeling any fear of death, experienced, on the contrary, a melancholy happiness at the idea of dying for Maurice.

She loved the young man, she loved him more than was right in a woman who belonged not to herself; and to die would be for her the means of giving back to God her soul, pure and unspotted as she had received it from him.

On quitting the house, Dixmer and Morand separated, the former took the road to the Rue de la Corderie, the latter hastened to the Rue des Nonandières. Arriving at the end of the Bridge Marie, Morand perceived that crowd of idlers and common people which in Paris during or after the occurrence of anything remarkable collects at the place, as crows assemble on the field of battle.

At this sight Morand stopped short, a universal tremor shook his frame, and he leaned for support against the parapet.

At length, after a few seconds, he regained the almost miraculous power which under trying circumstances he exercised over his feelings, and mingling with the various groups, commenced his inquiries, and learned that a short time before they had taken from the Rue des Nonandières, No. 24, a young woman, most certainly guilty of the crime of which she stood then accused, as they surprised her in the act of making these packets. Morand inquired before what club the poor girl would be

interrogated, and found they had conducted her to the section Mère, where he immediately followed her.

The club was thronged, but by making free use of his elbows and fists, he succeeded in forcing an entrance. The first sight he encountered was the tall and noble figure of Maurice, standing haughtily in the place of the accused, and annihilating Simon by his looks.

"Yes, Citizens," cried Simon, who was concluding his accusation; "the Citizen Tison accuses the Citizen Lindey and the Citizen Lorin. The Citizen Lindey mentions a flower-girl, upon whom he endeavors to cast all the blame; but, as I told you before, the flower-girl will not be found, and that it is a vile plot formed by a body of aristocrats who toss back the ball from one to the other, like cowards as they are. You have seen, besides, that the Citizen Lorin had decamped when his presence was required; and he will return no more than the flower-girl."

"Then you have lied, Simon," cried a furious voice; "he will return, for he is here."

And Lorin strode into the hall.

"Room for me!" said he, pushing aside the spectators. "Room for me!" And he placed himself near Maurice.

The entrance of Lorin, so natural, and without affectation, yet combining all the freedom and strength inherent in the character of the young man, produced an immense effect upon the Tribunes, who instantly greeted him with cries of applause.

Maurice contented himself by smiling and holding out his hand to his friend,—the friend concerning whom he had said to himself, "I shall not long stand alone at the bench of the accused."

The spectators gazed with visible interest on these two handsome young men whom the foul shoemaker of the Temple, like a demon envious of their youth and beauty, had accused.

He soon perceived the unfavorable impression he had made, and determined to strike the last blow.

"Citizens!" roared he; "I demand that the generous Citizen Tison should be heard; let her speak, and bring forward her accusation."

"Citizens," said Lorin, "I demand that the flower-girl who has just been arrested, and who no doubt will be brought before you, may be first heard."

"No, no," said Simon; "it is just some false evidence,—some partisan of the aristocrats. Besides, the woman Tison is most impatient to forward the means of justice."

Meanwhile Lorin took the opportunity to whisper to Maurice.

"Yes," cried the Tribunes; "the deposition of the woman Tison; let her testify!"

"Is the woman Tison in the hall?" demanded the president.

"Without doubt she is here," cried Simon. "Citizen Tison, answer for yourself."

"I am here, President; but if I depose, will they give me back my daughter?" said the female jailer.

"Your daughter has nothing at all to do with the affair with which we are at present engaged," said the president. "Make your deposition first, and then appeal to the Commune to restore your child."

"Do you hear?" said Simon; "the citizen president commands you to make your deposition. Do so at once!"

"A moment," said the president, turning toward Maurice, astonished at the calmness of a man generally so impetuous. "One moment. Citizen Municipal, have you nothing to say first?"

"No, Citizen President,—except that before Simon attached the words 'traitor and coward' to a man like myself, it would have been better to have waited till he was more correctly informed."

"You say that? you say that?" replied Simon, with the sneering accent peculiar to the plebeian Parisian.

"I say, Simon," replied Maurice, with more of sorrow than anger, "that you will be most cruelly punished immediately, when you see what is about to happen."

"What is about to happen, I should like to know?" demanded Simon.

"Citizen President," said Maurice, without deigning to notice the question of his hideous accuser, "I unite with my friend Lorin in demanding that the young girl who has just been arrested may be heard before this poor woman is compelled to speak, who, no doubt, has been prompted to this deposition."

"Listen, Citizeness!" said Simon; "listen! They say down there that you are a false witness?"

"I a false witness!" cried the woman Tison. "You shall see; you shall see! Wait!"

"Citizen," said Maurice, "in pity desire this woman to remain silent."

"Ah! you are afraid," said Simon,—"you are afraid! Citizen President, I require the deposition of the woman Tison."

"Yes! yes! the deposition!" cried the Tribunes.

"Silence!" cried the president; "the Commune returns."

At this moment the sound of a carriage was heard outside, amid the noise of shouts and arms.

Simon turned uneasily toward the door.

"Quit the box," said the president to him; "you have nothing more to tell." Simon descended.

At this moment some gendarmes entered, with a crowd of curious idlers, which was soon driven back, and a woman was pushed toward the judgment-hall.

"Is it she?" whispered Lorin to Maurice.

"It is," replied Maurice. "Miserable woman, she is lost!"

"The flower-girl! the flower-girl!" murmured the Tribunes, whose curiosity was raised to the highest pitch. "Is this the flower-girl?"

"I demand, before everything else," roared Simon, "the deposition of the woman Tison. You commanded her to testify, President, and she has not yet done so."

The woman was recalled, and entered upon a dreadful and circumstantial deposition. The flower-girl, it was true, was alone criminal; but Maurice and Lorin were her accomplices.

This denunciation produced an incredible effect upon the public mind; and now, indeed, Simon was in the ascendant.

"Gendarmes," said the president, "bring forward the flower-girl."

"Oh, this is frightful!" said Maurice, concealing his face in his hands.

The flower-girl was called, and placed before the Tribune, exactly opposite to Tison's wife, whose testimony had convicted her of a capital crime.

She raised her veil.

"Héloïse!" cried the woman Tison; "my child. You here!"

"Yes, mother," replied the young woman, gently.

"And why do you enter between two gendarmes?"

"Because I am accused, mother."

"You! Accused, and by whom?" cried the woman, in anguish.

"By you, mother."

A frightful silence, like the precursor of death, fell suddenly upon the noisy assemblage, while the painful feeling excited by this horrible scene oppressed every heart.

"Her daughter," was whispered, as if by voices in the distance,—"her daughter!

Unhappy woman!"

Maurice and Lorin regarded both the accuser and the accused with sentiments of deep commiseration, mingled with respectful pity for their unhappy fate.

Simon, anxious to witness the conclusion of this tragedy, in which he hoped both Maurice and Lorin would remain actors, endeavored to withdraw from the attention of the woman Tison, who gazed wildly around.

"What is your name, Citizeness?" said the president to the young girl, himself affected at the scene.

"Héloïse Tison, Citizen."

"What is your age?"

"Nineteen years."

"Where do you reside?"

"Rue des Nonandières, No. 24."

"Did you sell the Citizen Lindey, whom you now see in the dock, a bouquet of carnations this morning?"

The young girl turned round and looked at Maurice.

"Yes, Citizen, I did," said she.

The mother herself gazed at her daughter, her eyes dilated with terror.

"Are you aware that every carnation contained a billet addressed to the widow Capet?"

"I know it," replied the accused.

A movement of horror and admiration spread itself through the hall.

"Why did you offer these carnations to the Citizen Maurice?"

"Because I perceived that he wore the scarf of a municipal, and I imagined he was going to the Temple."

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none."

"What! have you then concocted this plot alone?"

"If it is a plot, I alone am concerned in it."

"But did the Citizen Maurice know—"

"That the flowers contained the billets?"

"Yes."

"The Citizen Maurice is a municipal; the Citizen Maurice could converse with the queen at any hour of the day or the night. The Citizen Maurice, if he had wished to say anything to the queen, had no occasion to write; he could speak."

"And you do not know the Citizen Maurice Lindey?"

"I had sometimes seen him come to the Temple while I was there with my poor mother, but I only know him by sight."

"Do you see, miserable wretch," said Lorin, shaking his fist at Simon, who, dismayed at the turn of affairs, with his head lowered, was attempting to sneak away unperceived,—"do you see what you have done?"

Every one regarded Simon with looks of deep indignation.

The president continued.

"Since you made up these bouquets, you of course are aware that each flower contained a paper, and therefore must know also what was written upon that paper?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, then, tell us what it was?"

"Citizen," said the young girl, with firmness, "I have told all I either can, or will, tell."

"Then you refuse to answer this question?"

"Yes."

"Do you know to what you expose yourself?"

"Yes."

"You trust perhaps to your youth and beauty?"

"I trust in God."

"Citizen Maurice Lindey, Citizen Hyacinthe Lorin," said the president, "you are free. The Commune recognizes your innocence, and admires your loyal spirit. Gendarmes, conduct the Citizeness Héloïse to the prison of the section."

At these words the woman Tison seemed to awake, and uttering a piercing cry, attempted to rush forward once more to embrace her daughter, but was withheld by the guards.

"I forgive you, mother," said the young girl, as they led her away.

The woman Tison uttered a savage roar, and fell down as if dead.

"Noble girl!" murmured Morand, filled at once with grief and admiration.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CONSPIRACY.

Immediately following the events we have just narrated, a last scene came to fill up the complement of the drama which was unfolding its sombre turns of fortune.

The woman Tison, struck as by a thunderbolt at what had occurred, and totally abandoned by those who had escorted her,—for there is something revolting even in an involuntary crime, and it certainly amounts to a great crime when a mother condemns her own daughter to an ignominious death, were it even from excess of zealous patriotism,—the woman, we say, after remaining for some time in a state of insensibility, at length raised her head, looked wildly around, and finding herself deserted and alone, uttered a loud cry, and rushed toward the door.

At this door a few idlers more curious than the rest still remained congregated

together, who dispersed when they beheld her, and pointing with their fingers, said one to another,—

"Do you see that woman? It is she who denounced her daughter."

The wretched woman uttered a cry of despair, and rushed toward the Temple. But when she was a third of the way through Rue Michel le Comte, a man placed himself in front of her, impeding her progress, and concealing his face in his mantle.

"Are you content," said he, "now you have killed your child?"

"Killed my child!" cried the poor mother,—"killed my child! no, no, it is not possible!"

"It is so, notwithstanding, for your daughter has been arrested."

"And where have they taken her?"

"To the Conciergerie; from there she will be sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and you know what becomes of those who are sent there."

"Stand aside," said the woman Tison, "and let me pass."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Conciergerie."

"What are you going there for?"

"To see her again."

"They will not allow you to enter."

"They will permit me to lie at the door, to live there, to sleep there. I will remain there till she comes out, and then at least I shall see her once more."

"Suppose some one promised to restore you your child?"

"What do you say?"

"I ask you, supposing a man were to promise to give you back your child, would you do what that man required of you in return?"

"Anything for my child! anything for my Héloïse!" cried the woman, wringing her hands in despair,—"Anything! anything! anything!"

"Listen," said the unknown. "It is God who now punishes you."

"And for what?"

"For the tortures you have inflicted so mercilessly on a poor mother as unhappy as yourself."

"Of whom do you speak! What do you mean?"

"You have often driven the unhappy prisoner to the very verge of that despair where you are yourself at this moment, by your revelations and brutalities. God now punishes you for all this by conducting this daughter, whom you love so much, to the scaffold."

"You said there was some man who could save her. Where is that man; what does he want; what does he demand?"

"This man requires that you cease to persecute the queen; that you ask her pardon for the outrages already committed against her; and that if at any time you perceive that this woman, who is also a weeping, despairing mother, by any unforeseen circumstance, or by some miracle from Heaven, is upon the point of saving herself, instead of opposing her flight, you do all in your power to aid and abet it."

"Listen, Citizen," said the woman Tison. "You are the man,—is it not so?"

"Well."

"It is you who promise to save my child?"

The unknown remained silent.

"Will you engage to do it? Will you promise; will you swear it? Answer me."

"All that a man can do to save a woman, I will do to save your daughter."

"He cannot save her!" cried the woman, uttering piercing cries,—"he cannot save her! When he promised me he lied."

"Do what you can for the queen, and I will do all in my power for your daughter."

"What care I for the queen? She is a mother who has a daughter. But if they come to cutting off heads, it will not be her daughter's they will cut off, but her own. They may cut my throat so that they spare my child. They may lead me to the guillotine, so that they do not harm a hair of her head, and I will go there singing,—

"Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira, Les aristocrates à la lanterne...."

And she commenced singing in a frightful voice, then suddenly stopped short, and burst into a fit of frenzied laughter.

The man in the mantle himself appeared alarmed at this burst of madness, and retreated a step or two from her.

"Ah! you shall not escape me thus," said the woman Tison, in despair, and retaining her hold of his mantle; "you shall not at one moment come and say to a mother, 'Do this, and I will rescue your child,' and afterward say, 'Perhaps.' Will you save her?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"The day she is conducted from the Conciergerie to the scaffold."

"But why wait—why not to-night? this evening—this moment, even?"

"Because I cannot do so."

"Ah! you know you cannot; you well know you cannot!" cried the woman Tison; "but as for me, I can."

"What can you do?"

"I can persecute the prisoner, as you call her; I can watch the queen, as you term her, aristocrat that you are! and I can enter the prison any hour of the day or night. All this will I do. And as to her escaping, we shall see. Yes, we shall very well see—since they will not save my daughter—if that woman will escape. Head for head. Do you like that? Madame Veto has been queen; that I know. Héloïse Tison is

only a poor girl; that I know. But under the guillotine we are all equal."

"Well, be it so," said the man in the mantle. "But you perform your part, and I will fulfil mine."

"Swear!"

"I swear it."

"By what do you swear?"

"Anything you choose."

"Have you a daughter?"

"No."

"Well, then," said the woman, in a disappointed tone, "by what then will you swear?"

"Listen. I swear by God."

"Bah!" exclaimed the woman Tison, "you know very well they have demolished the old one, and have not yet decided on the new."

"I swear by the tomb of my father."

"Swear not by a tomb, for that is prophetic of evil. Oh, my God! my God! When I think that perhaps in three days I may swear by the tomb of my child also! My daughter! My poor Héloïse!" cried the woman Tison, frantically, till at the sound of her voice, raised to a shrill scream, several windows were opened.

At sight of the opened windows, another man, who seemed to detach himself from the wall, advanced toward the first.

"Nothing can be done with this woman," said the first; "she is mad."

"No; she is a mother," replied the other, and dragged his companion away.

When she saw them leaving her, the woman Tison seemed to come back to herself.

"Where are you going?" cried she. "Are you going to rescue Héloïse? Wait for me

then; I will go with you. Wait for me; do wait for me!"

And the poor wretch followed them, screaming, till at the corner of the nearest street, she lost sight of them altogether; and not knowing which way to turn, she remained for an instant undecided, looking on every side, when seeing in the silence and darkness of the night only a double symbol of death, she uttered a cry of horror and fell on the pavement without sense or motion.

The clock struck ten.

During this time, and while the same hour was resounding from the Temple clock, the queen as usual sat in her chamber, between her daughter and her sister, near a smoky lamp. She was concealed from the sight of the municipals by Madame Royale, who, pretending to embrace her, was reading over again a small billet written on the smallest piece of paper imaginable, and in characters so minute that her eyes, already nearly blinded by her scalding tears, scarcely retained strength to decipher it.

The billet contained the following lines,—

"To-morrow, Tuesday, ask permission to walk in the garden; this will be accorded without objection, as an order has been issued to grant you this favor whenever you think proper to solicit it. After two or three turns, feign to feel fatigued, approach the cabin, and ask the Widow Plumeau to allow you to sit down. Then, in a moment, pretend to feel worse, and faint away. They will then close all the doors that they may be able to render you assistance, and you will remain with Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale. Immediately the trap-door of the cellar will open. Precipitate yourself, your sister, and daughter through this aperture, and you are all three saved."

"Mon Dieu!" said Madame Royale, "does our evil destiny tire in the pursuit?"

"If this billet should prove only a trap," said Madame Elizabeth.

"No, no," said the queen; "these characters have always indicated to me the presence

of a mysterious but equally brave and faithful friend."

"Is it the Chevalier?" demanded Madame Royale.

"He himself," replied the queen.

Madame Elizabeth clasped her hands.

"Let us each read the billet again very softly," replied the queen, "so that if one of us forget any particular, another will remember."

They all three re-read the letter, and had just finished so doing, when they heard the door of their chamber turn slowly on its hinges. The two princesses turned round; the queen alone remained stationary, except that by an almost imperceptible movement she raised her hand to her hair and hid the billet in her head-dress. It was a municipal who opened the door.

"What is your business, Monsieur?" demanded Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale, at the same moment.

"Hum!" said the municipal, "it appears to me that you retire very late to-night?"

"Is there, then," said the queen, with her usual dignity, "a new decree from the Commune, stating the hour at which I am to go to bed?"

"No, Citizen," said the municipal; "but if necessary they will make one."

"In the mean time, Monsieur," said Marie Antoinette, "respect, I do not say the chamber of a queen, but that of a woman."

"Truly," growled the municipal, "these aristocrats always speak as if they were something—"

But in the mean time, subdued by that dignity, haughty in her prosperity, but which three years of suffering had calmed down, he withdrew.

An instant afterward the lamp was extinguished, and the three females retired in darkness, as usual.

The next morning at nine o'clock, the queen, having re-read the letter before she

arose, in order that she might not misconstrue any of the instructions contained there, tore it into almost invisible fragments. She then hastily finished her toilet, awoke her sister, and entered the chamber of the princess.

A minute afterward she came out, and called the municipals on guard.

"What do you want, Citizeness?" said one of them, appearing at the door, while the other did not even discontinue his breakfast to answer the royal appeal.

"Sir," said Marie Antoinette, "I have just left my daughter's chamber, and find her very ill. Her limbs are pained and swollen for want of exercise; and you know, sir, it is I who have doomed her to this life of inaction. I received permission to walk in the garden, but in descending I had necessarily to pass before the door of the room occupied by my husband in his lifetime. When I made the attempt my heart failed me, and I had not courage to do so, and have since limited my walks to the platform. Now, however, I find this exercise insufficient for my poor child. I therefore entreat you, Citizen Municipal, to request of General Santerre, in my name, the renewal of this privilege."

The queen had pronounced these words in a manner at once so mild, yet dignified; had so strenuously avoided all allusions to anything that could wound the feelings of the Republican,—that he who had entered her presence with his head covered, as for the most part was the custom of these men, gradually raised his red cap, and when she had finished, said, bowing respectfully,—

"Rest assured, Madame, your request shall be laid before the citizen general."

Then on retiring, as if to convince himself he had yielded to justice rather than weakness. "It is just," said he, "after all; it is only right."

"What is just?" demanded the other municipal.

"That this woman should be permitted to walk in the garden with her child, who is an invalid."

"Bah!" said the other, "when she asks to be allowed to walk from the Temple to the Place de la Révolution, that will be permitted her fast enough."

The queen heard these words, and grew pale, but still drew from them fresh courage for the great attempt she meditated.

The municipal finished his breakfast, and descended. The queen requested permission to take hers in her daughter's room, which was granted.

Madame Royale, to confirm the statement concerning her ill-health, did not quit her bed; the queen and Madame Elizabeth remained near her.

At eleven o'clock Santerre arrived. His coming was, as usual, announced by the drums beating the march, and by the entrance of a fresh battalion and other municipals, who came in their turn to relieve those on guard.

When Santerre had fully reviewed the battalion leaving, and the one about to take its place, and had paraded his large heavy-limbed horse round the court of the Temple, he stood still for a moment. This was for the purpose of receiving any claims, denunciations, or requests.

The municipal, availing himself of this halt, approached him.

"Well, what do you want?" said Santerre, bruskly.

"Citizen," said the municipal, "I come to entreat on the part of the queen—"

"Who is the queen?" interrupted Santerre.

"True!" said the municipal, astonished at his own mistake. "What have I said—I must be mad! I came to speak on the part of Madame Veto—"

"All in good time," said Santerre. "Now I understand you, what have you to say to me?"

"The young Veto is ill, it appears, from want of proper air and exercise."

"Well, is it necessary again to bring this before the public? The nation granted her permission to walk in the garden, and she refused it. Good-morning."

"That is exactly it. She regrets this now, and requests you will permit her to do so."

"There is no difficulty about that. You all hear," said Santerre, "that Capet's wife will come down to walk in the garden. Now," addressing the whole battalion, "take care she does not abuse this favor granted her by the nation, by making her escape over the wall; for if that happens I will cut off every one of your heads." A roar of laughter followed this pleasantry of the citizen general. "Now that is settled," said Santerre, "adieu. I am going to the Commune. It appears that they have reunited Roland and Barbaroux, and the question under debate is to deliver them a passport to another world."

It was this intelligence that had put the citizen general in such good humor.

He then galloped away.

The battalion who were removing the guard followed him; then the municipals also gave place to those who had received Santerre's instructions respecting the queen.

One of the municipals went up to Marie Antoinette and informed her that the general had granted her request.

"Oh!" thought she, looking through the window toward heaven, "does thy wrath abate, Lord? and does thy terrible right hand grow weary of pressing so heavily upon us?"

"Thanks, Monsieur," said she to the municipal, with that fascinating smile which had proved the ruin of Barnave, and turned the heads of so many of his fellowmen,—"thanks!"

Then turning round to her little dog, who leaped after her, walking on his hind-legs, for he well understood from the looks of his mistress that something unusual was about to take place,—

"Come, Jet," said she, "we are going for a walk."

The little animal began to yelp and jump, and after looking at the municipal

attentively, comprehending, no doubt, that from this man originated the intelligence which had made his mistress so happy, ran toward him, and wagging his long and silky tail, ventured even to caress him.

This man, who perhaps might be insensible to the prayers of a queen, could not resist the caresses of a little dog.

"If only on account of this little beast, you should go out more frequently, Citizeness Capet. Humanity commands us to take care of every creature."

"At what hour shall we go out, sir?" asked the queen. "Do you not think the sun would do us good?"

"You may go out when you please," said the municipal; "there has been no restriction on the subject. If you like to go out at mid-day, as that is the time they change the sentinels, there will be less bustle in the court."

"Then let it be at mid-day," said the queen, pressing her hand to her side to still the beating of her heart.

And she looked at this man, who appeared to her less stern than his associates, and who, perhaps, for kindly yielding to the wishes of the prisoner might fall a sacrifice to the conspiracy which they meditated.

But at the moment when compassion was stealing over the heart of the woman, the soul of the queen was aroused. She thought of the 10th of August and of the corpses of her faithful friends strewed upon the floors of the palace; she recalled to memory the 2d of September, and the head of the Princess Lamballe carried on a pike before her windows; she remembered the 21st of January when her husband died upon the scaffold, the noise of drums drowning his feeble voice; finally, she thought of her son, poor child! whose cries of distress had more than once reached her ears when she had no power to render him help,—and her heart became hardened.

"Alas!" cried she, "misfortune is like the blood of the ancient Hydras,—it teems with crops of future evils!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LITTLE DOG JET.

The municipal left to call his colleagues and to read the procès-verbal left by the former municipals.

The queen remained alone with her sister and child. They all three looked at one another. Then Madame Royale threw her arms round the queen, and warmly embraced her. Madame Elizabeth approached her sister, and held out her hand.

"Let us offer up our prayers to God," said the queen, "but in such a manner that no one can hear us."

There are fatal epochs when prayer, that natural hymn of praise which God has implanted in every human heart, becomes suspicious in the eyes of men, since prayer is an act of praise and acknowledgment for mercies received. But in the ideas of her keepers hope and gratitude afforded subject for inquietude; since the queen could hope only for flight, and could thank God only for affording her the means of effecting it.

This mental prayer concluded, all three remained without uttering a word.

Eleven o'clock struck, then twelve. At the moment when the last stroke resounded from the bronze bell, the noise of arms was heard on the spiral staircase ascending to the queen.

"They are relieving sentinels," said she; "they come for us."

She saw her sister and daughter turn very pale.

"Courage!" said she, trembling herself with emotion.

"It is noon," cried a voice from below. "Bring down the prisoners."

"We are here, gentlemen," replied the queen, who, with a sentiment almost of regret, took a parting glance at the black walls and the rude appurtenances which had been more or less the companions of her captivity.

The first wicket opened, they gained the corridor, which, being dark, enabled the three captives to conceal their emotions. Before them frolicked little Jet; but when they arrived at the second,—that is to say the door from which Marie Antoinette endeavored to turn her eyes,—the faithful little animal first placed his nose to the ground, then laid his head upon his paws, and gave utterance to a succession of plaintive cries which terminated in a prolonged howl.

The queen passed on quickly, not having strength sufficient to recall her dog, and supported herself against the wall.

After advancing a few steps, her limbs refused their office, and she felt herself compelled to stop. Her sister and daughter approached her, and for a few moments the three females remained motionless, forming a melancholy group, the mother resting her face upon the head of her daughter, when little Jet rejoined them.

"Well!" cried the voice, "is she coming down or not?"

"We are coming," said the municipal, who had remained standing, respecting the queen's grief, so great in its simplicity.

"Come," said the queen, and again continued to descend.

When the prisoners had reached the bottom of the winding stair opposite the last door, under which the sun shed his rays of bright gold, the rolling of the drum was heard summoning the guard; then a profound silence, the effect of curiosity, ensued, and the massive door opened, revolving slowly upon its creaking hinges.

A woman was seated on the ground, or rather on the corner of the stone contiguous to this door. It was the woman Tison, whom the queen had not seen for four and twenty hours, and whose absence at supper the preceding evening and at their morning's meal had excited her surprise.

The queen already saw the light, the trees, the garden, and beyond the barrier which enclosed the garden her eyes eagerly sought the little hut of the canteen, where her friends doubtless awaited her; when, at the sound of footsteps, the woman Tison

removed her hands, and the queen beheld a pale and care-worn face beneath a mass of gray dishevelled locks.

The change wrought in these few hours was so great that the queen stood overwhelmed with astonishment.

Then, with the deliberation peculiar to those deficient in reason, the woman Tison knelt down before the door, impeding the passage of Marie Antoinette.

"What do you want, my good woman?" demanded the queen.

"He said it was necessary that you should pardon me."

"Who said so?" demanded the queen.

"The man in the mantle," replied the woman Tison.

The queen looked at Madame Elizabeth and her daughter, surprised at this appeal.

"Go along, go!" said the municipal; "let the Widow Capet pass; she has permission to walk in the garden."

"I know it," said the old woman; "that is why I came to wait for her here, since they will not allow me to go up; and as I had to ask her forgiveness, I was obliged to wait for her coming out, to see her."

"But why then are you not permitted to go up?" demanded the queen.

The woman began to laugh.

"Because they pretend that I am mad," said she.

The queen looked at her and saw indeed that the wild eyes of the unhappy being reflected a strange light,—that vague light denoting aberration of intellect.

"Good Heaven!" said she. "Poor woman! what has happened to you?"

"Happened! Do you not know?" said the woman; "but if—You know very well, since it was on your account she was condemned."

"Who?"

"Héloïse."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes, she, my poor child!"

"Condemned! by whom; how; why?"

"Because she sold a bouquet."

"What bouquet?"

"A bouquet of carnations. She is not a flower-girl, though," continued the old woman, as if endeavoring to collect her thoughts; "then how could she sell the bouquet?"

The queen shuddered; an invisible link connected this scene with her present situation. She understood that the time must not be lost in useless conversation.

"My good woman," said she, "allow me to pass, I entreat you; you can tell me all this by-and-by."

"No, now; you must pardon me, and I must assist you to escape, that he may save my daughter."

The queen turned as pale as death.

"My God!" murmured she, raising her eyes to heaven, then turning toward the municipal,—

"Sir," said she, "have the kindness to remove this woman; you see that she is mad."

"Come, come, mother," said the municipal; "decamp!"

But the woman clung to the wall, still reiterating,—

"She must pardon me, that he may save my daughter."

"But who is he?"

"The man in the mantle."

"Sister," said Madame Elizabeth, "try to console her."

"Oh, willingly," said the queen; "I believe, indeed, that will be the shortest way;" then turning toward the mad woman,—

"What do you desire, good woman?" said she.

"I wish you to pardon me all the suffering I have caused you by my unjust behavior; all the accusations I have made against you; and trust that when you see the man in the mantle, you will command him to save my daughter; for he will do all that you desire."

"I do not know whom you mean by the man in the mantle," said the queen; "but if all that is necessary to your peace of mind is to obtain my pardon for the offences you imagine you have committed against me, I freely forgive you, my poor woman, from the depths of my heart, and trust only that any one I may have offended will as sincerely pardon me."

"Oh!" cried the woman Tison, with an indescribable accent of joy, "he will save my child, since you have forgiven me. Your hand, Madame! your hand—"

The queen astonished, and at a loss to comprehend the meaning, presented her hand to the woman, who seized it, and ardently pressed it to her lips.

At this moment the hoarse voice of a hawker was heard in the Rue de Temple.

"Here," cried he, "is the judgment and decree condemning Héloïse Tison to the penalty of death for the crime of conspiracy!"

Scarcely had these words reached the ears of the woman Tison, than rising from her knees, with an air of dogged resolution, she extended her arms to impede the passage of the queen.

"O God!" cried the queen, who had not lost one word of the hawker's terrible cry.

"Condemned to death!" cried the mother; "my child condemned!—my Héloïse lost! He has not then saved her, and now he cannot save her! Too late! too late!"

"Poor woman," said the queen, "believe me, I feel for you."

"You!" said she, looking at her fiercely with her blood-shot eyes. "You pity me? Never! never!"

"You are mistaken. I pity you from my heart; but do pray allow me to pass."

The woman burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Let you pass? No, no! I would have assisted you to escape, because he promised if I did so and asked your forgiveness he would rescue my daughter; but since she is condemned to death you shall not escape."

"Gentlemen!" cried the queen, "help! Do you not see that this woman is mad?"

"No, I am not mad; I know well what I am saying!" cried the woman. "It is the truth,—there was a conspiracy, and Simon discovered all. It was my poor daughter who sold the bouquet. She confessed it before the Revolutionary Tribunal—A bouquet of carnations—They had papers concealed in them."

"Madame," exclaimed the queen, "in the name of Heaven!"

The voice of the crier was again heard, repeating,—

"This is the judgment and decree condemning the girl Héloïse Tison to the punishment of death for the crime of conspiracy!"

"Do you hear it?" screamed the lunatic, around whom the National Guards had now gathered; "do you hear? Condemned to death; it is you who have killed my daughter—you, Austrian, you!"

"Gentlemen," said the queen, "for pity's sake, if you will not release me from this poor mad creature, allow me at least to return to my apartments. I cannot support the reproaches of this woman; unjust though they are, they crush my heart," and she turned away, sighing deeply.

"Yes, yes; weep, hypocrite!" cried the maddened wretch; "your bouquet cost her dear—She might have known it. Thus it is with all those who serve you. You bring misery, Austrian, everywhere! Your friends are dead,—your husband and your

defenders have all perished,—and now they will sacrifice my unhappy child! When will your turn come, that no more may die for you?" And the miserable creature accompanied these last words with threatening gestures.

"Unhappy woman!" observed Madame Elizabeth, venturing to speak, "do you forget that she whom you address is the queen?"

"The queen!" repeated the maniac, whose madness every moment increased, "if she is the queen, let her defend my poor girl from the hangmen who seek her life—Let her show mercy to my poor Héloïse!—Kings show mercy—Render me back my child, and I will acknowledge you as queen. Till then, you are only a woman, and a woman who brings misery upon all, and kills all—"

"Oh, have pity, Madame!" cried Marie Antoinette; "you see my tears and distress," and she again made an attempt to pass, no longer from any hope of escape, but to free herself from this cruel attack.

"You shall not pass!" roared the old woman. "You want to escape, Madame Veto—I know it all, the man in the mantle told me; you want to go and rejoin the Prussians. But you shall not escape," continued she, clasping the robe of the queen; "I will prevent you. À la lanterne, Madame Veto! To arms, citizens! let us march—"

And with her arms wrestling, her grizzled locks dishevelled and hanging over her haggard countenance, her eyes blood-shot, the unfortunate creature fell to the ground, in her fall tearing the robe she still held in her hand.

The queen, terrified, but freed at last from the maniac, was flying to the side of the garden, when all at once a terrible cry resounded, mingled with loud barking, and accompanied with a strange uproar, arousing the National Guards from their stupor, who, attracted by the uproar, immediately surrounded Marie Antoinette.

"To arms! to arms! Treason!" shouted a man, whom from his voice the queen recognized as the shoemaker Simon.

Near this man, who, sword in hand, guarded the threshold of the cabin, little Jet was

barking furiously.

"To arms! every one to his post!" cried Simon; "we are betrayed. Compel the Austrian to turn back. To arms! to arms!"

An officer ran up, when Simon spoke to him, pointing with enraged gestures to the interior of the hut. The officer in his turn then cried "To arms!"

"Jet! Jet!" called the queen, advancing some steps.

But the dog only continued to bark more furiously.

The National Guard ran to arms, and rushed toward the hut, while the municipals took possession of the queen, her daughter, and sister, and compelled them to re-enter the wicket, which they closed behind them.

"Prepare your arms!" cried the municipals to the sentinels. And the sound of firearms being made ready for action was heard.

"It is there! it is there!" cried Simon, "under the trap. I saw it move, I am certain of it. Besides, the Austrian's dog, a good little animal who was not in the plot, barked at the conspirators, who are no doubt still in the cellar. Hold! he barks again."

Indeed, Jet, instigated by Simon's cries and shouts, began to bark again more strenuously than before.

The officer seized the ring of the trap, but seeing he was unable to raise it, two of the gendarmes went to his assistance, but without the slightest success.

"You perceive they hold the trap-door from below. Fire through the trap-door, my friends, fire!" said Simon.

"Oh!" cried Madame Plumeau, "you will break my bottles."

"Fire!" repeated Simon, "fire!"

"Be silent, brawler!" said the officer, "bring some hatchets, and open the planks. Now let a platoon make ready, and fire into the trap-door the instant an opening is made." The groaning of planks and a sudden jerk informed the National Guards that

some movement was taking place in the interior. Directly afterward they heard a motion under ground, like an iron portcullis being closed.

"Courage!" cried the officer to the sappers, who worked indefatigably.

The hatchets severed the planks. Twenty guns were lowered in the direction of the opening, which enlarged every moment.

But through the aperture no one could be seen.

The officer lighted a torch and threw it into the cave. It was empty.

They then raised the trap-door, which now offered no resistance. "Follow me!" said the officer, bravely leaping down the steps.

"Forward! forward!" cried the National Guards, following the example of their officer.

"Ah! Madame Plumeau," said Simon, "you lend your cellar to aristocrats!"

The wall was broken down; the humid soil had been trampled by numerous feet; and a conduit of three feet wide and five feet high, like the branch of a trench, plunged in the direction of Rue de la Corderie. The officer ventured into this opening, resolved to follow these aristocrats into the bowels of the earth; but when he had advanced three or four steps he found all farther progress impeded by an iron grating.

"Halt!" cried he, to those who were closely pressing behind him; "we can proceed no farther until this portcullis is removed."

"Well," said the municipal, who having placed the prisoners in security anxiously awaited the news,—"well, what have you discovered?"

"Parbleu!" said the officer, reappearing, "it was doubtless a conspiracy; the aristocrats wanted to carry off the queen during her walk, and she was probably in collusion with them."

"Plague take it!" cried the municipal, "send some one for the Citizen Santerre, and inform the Commune!"

"Soldiers," said the officer, "remain in this cellar, and if any one presents himself, kill him!"

And the officer, having given this order, ascended the winding stair to make his report.

"Ah! ah!" said Simon, rubbing his hands, "ah! ah! will they still say I am a fool? Brave Jet! Jet is a famous patriot; Jet has saved the Republic. Come here, Jet, come!"

And the brute who had coaxed the poor little dog, the moment he approached him, raised his foot and kicked him to a distance of several feet.

"I like you, Jet," said he; "ah, you will cut your mistress's throat! Come here, Jet, come!"

But this time instead of obeying him, Jet ran away howling, on the road toward the keep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MUSCADIN.

It was near two o'clock. Lorin was promenading up and down in Maurice's room, while Agesilaus polished his master's boots in the antechamber, only for the greater convenience of conversation the door remained open, and during his walk Lorin often stopped and questioned the official.

"And you say, Citizen Agesilaus, that your master left home this morning?"

"Oh, upon my soul! yes."

"At the usual hour?"

"It might be ten minutes earlier, or ten minutes later, I cannot say exactly."

"And you have not seen him since?"

"No, Citizen."

Lorin continued his walk, and after three or four turns again stopped and renewed his questions.

"Had he his sword with him?" demanded he.

"When he goes to the section he invariably carries it."

"Are you sure he has gone to the section?"

"He told me so, at least."

"In that case I shall join him," said Lorin; "but in case I miss him, tell him I have been here, and am coming back."

"Wait!" said Agesilaus.

"Why?"

"I hear his footstep on the staircase."

Almost at the same moment the door opened, and Maurice entered. Lorin bestowed a hasty glance upon him, and perceived nothing extraordinary in his appearance.

"So you are come at last," said he. "I have been waiting here these two hours."

"So much the better," said Maurice, smiling; "that has afforded you plenty of time to compose distichs and quatrains."

"Alas! mon ami," replied the improvisator, "I do not make them now."

"Why, is the world coming to an end?"

"My dear Maurice, I am very unhappy."

"You unhappy?"

"Yes, I am miserable. I am suffering from remorse."

"Remorse?"

"Oh, by Heaven! yes," said Lorin. "Between you and her I had to choose!—between you and her I could not hesitate; but, you see, Arthémise is in despair, for she was her friend."

"Poor girl!"

"And it was she who gave me her address—"

"You would have done much better to have allowed things to take their natural course."

"Yes; and at this very moment you would have been condemned in her stead. Powerfully argued, dear friend. And I came to ask your advice! I thought you were wiser than that."

"Never mind, ask away."

"This poor girl: do you understand? I wish to attempt some means of saving her. Even if I could only give or receive a blow in her defence, I feel as if it would do me good."

"You are mad, Lorin," said Maurice, shrugging his shoulders.

"Perhaps if I made an appeal to the Revolutionary Tribunal?"

"It is too late, she is condemned."

"Truly," said Lorin, "it is dreadful to see this poor girl sacrificed thus."

"The more so since it was my safety that has entailed her death. But after all, Lorin, we have one consolation. She was a conspirator."

"Goodness!" said Lorin, "does not every one conspire nowadays? She has done no more, poor girl, than every one else does."

"Grieve for her neither too much, nor too loudly, my friend," said Maurice, "for we have to bear our share in this trouble. Believe me, we are not so fully cleared from the accusation of being her accomplices, that no stain remains behind. To-day, at the section, I was termed 'Girondin,' by the Captain of the Chasseurs of Saint Leu; and I, at the same time, found it necessary to convince him by a stroke from my sword that he was mistaken."

"Then that was the reason you returned so late?"

"Just so."

"But why did you not inform me?"

"Because in affairs of this nature you cannot restrain yourself, and the thing had to be concluded immediately, that it might make no noise."

"And that scum called you 'Girondin,' Maurice,—you, a thoroughbred Republican?"

"By Jove, he did! and this will convince you that another adventure of this nature and we become unpopular; and you well know, Lorin, in these times unpopular is a synonymous term for suspected."

"I know it well," said Lorin; "and that word appalls the bravest heart; but never mind—It is repugnant to my feelings to allow this poor Héloïse to be led to the guillotine without asking her forgiveness."

"What do you wish to do?"

"I wish you to remain here; you have nothing to reproach yourself with, so far as she is concerned. With me, you see, the case is very different. Since I can do nothing for her, I will meet her on her way. I wish to go there, Maurice; do you comprehend me? Were she to give me only a wave of her hand—"

"I will accompany you then," said Maurice.

"Impossible, my friend: you are a municipal, secretary to a section, and you have just been tried, while I have only I been your defender. They would think you guilty, therefore remain here. As for me, it is quite another thing. I risk nothing, and therefore go."

"Go then," said he, "but be prudent."

Lorin smiled, shook Maurice's hand, and left.

Maurice opened his window, and waved a sad adieu; but before Lorin had turned the corner of the street, Maurice could not help gazing wistfully at him more than once, and each time, as if drawn by magnetic influence and sympathy. Lorin turned round,

looked at him, and smiled.

At last, when the latter had disappeared at the corner of the quay, Maurice closed the window, threw himself into a fauteuil, and fell into one of those dreamy moods which in people of strong mind and vigorous constitution are often the presentiments of misfortune, as they resemble the calm which is the precursor of the storm. He was softly awakened from his revery, or rather state of stupor, by his official, who, on returning from the execution of some commission, entered with the sprightly air of a servant anxious to communicate his budget of news. Seeing his master preoccupied, however, he dared not interrupt him, and consoled himself by constantly passing and re-passing before him, without any reasonable cause for so doing.

"What is it?" at length said Maurice; "speak, if you have anything to tell me."

"Ah! Citizen, another desperate conspiracy."

Maurice merely shrugged his shoulders.

"A conspiracy enough to make the hair of one's head stand upright," continued Agesilaus.

"Indeed!" replied Maurice, like a man accustomed to hear daily of thirty conspiracies at this epoch.

"Yes, Citizen," replied Agesilaus; "it drives me to frenzy, you see. The very thought of it makes a good patriot's flesh creep."

"Let us hear this conspiracy," said Maurice.

"The Austrian has all but escaped."

"Nonsense!" said Maurice, beginning to listen with greater attention.

"It seems," continued Agesilaus, "that the Widow Capet was in communication with the girl Tison, who is to be guillotined to-day. She has not escaped that fate, unfortunate creature!"

"How had the queen communication with this girl?" demanded Maurice, who felt

the perspiration exuding at every pore.

"Through a carnation. Can you imagine, Citizen, how they could have conveyed the plan to her in a carnation?"

"In a carnation? Who did this?"

"Monsieur le Chevalier de—wait then! His name is notorious, but as for me, I forget all these names. A Chevalier de Chateau—what a fool I am! It is not a Chateau—a Chevalier de Maison."

"De Maison-Rouge?"

"That is it."

"Impossible!"

"How impossible? when I told you they have found the trap-door, the subterranean passage, and coaches."

"On the contrary, you have told me nothing of all this."

"Well, I am going to tell you, then."

"Go on, then. If it is a story, it is at least a good one."

"No, Citizen, it is not a story, very far from it; and in proof of that, I had it from a citizen porter. The aristocrats had dug a mine, and this mine commenced at Rue de la Corderie, and terminated in the cellar of the little cabin belonging to Madame Plumeau, who has narrowly escaped being arrested as an accomplice. You know her, do you not?"

"Yes," replied Maurice; "go on!"

"Capet's wife was to escape by the subterranean passage. She already had her foot on the first step, when Simon caught her by her robe— But stay, they are beating to arms in the city, and the recall in the sections. Do you not hear the drum? There! It is said that the Prussians are at Dammartin, and have reconnoitred as far as the frontiers."

In the midst of this maze of words, a medley of truth and falsehood, probability and impossibility, Maurice seized the guiding thread. All sprung from the carnation presented before his eyes to the queen, and purchased by himself from the poor miserable flower-girl. This carnation contained the plan of a plot which had just come to light, the details of which, more or less true, had been reported by Agesilaus. At this moment the noise of the drum came nearer, and Maurice heard the crier proclaim in the street,—

"Tremendous conspiracy discovered at the Temple by the Citizen Simon! Grand conspiracy in favor of the Widow Capet discovered at the Temple!"

"Yes, yes," said Maurice; "it is just as I thought. There is some truth in all this. And Lorin, in the midst of this popular excitement, goes to offer his hand to this girl and be cut to pieces."

Maurice snatched up his hat, buckled his sword-belt, and with two bounds was in the street.

"Where can he be?" said Maurice to himself. "Probably on the road to the Conciergerie," and he rushed toward the quay.

At the extreme end of the Quai de la Mégisserie some pikes and bayonets, bristling in the midst of the crowd, attracted his attention, and he fancied in the centre he could distinguish the uniform of a National Guard, and in the group signs of hostile movements. He ran, his heart oppressed with the dread of impending misfortune, toward the assemblage on the banks of the river.

The National Guard pressed by the company of Marseillais was Lorin. He was very pale, his lips compressed, his eyes menacing; his hand upon the handle of his sword, measuring the place best calculated to strike the blows he fully intended to inflict on his cowardly assailants.

Within two feet from Lorin stood Simon. He was laughing ferociously, and pointing him out to the Marseillais and the populace, saying,—

"Look at him! look well at him! He is one of those that I drove from the Temple yesterday for an aristocrat. He is one of those who favored the correspondence with the carnations. This is an accomplice of the girl Tison, who will pass here presently. Well, do you see?—he walks quietly on the quay while his coadjutor goes to the guillotine; and perhaps she was even more to him than an assistant. She might be his mistress, and he is here to bid her farewell, or to try to save her!"

Lorin was not the man to endure more. He drew his sword. At the same time the crowd opened before a man who charged headlong into the group, whose broad shoulders had already knocked down two or three spectators who were preparing to become actors in this scene.

"Be happy, Simon," said Maurice. "You regretted, no doubt, that I was not with my friend to enable you to turn your new title of Denunciator to full account. Denounce! Simon, denounce! I am here."

"Faith! yes," said Simon, with his hideous sneer; "and your arrival is very apropos. This," continued he, "is the elegant Maurice Lindey, who was accused at the same time as the girl Tison, but was acquitted because he was rich."

"To the lamp-post with them! to the lamp-post!" cried the Marseillais.

"Yes, forsooth, you had better make the attempt!" said Maurice, and advancing a step he pricked one of the foremost of the cut-throats in the forehead, so that the blood from his wound nearly blinded him.

"Have at the murderer!" cried the latter.

The Marseillais lowered their pikes, raised their hatchets, and loaded their guns, while the frightened crowd dispersed, leaving the two friends to contend alone against this storm of blows. They regarded each other with a last sad, yet sublime smile, while calmly awaiting their destruction from the whirlwind of iron and flame which threatened them, when all at once the door of the house against which they were leaning opened, and a swarm of young people, attired in the habits of those

termed "Muscadins," or "Fops," each wearing a sword and brace of pistols in his girdle, rushed upon the Marseillais, and were instantly engaged in a terrific contest.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Maurice and Lorin, simultaneously, animated by this unexpected relief, without reflecting that to fight in the ranks of the new-comers was to confirm Simon's accusation,—"Hurrah!"

But if they were forgetful of their own safety, another thought for them. A short young man, about five-and-twenty years of age, with blue eyes, who fought without any intermission, with infinite science and valor, with a heavy sword which any one would have thought his delicate and feminine hand incapable of wielding, perceiving that Maurice and Lorin, instead of escaping by the door which he seemed to have left open for that purpose, remained fighting by his side, turned to them and said in a low voice,—

"Fly directly through this door; pay no attention to what we do here, or you will uselessly compromise yourselves."

Then, seeing the two friends hesitate, he suddenly cried, addressing himself to Maurice, "Away! no patriots among us, Citizen Lindey; we are aristocrats here!"

At these words, united to the audacity which would induce a man publicly to accuse himself of what at this period must lead to certain death, the crowd uttered a loud shout.

But the fair young man and two or three of his friends, without evincing any symptoms of alarm, pushed Maurice and Lorin into the alley, and closed the door behind them. They then threw themselves into the mêlée, which was now considerably augmented by the approach of the fatal cart.

Maurice and Lorin, thus miraculously saved, regarded each other in amazement. The outlet seemed to have been designed for the express purpose of their escape. They entered a court, and at the end discovered a small private door which opened into Rue Saint Germain l'Auxerrois.

At this moment a detachment of gendarmes issued from Pont-au-Change, who had soon swept the quay, although, from the cross-street where our two friends had concealed themselves, they heard for an instant the noise of an obstinate struggle. These gendarmes preceded the cart which conducted the hapless Héloïse to the scaffold.

"Gallop!" cried a voice,—"gallop."

The cart proceeded at a quick pace, and Lorin saw the unfortunate girl standing, a smile upon her lips, and calm reliance in her eye, but was unable to exchange even a gesture with her, as she passed without seeing him, in the midst of a perfect maelstrom of people, shouting,—

"To the guillotine with the aristocrat! to the guillotine!"

The noise decreased in the distance till it reached the Tuileries. Then the little door through which Maurice and Lorin had escaped, again opened, and three or four Muscadins, with their clothes torn and stained with blood, passed through. It was probably all that remained of the little troop. The fair young man went through the last.

"Alas!" said he, "this cause is then accursed!" and casting from him his sword, notched and bloody, he rushed toward Rue des Lavandières.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE.

Maurice hastened to return to the section to enter a complaint against Simon. It is true that before quitting Maurice, Lorin had found a more expeditious way; this was to collect some Thermopyles to lie in wait for him, and on his first exit from the Temple to kill him in a pitched battle. But Maurice strenuously opposed this plan.

"You are ruined," said he, "if you make use of these means. Crush Simon, but do it legally. That ought to be an easy thing enough to the lawyers."

Consequently, the next morning, Maurice laid a formal complaint before the section, but was both astonished and annoyed when the president turned a deaf ear, excusing himself by saying he could not interfere between two good citizens, each incited by the love of country.

"Good," said Maurice. "I know now how to act to merit the reputation of a good citizen. To assemble the people in order to assassinate a man who displeases you: this you call being 'incited by love of country.' Well, I agree to Lorin's opinion, which I was wrong to dispute. After to-day, as you hear, I shall adopt patriotism, and shall first experiment upon Simon."

"Citizen Maurice," replied the president, "you are, after all, perhaps more to blame in this affair than Simon. He discovered a conspiracy, which it was not his province to do. You saw nothing, although the discovery formed part of your duty; and more, you have held communication—accidentally or intentionally, we know not which—with the enemies of the nation."

"I?" said Maurice. "Well, this is something new. And with whom, pray, Citizen President?"

"With the Citizen Maison-Rouge."

"I?" said Maurice, stupefied. "I had communication with the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge? I do not know him—I never—"

"You have been seen speaking to him."

"I?"

"Shaking his hand."

"I?"

"Yes."

"Where? When, Citizen President?" said Maurice, carried away by the firm conviction of his own innocence. "You have lied!"

"Your zeal for your country carries you too far, Citizen Maurice;" said the president, "and you will regret what you have said, when I tell you I can prove that I have advanced nothing but the truth. Here are three different reports accusing you."

"Now," said Maurice, "do you really think me simple enough to believe in your 'Chevalier de Maison-Rouge'?"

"And why should you not believe it?"

"Because it is only the ghost of a conspirator, with whom you always have a conspiracy ready to amuse your enemies."

"Read the denunciations."

"I will read nothing," said Maurice. "I protest I have never seen the Chevalier,—never spoken to him. Let any one who doubts my word of honor come and tell me so. I shall know how to answer him."

The president shrugged his shoulders. Maurice, who did not wish to be in arrears with any one, did the same. An air of gloomy silence pervaded the remainder of the sitting. After the meeting was concluded, the president, a stanch patriot raised to the highest rank in the district by the votes of his fellow-citizens, approached Maurice, and said,—

"Come, Maurice, I want to speak to you."

Maurice followed the president, who conducted him into a little cabinet adjoining that where the sittings were held. On arriving there, he regarded Maurice for a moment in silence; then placing his hand on his shoulder,—

"Maurice," said he, "I knew and esteemed your father; this makes me esteem and love you. Believe me, you incur great danger from want of faith,—the first falling off of a truly revolutionary spirit. Maurice, my friend, they who lose their faith also lose their fidelity. You do not believe in the enemies of the nation, therefore you pass near without seeing them, and become an instrument in their plots without

being aware of it."

"What, the devil!" said Maurice, "I know, Citizen, I am a man of feeling, and possess some share of patriotic zeal; but my zeal does not render me a fanatic. There are twenty pretended conspiracies, to which the public assign the same name. I demand once for all to face my accuser."

"You will not believe in conspirators, Maurice," said the president; "then tell me, do you believe in the red carnation for which Héloïse Tison was yesterday guillotined?"

Maurice started.

"Do you believe in the subterranean passage drilled under the Temple garden communicating through the cellar of Citizen Plumeau with a certain house in the Rue de la Corderie?"

"No," said Maurice.

"Then do as Thomas the Apostle did,—go and see."

"I am not on guard at the Temple, and they would not allow me to enter."

"Any one may enter the Temple now."

"How is that?"

"Read this report, since you are so incredulous. I shall only proceed by official information."

"Ah!" said Maurice, reading the report, "has it come to this?"

"Continue."

"Are they going to remove Marie Antoinette to the Conciergerie?"

"They are; and do you think that from a dream, or what you call an imaginary idea or an idle story, the Committee of Public Safety would have adopted so grave a measure?"

"This measure has been adopted; but will never be executed, like many more I have

seen sanctioned and all—"

"Read to the end," said the president, and he presented him with the last paper.

"The receipt of Richard, the jailer of the Conciergerie!" cried Maurice.

"She has been there these two hours." This time Maurice remained deep in thought.

"The Commune, as you know," continued the president, "acts with profound judgment. It is digging a furrow long and straight in its course; its measures are not puerile, and it has put in execution the principle of Cromwell,—'Kings should be struck on the head.' Read this secret note from the minister of police."

Maurice read,—

"Seeing that we possess the certainty that the ci-devant Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is in Paris; that he has been seen in several places; that he has left traces of his appearance in various plots, happily frustrated,—I request all chiefs of sections to redouble their vigilance—"

"Well?" asked the president.

"I must believe you, Citizen President," said Maurice, and he continued,—

"Description of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge: In height, five feet three inches; fair hair, blue eyes, straight nose, chestnut-colored beard, dimpled chin, soft voice, and hands like a female's."

At this description a strange light burst upon Maurice; he thought of the young man who commanded the troop of Muscadins, and who on the preceding evening saved the lives of himself and Lorin, and so valiantly drew his sword upon the Marseillais in their defence.

"The deuce!" muttered Maurice, "it must be he; in that case the accusation that I have been seen speaking to him is not false. But I cannot remember taking his hand."

"Maurice," asked the president, "what do you say to all this, now, my friend?"

"That I believe what you have said," said Maurice, musing sadly, who for some time past, without understanding what evil influence saddened his life, had noticed everything darkening around him.

"Do not trifle thus with popularity," said the president. "In these days, Maurice, popularity is life. As for unpopularity, it is to be suspected of treason; and the Citizen Maurice Lindey ought not to brook the suspicion of being a traitor."

Maurice had nothing to reply to sentiments so much in accordance with his own. He thanked his old friend and left the section.

"Ah!" murmured he, "there is too much suspicion and battling. Now," drawing a deep breath,—"now for peace, innocence, and joy; now to Geneviève," and Maurice took the road to the old Rue Saint Jacques.

When he reached the abode of the master-tanner, Dixmer and Morand were supporting Geneviève, who was suffering from a violent attack of hysterics. Thus, instead of being allowed to enter unceremoniously as he was accustomed to do, a servant met him in the passage.

"Announce me, at all events," said he, "and if Dixmer cannot conveniently receive me, I will retire."

The domestic entered the little pavilion, while Maurice remained in the garden. It seemed to him that something strange was going on in the house, and the workmen, instead of being occupied in their usual employment, were pacing restlessly about the garden. At length Dixmer himself appeared.

"Come in, dear Maurice," said he,—"come in; you are not one of those against whom the door is closed."

"What is the matter?" inquired the young man.

"Geneviève is ill," said Dixmer; "indeed, more than ill,—she is delirious."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried the young man, overcome at again encountering trial and

suffering; "what, then, is the matter with her?"

"You are aware, my friend," said Dixmer, "one never knows anything concerning the illness of women, especially their husbands."

Geneviève was lying on a lounge; near her stood Morand, offering her some salts, which she smelled occasionally.

"Well?" asked Dixmer.

"Always the same thing," replied Morand.

"Héloïse? Héloïse?" murmured the young woman, from between her closed teeth and white lips.

"Sophie!" repeated Maurice, in much surprise.

"Oh, my God! yes," replied Dixmer, greatly affected; "Geneviève most unfortunately saw the cart pass yesterday conveying the unhappy girl to the scaffold. Since then she has had five or six attacks of hysterics, and keeps on continually calling upon Sophie."

"But the most astonishing thing of all is, that in her she recognized the girl who sold the carnations, which you already know about," said Morand.

"Certainly, I know about them," said Maurice, "since in consequence of them I very narrowly escaped having my head cut off."

"Ah! we have heard all that, dear Maurice, and, believe me, we have not been slightly alarmed; but Morand was at the sitting, and saw you fully acquitted and liberated."

"Silence!" said Maurice; "she again speaks."

"Oh, those empty, unintelligible words!" exclaimed Dixmer.

"Maurice," murmured Geneviève; "they are going to kill Maurice. Rescue him, Chevalier,—rescue him!" A profound silence followed these words.

"Maison-Rouge," again murmured Geneviève; "Maison-Rouge!"

Maurice felt a slight suspicion, but he could make out nothing clearly, and was too much affected by the suffering of Geneviève to attend much to her words.

"Have you called in a physician?" demanded Maurice.

"Oh, it will prove nothing," said Dixmer; "a momentary delirium, that is all," and he shook his wife so violently by the arm that she revived, and uttering a shrill cry, opened her eyes, which till now had remained closed.

"Ah, you are both here, and Maurice with you. Oh, I am so glad to see you, dear friend; if you knew what I have—" she corrected herself—"what we have suffered for the last two days."

"Yes, we are all here," said Maurice; "have no more terror on that account. But there is one name above all others you must not accustom yourself to pronounce, seeing that at this moment it does not bear a very high repute."

"What name?" quickly demanded Geneviève.

"The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"Have I named the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?" inquired Geneviève, bewildered.

"Without doubt you have," said Dixmer, with a forced laugh; "but understand, Maurice, there is nothing surprising in that, since it is said he was an accomplice with the girl Tison, and that it was he who concocted the whole plan of escape so happily frustrated yesterday."

"I do not say there is anything surprising in it," said Maurice; "I only say he should keep himself well concealed."

"Who?" demanded Dixmer.

"Zounds! The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. The Commune seeks for him; and their bloodhounds have a fine scent."

"Provided that, before they arrest him," said Morand, "he has not accomplished some new enterprise that may succeed better than the last."

"At all events," said Maurice, "it will not be in favor of the queen."

"Why not?" demanded Morand.

"Because she is henceforth shielded from his bold attempts."

"Where is she then?" inquired Dixmer.

"At the Conciergerie," replied Maurice; "she was taken there this evening."

Dixmer, Geneviève, and Morand uttered a cry which Maurice mistook for one of surprise.

"Thus you see," continued he, "adieu to the Chevalier's plans for the queen. The Conciergerie is more secure than the Temple."

Morand and Dixmer exchanged looks unperceived by Maurice.

"Ah!" exclaimed Maurice, "Madame Dixmer has turned faint again."

"Geneviève!" said Dixmer, "you must go to bed, my child; you suffer."

Maurice took the hint. He respectfully kissed Geneviève's hand, and quitted the house. Morand left with him, and accompanied him as far as the old Rue Saint Jacques, where he parted with him to exchange some words with a man, a superior sort of domestic, who held a horse ready saddled and bridled. Maurice was so much occupied with his own thoughts that he did not even ask the man's name; indeed, he and Morand had not exchanged a word since they quitted the house together.

Maurice took the road to Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, and gained the quay.

"It is strange," said he, walking on. "Is my mind weakened, or are these events assuming undue importance? Everything appears to me as if viewed through a magnifying glass." And to recover his equanimity, Maurice leaned over the parapet of the bridge and presented his face to the breeze.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PATROL.

As he lost himself in these reflections, and leaning over the parapet of the bridge, enjoyed a melancholy pleasure in gazing on the dark still water, he heard the measured tread of a little troop, like that of a patrol. Maurice turned round; it was a company of the National Guard, arrived by the other extremity, and in the obscurity he fancied he recognized Lorin. It was he, indeed. The instant he saw his friend Maurice he ran toward him with open arms.

"Found at last," cried Lorin. "Faith, it is not without some trouble that we have rejoined you.

"'But since I find a friend so fond, My fate assumes an aspect new.'

This time you will not complain, I hope, for I have given you Racine instead of Lorin."

"But what do you do here as patrol?" inquired Maurice, anxiously.

"I am the chief of the expedition, old fellow; the business is to establish our blemished reputation upon its original footing." Then turning toward his company, "Carry arms! Present arms! Shoulder arms!"

"There, my lads, it is not yet sufficiently dark, so you can talk over your little affairs while we follow your example." Then turning to Maurice, "I have heard great news at the section to-day," continued Lorin.

"What!"

"First, that you and I are beginning to be suspected."

"I know it. What next?"

"Secondly, that the whole conspiracy of the carnations was conducted by the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"I know that also."

"But this you do not know,—that the conspiracy of the carnations and that of the subterranean passage are one and the same."

"Again, I know it."

"Then let us pass on to the third piece of news. This I am certain you cannot know. We go this night to capture the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"To take the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?"

"Yes."

"Have you then turned gendarme?"

"No; but I am a patriot. A patriot belongs to his country. Now my country is horribly ravaged by this Chevalier, who forms plot upon plot. Well, my country commands me, being a patriot, to free her from this Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, who distresses her horribly, and I obey my country."

"It is all the same," said Maurice; "but it is singular that you should be charged with this commission."

"I am not charged; I charge myself, or rather, I should say, I solicited the commission. It required a brilliant stroke to reinstate us in our former position; while our re-establishment will not only prove security for our lives, but still more the right of putting, at the very first opportunity offered, six inches of steel into the belly of that hideous Simon."

"But how are they sure it was the Chevalier who was the instigator of this subterranean plot?"

"They are not yet certain, but they presume so."

"You proceed, then, upon inference?"

"No; we proceed by certainty."

"How do you make out all this?"

"Listen."

"I am listening."

"I had scarcely heard the cry 'Grand conspiracy discovered by the Citizen Simon,'—that beast Simon (the wretch is everywhere),—than I wished to judge of the truth for myself. Then, they spoke of a subterranean passage."

"Does it really exist?"

"It does; I have seen it;

"'Seen it with both my eyes; that I call seeing,—'

There, why do you not hiss?"

"Because that is Molière; and besides, these events, I must confess, appear to me rather too serious for pleasantry."

"What can we jest about, if we do not jest about serious things?"

"You say, then, that you have seen it?"

"I repeat that I have seen the subterranean passage. It extends from the cellar of the Widow Plumeau to a house in the Rue de la Corderie, No. 12 or 14, I cannot remember which."

"Really? Have you passed through it, Lorin?"

"I have, the whole length; and, faith, it is a trench prettily cut, I assure you; and moreover it was divided by three iron gratings, which they have been obliged to remove one after the other, but which, in case these conspirators had succeeded, would have given them time, by sacrificing two or three of their number, to have placed Madame Widow Capet in a place of safety. Happily it is not so, and that hideous Simon discovered all!"

"But it appears to me," said Maurice, "those who ought to have been first arrested were the inhabitants of the house in the Rue de la Corderie."

"This would have been, had they not found the house perfectly uninhabited."

"But at least this house must belong to some one?"

"Yes, to a new proprietor; but no one knows who. They know the house changed

masters two weeks since, and that is all. The neighbors have often heard a noise; but the house being very old, they had imagined it was undergoing thorough repair. As to the late proprietor, he has left Paris. In the mean time I arrived."

"'Upon my word!' said I to Santerre, drawing him aside, 'you are in an awkward situation.'

"'Indeed we are,' replied he.

"'This house has been sold, has it not?'

"'Yes, it was, about a fortnight ago.'

"'Was it sold in the presence of a notary?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then we must search all the notaries in Paris, to discover which of them sold this house, and then make him produce the agreement, at the bottom of which will be found the name of the purchaser.'

"'Well and good!' said Santerre, 'that is capital advice, and coming too from a man they accuse of not being a good patriot. Lorin! Lorin! I will re-establish you, or may the foul fiend seize me!'

"To be brief," continued Lorin, "this was no sooner said than done. The notary was sought for, the act was found, and upon the agreement the name and domicile of the culprit were written. Then Santerre took me aside, and I have engaged to arrest him."

"Was this man the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?"

"No, only his accomplice,—that is to say, in all probability he was so."

"Then how is it you say you are going to arrest the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?"

"We are going to arrest them all together."

"Do you, then, know this Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?"

"Perfectly."

"Have you seen the description of him?"

"By thunder! Santerre gave it to me. Five feet two or three inches, fair hair, blue eyes, straight nose, etc.; besides, I have seen him."

"When?"

"This very day."

"You have seen him?"

"And so have you."

Maurice started.

"The short, fair young man who rescued us this morning,—he who commanded the troop of Muscadins, and struck so hard."

"Was that the Chevalier?" demanded Maurice.

"Himself. They followed and lost him in the environs of the domicile of our proprietor of the Rue de la Corderie, so that we surmise they live together."

"It seems probable."

"It is certain."

"But it seems to me, Lorin," added Maurice, "that if this evening you arrest him who rescued you this very morning, you are much wanting in gratitude."

"Go along, then," said Lorin; "why, you don't suppose he saved us for our own sakes, do you?"

"For what else, then?"

"Not at all; they were in ambush to carry off the poor girl, Héloïse Tison, as she passed to the scaffold. Our cut-throats embarrassed them, so they fell upon the cut-throats; that was the whole of it. We have been saved by a contre-coup. Now, as the intention is everything, and there was no intention, I have nothing to accuse

myself with on the score of ingratitude. Besides, do you see, Maurice, the capital point is necessity; and the necessity is that we should reinstate ourselves by some brilliant achievement. And then I have promised for you."

"To whom?"

"To Santerre; he knows that you command this expedition."

"How can that be?"

"'Are you sure of arresting these criminals?' said he to me.

"'Yes,' I replied; 'if Maurice is with me.'

"'But are you sure of Maurice? For some time he has been looked upon as rather lukewarm.'

"'Those who say so are totally deceived. Maurice is no more lukewarm in the cause than I am myself.'

"'And you will answer for his fidelity?'

"'As for my own.' I then went to your house, but could not find you at home. I took this road first because it lay in my way, and then I remembered it was the one you usually frequented; so at last we have met. Forward! March!

"'Where Victory leads us still onward we go, Ever joyfully singing we'll face every foe.'"

"My dear Lorin, I am in despair. I do not feel the slightest taste for this expedition. Say that you were not able to find me."

"Impossible! all our men have seen you."

"Well, then, say you met me, and I was not willing to join you."

"Again impossible."

"But why so?"

"Because this time you will not only be considered lukewarm, but a suspect; and you

well know the fate of these suspects. They are conducted to the Place de la Révolution, and are there invited to salute the statue of Liberty; only instead of saluting with the hat they substitute the head."

"Well, Lorin, I hardly care how soon this fate may befall me; but without doubt it seems strange to you to hear me say so."

Lorin opened his eyes wide, and looked at Maurice.

"Well," said Maurice, "I am weary of life."

Lorin burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "we have had a quarrel with our beloved, and that fills us with melancholy ideas. Come, my handsome Amadis! let us return to the man, and from that we shall pass to the citizen. As for me I am never a better patriot than when I am embroiled with Arthémise. Apropos, her Divinity the Goddess Reason charged me with a thousand gracious messages for you."

"Pray thank her for me. Adieu, Lorin."

"Adieu! how adieu?"

"Yes, I am going."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going home."

"Maurice, you will ruin yourself."

"I laugh at the idea."

"Maurice, reflect; my friend, reflect!"

"I have done so."

"I have not repeated all—"

"What?"

"That Santerre said to me."

"What did he say?"

"When I asked for you to be chief of this expedition, he said to me, 'Take care!'"

"'Of whom?'

"'Of Maurice.'"

"Of me?"

"Yes, Maurice; and he also added, 'he often goes into that quarter?'"

"Into what quarter?"

"Into that of Maison-Rouge."

"How?" cried Maurice, "is it here he hides himself?"

"They fancy so, since it is here his supposed accomplice resides, the purchaser of the house in the Rue de la Corderie."

"Faubourg Victor?" demanded Maurice.

"Yes; Faubourg Victor."

"And in what street?"—

"In the old Rue Saint Jacques."

"O God!" murmured Maurice, as if struck by a thunderbolt. And he pressed his hand before his eyes. But after a moment's interval, during which he had collected all his courage,—

"What trade?" said he.

"A master-tanner."

"His name?"

"Dixmer."

"You are right, Lorin," said Maurice, by a violent effort controlling his emotion; "I will go with you."

"And you do well; are you armed?"

"I always carry my sword."

"Take also this pair of pistols."

"And you?"

"I have my gun. Carry arms! Shoulder arms! Forward! March!"

The patrol commenced its march, accompanied by Maurice, who walked near Lorin. They were preceded by a man dressed in gray, who directed their movements. This was an agent of police.

From time to time a shadow might be seen emerging from the angles of the streets or the doors of the houses, who exchanged some words with the man in gray. This was the inspector. On arriving at the little street, the man in gray did not hesitate for an instant. He was well instructed, and entered the street at once. Before the door of the garden where Maurice had been so nearly garroted, he stopped.

"It is here," said he.

"What is here?" demanded Lorin.

"It is here we shall find the two principals."

Maurice supported himself against the wall; he felt as if he were sinking to the ground.

"Now," said the man in gray, "there are three entrances,—the principal entrance, this one, and another which leads into a pavilion. I shall enter with six or eight men through the principal entrance, in the mean time keep guard here with four or five men, and place three sure men at the entrance of the pavilion."

"I will get over the wall," said Maurice, "and watch in the garden."

"The very thing," said Lorin, "as from the interior you can open the door to us."

"Willingly," said Maurice, "but do not clear the passage, or come, till I call you. All that passes in the interior I shall see from the garden."

"You are acquainted with the house, then?" demanded Lorin.

"Some time back I wished to buy it."

Lorin proceeded to conceal his men in the corners of the hedges and angles of the doors, while the agent of police retired with six or eight National Guards to force his way by the principal entrance. In an instant the noise of their receding steps ceased in the distance, without having awakened the least suspicion. Maurice's men were at their post, and did their best to keep concealed. One would have declared that everything was perfectly quiet, and that nothing extraordinary was passing in the old Rue Saint Jacques. Maurice then began to climb the wall.

"Listen," said Lorin.

"To what?"

"The countersign."

"Right."

"'Carnation and Vault.' Stop all those who cannot give these three words. Permit all to pass who can. This is the password."

"Thanks," said Maurice, dropping from the top of the wall into the garden.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PASSWORD.

The first blow was terrible. It indeed required all Maurice's self-command to enable him to conceal from Lorin how powerfully he was affected by these startling events; but once in the garden, once alone in the silence of night, his mind became more calm, and his ideas, instead of running disordered through his brain, became once more under the control of reason.

What! this house that Maurice had so often visited with the purest pleasure; this house which had formed for him a paradise on earth,—was in reality only a den of sanguinary intrigues. The kind and flattering receptions bestowed on his ardent friendship resulted then from sheer hypocrisy; the love of Geneviève from fear.

The plan of the garden is well-known, our readers having more than once followed our young folks there. Maurice glided from bush to bush till he was shaded from the moon's rays by the little conservatory where he had been imprisoned previous to his first introduction to the house. This conservatory was opposite the pavilion inhabited by Geneviève. But this evening, instead of gleaming stationary from her chamber, the light moved frequently from one window to another. Maurice saw Geneviève through the curtain, evidently raised by accident, hastily packing some things in a portmanteau, and with astonishment beheld some weapons in her hands. He raised himself upon a post to enable him to see farther into the room. A large fire was blazing on the hearth, where Geneviève was destroying papers.

At this moment the door opened and a young man entered the room. At first Maurice imagined this man was Dixmer. The young woman ran toward him, seized his hands, and they both stood facing each other for a moment, evidently influenced by some deep emotion. What this emotion meant he could not divine, as their words did not reach his hiding-place. But all at once Maurice measured his height with his eye.

"This is not Dixmer," murmured he. Indeed, the man who had entered was small and delicate, while Dixmer was tall and masculine. Jealousy is an active stimulant, and in a second he had compared the figure of this man with that of her husband.

"This is not Dixmer!" murmured he, compelled as it were to repeat it, to convince himself of the perfidy of Geneviève.

He approached still nearer to the window, but the nearer he came the less he saw. His brain was on fire. He stumbled on a ladder; the window was seven or eight feet high. He seized the ladder, and planting it firmly against the wall, ascended and placed his eye at an aperture in the curtain.

Geneviève's unknown visitor was a fair young man, about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, with blue eyes, and an elegant demeanor; he retained both the young woman's hands within his own, and was speaking soothingly,

endeavoring fruitlessly to assuage the grief of Geneviève, which was plainly evinced by the tears which suffused her charming countenance. A slight noise, accidentally made by Maurice, caused the young man to turn his face toward the window. Maurice suppressed a cry of astonishment, he recognized his mysterious deliverer of the Place du Châtelet. At this moment Geneviève withdrew her hands from those of the unknown, and went toward the fireplace to ascertain that the papers were utterly consumed.

Maurice could no longer command his indignation. All those fierce passions which torture the heart of man—love, vengeance, and jealousy—lacerated him with their fangs of fire. He at once threw open the ill-closed casement, and vaulted into the chamber. At the same moment two pistols were pressed to his breast.

Geneviève, who had turned round at the noise, on perceiving Maurice stood speechless.

"Sir," said the young Republican, coldly, to him who had a double hold on his life, "you are the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"And what if I am?" replied the Chevalier.

"It is this: you are a brave man, and consequently a cool one, and I would say two words to you."

"Say on," said the Chevalier, without lowering his pistols.

"You can kill me; but you cannot do so before I have uttered a cry, or rather I will not die without giving an alarm. Should I do so, the thousand men who surround this house will have reduced it to ashes ere the lapse of ten minutes; so lower your pistols and listen to what I have to say to the lady."

"To Geneviève?" said the Chevalier.

"To me?" murmured the young woman.

"Yes, to you."

Geneviève, pale as a statue, seized Maurice's arm; but he repulsed her coldly.

"You know what you affirmed, Madame," said Maurice, with profound contempt. "I now see that you told the truth. You indeed do not love Monsieur Morand."

"Maurice! hear me," said Geneviève.

"I have nothing to hear, Madame; you have severed with a single stroke every cord that united my heart with your own. You told me you did not love Morand, but you did not tell me you loved another."

"Sir," said the Chevalier, "what say you of Morand; or rather of what Morand do you speak?"

"Of Morand the chemist."

"Morand the chemist stands before you. Morand the chemist is the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

And extending his hand toward the table, he in an instant resumed the black wig which for so long a period had concealed him from the young Republican.

"Ah, yes," said he, with redoubled disdain,—"yes, I understand. It is not Morand that you love, since Morand does not exist; but the subterfuge, for all its acuteness, is none the less contemptible."

The Chevalier made a threatening movement.

"Sir," said Maurice, "permit me to speak a moment with the lady; join in the conversation if you like; it will not be long, I assure you."

Geneviève, with a gesture, asked Maison-Rouge to have patience.

"Thus, Geneviève, thus," continued Maurice, "you have made me a laughing-stock to my friends and a curse to my party. You have rendered me, blind fool that I was, an instrument in all your plots and an easy tool in your hands. Listen! It was an infamous deed; but you will be punished, Madame, for in five minutes this man, who is going to kill me before your eyes, will be lying dead at your feet; or if his life

be spared, it will only be to lose his head upon the scaffold."

"He die!" cried Geneviève; "he lose his head upon the scaffold! But you do not know then, Maurice, that he is my protector, and that of my family; that I will give my life for his; that if he dies I will die; and that if you are my love, he is my religion!"

"Ah!" said Maurice, "perhaps you still mean to pretend that you love me. Really, women are sadly weak and contemptible."

Then turning to the young Royalist,—

"Now, sir," said he, "you must either kill me or die yourself."

"Why so?"

"Because, if you do not kill me, I shall arrest you."

Maurice extended his hand to seize him by the collar.

"I shall not dispute my life with you," said the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge; and he flung his pistols on a chair.

"And why do you not dispute your life?"

"Because my life is not equivalent in value to the remorse I should experience in feeling that I had killed a brave man, and more than all since Geneviève loves you."

"Ah!" cried the young woman, clasping her hands, "you are always kind, great, loyal, and generous, Armand!"

Maurice regarded them both, almost stupefied with astonishment.

"One moment," said the Chevalier, "allow me to return to my chamber. I give you my word of honor it is not to escape; I wish to conceal a portrait."

Maurice turned his eyes quickly toward that of Geneviève; it hung in its place. Perhaps the Chevalier divined Maurice's thoughts, or perhaps he wished to try his generosity to the utmost.

"Come," said he, "I know you are a Republican, but I know also that you possess a pure and loyal heart. I will trust you to the end. Look!"

And he drew a miniature from his breast, and displayed it to Maurice. He beheld before him the portrait of the queen. Maurice bowed his head, and rested his forehead on his hand.

"I await your orders, sir," said Maison-Rouge; "if you desire my arrest, knock at this door when it is time for me to give myself up. I care not for my life from the moment it is not sustained by the hope of saving my queen."

The Chevalier quitted the room without a gesture from Maurice offering to detain him.

As he left the chamber Geneviève cast herself at the young man's feet.

"Pardon, Maurice," sobbed she,—"pardon for all the evil I have done. Forgive my deception; forgive me, if only on account of my tears and suffering, for believe me I have wept much and suffered much. My husband left me this morning; I know not where he is gone, and perhaps I may see him no more. And now I have only one friend left,—nay more than friend, a brother,—and you will destroy him. Pardon, Maurice, pardon!"

Maurice raised the young woman.

"What would you?" said he. "There is fatality in all this. Every one stakes his life in these days; the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge has played like all the rest, but he has lost the game, and he must therefore pay."

"That means that he must die, if I understand you rightly?"

"Yes."

"He must die; and it is you who tell me this?"

"It is not I, Geneviève; it is fatality."

"Fatality has not uttered its last word, since you can save him."

"At the expense of my word, and consequently of my honor. I comprehend, Geneviève."

"Shut your eyes, Maurice; that is all I ask; and as far as a woman may evince her gratitude I will promise you mine."

"I should close my eyes to little purpose, Madame; there is a password given, and without this password no one could go out. Besides, the house, as I have told you, is surrounded."

"And you know the word?"

"Certainly I know it."

"Maurice!"

"Well?"

"Dear friend Maurice, tell me this password; I must know it."

"Geneviève," cried Maurice, "do you mean to say to me, 'Maurice, for the love I bear you, sacrifice your word and your honor, betray your cause, abjure your opinions.' What do you offer me, Geneviève, in exchange for all this, you who tempt me thus?"

"Oh, Maurice, save him, save him first! and then ask of me my life."

"Geneviève," replied Maurice, in a desponding tone, "hear me! I have one foot on the road to infamy; before I make a final descent I wish at least to find a sufficient excuse for so doing. Geneviève, swear to me you do not love the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge!"

"I love him as a sister and a friend; not otherwise, I swear."

"Geneviève, do you love me?"

"Maurice, I do love you; it is true, as God now hears me."

"If I do what you ask me, will you abandon relatives, friends, country, and fly with the traitor?"

"Maurice! Maurice!"

"She hesitates! Oh, she hesitates!"

And he turned from her with all the violence of disdain. Geneviève, who was leaning upon him, feeling suddenly her support give way, fell upon her knees.

"Maurice," said she, wringing her hands, "I will swear to do all that you require of me. Order, and I will obey."

"You will be mine, Geneviève?"

"I will."

"Swear it, by Christ."

Geneviève extended her arms.

"My God," cried she, "thou didst pardon one poor woman who had gone astray; I trust in thy mercy that thou wilt also pardon me."

And the great tears rained down her cheeks, falling upon her long hair hanging dishevelled on her bosom.

"Not thus!" said Maurice, "swear not thus! or I cannot accept that oath."

"O Heaven!" replied she, "I swear to devote my life to Maurice, to die with him, and if requisite, for him, if he will save my friend, my brother, my protector, the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"'T is well: he shall be saved," said Maurice.

And he went toward his chamber.

"Sir," said he, "resume your costume of the tanner Morand; I return your parole, you are free. And you, Madame," said he turning to Geneviève, "this is the password, 'Carnation and Vault.'" And as if horrified to remain in the chamber where he had pronounced the words which constituted him a traitor, he opened the window, and sprang from the room into the garden below.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SEARCH.

Maurice had returned to his post in the garden, opposite the window of Geneviève, only it was now quite dark, she having left her apartment to enter that of the Chevalier.

It was time Maurice returned, for scarcely had he reached the corner of the conservatory when the garden-door opened, and the man in gray appeared, followed by Lorin, and five or six gendarmes.

"Well?" asked Lorin.

"You see I am at my post," said Maurice.

"And no one has attempted to force past you?" said Lorin.

"No one," replied Maurice, happy to escape by an evasion, from the way in which the question was put to him. "No one. And what have you done?"

"Why, we have acquired the certainty that the Chevalier entered the house an hour ago, and has not left it since," replied the agent of police.

"Do you know his chamber?" said Lorin.

"His room is only separated from that of Madame Dixmer by a corridor."

"Ah! ah!" said Lorin. "It appears this Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is a gallant."

Maurice felt the hot blood rush to his forehead; he closed his eyes, yet saw a thousand internal lights.

"Well, but Citizen Dixmer, what said he to that?" asked Lorin.

"Why, he thought himself highly honored."

"Come," said Maurice, in a choking voice; "upon what do we decide?"

"We have decided," said the police agent, "to arrest him in his chamber, perhaps in his bed."

"He does not, then, suspect anything?"

"Absolutely nothing?"

"What is the ground plan?" inquired Lorin.

"We have an exact plan," said the man in gray. "A pavilion situated at a corner of the garden, there it is; you ascend four steps—do you see them here?—and find yourself on a landing; to the right is the apartment of Madame Dixmer,—no doubt it is that of which we see the window. Facing this window, at the back part, is a door opening on the corridor, and in this corridor the entrance to the chamber of the traitor."

"Well, with so careful a specimen of topography," said Lorin, "we might, I think, easily find our way blindfold, much more with our eyes open. Come on!"

"Are the streets well guarded?" said Maurice, with an interest which the assistants very naturally attributed to his fear lest the Chevalier should escape.

"The streets, the passages, even the crossings," said the man in gray. "I defy any one to pass who has not the watchword."

Maurice shuddered; all these precautions being taken, made him fear that he had uselessly parted with his honor to add to his happiness.

"Now," said the man in gray, "how many men do you require to secure the Chevalier?"

"How many men?" said Lorin. "I hope Maurice and I are sufficient for that. Are we not, Maurice?"

"Yes," murmured the municipal, "we are certainly sufficient."

"Listen!" said the police agent; "no vain boasting. Do you mean to take him?"

"Zounds! Do we mean it?" said Lorin; "I should think so! We are bound to take him, are we not, Maurice?" Lorin laid a stress upon these words, for as he had truly said, suspicion began to settle upon them; and it was not wise to allow time for suspicion,

which marched with such rapid strides at this epoch, to assume a firmer consistence, for Lorin well knew that no one would presume to doubt the stanch patriotism of any two men who had captured the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge.

"Well, then," said the police agent, "if you are in earnest, better take three men than two, and four than three, with you. The Chevalier invariably sleeps with pistols under his pillow, and his sword on a table by his side."

"Deuce take it!" said one of the gendarmes of Lorin's company. "Let us go in, without standing on ceremony who should enter first. If he resists, we will cut him to pieces; if he surrender, we will reserve him for the guillotine."

"Well said!" exclaimed Lorin; "do we go in by the door or the window?"

"By the door," said the agent of police; "it may be the key is in the lock, while if we enter by the window we must break some panes, and that would make a noise."

"On for the door, then!" said Lorin; "as long as we enter, it little matters how. Forward! sword in hand, Maurice."

Maurice mechanically drew his sword from the scabbard, and the little troop advanced toward the pavilion. The information of the man in gray proved perfectly correct; they first found the steps, then the landing, and at last entered the vestibule.

"Ah!" cried Lorin, joyfully, "the key is in the door." In short, extending his hand in the dark, his fingers had encountered the cold key.

"Then open it, Citizen Lieutenant," said the man in gray.

Lorin cautiously turned the key in the lock. The door opened. Maurice wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"We shall find him here," said Lorin.

"Not yet," said the man in gray; "if our chart is correct, this is the apartment of Citizeness Dixmer."

"We can soon ascertain that," said Lorin; "light a wax candle; there is some fire in

the grate."

"Light the torches," said the man in gray, "they are not so soon extinguished as candles," at the same time taking two torches from the hand of a gendarme, which he lighted by the dying embers. He placed one in the hand of Maurice, the other in that of Lorin. "You see," said he, "I was not deceived; here is the door opening into Citizeness Dixmer's sleeping apartment, and here the one opening into the corridor."

"On, for the corridor!" said Lorin. They opened the door at the farther end, which was not more firmly secured than the first, and found themselves fronting the door of the Chevalier's chamber. Maurice had seen this door twenty times before, and never thought of inquiring where it led to. All his world was centred in the room where he was received by Geneviève.

"Oh! oh!" said Lorin, in a low voice, "here we must change our tactics; no more keys, and the door locked."

"Are you," asked Maurice, hardly able to articulate, "sure that he is here?"

"If our plan is correct, he ought to be here," replied the police agent; "besides, we shall soon see. Gendarmes, force open the door; and you, citizens, hold yourselves in readiness, and the instant the door is opened, dash into the chamber!"

Four men, selected by the emissary of police, raised the butt-ends of their muskets, and on a signal from the man who conducted this enterprise, gave one blow all together, when the door flew into a thousand fragments.

"Surrender, or you are a dead man!" cried Lorin, rushing into the chamber.

No one replied, and the curtains of the bed were closely drawn.

"Mind the bed!" said the emissary of police; "at the first movement of the curtains, fire!"

"Wait!" said Maurice, "I will open them."

And no doubt in the hope that the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge might be concealed

behind them, and that it would be his lot to meet the first stab or pistol shot, Maurice hastily pulled apart the curtains, which, creaking along the iron rod, left the tenantless bed exposed to view.

"The devil!" exclaimed Lorin, "there is no one here."

"He must have escaped," murmured Maurice.

"Impossible, citizens, impossible!" cried the man in gray. "I tell you he was seen to enter here an hour ago, and no one has been seen to go out, and all the outlets from the garden are well guarded."

Lorin opened the cabinets, the wardrobes, and looked everywhere, even where it was physically impossible that a man could be concealed.

"You see, however, that no one is here."

"No one!" repeated Maurice, with an emotion easily understood,—"you see no one is here."

"To the chamber of Madame Dixmer," said the police agent, "perhaps he may be there?"

"Oh!" said Maurice, "respect the chamber of a woman."

"Certainly we will respect it," said Lorin, "and Madame Dixmer also, but for all that we must visit it."

"Then," said Maurice, "permit me to pass first."

"Pass on, then," said Lorin, "you are captain: honor the powers that be," and leaving two men to guard the apartment, they returned to that where they had lighted the torches. Maurice approached the door opening into the chamber of Geneviève. It was the first time he had ever entered there. His heart beat violently. The key was in the door. Maurice laid his hand upon the key, but still hesitated.

"Well," said Lorin, "open!"

"But," said Maurice, "if Madame Dixmer should be in bed?"

"We shall look in her bed, under her bed, in the chimney, in the wardrobes, and then if we find no one there but herself, we shall wish her good-night," said Lorin.

"No, not so," said the police agent; "we shall arrest her; Citizeness Geneviève Dixmer is an aristocrat who has been recognized as an accomplice of the girl Tison and the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

"Open it yourself, then," said Maurice, "I do not arrest women." The agent of police looked at Maurice, sideways, and the men murmured among themselves.

"Oh, you grumble, do you?" said Lorin; "then you shall have two to grumble about. I am of Maurice's opinion," and he made a step backward.

The man in gray seized the key, opened the door, and the soldiers rushed into the chamber. Two wax lights burned upon a little table, but the chamber of Geneviève, like that of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, was uninhabited.

"Empty!" cried the police agent.

"Empty!" cried Maurice, turning pale; "where is she, then?"

Lorin regarded Maurice with astonishment.

"Let us search," said the agent of police, and closely followed by the military, he began to rummage the house from the cellars to the workshops. At length, when their backs were turned, Maurice, who had followed them impatiently with his eyes, in his turn darted into the chamber, opening the presses, which had already been opened, and calling in a voice replete with anxiety, "Geneviève! Geneviève!" But Geneviève made no reply; the chamber was indeed vacated. Then he began to search the house in a species of frenzy, out-houses, conservatories, sheds,—nothing was omitted, but all without success.

Suddenly a noise was heard, a troop of armed men presented themselves at the door, exchanged the password with the sentinel, entered the garden, and dispersed themselves over the house. At the head of this reinforcement waved the red plume of

Santerre.

"Well!" said he to Lorin, "where is the conspirator?"

"How! where is the conspirator?"

"Yes! I asked what have you done with him?"

"I shall ask you that question. If your detachment had guarded the outlets properly, ere this he must have been arrested, since he was not in the house when we entered it."

"What! do you mean to say," cried the furious general, "that you have really allowed the Chevalier to escape?"

"We could not allow him to escape since we have never taken him."

"Then I can comprehend nothing," said Santerre.

"Of what?" said Lorin.

"Of the message you sent me by your envoy."

"We sent you an envoy!"

"Yes; a man in a brown coat, with black hair, and green spectacles, who came from you to inform me you were on the eve of capturing Maison-Rouge, but that he was defending himself like a lion; upon hearing which I hastened to your assistance."

"A man in a brown coat, black hair, and green spectacles?" repeated Lorin.

"Yes, with a female on his arm."

"Young and pretty?" cried Maurice, glancing toward the general.

"Yes, young and pretty."

"It was he and Madame Dixmer," said Maurice.

"What, he!" exclaimed Santerre. "Maison-Rouge! Oh, blockhead that I was not to have killed them both! Come, Citizen Lindey, we may capture them yet."

"But how the devil," asked Lorin, "came you to let them pass?"

"Zounds!" said Santerre, "I let them pass because they gave the password."

"They had the password?" exclaimed Lorin; "then there is surely a traitor among us!"

"No, no, Citizen Lorin; you are known, and we well know that there are no traitors among you."

Lorin looked around him as if to detect the miscreant, and publicly proclaim his shame. He encountered the gloomy face and wandering eye of Maurice.

"Ah!" murmured he, "what means this?"

"The man cannot be very far off," said Santerre; "let us search the environs; perhaps he has fallen in with some patrol who, more wide awake than we, did not allow themselves to be gulled so easily."

"Yes, yes; let us search," said Lorin; and, under the pretence of so doing, he seized Maurice by the arm, and drew him into the garden.

"Yes, let us search," said the soldiers; "but before we search—" and one of them flung his still burning torch into an adjacent shed, filled with bundles of fagots and dried herbs.

"Come," said Lorin, "come!"

Maurice offered no resistance. He followed Lorin like a child; they both ran as far as the bridge without speaking; there they stopped, and Maurice turned round. The sky was red from the horizon to the Faubourg, and above the houses ascended innumerable sparks.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIRE.

Maurice shuddered as he extended his hand toward the Rue Saint Jacques.

"The fire!" said he,—"the fire!"

"Yes," said Lorin, "the fire; what then?"

"Gracious Heavens! if she has returned."

"Who?"

"Geneviève."

"Geneviève means Madame Dixmer, does it not?"

"Yes."

"There is no danger of her return; she did not go away for that purpose."

"Lorin, I must find her. I will have my revenge."

"Oh, oh!" said Lorin.

"None can escape thy puissant sceptre, Love. Thou reign'st on earth and in the heavens above."

"You will assist me in my search, will you not, Lorin?"

"Zounds! there will be no difficulty in that."

"Why so?"

"Without doubt, if you are so much interested, as to me you appear to be, in Madame Dixmer's fate, you, being intimate with her, ought, knowing her, also to know her friends. She has not quitted Paris; her friends have every motive to stay; she has taken refuge in the house of some confidential acquaintance, and to-morrow morning you will receive a billet by some 'Rose,' or some 'Marton,' couched as follows,—

"Wouldst see again, my Mars, thy Venus true? Borrow of Night her scarf of azure hue.

And requesting you to present yourself at the porter's lodge, such a number, such a street, and to inquire for Madame Three-stars; that is all."

Maurice shrugged his shoulders; he well knew there was no one with whom Geneviève could take refuge.

"We shall not find her," said he.

"Will you permit me to say one thing, Maurice?"

"What?"

"That it will be no great misfortune if we should not find her."

"If we do not, Lorin, I shall die."

"The devil!" exclaimed the young man; "it was, then, of this love that you lately so nearly died."

"Yes," replied Maurice.

Lorin reflected an instant. "Maurice," said he, "it is now nearly eleven o'clock; this quarter is deserted; here is a stone seat, particularly adapted for the reception of two friends. Accord me the favor of a private interview, as they used to say, under the ancient régime. I give you my word of honor that I shall speak only in prose."

They seated themselves upon the bench.

"Speak!" said Maurice, resting his aching head upon his hand.

"Without exordium, periphrasis, or commentary, I tell you one thing, old fellow,—it is this, that we are ruining ourselves, or rather that you are ruining us."

"How so?" demanded Maurice.

"There is, my friend, a decree issued by the Committee of Public Safety, which declares every man a traitor to his country who enters into any relationship with the acknowledged enemies of the said country. Eh! do you know this decree?"

"To be sure I do," replied Maurice.

"Well, it seems to me, you are not a vile traitor to your country. What say you? as Manlius says."

"Lorin!"

"Undoubtedly; unless you believe that those idolize their country who give

house-room, bed, and board to Monsieur le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, who is not a high Republican, as I suppose, and has not been accused at any time of having taken part in the days of September."

"Ah! Lorin," said Maurice, sighing heavily.

"Still, it appears to me," continued the moralist, "that you have been, and still are, too intimate with the enemies of your country. Come! Come, friend Maurice, do not rebel! you are like the whilom Enceladus; you move a mountain each time you turn yourself."

Lorin pronounced these words in the kindest manner possible, and glossed them over with an artifice truly Ciceronian.

Maurice merely made a gesture of dissent, but the gesture was unheeded, and Lorin continued,—

"If we exist in a greenhouse temperature, a healthy atmosphere, where, according to botanic rules, the barometer invariably points to sixteen degrees, I should say, my dear Maurice, that this is elegant, satisfactory; what though we are occasionally rather aristocratic, we flourish and do well. But if scorched in a heat of thirty-five or forty degrees, the sap burns, so that it rises slowly, and from the excess of heat seems cold; when cold, then comes the blight of suspicion,—you know this, Maurice,—and once suspected, you possess too much good sense not to know what we shall be, or rather that ere long we shall be no more."

"Well, then," said Maurice, "they can kill me, and there will be an end of me, for I am weary of my life."

"For the last quarter of an hour," said Lorin; "indeed scarcely so long that I should leave you to act according to your own pleasure on this subject; and then to die now, it is necessary to die a Republican while you would die an aristocrat."

"Ah!" said Maurice, whose blood began to boil from impassioned grief, resulting from the consciousness of his own criminality, "you go too far, friend Lorin."

"I shall go farther still, and forewarn you, that if you turn aristocrat—"

"You will denounce me?"

"For shame! No. I will confine you in a cellar, and have you sought after to the sound of the drum, like something lost; then I will proclaim that the aristocrats, knowing what you had in reserve for them, had seized, victimized, and starved you, so that, like Provost Élie de Beaumont, Monsieur Latude, and others, when found, you will be publicly crowned with flowers by the ladies of La Halle, and the ragpickers of Section Victor. Make haste, then, to appear again an Aristides, else your business is concluded."

"Lorin! Lorin! I feel that you are right; but I am dragged along. I am sliding down the precipice. Are you displeased with me, because my fate drags me onward?"

"I am not displeased with you, but I shall remonstrate with you. Call to mind a few of the scenes enacted daily between Pylades and Orestes,—scenes which prove beyond all doubt that friendship is a paradox, since these model friends quarrelled without ceasing."

"Leave me to my fate, Lorin, you had much better do so."

"I will never abandon you."

"Then, allow me to love, to be mad, at my ease; to be criminal, perhaps, for if I again see her, I fear I shall kill her."

"Or fall upon your knees. Ah, ah, Maurice, Maurice, to love an aristocrat, I never could have credited it! It is like poor Osselin with the Marquise de Charny."

"No more, Lorin, I beseech you."

"Maurice, I will cure you, or may the Devil take me! I do not wish you to be drawn in the lottery of Saint Guillotine, as the grocer of the Rue des Lombards observes. Maurice, you will exasperate me! Maurice, you will render me bloodthirsty! I feel as if I wanted to set fire to the isle of Saint Louis! A torch! a firebrand!

"The toil were idle. Maurice, thy passion dire Sufficient is Paris to set on fire."

Maurice smiled in spite of himself.

"You know," said he, "that it was agreed between us that we should speak only in prose."

"But you exasperate me with your folly," said Lorin. "Drink, Maurice, become a drunkard, do anything, study political economy; but for the love of Jupiter, let us fall in love with nothing but Liberty!"

"Or Reason?"

"Ah! that is true; by the way, the Goddess Reason talks much about you. She thinks you are a charming mortal."

"Are you not jealous?"

"Maurice, to save a friend I feel capable of any sacrifice."

"Thanks, my poor Lorin, and I truly appreciate your devotion; but the best way to console me is to leave me to sate my grief. Adieu! Lorin, go to your Arthémise."

"And you; where are you going?"

"I shall return home."

And Maurice turned toward the bridge.

"You live, then, in the direction of the old Rue Saint Jacques now?"

"No; but it pleases me to go that way."

"To look once again upon the place inhabited by your fair inconstant?"

"To see if she has not returned where she knows I am awaiting her. Ah, Geneviève! Geneviève! I could not have believed you capable of so much deceit!"

"Maurice, a tyrant who well knew the fair sex, since he died from having loved them too well, said,—

"'Woe to the man who trusts his heart To woman, changeful as the breeze.'"

Maurice sighed, and the two friends took the road to the old Rue Saint Jacques.

As they approached they heard a great noise, and saw the light increase; they listened to patriotic chants, which on a brilliant day in the glorious sunshine, or in the atmosphere of combat, sounded like hymns of heroism, but which by the red light of an incendiary fire savored more of the diabolic incantations of drunken cannibals.

"Oh, my God! my God!" cried Maurice, forgetting that God had been abolished, as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

Lorin watched him attentively and muttered,—

"Alas! when caught in Cupid's snare, To Prudence we must bid adieu."

All the inhabitants of Paris appeared moving toward the theatre of the events we have just narrated. Maurice was obliged to cross a hedge formed by the gendarmes, the ranks of the sections, then the impetuous crowd of this always furious populace, at this epoch easily aroused, and who ran howling from spectacle to spectacle without intermission. As they approached, Maurice impatiently hastened his steps; Lorin, with some trouble, kept close behind him, for he did not like to leave his friend to himself at such a moment.

It was nearly all over. The fire had communicated from the shed where the soldier had flung his torch to the workshops, constructed of planks so put together as to allow the free circulation of air; the merchandise was consumed, and the house itself was now in flames.

"O God!" said Maurice to himself, "if she has returned, should she find herself in a chamber encircled by the devouring element, waiting for me, calling on me—" and Maurice, nearly insensible from grief, liked better to think of the folly of those he loved than of his treason. He rushed headlong toward the door, of which he caught a glimpse through the mass of burning flame. Lorin still followed him. He would have followed him to the infernal regions. The roof was in flames; the fire had now

indeed commenced its work of destruction on the staircase. Maurice hastened to visit the first floor, the parlor, the chamber of Geneviève, of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, and the corridors, calling, in stifled accents, "Geneviève! Geneviève!"

No one replied. On returning from the search our two friends saw volumes of flame now entering the door; but not heeding the shouts of Lorin, who pointed to the window, Maurice passed through the flames, then ran to the house, crossed, notwithstanding all impediments, a court-yard strewed with broken furniture, searched the dining-room, Dixmer's parlor, Morand's laboratory,—all filled with smoke, fragments, and broken glass. The fire had reached this part of the house, and the work of destruction would soon be complete. Maurice, as in the pavilion, did not omit visiting a single chamber, or leave unexamined even a corridor. He then descended to the cellars; perhaps Geneviève had taken refuge from the fire there. He found no one.

"Zounds!" said Lorin; "no one but a salamander could take refuge here, and it is not that fabulous animal that you are in search of. Let us go; we can make inquiry in this assemblage. Some one has perhaps seen her."

It needed all Lorin's force to drag away Maurice; hope still detained him there.

Then they commenced their investigation; they visited the environs, stopped all the females who passed, searched all the alleys, without any result. It was now one o'clock in the morning, and Maurice, notwithstanding his athletic vigor, was overpowered and broken down with fatigue, and at length desisted from his worse than useless efforts.

A carriage passed; Lorin hailed it.

"Come, bear up, old fellow," said he to Maurice; "we have done all in the range of human possibility to recover Geneviève. We have broken our backs, been roasted, and have been cruelly cuffed for her. Cupid, however exacting he may be, could

require no more from a man in love, and above all, from one who is not. So jump into the carriage, and let us return home."

Maurice submitted without making any reply. They arrived at Maurice's door without either of the friends having uttered a single word. As Maurice descended from the carriage, they heard a window of his apartment closed.

"All right!" said Lorin, "he is waiting; I shall rest easy now. Knock, however."

Maurice knocked, the door opened.

"Good-night!" said Lorin, "wait for me to-morrow morning to go out!"

"Good-night," said Maurice, mechanically, as the door closed behind him. Upon the first steps of the staircase he met his official.

"Ah! Citizen Lindey," he exclaimed, "how much uneasiness you have caused us!" The word us struck Maurice.

"You?" said he.

"Yes, me and the little lady who is waiting for you."

"The little lady," repeated Maurice, feeling the moment ill-chosen to remind him of his former loves; "you were right to tell me. I shall sleep at Lorin's."

"That is impossible; she was at the window, and saw you alight, and cried out, 'There he is!'"

"What care I whether she knows I am here or not? I have no heart for love. Go upstairs, and tell this woman she is mistaken."

The official made a movement as if to obey him, then stopped.

"Ah! Citizen," said he, "you are wrong. The little lady is already very sad; your message will drive her to despair."

"But," asked Maurice, "who is this woman?"

"Citizen, I have not seen her face; it is concealed by her mantle, and she weeps, that

is all I know."

"She weeps!" exclaimed Maurice.

"Yes, but very softly, stifling her sobs."

"She weeps," repeated Maurice; "there is then some one in the world who loves me sufficiently to feel anxious in my absence?" and he ascended slowly behind the official.

"Here he is, Citizen, here he is!" cried the latter, rushing into the chamber. Maurice entered behind him.

He then beheld in a corner of the room the trembling form of a woman whose face was hid in the cushions, and whom he would have thought dead, but for her convulsive moaning, which made him start. He signed to his official to leave the room, who went out, closing the door behind him. Then Maurice ran to the young woman, who raised her head.

"Geneviève!" cried the young man, "Geneviève here! good Heavens! am I then mad?"

"No, you are in possession of your senses, my friend," replied the young woman. "I promised to be yours if you would save the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. You have saved him, and I am here; I was awaiting you."

Maurice mistook the meaning of these words; he recoiled a step, and looked sadly at the young woman.

"Geneviève," said he, "you do not love me."

Geneviève regarded him with tearful eyes; then turning from him, leaned her head on the pillow of the sofa, and gave free vent to her sobs and tears.

"Alas!" said Maurice, "it is evident that you no longer love me; and not only that you love me no more, Geneviève, but that you must entertain a feeling of hatred toward me, to experience this despair."

Maurice had spoken so nobly, yet with so much feeling, that Geneviève arose and took his hand.

"Mon Dieu!" said she, "and is it ever thus that those we think the best prove merely egotists?"

"Egotists, Geneviève! what do you mean?"

"Can you not then imagine what I suffer? My husband a fugitive, my brother proscribed, our house in flames, and all this in one night; and then that dreadful scene between you and the Chevalier was added to the rest!"

Maurice listened with delight, for it was impossible even for the maddest passion not to admit that this accumulation of trouble was more than sufficient excuse for Geneviève's deep and violent grief.

"And now you are come, I shall keep you; you shall leave me no more!"

Geneviève started.

"Where should I go?" replied she, with bitterness. "Have I an asylum, a shelter, a protector, save he who has put a price upon his protection? Oh, rash and foolish that I am! I stepped over the Pont Neuf, Maurice, and in passing I stopped to gaze at the dark water, dashing angrily against the corners of the arches; it attracted and fascinated me. Then said I to myself, there, poor woman, is a shelter for you; there inviolable repose and oblivion!"

"Geneviève! Geneviève!" cried Maurice, "you said that? Then you do not love me?"

"I said it," replied Geneviève,—"I said it; but I am here."

Maurice drew a deep breath, and fell at her feet.

"Geneviève," murmured he, "weep no more! Geneviève, console yourself for all your grief, since you love me. Tell me, Geneviève, for the sake of Heaven! that it was not the violence of my menaces that brought you hither. Assure me that even had you not seen me this evening, on finding yourself alone, isolated, and without an

asylum, you would have come to me; and accept the oath which I now make you, to annul the one that I compelled you to take."

Geneviève looked down upon the young man with an expression of ineffable gratitude. "Generous!" said she; "Oh, my God! I thank thee, he is generous."

"Listen, Geneviève!" said Maurice. "God, whom they have here driven from their temples, but whom they cannot expel from our hearts, where he has implanted love, has made this evening in appearance dark and gloomy, but conceals behind its sombre curtain a silvery cloud. God has conducted you to me, Geneviève, and speaks to you through me. God is at length willing to compensate us for all the sufferings we have endured, for the virtue we have displayed in combating this love, as if this sentiment so long entertained, and so profound, could be a crime! Weep no more, Geneviève, weep no more; give me your hand! Do you wish to live in the house of your brother? Do you wish he should kiss the hem of your robe, and pass over the threshold of his door without turning his head? Well, say but the word, make but one sign, and I am gone, and you are free. But on the other hand, my adored Geneviève, will you call to mind that I have loved you so ardently that I had almost died of this love, which it remains with you to render so fatal or so fortunate to me; that for this love I have been a traitor to my party, and am become vile and contemptible in my own eyes,—will you now consider all the happiness which the future has in store for us, the strength and energy which our youth and love possess to defend this happiness, now but in the bud, from all who would dare attack it? Ah! Geneviève, what will you reply? You who are an angel of mercy, will you render a man so happy that he no longer regrets life, and ceases to desire eternal felicity? Then, instead of repelling me, smile, my Geneviève; let me place your hand upon my heart, and incline toward one who worships you from the inmost recesses of his soul. Geneviève, my love, my life, do not take back your vow!"

The heart of the young woman swelled at these words. The fatigue of her late

suffering had worn out her strength, and though her tears no longer flowed, occasional sobs relieved her overcharged bosom.

Maurice saw that she no longer had the force to resist, and seized her in his arms. Then she let her head fall on his shoulder, and her long hair brushed against her lover's burning cheeks.

At the same time Maurice felt the heaving of her chest, still disturbed like the ocean after a storm.

"You still weep, my Geneviève," continued Maurice, with profound melancholy,—"you still weep. Oh, reassure yourself! I will never impose my love on scornful grief, and never soil my lips with a kiss empoisoned by a single tear of regret."

He unwound the living girdle of her arms, averted his face, and coldly turned away.

But as quick as thought, in a moment of reaction so natural in a woman who struggles contrary to her own inclination, Geneviève threw her trembling arms around Maurice's neck, pressed him nervously to her heart, and laid her cold cheek, still wet with the tears which had ceased to flow, against the young man's burning one.

"Ah, Maurice!" murmured Geneviève, "do not abandon me, Maurice; I have no one left me in the world but you!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MORROW.

A beautiful sun beamed across the green window-blinds, gilding the leaves of three large roses placed in a flower-stand before the window of Maurice. These flowers, more precious as the season was on the decline, perfumed with a delicious fragrance the little dining-room of spotless neatness, where at a table served with every elegancy, but without profusion, sat Maurice and Geneviève. The door was closed,

for as the table contained all that was requisite, it was understood they waited on themselves. They heard the official stirring in the adjoining room. The warmth and life of the last few lovely days entered through the half-open jalousie, making glitter like emeralds and rubies the rose-leaves caressed by the rays of the sun.

Geneviève let fall upon her plate the golden fruit she held in her hand. She appeared to be deep in thought, and smiling only with her lips, while her eyes languished with a melancholy expression. She remained thus silent, abstracted, and happy in the sun of her love, as the beautiful flowers in the sun of heaven. Soon her eyes sought those of Maurice, and encountered his gazing upon her. She placed her soft white arm upon the young man's shoulder, and leaned on his breast with that faith and confidence far exceeding love.

Geneviève looked at him without speaking, and blushed as she regarded him. Maurice slightly inclined his head to imprint a kiss upon the half-open lips of Geneviève. He bent his head, while she turned pale, and closed her eyes as the delicate flower conceals its calyx from the rays of light. They remained dreaming thus, when a sharp ring at the door-bell suddenly startled them.

The official entered mysteriously, and closed the door.

"Here is the Citizen Lorin," said he.

"Ah! dear Lorin," said Maurice, "I will go and dismiss him. Pardon, Geneviève."

Geneviève stopped him.

"Dismiss your friend, Maurice!" said she, "and such a friend! one who has consoled, assisted, and sustained you? No; I would no more drive such a friend from your house than from your heart. Let him come in, Maurice; let him come in."

"With your permission?" said Maurice.

"I wish it," said Geneviève.

"Ah! you will find that to love you is not enough," cried Maurice, delighted with her

delicacy; "it is necessary to adore you!"

Geneviève held her blushing face to the young man. He opened the door, and Lorin entered, smart as usual in his costume of demi-muscadin. On perceiving Geneviève he manifested great surprise, which was succeeded by a respectful salute.

"Come here, Lorin, come here, and look at the lady! You are dethroned, Lorin. I have now some one I prefer to yourself. I would have given my life for you; for her,—I tell you nothing new, Lorin,—for her I have sacrificed my honor."

"Madame," replied Lorin, in accents of deep emotion, "I shall endeavor to value Maurice the more, that he has not altogether ceased to care for me."

"Sit down, sir," said Geneviève, smiling.

"Yes, sit down," said Maurice, who, having pressed in his right hand that of his friend, and in his left that of his mistress, presented the appearance of a man arrived at the height of human felicity.

"Then you do not wish to die now; do not wish any longer to kill yourself?"

"What do you mean?" asked Geneviève, turning pale.

"Oh, in good truth!" said Lorin, "man is a most versatile animal, and philosophers have good cause to despise his levity. Here is one, would you believe it, Madame, who no longer ago than yesterday evening wished to leap into the fire, throw himself into the water; who declared there was no more happiness for him in this world. And behold him this morning, gay, joyous, with a smile upon his lips, his countenance resplendent with happiness, life in his heart, seated at a well-furnished table; it is true he has not eaten much, but that does not prove he is unhappy."

"Did he wish to do all this?" said Geneviève.

"All this, and much more. I will tell you all, some day, but at this moment I am very hungry; it is all Maurice's fault for making me yesterday evening run all over the Quarter Saint Jacques. Permit me, then, to make an attack upon the breakfast, which

I perceive you have neither of you yet touched."

"That is right," said Maurice, with childish glee; "I have not breakfasted, nor have you, Geneviève."

He watched Lorin's eyes as he uttered her name; but Lorin evinced no surprise.

"Ah!" said Maurice, "you have already surmised who it is, Lorin."

"Zounds!" said Lorin, cutting himself a large slice of white and rosy ham, and not seeming to hear Maurice's remark.

"I, also, am hungry," said Geneviève, holding her plate.

"Lorin," said Maurice, "I was ill yesterday."

"You were worse than ill; you were mad."

"Well, I think it is you who are suffering at this moment."

"Why?"

"You have not yet given us any verses."

"I will sing you one this moment," said Lorin,—

"Phœbus, in the midst of the Graces, The lyre in his hand still retained, Till following of Venus the traces, T was lost, and could not be regained."

"Always ready with a quatrain," said Maurice, laughing.

"And you will have to be contented with it, as it is now necessary to turn our attention to more serious affairs."

"Has anything new occurred, then?" said Maurice, anxiously.

"I am ordered on guard at the Conciergerie."

"At the Conciergerie!" said Geneviève, "near the queen?"

"Near the queen. I believe so, Madame."

Geneviève turned pale. Maurice frowned, and made a sign to Lorin, who cut himself another slice of ham, double the size of the first. The queen had indeed been

removed to the Conciergerie, whither we shall follow her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CONCIERGERIE.

At a corner of the Pont-au-Change and of the Quai aux Fleurs rose the remains of the old palace of Saint Louis, called par excellence the palace, as Rome is called the city, and which still continues to retain the royal cognomen, when the only kings who inhabit it are the registrars, the judges, and the pleaders.

The house of justice was a large and sombre building, exciting more fear than love for the merciless goddess. There might be seen united in this narrow space all the instruments and attributes of human vengeance. The first wards were assigned to those who had been arraigned for crime; farther on were the halls of judgment, and lower down the dungeons of the condemned. By the door was a small space where the red-hot iron stamped its mark of infamy; and about one hundred and fifty paces from the first another space, far more extensive, where the last act of the fearful tragedy took place,—that is to say, La Grève, where they finished the work previously sketched out for them at the Palace. Justice, as we see, reigned paramount over all.

All these portions of the edifice joined one with another, sullen-looking, dark, and gray, pierced by iron-grated windows where the gaping arches resemble the grated dens extending along the side of the Quai des Lunettes. This is the Conciergerie.

This prison contains dens washed by the black mud from the waters of the Seine; it also possesses mysterious outlets, through which were formerly conducted to the river those miserable victims whom it was thought necessary to remove.

As seen in 1793, the Conciergerie, unwearying procureur for the scaffold,—the Conciergerie overflowed with occupants, who within an hour became the victims of the guillotine. At this epoch the old prison of Saint Louis was literally the Inn of Death. Under the arches some gates were hung, and at night a red lantern was

suspended there, fit emblem of this abode of misery and despair.

The evening preceding the day when Lorin, Maurice, and Geneviève were breakfasting together, a dull rumbling shook the pavement of the quay and rattled the windows of the prison, then ceased before the arched gate. The gendarmes knocked with the handles of their swords, the gate opened, and a carriage entered the court; when the hinges had turned, and the rusty bolts had creaked, a female descended.

The gaping wicket opened immediately to receive her, and closed upon her. Three or four curious heads, protruding to gaze upon the prisoner by the light of the torches, appeared in mezzo-tinto, then vanished in the darkness, while vulgar jokes and rude laughter passed between the men leaving, who could be heard though not seen.

The person thus brought remained within the first wicket with the gendarmes; she saw it would be necessary to pass through a second, but forgot at the same time to raise the foot and lower the head, as there is a step to ascend and a beam which descends. The prisoner, not yet well habituated to prison architecture, notwithstanding her long sojourn there, omitted to stoop, and struck her forehead violently against the bar.

"Are you much hurt, Citizeness?" demanded one of the gendarmes.

"Nothing can hurt me now," she replied tranquilly, and passed on without uttering a single complaint, although sanguinary traces of the injury remained upon her brow.

Shortly the arm-chair of the keeper became visible,—a chair more venerated by the prisoners than the throne of the king by his courtiers; for the keeper of a prison is the dispenser of favor, and all mercy is important to a prisoner, as sometimes the smallest kindness may change the darkest gloom to a heaven of light.

The keeper Richard, installed in his arm-chair, felt a due perception of his own importance. He remained undisturbed even when the rumbling of the carriage announced a new arrival. He inhaled some snuff, regarded the prisoner, opened a

large register, and looked for a pen in the little ink-horn of black wood, where the ink, incrusted on the sides, retained in the centre a mouldy humidity, as in the midst of the crater of a volcano there always remains some melted matter.

"Citizen Keeper," said the chief of the escort, "write, and write quickly, for they are impatiently awaiting us at the Commune."

"I will not be long," said the porter, at the same time emptying into the inkstand some drops of wine remaining at the bottom of his glass; "I am a good hand at this, thank God! Your name and surname, Citizen," said he, and dipping his pen at the same time into this improvised ink, he commenced entering the new arrival at the bottom of a page already nearly filled; while standing behind his chair, Madame Richard, a female of benevolent aspect, contemplated, with a mixture of astonishment and respect, this woman, so sad, so noble, and so proud, whom her husband interrogated.

"Marie Antoinette Jeanne Josèphe de Lorraine," replied the prisoner, "Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France."

"Queen of France!" repeated the keeper, raising himself in astonishment by the arms of his chair.

"Queen of France," repeated the prisoner, in the same voice.

"Otherwise called the Widow Capet," said the chief of the escort.

"Under which of these names am I to enter her?" demanded the keeper.

"Whichever you please, only do it quickly," said the chief of the escort.

The keeper reseated himself, and with a trembling hand wrote down the name, surname, and titles given him by the prisoner, inscriptions the ink of which still appears visible to this day upon the register of which the revolutionary rats of the Conciergerie have nibbled the leaf at its most precious part.

Richard's wife still retained her position behind her husband's chair, and remained

standing with her hands clasped together, commiserating the situation of the unfortunate being before her.

"Your age?" continued the keeper.

"Thirty-seven years and nine months," replied the queen.

Richard wrote this down, then the description, and finished with the regular notes and forms.

"There," said he, "that is completed."

"Where shall we conduct the prisoner?" said the chief of the escort.

Richard helped himself to a second pinch of snuff, and looked at his wife.

"Indeed," said she, "we did not anticipate this, and have had but brief notice, so that we hardly know—"

"You must find out," said the brigadier.

"There is the council chamber," said Richard's wife.

"Too large," murmured Richard.

"The larger the better; we can the more easily place the guards."

"Go to the council chamber," said Richard. "But it is not habitable at this moment; it has no bed."

"True," replied his wife, "I had quite forgotten that."

"Bah!" said one of the gendarmes, "you can put a bed there to-morrow, and to-morrow will soon be here."

"Besides, the citizen could occupy our chamber for one night; could she not, good man?" said Richard's wife.

"And what are we to do?" said the keeper.

"Oh, we can do without a bed for one night; and as the citizen gendarme observes, 'the night is nearly gone.'"

"Then," said Richard, "conduct the citizeness to our chamber."

"And in the mean while you will prepare our receipt?"

"It shall be ready on your return."

Richard's wife took the candle from the table, and led the way.

Marie Antoinette followed without uttering a word, calm and pale as usual. Two turnkeys, at a sign from Richard's wife, followed them. The queen was shown her bed, on which the woman hastened to place clean sheets. The turnkeys installed themselves outside; the door was double-locked; and Marie Antoinette was left alone.

How she passed that night no one ever knew, as she passed it in close communion with her God. On the next day the queen was conducted to the council chamber, a long four-sided room, the wicket-door of which opened upon a corridor of the Conciergerie, and which had been divided in its whole length by a partition which did not reach the height of the ceiling.

One of these compartments was occupied by the men on guard. The other was the chamber of the queen. A window, thickly-grated with small iron bars, lighted both these cells. A folding-screen, the substitute for a door, secluded the queen from the guards, and closed the aperture in the middle. The whole of this room was paved with brick. The walls, at one period or another, had been covered with gilded wood, where still hung some shreds of paper fleur-de-lis. A bed was placed opposite the window, and a single chair near the light. This was all the furniture the royal prison contained.

On entering, the queen requested that her books and work might be brought her. They brought her the "Revolutions of England," which she had commenced in the Temple, the "Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis," and her tapestry.

The gendarmes established themselves in the adjoining compartment. History has preserved their names, as it has done that of many others more infamous, associated

by destiny in great events, and who see reflected on themselves a fragment of that light cast by the thunderbolt which destroys the thrones of kings, perhaps even the kings themselves.

They were called Duchesne and Gilbert.

These two men were selected by the Commune, who knew them to be stanch patriots. They were to remain at their post in their cell till the sentence of Marie Antoinette. They hoped by this measure to avoid the irregularities consequent upon a change of office several times during the day, and therefore laid the guards under a heavy responsibility.

The queen first became acquainted with this new regulation from the conversation of the gendarmes, whose discourse, not being softly uttered, reached her ears. She experienced at once joy and disquietude; for if on the one hand she felt that these men ought to be trustworthy since they had been chosen from a multitude, on the other side she reflected that her friends might more easily corrupt two known men at their post than a hundred unknown individuals selected by chance, passing near her occasionally, and then only for a single day.

On the first night before she retired one of the gendarmes, according to his usual custom, began to smoke. The noxious vapor glided imperceptibly through the apertures of the partition, enveloping the unfortunate queen, whose misfortunes had irritated instead of deadening her nerves. She soon felt herself seized with nausea and swimming in the head; but true to her indomitable system of firmness, she uttered no complaint.

During her melancholy vigil, while nothing disturbed the deep silence of the night, she fancied she heard plaintive cries outside. These cries were mournful and prolonged; there was about them something weird and piercing, like the howling of wind in the dark and deserted corridor when the tempest borrows the human voice to animate the passions of the elements.

She soon became aware that the noise that had at first startled her was the doleful and persevering cry of a dog howling on the quay. She immediately remembered her poor little Jet, whom she had not thought of when they removed her from the Temple, and now believed she could recognize his voice. Indeed, the poor little animal, who by his mistaken vigilance had ruined his mistress, had unperceived descended behind her, had followed the carriage as far as the grating of the Conciergerie, where he continued till he narrowly escaped being cut in two by the double iron portcullis which closed behind her.

But the faithful creature had soon returned, and comprehending that his mistress was confined in this great stone building, he whined and howled, waiting, within ten feet of the sentinel, a caressing reply. The queen replied by a heart-broken sigh which reached the ears of her guards; but as this sigh was not repeated, and no other sound proceeded from the queen's chamber, they again composed themselves, and relapsed into their former state of drowsiness.

At break of day the queen rose and dressed herself, then took her seat near the window, the light from which, intercepted by the grating of iron bars, fell with a bluish tint upon her emaciated hands, in which she held a book. She was apparently reading, but her thoughts were far away.

The Gendarme Gilbert half opened the screen, and regarded her in silence. The queen heard the noise of the screen, but did not turn her head. She was so seated that the gendarme could see her head bathed in the morning light. Gilbert made a sign to his comrade to advance and look through the opening with him. Duchesne approached.

"Look!" said Gilbert, in a low tone; "how very pale she is; it is frightful! Those red circles round her eyes denote her suffering. She has surely been weeping."

"You well know," said Duchesne, "Capet's widow never weeps. She is too proud for that."

"Then she must be ill," said Gilbert, and raising his voice, "Tell me, Citizen Capet," said he, "are you ill?"

The queen slowly raised her eyes, and fixed an inquiring look upon the two men.

"Did you address me, gentlemen?" demanded she, in a voice full of sweetness, for she fancied she detected the accent of kindness in him who had spoken to her.

"Yes, Citizeness, we spoke to you," replied Gilbert; "we feared you were ill."

"Why so?"

"Because your eyes are so red."

"And at the same time you are so pale," added Duchesne.

"Thank you, gentlemen, I am not ill; only I suffered much last night."

"Ah, yes, your misfortunes!"

"No, gentlemen, my miseries are always the same; and my religion having taught me to carry them to the foot of the cross, I do not suffer more one day than another. No; I am out of sorts because I could not rest last night."

"Ah! your new lodging and different bed?" said Duchesne.

"And then the lodging is not very comfortable," added Gilbert.

"Ah! it is not that, gentlemen," said the queen, shaking her head. "Lofty or lowly, it is all the same to me."

"What is it then?"

"I ask pardon for telling you; but I have suffered much inconvenience from the smell of the tobacco which that gentleman is smoking at this moment."

Indeed, Gilbert was smoking, which was his habitual occupation.

"Confound my stupidity!" cried he, much grieved from the kindness with which the queen had expressed herself. "Why did you not tell me so before, Citizen?"

"Because I thought, sir, I had no right to deprive you of any enjoyment."

"Well, you shall be incommoded no more,—by me, at least," said Gilbert, casting away his pipe, which broke upon the tiles, "for I shall smoke no more."

He turned round, his companion followed, and he closed the screen.

"Possibly they may cut off her head, that is an affair of the nation; but why should we cause her any suffering, poor woman? We are soldiers, and not hangmen, like Simon."

"It rather savors of the aristocrat, comrade, what you did just now," said Duchesne, shaking his head.

"Whom do you term an aristocrat? Explain yourself!"

"I call aristocrats all those who annoy the nation, and succor its enemies."

"Then, according to your theory, I annoy the nation because I cease to annoy with my smoking the Widow Capet? Go along, then! As for me," continued the brave fellow, "I remember my oath to my country, and the order of my brigadier. As for my order, I know it by heart. Not to permit the prisoner to escape; not to allow any one to see her; to resist all correspondence she may endeavor to institute; and to die at my post,—this is what I promised, and to this will I keep. Vive la nation!"

"That is what I tell you," said Duchesne. "It is not that I disapprove of your conduct, but I fear lest you should compromise yourself."

"Hush! here is some one."

The queen had not lost one word of this conversation, although carried on in a low voice. Captivity had rendered her hearing doubly acute.

The noise which had attracted the attention of the two guards was the sound of several steps approaching the door. It opened, and two municipals entered, followed by the keeper and some of the turnkeys.

"Well," they inquired, "where is the prisoner?"

"Here she is," replied the two gendarmes.

"How is she lodged?"

"You can see." And Gilbert touched the screen.

"What do you wish?" demanded the queen.

"It is the visit of the Commune, Citizeness Capet."

"This man is kind," thought the queen; "and if my friends—"

"Very good, very good!" said the municipals, pushing Gilbert aside and entering the queen's chamber; "so much ceremony is not requisite here."

The queen did not even raise her head; and it might have been believed from her impassibility that she neither saw nor heard them, but fancied herself alone. The delegates of the Commune curiously observed everything around the chamber, sounded the wainscoting, the bed, shaking the grating of the window which looked upon the court of the female prisoners, and then having recommended to the gendarmes the utmost vigilance, took their departure without having addressed a word to the queen, who on her part seemed not to have been aware of their presence.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LA SALLE DES PAS-PERDUS.

Toward the decline of the day on which we have seen the municipals so carefully inspecting the queen's prison, a man attired in a gray jacket, his head covered with a mass of black hair, and on his head one of those hairy bonnets, which then among the people was a distinguishing mark of the most exaggerated patriotism, was walking about in the large hall so philosophically termed "La Salle des Pas-Perdus," and seemed most attentively observing all the goers and comers forming the general population of this hall,—a population considerably augmented at this period, when trials had acquired greater importance, and when the only pleading was to dispute their heads with the hangman and with Fouquier Tinville their indefatigable purveyor.

The attitude assumed by this man whose portrait we have just sketched was in very good taste. Society at this epoch was divided into two classes,—the lambs and the wolves. The one naturally inspired the other with fear, since one half of society devoured the other. Our fierce promenader was rather short, and wielded in his dirty black hand one of those knotted cudgels then called "constitutions." It is true the hand that flourished this horrible weapon might have appeared rather small to any one who might take into his head to act the inquisitorial part toward this singular personage which he had arrogated to himself with respect to others; but no one felt the least inclined to risk it, for this man's aspect was far too terrible.

Indeed, this man with the cudgel caused much disquietude to several groups of petty scribes engaged in the discussion of public affairs, which at this time daily progressed from bad to worse, or from better to better, according as they were considered from a conservative or revolutionary point of view. These valorous folks looked askance at his long black beard, his green eyes surmounted by overhanging, shaggy eyebrows, and trembled whenever the promenade of the mighty patriot (a promenade which extended the whole length of the great hall) brought them in near contact with one another.

This terror was augmented from the fact that whenever they ventured to approach him too nearly, or even looked at him too attentively, the man with the cudgel struck his powerful weapon with its full weight upon the pavement, smashing the flag-stones upon which it fell, sometimes with a dull and heavy, sometimes with a sonorous and clashing sound.

But it was not only these brave men among the scribes, designated generally as the "rats of the Palace," who experienced this formidable impression; it was also the various individuals who entered the Salle des Pas-Perdus by the great door, or through some of its narrow vomitories, who also quickened their pace on perceiving the man with the cudgel, who obstinately continued his journey from one end of the

hall to the other, finding each moment some pretext for making his weapon ring on the pavement.

If these writers had been less timorous, and the promenaders more clear-sighted, they would have discovered that our patriot, capricious like all eccentric or pronounced characters, appeared to evince a preference for certain flag-stones, those for instance situated a little distance from the wall on the right, near the centre of the hall, which emitted a clear and ringing sound. He even finished by concentrating his anger upon some particular stones in the centre of the hall. At the same time he so far forgot himself as to stop, and with his eye seemed to be estimating the distance.

True, it was a momentary absence of mind only, and he immediately resumed his former expression, which a gleam of pleasure had replaced for an instant.

Almost at the same moment another patriot,—for at this epoch every one wore his opinions on his forehead, or rather in his dress,—almost at the same moment, say we, another patriot entered by the door of the gallery, and without appearing the least in the world to partake of the fear generated by the former occupant, began to cross the hall at a pace equal to his own, so that in the centre of the promenade they encountered each other.

The new arrival had, like the former, a hairy bonnet, a gray jerkin, dirty hands, and in one of them a cudgel; indeed, in addition he carried a sword, which struck against his legs at every step; and on the whole he appeared a greater subject for terror than his predecessor. The first had an air of ferocity, the last seemed replete with sinister cunning.

Although these two men appeared to belong to the same cause, and entertained the same opinions, the assembly ventured to watch the result, not of their meeting, for they were not walking in the same line, but their approach toward each other. At the first turn they were disappointed in their expectation, as the patriots contented themselves with exchanging looks; at the same time the smaller of the two turned

slightly pale,—only from an involuntary movement of the lips it was evident it was not caused by fear, but by disgust.

However, at the second turn, as if the patriot had made a violent effort, his countenance, till now so overcast, cleared up suddenly, and something like a smile passed over his lips as he inclined slightly to the left, with the evident intention of stopping the second patriot in his course.

Near the centre they joined each other.

"Why, upon my word, here is the Citizen Simon!" said the first patriot.

"Himself. But what do you want with the Citizen Simon? And, in the first place, who are you?"

"It seems, then, that you do not recognize me?"

"I do not recognize you, and for an excellent reason,—I never saw you before."

"Not recognize me!—when I had the honor to carry the head of the Princess Lamballe!"

At these words, pronounced with savage fury, and bursting passionately from the mouth of the patriot, Simon started.

"You?" said he, "you?"

"Ha! that surprises you! I thought that you would remember your friends better than that, faith! Ah, Citizen! you grieve me."

"You have done very well," said Simon; "but I did not recognize you."

"It is a greater privilege to act as guardian to the young Capet; it brings you more into notice. As for myself, I both know and esteem you."

"Ah! Thank you."

"You have no reason—are you taking a walk?"

"Yes; I am waiting for some one. And you?"

"I am doing the same."

"What is your name? I will make mention of you at the club."

"I am called Théodore."

"What else?"

"Nothing else: is not that enough?"

"Oh, certainly. Who are you waiting for, Citizen Théodore?"

"A friend to whom I wish to make a fine little denunciation."

"Indeed! Do tell me."

"A whole covey of aristocrats."

"What are their names?"

"No, indeed; I only tell that to my friend."

"You are wrong; for here is mine advancing toward us, who, it seems to me, is sufficiently acquainted with business to settle at once all this affair."

"Fouquier Tinville!" cried the first patriot.

"No one less, friend."

"That's all right."

"Yes. Good-day, Citizen Fouquier."

Fouquier Tinville, calm and pale, opening wide, according to habit, his large black eyes shaded by his bushy eyebrows, at this moment entered by a side-door, his register in his hand, and a bundle of papers under his arm. "Good-day, Simon," said he; "anything new?"

"Several things. First, a denunciation from Citizen Théodore, who carried the head of the Princess Lamballe. I will introduce him to you."

Fouquier fixed his scrutinizing glance upon the patriot, who, notwithstanding his strong nerves, felt rather uneasy while undergoing this examination.

"Théodore!" said he; "and who is Théodore?"

"I!" said the man in the jerkin.

"You carried the head of the Princess Lamballe?" said the public accuser, with an unmistakable expression of doubt.

"I. Rue Saint Antoine."

"But I know a person who boasts that he did so," said Fouquier.

"I know ten," replied the Citizen Théodore, courageously; "but, indeed, as they all make some claim for having done so, and I ask nothing, at least I ought to have the preference, I hope."

This reply excited Simon's laughter, and dispersed the cloud on the accuser's brow.

"Right," said he; "and if you did not do it, you ought to have done so. But leave us now; Simon has some business to transact with me."

Théodore retired, very little hurt by the frankness of the public accuser.

"One moment," cried Simon. "Do not send him away so; let us first hear his denunciation."

"Ah!" said Fouquier Tinville, with an absent air, "a denunciation?"

"Yes; a covey of conspirators," replied Simon.

"All in good time. Speak; what is the matter now?"

"Oh! not much; only the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge and some of his friends."

Fouquier made a leap backward, while Simon raised his arms toward heaven.

"Is this the truth?" they exclaimed, both together.

"The pure truth; will you take them?"

"At once. Where are they?"

"I met the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge in the Rue de la Grande Tissanderie."

"You are mistaken; he is not in Paris," replied Fouquier.

"I tell you I have seen him."

"Impossible! a hundred men have been sent in pursuit of him; he would not show himself in the streets of Paris."

"It was he, by Heaven!" said the patriot. "A tall dark man, as strong as three and bearded like the pard."

Fouquier shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Another blunder," said he; "the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge is short, pale, and has not the slightest sign of a beard."

The patriot dropped his weapon with an air of consternation.

"Never mind, your good intention is taken for the act. Come, Simon, we must both make haste; they require the register, this is the time for the carts."

"Well, there is nothing new; the child is well." The patriot turned his back that he might not appear indiscreet, but remained in a position which enabled him to hear.

"I will go," said he, "lest I should intrude."

"Adieu!" said Simon.

"Good-day," said Fouquier.

"Tell your friend that you were deceived," added Simon.

"Well, I shall wait," and Théodore removed to a short distance, and stood resting on his cudgel.

"So the child goes on well; but how fares he morally?" asked Fouquier.

"I mould him to my will."

"He will speak then?"

"When I choose."

"Do you think he will testify in the trial of Antoinette?"

"I do not think it; I am sure of it."

Théodore was leaning against a pillar, his eyes directed toward the door. But his eye was wandering, while his ears were erect and uncovered under the hairy bonnet he wore. Perhaps he saw nothing, but most assuredly he heard something.

"Reflect well," said Fouquier, "and do not make what is termed a blunder of this commission. You feel sure that Capet will speak?"

"He will say all that I require."

"Has he told you what we are going to ask him?"

"He has told me."

"It is important, Simon, that you should promise this; the child's evidence is fatal to the mother."

"Zounds! I count upon that."

"There will have been nothing equal to it seen since the intimacy between Nero and Narcissus. Once more, reflect, Simon."

"One would fancy you took me for a brute, repeating constantly the same thing. Take this as an example: when I put leather in water it becomes supple, does it not?"

"But—I do not know," replied Fouquier.

"It becomes soft. Well, in my hands the little Capet becomes supple as the softest leather. I have my own method for that."

"It may be so," said Fouquier. "Is that all you have to say?"

"All—I forgot. There is a denunciation."

"Again? You will overwhelm me with business," said Fouquier.

"One must serve his country."

Simon presented a small paper, black as the leather he had just mentioned, but certainly less supple. Fouquier took it and read the contents.

"Again the Citizen Lorin; you have a great hatred to this man."

"I find him always acting in hostility to the law. He said, 'Adieu, Madame,' to a woman who saluted him from a window yesterday evening. To-morrow, I hope to give you a little information concerning another 'suspect;' that Maurice who was Municipal at the Temple when that affair of the red carnation occurred."

"Be sure! be sure!" exclaimed Fouquier, smiling at Simon.

He held out his hand, and then turned away with an abruptness that evinced little favor toward the shoemaker.

"What the devil do you wish me to be sure of? Many have been guillotined for much less."

"Patience," replied Fouquier, quietly; "everything cannot be done at the same time," and he passed quickly through the wicket.

Simon looked round for the Citizen Théodore, to console himself with him. He was no longer to be seen.

He had hardly crossed the western iron gate, when Théodore reappeared at the corner of a writer's hut. The occupant of the hut accompanied him.

"At what hour are the iron gates closed?" asked Théodore of this man.

"At five o'clock."

"Then what do they do here?"

"Nothing; the hall remains empty till next day."

"No rounds, no visits?"

"No, sir; our barracks are locked."

The word "sir" made Théodore knit his brows, and look round with distrust.

"Are the crowbar and pistols safe in the barracks?" said he.

"Yes, under the carpet."

"Return home, then—By the bye, show me again the chamber of the Tribunal that

has not a grated window, and looks upon the court near the Place Dauphine."

"To the left, between the pillars under the lantern."

"Go, now, and have the horses ready at the place assigned!"

"A glorious chance!—a glorious chance!—depend fully upon me."

"Now is your time—No one is looking—open your barrack."

"It is done, sir; I will pray for you."

"It is not for me you ought to pray. Adieu."

And the Citizen Théodore, after an eloquent look, glided so adroitly under the low roof of the barrack, that he disappeared like the shadow of the writer who closed the door.

The worthy scribe drew the key from the lock, took some papers under his arm, and went out of the vast hall with the few employees that the stroke of five sent rushing from their desks like a rear guard of belated bees.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CITIZEN THÉODORE.

Night had enveloped in her gray mantle the immense hall, whose sad echoes had to repeat the severe words of the advocates and the suppliant ones of the pleaders.

From afar, in the midst of the obscurity, upright and immovable, a white column seemed watching, in the centre of the hall, like a phantom protector over the sacred place.

The only noise heard in this darkness was the nibbling and galloping of innumerable rats, which gnawed the papers enclosed in the writer's huts, after drilling their way through the wood.

Sometimes the sound of a carriage penetrated as far as this sanctuary of Themis (as an Academician would say), and the vague clanking of keys, which appeared to proceed from under the ground; but all this only reverberated in the distance, and

nothing save these distant sounds ever broke the deep silence, or penetrated the thick darkness save the glimmering of some far remote light.

Certainly the man would be seized by bewildering terror who at this hour would have ventured into the vast hall of the Palace, the exterior of whose walls was yet stained with the blood of the victims of September; whose staircases this very day had witnessed the descent of twenty-five human beings condemned to an ignominious death, and were separated only by a few feet from the dungeons of the Conciergerie, peopled with bleached skeletons.

Nevertheless, in the middle of this frightful night, in the midst of this almost solemn silence, a low grating noise was heard; the door of a writer's hut turned upon its creaking hinges, and a shadow, darker than the shadow of night, glided cautiously out of the barrack.

Then the fierce patriot we have heard addressed as "sir," but who called himself Théodore, stepped lightly over the uneven stones. He held in his right hand a ponderous iron lever, and with his left felt that his double-barrelled pistol was secure in his belt.

"I reckoned twelve flag-stones from the stall; and see, here is the end of the first!" murmured he; and while calculating, he groped with the point of his foot to discover the chinks which time had rendered more perceptible.

"Let me see," said he, stopping; "have I taken my measurement correctly? Shall I possess strength sufficient; and she—will she have the courage? Oh, yes, her courage is known to me. Oh, my God! When I shall take her hand—when I can say, Madame, you are saved!"

He suddenly paused, as if oppressed by the weight of so great a hope.

"Ah!" he resumed, "rash and foolish project! others will say, hiding themselves under their bedclothes, or contenting themselves by sauntering about disguised as lackeys through the Conciergerie; but they have not my motive for daring all,—it is,

that I not only desire to serve the queen, but the woman.

"Well, to work; let us again sum up the whole.

"To raise the stone is nothing, to leave it open is the danger,—they may perhaps make the rounds; but yet they never do so. They cannot suspect anything, for I have no accomplices; and then what time is needed by an ardor like mine to dart through the dark passage? In three minutes I am under her chamber; in other five I raise the stone which is on the hearth. She will hear me working, but has too much firmness to feel alarmed; on the contrary, she will understand that a deliverer is near—She is guarded by two men who will doubtless hasten to the spot—

"Well, after all," said the patriot, with a melancholy smile, looking first at the weapon concealed in his girdle, and then at the one he held poised in his hand, "a double shot from this pistol, or a couple of strokes from this iron bar. Poor creatures! they will die like others not more culpable than themselves."

And Citizen Théodore resolutely pressed his lever between the chinks of the flag-stones.

At this moment a vivid light gleamed like a ray of gold across the stones, and a noise, repeated by the echoes of the vault, caused the conspirator to turn, and then with a single bound to conceal himself in the stall.

Soon voices, weakened by the distance, and softened by the emotion experienced by every one at night in a large and desolate building, reached the ears of Théodore.

He stooped down, and through an aperture in the stall perceived first a man in military costume, whose long sabre clanking on the pavement partly produced the sound which had attracted his attention; then, a man in a pistachio-colored suit, holding a rule in his hand and a roll of papers under his arm; thirdly, a man in a large waistcoat of ratteen and a fur bonnet; and lastly, a fourth, with wooden shoes and a jerkin.

The iron gate Des Merciers creaked upon its sonorous hinges, rattling the chain

intended to keep it open during the day.

The four men entered.

"A round," murmured Théodore. "God be praised! ten minutes later and I should have been ruined."

He then with the utmost attention endeavored to recognize the individuals who composed the round,—indeed, three of them were known to him.

He who walked first, clad in the uniform of a general, was Santerre; the man in the ratteen waistcoat and fur bonnet was Richard the porter, and the man in clogs and jerkin was in all probability a turnkey.

But he had never seen the man in the pistachio-colored coat, who held a rule in his hand and a bundle of papers under his arm. Who or what could this man be; and what brought, at ten o'clock at night, to the Salle des Pas-Perdus, the general of the Commune, the keeper of the Conciergerie, a turnkey, and this other man? The Citizen Théodore knelt on one knee, holding in one hand his loaded pistol, while with the other he replaced his bonnet and hair, which his precipitous movement had deranged too much to look natural.

Up to this moment the nocturnal visitors had kept silence, or if they had spoken, their words had not reached the ears of the conspirator; but when about ten paces from his lurking place Santerre spoke, and his voice was distinctly heard by the Citizen Théodore.

"We are now," said he, "in the Salle des Pas-Perdus. It is for you now to guide us, Citizen Architect, and to endeavor to convince us that your revelation is no idle story; for you see the Revolution has done justice to all this folly, and we believe no more in these subterranean passages than in ghosts. What do you say, Citizen Richard?" added Santerre, turning toward the man in the fur bonnet and ratteen vest.

"I have never said there was no subterranean passage under the Conciergerie," he replied. "Here is Gracchus, who has been turnkey for ten years, and consequently is

as familiar with the whole of the Conciergerie as he is with the alphabet, and yet he ignores the existence of the vault of which the Citizen Giraud has spoken. However, as the Citizen Giraud is the city architect, he ought to know better than any of us. It is his business."

Théodore shivered from head to foot on hearing these words.

"Fortunately," murmured he, "the hall is large, and before they find what they search for, two days at least must expire."

But the architect opened his great roll of papers, put on his spectacles, and knelt down to examine the plan by the flickering light of the lantern which Gracchus held in his hand.

"I fear," said Santerre, ironically, "that the Citizen Giraud has been dreaming."

"You will see, Citizen General, if I am a dreamer. Wait a little; wait!"

"You see we are waiting," said Santerre.

"Good!" said the architect; and he began to calculate. "Twelve and four make sixteen," said he, "and eight are twenty-four, which, divided by six, makes four, and then half remains; that is it. I can tell the very spot; and if I am mistaken by so much as a foot, you may henceforth dub me an ass."

The architect pronounced these words with an assurance which curdled the blood of the Citizen Théodore.

Santerre regarded the plan with a species of respect, but evidently admired more than he comprehended it.

"Now follow what I say."

"Where?" asked Santerre.

"Zounds! upon this chart which I have drawn. Here we are! thirteen feet from the wall is a movable stone I have marked A; do you see it?"

"Certainly, I see A," said Santerre. "Do you think I do not know how to read?"

"Under this stone," continued the architect, "is a staircase; do you see? It is marked B."

"B!" said Santerre; "I see B, but I do not see the staircase," and the general laughed heartily at his own facetiousness.

"When once the stone is raised, and the foot upon the last step, count fifty paces, look up, and you will find yourself exactly at the register-office where the subterraneous passage terminates, passing under the cell of the queen."

"Capet's widow, you mean, Citizen Giraud," said Santerre, knitting his brows.

"Yes, Capet's widow."

"But you said 'the queen.'"

"The force of old habit."

"You say, then, it may be found under the register-office?" demanded Richard.

"Not only under the register-office, but I will tell you also in what part of the office you will discover it,—under the stove."

"That is curious," said Gracchus, "for I have noticed that every time I dropped a log in that place the stone sounded hollow."

"In short, if we find your statement correct, Citizen Architect, I shall pronounce geometry a fine thing."

"Then declare it, Citizen Santerre, for I am now going to conduct you to the place indicated by the letter A."

The Citizen Théodore sank his nails into his flesh.

"When I have seen it," said Santerre,—"when I have seen it! I rather resemble Saint Thomas."

"Ah! you said Saint Thomas."

"Yes, as you said 'the queen,' from mere habit; but they cannot accuse me of

conspiring for him."

"Nor me for the queen."

After this retort the architect delicately placed his rule, reckoned the distance, then stopped, having apparently finished his calculation, and struck upon a particular stone.

This was the identical stone struck by the Citizen Théodore in his fit of frantic rage.

"It is here, Citizen General," said the architect.

"You fancy so, Citizen Giraud."

Our concealed patriot so far forgot himself as to strike his thigh with his clinched fist, at the same time groaning deeply.

"I am positive," said Giraud; "and your examination, combined with my report, will prove to the Convention that I have not been deceived. Yes, Citizen General," continued the architect, with emphasis, "this stone opens upon a subterranean passage, terminating at the register-office, and passing below the cell of the Widow Capet. Let us raise the stone; descend with me into the vault, and I will convince you that two men, even one man, could effect a rescue in a single night, without any one suspecting it."

A murmur of terror and admiration, elicited by the architect's words, ran through the group, and faintly reached the Citizen Théodore, who seemed turned to stone.

"Look at the danger we run," continued Giraud. "Well, now with a grating which I shall place in the middle of this underground passage before it reaches the cell of the Widow Capet, I shall save the country."

"Ah, Citizen Giraud!" said Santerre, "that is an idea bordering on the sublime."

"Perdition seize you, addle-pated fool!" grumbled the patriot, with redoubled fury.

"Now raise the stone," said the architect to the Citizen Gracchus, who in addition to a lantern carried a crowbar.

Gracchus set to work, and in a second the stone was raised.

The vault appeared open, with the staircase lost in its profundity, while the moist air escaped like a pestilent vapor.

"Another abortive attempt," murmured the Citizen Théodore. "Alas! Heaven does not will that she should escape, and her cause must be accursed!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CITIZEN GRACCHUS.

For an instant the three men remained motionless at the entrance to the vault, while the turnkey plunged his lantern into the opening without being able to penetrate its depth. The architect triumphantly exulted over his companions from the summit of his genius.

"Well!" said he, at length.

"Faith! yes," replied Santerre, "here incontestably is the passage. It only remains to know where it leads to."

"Yes," repeated Richard, "it remains to know that."

"Well, then, descend yourself, Citizen Richard, and then you will see if I have told you the truth."

"I have something better to do than go in there," said the porter. "We will return with you and the general to the Conciergerie. There you can raise the hearthstone, and we shall see."

"Very well," said Santerre, "we will return."

"But we must be careful," said the architect; "this stone remaining unclosed may suggest an idea to some one."

"Who the devil do you imagine ever comes here at this hour?" said Santerre.

"Besides," said Richard, "the hall is deserted, and to leave Gracchus here is sufficient. Remain here, Citizen Gracchus, and we will return to you from the other

side of the subterranean passage."

"All right," said Gracchus.

"Are you armed?" demanded Santerre.

"I have my sword and this crowbar, Citizen General."

"Just the thing! keep strict watch; in ten minutes we will be with you."

And having closed the iron gate, the three took their departure by the Gallery des Merciers, to repair to the private entrance of the Conciergerie.

The turnkey watched their receding footsteps, and followed them with his eyes as far as he could see, and listened as long as he had anything to hear; then all relapsed into silence, and supposing himself in perfect solitude, he placed his lantern on the ground, sat down, his legs overhanging the depths of the vault, and began to meditate. Turnkeys meditate sometimes; but people, generally speaking, do not trouble themselves to find out what is the subject of their meditations.

All at once, in the midst of his profound revery, he felt a hand press heavily upon his shoulder. He turned round, and attempted, on seeing a stranger, to give the alarm, but at the same instant the cold point of a pistol was pressed to his forehead.

The accents were arrested in his throat, his arms fell listlessly by his side, and his eyes assumed the most suppliant expression.

"Not a word," said the intruder, "or you are a dead man."

"What do you want, sir?" stammered the turnkey.

Even in '93, there were moments when, renouncing their idea of universal equality, they forgot to address each other as "Citizen."

"I wish," said the Citizen Théodore, "to be allowed to go down there."

"What for?"

"Never mind."

The turnkey regarded the person who had proffered this request with the most profound astonishment; but in the mean time his interlocutor fancied he detected in the man's look a ray of intelligence.

He lowered the pistol.

"Would you refuse to make your fortune?"

"I don't know. Hitherto no one has ever made me proposals on the subject."

"Well, then, I will begin."

"You offer to make my fortune?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean by a fortune?"

"Fifty thousand golden francs, for instance. Money is scarce, and fifty thousand francs now are worth a million. Well, I offer you that sum."

"To allow you to go down there?"

"Yes; but on condition that you come with me, and afford me your assistance in my undertaking."

"But what are you going to do? In five minutes that vault will be filled with soldiers, who will arrest you."

The Citizen Théodore was forcibly struck by this argument.

"Cannot you prevent the soldiers from descending there?"

"I have no means of so doing, I know none, and cannot think of any."

Indeed, it was evident the turnkey was taxing all his mental energies to discover some means of winning the fifty thousand francs.

"But," demanded the Citizen Théodore, "could we not enter to-morrow?"

"Yes; but to-morrow a grate of iron will be placed across the passage, occupying its whole width; and for the greater security it is arranged that this partition should be

entirely solid, and without even a door."

"Then we must think of something else," said Théodore.

"Yes; we must find some other way," said the turnkey.

It will be seen from the joint manner in which Gracchus expressed himself, that an alliance had already been struck between himself and the Citizen Théodore.

"That will be my concern," said Théodore. "What do you do at the Conciergerie?"

"I am a turnkey."

"What are your duties?"

"I open the doors and shut them."

"Do you sleep there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you take your meals there?"

"Not always. I have my hours of recreation."

"And then?"

"I avail myself of them."

"What to do?"

"To pay my respects to the mistress of a tavern called Noah's Well, who has promised to marry me when I am possessed of twelve hundred francs."

"Where is the tavern Noah's Well?"

"Near the Rue de la Vieille-Draperie."

"Very well."

"Hush, sir."

The patriot listened.

"Ah! ah!" said he.

"Do you hear?"

"Yes. Voices and footsteps."

"They are returning."

"You see very well that we should not have had time."

This we was becoming more and more pronounced.

"That is true. You are a brave fellow, Citizen, and are through me predestined—"

"To what?"

"To be rich one day."

"God grant it!"

"You then still believe in God?"

"Sometimes; here and there. To-day, for example—"

"Well?"

"I should willingly believe."

"Believe, then," said the Citizen Théodore, putting ten louis into the man's hand.

"The devil!" said he, regarding the gold by the light of the lantern. "Is it, then, serious?"

"It could not be more so."

"What must I do?"

"Meet me to-morrow at Noah's Well; I will then tell you what I require of you. What is your name?"

"Gracchus."

"Well, Citizen Gracchus, get yourself dismissed from here to-morrow by the keeper Richard."

"Dismissed! give up my place!"

"Do you reckon on remaining a turnkey, with fifty thousand francs?"

"No, but being a turnkey and poor, I am certain of not being guillotined."

"Certain?"

"Or nearly so; while being free and rich—"

"You will hide your money, and make love to a spinster instead of to the mistress of Noah's Well."

"Well, then, it is settled."

"To-morrow at the tavern."

"At what hour?"

"At six in the evening."

"Flee quickly; there they are. I tell you to be quick, because, I presume, you descend and go through the vaults."

"To-morrow," repeated Théodore, hastening away.

And not before it was time, for the voices and steps drew near, and lights were already seen approaching in the obscurity of the underground passage. Théodore gained the gate which the writer from whom he had taken the hut had shown him, opened the lock with his crowbar, reached the window, threw it open, dropped softly into the street, and found himself upon the pavement of the Republic once again.

Before quitting the Salle des Pas-Perdus he heard the Citizen Gracchus again question Richard, and also his reply.

"The Citizen Architect was quite right; the vault passes below the chamber of the Widow Capet, and it was dangerous."

"I well believe it," said Gracchus, who in this instance told the perfect truth.

Santerre reappeared at the opening of the staircase.

"And the workmen, Citizen Architect?" demanded he of Giraud.

"Before daybreak they will be here; and during the session the grating will be placed," replied a voice which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the earth.

"And you will have saved the country," cried Santerre, half in jest, half in earnest.

"You little know the truth of what you say, Citizen General," murmured Gracchus.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ROYAL CHILD.

In the mean time, as we have seen in the chapter preceding, the queen's trial was about to take place.

It was already surmised that by the sacrifice of this illustrious head the popular hatred, so long displayed in murmurs, would at length be satisfied.

The means were not wanting for the completion of this tragedy; and in the mean time Fouquier Tinville, that fatal accuser, had resolved not to neglect the new mode of accusation which Simon had promised to place in his hands.

The day after he and Simon had met in the Salle des Pas-Perdus, the noise of arms again startled the prisoners who remained in the Temple.

These prisoners were Madame Elizabeth, Madame Royale, and the child who after having been called "Your Majesty" in his cradle, was now styled simply the "Little Capet."

General Hanriot, with his tricolored plume, his splendid horse, and long sword, followed by several of the National Guard, dismounted, and entered the dungeon where the royal child languished.

By the general's side walked a registrar of very unprepossessing appearance, carrying a writing-desk, a large roll of paper, and flourishing a pen of immoderate length.

Behind the scribe walked the public accuser. We have seen, we know, and shall meet again at a later period, this dry, jaundiced, cold man, with his blood-shot eyes,

who made the ferocious Santerre himself tremble, even when cased in his armor.

Several National Guards and a lieutenant followed them.

Simon, smiling hypocritically, and holding his bear-skin bonnet in one hand and his shoemaker's stirrup in the other, walked before to show the committee the way.

They came to a very dirty chamber, spacious and ill-furnished, at the end of which, seated upon his bed, was the young Louis, in a state of perfect immobility.

When we saw the poor child fleeing from the brutal anger of Simon, he still retained a species of vitality, resenting the unworthy treatment of the shoemaker of the Temple. He fled, he wept, he prayed; then he feared and suffered, but still he hoped.

But now both fear and hope had vanished; without doubt the suffering still existed, but if it still remained, the infant martyr, whom they had made pay after so cruel a fashion for his parents' faults, buried it in the depths of his heart, and veiled it under an appearance of total insensibility. He did not even raise his head when the commissioners walked up to him.

Without further ceremony they instantly installed themselves. The public accuser seated himself at the head of the bed, Simon at the foot, the registrar near the window, the National Guard and their lieutenant on the side and rather in the shade.

Those among them who regarded the little prisoner with the slightest interest, or even curiosity, remarked the child's pallor, his extraordinary stoutness (resulting from his bloated condition), and his bent legs, the joints of which had already begun to swell.

"That child is very ill," said the lieutenant, with an assurance that caused Fouquier to turn round, though already seated and prepared to question his victim.

Little Capet raised his eyes to discover who had uttered these words, and recognized the same young man who had already once before saved him from Simon's cruelty in the court of the Temple. A sweet and intelligent glance shot from his deep blue

eyes, and that was all.

"Ah, ah! is that you, Citizen Lorin?" said Simon, thus calling the attention of Fouquier Tinville to the friend of Maurice.

"Myself, Citizen Simon," said Lorin, with his usual nonchalance.

And as Lorin though always ready to face danger was not the man to seek it uselessly, he availed himself of this circumstance to bow to Fouquier Tinville, which salutation was politely returned.

"You observed, I think, Citizen," said the public accuser, "that the child was ill; are you a doctor?"

"I have studied medicine, at least, if I am not a medical man."

"Well, and what do you discover in him?"

"Symptoms of sickness, do you mean?" asked Lorin.

"Yes."

"I find his cheeks and eyes puffed up, his hands thin and white, his knees swollen; and were I to feel his pulse, I should certainly count eighty-five or ninety pulsations in a minute."

The child appeared insensible to the enumeration of his sufferings.

"And to what might science attribute the condition of the prisoner?"

Lorin rubbed the tip of his nose, murmuring,—

"Phyllis wants to make me speak, I am not the least inclined.

"Faith, Citizen!" replied he, "I am not sufficiently acquainted with little Capet's constitution to reply. However—"

Simon lent an attentive ear, and laughed in his sleeve to find his enemy so near committing himself.

"However," said Lorin, "I think he does not have sufficient exercise."

"I believe the little scoundrel," said Simon, "does not choose to walk."

The child remained quite unmoved by this apostrophe of the shoemaker.

Fouquier Tinville arose, advanced to Lorin, and addressed some words to him in a low tone. No one heard the words, but it was evident they assumed the form of interrogatories.

"Oh, oh! do you believe that, Citizen? It is a serious charge for a mother—"

"Under any circumstances, we shall find out. Simon pretends he has heard him say so, and has engaged to make him acknowledge it."

"This would be frightful," said Lorin; "but indeed it is possible; the Austrian is not exempt from sin, and right or wrong, does not concern me—They have made her out a Messalina: but not content with that, they wish to make her an Agrippina. I must acknowledge it appears to me rather hard."

"This is what has been reported by Simon," said the impassible Fouquier.

"I do not doubt that Simon has said all this. There are some men who stick at nothing, even the most impossible accusations. But do you not find," said Lorin, fixing his eyes steadily on Fouquier,—"do you not find—you, an intelligent and upright man, possessed with a strong mind—that to inquire of a child concerning such circumstances as those which all the most natural and most sacred laws of Nature command us to respect, is to insult all human nature in the person of a child?"

The accuser did not frown, but took a note from his pocket and showed it to Lorin.

"The Convention enjoins me to investigate," said he; "the rest does not concern me. I shall investigate."

"It is just," said Lorin; "and I declare that if this child acknowledges—" And the young man shook his head, expressive of disgust.

"Besides," continued Fouquier, "it is not only upon the denunciation of Simon that

we proceed; the accusation is public."

And Fouquier drew a second paper from his pocket.

This was a number of the paper entitled "Le Père Duchesne;" which, as is well known, was written by Hébert.

The accusation indeed appeared there in full.

"It is written, and even printed," said Lorin; "but till I hear a similar accusation proceed from the lips of the child,—mind, I mean voluntarily, freely, and without menaces,—notwithstanding Simon and Hébert, I shall disbelieve it, as much as you in reality do yourself."

Simon impatiently awaited the issue of this conversation.

The miserable creature was not unaware of the power exercised upon an intelligent man by the looks which he receives from the crowd, expressive either of sympathy or subtle hatred. Sometimes this subtle influence repels, sometimes it attracts, makes the thought flow out and even draws the person of the man toward that other man of equal or superior mental calibre whom he recognizes in the crowd.

But Fouquier Tinville had felt the keen observation of Lorin, and was anxious to be fully understood by him.

"The examination is about to commence," said the public accuser. "Registrar, resume your pen!"

The registrar, who had just drawn out the preliminaries of the investigation, was waiting, like Hanriot, Simon, and all the rest, till the colloquy between Fouquier and Lorin had ceased.

The child alone appeared perfectly unconscious of the scene in which he was soon to become the principal actor, and his face, which had for an instant gleamed with a ray of the highest intelligence, had relapsed into its listless, apathetic expression.

"Silence!" cried Hanriot, "the Citizen Fouquier Tinville is going to interrogate the

child."

"Capet," said the public accuser, "do you know what has become of your mother?"

The little Louis turned from an ashy paleness to a brilliant red, but made no reply.

"Did you hear me, Capet?"

He still remained silent.

"Oh, he hears well enough," said Simon, "only he is like the ape, he will not reply for fear he should be taken for a man, and so made to work."

"Reply, Capet!" said Hanriot; "it is the Commission of the Convention that interrogates you. You must show obedience to the laws."

The child turned pale, but did not reply.

Simon made a frantic gesture of rage. With natures so stupid and brutal as his, anger becomes an intoxication, attended with all the loathsome symptoms of alcoholic inebriety.

"Will you reply, wolf's cub?" showing him the strap.

"Be quiet, Simon," said Fouquier Tinville; "you have not the right to speak."

This expression, which had become habitual to Tinville at the Revolutionary Tribunal, now escaped him involuntarily.

"Do you hear, Simon?" said Lorin. "This is the second time you have been told this in my presence; the first was when you accused Tison's daughter, whom you had the pleasure of bringing to the scaffold."

Simon was silent.

"Does your mother love you, Capet?" asked Fouquier.

Still the same silence.

"They say not," continued the accuser.

Something like a ghastly smile passed over the child's pale lips.

"But then, I say," roared Simon, "he has told me she loves him too much!"

"Look here, Simon," said Lorin, "you are angry that the little Capet chatters so much when you are together, and remains silent before company to-day."

"Oh, if we were alone!" said Simon.

"Yes, if you were alone; but unfortunately you are not alone. Oh, if you were, brave Simon, excellent patriot! how you would belabor the poor child, eh? But you are not alone, and dare not show your rage before honest men like us who know that the ancients, whom we endeavor to take for our models, respected all who were weak. You dare not, for you are not alone; and you are not valiant, my worthy man, when you have children of five feet six inches to combat."

"Oh!" muttered Simon, grinding his teeth.

"Capet," said Fouquier, "have you confided any secrets to Simon?"

The child never turned round, but his face assumed an expression of irony impossible to describe.

"About your mother?" continued Fouquier.

A look of supreme contempt passed over his countenance.

"Reply, yes or no!" cried Hanriot.

"Say yes!" roared Simon, holding his leather stirrup over the child's head.

The child shuddered, but made no movement to avoid the blow. Those present uttered a cry expressive of their disgust. Lorin did more. Before the wretch could lower his arm he darted forward and seized him by the wrist.

"Will you let me go?" roared Simon, purple with rage.

"Come, there is no harm," said Fouquier, "in a mother loving her child. Tell us in what way your mother loved you, Capet. It may be useful to her."

The young prisoner started at the idea of being useful to his mother.

"She loves me as a mother loves her son, sir," said he; "there are not two ways for mothers to love their sons, or sons to love their mothers."

"And I, little serpent, declare that you have told me your mother—"

"You have dreamed that," interrupted Lorin, quietly, "you must often have the nightmare, Simon."

"Lorin! Lorin!" growled Simon, grinding his teeth.

"Yes, again, Lorin. There is no way of beating Lorin, since he chastises the wicked; there is no way to denounce him for what he did in arresting your arm, as it was done before General Hanriot and Fouquier Tinville, who approve of it, and they are not lukewarm in the cause. There is then no way to bring him to the guillotine, as you did poor Héloïse Tison. It is very grievous, very vexatious, very enraging; still it is so, my poor Simon!"

"Later! later!" replied the shoemaker, with his mocking laugh.

"Yes, dear friend," said Lorin, "I hope with the help of the Supreme Being—Ah! you expected I was going to say with the help of God! But I hope with the assistance of the Supreme Being, and my good sword, to disembowel you first; but move aside, Simon, you prevent me from seeing."

"Rascal!"

"Be silent, you prevent me from hearing," and Lorin silenced him with a threatening look.

Simon clinched his black hands and shook his fists, but as Lorin had told him, he was obliged to confine himself to these manifestations.

"Now he has begun to speak," said Hanriot, "he will continue no doubt. Go on, Fouquier!"

"Will you reply now?" demanded Fouquier.

The child returned to his former silence.

"You see, Citizen! you see!" exclaimed Simon.

"The obstinacy of this child is strange," said Hanriot, troubled in spite of himself at this royal firmness.

"He is ill advised," said Lorin.

"By whom?" demanded Hanriot.

"By his guardian."

"Do you accuse me?" cried Simon,—"do you denounce me? Ah! that is curious—"

"Let us try gentleness," said Fouquier. Then turning toward the child, whom one would have supposed to be insensible,—

"My child," said he, "reply to the National Commission; do not aggravate your situation by refusing us any useful information. You have spoken to the Citizen Simon about your mother,—how you caress her and love her; how she caresses and loves you?"

Louis threw a glance around the assembly, which gleamed with hatred when it rested on Simon, but he did not reply.

"Do you feel yourself unhappy?" demanded the accuser; "are you uncomfortably lodged, badly fed, and unkindly treated? Would you wish more liberty, better food, another prison, another guardian? Would you like a horse to ride upon, and some companions of your own age?"

Louis still maintained the profound silence he had only once broken, to defend his mother.

The Commission was utterly confounded at so much firmness and intelligence evinced by a child.

"Ah, these kings!" said Hanriot, in a low voice, "what a race! They are like tigers; even the young ones inherit their wickedness."

"How are we to write the investigation?" asked the registrar, much embarrassed.

"There is no charge against Simon; there is nothing to write," said Lorin; "that will suit him exactly."

Simon again shook his fist at his implacable enemy.

Lorin began to laugh.

"You will not laugh like that the day you will sneeze in the sack," said Simon, drunk with fury.

"I do not know whether I shall precede or follow you in the little ceremony you menace me with," said Lorin; "but this I do know, that many will laugh when your turn comes. Gods!—I have spoken in the plural,—gods! you will not be ugly then, Simon; you will be hideous."

And Lorin retired behind the Commission, with a fresh burst of laughter.

The Commission, having nothing more to attend to, withdrew.

As for the poor child, released from his tormentors, he began to sing a little melancholy ditty which had been a great favorite of his father.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BOUQUET OF VIOLETS.

As might be foreseen, the felicity of Geneviève and Maurice was not of long continuance.

In the tempest which unchains the wind and hurls the thunderbolt, the nest of the doves is shaken in the tree where they had retired for shelter.

Geneviève passed from one terror to another. She no longer feared for Maison-Rouge, she now trembled for Maurice.

She knew her husband sufficiently well to feel convinced, the moment of his disappearance, that he was saved; but sure of his safety, she thought now of her own.

She dared not confide her grief to the least timid man of this epoch when all from desperation were devoid of fear, but it was plainly evinced by her red eyes and pallid

cheeks.

One day Maurice softly entered, so quietly indeed that Geneviève, buried in a profound revery, did not notice his entrance. He stopped upon the threshold and saw Geneviève sitting immovable, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her hands lying listlessly on her lap, her head hanging pensively upon her bosom.

He gazed at her for a moment with an expression of deepest sadness, for all that was passing in the young girl's heart was suddenly revealed, as if he had read even to her latest thought. He stepped up to her.

"You have ceased to care for France, Geneviève; confess it is so. You fly from the air breathed here, and not without the greatest reluctance will you even approach the window."

"Alas!" said Geneviève, "I know I cannot conceal my thoughts from you, Maurice; you have divined rightly."

"It is nevertheless a fine country," said the young man; "life is here important, and well occupied now. This bustling activity of the Tribune, the clubs, the conspiracies, renders sweeter the hours spent by our own fireside. One loves it the more ardently, it may be, from the fear of not being able to love it on the morrow, for on the morrow one may have ceased to exist."

Geneviève shook her head. "An ungrateful country to serve," said she.

"Why so?"

"Yes; you who have labored so much for the cause of liberty, are you not to-day more than half suspected?"

"But you, dear Geneviève," said Maurice, with a look replete with tenderness, "you a sworn enemy to this liberty,—you who have done so much against it! You yet sleep, peaceable and inviolate, beneath the roof of a Republican; and there, you see, is my recompense."

"Yes," said Geneviève, "but that cannot last long; that which is wrong cannot endure."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to say that I,—that is to say an aristocrat,—that I who dream quietly of the defeat of your party and the ruin of your plans; I who plot, even in your house, the return of the ancient régime; I who, recognized, would condemn you to death and dishonor, according to your opinions at least,—I, Maurice, will not remain here as the evil genius of your house; I will not drag you to the scaffold."

"And where will you go, Geneviève?"

"Where shall I go, Maurice? One day when you are out I shall go and denounce myself, without saying where I come from."

"Oh!" cried Maurice, wounded to the heart's core, "already ungrateful?"

"No," cried the young woman, throwing her arms round Maurice's neck; "it is love, and the most devoted love, I swear. I should not wish my brother to be taken and slaughtered as a rebel; I do not wish my lover to be arrested and guillotined as a traitor."

"And you will do this, Geneviève?"

"As truly as there is a God in heaven," replied the young woman; "besides, I not only experience fear but remorse," and she bowed her head as if remorse were a burden too heavy to be borne.

"Oh, Geneviève!" said Maurice.

"You will understand all that I say, all that I feel, Maurice, for you yourself experience this remorse. You know I gave myself to you while I belonged to another, and you have taken me without my possessing the right to dispose of myself."

"Enough!" said Maurice, "enough!" He knit his brow, and a melancholy resolution

shone in his clear bright eyes. "I will show you, Geneviève, how entirely I love you," said the young man, "I will prove to you that no sacrifice is beyond my love. You hate France. Well, so be it. We will quit France."

Geneviève clasped her hands, and regarded her lover with enthusiastic admiration.

"You will not deceive me, Maurice," murmured she.

"Have I ever deceived you?" asked Maurice, "and is this the time when, to obtain you, I have dishonored myself?"

Geneviève approached her lips to Maurice's, and remained hanging on the neck of her lover.

"Yes, you are right," said Geneviève; "it is I who am mistaken. What I feel is not remorse, perhaps it is a degradation of soul; but you will comprehend at least I love you far too much to feel any other emotion than the all-engrossing one, the fear of losing you. Let us go far away, Maurice, let us go far away where no one can ever reach us."

"Oh, thanks!" said Maurice, transported with joy.

"But how can we flee?" said Geneviève, trembling at the hazard. "It is not so easy to escape nowadays from the poniard of the assassins of the 2d of September, or the hatchet of the executioners of the 21st of January."

"Geneviève," said Maurice, "God will protect us. Listen to me! A good action which I endeavored to perform, on that very 2d of September which you have just named, is now about to receive its reward. I wished to save a poor priest who had studied with me. I went to Danton, and at his request the Committee of Public Safety signed a passport for the unfortunate man and his sister. This passport Danton forwarded to me; but the unfortunate priest, instead of coming to my house for it, as I had advised him to do, went and shut himself up with the Carmelites, from whom he was taken and killed."

"And the passport?" asked Geneviève.

"I have it now. It is worth a million. It is worth more than that, Geneviève,—it comprises both life and happiness!"

"Oh, God be praised!" cried the young woman.

"Now, my property, as you are aware, consists of an estate managed by an old servant of the family, a stanch patriot, and strictly loyal, in whom we may confide. He will send remittances whenever I wish. On arriving at Boulogne, we will go to his house."

"Where does he reside then?"

"At Abbeville."

"When shall we go, Maurice?"

"Within an hour."

"No one need know of our departure."

"No one will know it. I will run to Lorin; he has a cabriolet and no horse, while I have a horse and no carriage. We will set out immediately on my return. Remain you here, Geneviève, and prepare everything for our departure. We want but little luggage; we can purchase all that we require in England. I shall give Scævola some commission that will remove him out of the way. Lorin will explain our departure to him this evening. By that time we shall be far away."

"But if we should be arrested upon the road?"

"Have we not our passport? We shall go to Hubert's house,—that is the steward's name. Hubert is a member of the town council of Abbeville; from Abbeville to Boulogne he will accompany us as safeguard. At Boulogne we will purchase and freight a vessel. I could, besides, proceed to the Committee, and make them give me a mission to Abbeville. But no; we shall use no fraud, Geneviève. It is better to risk our lives to save and secure our happiness."

"Yes, yes, dear Maurice; and we shall succeed. But how you are perfumed this morning!" said the young woman, concealing her face on Maurice's breast.

"True; I purchased a bunch of violets for you this morning, passing before the Palace d'Egalité; but on my return, finding you so sad, I thought of nothing but inquiring into the cause of your distress."

"Oh, give it to me; I will return it."

Geneviève inhaled the odor of the bouquet with that intense delight which persons of nervous organization always experience from the perfume of flowers. Suddenly her eyes suffused with tears.

"What is the matter?" asked Maurice.

"Poor Héloïse!" murmured Geneviève.

"Ah, yes!" said Maurice, with a sigh; "but let us think of ourselves, and leave the dead, wherever they may be, to rest in the grave dug by their devotion. Adieu! I am going."

"Return quickly."

"In less than half an hour I shall be here again."

"But if Lorin is not at home?"

"What does it matter? his servant knows me. And even in his absence I can take what I please, as he would do here in mine."

"Very well."

"Now, my Geneviève, prepare everything; but, as I have told you, confine yourself to necessaries. I do not wish our departure to appear like a removal."

The young man advanced a step toward the door.

"Maurice!" said Geneviève.

He turned round, and saw the young woman extend her arms toward him.

"Good-by for the present, dear love," said he; "in half an hour I shall be here."

Geneviève remained alone, occupied, as we have said, in preparations for their departure.

She accomplished her task in feverish haste. As long as she remained in Paris, the part she was acting appeared to her doubly culpable. Once out of France, once among strangers, it seemed that her crime—a crime rather of fatality than her own—would weigh the less heavily on her conscience.

She even hoped, isolated and in solitude, she might at last forget the existence of any other man than Maurice.

They would fly to England; everything was arranged. There they would hire a little cottage, standing alone, very retired, shut out from all eyes; they would change their names, and instead of two names would have one.

There they would have two servants who would be perfectly ignorant of their past. Fortunately, both Geneviève and Maurice spoke English.

Neither of them left anything to regret in France, save that mother whom one always regrets, even when she is only a step-mother,—one's country. Geneviève commenced, then, making preparations for their voyage, or rather flight.

She took singular pleasure in selecting from the rest those objects for which Maurice had evinced any predilection. The coat setting off his tall figure to advantage, the cravat and waistcoat best suited to his complexion, the books whose leaves he had most frequently turned.

She had already made her selection. Clothes, linen, and books, waiting to be packed, strewed the floor, the chairs, the sofa and the piano.

Suddenly she heard the key turn in the lock.

"Why, Scævola has returned," said she; "surely Maurice could not have met him."

And she continued her occupation.

The doors of the salon were open, and she heard Scævola moving in the antechamber. She held a roll of music in her hand, and was looking for some string to tie round it.

"Scævola!" cried she.

An approaching step sounded in the adjoining room.

"Scævola!" repeated Geneviève, "do come here, please!"

"I am here," said a voice.

At the sound of this voice Geneviève turned quickly round, and uttered a terrified cry.

"My husband!" cried she.

"Himself," said Dixmer, coolly.

Geneviève was upon a chair, searching for some string in the wardrobe. She felt her head turn round, and extending her arms, fell backward, wishing she could precipitate herself into an abyss beneath.

Dixmer took her in his arms, and carried her to a sofa.

"What is the matter, my dear? What is it? My presence seems to have produced a most disagreeable effect upon you."

"I am dying," murmured Geneviève, turning from him, and pressing both hands over her eyes that she might shut out the frightful apparition.

"What!" said Dixmer, "did you believe me dead, my dear, and do you take me for a ghost?"

Geneviève looked round her with a bewildered air, when, perceiving the portrait of Maurice, she glided from the sofa and fell upon her knees, as if to implore the assistance of this powerless and insensible image, which still continued to smile.

The unhappy woman fully comprehended the menaces concealed by Dixmer under his affected calmness.

"Oh, my dear child," continued the master-tanner, "it is indeed myself. Perhaps you thought I was far from Paris; but no, I remained here. The day after I had left the house, I returned, and found in its stead a heap of ruins. I inquired after you. No one had seen you. I then commenced a search for you, and have had much trouble to find you. I avow that I did not think you were here; however, I had my suspicions. So, as you see, I came. So here I am; and there are you. And how is dear Maurice? Indeed, I fear you have suffered much. You so stanch a Royalist, compelled to seek shelter under the roof of so fanatical a Republican."

"My God! my God!" murmured Geneviève, "take pity upon me!"

"After all, my dear," continued Dixmer, "what serves to console me most is that you are so comfortably lodged here, and that you do not appear to have suffered much from the proscription. As for myself, since the burning of our house, and the ruin of our fortune, I have had my share of wandering adventures, sometimes living in caves, sometimes in boats, and sometimes even in the common sewers which empty into the Seine."

"Sir!" said Geneviève.

"You have there some beautiful fruit; as for me, I have often gone without any dessert, not having had any dinner."

Geneviève, sobbing bitterly, supported her head between her hands.

"Not," continued Dixmer, "that I was destitute of money. I have, thank God! generally carried with me thirty thousand francs in gold, which at this time is worth five hundred thousand francs; but how should a 'collier,' a 'fisherman,' or a 'rag merchant' draw louis from his pocket to purchase a morsel of cheese or a sausage. Eh! my God! yes, Madame, I have successively adopted these three costumes. To-day, the better to disguise myself, I am dressed as a patriot of the patriots; I lisp, and I swear. An outlaw cannot conceal himself so easily in Paris as a young and pretty woman, and I have not the happiness of knowing an ardent young female

Republican who could hide me from every eye."

"Sir! sir!" cried Geneviève, "have mercy upon me! you see that I am dying."

"Anxiety; I can understand you have had much anxiety about me; but console yourself, you see me now. I have returned, and we shall part no more, Madame."

"Oh, you will kill me!" cried Geneviève.

Dixmer regarded her with a frightful smile.

"Kill an innocent woman! Oh, Madame, what makes you say so? It must be that grief for my absence has turned your brain."

"Sir!" cried Geneviève, "sir, I beseech you to kill me at once, rather than torture me with these cruel railleries. No, I am not innocent; yes, I am criminal; yes, I merit death. Kill me, sir, kill me!—"

"Then you acknowledge that you merit death?"

"Yes! yes!"

"And to expiate this I know not what crime of which you accuse yourself, you will submit to death without complaint?"

"Strike, sir, I will not utter a cry; and instead of cursing I will bless the hand that strikes me."

"No, Madame, I do not wish to strike you; nevertheless in all probability you will die. Only your death, instead of being as you seem to fear an ignominious one, shall be most glorious. Thank me, Madame; while punishing, I will immortalize you."

"What then will you do, sir?"

"You will follow the end to which we were tending when interrupted on our route. In your own eyes and in mine, you will die guilty; in the eyes of the world you will die a martyr."

"Oh, my God! you will drive me mad by speaking thus. Where are you conducting me? Where are you dragging me?"

"In all probability to death."

"Let me then offer up one prayer."

"To whom?"

"It matters not to you. The moment you deprive me of life, my debt is cancelled. My debt paid, I owe you nothing."

"True," said Dixmer, retiring into another room; "I will await you." And he left her once more alone.

Geneviève sank on her knees before the portrait, pressing her hands against her breaking heart.

"Maurice," said she, in a low tone, "pardon me; I did not expect to be happy, but I hoped to make you so. Maurice, I am depriving you of a joy that constituted your life; pardon me for causing your death, my best beloved."

Then severing a ringlet from her mass of curls, she bound it round the bouquet of violets, and placed them beneath the portrait, which insensible, and speechless as it was, still appeared to assume an expression of grief at her departure.

At least so it appeared to the unfortunate Geneviève, as she gazed at it through her tears.

"Well, are you ready, Madame?" demanded Dixmer.

"So soon?" murmured Geneviève.

"Oh, take your time, Madame," replied Dixmer; "I am in no hurry. Besides, I dare say Maurice will not be long, and I shall be delighted to thank him for all his kindness and hospitality toward you."

Geneviève trembled with terror at the idea of a meeting between her lover and husband. She automatically raised herself.

"It is finished, sir," said she, "and I am ready now."

Dixmer went out first, and the trembling Geneviève followed him with half-closed

eyes, her head turned back to take a last fond look. They ascended the carriage which was waiting at the door. It rolled away.

As Geneviève had said, "It was finished."

CHAPTER XL.

THE TAVERN OF NOAH'S WELL.

This man attired in a jerkin, whom we have seen traversing with long and rapid strides the Salle des Pas-Perdus; whom we have heard, during the expedition of the architect Giraud, General Hanriot, and Richard, conversing with the turnkey left to guard the subterranean passage; this fierce patriot, who had introduced himself to Simon as having carried the head of the Princess de Lamballe,—found himself, on the next evening, about seven o'clock, at the tavern of Noah's Well, situated, as we have said, at the corner of the Rue de la Vieille Draperie.

He was seated at the end of a dirty room, redolent of tobacco and candles, pretending to devour a plate of fish swimming in melted butter.

The room where he supped was nearly deserted; two or three habitués of the house alone remained after the rest, enjoying the privilege to which their daily visit to the establishment entitled them.

The tables were for the most part empty; but we ought to remark, in honor to the tavern of Noah's Well, that the stained tablecloths denoted the departure of a satisfactory number of satisfied guests.

The last three successively disappeared, and at about a quarter to eight our patriot found himself alone. Then, with true aristocratic disgust, he pushed away the greasy plate, which an instant before he had appeared to think so delicious, and drew from his pocket a tablet of Spanish chocolate, which he ate slowly and with a very different expression to that we have seen him endeavor to give to his countenance.

From time to time, while eating his chocolate and black bread, he cast toward a glass

door, shaded by a red and white checked curtain, anxious and impatient glances. Sometimes he interrupted his frugal repast to listen; in short, evinced an absence of mind sufficient to induce the mistress of the mansion—seated at her counter, and near the door on which the patriot so eagerly fixed his eyes—to conclude that she might without vanity consider herself the object of his preoccupation.

At length the door-bell sounded in a way that made him start; he drew the plate again before him, and without attracting the woman's observation, threw half the contents to a famished-looking dog, and the remainder to a cat, who treated the dog to some stinging strokes of her velvet paws.

The door opened, and a man entered, dressed almost the same as the patriot, with the exception of the hairy cap, which he had replaced with the red bonnet. An enormous bunch of keys hung from his girdle, from which also depended a sword.

"My soup! my half-pint!" cried the man, entering the public room without removing his bonnet, but merely saluting the mistress of the house by a slight inclination of his head. With a sigh of fatigue, he seated himself at a table adjoining that where our patriot was discussing his black bread and chocolate.

The mistress of the tavern, in consequence of the deference she entertained for the new-comer, rose herself to order the requisite viands.

The two men turned their backs to each other,—one to look into the street, the other toward the end of the room,—not a word was exchanged between them till the mistress of the tavern had disappeared.

When the door had closed behind her, by the light from a single candle, suspended from the end of an iron wire so as to divide the light equally between the two guests, the man in the bear-skin bonnet—thanks to the glass placed before him—at length saw that the room was deserted.

"Good-evening," said he to his companion, without turning round.

"Good-evening, sir!" said the new-comer.

"Well," asked the patriot, with the same affected indifference, "where are we now?"

"Well! it is done!"

"What is done?"

"As we agreed, I have had some conversation with Father Richard about the situation. I complained of swimming in the head, dimness of eyesight,—in short, of general ill-health."

"What then?"

"Father Richard called his wife, and she rubbed my temples with vinegar, and that revived me. Then, as we had arranged between us, I said that want of fresh air produced this swimming in the head, that I was of too full a habit, and that the duty at the Conciergerie, which contains at the present moment four hundred prisoners, was killing me."

"What did they say to that?"

"Richard's wife pitied me, but he showed me to the door."

"It was not enough to show you to the door."

"But wait! Then his wife, who is a good soul, reproached him with having no heart, seeing that I was the father of a family."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said that she was right; but that the very first condition annexed to the situation of turnkey was to remain within the prison to which he was attached; that the Republic did not jest, but would without ceremony cut the throats of those who grew dizzy in the exercise of their duty."

"The devil!" exclaimed the patriot.

"And he was not far wrong either; for since the Austrian has been there, it is a perfect hell of surveillance. One would act the spy there upon his own father." The patriot here gave his plate to the dog to lick, who was directly bitten by the cat.

"Go on!" said he, without turning round.

"At last, sir, I began to groan, and to say that I felt very ill; asked concerning the infirmary, and said I was certain my children would die of hunger if my pay was stopped."

"And Father Richard?"

"The Father Richard replied that turnkeys had no business with children."

"But you had his wife on your side, I suppose?"

"Fortunately! She made a great to-do with her husband, reproached him with possessing a bad and hard heart, and Richard finished by saying to me,—

"'Well! Citizen Gracchus, speak to some one of your friends who will advance you something on your wages, present him to me, and I promise to accept him as your substitute.' Upon which I left him, saying,—

"'Very good, Father Richard, I will directly seek one.'"

"And you have found one, my brave fellow."

At this moment the mistress of the establishment entered, bringing the Citizen Gracchus his soup and half-pint.

This did not suit either the patriot or Gracchus, who evidently had still some communications to make to each other.

"Madame," said the turnkey, "I have received a slight remuneration from Father Richard to-day, which will permit me to treat myself to some better fare. So bring me a pork cutlet with cucumbers and a bottle of Burgundy wine; send your servant to fetch the one from the pork-butcher's, and bring me the other yourself fresh from the cellar."

The hostess immediately went to execute his orders.

"Well," said the patriot, "you are an intelligent fellow."

"So far intelligent that I do not hide from myself what, notwithstanding all your fine

promises, will be the end of us both. Do you suspect what it may be?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"We both stake our necks."

"Do not be uneasy about mine."

"It is not yours, sir, I must confess, that causes me the greatest uneasiness."

"It is your own?"

"Yes."

"But what if I estimate it at double its worth?"

"Ah, sir, there is nothing more precious than one's neck!"

"Not yours."

"Why not mine?"

"At this moment at least."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean to say your neck is not worth a cent, seeing that if I, for example, were an agent of the Committee of Public Safety, you would be guillotined to-morrow."

The turnkey suddenly turned round so abruptly that the dog barked at him.

He was as pale as death.

"Neither turn round nor turn pale about it," said the patriot, "but finish your soup quietly. I am not an agent, friend. Let me once enter the Conciergerie, install me in your situation, give me the keys, and to-morrow I will count out to you fifty thousand francs in gold."

"Is all this true?"

"Well, you have excellent security,—my head."

The turnkey considered for some seconds.

"Come," said the patriot, who could see him in the glass, "do not indulge in

meditations of evil. If you denounce me, as you will only have done your duty, you will not receive a sou from the Republic; if you serve me, and on the contrary are deficient in this same duty to the Republic, as it is unjust in this world to do anything for nothing, I will give you fifty thousand francs."

"I understand perfectly," said the turnkey. "I have every inducement to do what you require, but I fear the results—"

"The results! And what have you to fear? I will not denounce you; very far from it."

"No doubt."

"The day after I am duly installed, take a turn through the Conciergerie, and I will count you twenty-five rolls each containing two thousand francs. These you can easily dispose of in your two pockets. With the money I will give you a ticket to leave France. You go, and wherever you are you will be, if not rich, at least independent."

"Well! it is settled, Monsieur, happen what may. I am a poor devil who never dabbled in politics. France has always got on very well without me, and will not perish through any fault of mine; if you do a wicked action so much the worse for you."

"At all events," said the patriot, "I think I shall never do worse than they are doing at this moment."

"Sir, permit me to decline passing an opinion upon the politics of the National Convention."

"You are a pattern of philosophy and indifference. When, however, will you present me to Father Richard?"

"This evening, if you please."

"Yes, certainly; but who am I?"

"My cousin Mardoche."

"Mardoche, then, let it be; the name pleases me. What trade?"

"A breeches-maker."

"Either breeches-maker or tanner. I have that at my fingers' ends."

"Are you a tanner?"

"I could be one."

"True."

"At what time will you present me?"

"In half an hour if you like."

"At nine o'clock then."

"When shall I have the money?"

"To-morrow."

"You must be enormously rich."

"I am in easy circumstances."

"A former nobleman? Is it not so?"

"What does it matter to you?"

"To possess money, and give it away to run the risk of being guillotined; surely the former nobility must be great blockheads."

"What would you have? Your red Republicans have too much sense to leave any for others."

"Hush! here is my wine."

"This evening, in front of the Conciergerie."

"All right."

The patriot paid his bill and went out. At the door his stentorian voice was heard,—

"Come, Citizen, quick! make haste with the pork cutlets; my cousin Gracchus is

dying of hunger!"

"Mardoche is a good fellow," said the turnkey, tasting the wine poured out for him by the hostess, while she regarded him tenderly.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE REGISTRAR OF THE MINISTER OF WAR.

The patriot left, but he had not gone far. Through the smoky panes he kept watch over the turnkey, to discover if he entered into conversation with any of the agents of the Republican police, one of the best that ever existed, since one half of society closely watched the other, less from the desire of promoting the great glory of the government than for the greater security of their own heads.

But nothing occurred of what the patriot feared. At a few minutes before nine the turnkey rose, chucked the hostess under the chin, and went out.

The patriot rejoined him at the quay of the Conciergerie, and they entered the prison together.

On that same evening the affair was concluded, and Father Richard accepted Mardoche as a substitute for Gracchus.

Two hours before this arrangement took place, another scene had been enacted in a different part of the prison, which, although apparently of no interest, was possessed of vital importance to the principal personages of this history.

The registrar of the Conciergerie, fatigued with his day's labor, was folding up his papers and preparing to leave, when a man, conducted by Madame Richard, presented himself in his office.

"Citizen Registrar," said she, "here is your fellow registrar of the Minister of War, who comes on the part of the Citizen Minister to transfer some military entries."

"Ah, Citizen," said the registrar, "you are too late; I have just put away all my papers."

"Dear brother, pardon me," said the new-comer; "but we are really so overwhelmed with business that we can only achieve our course by turning our leisure to profit; and our leisure is the time occupied by others in eating and sleeping."

"That alters the case, my dear fellow; so make haste, for, as you observe, it is near supper-time, and I am very hungry. Have you your documents?"

"Here they are," said the registrar of the Minister of War, exhibiting a portfolio of papers which his brother, anxious as he was to leave, scrutinized with the strictest attention.

"Oh, they are all right!" said Richard's wife, "and my husband has already thoroughly inspected them."

"Never mind, never mind!" said the registrar, continuing his examination. The registrar of the Minister of War remained like a man who had expected the strict accomplishment of all due formalities.

"Perfectly correct," said the registrar of the Conciergerie; "and you can now commence as soon as you please. Have you many entries to transfer?"

"A hundred."

"That will occupy you for several days."

"Therefore dear brother, I wish to form a small establishment with you,—that is to say, if you will permit me."

"How am I to understand you?" said the registrar of the Conciergerie.

"I will explain it to you fully, if you will join us at supper this evening. You say you are hungry?"

"I do not deny it."

"Well, you shall see my wife, who is a good housekeeper; and you will become better acquainted with me, and will acknowledge me for a good companion."

"Faith, yes; you strike me as such, my dear brother; yet, notwithstanding—"

"Oh, come without ceremony, and partake of some oysters that I will purchase as I pass the Place du Châtelet, a roasted chicken, and a few dishes which Madame Durand excels in."

"You tempt me, my brother," said the registrar of the Conciergerie, delighted at the bill of fare, to which he was totally unaccustomed as a registrar paid by the Revolutionary Tribunal at the rate of two livres in paper money, in reality hardly equal to two francs.

"Then you will accept my invitation?"

"Yes, willingly."

"In that case, to work to-morrow; this evening let us go."

"All right; let us start."

"Are you ready?"

"In an instant, only I must first inform the gendarmes who guard the Austrian."

"Why must you tell them?"

"So that when they know that I am absent, and that there is no one at the wicket, they may become suspicious of every noise."

"Ah, that is a very wise precaution, faith!"

"You understand now?"

"Perfectly."

The registrar of the Conciergerie went and knocked at the wicket, which was opened by one of the gendarmes.

"Who is there?"

"I, the registrar, you know. I am going out. Good-evening, Citizen Gilbert."

"Good-evening, Citizen Registrar," and the wicket was shut.

The registrar of the Minister of War had paid the greatest attention to this scene, and

while the door of the queen's prison remained open, his looks rapidly penetrated to the first compartment, when, seeing the other gendarme Duchesne seated at table, he felt perfectly assured the queen had only two guards.

When the registrar of the Conciergerie returned, his fellow registrar's face had resumed its expression of stolid indifference.

As they went out of the Conciergerie two men entered. They were the Citizen Gracchus and his cousin Mardoche.

On seeing each other, Cousin Mardoche and the registrar of the Minister of War each, by a simultaneous movement arising from the same impulse, pulled over their eyes, the one his hairy bonnet, the other his broad-brimmed hat.

"Who are these men?" asked the registrar of the Minister of War.

"I only know one of them; it is a turnkey named Gracchus."

"Ah!" said the other, with affected indifference, "do the turnkeys then go out of the Conciergerie?"

"They have their day."

The investigation did not proceed any further, and the new friends took the road to the Pont-au-Change. At the corner of the Place du Châtelet, the registrar of the Minister of War, following the programme he had announced, purchased some oysters, and continued his way by the Quai de Gèvres.

The dwelling of this individual was simple. The Citizen Durand inhabited three little rooms in the Place de Grève, in a house without any porter. Each tenant had a key of the door in the passage, and it was agreed that if any one had omitted to take his key, he should intimate the same by one, two, or three raps with the knocker, according to the story he inhabited, and any one who was waiting, and heard the signal, then descended and opened the door; but the Citizen Durand, having provided himself with his key, had not any occasion to knock. They ascended two flights of stairs,

when the Citizen Durand drew another key from his pocket, and they both entered.

The registrar of the Palace found his friend's wife much to his taste. She was indeed a charming woman; an appearance of profound melancholy diffused over her countenance stamped it with an expression of deep interest. It has always been allowed that sadness is seductive in women, especially pretty women. It attracts all men without exception, even registrars,—for registrars are but men after all; and what man possessed with natural feeling would not wish to console a pretty woman in affliction, and, as the Citizen Dorat remarks, "Change the pale tint of the white rose to a livelier hue"?

The two registrars did ample justice to their excellent supper; it was only Madame Durand who ate nothing.

In the mean time conversation proceeded. The registrar inquired of his brother registrar—with a curiosity the more remarkable in these days, when such frightful dramas were daily enacted—concerning the customs of the Palace, the days of judgment, and the means of surveillance.

The registrar of the Palace, delighted at being listened to with so much deference, replied with the greatest complaisance, spoke of the manners of the jailers, of Fouquier Tinville, and lastly of Citizen Sanson, the principal actor in the tragedies daily performed upon the Place de la Révolution.

Then in his turn, addressing his colleague and host, he made various inquiries concerning his vocation and ministry.

"Oh!" said Durand, "I am not so well informed as yourself, being a person of much less importance, seeing that I am rather secretary to the registrar than the incumbent of the place. I do the work of the registrar-in-chief,—an obscure employment,—laborious for me, profitable for them; but that is the way with all bureaucracies, not excepting those of the Revolution. Heaven and earth may perhaps change one day, but these things never."

"Well, I will assist you, Citizen," said the registrar of the Palace, charmed with the excellence of his host's wine, and above all with the beautiful eyes of Madame Durand.

"Thanks!" said he to whom this offer had been made, "anything to vary the habits; and locality is some distraction to a poor employee. I wish to protract my work at the Conciergerie rather than to hasten it, and therefore thought if I might every day bring Madame Durand with me to the office, who is very dull here—"

"I do not see any inconvenience in that," said the registrar of the Palace, delighted with the prospect of the charming recreation afforded him by his colleague.

"She can dictate the papers," said the Citizen Durand; "and occasionally when our work is finished, if you have not found this evening unpleasant, you can return and spend an hour or two with us."

"Yes; but not too often," replied the registrar of the Palace, foppishly; "for I declare I shall be scolded if I return later than usual to a small house in the Rue du Petit Musc."

"Oh, we shall arrange all that splendidly; shall we not, my dear?"

Madame Durand, pale and melancholy as usual, raised her eyes toward her husband, and replied,—

"What you wish shall be done."

Eleven o'clock struck, announcing it was time to retire. The registrar of the Palace rose and took leave of his new friends, expressing the great pleasure he felt in making their acquaintance.

The Citizen Durand conducted his friend to the landing, then re-entered the apartment.

"Go, Geneviève, go to bed!" said he.

The young woman made no reply, but rose directly, took her lamp, and withdrew to

the bedroom on the right. Durand, or rather Dixmer, watched her departure, remained stationary for a moment with a gloomy, thoughtful expression of countenance, and then passed into his own chamber on the opposite side.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TWO BILLETS.

From this time the registrar of the Minister of War worked every evening indefatigably in his colleague's office, while Madame Durand dictated from the registers previously prepared, which Durand copied with avidity.

Durand strictly examined everything, while appearing to notice nothing. He had remarked that every evening, at nine o'clock, a basket of provisions, carried by either Richard or his wife, was placed at the door.

The instant the registrar said to the gendarme, "I am going, Citizen," one of the guards, either Gilbert or Duchesne, came out, took the basket, and carried it to Marie Antoinette.

During three consecutive evenings, when Durand had remained rather later at his post, the basket also was left untouched, since it was only when opening the door to say adieu to the registrar that the gendarme took in the basket containing the provisions, which a quarter of an hour afterward was returned empty to the same place by one of the two guards.

On the evening of the fourth day, it was the beginning of October, when after the ordinary sitting the registrar of the Palace had withdrawn, and Durand, or rather Dixmer, remained alone with his wife; he laid down his pen, looked around and listened as if his very life was at stake; he then rose hastily, and running noiselessly toward the door of the wicket, raised the cloth which covered the contents of the basket, and in the new bread destined for the prisoner inserted a small silver case.

Pale and trembling with that emotion which even men of the strongest organization feel when they have done an act of the most vital importance, the moment for which

has been long planned and patiently awaited, he quickly regained his seat, and sank down overpowered, placing one hand on his forehead, the other on his heart.

Geneviève regarded him in silence; indeed, since the day her husband had taken her from Maurice, she had never spoken till he addressed her first. But this time she first broke silence.

"Is it to be this evening?" she inquired.

"No; to-morrow," replied Dixmer.

He then rose, and having again looked and listened, closed the registers, and approaching the wicket, knocked at the door.

"What now?" said Gilbert.

"Citizen," said he, "I am going."

"Well," said the gendarme, from the end of the cell, "good-night."

"Good-night, Citizen Gilbert."

Durand heard the grinding of the bolts, and knew that the gendarme was opening the door. He went out.

In the passage leading from the apartment of Father Richard to the court, he jostled against a turnkey dressed in a bear-skin bonnet, and dangling a heavy bunch of keys.

Dixmer was much alarmed. Perhaps this man, brutal as the generality of his species, was about to interrogate him, to watch him, and perhaps to recognize him. He drew his hat over his eyes, while Geneviève concealed herself, as she best could, in the folds of her cloak. But he was mistaken.

"Pardon!" said the turnkey only, although he was the man who had been nearly overthrown.

Dixmer trembled at the sound of that sweet soft voice. But the turnkey was doubtless pressed for time; he glided into the passage, opened Richard's door, and disappeared. Dixmer continued his road, leading Geneviève.

"It is strange," said he, when outside and the gate had closed behind them, and the freshening breeze had cooled his fevered brow.

"Oh, yes, 'tis very strange!" murmured Geneviève.

In former times they would have communicated to each other the cause of their astonishment, but Dixmer now confined his thoughts to his own breast, and combated them as an hallucination; while Geneviève contented herself, on turning the corner of the Pont-au-Change, with casting a last look at the dark and gloomy Palace, where something like the phantom of a lost friend awoke in her memory many sweet and bitter remembrances.

They both reached La Grève without having exchanged a single word.

During this time the Gendarme Gilbert had brought in the basket of provisions intended for the queen. It contained some fruit, a cold chicken, a bottle of white wine, a carafe of water, and half a loaf.

Having first raised the napkin, and ascertained that everything was arranged as usual, he opened the screen.

"Citizeness," said he, "here is your supper."

Marie Antoinette divided the bread; but as her fingers pressed it, they came in contact with the silver. In an instant she comprehended that the bread contained something unusual.

When she looked around her the guard had already disappeared.

The queen remained for an instant motionless, calculating his retiring footsteps. When she felt certain he was seated by his comrade, and not till then, she drew the case from its place of concealment. It contained a billet, which she opened, and read as follows:—

"Madame, be ready to-morrow at the hour when you receive this billet, as to-morrow at this hour a female will be introduced into your Majesty's prison. This

female will exchange dresses with you, and you will then quit the Conciergerie on the arm of one of your most devoted servants.

"Do not be alarmed at any noise that passes in the first compartment; let neither cries nor groans deter you, only attire yourself quickly in the dress and mantle of the female who comes to take your Majesty's place."

"This is devotion!" murmured the queen. "Thank God, I am not, as it is said, an object of execration to all!"

She then re-read the billet, when the second paragraph attracted her attention,—"Let neither cries nor groans deter you."

"Oh! that means they will sacrifice my two guards. Poor men, who have evinced so much kindness and pity toward me! Oh, never!—never!"

She tore off the blank portion of the letter, and having neither pen nor ink, pricked on the paper the following words,—

I neither can nor will accept the sacrifice of any one's life in exchange for my own.

M.A.

She then replaced the paper in the case, which she concealed in the other half of the broken bread.

This operation was just completed when ten o'clock struck; and the queen, holding the piece of bread in her hand, sadly counted the strokes which vibrated slowly and distantly, when she heard at one of the windows opening upon the court termed the women's court a grating sound, like that produced by a diamond dividing the glass. This noise was followed by a slight knock upon the window, which was several times repeated, with the intention of concealing the cough of a man. Then at the corner of the pane a small roll of paper appeared, which glided slowly down and fell on the inside of the wall. The queen then heard the sound of keys jingling and clashing against each other, and receding footsteps on the pavement.

She was aware that the window had been perforated at this corner, and that through this aperture the departing individual had conveyed a paper which was doubtless a billet. It was now lying on the ground. The queen fixed her eyes upon it, listening if either of her guards was approaching, but heard them conversing in a low tone as they usually did, as if by a tacit agreement not to annoy her with their voices. Then she rose softly, holding her breath, and secured the paper. Some minute and hard substance slipped from it, which, falling on the bricks, sounded like metal. It was the most exquisite file that could be imagined,—more of the jewel than the tool,—one of those steel springs, with which the most feeble and uninitiated hand could, in a quarter of an hour, divide a bar of iron. The paper said:—

"Madame, to-morrow, at half-past nine, a man will be conversing with the gendarmes who guard you, through the window of the women's court. During this time your Majesty will saw the third bar of your window, going from the left to the right. Cut slanting. A quarter of an hour will suffice for your Majesty; and then be prepared to escape through the window. This advice reaches you from one of your most devoted and faithful subjects; one who has consecrated his life to your Majesty's service, and would be happy also to sacrifice it for you."

"Oh!" murmured the queen, "it must be a snare. But no; this writing appears familiar to me,—it is the same as at the Temple. It is—it must be that of the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge! God is perhaps willing that I should escape."

And the queen fell on her knees, and took refuge in prayer, the only balm and consolation undenied to the unfortunate prisoner.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE PREPARATIONS OF DIXMER.

The morrow, prefaced by a sleepless night, at length arrived, presenting a terrible appearance, and it might, without exaggeration, be said that the sky was the color of blood.

Indeed, each day at this epoch and in this year, however beautiful the sun, had a livid hue.

The queen slept with difficulty, and it was a sleep without repose. Hardly had she closed her eyes when she seemed to see blood, when she seemed to hear shrieks.

She had dropped asleep with the file in her hand. One part of the day was devoted by her to prayer, and the guards, seeing her often thus engaged, did not feel any alarm at what they considered an increase of religious feeling.

From time to time, however, she examined the file transmitted to her by one of her intended deliverers, and compared the fragility of the instrument with the strength of the bar.

Fortunately, these bars were only secured in the wall on one side,—that is to say, at the lower part.

The upper part was set in a crossbar; the lower part divided, there was only to pull the bar, and it of course would yield.

But it was not the physical difficulties which worried the queen. She perfectly comprehended that the thing was possible, and it was this very possibility which caused hope, like a blood-red meteor, to dazzle her eyes.

She felt that to reach her, her friends must necessarily sacrifice her guards; and could she at any price consent to the death of the only individuals who, for a length of time, had evinced any interest in her, or pity for her?

On the other hand, beyond these bars which she had been directed to saw, over the bodies of the two men who would have to die in endeavoring to prevent her deliverers from reaching her, were life, liberty, and perhaps vengeance,—three things so sweet, especially to a woman, that she asked pardon of God for so earnestly desiring them.

She believed, moreover, that not the slightest suspicion agitated the minds of her

guards; that they had not any idea of a snare (if such a thing existed) into which it was intended their prisoner should fall.

These simple men would have betrayed themselves to eyes so much exercised as those of this woman, habituated to detect evil from having so severely suffered from it.

The queen, then, entirely abandoned the idea that these double overtures were contrived as a trap; but as the fear of being betrayed into this snare disappeared, the still greater apprehension increased of bloodshed for her sake, before her very eyes.

"Strange destiny! sublime sight!" murmured she; "two conspiracies united to save a poor queen, or rather a poor female prisoner who has had no means of inducing or encouraging these conspiracies which are about to take place at the same moment! Who knows? Perhaps there may be one only. Perhaps it may be a double mine, leading to one and the same point.

"If I wished, I might then be saved.

"But a poor woman sacrificed in my stead!—two men killed before this woman could reach me! God and the future might perhaps forgive me. Impossible! impossible!"

Then passed and repassed in her mind visions of the great devotion of servants for their masters, and the ancient traditions of the right exercised by masters over the lives of their retainers,—phantasies almost effaced from the mind of expiring royalty.

"Anne of Austria would have accepted this," said she. "Anne of Austria would have set aside every consideration to the safety of the royal person.

"Anne of Austria was of the same blood, and was almost in the same situation as myself.

"What madness to have come to France to pursue Anne of Austria's principles of

royalty! Was I not brought hither? Two kings said, It is important that two royal children who have never seen or loved each other, who perhaps never may love each other, should be married at the same altar, to die upon the same scaffold.

"And then will not my death accelerate that of my poor child, who in the eyes of my few friends is still king of France?

"And when my son, like his father, is dead, will not their shades both smile on me in pity, seeing me, in order to spare some drops of plebeian blood, stain with my own the remains of the throne of Saint Louis?"

In this ever-increasing anguish of thought, this fever of doubt whose pulsations went on in geometrical progression, and in a tempest of terror and fear, the unhappy queen continued till the arrival of night.

She had several times closely scrutinized her guards; but they had never appeared more composed.

Never had she been more forcibly struck by the invariable kindness and attention of these two uneducated men.

When the darkness of night reigned in the cell; when the steps of the patrol, the noise of resounding arms, and the barking of dogs awoke the echoes of the gloomy vaults; when all the horrors of the prison revealed themselves, gloomy and hopeless,—Marie Antoinette, subdued by the natural weakness of a woman, rose affrighted.

"Oh, I will fly! I will fly!" said she. "Yes, yes; I will fly! When he comes, when he speaks, I will saw the bar. I will await what God and my deliverers ordain me. I owe myself to my children. They shall not murder them; or if they slay them, and I am free—oh, then, at least—"

She did not conclude; her eyes closed, and her deep emotion checked all utterance. This was a frightful vision to the unfortunate queen, enclosed with gratings and iron bars. But soon this vision disappeared, and in its stead another presented itself to her

view. Gratings and bolts had vanished. She saw herself in the midst of a dark, stern, inflexible army; she orders the fire to consume, the sword to leap from the scabbard, and vengeance to be taken on a people she will no longer claim as her own.

During this time Gilbert and Duchesne were conversing tranquilly, and preparing their evening repast.

At this time, also, Dixmer and Geneviève entered the Conciergerie, and installed themselves in the office as usual. At the end of an hour the registrar of the Palace, having completed his business, according to custom took his departure, leaving them alone to themselves.

Directly the door had closed on his colleague, Dixmer rushed toward the empty basket placed at the door in exchange for that of the evening. He seized the bread, broke it, and found the case. The queen's answer was enclosed within it; he grew pale on reading it.

Geneviève observed him tear it into a thousand pieces, and throw them into the mouth of the burning stove.

"It is well," said he; "all is arranged."

Then turning toward Geneviève,—

"Come here, Madame," said he; "I must speak with you, and must speak low." Geneviève, motionless and cold as marble, gave a gesture of assent, and approached him.

"The time has arrived, Madame; listen to me!"

"Yes, sir."

"You prefer a death beneficial to your cause,—a death that will insure you the blessings of your party and pity from the whole nation,—to an ignominious and revengeful end of life, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I might have killed you on the spot when I found you in the house of your lover; but a man who, like myself, consecrates his life to a holy and honorable cause, ought to be able to profit by his own private griefs by rendering them subservient to this cause. This I have done, or rather intend to do. I have, as you see, denied myself the pleasure of doing myself justice, and have also spared your lover."

Something resembling a fugitive but appalling smile flitted over the lips of Geneviève.

"But as for your lover, you who know me should be well aware that I only bide my time."

"Monsieur," said Geneviève, "I am ready. Then wherefore all this prelude?"

"You are ready?"

"Yes, I am ready. Kill me, if you choose; you have good cause to do so."

Dixmer looked at Geneviève, and started in spite of himself. She at this moment appeared sublimely beautiful; a glory the most brilliant of all shone around her,—the glory that emanates from love.

"To continue," said Dixmer, "I have informed the queen; she expects you, notwithstanding she will in all probability raise numerous objections. You must overrule them all."

"Give me your orders, sir, and I will execute them."

"Immediately," continued Dixmer, "I shall knock at the door; Gilbert will open it, and with this poniard—" here Dixmer threw open his coat, and half drawing from its scabbard a double-edged poniard—"with this I shall kill him."

Geneviève shuddered.

Dixmer made a motion with his hand to command her attention.

"The instant I strike him, dart into the second chamber, that of the queen. There is, as you are aware, no door, only a screen. You will exchange clothes with her while I

despatch the other soldier. Then I shall take the queen's arm, and pass through the wicket with her."

"Very well," said Geneviève, coldly.

"You understand me?" said Dixmer. "You have been seen each evening in your black taffeta mantle which conceals your face. Place your mantle upon her Majesty, and arrange it on her precisely as you have been accustomed to arrange it on yourself."

"All shall be done as you desire, sir."

"It remains now for me to pardon and to thank you, Madame."

Geneviève shook her head with a scornful smile.

"I neither want your pardon nor your thanks, sir," said she, extending her hand. "What I have done, or rather am about to do, would efface a crime. I have only been guilty of a weakness; and again, this weakness—recall your own conduct, sir—you all but forced me to commit. I withdrew myself from him; you drove me back into his arms; so you are at the same time instigator, judge, and avenger. It remains for me to pardon you my death; and I do pardon you. It is I who should thank you for death, since life has become insupportable to me, separated from the only man I love; since that hour especially when you severed by your savage vengeance every tie that bound me to him."

Dixmer drove his nails into his flesh. He strove to reply, but his voice failed him.

He moved toward the wicket.

"Time passes," said he, at last. "Madame, every moment is of consequence. Are you ready?"

"I have told you, sir," replied Geneviève, with the calmness and courage of a martyr, "I await you."

Dixmer collected his papers, saw that the gates were fast closed, so that no one

could enter the wicket, and then wished to reiterate his instructions.

"It is unnecessary, sir," said Geneviève. "I know perfectly all I have to do."

"Then, adieu!" and Dixmer extended his hand, as if at this supreme moment all recrimination was effaced before the grandeur of the situation and the sublimity of the sacrifice.

Geneviève, shuddering, touched with the tips of her fingers the proffered hand of her husband.

"Place yourself near me, Madame, and the moment I have struck Gilbert, pass on."

"I am ready."

Then Dixmer grasped in his right hand his poniard; with his left he knocked at the gate.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PREPARATIONS OF THE CHEVALIER.

During the scene described in the preceding chapter as passing at the door of the register-office leading into the prison of the queen, or rather into the first compartment occupied by the two gendarmes, other preparations were taking place on the opposite side,—that is to say, in the women's court.

Suddenly a man appeared, like a statue of stone which had detached itself from the wall. He was followed by two dogs, and was humming the "Ça ira," a song much in vogue at this period. He held in his hand a large bunch of keys, which, in passing, he had rattled against the bars which barricaded the window of the queen.

The royal prisoner at first started, but recognizing the signal, immediately opened her window softly to commence her work, with a hand more experienced than would have been believed; for more than once in the blacksmith's shop where her royal husband amused himself by passing part of the day, she had with her delicate fingers handled instruments similar to that upon which at this moment depended her every

chance of safety and deliverance.

Directly the man with the keys heard the queen's window open, he knocked at that of the gendarmes.

"Ah! ah!" said Gilbert, looking through the window, "here is the Citizen Mardoche."

"Himself," said the turnkey. "Well, but it appears you keep strict watch?"

"Much as usual, Citizen Key-bearer. It seems to me you do not often find us at fault?"

"Ah!" said Mardoche; "and vigilance is more than ever necessary to-night."

"Bah!" said Duchesne, who had now approached.

"Truly."

"Why, then?"

"Open the window, and I will tell you all about it."

Gilbert opened it, and shook hands with Mardoche, who had already made friends with the two gendarmes.

"What is it, Citizen Mardoche?" repeated Gilbert.

"The sitting of the Convention has been rather hot to-day. Have you read about it?"

"No. What passed then?"

"It was first stated that the Citizen Hébert had made a discovery."

"What?"

"It is, that the conspirators believed to be dead are found to be alive, and very much alive indeed."

"Oh! yes," said Gilbert; "Delessart and Thierry; I have heard speak of that. They are in England, the scoundrels!"

"And the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge?" asked the key-bearer, raising his voice so that the queen might hear.

"What, is he in England also?"

"Not at all," said Mardoche; "he is in France," still speaking in the same loud key.

"He has returned, then?"

"He has never quitted it."

"Well, he, for one, has good courage," said Duchesne.

"Indeed, he has."

"Well, are they going to arrest him?"

"Certainly; but that is much easier said than done."

At this moment the queen's file grated so forcibly upon the iron bars that the turnkey feared it might be heard, notwithstanding all his efforts to drown the sound. He hastily trod upon the paw of the nearest of his dogs, which uttered a prolonged howl of pain.

"Oh, poor beast!" said Gilbert.

"Bah!" said the turnkey, "he had not put on his clogs. Be quiet, Girondin; will you be quiet?"

"Is your dog named Girondin, Citizen Mardoche?"

"Yes; that is the name I have given him."

"But pray go on with what you were telling us," said Duchesne, who, imprisoned himself, took that lively interest in news that all prisoners feel.

"I was telling you that in the Citizen Hébert you see a good patriot; and Hébert has made a motion to return the Austrian to the Temple."

"And why so?"

"Faith! because he pretends that she was only withdrawn from the Temple to remove her from the immediate inspection of the Commune of Paris."

"Yes; and from the attempts of that cursed Maison-Rouge," said Gilbert; "it seems

too that the subterranean passage still exists."

"That was the reply the Citizen Sauterre made; but Hébert said, the instant that was defeated there was no more danger; that at the Temple, fewer precautions were requisite for the security of Marie Antoinette than here; and finally, that the Temple was a much more secure place than the Conciergerie."

"Faith!" said Gilbert, "for my part, I wish they would remove her again to the Temple."

"I understand; you are tired of the confinement?"

"No; but it makes me melancholy."

Maison-Rouge coughed loudly, as the noise of the file biting through the iron bar was distinctly heard.

"Well, what have they decided on?" said Duchesne, when the turnkey's cough had subsided.

"It is settled that she shall remain here, but that her trial shall take place immediately."

"Poor woman!" said Gilbert.

Duchesne, whose sense of hearing was no doubt more acute than that of his colleague, or his attention less engrossed by the recital of Mardoche, stooped down to listen on the left side of the compartment.

The turnkey saw the movement.

"So you see, Citizen Duchesne," said he, in an animated tone, "the attempts of the conspirators will become the more desperate from the fact of their having less time before them for their execution. They are going to double the guards of the prisons; so look out, Citizen Gendarme, since the matter in question is nothing less than the irruption of an armed force into the Conciergerie. They will murder all, sacrifice every impediment, till they effect an entrance to the queen,—to the widow of Capet,

I mean to say."

"Ah! bah! How can these conspirators of yours get in?"

"Disguised as patriots, they will pretend to recommence the 2d of September, the rascals! and when once the gates are open, good-night!"

There was an instant's silence, produced by the astonishment of the guards.

The turnkey heard with emotions of joy and terror the continued grating of the file. Nine o'clock struck.

At the same moment there was a knock at the wicket, but the gendarmes, preoccupied, did not reply.

"Well, we shall watch, we shall watch!" said Gilbert.

"And if necessary, will die at our post like staunch Republicans," added Duchesne.

"She must soon be done," said the turnkey to himself, wiping the drops of perspiration from his face.

"And you on your side," said Gilbert, "keep on the lookout, I presume? They would spare you no more than us, were such an event as you have been talking of to take place."

"I should think so," said the turnkey. "I pass the night in going the round; thus I am always on the alert. The rest of you at least relieve each other, and can sleep every other night."

At this moment a second summons at the wicket was heard. Mardoche started; any event, however trifling, might mar the execution of his project.

"What is it, then?" demanded he, in spite of himself.

"Nothing, nothing!" said Gilbert; "it is only the registrar of the Minister of War. He is going now, and comes to inform me of it."

"Oh, very well!" said Mardoche.

The registrar still continued to knock.

"All right!" cried Gilbert, without leaving the window. "Good-night! Adieu!"

"I think he is speaking to you," said Duchesne, turning toward the door. The voice of the registrar was then heard.

"Come here, Citizen Gendarme," said he; "I wish to speak to you."

This voice, which appeared affected by some strong emotion which deprived it of its natural accent, startled the turnkey, who fancied he recognized it.

"What do you want, Citizen Durand?" asked Gilbert.

"I wish to speak a word with you."

"Well, you can tell me to-morrow."

"No, this evening; it must be this evening," replied the same voice.

"Hah!" murmured the turnkey, "what is about to happen now? It is Dixmer's voice."

Sinister and vibrating, this voice seemed to borrow something funereal from the far-off echoes of the gloomy corridor.

Duchesne turned round.

"Well," said Gilbert, "if he wishes it I must go," and he directed his steps toward the door.

The turnkey availed himself of this moment when the attention of the two gendarmes was thus occupied by this unforeseen circumstance. He ran toward the window of the queen.

"Is it done?" said he.

"I have more than half finished," said the queen.

"Oh, for the love of God!" murmured he; "make haste! make haste!"

"Hallo! Citizen Mardoche," said Duchesne, "what has become of you?"

"Here I am," said the turnkey, returning quickly to the window of the first

compartment.

At that very moment, and as he turned to resume his former station, a frightful cry resounded through the prison, then an oath, and the ring of a sword snatched from its scabbard.

"Villain! brigand!" cried Gilbert, and the sound of a struggle was heard in the corridor.

At the same moment the door opened, displaying to the eyes of the turnkey two shadows struggling in the wicket, and thus affording free passage to a female, who, pushing aside Duchesne, rushed into the queen's chamber.

Duchesne, without noticing the woman, ran to his comrade's assistance.

The turnkey sprang toward the other window, and beheld the female on her knees before the queen, praying and supplicating her Majesty to exchange clothes with her.

He lowered his burning eyes, endeavoring to gain a clearer view of this woman whom he feared he had already recognized too well. All at once he uttered a dreadful cry.

"Geneviève! Geneviève!" murmured he.

The queen had dropped the file from her hand, and seemed transfixed with despair. Here, alas! was another abortive attempt.

The turnkey seized the bar with both hands, shook it with all his strength; but the file had not accomplished its work, the bar of iron would not yield to his efforts.

Meanwhile Dixmer had hurled Gilbert back into the prison, and would have entered with him, but Duchesne, leaning against the door, prevented him. But he was unable to close it, for Dixmer, in despair, had placed his arm between the gate and the wall.

In his hand he still retained the poniard, which in the contest, checked by the buckle of the belt, had glided over the gendarme's breast, tearing open his coat and lacerating his flesh.

The two gendarmes encouraged each other to reunite their efforts, at the same time calling loudly for assistance.

Dixmer felt his arm must break; he placed his shoulder against the door, shook it violently, and succeeded in withdrawing his bruised arm.

The door closed with a great noise; Duchesne pushed the bolts, while Gilbert turned the key.

A rapid step was heard in the corridor, then all was over. The two gendarmes looked at each other, and searched everywhere around them.

They detected the sound of the assumed turnkey wrenching the bar.

Gilbert rushed into the queen's chamber, where he found Geneviève entreating her Majesty on her knees to exchange clothes with her.

Duchesne seized his gun and ran to the window; he discovered a man hanging to the bar, which he shook with rage, and tried in vain to scale.

He pointed his gun.

The young man saw it levelled at him.

"Oh, yes! yes!" cried he, "kill me! kill me!" and sublime in his despair, he bared his breast to the bullet.

"Chevalier," said the queen,—"Chevalier, I entreat you to live."

At the sound of the queen's voice the Chevalier sank upon his knees. The gun was discharged, but this movement saved him; the ball passed over his head. Geneviève, imagining her friend was dead, fell upon the ground without sense or motion. When the smoke disappeared, no one was seen in the women's court.

Ten minutes afterward, thirty soldiers, led by two commissioners, searched the Conciergerie even to its most inaccessible retreats.

They discovered no one; the registrar had passed, calm and smiling, before Father Richard's arm-chair.

As to the turnkey, he had gone out crying, "Alarm! alarm!"

The sentinel opposed his egress with his bayonet, but his two dogs seized the soldier by the throat.

Geneviève alone was arrested, interrogated, and imprisoned.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE INQUIRY.

We can no longer leave in forgetfulness one of the principal personages of this history, he who, during the accomplishment of the various incidents of the preceding chapter had suffered most of all, and whose anxieties merit the liveliest sympathy on the part of our readers.

The sun shone gloriously in the Rue de la Monnaie, and the gossips were discoursing merrily at their doors, as if for the last ten months a mist of blood had not hung over the city, when Maurice returned home, bringing, as he had promised, the cabriolet with him. He gave the bridle of the horse to a shoeblack, on the pavement of Saint Eustache, and hastily ran upstairs, his heart filled with joy.

Love is a vivifying sentiment. It animates hearts long deadened to every other sensation; it peoples the desert; it resuscitates before the eyes the shade of the beloved one; it causes the voice which sings in the soul of the lover to display before him the entire creation illumined by the brilliant rays of hope and happiness,—at the same time it is egotistical, blinding him who loves to all but the existence of the beloved object.

Maurice neither saw these women nor listened to their commentaries; he saw only Geneviève preparing for a departure which was at last to bring them durable happiness; he heard only Geneviève singing carelessly her customary song, and this little song trilled so sweetly in his ear that he might have sworn he was listening to the varied modulations of her voice, mingled with the less harmonious sound of closing locks.

Upon the landing Maurice stopped; the door was half open; it was generally kept closed, and this circumstance surprised Maurice. He looked all around, thinking Geneviève was in the corridor. She was not there. He entered, looked in the antechamber, the dining-room, the parlor, the bed-chamber; but anteroom, parlor, and bed-chamber were all empty. He loudly called. No one replied.

The official, as he knew, had gone out. Maurice imagined that during his absence Geneviève had perhaps required some cord to fasten her trunk, or some refreshments to store in the carriage, and had gone out to purchase them. He thought it imprudent; but although every moment his anxiety increased, he as yet feared nothing serious.

Maurice waited for some time, walking up and down the room with long impatient strides, and occasionally leaning out of the window, which, half opened, admitted puffs of air charged heavily with rain.

But soon he believed that he heard a step upon the staircase; he listened, it was not that of Geneviève; he ran to the landing, looked over the palisade, and recognized the official, who leisurely mounted the stairs after the manner of domestics.

"Scævola!" cried he.

The official raised his head.

"Ah! is it you, Citizen?"

"Yes. Where is the lady?"

"The lady?" demanded Scævola, with much surprise, as he continued mounting the stairs.

"Certainly! Have you seen her below?"

"No."

"Go down, then, and ask the porter, and inquire of all the neighbors!"

Scævola descended.

"Quicker! quicker!" said his master; "do you not see I am burning with impatience?"

After waiting five or six minutes, and Scævola not having made his appearance, Maurice re-entered the apartment and again leaned out of the window. He saw Scævola enter several shops, and leave them without having gained any fresh intelligence. He called him. The official raised his head, and saw his master impatiently looking from the window. Maurice signed to him to come up.

"It is impossible that she has gone out," said Maurice to himself, and again he called, "Geneviève! Geneviève!"

All was silent as death; even the solitary chamber appeared no longer to have an echo. Scævola reappeared.

"Well?" demanded Maurice.

"The porter is the only person who has seen her."

"The porter has seen her; how was that?"

"He saw her go out."

"She has gone out, then?"

"It seems so."

"Alone! It is impossible Geneviève would go out alone."

"She was not alone, Citizen; she had a man with her."

"How! a man with her?"

"That is what the porter says, at least."

"Go and seek him. I must find out who this man was."

Scævola made a step toward the door, then, turning, "Wait," said he, appearing to reflect.

"What is it?" said Maurice. "Speak, or you will be the death of me!"

"Perhaps it was the man who ran after me."

"What for?"

"To tell me that you wished the key."

"What key, stupid! will you not tell me?"

"The key of your apartment."

"You gave the key of the apartment to a stranger?" cried Maurice, seizing the official by the collar with both hands.

"It was not to a stranger, sir; it was to one of your friends."

"Ah, yes! to one of my friends. It is Lorin, no doubt. She has gone out with Lorin," and smiling a ghastly smile Maurice wiped away the drops of agony which had gathered on his brow.

"No, sir; no, it was not he. Zounds! I think I should know Monsieur Lorin."

"Who was it, then?"

"You know the man who came here one day?"

"What day?"

"The day when you were so sad; and he took you away with him, and you returned so happy."

Scævola had remarked all these things.

Maurice regarded him with a bewildered air; a cold shudder ran through his body. Then after a long silence:

"Dixmer!" cried he.

"By my faith! yes. I think it was he, Citizen."

Maurice tottered, and fell back upon a chair.

"Oh, my God!" murmured he.

When he re-opened his eyes they encountered the violets, forgotten, or rather left there by Geneviève.

He rushed toward them, seized and kissed them; then, remarking where she had

placed them,—

"There is no longer any doubt," said he, "these violets—It is her last adieu."

When Maurice turned round he perceived for the first time that the trunk was half full, the rest of the linen was on the floor, or in the half-opened wardrobe.

The linen which lay upon the floor had no doubt fallen from Geneviève's hand at the appearance of Dixmer.

It was all explained now. The scene rose vivid and terrible before his eyes, between these four walls that had lately witnessed so much happiness.

Till now Maurice had remained crushed and heart-broken. Now the reaction was fearful. His rage bordered on frenzy.

He rose, closed the window, took from the top of his desk a pair of pistols, ready loaded for their intended journey, looked to the priming, and finding all right placed them in his pocket.

He also furnished himself with two rolls of louis, which notwithstanding his patriotism he had thought it prudent to conceal at the bottom of a drawer, and taking his sabre in his hand,—

"Scævola," said he, "you are attached to me, I think; you have served my father and myself for fifteen years."

"Yes, Citizen," replied the official, terrified at the pallor and nervous trembling he had never before remarked in his master, who had always been justly considered one of the most courageous and vigorous of men,—"yes; what are your orders for me?"

"Listen! if this lady who lived here—" He stopped; his voice trembled so much in pronouncing these words that he was unable to proceed. "If she should return," continued he, after a moment's pause, "receive her, close the door after her, take this gun, and station yourself upon the staircase; and for your head, for your life, for your soul, do not permit a single person to enter here! If any one should try to break

through the door, defend it! Strike! kill! kill! and fear nothing, Scævola, for I will answer for all."

The young man's impetuous harangue, his vehement confidence, electrified Scævola.

"I will not only kill, but will even suffer death for the Citizeness Geneviève," said he.

"Thanks. Now attend! This apartment is odious to me, and I shall not enter it again until I find her; if she has been able to effect her escape, if she return, place before the window the Japan vase with the china-asters, which she loved so much. That is, during the day. At night, put a lantern. Every time I pass the end of the street I shall know, and if I see neither vase nor lantern I shall still continue my researches."

"Be prudent, sir! Oh, pray be prudent!" continued Scævola.

His master made no reply, but rushing from the chamber flew down the staircase as if possessed of wings, and ran toward Lorin's house.

It would be difficult to paint the astonishment and rage of our worthy poet when he heard the news; we might as well attempt to indite the touching elegies with which Orestes inspired Pylades.

"And you do not know where she is?" he repeated, incessantly.

"Lost! disappeared!" shrieked Maurice, in accents of despair, "he has killed her, Lorin! he has killed her!"

"No, my dear friend; no, Maurice; he has not killed her; it is not after so many days of reflection that he would be likely to kill a woman like Geneviève. If he had thought of doing so, he would have done it on the spot, and have left her corpse there in token of his just vengeance. No, no; he has taken her away, only too happy at having regained his lost treasure."

"You do not know him, Lorin; you do not know him! This man had something fatal

in his look."

"You are mistaken," said Lorin; "he always struck me as a brave man. He has taken her as a sacrifice. He will get himself arrested with her; and they will die together. Ah, there is the danger!"

These words redoubled Maurice's fury.

"I will find her! I will find her, or perish in the attempt!" cried he.

"Oh, as to that, we are certain to find her," said Lorin; "only calm yourself. They fail in success who do not reflect, and when agitated as you are, we reflect badly and unwisely."

"Adieu, Lorin, adieu!"

"Where are you going, then?"

"I am going."

"You will leave me, then? Why is that?"

"Because this concerns me only. I alone should risk my life to save Geneviève's."

"Do you wish to die?"

"I will face all. I will find out the president of the Committee of Surveillance. I will speak to Hébert, to Danton, to Robespierre. I will avow all; but she must be restored to me."

"Very well," said Lorin; and without adding another word he rose, adjusted his belt, put on his military cap, and as Maurice had done, provided himself with a pair of pistols, ready loaded, which he put in his pocket.

"Let us go," said he, simply.

"But you will compromise yourself," said Maurice.

"Well! what of that?"

"Where shall we seek her first?" asked Maurice.

"We will first search in the old quarter, you know,—the old Rue Saint Jacques; then we will watch for Maison-Rouge, as where he is, doubtless Dixmer will be also; then we will draw near the houses in the Vieille Corderie. You know they talk of transferring Marie Antoinette to the Temple; believe me, men like them will not, till the last moment, abandon the hope of saving her."

"Yes," repeated Maurice; "you are right—Maison-Rouge, do you think he is in Paris?"

"Dixmer is certainly."

"It is true, it is true; of course they will be together!" said Maurice, to whom these vague ideas seemed partially to restore reason.

The two friends commenced their search immediately, but all in vain. Paris is large and well adapted for concealment. Never was a pit known to conceal more obscurely the secret confided to its keeping by crime or misery.

A hundred times Maurice and Lorin passed over the Place de Grève, a hundred times passed the house that contained Geneviève, watched incessantly by Dixmer, as the priests watch the victim destined for sacrifice.

Geneviève on her side, seeing herself destined to perish, like all generous souls accepted the sacrifice, and only wished to die quietly and unnoticed; besides, she dreaded less for Dixmer than for the cause of the queen the publicity that Maurice would not fail to give to his vengeance.

She kept, then, a silence as profound as if death had already sealed her lips.

In the mean time, without saying anything to Lorin, Maurice had applied to the members of the terrible Committee of Public Safety; and Lorin, without speaking to Maurice, had, on his part, determined to adopt similar proceedings.

Thus on the same day a red cross was affixed by Fouquier Tinville to both their names, and the word "Suspects" united them in a sanguinary embrace.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SENTENCE.

On the twenty-third day of the month of the second year of the French Republic, one and indivisible, corresponding to the 14th of October, 1793, old style, as it was then called, a curious crowd had since the morning invaded the galleries of the hall where the revolutionary sittings were held.

The passages of the Palace, the avenues of the Conciergerie, were lined with greedy and impatient spectators, who made over one to another their reports and passions, as the waves transmit their froth and foam.

Notwithstanding the curiosity with which each spectator was agitated, and perhaps even on account of this curiosity, each wave of this sea, swaying, pressed between two barriers,—the outer barrier which urged it forward, the inner barrier which urged it backward,—each wave kept, in this flux and reflux, almost the same position which it had at first taken. Thus those more conveniently situated, comprehending it was necessary they should obtain forgiveness for their good fortune, kept this object in view by transmitting to their neighbors less comfortably and commodiously placed than themselves, and who in their turn recounted to others, the first words they heard, and all they saw.

Near the door of the Tribunal a group of men was collected, rudely disputing for ten lines of space in width and height,—for ten lines in breadth sufficed to see between two shoulders the corner of the hall and the form of the judges; for ten lines in height was sufficient to overlook the entire hall and see the face of the accused.

Unfortunately, this entrance to the passage of the hall, this narrow defile, was almost entirely filled by a man with broad shoulders, and his arms akimbo, who most effectually excluded the wavering crowd ready to drop into the hall if this rampart of flesh were to give way.

This immovable man was young and handsome; and at every push bestowed on him

by the crowd, he shook his head of hair, thick as a lion's mane, under which gleamed a dark and resolute expression; then, when either by a look or a movement he had repelled the crowd and resisted their violent attacks, he fell back into his attentive immobility.

A hundred times this compact mass had, notwithstanding, striven hard to overthrow him,—as, from his great height, to see anything behind him was utterly impossible,—but, as we have said, firm as a rock, he stood his ground.

In the mean time, at the other extremity of this human sea, in the midst of the crushing crowd, another man was forcing a passage, with a perseverance almost amounting to ferocity. Nothing impeded his indefatigable exertions,—neither the blows of those he left behind, the fearful imprecations of those he almost stifled in passing, nor the wails of the women, for there were many females in this crowd.

To blows he responded with blows; to imprecations, by a look before which the most courageous quailed; to complaints, by a carelessness bordering on disdain.

At last he arrived behind the powerful young man who, so to speak, closed the entrance to the hall. In the midst of the general expectation—for all were anxious to see how the contest between two such rude antagonists would terminate—he essayed his peculiar method, which consisted in planting like wedges his elbows between two spectators, and thus breaking through the thickest of the crowd.

He was, notwithstanding, a short young man, whose wan face and emaciated appearance betokened latent illness.

His elbows had scarcely touched the young man before him, when he, indignant at the aggression, turned sharply round, at the same moment raising his clinched fist, which threatened, in falling, to crush the slender form of the intruder.

The two antagonists now found themselves face to face, when a cry of recognition escaped from each.

"Ah, Citizen Maurice," said the delicate young man, with an accent of inexpressible

anguish, "permit me to pass; only let me see her, I entreat you; you may kill me afterward."

Maurice—for it was indeed he—felt himself affected by admiration and compassion for this ceaseless devotion, this adventurous daring.

"You here!" murmured he. "How imprudent!"

"Yes; but I am exhausted—O God! she speaks. Let me see her; let me hear her!"

Maurice drew aside, and the young man passed before him, and being at the head of the crowd there was nothing now to intercept the view of him who had undergone so many blows, so much buffeting, to attain his end.

All this scene, and the murmurs it occasioned, aroused the curiosity of the judges.

The accused also turned round, and immediately perceived and recognized the Chevalier.

A shudder ran through the queen's frame, seated in the iron arm-chair. The examination, conducted by the President Harmand, interpreted by Fouquier Tinville, discussed by Chauveau Lagarde, the counsel for the queen, lasted as long as the strength of the judges and the accused permitted.

During all this time Maurice remained motionless in his place, while several times already the concourse was renewed both in the hall and the corridors.

The Chevalier leaned against a pillar. He was no less pale than the marble that supported him.

The day was succeeded by a dark night; some lighted candles on the tables of the jurors, and some smoky lamps on the walls of the hall threw a red and sinister expression on the noble face of that woman who had been the cynosure of all eyes at the splendid fêtes at Versailles.

She was alone there, replying in brief and dignified language to the questions of the president, and occasionally addressing some words to her counsel in a low voice.

Her white and polished forehead retained all its wonted haughtiness. She was attired in a black dress, which she had worn ever since her husband's death.

The judges retired from the hall. The sitting had terminated.

"Have I evinced too much contempt for them, sir?" said she, addressing herself to Chauveau Lagarde.

"Ah, Madame," replied he, "you are always right when you act like yourself."

"How proud she is!" cried a woman among the audience, as if a voice from the people had replied to the question of the unfortunate queen to her advocate.

The queen turned and looked at her.

"Yes," repeated the woman, "you are proud, Antoinette; and I tell you, pride has been the ruin of you."

The queen blushed. The Chevalier turned toward the female who had uttered these words, and replied softly, "She was queen."

Maurice seized him by the wrist, saying, in a low tone, "Take care; do not forget yourself!"

"Oh, Monsieur Maurice!" replied the Chevalier, "you are a man yourself, and you know you are speaking to a man. Tell me, oh, tell me! do you think they will condemn her?"

"I do not think it," said Maurice; "I am sure of it."

"What! a woman!" said the Chevalier, with a deep groan.

"No, a queen," said Maurice; "you have yourself said so."

The Chevalier in his turn seized Maurice by the wrist, and with a force of which he appeared incapable compelled him to bend his ear. It was half-past three in the morning. Many vacuums were visible among the spectators; and a few lights burning here and there served only to render darkness visible. In one of the most obscure parts of the hall were the Chevalier and Maurice, the latter listening to what

the former was telling him.

"Why are you here? What brings you here?" demanded the Chevalier; "you, sir, who have not a tiger's heart?"

"Alas!" said Maurice, "to discover what has become of an unfortunate woman."

"Yes, yes," said Maison-Rouge; "she whom her husband forced into the queen's cell? The female who was arrested before my eyes?"

"Geneviève?"

"Yes, Geneviève."

"Then Geneviève is a prisoner, sacrificed by her husband, killed by Dixmer? Oh, I comprehend all; I understand all now! Chevalier, tell me all that has occurred; tell me where she is; tell me where I can find her! Chevalier, this woman constitutes my life; do you hear me?"

"I witnessed all. I was there when she was arrested. I was there also to effect the escape of the queen; but our different projects not having been communicated to each other, injured instead of assisting our mutual cause."

"Why did you not save her, at least—your sister, Geneviève?"

"How could I when an iron bar divided us? Oh, if you had only been there, if you had united your efforts with mine, the bar must have yielded, and both might have been saved!"

"Geneviève! Geneviève!" murmured Maurice. Then regarding Maison-Rouge with an indefinable expression of hatred and rage,—

"And Dixmer, where is he?" demanded he.

"I know not; he saved himself, as I did also."

"Oh!" said Maurice, grinding his teeth, "if ever I meet him—"

"Yes; I understand. But there is nothing yet to despair about concerning Geneviève," said Maison-Rouge; "her case is not yet desperate; but the queen—Oh! stop,

Maurice, you are a man of feeling, an influential man; you have friends—Oh! I pray to you as I would pray to my God—Maurice, help me to save the queen! Maurice, Geneviève supplicates you through me!"

"Pronounce not that name, sir! Who knows but that, like Dixmer, you may have sacrificed this unhappy woman?"

"Sir," replied the Chevalier, haughtily, "when I attach myself to a cause, I know better than to sacrifice any one but myself."

Maurice was about to reply, when the door of the chamber of debate opened.

"Silence, sir! silence!" said the Chevalier, "the judges are returning," and Maurice felt the hand tremble which Maison-Rouge had placed upon his arm. "Ah!" murmured the Chevalier, "my heart fails me now!"

"Have courage and constrain yourself, or you are lost!" said Maurice.

The Tribunal re-entered; and the news of its return spread rapidly through the corridors and galleries. The crowd again congregated in the hall, and even the dim lights appeared to burn brighter at this solemn and decisive moment. The queen rose and stood erect, haughty and immovable, her eyes fixed, her lips closed. The decree was then read which doomed the queen to death. She heard her sentence without even turning pale or uttering a sigh; her countenance evinced not the slightest emotion. Then turning toward the Chevalier, she regarded him with a long and eloquent look, as if to indicate her gratitude to this man whom she had ever seen a living statue of devotion, and supported on the arm of the officer of the gendarmes who commanded the forces, with a calm and dignified demeanor she quitted the court.

Maurice drew a deep sigh. "Thank God!" said he, "nothing in this declaration can compromise Geneviève; there is yet hope."

"Thank God!" murmured the Chevalier on his side, "it is all finished, and the struggle at length terminated. I have not strength to go further."

"Courage, sir!" said Maurice, in a low voice.

"I will take courage, sir," replied the Chevalier; and having shaken hands, they disappeared by different outlets. The queen was reconducted to the Conciergerie; the large clock struck four as she entered. At the end of Pont Neuf, Maurice was stopped by Lorin.

"Halt!" said he; "you do not pass here!"

"Why?"

"First, where are you going?"

"I am going home. I can return there now, since I know what has become of her."

"So much the better; but you must not enter there."

"For what reason?"

"The reason is, that two hours ago the gendarmes went there to arrest you."

"Ah!" cried Maurice. "Well, that is the greater reason why I should go!"

"Are you mad? And Geneviève?"

"You are right. But where are we to go?"

"Zounds! To my house."

"But I shall ruin you!"

"The more reason, then, that you should come," said Lorin, dragging Maurice away with him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PRIEST AND THE EXECUTIONER.

On leaving the court, the queen had been conducted back to the Conciergerie. On reaching her chamber she had taken a pair of scissors, and cut off her long and beautiful ringlets, rendered still more so from the absence of powder, which she had not used for a year; she enclosed them in a packet, on which was inscribed, "For my

son and daughter." She then seated herself, or rather sank into a chair, and worn out with fatigue, the trial having lasted eighteen hours, she fell asleep. At seven o'clock the noise of the opening screen roused her suddenly, and turning round, she beheld a man perfectly unknown to her.

"What do you want?" demanded she.

He approached and saluted her as respectfully as if she had not been the queen.

"I am called Sanson," said he.

The name was sufficient. The queen slightly shuddered and rose up.

"You are here early, sir; could you not have made it rather later?"

"No, Madame," replied Sanson; "I received orders to come."

As he uttered these words, he advanced still nearer to the queen. At this moment everything about this man was expressive and terrible.

"I understand," said the prisoner; "you wish to cut off my hair?"

"It is necessary, Madame," replied the executioner.

"I knew it, sir; and I wished to spare you the trouble. My hair is on the table."

Sanson followed the direction of the queen's hand.

"Only," said she, "I should like my hair sent to my children to-night."

"Madame," said Sanson, "this does not concern me."

"However, I thought—notwithstanding—"

"Oh, I get nothing," replied the executioner; "the clothes, the jewels—unless formally made over to me—all go to La Salpêtrière, and are allotted to the poor of the hospital. The Committee of Public Safety has so arranged these things."

"But, sir," persisted Marie Antoinette, "may I at least depend upon this packet being forwarded to my children?"

Sanson remained silent.

"I will endeavor to send it," said Gilbert.

The prisoner cast upon him a look of deep gratitude.

"I came," said Sanson, "to cut off your hair; but since you have done so, I can, if you wish it, leave you for a moment alone."

"I entreat you to do so, sir. I wish to collect my scattered thoughts, and offer up a prayer."

Sanson bowed and retired, when the queen once more found herself in solitude. While the condemned knelt on a low chair which served her as a prie-dieu, a scene no less terrible was passing in the parsonage of the small church of Saint Landry, in the city. The curé had just got up; the old housekeeper had prepared the humble morning meal, when a loud summons at the gate was heard. Even in our day, an unexpected visit to a clergyman is in general the precursor of some serious event,—either a baptism, a marriage "in extremis," or a last confession; but at this epoch the visit of a stranger announced some matter of far graver import. Indeed, at this period the priest was no longer the mandatary of God, but rendered his account to man.

However, the Abbé Girard was of the number of those who had least cause for fear, as he had sworn to abide by the Constitution,—in him conscience and probity had spoken louder than either self-love or religious spirit. No doubt the Abbé Girard admitted the possibility of improvement in the government, and much regretted the abuses committed under the name of the Divine will, and had, while retaining his God, accepted the fraternity of the Republican régime.

"Go and see, Dame Jacinthe," said he, "who disturbs us at this early hour; and if the business is of no very pressing nature, say that this morning I have been sent for to the Conciergerie, and must go there directly."

Dame Jacinthe, formerly called Madeleine, had accepted this flowery appellation in lieu of her own, as the Abbé Girard had taken the title of citizen instead of that of curé. At the suggestion of her master, Jacinthe hastened down the steps of the little

garden leading to the entrance gate. She drew back the bolts, when a thin, pale young man, much agitated, but with a frank and amiable expression, presented himself before her.

"Monsieur l'Abbé Girard?" said he.

Jacinthe, not slow to remark the disordered dress, the neglected beard, and the nervous tremor of the new-comer, augured unfavorably of him.

"Citizen," said she; "there is here neither 'Monsieur' nor 'abbé.'"

"Pardon me, Madame," replied the young man; "I meant to say the Curé of Saint Landry."

Jacinthe, notwithstanding her patriotism, was struck by the title "Madame," with which the Republicans would not have honored an empress. She, however, replied,—

"You cannot see him now; he is repeating his breviary."

"In that case I will wait," replied the young man.

"But," said Jacinthe, in whom this obstinate persistence revived her first unfavorable impression, "you will wait in vain; for he has been summoned to the Conciergerie, and must go there immediately."

The young man turned frightfully pale, or rather from pale to livid.

"It is then true!" murmured he; then raising his voice, "This, Madame, is the business which brings me to the Citizen Girard."

And in spite of the old woman he had, while speaking, effected an entrance; then coolly but firmly closing the bolts, and notwithstanding the expostulations and even menaces of Dame Jacinthe, he not only entered the house, but also the chamber of the curé, who on perceiving him uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Forgive me, Monsieur le Curé," immediately said the young man; "I wish to speak to you on a very serious subject; permit us to be alone."

The aged priest had experienced deep sorrow, and knew what it was to endure. He discerned deep and devouring passion in the confusion of the young man, and intense emotion in his fevered tones.

"Leave us, Dame Jacinthe!" said he.

The visitor impatiently followed with his eyes the receding steps of the housekeeper, who, from being accustomed to the confidence of her master, hesitated to comply; then when at length the door was closed, "Monsieur le Curé," said the unknown, "you will first wish to know who I am. I will tell you. I am a proscribed man, doomed to death, who only at this moment lives from the power of audacity; I am the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

The abbé started in horror from his arm-chair.

"Fear nothing!" said the Chevalier, "no one has seen me enter here; and even those who might have seen me would never know me. I have altered much these last two months."

"But what do you wish, Citizen?" asked the curé.

"You are going this morning to the Conciergerie, are you not?"

"Yes; the porter has sent for me."

"Do you know why?"

"To perform the duties of my sacred office to an invalid, or some dying person, perhaps even to one condemned."

"You are right; it is to one condemned."

The old priest regarded the Chevalier with undisguised astonishment.

"But do you know who this person is?" demanded Maison-Rouge.

"No, I do not know."

"This person is the queen!"

The abbé uttered an exclamation of grief.

"The queen! Oh, my God!"

"Yes, sir; the queen! I made inquiry as to the priest who would attend her, and learned it was you. I therefore came directly to seek an interview."

"But what do you require of me?" asked the priest, alarmed at the wild accents of the Chevalier.

"I wish—I wish nothing, sir. I implore, I entreat, I supplicate you!"

"For what, then?"

"To allow me to enter with you into the presence of her Majesty?"

"You are mad!" exclaimed the curé; "you would not only ruin me, but would sacrifice yourself."

"Fear nothing."

"The poor woman is condemned, and that is the end of her."

"I know it, and it is not to make any attempt to save her that I wish to see her; it is—But listen to me, my father; you are not listening."

"I do not listen to you, since what you ask is impossible; I do not listen to you, since you act like a man bereft of his senses," said the aged man. "I do not listen to you, because you terrify me."

"Father, reassure yourself," said the young man, endeavoring to calm himself; "believe me, Father, I am in my senses. The queen, I know, is lost; but if I could only for an instant prostrate myself at her feet, it would save my life. If I do not see her I shall kill myself; and as you will have caused my despair, you will at the same moment destroy both body and soul."

"My son! my son!" replied the priest, "you ask me to sacrifice my life for you! Old as I am, my existence is still necessary to the unfortunate; old as I am, to precipitate my own death is to commit suicide."

"Do not refuse me, Father," replied the Chevalier; "you must have a curate, an acolyte; take me, let me go with you."

The priest tried to maintain his firmness, which was beginning to give way.

"No, no!" said he; "this would be a dereliction of duty; I have sworn to the Constitution, and I am bound heart, soul, and conscience. The unhappy woman condemned to death is a guilty queen. I would accept death, if by so doing I could benefit a fellow-creature; but I will not depart from the path of duty."

"But," cried the Chevalier, "when I tell you, and again repeat, even swear to you, I do not want to save the queen; here by the Gospel, by the crucifix, I swear I do not go to the Conciergerie to prevent her death!"

"What is your motive, then?" said the old man, affected by such undisguised accents of despair.

"Hearken!" said the Chevalier, whose soul seemed to speak from his lips; "she was my benefactress; she is attached to me; to see me in her last moments will I feel sure prove a consolation to her."

"And this is all that you desire?" demanded the curé, yielding to these irresistible accents.

"Absolutely all."

"And you have woven no plot to attempt to rescue the condemned?"

"None. I am a Christian, Father; and if there rests in my heart a shadow of deceit; if I entertain any hope of her life, or try in any way to save it,—may God visit me with eternal damnation!"

"No, no!" said the curé; "I can promise nothing," as the innumerable dangers attendant on an act so imprudent returned to his mind.

"Now listen to me, Father!" said the Chevalier, in a voice hoarse with emotion; "I have spoken like a submissive child; I have not uttered one bitter word or

uncharitable sentiment; no menace has escaped my lips. Yet now my head whirls; fever burns in my veins; now despair gnaws my heart; now I am armed. Behold! here is my dagger." And the young man drew from his bosom a polished blade which threw a livid reflection on his trembling hand. The curé drew back quickly.

"Fear nothing," said the Chevalier, with a mournful smile; "others, knowing you to be so strict an observer of your word, would have terrified you into an oath. But no! I have supplicated, and I still continue to supplicate, with hands clasped, my forehead in the dust, that I may see her for a single moment. Look! here is your guarantee!" And he drew from his pocket a billet which he presented to Girard, who opened it and read as follows:—

I, René, Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, declare by God and my honor, that I have by threats of death compelled the worthy curé of Saint Landry to convey me to the Conciergerie, notwithstanding his refusal and great repugnance to do so. In proof of which I have signed—

Maison-Rouge.

"It is well," said the priest; "but swear to me once again that you will be guilty of no imprudence. It is not sufficient that my life is saved, I am answerable also for yours."

"Think not of that," said the Chevalier. "Then you consent?"

"I must, since you so absolutely insist. You can wait outside, and when she comes to the wicket you will see her."

The Chevalier seized the hand of the old priest and kissed it with all the ardor and respect he would have kissed the crucifix.

"Oh!" murmured the Chevalier, "she shall die at least like a queen, and the hand of the executioner shall never touch her!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CART.

Immediately after having obtained this permission from the curé of Saint Landry, Maison-Rouge withdrew into a cabinet, the door of which, being half opened, he had recognized as the priest's dressing-room. There his long beard and mustachios speedily disappeared under the stroke of the razor; and then only he was fully aware of his frightful pallor and altered appearance. It was terrible to behold. He re-entered perfectly calm, and seemed to have forgotten that notwithstanding the absence of his beard and mustachios, he might still probably be known at the Conciergerie. He followed the abbé, whom, during his momentary absence, two officials were seeking; and with the cool audacity which disarms suspicion, entered the iron gate at this time opening into the court of the Palace. He was, like the Abbé Girard, dressed in black,—sacerdotal habits at that period being abolished.

In the register-office they found about fifty persons assembled; some employed about the prison, some deputies, some commissaries, all waiting in the expectation of seeing the queen pass; there might be some mandataries and many idlers. Maison-Rouge's heart beat so violently when he found himself opposite the wicket that he heard not even the parley that ensued between the abbé, the gendarmes, and the porter. Only a man with a pair of scissors in his hand and a piece of stuff newly cut pushed against Maison-Rouge upon the threshold. He turned round and recognized the executioner.

"What do you want, Citizen?" demanded Sanson.

The Chevalier endeavored to repress the shudder which, in spite of himself, ran through his veins.

"You see, Citizen Sanson," replied the Chevalier, "that I accompany the curé of Saint Landry."

"Oh, very well!" said the executioner, drawing himself on one side, and giving orders to his assistant.

During this time Maison-Rouge had passed into the interior of the office, and from there into the compartment inhabited by the two gendarmes.

These men were overcome by contending emotions. Proud and haughty as she had been to others, she had ever been gentle and condescending to them. They seemed more like her servants than her guards.

In his present position the Chevalier could not obtain a view of the queen,—the screen was closed. It had been opened to give entrance to the curé, but directly closed behind him. When the Chevalier entered, the conversation had already commenced.

"Sir," said the queen, in a clear and firm voice, "since you have sworn allegiance to the Republic—in whose name they have condemned me to death—I have no confidence in you. We do not even worship the same God!"

"Madame," said Girard, struck by this disdainful profession of faith, "a Christian about to die should dismiss all hatred from her heart, and ought not to repulse her God, under whatever form he may be presented to her."

Maison-Rouge advanced a step to open the screen, hoping that when she saw him, and knew what brought him, she would change her opinion in regard to the curé; but the gendarmes detected the movement.

"But," said Maison-Rouge, "I am the acolyte of the curé—"

"Then, since she refuses the curé," said Duchesne, "she does not require you."

"But still, perhaps she may accept me," said he, raising his voice; "it is impossible she would refuse me." But Marie Antoinette was too much engrossed by the sentiment which agitated her either to hear or recognize the Chevalier's voice.

"Go, sir!" continued she; "leave me!" addressing Girard; "since at this time we in France live under the régime of liberty, I claim the right to die according to my own fashion."

Girard offered some resistance.

"Leave me, sir!" said she. "I desire you to leave me."

Girard endeavored to speak.

"I will not hear you; leave me!" said she, with the gesture of Marie Thérèse.

Girard went out.

Maison-Rouge essayed to gain a glimpse of her through the opening in the screen; but the prisoner had turned her back. The executioner's assistant crossed before the curé; he came in holding a cord in his hand. The two gendarmes pushed the Chevalier toward the door; amazed, despairing, and utterly bewildered, before he had been able to utter a cry or make the slightest movement to effect his purpose, he found himself with the curé in the corridor of the turnkey. This corridor brought them again into the register-office, where the news of the queen's refusal had already circulated, and where the Austrian pride of Marie Antoinette was to some the pretext of the coarsest invectives, and to others the subject of secret admiration.

"Go!" said Richard to the abbé, "return home, since she repulses you, and let her die as she likes."

"Well, she is in the right," said Richard's wife, "and I would act in the same way."

"Then you would do wrong, Madame," said the curé.

"Be silent," said the keeper, opening his eyes very wide; "what does it concern you? Go, Abbé, go!"

"No," said Girard, "no; I will, notwithstanding all, accompany her; one word, only one word, if she will listen, might bring her back to duty; besides, I am sent by the order of the Commune, and I must discharge my office."

"Send back your sexton, then," brutally observed the adjutant-major, commandant of the armed forces. He was a former actor at the Comédie Française, named Grammont. The eyes of the Chevalier flashed lightning, as he mechanically thrust

his hand into his breast, where Girard knew he had the poniard. He checked him with a suppliant look.

"Spare my life," said he, in a low voice; "you see that your cause is ruined; do not destroy yourself with her. I will mention you to her on the route; I swear to you I will tell her you risked your life that you might see her once more on earth."

These words calmed the effervescence of the young man, and the ordinary reaction taking place, he sank into a state of quiescence. This man of heroic mind, of marvellous power, had arrived at the termination of both strength and will, and glided irresolute, or rather exhausted and vanquished, into a state of torpor that might have been imagined to be the precursor of death.

"Yes, I believe," said he, "it should be thus: the cross for Jesus, the scaffold for her,—gods and kings drink deep of the chalice presented to them by men." This thought produced resignation; and now, totally prostrated, he allowed himself to be pushed without offering any resistance, except an occasional involuntary groan, to the outer gate, passive as Ophelia when, devoted to death, she found herself borne away by the remorseless waves.

At the bottom of the gates and at the doors of the Conciergerie, a crowd was assembled, which unless once seen it was impossible to describe. Impatience ruled every passion; and each passion spoke its own language; and these combined formed an immense and prolonged uproar, as if the whole noise and the entire population of Paris were on this occasion concentrated in the quarter of the Palais de Justice.

In front of this crowd the whole army was encamped, with guns intended to guard the procession, and also to secure the privilege of those who came to witness the last act of the tragedy.

It would have been vain to attempt to pierce this deep rampart, increasing gradually, since the condemnation of the queen was now known not only at Paris, but by the patriots of the faubourgs.

Maison-Rouge, expelled from the Conciergerie, naturally found himself in the first rank among the soldiers, who instantly demanded who he was. He replied, "he was the vicar of the Abbé Girard, but having bound himself by the same oath, he, like the curé, had been dismissed and refused by the queen;" on which the soldiers, in their turn, pushed him into the first row of spectators, where he was again compelled to repeat what he had previously told them.

Then the cry arose, "He has just left!" "He has seen her!" "What did she say?" "What did she do?" "Is she as haughty as usual?" "Is she cast down?" "Does she weep?" The Chevalier replied to all these questions in a feeble but sweet and affable tone; as if this voice was the last manifestation of life suspended on his lips. His answer was couched in the language of truth and simplicity. It contained an eulogium on the firmness of Marie Antoinette; and that which he recounted with the simplicity and faith of an evangelist cast sorrow and remorse over many hearts.

When he spoke of the little dauphin, and of Madame Royale; of this queen without a throne; of this wife without a husband; this mother bereft of her children; this woman alone and abandoned, without a friend, surrounded by executioners,—more than one face here and there assumed a sad expression, and more than one tear of regret was clandestinely wiped from eyes a moment before animated by hatred.

The Palace clock struck eleven. All murmuring at this moment ceased. One hundred thousand human beings counted these strokes, echoed by the pulsations of their own hearts.

When the last vibration had ceased and died away in the distance, a loud noise was heard within the gates, and at the same time a cart, advancing from the side of the Quai aux Fleurs, broke through the crowd, then the guards, and drew up at the bottom of the steps.

The queen soon appeared at the top of the staircase. Looks expressive of all kinds of passion were bent upon her; the mob stood in breathless expectation. The queen's

hair was cut short; the greater portion had turned gray during her captivity, and this shade of silver rendered still more delicate the mother-of-pearl pallor which at this moment lent an almost angelic beauty to this daughter of the Cæsars. She was attired in a white robe, and her hands were fastened behind her back. When she appeared with the Abbé Girard on her right, who notwithstanding all opposition would still accompany her, and the executioner on her left, both dressed in black, there ran throughout the crowd a murmur, of which God alone, who reads all hearts, could comprehend and sum up the truth.

A man passed between the executioner and Marie Antoinette; it was Grammont. He conducted her to the fatal car. The queen recoiled.

"Mount!" cried Grammont.

This word was distinctly heard by all. Emotion held every breath suspended on the lips of the spectators. A blush suffused the face of the queen, mounting even to the roots of her hair, but it immediately disappeared, and her face resumed its former death-like hue.

"Why a car for me," said she, "when the king had a carriage to convey him to the scaffold?"

The Abbé Girard advanced, and addressed a few words to her in a low tone; doubtless he condemned this last utterance of royal pride. The queen remained silent, but tottered so much that Sanson held out his arms to support her; but she recovered her self-possession before he could touch her. She then descended the staircase, while the assistants placed a foot-board behind the car. The queen entered first; the abbé followed her.

When the car was in motion it caused a great movement in the assemblage; and the soldiers at the same time, ignorant of its cause, united their efforts to push back the crowd, and consequently, a large space was cleared between the people and the vehicle of death, when suddenly a mournful howling was heard. The queen started,

and instantly rose, looking around her. She then saw her little dog, which had been lost for two months, and which, unable to follow her into the Conciergerie, regardless of kicks, blows, and thrusts, now rushed toward the car; but almost directly poor Jet, emaciated, starving, and bruised, disappeared under the horses' feet. The queen followed him with her eyes; she could not speak, for her voice was drowned in the noise; she could not point her finger toward him, for her hands were tied; and had she been able to do either, who would have regarded her? Having closed her eyes for an instant, she soon revived. He was in the arms of a pale young man, who, standing on a cannon, was conspicuous above the crowd, and whose natural stature seemed enlarged from the unspeakable elevation of the sentiments with which he was animated, while he saluted the queen and pointed to heaven. Marie Antoinette looked upward and smiled sweetly.

The Chevalier uttered a groan, as if this smile had broken his heart; and as the fatal car turned toward the Pont-au-Change, he fell back among the crowd, and disappeared.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE SCAFFOLD.

Upon the Place de la Révolution, leaning against a lamp-post, two men were waiting. Of those who followed with the crowd, some were carried to the Place du Palais, others to the Place de la Révolution, while the rest spread, impatient and tumultuous, over the whole road separating the two places. They were waiting until the queen should reach the instrument of punishment, which, defaced by the sun and storm, worn by the hand of the executioner, and, most horrible! blunted by too frequent contact with its victims, reared its head with a sinister pride over the subjacent mass, like a queen ruling her people. The two men, arm-in-arm, and speaking by fits and starts, with pale lips and contracted brows, were Lorin and Maurice. Lost in the crowd, but not in a way calculated to excite suspicion, they

continued in a low tone their conversation, which was perhaps not the least interesting one then circulating among the various groups which, like an electric chain, a living sea, was agitated from the Pont-au-Change to the Pont de la Révolution.

The idea we have expressed regarding the scaffold seemed to have struck them both.

"See," said Maurice, "how the hideous monster rears her red arms; might it not be said that she calls us, and grins at us through her wicket as if it was her horrid mouth?"

"I," said Lorin, "must confess I do not belong to the school of poetry which sees everything blood-color. I see everything couleur-de-rose, and even at the foot of that dreadful machine I should sing and hope still. 'Dum spiro spero.'"

"You hope when they murder women?"

"Maurice," said Lorin, "child of the Revolution, do not deny your mother! Ah! Maurice, remain a stanch and loyal patriot. She who is condemned to die is unlike all other women; she is the evil genius of France."

"Oh, it is not she that I regret; it is not for her I weep!" cried Maurice.

"Yes; I understand, it is Geneviève."

"Ah!" said Maurice, "there is one thought that drives me mad! It is that Geneviève is in the hands of those purveyors to the guillotine, Hébert and Fouquier Tinville,—in the hands of the men who sent here the poor Héloïse, and are now sending the proud Marie Antoinette."

"Well!" said Lorin, "it is this very fact that inspires me with hope. When the rage of the people has feasted on two tyrants it will be satiated for some time at least,—like the boa-constrictor, which requires three months to digest what he has devoured. Then the popular rage will swallow no more; and as is said by the prophets of the faubourg, 'the lesser morsels will be no longer palatable.'"

"Lorin! Lorin!" said Maurice, "I am more positive than you, and I say it in a whisper, but am ready to repeat it aloud,—Lorin, I hate the new queen who seems destined to succeed the Austrian, whom she destroys. It is a sad queen whose purple is daily dyed in blood, and to whom Sanson is prime minister."

"Bah! we shall escape her."

"I do not think so," said Maurice, shaking his head; "to avoid being arrested at your house we have no resource but to live in the street."

"Bah! we can quit Paris; there is nothing to prevent us. We need not complain. My uncle will await us at Saint Omer; money, passport, nothing will be wanting. There exists not the gendarme who shall arrest us; what do you think? We remain in Paris because we choose to do so."

"No; that is not correct, excellent friend, devoted and faithful as you are— You remain because I wish to continue here."

"And you wish to remain to discover Geneviève. Well! nothing is more simple, just, or natural. You think she is in prison; nothing more probable. You wish to keep watch over her, and on that account we cannot quit Paris."

Maurice drew a deep sigh; it was evident his thoughts were wandering.

"Do you remember the death of Louis XVI?" said he. "I can see him yet, pale with pride and emotion. I was then one of the chiefs of this crowd, in whose folds I conceal myself to-day. I was greater at the foot of the scaffold than the king upon it had ever been. What a change, Lorin! and when one thinks that nine short months have sufficed to work this change!"

"Nine months of love, Maurice— Love ruined Troy!"

Maurice sighed; his wandering thoughts now took another direction.

"Poor Maison-Rouge," said he; "this is a sad day for him!"

"Alas!" said Lorin, "shall I tell you what appears to me the most melancholy thing

about revolutions?"

"Yes," said Maurice.

"It is that one often has for friends those we should prefer as enemies; and for enemies those we would wish—"

"There is one thing I can hardly believe," interrupted Maurice.

"What?"

"It is that he will not invent some project, though the most hopeless, to save the queen."

"What! one man stronger than a hundred thousand!"

"I said, 'though the most hopeless.' I know that to save Geneviève—" Lorin frowned.

"I again tell you, Maurice," said he, "you are wild! No; even were it possible for you to save Geneviève, you would not become a bad citizen. But enough of this, Maurice; they are listening to us. Look how the heads undulate; see! there is Sanson's valet raising himself from under his basket, and looking in the distance. The Austrian arrives."

In short, as if to accompany this undulation which Lorin had remarked, a shuddering, prolonged and increasing, pervaded the crowd. It was one of those hurricanes which commence with a whistle and terminate with a bellow. Maurice raised himself by the help of the lamp-post, and looked toward the Rue Saint Honoré.

"Yes," said he shuddering; "there she is." And another machine now made its appearance, almost as revolting as the guillotine. It was the fatal car.

On the right and left glittered the arms of the escort; while in front marched Grammont, replying with flashes of his sabre to the shouts and cries of some fanatics. But ever as the cart advanced these cries subsided under the haughty courage of the condemned.

Never had a countenance commanded more respect; never had Marie Antoinette looked more the queen. Her proud courage struck terror into those around her.

Indifferent to the exhortations of the Abbé Girard, who despite of her opposition accompanied her, her face moved neither to the right nor left; her deep thought was as immutable as her look; even the jolting motion of the cart upon the uneven pavement did not by its violence disturb the rigidity of her demeanor. She might have been taken for a marble statue conveyed in the car, had it not been for her brilliant eyes, and her hair waving in the wind.

A silence equal to that of the desert fell suddenly upon the three hundred thousand spectators of this scene, witnessed by the heavens for the first time by the light of the sun.

In the place where Maurice and Lorin were standing they heard the creaking of the axles and the snorting of the horses.

The car stopped at the foot of the scaffold.

The queen, who doubtless was not thinking of this moment, recalled herself, and understood it all; she threw a haughty glance upon the crowd, and again beheld the pale young man she had previously seen standing on the cannon. He was now mounted on a wall, and repeated the respectful salutation he had before offered her as she left the Conciergerie. He then disappeared. Many persons seeing him, it was soon reported, from his being dressed in black, that a priest was in attendance on Marie Antoinette, to give her absolution ere she ascended the scaffold.

Further than that no one disturbed the Chevalier. In moments of highest concern, certain things are treated with marked deference.

The queen cautiously descended the steps from the car, supported by Sanson, who to the last moment, in accomplishing the task to which he himself appeared to be condemned, treated her with the greatest respect.

As the queen walked toward the steps of the scaffold some of the horses reared, and

several of the foot-guards and soldiers appeared to oscillate and lose their equilibrium; then a shadow was seen to glide under the scaffold; but tranquillity was almost instantaneously re-established, since no one was willing to quit his place at this solemn moment,—no one was willing to lose the minutest detail of the dreadful tragedy about to be accomplished. All eyes were directed toward the condemned.

The queen was already on the platform of the scaffold. The priest still continued to address her; an assistant moved her gently forward, while another removed the scarf from her shoulders.

Marie Antoinette felt the touch of the infamous hand upon her neck, and making a sudden movement trod upon Sanson's foot, who, without her having seen him, was engaged in fixing her to the fatal plank. Sanson drew back his foot.

"Excuse me, sir," said the queen; "I did not do it intentionally."

These were the last words pronounced by the daughter of the Cæsars, the queen of France, the widow of Louis XVI.

As the clock of the Tuileries struck a quarter after twelve, the queen was launched into eternity.

A terrible cry—a cry comprising at once joy, terror, sorrow, triumph, expiation—rose like a storm, drowning a feeble burst of lamentation which at the same moment issued from beneath the scaffold.

The gendarmes heard it notwithstanding, feeble as it was, and advanced some steps in front. The crowd, now less compact, expanded like a river whose dike has been enlarged, threw down the fence, dispersed the guards, and rushed like the returning tide to beat the foot of the scaffold, which was already shaking.

All wished for a nearer view of the remains of that royalty which they believed, root and branch, forever exterminated in France.

But the gendarmes had another object in view,—they sought the shadow which had

repassed their lines, and glided beneath the scaffold.

Two of them returned leading between them by the collar a pale young man, whose hand held a blood-stained handkerchief, which he pressed to his heart; he was followed by a little spaniel howling piteously.

"Death to the aristocrat! death to the noble!" cried some men of the people; "he has dipped his handkerchief in the Austrian's blood,—to death with him!"

"Good Heavens!" said Maurice to Lorin, "do you recognize him? Do you recognize him?"

"Death to the royalist!" repeated the madmen; "take away the handkerchief he wishes to preserve as a relic! wrest it from him! tear it from him!"

A haughty smile flitted across the young man's lips, he tore open his shirt, bared his breast, and dropped the handkerchief.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this blood is not the queen's, but my own. Let me die in peace;" and a deep, gushing wound appeared widely gaping under the left breast. The crowd uttered one cry and retired. The young man sank slowly upon his knees, and gazed upon the scaffold as a martyr looks upon the altar.

"Maison-Rouge!" whispered Lorin to Maurice.

"Adieu!" murmured the young man, bowing his head with an angelic smile,—"adieu! or rather, au revoir!" and he expired in the midst of the stupefied guards.

"There is still this expedient, Lorin," said Maurice, "before becoming an unworthy citizen."

The little spaniel turned toward the corpse, terrified and howling lamentably.

"Why, there is Jet," said a man, holding a large club in his hand,—"why, there is Jet; come here, old fellow."

The dog advanced toward him, but was scarcely within arm's length of the man who

had called him, when the brutal wretch raised his club and dashed out his brains, at the same time bursting into a hoarse laugh.

"Cowardly wretch!" cried Maurice.

"Silence!" whispered Lorin, "or we are lost. It is Simon."

CHAPTER L.

THE VISIT TO THE DOMICILE.

Lorin and Maurice returned to their home; but the latter, in order not to compromise his friend too openly, usually absented himself during the day, and returned at night.

In the midst of these events, being present at the removal of the prisoners to the Conciergerie, he watched daily for the sight of Geneviève, not having been yet able to discover her place of imprisonment. Lorin, since his visit to Fouquier Tinville, had succeeded in convincing Maurice that on the first ostensible act he was lost, and would then have sacrificed himself without having benefited Geneviève; and Maurice, who would willingly have thrown himself into prison in the hope of being united to his mistress, became prudent from the fear of being separated from her forever.

He went every morning from the Carmelites to Port Libre, from the Madelonnettes to Saint Lazare, from La Force to the Luxembourg; he stationed himself before the prisons to watch the cars as they came out to convey the accused to the Revolutionary Tribunal. Then when he had scanned the victims, he proceeded to the other prisons to prosecute this hopeless search, for he soon became aware that the activity of ten men would prove inadequate to keep watch over the thirty-three prisons which Paris could boast of at this period. He therefore contented himself by going daily to the Tribunal, there to await the appearance of Geneviève.

He was already beginning to despair. Indeed, what hope was there for a person arrested and condemned? Sometimes the Tribunal, whose sittings commenced at ten o'clock, had condemned twenty or thirty people by four o'clock: those first

condemned had six hours to live, but the last, sentenced at a quarter to four, fell at half-past beneath the axe. To resign himself to such a fate for Geneviève, would be to grow weary in his battle against destiny.

Oh, if he had known beforehand of the imprisonment of Geneviève, how Maurice would have baffled the blind, human justice of this epoch; how easily and promptly would he have torn Geneviève from prison! Never were escapes more easy; and it may be said, never were they so rare. All the nobles, once placed in prison, installed themselves there as in a château, and died at leisure. To fly was like evading a duel; the women even blushed at liberty acquired at this price.

But Maurice would not have shown himself so scrupulous. To kill the dogs, to bribe a door-keeper, what more simple? Geneviève was not one of those splendid names calculated to attract general attention. She would not dishonor herself by flying, and besides—when could she be disgraced!

Oh, how bitterly he thought of the gardens of Port Libre, so easy to scale; the chambers of Madelonnettes, so easy of access to the street; the low walls of the Luxembourg, and the dark corridors of the Carmelites, where a resolute man could so easily penetrate by opening a window.

But was Geneviève in one of these prisons?

Then, devoured by doubt, and worn out with anxiety, he loaded Dixmer with imprecations; he threatened, and nourished his hatred against this man, whose cowardly vengeance concealed itself under an apparent devotion to the royal cause.

"I shall find him out too," thought Maurice; "for if he wishes to save the unhappy woman, he will show himself; if he wishes to ruin her, he will insult her. I shall find him out, the scoundrel! and it will be an evil day for him!"

On the morning of the day when the events occurred which we are about to relate, Maurice went out early to take his usual station at the Revolutionary Tribunal, leaving Lorin asleep.

Lorin was suddenly awakened by a loud noise at the door, the voices of women and the butt-ends of guns. He threw around him the startled glance of a surprised man who wished to convince himself that nothing that could compromise him was in view. Four sectionaries, two gendarmes, and a commissary entered at the same moment. This visit was sufficiently significant, and Lorin hastened to dress himself.

"Do you come to arrest me?" said he.

"Yes, Citizen Lorin."

"What for?"

"Because you are suspected."

"Ah, all right!"

The commissary scribbled some words at the bottom of the warrant for arrest.

"Where is your friend?" he inquired.

"What friend?"

"The Citizen Maurice Lindey."

"At home, probably."

"No; he lodges here."

"He! go along! Search, and if you find—"

"Here is the denunciation," interrupted the commissary, "it is plain enough;" offering Lorin a paper in vile writing and enigmatical orthography. It stated that every morning the Citizen Lindey, suspected and ordered for arrest, was seen going out of the Citizen Lorin's house. The denunciation was signed "Simon."

"Why," said Lorin, "the cobbler will lose his custom if he follows two trades at the same time,—a spy and boot-mender. He is a Cæsar, this Monsieur Simon," and he burst into a fit of laughter.

"The Citizen Maurice, where is he?" asked the commissary. "We summon you to

deliver him up."

"When I tell you he is not here!"

The commissary passed into the chamber adjoining, then ascended to the loft where Lorin's official slept, and at last opened a lower apartment, but found no trace of Maurice. But upon the dining-room table a recently written letter attracted the attention of the commissary. It was from Maurice, who had deposited it there on leaving in the morning without awakening his friend.

"I go to the Tribunal," said Maurice; "take breakfast without me. I shall not return till night."

"Citizens," said Lorin, "however anxious I may feel to obey your commands, I cannot follow you undressed. Allow my official to assist me."

"Aristocrat," said a voice, "do you require assistance to put on your breeches?"

"Oh, goodness! yes," said Lorin; "I resemble the Citizen Dagobert,—mind, I did not say king."

"Well, dress," said the commissary; "but make haste!"

The official came down to help his master to dress. However, it was not exactly that Lorin required a valet-de-chambre; it was that nothing might escape the notice of the official, and that consequently he might detail everything to Maurice.

"Now, gentlemen,—pardon, Citizens. Now, Citizens, I am ready, and will follow you; but permit me, I beg, to carry with me the last volume of 'Lettres à Émilie,' by Monsieur Demoustier, which has just appeared, and I have not read. It will enliven the hours of my captivity."

"Your captivity?" said Simon, sharply, now become municipal in his turn, and entering, followed by four sectionaries, "that will not last long. You figure in the trial of the woman who wanted to assist the Austrian to escape. They try her to-day; and to-morrow, when you have given your testimony, your turn will come."

"Cobbler," said Lorin, "you stitch your soles too quickly."

"Yes; but what a nice stroke from the leather-cutting knife!" replied Simon; "you will see, you will see, my fine grenadier!"

Lorin shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said he, "let us go; I am waiting for you."

As each one turned round to descend the staircase Lorin bestowed on the municipal Simon so vigorous a kick that he sent him rolling and howling down the entire flight of stairs. The sectionaries could not restrain their laughter. Lorin put his hands in his pockets.

"In the exercise of my functions!" cried Simon, livid with rage.

"Zounds!" said Lorin, "are we not all here in the exercise of our functions?"

He got into the carriage, and was conducted by the commissary to the Palais de Justice.

CHAPTER LI.

LORIN.

If for the second time the reader is willing to follow us to the Revolutionary Tribunal, we shall find Maurice in the same place where we have already seen him, only now infinitely more pale and agitated.

At the moment our scene again opens upon the lugubrious theatre, whither we are led by a tissue of events rather than by our own inclinations, the jury were deliberating; a cause had just been tried. Two of the accused had already, by one of those insolent anticipations by which they ridiculed the judges, attired themselves for the scaffold, and were conversing with their counsel, whose words somewhat resembled those of a physician who despairs of the life of his patient.

The people of the Tribune were this day in a ferocious mood, calculated to excite the severity of the jury placed under the immediate surveillance of the gossips and

inhabitants of the suburbs. The juries under these circumstances became more excited and energetic, resembling an actor who redoubles his efforts beneath the eyes of a censorious public.

Since ten in the morning five condemnations had already taken place under the decisions of these harsh and insatiable juries.

The two individuals who now found themselves on the bench of the accused awaited the decisive moment when "yes" or "no" would return them to life or doom them to death.

The audience, rendered savage by the daily occurrence of these spectacles, now become their favorite pastime, prepared them by exclamations and anticipations for the awful moment.

"There! there! look at the tall one!" said a beldam, who, not having a bonnet, wore a tricolored cockade as large as a hand on her head,—"there! is he not pale? One would swear he was already dead."

The condemned regarded the woman with a contemptuous smile.

"What do you say?" replied her neighbor; "why, he is smiling."

"Yes; on the wrong side of his mouth."

One of the men looked at his watch.

"What is the time?" inquired his companion.

"A quarter to one. This has lasted three quarters of an hour."

"The same as at Domfront, that unfortunate town, where you arrive at noon, and are hung in an hour."

"And the short one! the short one!" cried another person, "will he not be ugly when he sneezes in the sack?"

"Bah! it is done so quickly, you will barely have time to perceive it."

"Then we will demand the head from Sanson; one has a right to see it."

"Look! what a beautiful blue coat he has on. It is rather a pleasant thing that the poor can shorten the rich and well-dressed people."

Indeed, as the executioner had told the queen, the poor inherited the spoils of each victim; they were carried to La Salpêtrière, immediately after the execution, and distributed among the indigent; and there even the clothes of the unfortunate queen had been conveyed.

Maurice heard this whirlwind of words without paying any attention; for he was at this moment occupied by one engrossing thought, to the exclusion of all else. For several days his heart beat only at certain moments, and by fits and starts, as from time to time hope or fear appeared to suspend all vital action, and these perpetual oscillations to bruise the most tender sensibilities of his soul.

The jury returned to their places; and as had been fully anticipated, the president pronounced the condemnation of the two accused, who were directly removed, walking with a firm step and erect bearing,—for at this epoch every one learned to die boldly.

The solemn and sinister voice of the usher was again heard.

"The public prosecutor against the Citizeness Geneviève Dixmer."

A shudder ran through Maurice's frame, and a cold sweat bedewed his brow. The little door by which the accused entered suddenly opened, and Geneviève appeared. She was dressed in white; her ringlets were tastefully arranged, instead of being cut short, hanging in long masses of clustering curls. Doubtless, to the last moment poor Geneviève wished to appear beautiful to her lover, who might perchance be able to see her.

Maurice beheld Geneviève, and felt that all the strength he had collected was inadequate to this occasion, notwithstanding he had expected this blow, since for twelve days he had not omitted a single sitting, and three times already had the name of Geneviève proceeded from the mouth of the public prosecutor, and reached his

ear. But there are certain griefs and miseries so profound that it is quite impossible to sound the depths of the abyss.

All those who witnessed the appearance of this young female, so lovely, so pale and innocent, uttered a simultaneous cry; some of fury,—for at this period there existed a class of people who detested everything bordering on superiority of beauty, riches, or of birth,—others of admiration, and some of pity. Geneviève, doubtless, among all these cries had recognized one cry, amid all these voices had distinguished one voice, for she turned in the direction of Maurice, while the president, looking up at her from time to time, turned over the law papers of the accused.

At the first glance she discovered Maurice, concealed as his features were under the broad brim of his hat; and turning round with a sweet smile, and a gesture still more engaging, she pressed her rosy but trembling hands upon her lips, and depositing her whole soul with her breath, she gave wings to a last kiss, which only one in this vast crowd had the right to appropriate to himself.

A murmur of interest ran through the hall. Geneviève, recalled, turned toward her judges, but stopping suddenly in the midst of this movement, her eyes dilated, and became fixed with an undefinable expression of horror toward one point of the hall.

Maurice in vain raised himself on his toes; he saw nothing, or rather something of more consequence recalled his attention to the scene that was being enacted,—that is to say, to the Tribunal.

Fouquier Tinville had commenced reading the act of accusation. This act stated that Geneviève Dixmer was the wife of an obstinate conspirator suspected of having assisted the ex-Chevalier de Maison-Rouge in his successive attempts to rescue the queen. She had, besides, been surprised at the feet of the queen, entreating her to exchange garments with her, and offering to die in her stead. This absurd fanaticism, continued the act, merited, no doubt, the admiration of the counter-revolutionists; but in our day every French citizen owes his life to the nation; it is therefore double

treason to sacrifice it to the enemies of France.

Geneviève, when asked if she acknowledged that she had knelt before the queen, as stated by the two gendarmes Gilbert and Duchesne, and had entreated her to exchange vestments, simply replied, "Yes."

"Then," said the president, "inform us of your plan, and what hope you entertained of its success."

Geneviève smiled.

"A woman might conceive hopes," said she, "but a woman could not form a plan like this of which I am the victim."

"How came you there, then?"

"Not of my own accord. I was compelled."

"Who compelled you?" demanded the public prosecutor.

"Those who menaced me with death if I did not obey;" and again the agitated look of the young woman was centred on that part of the hall invisible to Maurice.

"But to escape from this death which menaced you, did you not know that you faced that death which must result from your condemnation?"

"When I consented, the knife was at my throat, while the guillotine was only in perspective. I succumbed under present violence."

"Why did you not call for assistance? All good citizens would have defended you."

"Alas! sir," said Geneviève, in a voice at once so sad and sweet that it caused Maurice's heart to beat tumultuously, "I had no one near me."

Commiseration succeeded to interest, as interest had succeeded to curiosity. Many heads were lowered, some to conceal their tears, many to allow them to flow freely.

Just then Maurice perceived on his left an immovable head and an inflexible countenance. It was Dixmer, standing dark, gloomy, and implacable, never for a moment losing sight of Geneviève or of the Tribunal.

The blood rushed to the young man's temples; rage mounted from his heart to his forehead, filling his whole being with intense desire for vengeance. He darted at Dixmer a look so replete with burning hate, so condensed and powerful, that he, as if attracted by the electric fluid, turned his head toward his enemy. Their glances encountered like two flashes.

"Tell us the names of your instigators," said the president.

"There was only one, sir."

"Who?"

"My husband."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes."

"Inform us of his retreat."

"He has been brutal, but I will not be cowardly. It is not for me to tell you his retreat, but for you to find him."

Maurice looked at Dixmer. He never moved. One idea flashed through the young man's brain. It was to denounce him at the same time that he denounced himself; but he quickly suppressed the thought.

"No," said he; "it is not thus that he should die."

"Then you refuse to assist us in our search?" said the president.

"I think, sir, I could not do so without rendering myself as contemptible in the eyes of others as he is in mine."

"Are there any witnesses?" demanded the president.

"There is one," replied the usher.

"Call the witness."

"Maximilien-Jean Lorin!" shouted the usher.

"Lorin!" cried Maurice, "Oh, my God! what has happened?"

This scene took place the same day that Lorin had been arrested, and Maurice was in utter ignorance of the fact.

"Lorin!" murmured Geneviève, looking round with anxious solicitude.

"Why does not the witness answer to the call?" demanded the president.

"Citizen President," said Fouquier Tinville, "upon a recent denunciation the witness was arrested at his own house; he will be brought directly."

Maurice started.

"There is another still more important witness," continued Fouquier; "but we have not yet been able to find him."

Dixmer turned toward Maurice smiling. Perhaps the same idea flitted through the mind of the husband which had before entered that of the lover.

Geneviève, pale and horror-stricken, uttered a low groan.

At this moment Lorin entered, followed by two gendarmes.

After him, and by the same door, Simon appeared, who came to take his seat in the judgment-hall, according to his custom in that locality.

"Your name and surname?" inquired the president.

"Maximilien-Jean Lorin."

"Your condition in life?"

"Independent."

"You will not remain so long," muttered Simon, shaking his fist at him.

"Are you related to the prisoner at the bar?"

"No; but I have the honor of being one of her friends."

"Are you aware that she conspired to carry off the queen?"

"How could I be aware of it?"

"She might have confided in you?"

"In me! a member of the section of the Thermopyles? A likely story!"

"Notwithstanding, you have sometimes been seen with her."

"I might have been seen with her often."

"Did you know that she was an aristocrat?"

"I knew her as the wife of a master-tanner."

"But her husband did not in reality follow the business which he pretended to."

"Of that I am ignorant; her husband was not one of my friends."

"Tell us what you know of this husband."

"Oh, very willingly. He is a villain, who—"

"Monsieur Lorin," said Geneviève, "for pity's sake!"

Lorin continued unmoved.

"He is a villain, who has sacrificed his wife, the poor woman before you, not so much to his political opinions as to his private hatred. Faugh! I look upon the brute as lower and more degraded even than Simon."

Dixmer became livid with rage. Simon wished to speak, but a gesture from the president imposed silence.

"You appear to know the whole history, Citizen Lorin," said Fouquier; "continue your testimony."

"Pardon me, Citizen Fouquier," said Lorin, rising; "I know nothing more." He bowed and reseated himself.

"Citizen Lorin," said Fouquier, "it is your bounden duty to enlighten this Tribunal."

"It has received all the light that I can give it. As to this poor woman, I repeat she has only acted under compulsion. Look at her! does she look like a conspirator? What she has done she was compelled to do. That is all."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"In the name of the law," said Fouquier, "I require that the witness Lorin shall be placed before this Tribunal as an accomplice of this woman."

Maurice groaned, while Geneviève buried her face in her hands.

Simon screamed out in a transport of joy, "Citizen Prosecutor, you are the savior of your country!"

As to Lorin, he leaped over the balustrade without making any reply, and seating himself near to Geneviève, took her hand, and respectfully kissed it, saying, "Good-day, Madame," with a coolness which electrified the assembly; "how do you do?"

Then he took his seat on the bench of the accused.

CHAPTER LII.

SEQUEL TO THE PRECEDING.

All this scene had passed before Maurice like a fantastic vision. Leaning upon the handle of his sword, which he had never quitted, he saw his friends precipitated one after another into that gulf which never yields back its victims; and this fatal sight so affected him that he asked himself why he, the companion of these unfortunates, should still cling to the brink of the precipice, and not surrender himself to the giddiness which was dragging him with them.

In leaping the balustrade Lorin saw the dark and sneering features of Dixmer.

When, as we have said, he had placed himself near Geneviève, she whispered in his ear.

"Mon Dieu!" said she, "do you know that Maurice is here?"

"Where?"

"Do not look round directly; one look might prove his ruin."

"Calm yourself."

"Behind us, near the door. What a trial for him if we are condemned!"

Lorin regarded the young woman with tender sympathy.

"We shall be," said he. "I conjure you not to doubt it. The deception would be too cruel if you were to permit yourself to hope."

"Oh, my God!" said Geneviève, "pity our poor friend, who will remain alone in the world!"

Lorin then turned round toward Maurice, and Geneviève also could not refrain from glancing at him.

His eyes were fixed upon them both, and one hand was placed upon his heart.

"There is one way to save you," said Lorin.

"Are you sure?" said Geneviève, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"Oh, of that one I am sure," replied Lorin.

"Oh, if you can save me how I will bless you!"

"But this way—" replied the young man.

Geneviève read his hesitation in his eyes.

"You have also seen him?" said she.

"Yes; I have seen him. Will you be saved? Let him, in his turn, take his seat in the iron arm-chair, and you will be safe." Dixmer, doubtless from Lorin's look and the expression of his countenance, divined what he uttered. He at first turned pale, but soon recovered his gloomy composure and satanic smile.

"Impossible!" said Geneviève; "I can no longer hate him."

"Say that he knows your generous nature, and defies you."

"No doubt; for he is sure of him, of me, of us all."

"Geneviève! Geneviève! I am less perfect than you. Let me bring him here! Let him

perish!"

"No, Lorin, I conjure you. Nothing in common with that man, not even death. It seems to me I should be unfaithful to Maurice were I to die with Dixmer."

"But you will not die."

"How can I live when Maurice is to die?"

"Ah!" said Lorin, "Maurice has reason to love you; you are an angel, and heaven is the angels' home. Poor dear Maurice!"

In the mean time Simon, who could not overhear the conversation between the accused, devoured their looks instead of their words.

"Citizen Gendarme," said he, "prevent those conspirators from continuing their plots against the Republic, even in the Revolutionary Tribunal."

"You know, Citizen Simon," replied the gendarme, "that here they conspire no more, and if they do so it will not be for long. These citizens are only conversing together; and since the law does not forbid them to do so in the car, why should it be forbidden at the Tribunal?"

This gendarme was Gilbert, who, having recognized the prisoner taken in the queen's chamber, avowed with his ordinary honesty the interest which he could not help according to her courage and devotion.

The president having consulted the court, at the request of Fouquier Tinville commenced his questions.

"Accused Lorin," demanded he, "of what nature was your acquaintance with the citizen Madame Dixmer?"

"Of what nature, Citizen President?"

"The pure flame of friendship bound us one to another; As a sister she loved me, and I her as a brother."

"Citizen Lorin," said Fouquier Tinville, "your poetry is out of season here, and the

rhythm is bad."

"Why so?"

"You have one syllable too many."

"Cut it off! cut it off! Citizen Prosecutor! that is your trade, you know."

The imperturbable countenance of Fouquier Tinville assumed a pallid hue at this horrible pleasantry.

"And in what light," demanded the president, "did the Citizen Dixmer view this liaison of a professed Republican with his wife?"

"As to that I can tell you nothing, declaring that I was never acquainted with the Citizen Dixmer, and never had any desire to be so."

"But," resumed Fouquier Tinville, "you did not tell us that your friend Maurice Lindey formed the link of this pure friendship between yourself and the accused?"

"If I did not say so," replied Lorin, "it was because it seemed to me wrong to speak of it; and I think that you might even follow my example."

"The citizen jurors," said Fouquier Tinville, "will appreciate this singular alliance between an aristocrat and two Republicans, and at the very moment when this aristocrat is convicted of the blackest plot that could be concocted against the nation."

"How should I know anything concerning this plot you speak of?" demanded Lorin, disgusted by the brutal stupidity of the argument.

"You were acquainted with this woman; you were her friend; you term yourself her brother; you speak of her as your sister,—and you were not cognizant of her proceedings? Is it then probable, as you have yourself remarked," continued the president, "that she would have committed alone this act imputed to her?"

"She did not commit it alone," replied Lorin, repeating the technical words used by the president; "since, as she has told you, and I have told you, and now repeat, her

husband compelled her."

"Then how is it that you are not acquainted with the husband," said Fouquier Tinville, "since the husband was united with the wife?"

It remained only for Lorin to recount the first disappearance of Dixmer; to mention the amours of Geneviève and his friend; and, in short, to relate the manner in which Dixmer had carried off and concealed his wife in some impenetrable retreat,—it needed only this to exculpate himself from all connivance, and to elucidate the whole mystery. But for this he must betray the secrets of his two friends; to do this would be to put Geneviève to shame before five hundred people. Lorin shook his head, as if saying "no" to himself.

"Well?" demanded the president, "what do you reply to the public prosecutor?"

"That his logic is crushing," said Lorin; "and I am now convinced of one thing which I never even suspected before."

"What is that?"

"That I am, as it appears, one of the most frightful conspirators that has ever been seen."

This declaration elicited a roar of laughter; even the jury could not refrain, so ludicrous was the young man's manner in enunciating these words.

Fouquier felt the ridicule; and since with his usual indefatigable perseverance he had managed to know all the secrets of the accused as well as they did themselves, he could not help feeling toward Lorin a sentiment of pity mingled with admiration.

"Come, Citizen Lorin," said he, "speak in your own defence. The Tribunal will lend a willing ear. We are acquainted with your previous conduct, and it has always been that of a stanch Republican."

Simon essayed to speak; but the president made him a signal to remain silent.

"Speak, Citizen Lorin!" said he; "we are all attention;" but Lorin only shook his

head.

"This silence is confession," said the president.

"Not so," said Lorin; "silence is silence, that is all."

"Once more," said Fouquier Tinville; "will you speak?"

Lorin turned toward the audience to encounter the eyes of Maurice, and to learn from them what course he would wish him to pursue; but Maurice made no sign to him to speak, and Lorin maintained his former silence. This was self-condemnation.

All that followed was quickly executed. Fouquier summed up his accusation; the president reviewed the evidence; the jury retired, and unanimously returned a verdict of "guilty" against Lorin and Geneviève.

The president condemned them both to suffer the penalty of death.

Two o'clock sounded from the great clock of the Palace.

The president had just time sufficient to pronounce the condemnation as the clock struck.

Maurice heard the two with a sense of confusion and utter bewilderment.

When the vibration had ceased, his strength was utterly exhausted. The gendarmes led away Geneviève and Lorin, who had offered her his arm.

Both saluted Maurice, but in different ways. Lorin smiled; but Geneviève, pale and fainting, wafted him a last kiss upon her fingers, bathed in tears.

She had till the last moment clung to the hope of life, and now wept, not the loss of her life, but of her love, which must perish with her.

Maurice, half mad, had not replied to his friends' farewell. He rose, pale and bewildered, from the bench on which he had fallen. His friends had disappeared.

He felt only one sentiment alive within him. It was the hatred which was gnawing at his heart.

He threw a last look around him and recognized Dixmer, who was leaving with the rest of the spectators, and at that moment stooped to pass under the arched door of the passage.

With the rapidity of a steel spring when it unbends, Maurice sprang from bench to bench, and reached the door.

Dixmer had already passed through, and descended into the darkened corridor. Maurice followed behind him. At the moment Dixmer planted his foot on the pavement of the grand hall, Maurice tapped him on the shoulder.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE DUEL.

At this epoch it was always a serious thing to feel a touch upon the shoulder. Dixmer turned, and recognized Maurice.

"Ah! good-day, Citizen Republican," said Dixmer, without evincing any other emotion than an almost imperceptible start, which he immediately repressed.

"Good-day, Citizen Coward," replied Maurice. "You were waiting for me, were you not?"

"That is to say," replied Dixmer, "that, on the contrary, I had ceased to expect you."

"Why was that?"

"Because I expected you sooner."

"I still arrive too soon for you, assassin!" added Maurice, with a murmured growl rather than a voice, since it resembled the grumbling of a storm gathered in his heart, his looks being like the lightning's flashes.

"You fling fire from your eyes, Citizen," replied Dixmer. "We shall be recognized, and followed."

"Yes; and you fear to be arrested, do you not? You dread lest you might be conducted to the scaffold where you send others. Let them arrest us, so much the

better; for it seems to me that the life of one guilty wretch was due to national justice."

"As there is one name the less on the list of people of honor. Is it not so—since yours has disappeared?"

"Well, we shall speak about all that again, I hope; but, in the mean time, you are avenged—miserably avenged—upon a woman. Why, since you have waited for me elsewhere, did you not do so at my house, when you stole away Geneviève?"

"You were the first thief, I believe."

"Neither by your wit nor your words have I ever known you, sir. I know you better by your actions,—witness the day when you wanted to murder me. That day your true nature spoke."

"And I have more than once regretted that I did not listen to it," answered Dixmer, coolly.

"Well," said Maurice, touching his sword, "I offer you your revenge."

"To-morrow, if you like, but not to-day."

"And why to-morrow?"

"Or this evening."

"Why not directly?"

"Because I am engaged till five o'clock."

"Another hideous project!" said Maurice; "another ambush!"

"Really, Monsieur Maurice, you are rather ungrateful!" replied Dixmer. "In truth you are. Here, for six months, I have allowed you to make love to my wife; for six months have permitted your meetings, and have not noticed your smiles. Never man, you must confess, has evinced so little of the tiger in his composition as myself."

"That is to say, you thought I might be useful, and you could mould me to your purpose."

"Without doubt," returned Dixmer, calmly, who ruled his own passion as much as Maurice was carried away by his. "Without doubt; while you were betraying your Republic, and were selling it to me for a look from my wife; while you were dishonoring yourselves,—you by your treason, she by her adulterous love,—I remained the sage and hero. I waited, and I triumphed."

"Horrible!" said Maurice.

"Is it not? Yes; you appreciate your own conduct fully, sir. It is horrible!—it is infamous!"

"You deceive yourself, sir; the conduct I term horrible and infamous is that of the man to whom the honor of a woman had been confided, who had sworn to guard this honor pure and unsullied, and who, instead of keeping his word and oath, employed her beauty as a shameful bait to ensnare a feeble heart. It was your sacred duty beyond all others to protect this woman, and instead of protecting her, you have sold her."

"What I had to do, sir," replied Dixmer, "I will tell you. I had to save my friend who united with me in this sacred cause. Even as I have sacrificed my property to this cause, so have I sacrificed my honor. As for me, I have completely forgotten, completely effaced myself. Now my friend is no more; he has died by the poniard. My queen is no more; she has died ignominiously on the scaffold. Now! now! I can think of revenge."

"Say of assassination."

"One cannot assassinate an adulteress; when she is killed, she is but punished for her crime."

"This sin you imposed upon her, therefore it was rendered lawful."

"You think so?" said Dixmer, with a sardonic smile. "Judge from her remorse if she believes she has acted lawfully."

"Those who punish strike openly. You, you do not punish; for while striking you fly, and while casting her head to the guillotine you conceal yourself."

"I fly! I hide myself! when did you see that, poor idiot that you are?" demanded Dixmer. "Is it concealing myself to be present at her condemnation? Is it flying when I go into the Salle des Morts to fling her my last adieu?"

"You are going to see her again,—to fling her a last adieu?" cried Maurice.

"Decidedly you are not expert at revenge, Citizen," replied Dixmer, shrugging his shoulders. "Thus, in my situation you would abandon these events to their strength alone, these circumstances to their natural course; thus, for example, the adulterous woman having merited death, the moment she has received the punishment of death I am quits with her, or rather she is quits with me. No, Citizen Maurice; I know better than that. I have discovered a way to return this woman all the evil she has done me. She loves you, and will die far from you; she detests me, and I will be near her. There!" said he, drawing a pocket-book from his pocket, "do you see this? It contains a card signed by the registrar of the Palace. With this card I can gain near access to the condemned. I will penetrate to Geneviève; I will call her 'Adulteress!' I shall see her curls fall under the hand of the vile executioner, and as they are severed she shall still hear my voice hissing, 'Adulteress!' I will even accompany her to the fatal car, and as she plants her foot upon the scaffold, the last sound that greets her ear shall be the word 'Adulteress!'"

"Take care! she will not have strength to support so much cowardice; she will denounce you."

"No," cried Dixmer, "she hates me too much for that. If she had wished to denounce me she would have done so when her friend urged her so softly. If she did not denounce me to save her life, she will not do so that I may die with her; for she well knows in that case I should retard her execution for a day. She well knows that if she denounces me, I shall go with her not only to the lowest step of the Palace, but even

to the scaffold; she well knows that instead of leaving her at the foot of the ladder, I shall ascend into the car with her, and that, seated by her side, the whole length of the road I shall constantly repeat the one dreadful word 'Adulteress;' that even on the scaffold I shall continue to do so till the moment she sinks into eternity and the accusation falls with her."

Dixmer was frightful in this state of anger and hatred. He seized Maurice by the hand and shook it with a force unknown to the young man, upon whom this had acted with a contrary effect; as Dixmer became excited, Maurice grew calm.

"Listen!" said the young man, "in your vengeance you have omitted one thing."

"What?"

"That you will be able to tell her, 'On leaving the Tribunal, I have seen your lover, and have killed him.'"

"On the contrary, I prefer telling her that you live, and will suffer for the remainder of your days from the spectacle of her death."

"You shall kill me, notwithstanding," said Maurice; "or," added he, turning round and finding himself nearly master of his position, "I will kill you!"

And pale with emotion, and excited by fury, finding his strength redoubled from the restraint he had imposed upon his feelings while listening to the unfolding of Dixmer's horrible project, he seized him by the throat and drew him backward toward a stair which led to the high bank of the river. At the contact with his hand, Dixmer, in his turn, felt hatred rush over him like hot lava.

"You need not compel me by force, I will follow."

"Come, then. You are armed."

"I will follow you."

"No, go first; but I give you notice, at the least sign or gesture I will cleave your skull with my sword."

"You know I am a stranger to fear," said Dixmer, with a smile rendered frightful from his pallor.

"Fear of my sword," said Maurice, "no; but fear of losing your revenge; and now that we are face to face you may bid it adieu."

They had, indeed, arrived at the water's brink; and had any one seen and followed them, he could not have arrived in time to prevent the duel from taking place, since an equal desire for vengeance now animated both. While speaking, they had descended the short stair leading to the Palace square, and gained the nearly deserted quay; for as the condemnations continued, seeing it was two o'clock at least, the crowd still filled the judgment-hall, the corridors, and the courts.

They appeared equally to thirst for each other's blood.

They plunged under one of those arches leading from the cells of the Conciergerie to the river; at this time drained, but then foul and saturated with blood, serving more than once as a means of conveyance for the corpses, which floated far away from the dungeons, leaving no trace behind.

Maurice placed himself between Dixmer and the water.

"I decidedly think I shall kill you, Maurice," said Dixmer, "you tremble so much."

"And I, Dixmer," said Maurice, taking his sword in hand and carefully enclosing him so as to cut off all retreat,—"I, on the contrary, believe that I shall kill you; and having killed you, shall remove from your pocket-book the pass signed by the registrar of the Palace. Nay, you need not button your coat; my sword shall open it, I will be bound, were it even formed of brass like the cuirasses of old."

"And this paper," roared Dixmer, "you will take it, will you?"

"Yes," said Maurice; "I will use the pass. With this talisman I will secure an entrance to Geneviève. I will sit next her in the car; I will murmur in her ear while her life remains, 'I love thee;' and when the last stroke has fallen, I will murmur still,

'I loved thee.'"

Dixmer made a movement with his left hand to take the pass from his pocket, and together with the pocket-book to cast it into the river, when rapid as a thunderbolt, and trenchant as a hatchet, Maurice's sword fell upon his hand, nearly severing it from the wrist. The wounded man uttered a cry, and shaking his mutilated limb, flung himself furiously on his antagonist.

Then in the obscurity of this gloomy vault the deadly combat commenced. The two men, enclosed in a space so narrow that the sword strokes could not diverge from the line of the body, slid upon the humid pavement, and with difficulty supported themselves by the sides of the arch; the impatience of the combatants caused them to redouble their blows. Dixmer, who, as he felt his life-blood flow, was aware that his strength diminished, charged Maurice so furiously that the latter was compelled to step backward; in so doing he lost his footing, and his enemy's sword grazed his breast. But by a movement rapid as thought, kneeling as he was, he raised the blade with his left arm and turned the point toward Dixmer, who, maddened with rage, darted forward, and impelled by the inclining ground, fell on the sword, the point of which entered his body. He uttered a fearful imprecation, and the two bodies rolled to the outside of the arch.

One only rose. It was Maurice,—Maurice covered with blood, but with the blood of his enemy.

He drew his sword toward him, and as he drew it the remnant of life which still agitated with a nervous shuddering the limbs of Dixmer, ceased.

Then, when assured that he was dead, Maurice stooped toward the corpse, opened the dead man's coat, withdrew the pass, and hurried away directly.

But on looking at himself he felt assured that in his present state he should not proceed far without being arrested. He was literally covered with blood.

He approached the water's edge, and bending toward the river, washed his hands and

coat. He then rapidly ascended the steps, casting a last look toward the arch, from whence a red, smoking stream issued, advancing slowly toward the river.

On approaching the Palace he opened the pocket-book, and there found the pass signed by the registrar.

"Thanks, just God!" murmured he, and he rapidly mounted the steps leading to the Salle des Morts.

It struck three.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SALLE DES MORTS.

It will be remembered that the registrar of the Palace had opened his jailer's book to Dixmer, and had also entered into an arrangement with him which the presence of Geneviève rendered peculiarly agreeable. This man, it may be imagined, was terribly alarmed when the news of Dixmer's plot was communicated to him. He would doubtless be considered as nothing less than an accomplice of Dixmer, his false colleague, and would therefore be condemned to die with the wretched Geneviève. Fouquier Tinville had summoned him to appear before him.

It may easily be understood that this poor man would have some trouble to prove himself innocent in the eyes of the public prosecutor; he had, however, succeeded in so doing, thanks to Geneviève, whose declaration had clearly established his utter ignorance of the plot of her husband. He had succeeded, thanks to Dixmer's flight, and above all from the interest excited in Fouquier Tinville, who wished to preserve his administration free from all stain.

"Citizen," said he, flinging himself upon his knees before Fouquier, "pardon me, for I have been deceived."

"Citizen," replied the public prosecutor, "an employee of the nation who in these days permits himself to be deceived deserves to be guillotined."

"I may have been a blockhead, Citizen," replied the registrar, who was longing to call Fouquier Tinville "Monseigneur."

"Blockhead or not," replied the rigid prosecutor, "no one should allow his love for the Republic to sleep. The spies of the Capitol were only geese, yet they were sufficiently awake to save Rome."

The registrar looked upon this argument as totally unanswerable; he groaned, and remained waiting.

"I pardon you," said Fouquier Tinville. "I will go so far as to defend you, since I do not wish one of my employees to be even suspected; but you will bear in mind that at the least word that reaches my ears, the least revival of this affair, you shall go to the scaffold."

It is scarcely necessary to say with what anxiety this man sought the newspapers, always in haste to tell what they know, and sometimes more than they can certify, even should they cause the heads of ten men to fall by the guillotine.

He sought Dixmer everywhere, to recommend him to keep his own counsel; but Dixmer had very naturally changed his apartments, and was nowhere to be found.

Geneviève had been placed on the bench of the accused, and had already, in her testimony, declared that neither herself nor husband had any accomplices; and he thanked the poor woman with his eyes as she passed before him on her way to the Tribunal.

When she had passed, and he was returning to the office to fetch some law papers for Fouquier Tinville, he all at once saw Dixmer approaching him with a calm and quiet step.

This vision petrified him.

"Oh!" said he, as if he had seen a spectre.

"Do you not know me?" said the new-comer.

"Of course, I do. You are the Citizen Durand, or rather the Citizen Dixmer."

"Just so."

"But are you a dead man, Citizen?"

"Not yet, as you see."

"I mean to say that they will arrest you."

"Who wants to arrest me?—no one knows me."

"But I know you; and it only needs one word from me to send you to the guillotine."

"And two words from me to send you there with me."

"It is shameful of you to say that."

"No; it is logic."

"But what is your business? Make haste,—speak quickly; for the less time we are together the less danger we incur from each other."

"My wife is about to be condemned, is it not so?"

"I greatly fear for her, poor woman!"

"Well, I wish to see her once more, to bid her adieu."

"Where?"

"In the Salle des Morts."

"Would you dare to enter there?"

"Why not?"

"Oh!" said the registrar, like a man whose hair stood on end at the very thought.

"There must be some way," continued Dixmer.

"To enter the Salle des Morts? Without doubt there is."

"How?"

"To procure a pass."

"And where are these passes to be procured?"

The registrar turned frightfully pale, and stammered, "Where are they to be procured, you ask?"

"I inquire where are they to be procured?" replied Dixmer; "the question is plain enough, I think."

"They are procured—here."

"Ah! true; and who usually signs them?"

"The registrar."

"But you are the registrar?"

"Certainly I am."

"Oh, how lucky that is!" said Dixmer, seating himself, "you will sign me a pass."

The registrar made one bound.

"Do you ask for my head, Citizen?" said he.

"No; I ask you for a pass, that is all."

"I shall have you arrested, unhappy man!" said he, summoning all his energy.

"Do," said Dixmer; "and the next moment I will denounce you as an accomplice, and instead of leaving me to go alone to the famous hall, you shall accompany me."

The registrar turned ghastly pale.

"Villain!" said he.

"There is no villany in that," said Dixmer; "I wish to speak to my wife, and all I require of you is a pass to enable me to do so."

"Is it then so imperative that you should speak to her?"

"It seems so, since I risk my head to do so."

This appeared very plausible to the registrar, and Dixmer immediately perceived that he was relenting.

"Rest assured," said he, "no one shall know anything. The devil! why surely sometimes a similar case to mine must present itself to your notice!"

"Very rarely; it is by no means a common occurrence. But, let me see; let us arrange it in another way."

"If it is possible, I should ask nothing better."

"Nothing is more possible. Enter by the door of the condemned; there a card is not required. Then, when you have spoken to your wife, call me, and I will let you out."

"Not a bad idea," said Dixmer; "but unfortunately there is a story current in the city."

"What story?"

"The history of a poor hunchback who mistook the door, thinking to enter the archives, but instead of so doing found himself in the hall of which we are now speaking. Only since he had entered by the door of the condemned instead of the large door, as he had no pass to prove his identity, once there he was not permitted to go out. They strenuously maintained that since he entered the door with the other condemned, he was condemned likewise. In vain he protested, swore, appealed; no one believed him, no one came to his assistance, no one helped him to get out. So that, notwithstanding his protestations, his oaths, and supplications, the executioner first cut off his hair, and afterward his head. Is this anecdote true, Citizen Registrar! You ought to know better than any one else."

"Alas! yes; it is too true," said the registrar, trembling.

"You must see then that with such a precedent I should be a fool to enter this cut-throat place without a pass."

"But I shall be there, I tell you."

"But if you should happen to be called away; if you should be otherwise engaged; if you should forget!"

Dixmer laid particular stress on these last words, "if you should forget."

"But since I promise you—"

"No; besides it would compromise you. They would see you speaking to me; and, in short, it does not suit me. I therefore prefer a pass."

"Impossible!"

"Then, dear sir, I will speak; and we shall both take a ride together to the Place de la Révolution."

The registrar, bewildered, stupefied, half-dead with terror, signed a pass for a "citizen."

Dixmer rose and went out precipitately to take his station in the judgment-hall, where we have already seen him. The rest is known to us.

At the same moment the registrar, to avoid all accusation of connivance, went and seated himself near Fouquier Tinville, leaving the management of the office to his head clerk.

At ten minutes to three, Maurice, furnished with the pass, crossing a hedge of turnkeys and gendarmes, arrived without interruption at the fatal door.

When we say fatal, we exaggerate, for there were two doors,—the principal one by which those possessing passes entered and returned; and the door of the condemned, by which no one departed except to the scaffold.

The place that Maurice entered was divided into two compartments. One of these was set apart for those employed in registering the name of the arrivals; the other, furnished only with wooden benches, was appropriated for the reception of those who were arrested and those who were condemned, which amounted to pretty nearly the same thing.

The hall was very dark, lighted only from the panes of the partition which divided it from the register-office.

A female dressed in white, in a half-fainting attitude, lay in a corner, supported

against the wall.

A man was standing in front of her, from time to time shaking his head. His arms were crossed upon his breast, and he hesitated to speak to her, as if fearful of restoring her to the consciousness she appeared to have lost.

Around these two individuals several condemned persons were scattered promiscuously,—some giving vent to their feelings in sobs and groans, others joining in patriotic songs, while the remainder walked rapidly up and down, as if to chase away the thoughts which devoured them.

This was indeed the antechamber of death, and the furniture rendered it worthy of the name. Here were seen half-opened coffins filled with straw, seeming as if to invite the living to their beds of repose, the receptacles provided for the ashes of the dead.

There was a large closet opposite the partition. A prisoner, prompted by curiosity, opened it, but recoiled horror-struck. It contained the blood-stained garments of those executed on the preceding evening; long tresses of hair hanging here and there, the executioner's perquisites, who sold them to the relatives when not enjoined by the authorities to burn these precious relics.

Maurice, trembling with emotion, had hardly opened the door, when the whole tableau at once presented itself to his view. He advanced three steps into the hall, and fell at Geneviève's feet. The unfortunate woman uttered a cry, which Maurice stifled on her lips.

Lorin, weeping, pressed his friend in his arms; these were the first tears he had shed.

Strange that all these unhappy individuals, assembled to die together, scarcely looked at the touching tableau presented to their view by their unfortunate fellow-creatures! Every one suffered too much himself to take part in the miseries of others.

The three friends remained for a moment united in a silent embrace, happy, almost

joyous. Lorin was the first of the ill-fated group to disengage himself.

"Are you, then, condemned also?" said he to Maurice.

"Yes," replied he.

"Oh, happiness!" murmured Geneviève.

But the joy of those who have only one hour to live cannot last even as long as their lives. Maurice, having contemplated Geneviève with looks of ardent and profound affection, and having thanked her for the expression, at once so egotistical and so tender, which had just escaped her, turned toward Lorin.

"Now," said he, taking Geneviève's hands within his own, "let us talk together."

"Yes," said Lorin; "let us converse while the time remains to us. It is only right so to do. What do you wish to say to me, Maurice?"

"You have been arrested for my sake, condemned on account of her. As for Geneviève and me, we are paying our debt; it is not fair, at the same time, that you should be made to pay also."

"I do not understand you."

"Lorin, you are free."

"I free? You are mad!" said Lorin.

"No, I am not mad; I repeat that you are free. See, here is a pass. They will inquire who you are; you are employed at the registrar-office of the Carmelites, and are going to speak to the registrar of the Palace; you have, from motives of curiosity, requested a pass from him to see the condemned; you have seen them, and are now leaving, perfectly satisfied with your visit."

"This is a joke, is it not?"

"No, indeed, my friend; here is the pass, take advantage of it. You are not a lover, like myself; you do not need to die that you may be enabled to pass a few more minutes in the society of the well-beloved of your heart, and not to lose a second of

eternity with her."

"But, Maurice," replied Lorin, "if one might be able to get out from here—a circumstance I swear to you I could not have believed possible—why do you not first save the lady? As to yourself, we will consider afterward about that."

"Impossible!" said Maurice, with a frightful oppression at his heart, "this card is for a man, not for a lady; besides, Geneviève would not depart, and leave me here, to live herself, while knowing that I remained to die."

"If she would not, then why should I? Do you imagine I possess less courage than a woman?"

"No, dear friend; I know and acknowledge your bravery, but nothing can excuse your obstinacy in this case. Then profit by this moment, and allow us the supreme felicity of knowing and feeling that you are free and happy."

"Happy!" exclaimed Lorin; "you are facetious, surely? Happy without you, eh? What the devil am I to do in this world without you; in Paris, without my usual avocations? Never to see you again, never to weary you more with my doggerel rhymes,—ah, good faith, no!"

"Lorin, my friend—"

"Exactly; it is because I am your friend that I persist in my opinion. With the prospect of recovering you both, were I a prisoner as I now am, I would tear down the walls; but to save myself, and go out from here alone into the streets, my head bowed down with a feeling resembling remorse, and a continual cry in my ears: 'Maurice!—Geneviève!' To pass into certain quarters and before certain houses where I have seen your persons, but shall now only recognize your shadows; to come at last to such an extremity of despair as to execrate this dear Paris that I have loved so well; ah, by my faith, no! And I find there was good reason for proscribing kings, were it only on account of King Dagobert."

"And what relation has King Dagobert with what concerns us?"

"What? Did not this frightful tyrant say to the great Éloi, 'The best company must part?' Ah, well! I am a Republican, and I say that nothing should make us quit good company, not even the guillotine; I feel very comfortable here, and here I will remain."

"My poor friend! my poor friend!" said Maurice.

Geneviève said nothing, but looked at them with eyes bathed in tears.

"You regret to lose your life, then?" said Lorin.

"Yes, on her account."

"I am not in the least sorry at losing mine, not even on account of the Goddess Reason, who, I had forgotten to tell you, has latterly behaved most shamefully to me; who will not take the trouble even to console herself, like the other Arthémise of old. I shall go to my death perfectly cool and rather facetious. I will amuse all the beggarly wretches who follow the car. I will repeat a pretty quatrain to Monsieur Sanson, and wish the company good-night,—that is to say—wait!—" Lorin interrupted himself. "Ah! to be sure," said he, "I will go out. I well knew that I loved no one, but I forgot that I hated some one. The time, Maurice, the time?"

"Half-past three."

"I have time, Heaven! there is time."

"Certainly," cried Maurice; "there are nine more accused persons still to be tried, this will not terminate before five o'clock; we have therefore nearly two hours' respite."

"That is all that I require; give me your pass, and lend me twenty sous."

"Mon Dieu! what are you going to do?" murmured Geneviève. Maurice pressed his hand. The all-important thing for him was that Lorin was going out.

"I have my own plan," said Lorin.

Maurice drew his purse from his pocket, and placed it in his friend's hand.

"Now, the pass, for the love of God!—I ought to say for the love of the Supreme Being."

Maurice gave him the pass.

Lorin kissed Geneviève's hand, and availing himself of the moment when a fresh batch of the condemned were ushered in, he leaped the benches, and presented himself before the principal entrance.

"Eh!" said the gendarme, "here is one, it appears to me, trying to escape."

Lorin drew himself up and presented his pass.

"Hold, Citizen Gendarme," said he, "and learn to know people better."

The gendarme recognized the signature of the registrar, but belonging to a class of functionaries rather wanting in confidence, and as at this moment the registrar himself came down from the Tribunal with a nervous shudder, which had not left him since he had so imprudently hazarded his signature,—

"Citizen Registrar," said he, "here is a pass bearing your signature, with which this person wishes to leave the Salle des Morts, is it all right?"

The registrar turned pale with fright, and feeling convinced that if he turned his eyes in that direction it would only be to encounter the terrible look of Dixmer, hastily seized the card and replied,—

"Yes, yes; it is my signature."

"Then," cried Lorin, "if it is your signature, return it to me."

"No;" said the registrar, tearing it into a thousand pieces; "these cards can be available only once."

Lorin remained for a moment irresolute.

"So much the worse," said he; "but above all things it is necessary I should kill him;" and he passed through the office.

Maurice had followed Lorin with an emotion easy to comprehend. When he had

disappeared, Maurice returned, saying with an exultation nearly amounting to joy, "He is saved! Geneviève; the card is destroyed, therefore he cannot enter. Besides, even if he were able to gain admission, the sitting of the Tribunal will have terminated. At five o'clock, he will return; but we shall have ceased to live."

Geneviève shuddered, and breathed a deep sigh.

"Oh, press me in your arms," said she, "and let us separate no more! Why is it not possible, oh, my God! for one blow to annihilate us both, that together we might breathe our last sigh?"

Then retiring into the depth of the gloomy hall, Geneviève placed herself near Maurice, and twined her arms round his neck. Thus they remained, rendered by the strength of their love insensible to the surrounding scene, almost to the approach of death itself.

Half an hour passed thus.

CHAPTER LV.

WHY LORIN WENT OUT.

Suddenly a loud noise was heard; the gendarmes entered by the lower door, behind them appearing Sanson and his assistants, the latter carrying rolls of cord.

"Oh, my love!" said Geneviève, "the fatal moment has arrived, and I feel that my senses are leaving me!"

"There you are wrong," said the cheering voice of Lorin.

"That you are wrong is plain, you see; For what is death but to be free?"

"Lorin!" cried Maurice, in despair.

"They are not good, are they? I have adopted your opinion since yesterday; I can only make contemptible—"

"Ah! that is the question. You are returned, unhappy man, you are returned!"

"I considered that was our agreement. But listen, as what I have to say to you will

also interest the lady."

"My God! my God!"

"Allow me to speak, or I shall not have time to tell you all. I wished to go out that I might purchase a knife in the Rue de la Baullerie."

"What did you want with a knife?"

"I wished to despatch this nice Monsieur Dixmer."

Geneviève shuddered.

"Ah!" said Maurice, "I comprehend."

"I purchased it. Listen attentively to what I said to myself, and you will understand your friend has a mind for logic; indeed, I begin to think I should have been a mathematician instead of a poet. Unfortunately, it is now too late. This is the way I reasoned: Monsieur Dixmer has compromised his wife; Monsieur Dixmer was present at her trial; and Monsieur Dixmer will not deprive himself of the pleasure of seeing her pass in the fatal car; especially as we accompany her. I will then look out for him among the foremost of the spectators. I will glide near him, and say, 'Good-day, Monsieur Dixmer;' and I will plunge my knife into his heart."

"Lorin!" cried Geneviève.

"Compose yourself, dear friend; Providence had arranged all. Picture to yourselves the spectators, instead of remaining stationary in front of the Palace, according to their usual custom, made a half-turn to the right, and lined the quay. 'Oh!' said I to myself, 'it is doubtless a dog drowned. Why should not Dixmer be there? Even a dog drowning will serve to pass away the time.' I approached the parapet, and beheld all along the high bank a crowd of people who, throwing their arms aloft into the air, and uttering loud exclamations, stooped down to gaze at something on the ground. I joined them, and also looked down. There was something!—Guess what it was."

"Dixmer!" said Maurice, in a gloomy tone.

"Yes. How could you guess that? Yes; it was Dixmer, killed by a ghastly wound. The unfortunate wretch had no doubt committed suicide in expiation of his guilt."

"Ah," said Maurice, with a sad smile, "do you think so?"

Geneviève let her head droop between her hands. She was too feeble to support these successive emotions.

"Yes; I thought so, from his blood-stained sword being found near him; unless, indeed—he had met some one."

Maurice, without reply, availing himself of the moment when Geneviève, overpowered by emotion, did not observe him, opened his coat and displayed to Lorin his waistcoat and shirt stained with blood.

"Ah! that alters the case," said Lorin, as he held out his hand to Maurice. "Now," said he, whispering in his ear, "they have not searched me, seeing that I entered in Sanson's suite. I have still the knife, if the guillotine is too revolting to your feelings."

Maurice seized the weapon with a joyful expression.

"No," said he, "she would suffer too much," and he returned the knife to Lorin.

"You are right," said Lorin; "long live Monsieur Guillotine! Why, what is it, after all? A fillip on the neck, according to Danton. And what signifies a fillip?"

And he flung his knife in the midst of a group of the condemned, one of whom immediately seized and buried it in his breast. He was dead in an instant.

At the same moment Geneviève awoke, and uttered a piercing cry. She felt the pressure of the executioner's hand upon her shoulder.

CHAPTER LVI.

LONG LIVE SIMON!

At the sound of this cry Maurice understood that the struggle was about to commence. The influence of love may be able to exalt the soul to heroism,—it may,

against natural instinct, impel a human being to desire death, but it had not in this instance extinguished the repugnance to pain. It was evident that Geneviève resigned herself the more patiently to death since Maurice was to die with her; but resignation does not exclude suffering, and to quit this world is not only to fall into the abyss termed unknown, but also to suffer in the descent.

Maurice, at a glance, embraced the entire scene, and thought of what would follow.

In the centre of the hall lay the suicide, from whose breast the gendarme had just torn the weapon of destruction, fearing, probably, it might be used by some of the others.

Around him were several individuals mute with despair and scarcely heeding him, inscribing in their pocket-books some disconnected words, or pressing one another's hands; some repeating, without any intermission, a cherished name, or bathing with tears a portrait, a ring, or tress of hair; some venting imprecations against tyranny, a state of affairs cursed by all, ay sometimes even by the tyrants themselves. In the midst of these unfortunates, Sanson, oppressed less from his fifty years than his melancholy office,—Sanson, as mild, and as much their consoler as his terrible vocation permitted him to be, to this one offered advice, to that one some sad consolation or encouragement, finding some Christian responses to their accents of despair as well as to their bravado.

"Citizeness," said he to Geneviève, "I must remove your scarf, and cut off your hair, if you please."

Geneviève began to tremble.

"Come, dear lady," said Lorin, softly, "take courage!"

"May I remove the lady's hair?" asked Maurice.

"Oh, yes," cried Geneviève; "I entreat you to permit him to do so, Monsieur Sanson."

"He may," said the old man, turning away his head.

Maurice first took off his necktie, and Geneviève, stooping, fell on her knees before the young man, presenting her charming head, appearing more beautiful in her grief than she had ever been in her days of sunshine and happiness.

When Maurice had completed the funereal operation, his hands were so tremulous and his countenance betrayed so much grief that Geneviève exclaimed,—

"Ah! I am courageous, Maurice."

Sanson turned round.

"Is it not so, sir?" said Geneviève; "am I not courageous?"

"Certainly, Citizen," replied the executioner, in a perturbed voice, "for yours is true courage."

In the mean time the first assistant had glanced over the list forwarded by Fouquier Tinville.

"Fourteen," said he.

Sanson counted the condemned.

"Fifteen, including the dead," said he; "why, how is this?"

Lorin and Geneviève counted after him, both struck by the same thought.

"You say there are only fourteen condemned, and that we are fifteen?" said she.

"Yes; the Citizen Fouquier Tinville must have made a mistake."

"Ah! you spoke falsely, then," said Geneviève, turning to Maurice; "you were not condemned."

"And why wait for to-morrow, when you die to-day?" said Maurice.

"My love," said she, smiling, "you reassure me; I am now convinced that it is easy to die."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "now for the last time—no one here can recognize you—say

that you came to bid me adieu; say that you have been shut in by mistake; call the gendarme who saw you go out. I am the true criminal who ought to die. But you, my friend, we beseech you to live to love our memory. There is yet time, Lorin; we entreat you!"

Geneviève joined her hands in an attitude of prayer. Lorin took both her hands and kissed them.

"I have said no, and I mean no," said Lorin, in a firm voice; "say no more on the subject, or I shall think I am a bore to you."

"Fourteen," repeated Sanson, "and here are fifteen;" then elevating his voice, "Is there any one here who can protest against this?" said he; "is there any one here who can prove he is here by mistake?"

Perhaps some lips half-opened at this question, but closed again without uttering a single word; since those who felt inclined to lie were ashamed to do so, and those who would not lie were determined not to speak.

A silence of several minutes ensued, during which the assistants continued their mournful office.

"Citizens, we are ready," said old Sanson, in his deep and solemn voice. He was answered only by sobs and groans.

"Well!" said Lorin, "so be it!

No death is nobler, none more high, Than for our native land to die.

Yes, to die for our native land; but decidedly I begin to think we do not die for her, but for the pleasure of those who witness our deaths. Faith! Maurice, I have adopted your opinion. I am disgusted with the Republic!"

"The call!" said a commissary, at the door.

Several gendarmes entered the hall, closing up the issues, thus placing themselves between life and the condemned, as if to prevent them from returning to it.

The death-roll was called.

Maurice, who had witnessed the trial of the condemned man who had destroyed himself, when his name was called answered in his stead. They then found that, excepting the dead man, the number was correct.

The corpse was removed from the hall; but if the man's identity had been established, and he had been recognized as one condemned, he would have been guillotined with the rest, though already dead.

The survivors were pushed toward the outlet, in order that as each passed before the wicket his hands might be tied behind his back. For the space of ten minutes not a word was exchanged between these unfortunates; the executioners alone seemed endowed with life or motion.

Maurice, Geneviève, and Lorin, not being any longer able to retain their hold of each other, crowded together that they might not be separated.

When the condemned were removed from the Conciergerie into the court, the scene became truly appalling. Several grew faint at the sight of the carts, and the turnkeys were compelled to assist them to mount the steps of these vehicles of death. Behind the still closed doors was heard the confused murmur of the crowd; and it might be inferred from the sound that the concourse was immense.

Geneviève courageously ascended the car; Maurice at her side sustained her; he sprang in rapidly after her.

Lorin did not hurry himself, but carefully selected his seat at the left of Maurice.

The doors opened, and foremost in the crowd stood Simon. The two friends immediately recognized him; indeed, the recognition was mutual. He was standing upon a fence near which the cars must pass, for there were three of them. The car containing our three friends moved first.

"Ah! good-day to you, my brave grenadier!" said Simon to Lorin; "you are going to

try the effect of my leather-cutting machine, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Lorin; "and I will be careful not to notch it, that it may be ready when your turn comes."

The two remaining cars followed the direction of the first. And now commenced a terrific tempest of cries, shouts, groans, and maledictions, surrounding and following the condemned.

"Courage! Geneviève, take courage!" murmured Maurice.

"Oh!" replied the young woman, "I do not wish for life since I die with you. I regret only that my hands are tied, so that I cannot embrace you before I die."

"Lorin," said Maurice, "feel in my waistcoat pocket, there you will find a knife."

"Zounds!" said Lorin, "a penknife is the very thing needed; I should be ashamed to die, garroted like a calf."

Maurice placed his pocket on a level with his friend's hands; Lorin found the knife, which between them they succeeded in opening. Maurice then placed it between his teeth, and severed the cord which bound Lorin's hands, who, the moment they were free, performed the same office for Maurice.

"Make haste!" said the young man; "Geneviève is fainting."

In fact, to accomplish this operation Maurice had for a moment turned from Geneviève, when, as if all her strength had been derived from him, her eyes closed, and her head sank upon her breast.

"Geneviève, open your eyes, my love," said Maurice; "we have only a few minutes more to see each other in this world."

"The cords wound me," murmured the young woman.

Maurice unbound them. She immediately re-opened her eyes, and rose, radiant with almost celestial beauty. She threw one fair arm around Maurice's neck, and with the other hand took that of Lorin; and thus, all three standing in the cart, with two more

victims lying at their feet wrapped in the stupor of anticipated death, they gazed toward heaven with a look of ardent gratitude for having been permitted to support and console each other, while those who had outraged and insulted them previously were now perfectly silent. The scaffold was in sight. Maurice and Lorin beheld it. Geneviève did not; she saw naught but her lover. The car stopped.

"I love thee!" said Maurice to Geneviève; "I love thee!"

"The woman first! the woman first!" shouted a thousand voices.

"Thanks, good people," said Maurice; "who then can call you cruel?"

He took Geneviève within his arms, pressed his lips fondly upon hers, and delivered her to Sanson.

"Courage!" cried Lorin; "courage!"

"I have it!" said Geneviève; "I have it!"

"I love thee!" murmured Maurice; "I love thee!"

They were no longer victims about to be slaughtered, but friends making a festival of death.

"Adieu!" cried Geneviève to Lorin.

"Farewell, till we meet again!" replied he.

And Geneviève disappeared under the fatal drop.

"After you," said Lorin.

"After you," replied Maurice.

"Hark! she calls you."

At this moment Geneviève uttered her last cry.

"Come!" said she.

A furious uproar took place in the crowd. The fair and graceful head had fallen.

Maurice rushed forward.

"It is exactly correct," said Lorin; "let us follow logic. Do you hear me, Maurice?"

"Yes."

"She loved you, and they have murdered her first; you are not condemned, and therefore die the second; and I, who have done nothing, being the greatest criminal of the three, die the last.

And thus you see how passing clear Logic makes everything appear.

Good faith! Citizen Sanson, I promised you a quatrain; but you must be content with a distich."

"I did love thee!" murmured Maurice, lying on the fatal plank, and smiling at the head of his beloved,—"I did lo—" The knife cut short the last word.

"Now for my turn!" cried Lorin, bounding on the scaffold, "and be quick, or I shall lose my head! Citizen Sanson, I owe you two verses, instead of which I offer you a pun."

Sanson placed him in his turn.

"Let us see," said Lorin,—"it is the fashion to cry long live something, when dying. Once it was, 'Vive le Roi,' but now there is no king; next the cry was, 'Vive la Liberté,' but there is no more liberty. Faith, Long live Simon! say I, who unites us all three."

And the head of the generous and noble-hearted young man fell near those of Maurice and Geneviève.

THE END.

THE Romances of Alexandre Dumas.

ROMANCES OF THE REIGN OF HENRY II.

I. The Two Dianas 3 vols. II. The Page of the Duke of Savoy 2 vols.

THE VALOIS ROMANCES.

I. Marguerite de Valois 2 vols. II. La Dame de Monsoreau 2 vols. III. The Forty-Five 2 vols.

THE D'ARTAGNAN ROMANCES.

I. The Three Musketeers 2 vols. II. Twenty Years After 2 vols. III. The Vicomte de Bragelonne; or, Ten Years Later 6 vols.

THE REGENCY ROMANCES.

I. Le Chevalier D'Harmental 1 vol. II. The Regent's Daughter 1 vol.

A ROMANCE OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

Olympe de Clèves 2 vols.

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE ROMANCES.

I. Memoirs of a Physician 3 vols. II. The Queen's Necklace 2 vols. III. Ange Pitou 2 vols. IV. La Comtesse de Charny 4 vols. V. Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge 1 vol.

THE NAPOLEON ROMANCES.

The Companions of Jehu 2 vols. The Whites and the Blues 2 vols. The Black Tulip 1 vol. The Count of Monte Cristo 4 vols. The She-Wolves of Machecoul } The Corsican Brothers } 2 vols.

NEW SERIES.

Ascanio: A Romance of Francis I. and Benvenuto Cellini 2 vols. The War of Women: A Romance of the Fronde 2 vols. Black: The Story of a Dog 1 vol. Tales of the Caucasus—The Ball of Snow, and Sultanetta 1 vol.

Choicely Printed and Illustrated Editions

OF

STANDARD FRENCH AND ENGLISH NOVELISTS

PUBLISHED BY

LITTLE, BROWN, & CO.

One Hundred and Five Volumes, Uniform and Unabridged.

PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE.

DUMAS. New Library Edition of the Romances of Alexandre Dumas. With 76 etched frontispieces, by French and American artists, portraits, etc. 54 vols. 12mo. Per volume, decorated cloth, gilt top, $1.50; plain cloth, gilt top, $1.25; half calf, or half morocco, extra, gilt top, $3.00.

Beautiful and uniform editions of these important Historical Novels translated into English unabridged, a large amount of matter heretofore omitted being supplied, and printed in handsome, clear type, in a style worthy of their merits.

LIST OF ROMANCES.

THE VALOIS ROMANCES.

Marguerite de Valois 2 vols La Dame De Monsoreau 2 " This story is also known under the name of "Chicot the Jester." The Forty-Five 2 " Sometimes called the "Forty-Five Guardsmen." In all 6 vols., put up in box.

THE D'ARTAGNAN ROMANCES.

The Three Musketeers 2 vols Twenty Years After 2 " The Vicomte De Bragelonne 6 "

Portions of this powerful romance have sometimes been issued separately under the titles of "Bragelonne," "Louise de la Vallière," and the "Iron Mask." All three stories are included in the above, unabridged, and according to the author's own arrangement.

In all 10 vols., put up in box.

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE ROMANCES.

Memoirs of a Physician 3 vols The Queen's Necklace 2 " Ange Pitou 2 " Sometimes called "Taking the Bastille." Comtesse de Charny 4 "

Published according to the author's own arrangement. It has sometimes been

issued as two separate stories, "Comtesse de Charny" and "Andrée de Taverney."

Chevalier de Maison-Rouge 1 vol In all 12 vols, put up in box. The Count of Monte Cristo 4 vols With illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett. Put up in box.

ROMANCES OF THE COURT OF HENRY II.

The Two Dianas 3 " The Page of the Duke of Savoy 2 "

THE REGENCY ROMANCES.

The Chevalier D'Harmental 1 vol. Sometimes called "The Conspirators." The Regent's Daughter 1 "

HISTORICAL ROMANCES.

The Black Tulip 1 vol. (Scene, Holland: Time, 1672.) Olympe de Clèves 2 vols. (Reign of Louis XV.)

The above ten volumes put up in box under the title of "Historical and Regency Romances."

THE NAPOLEON ROMANCES.

The Companions of Jehu 2 vols. The Whites and the Blues 2 " This story has also been issued under the title of "The First Republic." The She-Wolves of Machecoul } The Corsican Brothers } 2 vols. "The She-Wolves of Machecoul" has also been issued under the title of "The Last Vendée."

The set of six volumes put up in box, with twenty-four illustrations, including historical portraits and original pictures by E. Van Muyden, Felix Oudart, E.H. Garrett, and F.T. Merrill.

THE ROMANCES OF DUMAS.—NEW SERIES.

Ascanio 2 vols. The War of Women 2 "

"Ascanio" is a romance of the time of Francis the First and Benvenuto Cellini. "The War of Women" deals with events in the War of the Fronde, and the scene of the romance is Bordeaux.

Black, the Story of a Dog 1 vol.

In "Black," the author chose a new field and a new theme. It may well rank among his best works, although, strictly speaking, not an historical romance.

Tales of the Caucasus, comprising "The Ball of Snow" and "Sultanetta" 1 vol.

The scenes and characters are as vividly Oriental as those of his historical novels are French.

The above six volumes, put up in a box, with six frontispieces by E. Van Muyden and Eugène Grivaz.

Any of the above romances can be supplied separately.

HUGO. The Romances of Victor Hugo. With 28 portraits and plates by French artists. 14 vols. 12mo. Per volume, decorated cloth, gilt top, $1.50; plain cloth, gilt top $1.25; half calf or half morocco, extra, gilt top, $3.00.

In preparing this new and very handsome edition of Hugo's Romances no expense has been spared that would produce a really beautiful set of Hugo's world-famous works in type which it is a pleasure to read, and in volumes which can easily and comfortably be held in the hand. Important chapters and passages omitted in other editions are included.

LIST OF STORIES.

Les Miserables 5 vols. Notre-Dame 2 " Ninety-Three 1 vol. The Man Who Laughs 2 vols. Toilers of the Sea 2 " Hans of Iceland 1 vol. Bug-Jargal; Claude Gueux } The Last Day of a Condemned } 1 "

Any Story sold separately.

BULWER. The Novels of Edward Bulwer Lytton (Lord Lytton). With 40 frontispieces, by Edmund H. Garrett, etched by W.H.W. Bicknell. 40 vols. 12mo. Per volume, decorated cloth, gilt top, $1.50; plain cloth, gilt top, $1.25; half calf or half morocco, extra, gilt top, $3.00.

Special Advantages of this Edition.

The volumes are of convenient size, easy to hold in the hand.

The type, made expressly for this edition, is clear and beautiful.

The paper is of extra quality, affording an important adjunct to the printers' careful and beautiful work, the type being set and the volumes printed at the University Press, Cambridge.

The exquisite frontispieces are etched in the finest manner from drawings made especially for this edition by Edmund H. Garrett.

The whole combines to produce a perfect library edition, complete in forty volumes, at a very moderate price.

LIST OF THE VOLUMES.

THE CAXTON NOVELS.

The Caxtons 2 vols. My Novel 4 " What will he do with It? 3 "

NOVELS OF LIFE AND MANNERS.

Pelham } Falkland } 2 vols. The Disowned 2 " Paul Clifford 2 " Godolphin 1 vol. Ernest Maltravers 1 " Alice 1 " Night and Morning 2 vols. Lucretia 1 vol. Kenelm Chillingly } The Coming Race } 2 vols. The Parisians 2 "

ROMANCES.

Eugene Aram 1 vol. The Pilgrims of the Rhine } Zicci } 1 " Zanoni 1 " A Strange Story } The Haunted and the Haunters } 2 vols.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES.

Devereux 2 vols. The Last Days of Pompeii 1 vol. Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes 2 vols. The Last of the Barons 2 " Leila and Calderon } Pausanias, the Spartan } 1 vol. Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings 2 vols.

Any Story can be supplied separately.

WARREN. Ten Thousand a Year. By Samuel Warren. With a Portrait of the author, beautifully etched by F.T. Stuart. 3 vols. 12mo. Decorated cloth, gilt top, $4.50; plain cloth, gilt top, $3.75; half calf or half morocco, extra, gilt top, $9.00.

A new and choicely printed edition of this celebrated English novel, including the author's valuable notes.

The story has always been deservedly popular, has been widely read for nearly fifty years in England and America, and translated in France and Germany; the present edition, in clear, readable type, with choice presswork and paper, has been accepted as the only adequate library edition.

GEORGE SAND. The Choice Works of the Great French Novelist.

1. François the Waif (François le Champi). Translated from the French by Jane Minot Sedgwick. Printed at the De Vinne Press. With a frontispiece especially drawn and etched for this edition by the eminent French artist, E. Abot.

2. The Devil's Pool (La Mare au Diable). Translated from the French by Jane Minot Sedgwick and Ellery Sedgwick. Printed at the De Vinne Press. With frontispiece drawn and etched by E. Abot.

3. Fadette (La Petite Fadette). Translated from the French by Jane Minot Sedgwick. Printed at the De Vinne Press. With frontispiece, embodying an original design and a portrait of George Sand, drawn and etched by E. Abot.

4. The Master Mosaic Workers (Les Maîtres Mosaïstes). Translated from the French by Charlotte C. Johnston. Printed at the University Press. With a portrait of Titian, etched by W.H.W. Bicknell.

Limited Edition. Seven hundred and fifty numbered sets on Windsor hand-made paper. 4 vols. 16mo. Boards, gilt top, $6.00 net.

The noblest mind of our epoch.—Edmond About.

Studies of rustic life, of which "La Petite Fadette," "François le Champi," and "La

Mare au Diable" are the chief, and which some of her admirers regard as her greatest works.—George Saintsbury, in Chambers's Cyclopædia.

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY, Publishers, 254 Washington Street, Boston.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LE CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of

electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law

in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are

located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used

in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.” • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works. • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and

reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR

INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and

expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at

www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.