



Maggie J. Miller

Awatonna.

Nov. 25.
1858.

Mr. J. M. ...

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INGÉNUÉ:

OR,

THE FIRST DAYS OF BLOOD

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

BY

MADAME JULIE DE MARGUERITES.

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J. G. R. N. U. E.

THE FIRST DAYS OF BLOOD

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

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MADAME BATHILIA

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THE FIRST DAYS OF BLOOD

1855

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INGENUÉ:

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CHAPTER I.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

IN November, 1785, the Duke de Chartres inherited, with the title of Duke of Orleans, the palace designated to this day as the Palais Royal.

Before entering into a description of the improvements and changes which its present possessor was at the time our story begins, in process of effecting, we will, for the benefit both of our story and the reader, trace back the history of this palace to its origin.

It was in 1629 that Jacques Lemercler, architect of His Eminence the Cardinal Duke de Richelieu, built on the ground where the mansions of the houses of Rambouillet and Armagnac had stood, an edifice which at first assumed merely the title of "Hotel Richelieu." But, as the power which inhabited this palace continued to increase, until it filled the whole kingdom, and broke down every barrier, this habitation became too small and niggardly—the ancient walls of the time of Charles V disappeared; the ditch and drawbridge, (for, like all mansions of old, this one had been a fortress,) disappeared; a palace arose; and the courtiers with their flatteries penetrated easily, through its wide and open doors, to the foot of the Cardinal's throne.

The archives of the House of Richelieu show that the ground

on which Jacques Lemercier raised his *chef-d'œuvre* was paid eight hundred and sixteen thousand six hundred and eighteen francs—an enormous sum in those days, but very small in comparison with what the building itself must have cost. This was kept secret, in the same way as Louis XIV concealed how much Versailles had cost him. However, such was the magnificence and beauty of the building, that Corneille, the author of the immortal “Cid,” himself living in a garret, thus apostrophises the residence of the author of the worthless and forgotten tragedy of *Mirame*:

Search through the universe, you will not find
Such pride and splendor as are here combined.
An old and moss grown trench, a town is grown,
Evoked by powers which none but heaven may own :
Beneath this roof must dwell but gods and kings ;
Fate to mere mortals such abode ne'er brings.”

And, truth to tell, the palace was magnificent beyond all imagination. Its theatre, large enough to contain three thousand spectators, and in which were played all the pieces given at the large theatre at the Marais du Temple ; its saloons, large enough for the whole Court, the ceilings of which were painted by Philippe de Champagne ; its gallery of great men, painted by Vouet, Juste d’Egmont and Paerson, and in which the Cardinal, confident in himself and his destiny, had reserved a place for his own portrait ; its antique statues, sent from Rome and Florence ; its Latin inscriptions, composed by Bourdon ; its devices, arranged by Guisse ; all formed so magnificent and gorgeous a residence that the Cardinal Duke, who was not easily frightened, grew alarmed at his own riches, and in order to be certain of inhabiting this palace of his creation until his death, made a donation of it in his life-time to his royal master, Louis XIII.

And so it happened that, on the 4th of December, 1642, the day on which the Cardinal expired, praying God to punish him in the other world if he had ever been guilty in this of an action which had not been for the good of the State, the Palais Cardinal assumed the name of the Palais Royal. The revolution of

1793 changed this appellation to that of "Palais Egalité;" whilst the revolution of 1848 has definitely decreed that henceforth its name should be "Palais National."

But, as we belong to a class who, spite of decrees, preserve to men their titles and to things their names, the palace will for us and for our readers still remain the "Palais Royal."

And so Louis XIII came into possession of this splendid abode. But at this time the sad and melancholy King was but the shadow of the deceased Cardinal. As the ghost of the Royal Dane beckoned his son, so did the spectre of the Cardinal haunt Louis XIII; and with pale brow and faltering step, the King soon followed his minister into the narrow abode of the tomb.

Then it was that the young King, Louis XIV, inherited this palace—but the "Frondeurs," those powerful enemies of another Cardinal, less grand but quite as great a politician as the other, drove the King, his mother, and his Court, from the shelter of its walls. For this reason the youthful monarch took a disgust to this much-talked-of palace; and on his return to Paris, on the cessation of hostilities, it was to the Louvre, and not to the Palais Royal, that he went.

Then this edifice, which so astonished the great poet Corneille, became the refuge of Henrietta Maria, whom the scaffold of Whitehall had made a widow. France offered this palace to England, as, two centuries later, England offered Holyrood to Charles X. Solemn and sad hospitalities are those which the Stuarts and Bourbons have exchanged!

In 1692, the Palais Royal was given as a dowry to Frances Marie de Blois, the daughter of Louis XIV, and Madame de Montespan—of whose listless character and sleepy beauty the lively pen of the Princess Palatine has left us such an amusing portrait.

It was the Duke de Chartres, afterwards Regent of France, who, spite of the aversion of his mother to the alliance, and the box on the ear by which she testified it, married this illegitimate daughter of the King, who brought this palace into the family of Orleans.

The Duke entailed it on his eldest son and his descendants, and the donation was sanctioned in parliament in 1693.

During the years which intervened between the flight of the infant Louis XIV and the donation to the Duke de Chartres, great changes had taken place in the palace.

Anne of Austria, during her regency, added another gallery, an oratory and a bath-room. But the most essential of her improvements was the celebrated secret passage which communicated from her apartments to those of Cardinal Mazarin. The existence of this secret passage, revealed by the indiscreet German princess whose correspondence is now of such service to historical research,* was, she proceeds to say, justified by the fact that Mazarin, never having taken priest's orders, had secretly espoused the widow of Louis XIII.

And so we know that the woman who resisted the all-charming and devoted Buckingham, fell into the arms of a stingy, low-born Italian adventurer.

Anne of Austria's taste in architectural matters, however, was unimpeachable. Her additions to the palace were worthy its original splendors.

The Bath-room was painted in groups of flowers and landscapes intermingled, on a ground work of gold. Louis and Belin were the two great artists to whom she confided this work.

In the Oratory, the Queen had employed the pencils of Philippe de Champagne, Vouet, Bourdon, Stella, Lahire, Dorigny, and Paerson, to retrace on its walls the history of the Virgin Mary.

The Gallery, in a retired part of the palace, was remarkable for its gilded ceiling by Vouet, and its inlaid floor.

In this gallery, in 1650, the Queen being the regent, caused to be arrested by the captain of her guard, Guitaut, Mess. de Condé, de Conti, and de Longueville, princes of the blood royal.

The garden at this period contained a riding-school, a wide mall, and two ponds—one of which bearing the name of Rond d'Eau, was surrounded by a thick shrubbery, so large as to

* The Princess Palatine, second wife of the Duke of Orleans.—*J. de M.*

allow of Louis XIII, the last of the French falconers, hawking magpies and pigeons in it.

Besides all these improvements, the left wing of the palace had been pulled down in order to build an apartment for the Duke d'Anjou, brother to the King—by which operation the beautiful gallery which Philippe de Champagne had consecrated to the glorification of the Cardinal, was destroyed.

In 1701, the Duke died of a fit of apoplexy.

Louis XIV had loved his brother better than any other man on earth; yet Madame de Maintenon tells us that two hours after the King had heard of his death, she found her illustrious husband (for Louis, like his brother, had made a mesalliance) singing a little opera air.

From this hour the palace became the property of the prince, who, fourteen years later, was destined to become regent of France

We all know, more or less, what went on within the walls of this edifice from the first of September, 1715, to the 25th December, 1793. And if walls have ears, as the proverb says, their susceptibility must have been strangely shocked at the difference between what they heard during the reign of their first possessor, and what they then listened to.

Besides ears, the walls had tongues—that is, by the medium of the Dukes of St. Simon and Richelieu, the doings of this period have been revealed—and strange doings they were.

On the 25th December, 1723, the regent being *very* near his mistress, Madame de Phalaris, feeling his head heavy, inclined it upon her shoulder, sighed, and died.

Chirac, his physician, had insisted on bleeding him; but the prince had put off the operation from that day to the next. So Man proposes and God disposes!

In the midst of his strange pleasures and excesses, the regent, who was, after all, a great artist, had found time to construct, under his own superintendence and after his own designs, confided to his architect, Oppenost, a magnificent saloon, immediately before the gallery designed by Mansard. These

two buildings extended to the Rue Richelieu, and were on the ground now occupied by the Théâtre Français.

Then Louis d'Orleans, the devout son of a libertine father, a prince who caused to be burned all the pictures of Albano and Titian, in his father's galleries, (owing to the nakedness of the figures,) worth more than three hundred thousand francs, which he sacrificed to his scruples—Louis d'Orleans set to work to lay out the garden after a new design.

He respected the great alley of the Cardinal, but cut down the wood in which the pigeons and magpies had so long resided.

On the 4th of February, Louis d'Orleans died, at the abbey of Ste. Genevieve, where for the last ten years he had taken up his abode, perhaps by a life of penance and self-denial to atone for the excesses and sins of his father—"the happiest of his family, where so many are unhappy," said Marie Leczinska, "another victim of another's vices," when she heard of his premature death. This prince left his body to the College of Surgeons for dissection, in order that after death he might be of some use to his fellow creatures.

He was succeeded by Louis Philippe d'Orleans, whose only celebrity rests on his two marriages—the first with the sister of the Prince de Conti, the second with Madame de Montesson, the aunt of Madame de Genlis.

He was, besides, the father, for we do not admit the sacrilegious repudiation of his son—of that Duke de Chartres, celebrated under the name of Philippe Egalité.

For several years preceding his death, this Duke of Orleans then the husband of Madame de Montesson, lived in retirement, either at Bagnolet or at Villers-Cotterets—leaving the Palais Royal entirely to his son Philippe de Chartres. Then it was that the latter conceived the idea of transforming the palace of the Cardinal Duke into a vast bazaar.

For this it was necessary to obtain the permission of the King. This was granted by letters patent on the 13th of August, 1784. When the news reached the old Duke, that his son was turning his palace into a shop, it roused him from the selfish apathy and

indifference in which he was living. Probably some of the caricatures of the day, which still exist, representing the Duke de Chartres in the most ignoble disguises, were sent to him.

"Take care, my son," said the old prince, "public opinion will be against you as well as me."

"I don't value public opinion a crown—a double crown, I mean."

Now, there were crowns worth three francs, and crowns worth six—so that the Duke valued public opinion at six francs; consequently it was decided between the Duke and his architect, whose name was Louis, that the Palace should change aspects and destination.

The old Duke died about a year after it had been so decided, just as the work of barbarism was beginning. This descendant of Henri IV, rather than witness the degradation of his family, hid his head under the marble of his yet untainted monument.

From that moment there was no further obstacle to the Duke's commercial projects, except public opinion; and we have heard from his own lips in what estimation he held it. The first who interfered with his plans were the proprietors of the houses overlooking the garden of the Palais Royal, from whom he entirely took all sun and light. They went to law with the royal trespasser, lost their cause, and were forced to sell their houses far under their original value.

His next opponents were the frequenters of the gardens hitherto open to the public. Every man who has the habit of frequenting a public garden, looks upon it as his own property; and now the beautiful trees, the smooth lawns, the wide gravel walks, all were to disappear before the ruthless innovator.

Nothing was to remain but a small plantation of lime trees and the famous tree surnamed the tree of Cracow.

Before proceeding further, let us state what was the history of this famous tree of Cracow, whose fall in 1788, caused almost as great an emeute as the fall of the trees of liberty in 1850.

CHAPTER II.

THE TREE OF CRACOW.

THIS tree is by some said to have been a lime tree, and others a chestnut. We shall not attempt to decide the question. Suffice it to say, that whatever it was, it was a much larger and finer tree than any of those which surrounded it. In 1772, when Poland had been dismembered by Frederic and Catharine, and abandoned by Louis XV, great interest was felt in Paris in her struggles and vicissitudes. An abbé, who had a correspondent in Cracow, and who appeared to be very well posted up in all its political and military movements, used to assemble with the friends of Poland in the garden of the Palais Royal, and under this tree read to eager listeners the latest news he had received. When there was no news, the abbé, who was a great tactician and knew the country well, would trace on the sand, for the edification of those around him, the various manœuvres of the army of thirty thousand men, with which he was going to settle all the difficulties of the Poles.

Now, as this army existed only in his imagination, and as most of his auditors did not know the name of the abbé, they called him "The abbé of the thirty thousand men," and the tree under which all these Polish affairs were conducted, the "Tree of Cracow."

The Duke of Orleans left the tree of Cracow standing, and it continued to be a favorite place of political meetings in 1788, as it had been in 1772.

Only, in 1788 it was not news from Poland that brought people together, but news of France and Versailles.

With the nature of the discussion, the aspect of the men had changed, almost as much as the aspect of the surrounding objects.

One great material change had been effected by the construc-

tion of a circus, and another by the camp of the Tartars. The Duke knew how to make good use of his ground.

The circus was in the form of a parallelogram, which in its extent had destroyed the lawns laid out by the devout Louis of Orleans. Even before it was finished, a portion of this circus was occupied as a reading-room, kept by a man named Girardin, the first who ever opened a reading-room or circulating library; therefore deserving of mention.

A club, called the Club of the Socialists, occupied another part. This club was specially frequented by abolitionists, reformers and philanthropists. The principal portion was possessed by a troupe of "*saltim banques*," or merry-andrews, who, as in the time of Thespis, gave representations twice a day in the open air.

The circus was like an immense bower, entirely covered as it was with trees, shrubs and parasitical plants, creeping over lattice-work. The twelve Doric columns which surrounded it did not, it is true, harmonize with this pastoral construction; but those were the days of contrasts and oppositions, and this one was scarcely noticed among the rest.

As to the Camp of the Tartars, we will take Mercier's description of it, from his "Picture of Paris:"

"The Athenians," says he, "raised temples to their Phryneas; it is here that we come to find ours. Here, too, speculators, usurers and stock-jobbers come, three times a day, with news from the money market, and with discussions about filthy speculations almost as vile as prostitution itself. The coffee-houses are turned into exchanges. Watch well the faces before you; see the sordid smile of successful usury, or watch the workings of disappointed roguery. This place is like the box of Pandora, carved and chiseled most beautifully without, but we all know what was within this fatal box, confided to the statue animated by Vulcan. Your modern Sardanapaluses, your modern Luculluses, live at the Palais Royal, in apartments that would be envied by the Roman Consuls or the Assyrian King."

The "Camp of the Tartars" was, then, the abode of knavery

and prostitution—was, in fact, what, until 1828, existed in the Palais Royal, under the name of “wooden galleries.”

But the greatest change of all, in the aspect of things, had been effected by the political earthquake which now threatened to shake all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, to their very foundations.

Now, the political assemblies were palpitating with vital interest to all, and before the news from Versailles, all else seemed to sink into insignificance.

Still, in the midst of these stirring doings, some calm and tranquil individuals might be seen, like memorials of former days serenely pursuing some poetical conception, or earnestly discussing some newly published work.

Thus, far away from the crowd, round the tree of Cracow, all impatient to hear the news from the “Nouvelles à la Main,” the “Journal de Paris,” or the “Lunette Philosophique et Littéraire,” the gentle reader, if he is following us, will perceive walking in a tranquil side-alley, two men, both nearly of an age, between thirty-five and thirty-six. One wears the uniform with pink facings, of the Noailles dragoons, whilst the other has white facings, and belongs to the Queen’s dragoons. Are these officers speaking of military tactics? No—they are two poets, talking of poetry—two lovers, talking of love.

Be they what they may, they are handsome, elegant and high-bred men, charming types of the military aristocracy. At this period hair powder was in the wane. The imitators of the English and the Americans, the progressionists, no longer wore it; but our two young officers had their hair most tastefully arranged, according to the older fashion.

“And so, my dear Bertin,” said the officer who wore the uniform of the Queen’s dragoons, “it is really true that you are going to leave the army, and retire into exile, at, Heaven save the mark! San Domingo?”

“Not to San Domingo, Evariste—you are mistaken. It is to Cythera, that I retire.”

“To Cythera?”

"Yes. Do you not understand?"

"No, upon my honor."

"Have you not read the third book of my work on Love?"

"I read all you write, my dear Captain."

"Then you must remember some verses——"

"Addressed to Eucharis, or to Catillia?"

"Poor Eucharis, my dear friend, exists no longer. I have paid my tribute to her memory in tears and rhyme; now my poetry is addressed to Catillia, only."

"Which, then, are the verses to which you allude?"

"To these:

'Go—and fear not I'll forget
The happy moment when we met,
When full of love's sweet madness, we
Vowed eternal constancy;
While our lips in tender bliss,
Sealed the oath with many a kiss.'

"Well?"

"Well—I am going to keep my vow."

"What, is Catillia, then——"

"A charming creole, of San Domingo, my dear Parny, who sailed a year ago for the Gulf of Mexico."

"Whom, to use a regimental phrase, you are going to join?"

"Yes. I am going first, as we say, to join, and then to marry, this child of the equator. In San Domingo, I shall imagine myself in my own beautiful isle of France; in San Domingo there is the same unclouded sky, the same warm sun, the same luxuriant vegetation. Yes—I shall be like a lover, who, not possessing the original, still clings to the portrait of her he loves."

"And when once you are there, you will forget, in the love of the fair Catillia, all your friends you leave here behind you."

"Never, my dear Evariste; I am faithful in friendship, as in love. Besides, if I could forget, is not your fame constantly there to remind me of you? Your elegies have wings, and the name of Eleanor will come to me like an echo from that brilliant Paris which has received me so well, yet which I leave with such delight."

"Then go you must?"

"Yes; my sails are set, and I have but to invoke the protection of the star of love."

"Venus, my dear fellow," said a third voice; "Venus, your patron saint."

"Ah! here you are, my dear Florian!" exclaimed the two officers, turning round and extending each a hand to the new comer.

"Accept my congratulations," said Parny, "on your admission into the Academie."

"And mine on your delicious pastoral of Estelle," said Bertin.

"You are right, after all, *de revenir à vos moutons*," exclaimed Parny. "We want your sheep and your shepherds, to make us tolerate the wolves by which we are surrounded. Bertin is afraid of them; he is going to leave us."

"It was not really a mere poetical adieu, but a *bona fide* prose farewell, then, Captain, in your last publication?"

"The adieus were real, my friends."

"And where do you imagine he is going? To the Antilles—to San Domingo. He is going to plant coffee and refine sugar whilst God knows whether we shall be allowed time or ground to plant even cabbages. Whom are you looking at?"

"Why, at Rivarol, for it surely is he!"

"Yes—but what then?"

"Oh, I have two words to say to him."

"What—another quarrel! You are, then, the same as ever—always sword in hand?"

"I have not drawn my sword for the last three years."

"You are afraid of getting out of practice?"

"Well, if I should have to draw it now, may I rely on you?"

"Of course you may."

The three young men now proceeded towards the place where sat Rivarol, the author of a work called the "Little Almanach of Great Men," of which the second edition had just appeared, and which was making even a greater sensation than the first. Rivarol was listlessly lolling upon two chairs, apparently perfectly

unconscious of what was going on around him, although his face, beaming with vivacity and intelligence, indicated the possession in an eminent degree of that ready wit for which the French are distinguished.

At intervals, as though to chronicle what he heard, he wrote a few words rapidly in a memorandum book.

When the young officers and their friends began to approach him, he appeared not to imagine that they were going to speak to him, and began to write most earnestly. But soon they were so close that their shadow was thrown on the paper, and he was obliged to raise his eyes.

Florian bowed courteously; Parny and Bertin, slightly. Rivarol merely changed his position, but did not bow.

"Excuse me if I interrupt your studies," said Florian; "but I have a brief explanation to request of you."

"From me, sir? You are a gentleman in waiting, I believe," said Rivarol, speaking in a sarcastic tone; "does the explanation regard your master, the Duke de Pentlièvre?"

"It does not, sir—it concerns myself alone."

"I am all attention."

"You did me the honor, sir, of inserting my name in the first edition of your Almanac."

"That is perfectly true, sir."

"Will you allow me, then, to inquire why you left it out of the second edition?"

"Because, in the interval between the first and second editions, you were made an Academician; and a member of the Academie, however obscure he may have been, can no longer claim to be unknown. Mine you know is a perfectly philanthropic book—its object is to bring before the public authors, geniuses, great men, in fact, as yet unknown to fame. Now, three of my clients think they had better right than you to enter the ranks of the learned Academie."

"Three only! who may they be?"

"Three distinguished poets, sir. One has written an acrostic, the other a distich, and the other the theme of a song, promising

the song hereafter—for which, having the theme, the world can wait.”

“And supposing I were to ask a charitable notice for some friends of mine?”

“I should be obliged unwillingly to refuse you, M. de Florian; I have my own charities.”

“My protégé has made a stanza of four lines.”

“The devil he has!”

“Would you like to hear them?”

“Of all things—you recite so well, you know, Monsieur de Florian.”

“I need not say to whom these lines were addressed; you are clever enough to divine, I am sure.”

“I will try; pray go on.”

And Florian recited as follows:

“Here lies poor Ponto, by his mistress mourned,
A dog by all your qualities adorned—
He snapped, and snarled, and growled at every breath,
And was, at last, most justly whipped to death.”

“Capital, M. de Florian, capital! Are these verses by you?”

“What would you say, if they were mine, Monsieur de Rivarol?”

“Say, my dear sir? Why, I should ask you to be kind enough to repeat them.”

“To repeat them? for what purpose?”

“In order that I might take them down, and insert them in my third edition. To make merit known, sir, is my only object. This is all I pretend—not to personal talent, oh dear, no! I am merely the steel which sharpens the knife—I am not the knife itself. I merely give point and publicity to other people’s wit, not to my own. I have none, sir, and no pretensions.”

Florian bit his lips. He had a slippery adversary to deal with, and he knew it.

“And now, sir, I have still something to say. The article about me in your work displeases and offends me.”

"Impossible! it contains but three lines."

"It is nevertheless as I say."

"Displeasing to you? is it, indeed? Is it the spirit of the article of which you disapprove?"

"No."

"Is it the wording?"

"Nor the wording."

"What is it, then?"

"It is in the facts it advances."

"Oh, if it is in the facts, Monsieur de Florian, I have nothing to do with it. M. Champenetz, my associate editor, furnished the facts. There he is, yonder, talking with Metra; you can speak to him if you please." And Rivarol began again to write.

Florian looked at his two friends, and all laughed.

"Come," said Florian, "I will not quarrel with you, Monsieur de Rivarol, you are a man of sense and wit; I forgive you, and withdraw my verses."

"I am sorry to say, Monsieur de Florian," said Rivarol, with a comic shrug of the shoulders, "that you cannot withdraw your couplets from the public. They are here on my memorandum book, destined to be published to the world; but if you are in want of a couplet, I shall have great pleasure in supplying you with another, perhaps equal in merit to yours."

"Ay, but are they addressed to the same person as mine?"

"They are, sir, they are; for they were sent to Champenetz and to me. They are the composition of M. Camille Desmoulines—his first production, and promise well."

"I am all attention."

"You must know, in order to understand these verses, that the world does me and M. Champenetz the honor of doubting our nobility, just as it does your genius. It even goes so far as to say that my father was an inn-keeper at Bagnols, and the mother of Champenetz a servant of all work in some other place. Now for my couplets:

"In the hotel where two great wits reside,
The guests are always bounteously supplied—"

For, in the place of vulgar cooks and grooms,
'Tis Champenetz cooks, while Rivarol sweeps the rooms."

It was impossible to feel angry with such a man ; therefore, bursting into a hearty laugh, the three friends each extended a hand to Rivarol. He took them, with a sly look and a sarcastic smile peculiar to himself.

In the mean time, the crowd had increased round the tree of Cracow, and by the noise and excitement, it appeared that some important piece of intelligence was being discussed.

The friends, following the impulsion of the crowd, drew near to the tree of Cracow.

Rivarol resumed his writing ; not, however, until he had exchanged a significant glance with Champenetz, who had been anxiously watching the proceedings of his associate and the three young men.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEWS-MONGERS.

METRA, the man alluded to by Rivarol as talking to Champenetz, was one of the celebrities of the day. Was it on account of his wit ? No—for it was not remarkable. Was it for his birth ? No—for that was obscure. It was simply for his news. Metra was the great news-monger of the day. He had conceived the extraordinary idea of publishing at Neuville, on the Rhine, a paper containing all the Paris news, scandalous, political and fashionable—or courtly, for the court was in those days the only fashionable class. This he published under the head of "Secret Correspondence," the source of which was not known.

Who could tell the real sex of the Chevalier or Chevaliere d'Eon, to whom the government had just issued orders always to appear in woman's clothes, and who wore the cross of St. Louis on her neck-handkerchief ? Metra. Who knew and told all the details

of the suppers of the famous Grunod de la Reynière, as if he had been one of his guests! Who told how this great culinary artist, laying aside the stew-pan for the pen, had just written a parody on Racine's sublime version of Athalia? Metra. Who knew the latest eccentricity of the Marquis de Brannoy, the most eccentric man of his age? Metra. The ancient Romans for three successive centuries greeted each other in the forum with, *qui novi fecit Africa?*—(What news from Africa?) But the French for three years saluted each other with, "What is the last news from Metra?"

News was the great object of this period. There are certain epochs in the history of nations when the whole population appears imbued with a spirit of feverish restlessness; when on the point of abandoning the beaten track trodden by their ancestors, they are uncertain yet of their future path, and though they hope and aspire, still they feel that between that future path and themselves there is some deep and dark precipice.

Then it is, that impracticable theories arise—then it is that results impossible to attain are seriously contemplated and discussed; then it is that a nation, like a patient who feels himself dying, sends away the physicians and follows the counsels of empirics—not seeking a restoration to health in rational science but asking it from the impostures of quackery. So the nation sought for happiness in dreams, and not in realities.

Then, to enlighten with false glare this chaos, from which the light of day is receding—to soothe the fevered imagination of the populace—appear such men of mystery as Swedenborg, the Count of St. Germain, Cagliostro; then it is that genius brings suddenly before the world strange and mysterious powers, unaccountable, fearful, almost supernatural in their effects. Franklin comes with electricity, Montgolfier with his balloon, Mesmer with his magnetism.

Then man, still in the delirium which precedes the destruction of a nation as it does death in the individual, imagines that some grand result is to arise from this insight into the eternal mysteries. He thinks, in his presumption, that he has set his

foot on the first step of the ladder which leads to the heavens above him.

But it is not to heaven that this strange, unearthly state of feverish exaltation will lead ; it is to a terrestrial revolution. The hour of transfiguration draws nigh. From this revolution the people shall indeed come forth purified, triumphant, free ; but not until they shall have passed through an agony wherein, like the Saviour, they shall sweat blood and bear the cross.

Such was the state of the popular mind at the period of which we write.

Like the bird which takes its flight far away and is lost in the clouds, but returns all shuddering and trembling to earth—for instead of reaching heaven, it has encountered only its thunders—so did the people in these times rush like madmen through the streets ; group themselves together ; interrogate each other, seeking some unknown, unforeseen event which should suddenly calm all the agitation around. Then, when no reply came to their inquiry of “ what news ? ” these groups would disperse, and madly with distended eye-balls and giddy steps, resume their restless wanderings.

Metra, therefore, was one of the most important personages of the day ; for he was ever ready to reply to the universal desire to interrogate, which seemed possessed by all. His news was not always important in its tenor, and never in its results. (The people had to work out their own salvation.) But it took the keen edge off the greedy appetites of the moment.

Now, on this day, the 24th of August, 1788, Metra, the news-monger, was of more importance than ever. For some time it had been felt that the governmental ropes were so strained, that hourly they might be expected to snap in twain.

The ministry now in power was a most unpopular one ; it was that of Monsieur Lomènie de Brienne, which had succeeded that of M. de Calonne, whose predecessor had been M. de Necker.

But, whatever news Metra had received, he did not appear disposed to communicate ; for, instead of talking to those by whom he was surrounded, they were talking to him.

"Monsieur Metra," said a young woman, wearing what was called a dress *à la Lévite*, and a large round hat covered with flowers—having in her hand a long gold-headed cane; "Monsieur Metra, is it true that the Queen, in her late consultation with Leonard her hair dresser and Mlle. Berbin her milliner, not only decided on the recall of Necker, but also undertook to notify him of it herself?"

"Ah! ah!" said Metra, as if he were being told news.

"Monsieur Metra," said a young man in olive coat with steel buttons, and a white waiscoat bound with colored calico, the last caprice of fasion; "Monsieur Metra, is it true that the Count d'Artois said to the King that if M. de Brienne did not send in his resignation, he would himself go to the archiepiscopal palace and ask him for it?"

"Eh! Eh!" replied Metra, neither affirming nor denying.

"Monsieur Metra," said a man of the populace, dressed in worn-out knee breeches, with a torn jacket and a dirty shirt; "is it true that when Monsieur Sieges was asked what was the *tiers etat*, he replied, 'nothing for the present, everything for the future?'"

"Oh! oh!" said Metra, as though he meant to indicate that in his opinion, if M. Sieges had made that reply, he had said the truth."

Then came a chorus—Metra, gives us some news! News, Metra, news!

"News, citizens," said a squeaking voice in the crowd, "news, citizens! If you want news, I can give you some."

This voice had such a singular intonation that every one turned round to see whence it came.

The man who spoke was between forty and forty-six years of age. He was not more than five feet high; his crooked legs were thrust into striped blue and white stockings; his shoes were down at the heel, and tied with string instead of ribbon. He wore a shovel hat, and his coat was shabby and full of holes, through which could be seen glimpses of a very dirty shirt. He

had no cravat, and his shirt being without a collar, left uncovered a short, thick neck, full of muscles, like twisted cords.

His features are deserving a minute description. His face was thin and long; all the features were crooked. It was marked with large blotches of red and yellow, like the skin of a leopard. The eyes, large and prominent, were full of insolence and defiance; and they had a habit of winking, like those of a bird of night exposed to the light of day. The mouth was large and shaped like that of a viper, and expressed a constant irritability and disdain.

The head was large and round—the long hair, uncombed and unkempt, was gathered behind into a knot, fastened by a leather thong; and a large hand, with black dirty nails, was frequently passed over it, as though to compress the brain beneath. The man could not be looked on without a shudder.

Seen from above, at a distance, the head of this man was full of expression. It was, like Alexander's, habitually inclined on the left shoulder, and revealed great firmness, violent passions, and great strength. What most astonished you was the utter want of harmony in the whole. Each feature appeared to belong to a different face, and to express a distinct passion—as though the evil passions disseminated over a multitude, were all concentrated in the heart of this one man.

At the sight of this man, all those who were distinguished and refined amongst the crowd, felt an instinctive shudder. Yet the feeling he inspired was twofold; for, though his aspect was at first repellant, it aroused a feverish curiosity, which formed a kind of horrible fascination.

And this man promised news! If he had offered anything else, half of those present would have fled; but news was the most precious thing to all—so no one moved away. But they waited in silence; none dared to speak.

“You want news,” said this man, at length; “here is *my* budget: Monsieur Lomènie de Brienne has sold his resignation.”

“Sold his resignation! how do you mean?” exclaimed several voices

“I mean that he has been bought, if you like it better—bribed to resign, and at a pretty price too. But so it is in this our belle France. Ministers are bribed to accept their posts, bribed to stay in them, bribed to resign; and who pays these bribes? Why, the King. Ay, but, who pays the King? Why, you, me, all of us. So, Monsieur de Brienne has sent in his account and been paid. He is to be Cardinal. All right—he has as much right to the dignity as his predecessor in ecclesiastical honors, Dubois. His nephew is to be Coadjutor of the Bishopric of Sens. He has not the age required, but who cares? His niece—why not provide for the niece, when they have provided for the nephew? His niece will be one of the queen’s household. As for the Cardinal himself, he has, during his ministry of one year, feathered his nest with a few millions, besides which he leaves his brother Minister of War, after having made him Governor of Provence at the same time. So, you see, I was right to say that he had sold his resignation.”

“And how do you know this? Where did you hear it?” asked Metra, who never asked anything before, but always told.

“How do I know it? Why, from the courtiers. Where did I hear it? Why, at court, to be sure. I belong to the Court.”

And the horrible man thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, grinned with a grotesque conceit, while he balanced himself to and fro with assumed importance and insolence.

“You belong to the Court?” murmured the crowd.

“Does this astonish you?” said the monster. “In the moral world things are ordained exactly contrary to what they are in the physical world—for strength leans upon weakness, genius upon folly. Was not Beaumarchais a dependant of Mesdames *the daughters of Louis XV;*) Mably of the Cardinal de Teucin; Champfort of the Prince of Condé; Thulliers of Mousiene; and did not Laclous, Mme. de Genlis and Brissot form part of the household of the Duke of Orleans? What is there so wonderful in my belonging also to the Court? I flatter myself I am as good, if not better, than those I have named.”

“Then we may consider the resignation of the minister as certain?”

“Official.”

“And who succeeds him?”

“Who? Why, why *the Genovese*, as the King calls him—*the Charlatan*, as the queen calls him—*the banker*, as the princes call him—*the father of the people*, as the people call him, who call everybody father, because they have never known a real parent.”

And a satanic sneer distorted the mouth of the speaker.

“You are not for Necker, then?”

“On the contrary, I am all for Necker. The country wants such men as Necker. What an ovation is being prepared for him! What allegories are being got ready for him! I saw one yesterday in which he is represented as bringing back *Plenty* and driving Poverty and Confusion before him. Is not his portrait everywhere?—in all the shops, on snuff-boxes, on coat-buttons? Is not the new street leading to the Exchange to be called after him? Are there not as many medals in honor of Necker as there were of *De Witt*, who, however, ended by being hanged? I am all for Necker—no one but Necker. Hurrah for the King, the Parliament and M. Necker!”

“And you positively affirm that Monsieur Necker is the successor of Monsieur de Brienne?” exclaimed a voice, in a peremptory tone.

Public attention instantly concentrated itself on the new speaker.

He was not less worthy of interest than the person who had already occupied so much of the people’s time.

This second comer presented in one respect a strange contrast to the first. He was of Herculean proportions. He was dressed with an elegance and taste which displayed to advantage the admirable proportions of his figure.

He might have passed for a model of the statue of strength—only the face appeared to have been destroyed by lightning. It was one mass of deformity. The small-pox had so ploughed up the features, that it was with difficulty one could discover any

vestige of them. The nose was flattened, the eye scarce visible, whilst the thick lips stretched almost from ear to ear. This mutilated colossus, this imperfect combination of man and wild beast, presented a horrible personification of sensuality and energy.

These two men, both unique specimens of deformity, stood face to face—the few who had separated them having withdrawn instinctively from their contact.

There they stood, the giant frowning on the dwarf, the dwarf smiling on the giant.

In an instant Bertin, Parny, Florian, Rivarol, Champenetz, and even Metra, were forgotten—the general interest concentrated on these two men, both of whom, however, were utterly unknown to all.

The anglo-mania then prevalent in France had brought wagers into fashion. Now it was evident that of these two men, the one could crush the other at one blow; yet if they had fought, there would have been as many bets on one side as the other. Many would have relied on the strength of the lion, and more on the venom of the serpent.

“So,” repeated the giant in the midst of the general silence, “you affirm that Necker is the successor of de Brienne?”

“I do.”

“And you are rejoiced at this change?”

“And I rejoice in the change.”

“Probably not because it exalts the former, but because it destroys the latter—for in certain circumstances to destroy is to build.”

“My sentiment exactly.”

“You are a friend of the people, then?”

“And you?”

“I? I am an enemy of the aristocracy.”

“Well—that is the same thing.”

“Yes—to begin the great work of regeneration it may be the same thing; but not to accomplish it.”

“Well—let us begin with the beginning.”

‘ Where do you dine to-day, citizen ?’

“ With you, citizen, if you please.”

“ Agreed, citizen—come along.”

And the giant offered the dwarf an arm, which the dwarf had great trouble in attaining; and, linked arm in arm, they withdrew together, without taking any further notice of the crowd than if there had been none—leaving it to discuss, as best it might the astounding political news which had just been promulgated.

At the opposite extremity of the Palais Royal the two friends, who had not even asked each other’s names, were met, near what was then the *Théâtre des Variétés*, and is now the *Théâtre Français*, by a man in rags, whose business consisted in speculating on tickets in the day and on checks in the evening.

The *Variétés* was giving at this period a very successful piece, entitled “ Harlequin, Emperor of the Moon.”

“ M. Danton,” said the ticket-peddler, addressing himself to the Colossus, “ Bordier plays to-night; wouldn’t you like a nice snug little box, where you can take a pretty woman without being seen ?”

But Danton, without replying, waved him off with his hand.

Then the persevering peddler turned to the dwarf, and said :

“ Citizen Marat, will you have a parquette ticket ? You will find yourself in good company there, I warrant you. Bordier is one of the right sort—a true patriot and no mistake.”

But Marat, instead of replying, shoved him away with his foot.

The peddler withdrew, grumbling.

“ Ah, Monsieur Hébert,” said a boy, looking with covetous eyes on the bunch of tickets in the peddler’s hand ; “ ah, Monsieur Hébert, do give me a ticket to the upper gallery !”

And thus it was, that on the 24th of August, 1788, the King’s Counsel, Danton, was introduced to Marat, veterinary surgeon of the Count d’Artois, by the ticket-peddler Hébert.

CHAPTER IV.

A DINNER AT DANTON'S.

WHILST Rivarol was asking Champenetz, without the latter being able to tell him, who were the two unknown news-mongers; whilst Bertin, Parny and Florian, gay songsters, heedless of the coming storm, separated with a smile and a cordial adieu—Bertin to begin the preparations for his voyage, Parny to write the last lines of his forth-coming work, "*Amours of the Bible*;" and Florian to meditate his inauguration address for his reception at the Academie; whilst Metra, crest-fallen, rushed into the reading-room of Girardin and seized the *Journal de Paris*; whilst the élegants of the day were promenading under the shade of the only trees left by the innovating Duke, neither heeding nor caring who was in or who was out; the ladies wearing black gauze bonnets, called *treasury* bonnets, because, like that public establishment, they contained no crowns, and the gentlemen revelling in waistcoats called "great men's waistcoats," from having, nearly as large as life, on one side of the breast, a portrait of Lafayette, and on the other, of d'Estaing, the heroes of the day—our two patriots, having left the Palais Royal, threading the rue St. Thomas du Louvres, and crossing the Pont Neuf, arrived in the Rue du Paon, in which Danton resided. As they proceeded, each had understood the character of the other.

Hébert, it is true, had successively pronounced the names of Danton and Marat; but these names were then no indications, for Marat was only beginning to be heard of, and Danton was utterly unknown. But, in addition to the names furnished by Hébert, the individuals to whom they belonged had informed each other of their claims to celebrity. Danton, therefore, knew that he was walking arm in arm with the author of the "*Chains of Slavery*," "*The Man of Principle*," "*The Influence of the moral on the physical and the physical on the moral nature*,"

of an essay on "*Fire, Electricity and Light*," on the "*Prism of Newton*;" and Marat knew that he was walking side-by-side with George James Danton, King's Counsel, the last of a good bourgeois family of Arcis-sur-Aube, husband of a beautiful creature named Gabrielle Charpentier, and father of a mischievous little imp, on whom, with all the partiality of a parent, he founded the greatest hopes.

In the same house with Danton lived Danton's father-in-law, M. Ricordin, the second husband of his mother, but who had so well fulfilled the duties of a father to his step-son, that Danton loved him with the affection of a child. The two apartments joined each other. That of the father-in-law was the largest and handsomest—only, within the few last months, in the expectation of the large practice his step-son's talents would insure him, Monsieur Ricordin had given up to him, for a study, the largest drawing-room.

Danton, had in this large room, concentrated himself and his occupations—giving up the rest of the apartment, composed of three rooms only, to his wife, his child, and his only servant.

It was into this room that Danton conducted Marat. It was ornamented with the portraits of Danton's mother and grandfather, two good-natured, calm faces, true types of virtuous mediocrity, and contrasting strangely with a magnificent, full-length sketch of Danton, in the attitude of an orator, which seemed actually stepping from the canvas. The picture, too unfinished to admit of a closer view, seen from a distance was admirable—full of genius, energy and expression. It had been the work of a sudden inspiration, completed in a few hours, by a friend of Danton, named Jacques Louis David.

The furniture of the apartment, with the exception of these portraits, was simple and unpretending. A few details, however, such as candelabras and a clock of exquisite workmanship, revealed aspirations of art and refinement.

Danton's ring at the door was well known by his family—so that when it resounded, wife, child and dog, all rushed joyously to greet him. But when, behind the master of the house,

the strange guest he was bringing, appeared, the young wife drew back, the child began to cry, and the dog to bark.

Marat's features became slightly contracted, and a dark shadow passed over them.

"You must excuse this reception," Danton hastened to say; "you know you were unexpected, and——"

"And the sight of me produces the usual effect. I am accustomed to these effects—they are nothing new."

"Gabrielle, dearest," said Danton, kissing his wife's forehead apologetically, I met this gentleman in the Palais-Royal; he is a most distinguished physician, a scholar, and, above all, a patriot of my own way of thinking; and I requested him to accompany me home to dinner."

"Introduced by you, my dear George," said Mde. Danton, gracefully turning towards Marat, this gentleman is welcome. I beg he will excuse my son, who did not expect to find a stranger with his father; and the dog——"

"Is a good watch-dog, Madam; besides which, I have remarked that by nature dogs are aristocratic in their tastes."

"Are any of our guests arrived?" inquired Danton.

"Not yet; but the cook is come," replied Mde. Danton, with a smile.

"And have you tendered your services, my good little housewife? have you offered to assist him?"

"I have; but I blush to say my offers were refused."

"Really! then you have only had to lay the cloth."

"Not even that."

"Why not?"

"Because two servants were sent by him early this morning, with table-linen, silver and lamps, and they undertook everything."

"Does he then think us so poor?"

"He says it was so arranged with you, and that he only consented to cook on these conditions."

"Well, let him have his own way—he is a queer genius. There's the bell—see who it is, my love." Then turning to

Marat, he continued, "Let me tell you who are my expected guests. One of your own profession, to begin with—Doctor Guillotin; Talma, and Marie Joseph Chevier, whom I name together, because they are inseparable; Camille Desmoulins, a mere boy, but full of wit and genius; yourself, my good friend; my wife and myself—ah, and David, whom I was forgetting. I had invited my father-in-law, but he, good old man, was afraid of such high society, as he is pleased to call it. Parisians frighten him; and he sighs for his Arcis-sur-Aube. Ah! Camille, come in, my good fellow."

These last words were addressed to a young man of the middle height, who appeared to be about twenty years of age, though in fact he was eight years older. He was evidently the friend of the family, and had paused in the ante-room to shake hands with Madame Danton, to kiss the child, and to return the caresses of the dog.

"Where have you been, Camille?" said Danton; "you look quite excited; what is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter" said Camille, putting down his hat, "only—ah, I beg your pardon, Danton, I did not see you had some one with you," and Camille and Marat exchanged salutations.

"Well, I am just come from the Palais Royal."

"So are we."

"I was told you had been there, and I not having met you, as promised, in the alley, got anxious about you—that's all."

"Did you hear the news?"

"Yes—the resignation of that rogue M. de Brienne, and the appointment of Monsieur Necker. So far so good—but I had another object in view. I went to seek somebody who it is said is going to quarrel with me. Now, as I am always disposed for a fight——"

"Who the devil were you after?"

"That viper Rivarol, and that snake Champenetz."

"Apropos of what were you going to fight?"

"Why, havn't these snarling curs had the impudence to put me into their infernal *Almanach*?"

"What the devil does that matter?"

"Why, it matters a great deal—it matters that I don't choose to be classed with a M. Desmarest and a M. Derbine, surnamed *Eugene*—with a man who has written a trashy vaudeville called '*Love the Liberator*,' and a man who has written nothing."

"And what have you written, I should like to know?" said Danton, laughing, "that should entitle you to be so susceptible."

"What have I written?"

"Yes—can you tell me?"

"Why, as yet, nothing, I must admit—but I shall write very soon. By Jove! now I remember, I have written something—here it is—an epigram worthy of Martial himself:

"In the hotel where two great wits reside,
The guests are always bouuteously supplied;
For here, instead of vulgar cooks and grooms,
'Tis Champenetz cooks, while Rivarol sweeps the rooms."

"Did you put your name to it?"

"Of course I did—and it was to get the answer to my epigram that I went to the Palais Royal, where Rivarol and Champenetz are always to be found. Well; I made a complete failure—I didn't make my expenses, as Talma says."

"Wouldn't they answer you?"

"Answer me! They pretended not to see me."

"My dear sir," said Marat, "have you not yet got beyond the point of not caring for what is said or what is written about you?"

"I confess that I have not; I even admit that I am very thin-skinned. I can't bear even a scratch; and I mean, as soon as I can, to have a newspaper of my own, in which I shall say——"

"What will you say?" said a voice from the ante-room, "if you do get a newspaper of your own?"

"I shall say, my dear Talma," replied Camille, who had recognised the voice of the great artist, then just beginning his

dramatic career ; “ I shall say that if ever you get a good part, you will be one of the greatest actors the world ever produced.”

“ Well then, I have got the part, and here is the man who has given it me.”

“ How do you do, Chenier ! ” exclaimed Camille ; “ so, you have been perpetrating another tragedy, have you ? ”

“ Yes, he has written a tragedy for me—a gem which has been unanimously accepted. It is called Charles IX. I am to play Charles IX, provided the government allows the piece to be played. Just imagine the absurdity of St. Phal refusing this part, because, forsooth, he says that the sympathies of the audience would not be with the King. The Idea of Charles IX being sympathetic, eh, Danton ! I swear to make him execrable, fearful.”

“ In a political point of view, you are right,” said Marat ; “ it is right to make all kings execrable ; but in an historical point of view, you will be wrong.”

Talma, who was exceedingly short-sighted, drew near the speaker, for he had not recognised the voice—he who knew so well all the voices who frequented Danton’s. At length he beheld the speaker and gazed in amazement on the strange figure thus revealed to him.

“ Well,” said Marat, fully aware, as in the case of Madame Danton, of the child, of the dog, the effect his presence always produced.

“ Well, sir,” said Talma, recovering himself, “ I should be glad to hear you more fully discuss the historical view of the subject.”

“ Willingly, sir. I say that, had Charles IX allowed the Huguenots the powers and privileges they wanted, Protestantism would have become the religion of France, and the Condés its Kings. Then, like England, our country would have stood still in its intellectual progress, the puritanical dogma of Calvin would have killed the spirit of inquiry, the aspirations towards art, the thirst for glory, which are allowed by Christ, who himself promises their fruition. The doctrines of Christ promise liberty, fraternity and equality. The English have been the first to ac-

quire liberty, but there they have stopped, and mark my words we, not the English, will be the first to achieve fraternity and equality, and this we shall owe to——”

“To the priests, probably,” interrupted Chenier, in a supercilious tone.

“No, not to the priests, Monsieur de Chenier,” replied Marat, laying great stress upon the distinction of nobility which the author of Azémire and Charles IX had not as yet abandoned; “not to the priests, but to religion—religion does good where priests do harm. If you gave any other reading than this of Charles IX, you would be wrong.”

“Well, if I am wrong, the public will soon tell me so.”

“This, too, is very bad logic, Monsieur de Chenier; and I doubt very much whether you have as willingly accepted its judgment with regard to Azémire, as you feel inclined to do respecting Charles IX.”

“My tragedy of Azémire, sir, was never played before the public; it was presented only before the Court: and you know what Voltaire says of that tribunal—that great men have often long ears, and that the Court is the last place to look for criticism.”

“Certainly, sir,” said Marat, “I am entirely of your opinion in this matter. But allow me to say one thing more: Perhaps it may happen, at some future time, that you will be told that Marat is an enemy of religion—that Marat does not believe in God—that Marat has demanded that the priests should be killed. And I *shall* demand their death—but it will be because I venerate religion and honor God.”

“And if the sacrifice you demand were to be accomplished, Monsieur Marat,” said a little man of fifty, who had just entered, “I should propose that, for the operation, you should employ my newly-invented machine.”

“Oh, there you are, Doctor,” said Danton.

“Ah, Monsieur Guillotin, is it to you I have the honor of speaking?” said Marat, bowing more deferentially than he had done to any one else.

"Yes, Monsieur Marat, this is Doctor Guillotin—an excellent physician, but a still better man. But of what instrument are you talking, and what is its name?"

"What it is called, my dear friend, I cannot tell you—I have not given it a name. But the name, you know, is of no consequence." Then, turning to Marat, he continued: "You do not, perhaps, know that I am a great philanthropist?"

"I know of you," returned Marat, with a certain degree of deference; "that is to say, I know that you are one of the most scientific men of the day—that you carried off the first honors at the University of Bordeaux. I have read your opinion of Mesmer; I have heard of your extraordinary skill as a physician. I know, too, that you are a great patriot, and I am not quite ignorant of the instrument of which you speak. Is it not intended as an instrument of decapitation?"

"What! exclaimed Camille Desmoulins, "do you call yourself a philanthropist, and invent instruments of destruction?"

"Certainly, Monsieur Desmoulins," gravely replied the Doctor; "and it is because I am a philanthropist that I have invented this one. Until now, society has not only punished its criminals, but it has sought to revenge itself upon them. What else were all those tortures, by fire, the wheel, the rack—by burning oil and molten lead—which our good king has abolished? What does Justice require? The destruction of the criminal. But it has no right to inflict upon him any pains unnecessary to his death—or else justice becomes murder."

"And do you pretend to say," exclaimed Danton, "that you will destroy man—man, the most admirably organized of all machines—man, who clings to life by his instincts, his passions and his intellect—do you pretend to say that you can destroy man on the instant, as a charlatan draws a tooth—instantaneously and without pain?"

"Yes, Monsieur Danton, yes!" replied the doctor, becoming enthusiastic; "I destroy life on the instant, and without pain—in the same way that electricity or lightning destroys it. I strike as the eternal justice of God strikes."

"But how do you contrive it?" asked Marat; "pray describe your invention to me, if it is not a secret. You cannot imagine how much this conversation interests me."

"Ah!" said Guillotin, with a sigh of satisfaction at having at last found a listener; "sir, my machine is constructed on an entirely new plan, and is of the very greatest simplicity: so simple that you will be astonished to learn that it should have taken six thousand years to invent it. First of all, you must imagine a sort of platform or stage—Monsieur Talma, are you listening?"

"To be sure I am," replied Talma; "and I am almost as much interested as M. Marat."

"Well, then—my platform being raised, and made accessible by a flight of steps, I fix firmly on it two upright posts, between which is a block whereon the culprit lays his neck. At the top of the posts, is placed an axe, reaching from post to post, and sliding up and down in well oiled grooves. This axe, suspended by a cord over the criminal's head, is set free by the merest touch of a spring, and descends swiftly, impelled by a weight of some thirty or forty pounds, attached to it by a pulley. The victim feels nothing but a slight sensation of coldness on the back of the neck—and in less than a second, his head is separated from his body, and falls into a basket placed for the purpose."

"The devil!" said Camille; "it seems mighty ingenious."

"Yes, sir," continued Guillotin, becoming more and more animated; "and this operation, which at one blow separates the material from the spiritual—this operation, which destroys, which annihilates—occupies, how long, think you?—not one second!"

"That may be," said Marat, "but are you quite certain that sensation does not continue after the execution?"

"How can sensation survive life?"

"How? Why, does not the soul survive the body?"

"Ah!" said Guillotin, shrugging his shoulders; "if you believe in the soul!—but even then, contrary to the opinion of all spiritualists, who diffuse the soul throughout the whole body, you would assign it a distinct abode—you would place it in the me-

ninges—whereby you entirely throw aside Descartes and follow Locke. If you have read my pamphlet on the *Tiers Etat*, I too have read your work on *Fire, Electricity and Light*. Not having succeeded in your opposition to Voltaire and the philosophers, you have attacked Newton ; you have appealed to Franklin and to Volta to ratify your opinion, but they have differed from you on your theory of light—allow me, therefore, to differ from you on your theory of the soul.”

Marat had listened with a tranquility and patience to this outburst from Guillotin, very foreign to his nature ; but, to a keen observer, this tranquility would have indicated the extraordinary interest Marat took in the Doctor’s discovery.

“ Well then, sir,” said he, “ let us leave the discussion on the soul, since it so offends you, and merely speak of the body—since, after all, it is that, and not the soul, which feels pain.”

“ And if I destroy the body, then there can no longer be any suffering.”

“ But are you sure that you do destroy the sensibility of the body instantaneously, in cutting off the head ?”

“ I should rather think

“ And you are certain of producing instantaneous death ?”

“ Why, what do you mean ? I do not understand the nature of your doubts.”

“ Oh, they are very simple, very easily explained. Do we not place the seat of sensation in the brain ? Do we not think with the brain ? Is not this positive, from a head-ache being the result of too much thinking ?”

“ You probably place the seat of life in the heart,” exclaimed Guillotin, anxious to forestall his adversary.

“ Let us put the seat of life in the heart, if you please—but the instincts, the passions, are surely in the brain ? Well—separate the head from the body, and you kill the body, I grant you ; but the head—who tells you that the head does not suffer ? The head, sir, *does* suffer, *does think*, as long as there remains a drop of blood to feed the brain. Now, to expel this blood, it requires eight or ten seconds.”

"Oh, eight or ten seconds!" exclaimed Camille; "that isn't much."

"Not much!" said Marat; "are you, then, so little of a philosopher, young man, as to measure pain by its duration, and not by the agony it inflicts?—by the fact, and not by its consequences? Now, when pain lasts a second, it is as if it lasted an eternity—and when this pain, however insupportable it may be, still leaves the sufferer the power of knowing that the cessation of that pain will be the cessation of life, and that, in order to prolong that life, he would be willing to prolong the pain, do you not think that this mode of execution is the most horrible of tortures?"

"But I deny that there can be any sensation at all."

"But I affirm that there is sensation and suffering. Besides, decapitation is not a new mode of death. I have seen it practised in Poland and in Russia, where the head was severed at one blow by an adroit executioner, with a sabre; and I have seen with my own eyes, one of these headless bodies walk two or three steps, and fall, only because it came in contact with a heap of sand, placed to receive the blood. Tell me, if you please, that your newly invented machine is more rapid, and has the advantage of destroying more people in a given time, than any other means of execution, and I will agree with you. But that it is less painful, I deny."

"Well, messieurs, time will show—experience will convince you."

"Do you mean by that," said Danton, "that you expect us to try your machine?"

"No, my good friend; this machine is only for criminals."

"Well then, Monsieur Guillotin, place yourself near the first criminal executed by your machine; take up the head on the instant it is severed from the body—shout in its ears the name it has borne in life, and you will see the eyes open and look towards you."

"Impossible, sir, impossible."

"What I tell you is true, sir; for, having tried it myself, I can affirm it positively."

Marat said this in such a tone that no one, not even the Doctor, ventured to continue the argument.

"Notwithstanding your description, my dear Guillotin," said Danton, "I do not quite understand the construction of your machine."

"Here, then, Danton," said a young man, who had entered unobserved during the discussion, and had been busily employed in sketching the machine, as Guillotin described it; "here, Danton, here is a sketch of the thing—do you understand it now?"

"Ah! ah! I understand now," said Danton, taking the drawing. "Thank you, David, it is a clever sketch; but you have drawn the machine in full operation, I see."

"Yes," replied David, "there are the criminals to be executed—one with his neck under the axe, and two awaiting their fate."

"And who are your criminals?—three thieves, I suppose—Cartouche, Mandrin, and Soulailler?" asked Danton.

"No—they are three assassins—Wanloo, Boucher and Watteau—humbugs, whom the world call painters."

"Whom have they assassinated?"

"Why, art, to be sure."

"The dinner is on the table," said a footman in livery, throwing open the folding doors.

"To dinner, gentlemen—to dinner," said Danton.

"Monsieur Danton," said Marat, "as a memorial of our meeting, allow me to ask you to give me this sketch of David's."

"With pleasure," said Danton. "You see, David, how your sketch is appreciated?"

"I will give you another, Danton," said David; "pray give it to Monsieur Marat."

Marat pocketed the sketch, and the whole party followed Danton into the dining-room.

CHAPTER V.

THE DINNER.

THE dining room was resplendent with light. Although the dinner hour of that day was four o'clock, an artificial night had been obtained by closing the shutters, and innumerable wax lights were placed in gilt candelabras and crystal lustres, whilst a whole row of small lamps had been placed round the ceiling. It was evident that the library of the King's counsel had been sacrificed to this eventful ceremony. The desk had been pushed into a recess; his large arm-chair served as a support to an ingeniously contrived side-board. Damask hangings had been hung around the walls, in order to hide the shelves, strewed with papers and books; whilst a large round table was set in the middle.

This table was covered with a cloth of the finest damask. In the centre was a large *surtout* in silver and crystal, representing in the midst—appropriate attributes—statuettes in silver of Flora, Pomona, Ceres, and Diana—all the goddesses presiding over the productions of earth, air and water, of which a good dinner should consist.

Each guest found on his napkin a bill of fare, containing the following enumeration of dishes:

1. Ostend Oysters, which have arrived by express, and which are opened for each guest, one after another as fast as he can eat them.

“ 2. Soup à l'osmazome.

“ 3. A Turkey, weighing eight pounds, boned, and then stuffed with truffles from Perigord, so as to have assumed a spherical form.

“ 4. A Carp from the Rhine, sent alive to Paris from Strasbourg, and put living into the hot water.

" 5. Quails stuffed with truffles and marrow, broiled and served on buttered toast.

" 6. A fresh-water Pike, larded with prawns and served in a purée of prawns.

" 7. A larded roast Pheasant, with a purée of onions à la Soubise.

" 8. Spinach, seasoned with a gravy made from quails. J.J.J.

" 9. Two dozen Ortolans, à la Provençale.

" 10. A pyramid of Meringues with vanilla cream.

" Wines, first course.

" Madeira, Bordeaux, Champagne, Burgundy of the best vintage.

" Wines, second course.

" Alicant, Malaga, Sherry, Syracuse, Cyprus, and Costantia.

" N. B. The gentlemen are at liberty to call for any of the wines, at any time of the dinner ; but a friend advises them to take them in the order in which they are set down."

The guests having seated themselves, read this bill of fare with every variety of expression and feeling. Marat with disdain, Guillotin with interest, Talma with curiosity, Chevier with indifference, Camille Desmoulins with sensuality, David with surprise, Danton with voluptuous satisfaction.

Having perused this curious document, the guests looked around the table and discovered that there was one place vacant, between Danton and Guillotin, they being only seven, whilst the table was set for eight.

" One of Danton's guests is wanting, I perceive," said Camille Desmoulins ; " but as to be so much behind time, is an insult offered to the host, the guests, and above all, the dinner, I move that we go on without him."

" And I, my dear Camille, making to my guests here present the excuses of my guest absent, I must request them, after having read the bill of fare especially, not to begin without him, a dinner which they owe to him."

" Do you mean to say that the absent guest is "——

" No other than the cook."

"The cook!" exclaimed the guests in chorus.

"Precisely—no other than our cook," said Danton; and added, "In order that you may not imagine I am extravagant, you must allow me to relate the history of our dinner. A few weeks ago, a respectable old abbé, who is the Princes' man of business, came to consult me on some important law affairs. Having heard what he wanted, I wrote the necessary notes and opinions, in exchange for which he presented me with a thousand francs. Now, not choosing to soil my hands with the gold of the tyrants, I resolved to consecrate it to giving a dinner to my friends. Accordingly I set out to make my invitations. Grimod de la Reynière being the nearest, it was with him that I began. This distinguished epicure politely refused my invitation, saying he made it a rule never to dine out of his own house, unless where he was allowed to cook the dinner himself. At these words I drew my thousand francs from my pocket and placed them in his hands, telling him that I put at his disposal my cellar, my cook, and my kitchen. 'I take the thousand francs,' said he, 'but of your other offers I accept but the kitchen.' Therefore, gentlemen, all you behold, table-linen, surtout, silver, candelabras, flowers, all the luxury in fact which surrounds you, you owe to him, as well as your thanks, and not to me."

Scarcely had Danton finished his explanation, when a footman, throwing open the entrance door, announced

"M. Grímod de la Reynière."

At this name all rose to greet a man of about thirty-six years of age, whose face beamed with geniality and intelligence. He wore a black velvet square-cut coat, and black satin breeches, upon which fell two steel watch chains with quantities of seals and *breloques* (charms.) White silk stockings with embroidered clocks, and shoes with diamond buckles. He had on his head a hat with a velvet ribbon and diamond buckle, of a peculiar shape; this hat he never took off, not even at table.

As he approached, a flattering murmur greeted him from all, excepting Marat, who looked at him with an expression of anger and contempt.

“Gentlemen,” said Monsieur Grimod, putting his hand to his hat and bowing to all, “I had hoped to be assisted to-day by my distinguished master, La Guépière; but unfortunately he was engaged to the Count de Provence, so that I was entirely left to my own resources. I have done my best, and now throw myself on your indulgent kindness.”

The guests, with the exception of Marat, applauded and cried bravo! as though they had been at a theatre; and Monsieur Grimod replied, like an artist called out after a successful representation, by repeated salutations. “And now, gentlemen,” said he, “let us talk no more; dinner is the only time where wit and conversation are out of place, during the first hour.”

In obedience to this command, the guests, nothing loth, began to attack the oysters—the silence being broken by la Reynière only, who occasionally, and in an authoritative tone, gave a sort of word of command, like a general to his soldiers:

“Not too much bread, gentlemen—not too much bread, if you please!” cried he after the oysters had been despatched.

“Why not much bread?” said Desmoulins.

“For many reasons, my dear sir. In the first place, bread is the most nourishing of all alimentary things. Now, it would be a folly for a man to sit down to such a dinner as this, if he were not prepared to have an appetite sufficient to go to the end. Animals feed—man alone knows how to eat. It requires a man of talent, too, to know how to dine. In the next place, bread, like all farinaceous food, inclines man to obesity. Now obesity is the greatest misfortune that can overtake a man. Doctor Guillotin, who will take good care never to allow himself to get fat, will confirm what I say. Obesity destroys strength, beauty and symmetry of proportion; it is contrary to nature, for only portions of the human frame ever get fat, which spoils the harmony of the whole. Obesity disables a man from all corporeal exercises conducive to health—consequently, it is unhealthy; and by predisposing man to repose, engenders dropsy, apoplexy, and many other diseases. The mind, too, is of course affected by it—it takes away energy, vivacity. Therefore, I repeat, not too

much bread, gentlemen. Jean Sobieski and Marius are two examples of the fatality of eating too much bread. At the battle of Lowies being closed pressed by the Turks, Sobieski was obliged to fly. But he was so stout that his respiration was speedily exhausted. He was obliged to be supported, almost fainting on his horse, whilst his soldiers interposed themselves between him and the enemy; and it was with difficulty and great suffering that he escaped at last. Now, his inordinate love of bread cost the lives of nearly two hundred men. Marius, too, had the same taste—he ate so much bread, that being of short stature, he was soon as broad as he was long. Although during his exile he got thinner, still, history says that the soldier commanded to kill him, drew back alarmed at his greatness. Do not be mistaken, my friends, the historian alluded here to his physical, not his moral greatness. Remember this, Monsieur David, if ever you should paint Marius as Minturnes.

“Well, at any rate, this time, obesity was of some use.

“Not much use, after all; for, a little while after this adventure, he died of an excess, which his obesity rendered fatal. So, not too much bread, gentlemen—not too much bread!”

The first service was now brought in. It was preceded by a herald-at-arms, in full costume, and followed by a maitre d’hotel in black. With him was a young man all in white, representing the *puer* of the ancients.

Then came the cooks with their cotton caps, with white aprons and bright knives, white stockings and buckles in their shoes, each carrying a dish in his hands.

This procession, followed by the footmen, who, with the two already in the room, formed the exact number of the guests walked three times round the table. At the third time they put the dishes on the table; then the servants took each his stand behind one of the guests, and the rest of the attendants disappeared.

The soup was then served. It was so strong, so succulent, so well flavored, that the guests referred to the bill of fare, to see of what it could be composed

"By Jove!" said Danton, "in spite of your prohibition of speaking, I cannot resist asking you what is osmazome, as applied to soup?"

"Simply the greatest discovery which chemistry has ever made in favor of cookery. Guillotin knows all about it."

"But," said Talma, "what is it, after all? Like Molière's bourgeois, who was glad to know that what he talked was prose, I should not be sorry to know what I am eating, when I am told I am eating soup à l'osmazome."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed all excepting Guillotin, "what is soup à l'osmazome?"

"What is osmazome?" said Grimod, pulling his sleeves over his hands, which, mutilated from his birth, he had never liked to show; "Osmazome is the pure albuminous part of meat, which is soluble only in boiling water. It is this substance which forms that delicious brown, on roast meat, and which exhales such a savory perfume in game and venison. It was in view of the preciousness of this ingredient that Chevier made his soup in a saucepan having lock and key. It is to prevent the evaporation of this substance, so very evanescent, that true epicures say that soup, during the process of making, should always simmer, but never laugh—that is, boil."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried the guests.

"Gentlemen," said Camille Desmoulins, "as we have the honor of possessing at this moment the most distinguished professor of the culinary art now in existence, I propose that, in order to profit by his studies in the art, there should be no other subject broached. I also propose that the first who shall infringe this injunction, by talking about anything else, shall pay a fine of ten louis to the sufferers by the late freset."

"Chenier proposes an amendment," said Danton.

"I!" said Chenier, "I never opened my lips."

"No," said Talma, "but you looked as if you were about to propose that there should be an exception made in favor of your Charles IX."

"And David, another, in favor of his last picture, the Death

of Socrates," said Grimod, turning the laugh against another. "Charles IX is, doubtless, an admirable tragedy, and the Death of Socrates, a magnificent picture; but you will, I think, all agree that for men just set down to a feast, a young king shooting Huguenots, and an old man swallowing hemlock, are but sorry subjects. Fie upon all sorrowful or sombre impressions at the table! The host who invites his guests to a good dinner, is as much bound to attend to the cheerfulness and serenity of their moral condition, as he is to the quality of the dishes he sets before them."

"In that case," said Danton, "I call upon you to give us the history of that magnificent turkey, which you are carving so dexterously."

Grimod de la Reynière, although he had only two fingers on each hand, was a most skillful carver.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the history of this turkey, as a bird, regards Monsieur de Buffon; but it has another aspect, and that concerns Monsieur Necker, if he did but know it."

"Monsieur Necker, the minister of finance? What connexion can there possibly be between the two? I think, Monsieur Grimod, that Monsieur Necker is as much out of place here as Charles IX."

"Follow me, gentlemen, in my argument, and you will see that there is, or ought to be, a very important connexion between this animal—or rather, his species, and Necker. In the provinces, sir, the turkey is a source of great riches. Farmers live on turkeys stuffed with truffles—that is, by the sale of turkeys fit to be so stuffed. Now, there is a calculation to be made. I have ascertained, that, during four months, from November to February, there are consumed per diem, in Paris, three hundred turkeys—making in all thirty-six thousand. The average price of a truffled turkey, is twenty francs—total, seven hundred and twenty thousand francs. Supposing that the provinces only consume, together, three times as many as Paris—that would make two millions eight hundred and eighty thousand francs—a pretty round sum, as you see. Add to this the pheasants, capons, and

partridges, which our gastronomes stuff with truffles—you may set down about six millions of money in circulation for this one object—none of which brings one sou to the government; though it would, it appears to me, be a proper object of taxation. That is why the turkey concerns Necker as well as Buffon.”

“And these delicious carps,” asked Camille, who like a true epicure as he was, took great delight in this conversation; “would you tax these, also?”

“No,” said Grimod, “for nature alone makes them what they are. They need no farmer’s care to fatten or to flavor them.”

“Tell us,” said Chenier, “how you contrived to bring this carp alive from Strasboug to Paris. Was it brought by slaves, like the smelts from Ostia to the kitchens of Lucullus and Varius, or in a wagon, made for the purpose, such as the Russians use to bring the sturgeon from the Volga to St. Petersburg?”

“In neither one way nor the other—it came simply by the mail which brings the letters. The carp, here before us, was caught the day before yesterday in the Rhine; then was immediately placed on a bed of fresh grass, in a box precisely the same size as itself—then a little muslin bag, containing thick boiled cream, was introduced into its mouth, and so our carp travelled very comfortably, just as we did in our infancy, alternately sleeping and sucking.”

“I have no more to say,” exclaimed Chenier, “I acknowledge the superiority of the culinary art over the art of poetry.”

“There you go too far, Monsieur de Chenier. Poetry has her muse invoked under the name of Melpomene; the culinary art has her muse called Gasteria. Why should they not be worshipped each in her turn, without any sort of envy of each other’s superiority?”

At this juncture the second course was brought in, with the same ceremony as the first. All was found fully worthy of the illustrious artist who had presided over the kitchen. The pheasant and the spinach were especially relished.

“Monsieur Grimod,” observed Camille, who was of an inquisitive nature, “how is it so bad a general as Monsieur de Soubisa

should have given his name to so excellent a thing as this purée?"

"Sir," replied Grimod, pompously, "I can inform you. I never eat anything blind-fold. After profound research, I have ascertained how it came to pass, that so bad a general as M. de Soubise really was, spite of Voltaire's flatteries—for he was oftener defeated than any other general on record—came to have so excellent a dish named after him. In one of his numerous retreats, M. de Soubise was obliged to take refuge in the cottage of a German peasant. This boor had nothing to offer him for dinner but a young pheasant, which was roasting before the fire, suspended by a string—the very best method, by-the-by. The Duke, all overpowered by his defeat, obeyed, almost mechanically, the invitation of his host to approach the table, when it was ready. He had no appetite—at least he thought so; but no sooner had he tasted the pheasant and the purée, than he felt his appetite return. In fact, he got so hungry, and the pheasant was so delicious, that he finished it all. It was not until he had nothing but the bare carcass before him, that he found time to inquire how this delightful dish was concocted. The peasant sent for his wife, and the officers found him writing from her dictation, in his tablets, what they supposed to be notes on the position of the enemy. The officers were lost in admiration at the activity of the general, who could in such a moment take advantage of information accidentally thrown in his way. But M. de Soubise sent an express to Versailles, which, perhaps, did more to maintain his favor with Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour, than if he had announced a victory; he sent the receipt of the dish he had so enjoyed, to the King. On his return, the prince gave his receipt to his own cook, and that conscientious artist called it after his patron—hence the name of the purée."

"Really, Grimod, your erudition is perfectly bewildering. D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Condorcet, all the *Encyclopædia*, are nothing to you."

Grimod bowed courteously. Just at this moment Guillotin exclaimed,

“What spinach, my dear Grimod! It is divine.”

“You do honor to your taste, my good friend; it is the very best thing at the table.”

“And how is it made?”

“If I were not a philanthropist, I should say that I kept the receipt to myself; but I, who pretend that he who discovers a new dish, is of more use than he that discovers a new planet—I will tell you. First of all, your spinach must be boiled on a Sunday; then, having the water carefully pressed out, it must, each succeeding day until Saturday, be put upon the fire for half an hour, with a piece of fresh butter; then, on the last day, to the butter must be added some quail gravy—then serve it up hot, and you have spinach such as you are now eating. There, Doctor, I make you a present of this receipt, because I like doctors.”

“I wonder at that, for doctors generally prescribe starving, and not feeding.”

“Ay, but I never follow that prescription. They, themselves, are proverbially epicures. It was but the other day that I gave a gastronomic consultation to your friend Corvisart.”

“Really?”

“Yes. We were dining at Sartonè's. Well—no sooner had Corvisart swallowed his soup, than he began to drink iced champagne—by which means he soon became sprightly, witty and talkative. But before the end of the dinner, he sunk into silence, looked cross, and very nearly fell asleep. ‘Ah, Doctor,’ said I, ‘you will never enjoy your dessert.’ ‘Why not?’ said he. ‘Because champagne, from the carbonic acid gas it contains, produces two effects—the first inspiring, and the last stupifying.’ Corvisart, struck with the truth of the observation, promised never to drink champagne again at so early a period of the dinner.”

“Do you think literary men as great epicures as medical ones?” asked Chemier.

“They are improving, sir, every day. Formerly, they were only fond of wine—were drunkards, in fact. Now, they are beginning to get a better taste—but they are not yet epicures. Voltaire did much towards reforming their habits. Coffee owes its popularity to Voltaire; and he would have done more, had he had a better digestion. Prometheus and his vulture are but allegories—the vulture who preyed on Prometheus’ liver, was dyspepsia. The conqueror of Mithridates had a bad digestion—he was always cross and cruel after eating; whilst Antony, who had a capital digestion, thinks only on love. Even after he has received his death-wound, he has himself carried into the tomb of Cleopatra, and dies with his lips on her hand, the poet says—though more likely it was on her lips. Remember, it is not what we eat, but what we digest, which nourishes us.”

“Apropos of the Queen of Egypt,” said Camille, “I think we may as well begin to demolish that fine pyramid of meringues, yonder.”

“I allow you to do just as you please with the meringues—I have a great contempt for such kind of things. They are fit only for women and priests. Are you not of my opinion, doctor?”

But the doctor was occupied in watching the arrival of the dessert and the coffee. The guests had great expectations of the coffee—the aroma it sent forth was delicious. After they had tasted it, a murmur of satisfaction was heard.

“Gentlemen,” said Grimod, extending himself in his chair, with an air of beatitude, “if you have any influence in society, pray assist me in banishing that absurd habit of rising from table and going into another room to take coffee. Just imagine the difference between swallowing one’s coffee in a drawing-room, of a different temperature to the room you have left—standing with a servant at your elbow, with extended salver, impatiently waiting to snatch the cup from you. You cannot help committing the sacrilege of swallowing as fast as you can this nectar, which should be taken slowly, a mouthful at a time—and taking it in your own place at the table, in sight of delicious fruits. The

proper way is to begin by leaning over the cup and inhaling the aroma before tasting it—the aroma is almost as delicious as the taste. Dugazon, the great low-comedian, the man whose nose is known to be capable of forty-two different expressions, told me that he lost all control of that organ the moment it felt the aroma of coffee. Gentlemen, his nose becomes agitated—expands—lengthens—it declares war against the mouth; and it is a struggle between the two, as to which shall be gratified. Dugazon told me that, as yet, the mouth had always carried the day and swallowed the coffee—but he had great doubts as to how this warfare would ultimately end.”

“And if he were to be set down to such coffee as this, the consequences would be terrible, I should think,” said Guillotin; “I am sure this coffee was not ground—it was pounded in a mortar.”

“Ah, Guillotin!” said Grimod with emotion, “you are worthy of your reputation. It *was* pounded. As a testimony of my esteem for your talents, allow me to send you one of my old mortars.”

Camille burst into a loud laugh.

Grimod looked at him with contempt.

“Do you know, profane young man,” said he with solemnity, “that I sent expressly to Tunis for a mortar which was more than two centuries old, and that I paid for it no less a sum than three hundred piastres?”

“Then the mortar was in silver and the pestle of gold.”

“The mortar was marble, and the pestle, wood—but that wood, by constant contact with coffee, had become itself almost coffee. Ah! the Turks are masters of the art of making coffee. Monsieur Chenier, what do I see! You are sweetening your coffee with powdered sugar!”

“Powdered or lump, it cannot matter which, I should think.”

“It matters a great deal. Did you never observe any difference in the taste of a glass of water sweetened with powdered sugar, and one sweetened with sugar in lumps? It is immense, sir, immense!”

"Doctor, do explain to this young poet the component parts of sugar. Sugar, my young friend, contains three substances—sugar, gum, and starch. Now, in the crushing of sugar, a great portion of the saccharine matter is transformed into gum or starch; and therefore, in crushed sugar, the saccharine matter is no longer in proportion to the two others, as in sugar in lumps. Waiter, give Monsieur de Chenier another cup of coffee, and the lump sugar. Then, for a glass of pure cognac—and our feast is ended."

All now followed Reynière, who had become the true amphitryon, into the drawing-room. Marat and Danton were the last who entered.

"You have not offered a word during the whole dinner," said the latter to Marat; "did it not please you?"

"On the contrary, I thought it only too good."

"Too good! was it that which made you silent?"

"It led me to reflect, that with his most epicurean tastes, this Grimod de la Reynière had devoured during his life what would have sufficed for the subsistence of ten families."

"You perceive that such an idea has never entered his head; nor would it afflict him, if it had."

"No, God has afflicted them with mental blindness; but the day will come when their eyes shall be opened and they will have to give an account of themselves—these vampires who have fed for so long on the blood of the people."

"Well, when that happens——"

"Why, then I think that the invention of our friend Guillotin will be appreciated at its true value. Good night, Monsieur Danton!"

"What! Are you going to leave us already?"

"Why should I stay? I am incapable of appreciating Monsieur Grimod's aphorisms."

"I want you to remain with me, to accompany me to the club."

"To-night?"

"To-night."

"To what club?"

"To the Socialist Club. I know of no other."

"If I go where you want to take me, will you afterwards come to where I shall take you?"

"Certainly I will, with great pleasure."

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor."

"Then I will remain."

So saying, Marat followed Danton into the drawing-room, where M. Grimod de la Reynière was still developing his theory of the dining-room.



CHAPTER VI.

THE CLUB OF THE SOCIALISTS.

ABOUT an hour after this conversation between the two new friends—David having returned home, Camille Desmoulins having gone to visit the young girl, Lucile Duplessis, to whom he was engaged; Talma and Chenier having gone to the *Théâtre Français* to talk a little more about Charles IX, of which they had not been able to put in a word at dinner—Grimod de la Reynière having, as was his custom every evening, gone to the Opera—Guillotins having gone to meet his electors—Danton and Marat left the rue de Paon and retraced their steps to the Palais Royal.

But, however animated the Palais Royal during the day, the scene it presented in the evening was far more brilliant. All the jewellers, all the dealers in porcelain, all the tailors, all the milliners, all the hair-dressers, with their swords by their side, occupied shops highly decorated, and set out in the evening with additional care. At one end of the galleries the public were pressing on to hear Bordin in his Harliquinades; in another gallery was the no-less frequented gambling-house bearing the No. 113, which existed till gambling was abolished by Louis Philippe, and on which Andrieux, the philosopher and dramatist, had just written the following verses:

“ Three doors to this dread place you see—
Their names, Hope, Death, and Infamy.
You enter by the first—pass through;
And exit by the other two.”

On the opposite side was the café Foy—the rendezvous of all parties. In the centre was the famous Circus, to which we have alluded, where was held the Socialist Club, but which on this particular night was called the “American Club.”

As soon as they had left the rue du Paon—then, as now, a very quiet street—Danton and Marat remarked symptoms of extraordinary agitation in the populace. It was evident that the news of de Brienne’s resignation and Necker’s appointment was beginning to be known, for the people were assembled in groups, declaiming and discussing the news with great vehemence. Hatred for de Brienne, and gratitude and love for Necker, were everywhere expressed. The King’s conduct, too, was much admired. All had a great affection for the king—for it must be remembered that whatever reforms were called for, whatever opinions were professed, there was but one opinion in 1788 as to the King and Queen. Every body was a royalist—any other than a monarchical government had never been thought of.

On the Pont-Neuf the crowd was so great as to obstruct the passage of the carriages. The crowd, too, was boisterous, and composed of such elements that a spark of contradiction or doubt of the truth of the great event would have inflamed it into insurrection.

In the Palais Royal, the crowd was perfectly dense, and the noise bewildering. The apartments of the Duke of Orleans were brilliantly illuminated; and from the numbers seen through the lace curtains, passing to and fro, it was evident that the reception of his highness was very numerously attended. The crowd of people coming in all directions, was like the ebbing and flowing of the tide. Danton and Marat were, however, very good swimmers in such a troubled ocean. They very soon contrived to make their way into the heart of the Palais Royal, by the rue de Valois.

When they arrived at that portion of the galleries called, as we have said, the *Camp des Tartars*, Danton, in spite of the visible repugnance of his friend, stopped to gaze an instant on the singular and animated picture before him: women, young and lovely, rouged to the eyes, covered with flowers and jewelry, dressed as for a ball, with neck and arms bare—many, too, displaying the legs as high as the knee. Some accosted the men as they passed, with a lascivious smile; some called to them, or arrested them by the skirts of their coats; some were walking two by two, like confidential friends, quietly and soberly—others saluted an acquaintance as he passed, with a gross expression which made the hearers shudder—so little could they accustom themselves to the idea of hearing such language from such beautiful creatures, dressed, too, like Duchesses, and differing apparently from them in nothing but that their jewelry was false, and that they rejected indignantly the proverb of, "*Deceitful as a Duchess*," then much in vogue.

Danton looked on with delight. Endowed with an organization at once sensual and energetic, he was always attracted by pleasure and luxury; gold especially, in all its forms, had an irresistible attraction for him, as a medium of power—whether it was piled up in the shop of a money-changer, or glittering on the bosom of a prostitute.

Marat, however, pulled him away; and though he followed Marat, he turned round every now and then to gaze on the fascinations of this Pandemonium.

But in the gallery they now entered, fresh temptations awaited them. It was here that men enveloped in cloaks, (although it was in the middle of summer) perambulating the galleries, offered for sale all the obscene books of the day—a period when such literature was the fashion. "Monsieur, would you like to read *The Rake of Quality*, by M. de Mirabeau? a charming work! or *Felicia*, or *my Wild Oats*, with engravings, by Monsieur Merciat?" "Monsieur," said another, "I can give you *Old Father Mathieu*, by the Abbé Dulaurens." This was called in those days,

Cloak Literature, because, as may be imagined, such works were circulated clandestinely, being forbidden by the authorities.

In order to get rid of these importunities, hateful to Marat, but to which Danton was not unwilling to listen, they resolved to make a short-cut across the garden. Here they encountered the duennas, stool-pigeons of houses of ill-fame, beating up recruits; though on this eventful evening they had very little chance of success, absorbed as were all other passions in the great political crisis of the day.

At length they reached the circus; and then all obstacles were at an end—for Danton, having exhibited two tickets, was with Marat admitted instantly by the smiling and gracious ushers.

The magnificent room in which the Club was held, was most brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. The American and French flags, interwoven with each other, surrounded shields, on which the names of the victories gained by the united armies were inscribed. At the upper end of the room were three busts, which attracted great attention. They were the busts of Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette.

Theodore de Lameth, the eldest of the two brothers of that name, known in history, was in the chair, being the President for that evening.

Laclos, the author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*, was acting as Secretary.

The galleries were filled with ladies, all partizans of American Independence. There was Madame de Genlis, in a tight dress *à la Polonoise*, of striped silk. There was the Marquise de Villette—surnamed *belle et bonne*, by Voltaire—wearing a flowing dress ornamented with ribbons imitating a leopard skin, and called *à la Circassienne*.

There, too, was Theresia Cabarrus, afterwards celebrated under the name of Madame Tallien, and who then was Marchioness of Fontenoy. Beautiful ever, she looked more dazzlingly so beneath the folds of the black lace mantilla in which she had enveloped herself, and from beneath which her bright eyes shone like stars at midnight.

Near her was Josephine Tascher, Marquise de Beauharnais, a graceful and pretty creole, to whom a fortune-teller had foretold that morning that she should one day be Empress of France.

Here, too, was the famous Olympe de Gournes, whose mother sold old clothes, but whose father, Leonard Bourbon, was related to the royal family of France—a strange blue-stocking, possessing an income of two hundred thousand francs, who could neither read nor write, but who dictated to her secretaries novels and poems, which she never learned to read. She had entered almost simultaneously with Marat and Danton, and her entrance had been greeted with acclamations and applause. She had just given, at the *Théâtre Français*, after five years supplication, a drama called "*The Slave Trade*." The play had not had a very brilliant success ; but that did not prevent the public from appreciating and applauding the subject and spirit of the piece, if not the piece itself.

In the midst of these fair dames, caressed, flattered, ogled, sighed at, talked at, admired and loved, fluttered the hero of the day, the young Marquis de Lafayette.

He was then a handsome and accomplished young man. High born, possessing a large fortune, allied by his wife—the daughter of the Duke d'Ayen—to the noblest families of France, impelled when scarcely twenty to seek far from his country that liberty which was germinating everywhere—he had secretly and at his own expense chartered two vessels, freighted them with arms and ammunition, and had arrived in Boston to aid the Americans against England—just as, fifty years later, Byron went to Missolonghi to assist the Greeks in their struggle against the Turks.

More fortunate than the illustrious poet, he was destined to behold the fruition of the struggle in which he shared ; and if Washington is the father of American liberty, Lafayette may claim to be its godfather.

The enthusiasm which he excited in France, on his return, was perhaps greater than that which he had excited in America on his arrival. In Paris and at Versailles, he had become the fashion. Franklin had made him a citizen—Louis XVI had made

him a general. The queen had smiled on him. This popularity suited him exactly, and the general's uniform became him wonderfully well. His vanity had whispered it to him, and if a man who was in his thirty-first year was disposed to despise such a futile advantage, the women took good care to remind him of it by every possible flattery.

There was another person who shared the empire of fashion with Lafayette: this was the Count d'Estaing, who, after many defeats in India and in America, had just obtained a signal victory over the English, under the command of Commodore Byron.

The Count d'Estaing, however, was an old man, so that, though universally admired for his valor, the ladies seemed rather to leave the testimonies of this admiration to the men, whilst they undertook to patronize Lafayette.

There were others present, who at this time had not attained celebrity, but who were destined to do so in a very short space of time.

There was the Abbé Grégoire, who was enthusiastic in the cause of the blacks, to free whom ultimately became the object of his life.

Clarière, another champion of the negro race.

The Abbé Raynal, just returned from the exile to which he had been condemned for his work entitled *Philosophical History of the Indies*.

Condorcet—about to begin life for the third time—he had been first a mathematician with D'Alembert—a critic with Voltaire, and now he was about to become a politician with Vergniaud and Barbaroux. Condorcet was a profound thinker in private and in public, in the closet or in society, having more special knowledge on every subject than any man professing but one speciality; talking little, listening a great deal, profiting by all, and never forgetting anything he had once heard.

Brissot, who had just arrived from America, madly devoted to the cause of liberty and democracy, a friend of Lafayette's and

the author of the "Address to Foreign Powers," awaiting only an opportunity to put himself at the head of a political party.

Boucher, who had just published his poem of the months, and who was then translating Smith's "*Wealth of Nations*."

Malonet, who had but just given to the public an *Essay on Negro Slavery*, and who, at the moment of Danton and Marat's entrance, had just mounted the tribune and was waiting to speak until the effect produced by the entrance of Olympe de Cleves should have subsided.

Clarière had preceded him. Clarière had spoken on slavery in general, and theoretically, promising that his friend Malonet would illustrate the subject with facts, which from their horror would excite the indignation and profound pity of the assembly.

The assembly, animated by that excitement which pervaded all ranks at this time by a desire to distinguish itself in the eyes of celebrated beauties who looked down on them from the galleries, were delighted at the prospect of an excitement which should arouse their enthusiasm.

Silence was soon obtained; the men lingeringly withdrew their admiring gaze from Mde. de Beauharnais to Mde. Cabarrus; the ladies ceased to flirt with Brissot and Lafayette, and turned all their attention to Malonet, who already in the attitude of an orator in the tribune, was impatiently waiting to begin.

"Gentlemen," said he at length, "I am about to undertake a most difficult task; I am about to relate the misfortunes of a race which from the horrors it endures would appear to be accursed, though it has done nothing to deserve the malediction which seems to pursue it. Happily my cause is the cause of humanity, for were it not that every heart is with me, I could scarcely trust to my poor eloquence so great, so sacred a cause.

"Gentlemen, did it ever occur to you, when after a social dinner, extended on comfortable easy chair, leaning on soft cushions, you sweetened and sipped your coffee, that the delicious aroma, the exhilarating taste, which so gratified your senses, had cost the lives of millions of human beings?

"Yes, of human beings, for are not those unfortunate children of

Africa, sacrificed by thousands to the gratification of European sensuality, our equals and our brothers, in the eyes of God, the Creator?"

A murmur of approbation testified the approval of the assembly—all the refined, elegant, powdered, perfumed dandies, all fastidious, delicate women, covered with diamonds and lace, agreed with the orator in considering their brothers and equals the negroes of Congo and the negresses of Senegal.

"And now, tender and gentle hearts, listen to me," continued Malonet in the bombastically sentimental style of the day, "remember that what I am about to relate is not a novel invented merely for your amusement. All are true facts which I will bring forth to illustrate the horrible sufferings which for two centuries have overwhelmed the African race. From America and from Africa, the voice of the poor victim of man's tyranny appeals to you for mercy—for help—for justice. Will you not answer their appeal? Shall not the voice of man, strong and energetic, of woman gentle and supplicating, reach the ear of the sovereigns of Europe, and arouse them to the conviction that they, the representatives of God upon earth, are offending God by thus becoming the oppressors of a race, made like themselves, after his own image?"

Here there were outbursts of applause; but some few, anxious to get at the facts he promised, desired Malonet to proceed.

"Do you know," continued he, "what is the slave-trade? Do you know how it is carried on, this bartering of human flesh, where man sells his fellow man?"

"When a slaver approaches the coast of Africa to obtain a ship-load of slaves, he sends to some of the petty sovereigns of these latitudes, specimens of the merchandises he offers in exchange, together with a present of a cask of brandy.

"Brandy! Fire-water as the unhappy negroes call it; fatal discovery, which we have taken from the Arabs, from whom also we have learned distilling, which they had invented to distil the perfume from the flowers, especially the rose, so famous in their legends and their poesy. Fatal fire-water! thou hast conquered

more noble minds, and destroyed more nations, than those fire-arms which the ignorant savage compares to the thunderbolts of heaven !”

This was in the most approved style of the day, and our orator was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

“ When the captain of the slave-ship has sent his fatal presents, he waits patiently till the shades of night descend. No sooner has darkness covered the land, than the red glare of fire replaces the light of day ; from village to village the devouring flames speed along, and from his station on deck, the captain can hear the wild shrieks of mothers torn from their children, husbands from their wives, boys from their aged fathers. The groans, too, of the dying are borne to him across the wave, for there are many who prefer death to slavery far away from their family, their country and their affections.

“ Sometimes the struggle will last for three or four days, but betrayed by their sovereigns, by fire-water, by European stratagem, the miserable remnant of numberless villages are finally dragged to the ship, and the captain has at last his three or four hundred slaves, to obtain which, perhaps, four thousand have perished in the fight or in the flames.

“ So it was that the captain of the slave-ship New York obtained his slaves from the king of Barsilly.

“ These unhappy beings are then subjected to the examination of the surgeon of the ship. Those whom he declares to be well organized and healthy are marked with a hot iron on the shoulder. Then they are consigned to the hold, where during a long voyage, they undergo every species of misery, though death often relieves them of their sufferings, and deprives the slave-captain of his prey. Death, too, takes many forms, despair leads to suicide, as on board the slaver who traded to Guinea, commanded by Captain Philips, where twelve negroes threw themselves into the sea, and being chained together, of course instantly sunk.

“ But the worst form of death is by the terrible and excruciating diseases, occasioned by the close atmosphere vitiated by human excrements ; numbers expire in the greatest agony, whilst others,

less fortunate, live through all their sufferings to reach the land of slavery.

“Do not believe, oh Europeans, what men, eager for gain, tell you, that the negro is not like ourselves, a creature of heart and sensibility. It is false. The poor negro loves, as we do, his wife, his parents, his children, and torn from all, curses his white oppressors, and looks on them as the destroyers of his race.

“Go amongst these newly-captured slaves, and you will hear the lamentation of the wife, torn from her home; you will see young children weeping for their mother’s tender care; or a timid young girl, never yet looked on by man, trembling beneath the lascivious gaze of her captor, and dreaming of the lover she has left; or, perhaps that lover is there, but chained and powerless, he cannot save her from her doom, and gnashing his teeth, he concentrates his hatred in his heart, and vows revenge.”

Here the sympathies of the audience were excited to the most violent degree; the orator, profiting by the pause, swallowed a glass of water, and wiped his forehead with an embroidered handkerchief.

During this discourse, of which we have given the very words as well as the spirit, Danton had been occupied in examining Marat, whose features had assumed an expression of the most profound irony.

Malonet went on:

“I have not yet told you all, oh generous and gentle hearts. Listen to this: After the negroes on board the vessel commanded by Captain Philips, had thrown themselves into the sea, the officers on board proposed that the arms and legs of some of those who remained should be amputated in order to intimidate the others; but this the captain refused. ‘They are wretched enough, let us not add to their misery,’ said the captain, whose humanity deserves to be recorded.

“Many captains, however, when the slaves refuse food, in the hope of starving themselves to death, are beaten with iron bars, and their groans and cries, terrifying their companions, compel a submission.

“This equals in barbarity the rack in Europe ; but the rack is for criminals, whilst these tortures are executed on noble and innocent men.

“I said all captains were not like Captain Philips. Listen to what I now tell you ; an account of which has been printed and published by John Atkins, surgeon on board the admiral’s ship of the Ogles squadron, which traded on the coast of Guinea. John Harding, commanding one of the vessels of the squadron, perceiving that for some days there had been a mysterious whispering amongst the male and female slaves, imagined they were plotting some revolt. Without further inquiry, he ordered one of the men to be instantly killed, and having opened the body, he caused the heart and liver to be cut into three hundred small portions, and obliged the three hundred slaves remaining in the hold, to swallow one of these pieces, on pain of a similar fate.”

A shudder of horror ran through the audience, but Malonet, raising his voice and hand, imposed silence, and continued :

“This execution over, the captain ordered one of the women to be seized, had her suspended by the wrists, and after flagellating her naked body until the blood streamed on the deck, he caused three hundred pieces of flesh to be cut from her and distributed amongst her companions. The woman at last expired in the midst of unheard-of tortures.”

Here, shouts of indignation burst from the crowd. Malonet again wiped his forehead and swallowed another glass of water.

At length he was enabled to proceed. “To the horrors of the voyage succeed the horrors of the arrival in a strange climate, which by fever and consumption decimates the negro population, so that a calculation may easily be made, from statistics, that twenty thousand negroes have been sacrificed every year during the last two centuries, to the cupidity of the whites. Add to this calculation the victims of slavery in other nations of Europe, and you will have a total of thirty millions of people, of which we the whites, of the last two hundred years, have been the executioners.”

A sentiment of horror pervaded the assembly at the thought that even by their carelessness they had been, as it were, parties to such cruelties.

“Those who have passed the horrors of the sea, and escaped the ravages of the fever, are at length taken to the plantations. Rising with the sun, they work beneath its burning rays until noon, then they are allowed two hours to satisfy their hunger and to repose; but at two o'clock, under the influence of a tropical sun, they resume their work; a moment's relaxation is interrupted by a heavy blow from the overseer's whip, and so they work till sunset. Then think not that rest is theirs; they have now to attend to the habitations of their masters; the cows, the horses, the sheep, to feed—so that it is midnight before, exhausted from fatigue and hunger, they reach their miserable huts, to take their scanty repast of Indian meal. And yet an author of talent, information, and celebrity, has pretended that the slaves were far less unhappy than most of our peasantry; and, at the first glance, it would seem that his assertions were not devoid of truth.

“A laborer earns, in France, from twenty to twenty-five sous a day. How can a laborer, with these paltry wages, maintain himself, his wife, his children, pay a rent, buy clothing and fuel? It cannot be done; and the laborer's life is one of penury and privation.

“Now, the serf or slave is in the same relation to the master as his horse; the master is as much interested in the welfare of the one as the other, and sees that both are well fed, for his own sake; therefore slaves are happier than peasants, who sometimes are in want of the common necessities of life.

“Alas, this comparison, humiliating as it is between the slave and the horse, is still not a fair one. I will prove it to you.

“Some few days since, I found myself in a café, near three Americans; one was reading the papers, the other two were discoursing about their slaves and their plantations.

“‘My slaves are worth, one with the other,’ said one of these Americans, ‘about forty guineas. I make about seven guineas

on each, supposing I feed them handsomely. But by diminishing their rations only two pence a day, in the course of the year, I gain three guineas on each, or three hundred pounds on my three hundred negroes, over and above what they brought before.

“It is true that, under this economical system, my blacks do not last more than eight or nine years, but I don't care for that, for it takes but four years for me to get back the forty guineas he cost me, so that all beyond is clear gain. If he dies at the end of seven or eight years, well. I can buy another in his place, healthy and strong, out of what I have saved from the old one's rations ; so you see it is a capital speculation.”

“This is what he said, calmly, and with a smile, to his friend, this human tiger ! whilst I blushed to think that I belonged to the same race.”

“Oh, ferocious Europeans !” exclaimed the orator, when the murmurs of the audience had subsided, “oh, ferocious Europeans ! will ye always be ruthless tyrants, instead of generous benefactors ? The men whom you persecute are your fellow-creatures, born of woman, like yourselves, the offspring of love, fed from the breast like your own pampered heirs ;—they were created by the same Omnipotent Power ; his sun shines on them as on us. Like you, they have heart, soul, feeling, and intelligence. They differ from you but in the color of the skin, and for this you have dared to tear asunder the links of affection heaven formed for them, as for us. You have enchained their freedom, degraded their race, and exposed them, by sea and land, to tortures surpassing those of the fabled hell.”

“Search the history of the world, from its most barbarous to its most civilized times, and you will find no example of such constant and systematic cruelties. Can it be, that in these days of progress, of most wonderful discoveries, the result of man's research and man's intellect—in these days when narrow prejudices and unjust privileges are fleeing before the light of philosophy, you will consent to be the cruel persecutors of a whole race of men ? No—let us, the most civilized nation on earth, give the

example. Let France break the chains of her slaves—raise them to their rank of human beings—allow them the privileges of thinking and feeling; then you will be loved as fathers, not hated as tyrants, and the freed man will till, with joyous and willing hand, the ground the slave slowly dug whilst he watered it with his tears!”

This was the climax—the enthusiasm knew no bounds—the shouts of “Liberty! liberty!” rent the air. The women waved their handkerchiefs, and the orator descended from the tribune in the midst of a crowd of admiring and congratulating friends.

During all this, Danton had several times been inclined to join in the general enthusiasm, but the vicinity of Marat had restrained him; for he felt, instinctively, that his cynical look implied contempt of the subject and the orator. Now he turned round to Marat and spoke for the first time to him:

“Well,” said he, “what do you think of all this?”

“I think,” replied he, “that it would require many such orations and many such assemblies before there would be one step taken towards reform.”

“The cause he advocates, however,” said Danton, unwilling to give in, “is a noble one.”

“It is, but there is a nobler, still, to advocate, than that of the black slaves of America.”

“What is that?”

“That of the white slaves of France.”

“Ah, yes.”

“Now, I have kept my promise, Danton, will you keep yours and come with me?”

“Certainly. Where are you going?”

“You have brought me to an assembly of aristocrats, where we have heard the slavery of the blacks debated; now I will take you to an assembly of democrats, where you will hear the slavery of the whites discussed. Come—follow me.” And Danton and Marat, thanks to the general confusion, all remarkable as they were, left the assembly unobserved.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLUB OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

In a few minutes Marat and Danton found themselves once more in the Palais Royal, already far less crowded than when they had entered the assembly they were now leaving, for it was getting late.

This time it was Danton who followed Marat. They proceeded rapidly along the galerie Valois; then Marat proceeding through a narrow alley—he and Danton found themselves out of the Palais Royal. The Rue de Valois, in which they found themselves, was silent and dark; the buildings of many of the Duke's ameliorations, were incomplete; the street, full of brick and stone, was impassable for carriages, and difficult of access for foot passengers. Marat, however, seemed familiar with all the intricacies of this labyrinth; he hurried on, occasionally turning round to see if Danton followed him, until he arrived at a kind of cellar accessible by a descent of some eight or ten steps.

All was silent around, only from the apertures of this cellar was then heard the murmur of many voices, and light streamed from within, shewing to Danton the whole aspect of the place, which resembled a thieves' den, rather than anything else. He, however, followed Marat, and arriving on the last step, was enabled to look within.

He beheld a large vaulted room, with a stone floor, which, probably, before the ground around had been raised, had served as a green-house for orange trees and rare plants. It looked, now, like a low tavern, from its aspect and its furniture; and it was here that was held the "Club of the Rights of Man." Into this club, unknown but to its members, none were admitted but by means of a sort of masonic signal. The men sat at the tables drinking, as in a tavern; the atmosphere was heavy with the smoke of the flaring lamps, as well as of numerous pipes;

around stood many, too poor to taste the wine of the establishment, looking on with envy and savage ill-humor at their more fortunate companions, whose appearance, though indicating poverty, was yet less sordid than their own.

Behind these people was a sort of platform, on which were placed several arm-chairs, now unoccupied, and a long table made out of an old counter. On this were placed two candles, but one only, in compliance with the economical system of the place, had been lighted.

All this formed a strong contrast to the perfumed assembly, all silk and velvet, which Danton and Marat had just left; they had come from the Paradise of the aristocracy, into the Pandemonium of the people.

At this moment, the most important person seemed to be the master of the place; for his name was shouted in every tone, from all parts of the room.

"Wine, Jourdan, wine!" cried a man of colossal stature, whose shirt-sleeves, rolled up above the elbows, displayed a large, muscular arm, and whose fresh complexion indicated a butcher, that is, a man accustomed to inhale the vapors of hot blood.

"Here is wine, Monsieur Legendre," said Jourdan, putting a bottle on the table; "but I beg to observe that it is your fourth bottle."

"Are you afraid I can't pay?" said the butcher, pulling from the pocket of his blood-stained apron a handful of copper and small silver coin, and in which shone like stars two or three crowns of three and six francs.

"Oh, I was not afraid of the pay, Monsieur Legendre. You are worth a great deal more than I am, and can pay as much as you choose to drink; but you know you get very touchy after the fifth bottle, and always quarrel at the sixth."

"Well, I don't care if I do."

"No, but your adversaries do."

"So much the worse for them," said Legendre, with a grin; "but as this is only the fourth bottle, there's nothing to fear, my Jack-of-all-trades—for you have tried all trades by turns; you

have been a butcher, a furrier, a smuggler, a soldier, a groom; and now here you are at your right trade at last, a tavern-keeper. Wine, then, Master Petit, as you are now called: wine, then, Master Jourdan, as you are now called."

"Jourdan, Jourdan," cried a voice in another part of the room.

Jourdan put down the bottle and ran to his other customer, who was no other than the ticket-pedlar who had made Marat and Danton known to each other.

"What do you want, my old friend? have you a ticket to give me?" inquired Jourdan with a laugh.

"I have nothing to give, for they turned me away from the door of the Varietés this evening, under pretence that—but that's nothing to you."

"Of course, not particularly, as you know I am not at all inquisitive."

"No, but you are hospitable tho'; so I tell you that from this evening you will have to feed me and this gentleman at the public expense, until further orders. You can do it, you know you get well paid by the public."

Hébert's companion was a young man of slight stature, with a sallow complexion and a quick, bright eye, whose costume offered a strange mixture of poverty and tawdry bad taste.

"What's this gentleman's name?"

"This gentleman is citizen Collot d' Herbois, who has acted the leading tragedy parts in the provinces, and who has written several comedies. Now, as all the places are filled, and the Théâtre Français refuses his comedies, Monsieur Collot d' Herbois, for the present, has nothing to live on; so he comes to the Club of the Rights of Man, for every man has a right to be fed; and he says to the Philanthropic Society, of which we form a part, 'Take care of me! feed me! clothe me!'

"To do this I must have a line from the President."

"Here it is, you see it is for two; so cut away and bring us some wine, we are not so poor as we seem; we can stand treat to-night."

So saying, Hébert drew from his pocket a handful of silver

money, which shewed that if he had been sent away from his place, he had not left it empty handed.

Jourdan went to fetch the wine ; but on his way he was stopped by a man leaning against one of the pilasters. He was a man of nearly six feet high, dressed in rusty black, and with so solemn a face that it might almost be called sinister.

“ I want you Jourdan.”

“ What do you want, Maillard ? it is not wine ; I am here,” replied Jourdan, in a respectful tone.

“ No, I merely want you to tell me who is that man supported on crutches, who is talking to our Vice-President Fournier, the American.”

And he pointed to a man of about thirty years of age, whose long hair, falling on each side of a pale, thin face, gave him a look of extreme suffering ; his weak and deformed body was supported by two crutches. He was talking to a square, bull-dog-looking man. It was this man, so celebrated afterwards, as indeed were most of those to whom we introduce our readers, whom the sheriff Maillard had designated as Fournier, the American.

“ The man who is talking to our vice-president ? wait a minute, I cannot recall his name.”

“ I am for equality, you know, and justice. It requires certain qualifications to be admitted here, and I am determined nobody shall be allowed to come in who does not possess them.”

“ Oh, I remember all about him now ; he is all right. See, he is showing his papers to Fournier. He is a judge from Clermont, who is paralytic. I think his name is George Couthon ; he is highly thought of by the patriots in Auvergne.”

“ All right ; now who is that chap with fine clothes, standing on the steps ? why he’s as ugly as the devil.”

“ Oh, I know nothing about him, but I know who brought him.”

“ With whom did he come ?”

“ Oh, somebody who’s all right.”

“ Who then ?—can’t you speak ?”

“ Why, he came with Marat.”

“Well, is the wine coming?” said Hébert, tapping Jourdan on the shoulder with a blow which made the worthy host start off in double quick time.

Hébert, as he returned to his place, met a young man who had just entered, and to him he extended his hand.

“How are you, Bordier?” said he, “come with me, and let me introduce you to a friend of mine, one of your own profession.”

Bordier nodded his head in token of assent, and followed Hébert, with a grace peculiar to himself, and which never forsook him.

“Monsieur Collot d’Herbois, let me introduce you to my friend Bordier,” said Hébert, “the illustrious representative of Harlequin Emperor of the Moon, which is making the fortune of the Varietés; for though the piece is far from being as good as yours, it is drawing all Paris.”

“I witnessed Monsieur Bordier’s performance only yesterday, and I applauded heartily, I assure you.” Bordier bowed, Collot continued. “The way in which you say ‘and yet, after all, I know I shall be hung’ is irresistible—it is impossible to imagine anything so comically terrible as you, when you say this.”

“That phrase is an interpolation of my own. What made you think of it?”

“Why, when I was a boy, I saw a man hung; it made so great an impression on me, that I dreamed I was hanged myself, and often dream so now; the very word of hanging makes me shudder. So you see I wanted to try if I could impart my feelings to the public. Dugazon, you know, has invented forty-two ways of moving his nose, and each one makes the public shout; but I, sir, by this simple phrase, in the midst of the broadest farce, can make my audience weep—but the meeting is going to begin.”

In fact, the second candle had been, lighted and the Vice-President Fournier seemed awaiting Marat, the President, to take his seat.

But Marat appeared to decline.

“What is the matter with Marat, that he appears to decline to take his seat?”

"He wants to speak, probably," said Hébert.

"Does he speak well?" asked Collot.

"I rather think he does," replied Hébert, with a wink at Bordier, "and in a style that no one ever spoke before."

The President's bell was now heard, the assembly all pressed forward. At a sign from Jourdan, one of the waiters closed the door of the cellar, and Marat taking Danton by the arm, conducted him into the foremost ranks, close by the orator's tribune.

Then the Vice-President exclaimed:

"Gentlemen! order, the——"

And the turbulent multitude was hushed, though eagerly awaiting an opportunity to certify its sympathy with the orator or its disapproval, which it was ready to express with popular vehemence.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WHITE SLAVES.

IT WAS for Danton especially that this assembly had an extraordinary aspect.

Danton, like all men born in the middle classes, had instincts which impelled him into another. Sensual in his habits, refined in his tastes, ambitious of political position, intellectual, full of imagination, Danton's aspirations were all aristocratic. Danton, with his rough hide and hideous face, loved the white hands and regular features which in the days of September became to their possessors the signal of execution.

Danton had just left a reunion of all he loved—the light of wax-candles, the rustling of silk, the soft folds of velvet, the waving plume, the flashing diamond—he had inhaled fragrance distilled from every flower, and that indescribable perfume which emanates from young and lovely women, brought up in the midst of luxury and refinement; and now here he is transported into the lowest stratum of society, in the midst of flaring candles

surrounded by men with dirty hands, covered with rags. Now, he comprehended the catacombs under this other Rome, and felt by the contrast of all around that the elocution of the speakers would be of a far different order to what he had heard in the Club he had just left.

Bordier, the secretary, now rose and read to the assembly the correspondence from the provinces.

Gilles Leborgue, a laborer at Mâchecoul near Nantes, having killed a rabbit who was devouring his cabbages, had been taken by the lord of the manor, tied to a stake and flogged. The outraged peasant appealed to the Club of the Rights of Man.

The facts which followed all tended to show the oppression exercised by the great over the little, such as the following instances :

Pierre, surnamed the bell-ringer, having refused to do statute labor, had been shut up in an oven where he had been suffocated.

Barnaby Lampan, a man with a wife and six children, being out of work for three years, had lived during that time with his whole family on grass and leaves, until he was so weak that he could scarcely write his name to this lamentable declaration.

At each fact read by the secretary, Marat wrung Danton's arm, exclaiming :

“ What do you say to that, Danton ; what do you say to that ? ”

And Danton the sensualist, Danton the epicure, Danton the voluptuary, felt a kind of remorse take possession of him when he thought of the gilding, the diamonds, the luxury he had left, at the remembrance of the indignation of the men, at the tears of the women for the miseries of slaves three thousand miles away ; when in France, in Paris, under the very feet of these philanthropists, their fellow countrymen were suffering hardships, privations and tortures no less terrible, no less fatal than those inflicted on the negroes.

The secretary read on, and at each new fact revealed, the eyes of the listeners flashed fire. Each misery related found its echo in the hearts of those who listened ; each act of injustice found sympathy among the crowd, each suffering had been experienced

by this multitude now driven to madness and ready to wrestle with the power which had so long oppressed them.

All waited with throbbing hearts and flashing eye the moment when, the secretary having terminated his mournful report, they could exhale in imprecations the indignation which oppressed them.

At length he finished, and there was a rush towards the tribune. Marat alone did not move, but looking at the Vice-President, extended his arm.

"Citizens," said the President, "the citizen Marat has asked to speak: he has the floor."

"Marat, Marat!" shouted the crowd. "Speak, we are ready to listen."

And Marat came on through the waves of this sea of men, which, like the red sea for Moses, divided to let him pass.

He passed on, and mounting the ladder which led to the platform, threw back, with his large, ill-formed hand, his long, black hair, as though he feared that one single expression of his hideous features should be lost, and thus began:

"You have heard just now, all you here present, the cry of an agonized people, of a people who cry to you, for in you is their only hope; and you, in whom do you trust, in whom do you hope? We know whom we are to fear, but we know not in whom to hope or in whom to trust."

"Lafayette—Necker!" shouted the crowd.

"Lafayette—Necker! Is it in these men that you place your trust?"

"Yes, yes—in them."

"In the one as a general, and in the other as a minister?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Then you rely on an aristocrat, on a publican—a flatterer, a usurer. These are the men whom you make gods and heroes. Do you know what Lafayette is? do you know what Necker is? Listen—I can tell you."

"Go on, Marat, go on!"

A look of hatred, like that of a tiger about to seize his prey glanced from the fiendish eye of Marat.

“Let us begin with Lafayette : of him there is not much to be said, for we know little of him. He is only just beginning his career ; but even the little I can tell you about him, will suffice, I hope, to put you on your guard.

“Our hero was born at Chavagnac, in Auvergne. Ambition, vanity, and ridiculous affectation, presided at his birth. His mother called him her Rousseau ! Was it because she imagined him endowed, like the illustrious author of the *Contrat Social*, and *Emile*, simply because nature had endowed the boy with long, flowing light locks ? At least so I choose to interpret this pretentious soubriquet—for Lafayette has done nothing to deserve to be compared with Rousseau.

“Meanwhile the young Marquis, the heir, became in the hands of his mother quite as spoiled, as ignorant, as obstinate, as mischievous, as the young heir of the crown of France at the present time. When he became too old for petticoat-government, a preceptor was chosen for this young hopeful. Where think you these doating parents found a tutor for their son ? In their own mansion, taken in out of charity, forgotten by his masters, despised by the household, kicked about by the grooms, there lived a Jesuit priest. He swore like a trooper, drank like a lord, or the Vicomte de Mirabeau, and was as depraved as a prince of the blood royal. Such was the Mentor chosen for this fine young Telemachus—this accomplished young Marquis—this future Rousseau. It was under the care of this man that the future conqueror of Grenada, the future liberator of America, remained until he entered the College of Plessis.

“Who was it now who became the guide of the future hero ? Why, a worthy successor of the former tutor—another Jesuit, another rogue—the fruit of the impure intrigues of an obscure pastry-cook of the Rue Feydeau, and an unprincipled demi-rep, housekeeper of the Duke of Fitz James. This bastard had fawned, begged and flattered so well, that he had risen to be the

rector of the university; and, putting the trencher-cap on his head, had called the King my cousin.*

"Thanks to this complaisant master, our charming young scholar with the Phœbus locks passed triumphantly through all the classes; thanks to a little judicious help, his thesis, "Address of a General to his Soldiers," obtained the first prize. Now, there was no end to the adulation lavished on the young laureate. This wonderful and precocious genius who, at the age of eighteen, had written an address worthy of Hannibal or of Scipio, and whose warlike disposition promised for the future a commander equal in the theory and practical art of war to the ancient heroes, to whom he was now compared.

"And now the women, those thoughtless and frivolous beings, turned their misleading glances on the hero. They saw he was handsome, young and ardent; and they surrounded him with seductions and flatteries. They pursued him with passionate protestations; and from the queen of Sheba, who came so many hundred miles to share the couch of Solomon for one night, there is nothing a woman will not do, to satisfy her lascivious desires.†

"Such was the state of things when the Phœbus-haired hero made his first appearance at the court of France. In this corrupt atmosphere, whence shame, modesty, decency, truth and sincerity are forever banished, our young hero became every day more false, more impudent, more presumptuous, more frivolous, above all—for frivolity forms the basis of his character. It was here

* The privilege entailed on the position of rector of a University in France.—*J. de M.*

† I beg my readers will bear in mind that I am reproducing, both in this and in the speech on slavery, the words and sentiments of Marat and Maloné, and that I have even left the gross expressions, in order to give the style of the day—and am not responsible for opinions or the way in which they are expressed. The translation of these speeches was a very difficult task, as the originality of style had to be observed. Having followed M. Dumas' wishes, the translator hopes she will be excused if the language and sentiments are such as her pen would not otherwise consent to transcribe—(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.)

that he contracted that habit he has never lost, of having a smile on his lips, affability in his manner, and deceit and treachery in his heart. Few, now, are dupes of his smiles and his affability, thank Heaven! The mask has fallen from his face—the game is up! And yet, there was a time, not far distant, when the French people—that thoughtless and blind people—would have confided to him their honor, their hopes, their liberty—calling him, forsooth, a patriot!

“And yet, you will say, ‘this man is the companion-in-arms of Washington, the friend of Franklin, one of the liberators of America.’

“Ah, my friends, you should have seen him as I saw him some few hours ago, stooping with obsequious bow to pick up Madame la Comtesse de Montesson’s handkerchief—offering his smelling bottle to Madame de Beauharnais—tying his sword-knot round the neck of Madame de Genlis’ poodle—listening with tender emotion to Monsieur de Malonet’s description of the horrors of slavery:—then you would have taken him at his true value, the carpet-knight: then you would have known what you had to expect from this popular Saviour, from the ranks of the aristocracy.

“If Lafayette really was what he pretends to be, it is here, and not there, that he should be—with us, not with them. If he has tears to shed, let him shed them for the sorrows of France, and not for the romantic ravings of Monsieur de Malonet. If it is the people he loves, let him come amongst us, for we alone are deserving of that noble appellation. Then I, who accuse him—I, who denounce him,—I, will go to meet him: I will open wide the doors, and will say to him, welcome, welcome, oh you who come to us in the name of liberty.?”

Some few faint tokens of applause here interrupted the orator, but they were far from being unanimous, for Marat had attacked one of the popular prejudices; and the ridicule with which he had tried to cover the popular idol had not sullied it in the eyes of its worshippers.

Consequently Marat did not persist in his attack on Lafayette,

whom for two years, however, he pursued with his sarcasms and his hatred.

“ And now for Necker ! Oh, blind and wilful people, who love this man, who laud him to the skies—hear what he is :

“ I will begin by saying that I never set eyes on Necker ; that personally I know him not : I only judge him by his writings—by his actions, above all. Otherwise he is as unknown and indifferent to me as an inhabitant of the other world, Crasus or Sejanus.

“ Twelve years ago Necker was known to the world only as a banker—an opulent banker. But that opulence, which ensured him the consideration of the world, only ensured him my contempt—for I knew the source of his wealth, and I will reveal it to you. Necker was born at Geneva, in the same place as Rousseau. Like Rousseau, he left that city at an early age—not, like Rousseau, to devote himself to the good of his fellow-creatures, but simply in the hope of making his fortune. His first step was to become a clerk in the house of the banker Thelusson. He played his cards so well, that in a short time he became cashier. Then, with the funds confided to him, he began to speculate.

“ There was also in the house a book-keeper, who for his long and faithful services, was on the point of being taken into partnership. This man’s name was Dadret. Necker, on promise of putting eight hundred thousand francs into the firm, was preferred to Dadret. Now, where did Monsieur Necker find such a sum as this ? he whom we know possessed nothing ? You shall hear the source of his fortune.

“ An Englishman had come, late one afternoon, into the banking house, and had deposited with the cashier this sum of eight hundred thousand francs. It was late, as I have said—after office hours ; and as it was but a deposit, the cashier neglected to enter it in his books. Now, it so happened, that before morning, the Englishman died—so the cashier, instead of registering the deposit, said nothing about it, but simply put it in his pocket. This is the source of his fortune. Shortly after, by intriguing

and bribery, he contrived to find out the politics of the cabinet of St. James, and advised M. Thelusson to buy up the Canada stock. Those who have not heard of the tricks he employed to discredit this stock, in order that he might buy it all in, can find them in M. Pélinery's *Eulogium of Colbert*. Those who have not heard of his tricks to ruin the East India Company, and to enrich himself, may consult two notes, to be found in the Practical and Theoretical treaty on M. Necker's administration.

“His admirers bring forward, as a proof of his ability, the fact of his having maintained himself in power during five years; five years of war, without his ever having put an additional tax on the people. But this is a quibble on words—for what is the enormous interest paid for the various loans he contracted, but a tax? He has burthened the nation with more than sixty thousand millions of interest per annum.

“Meanwhile, in the midst of her pastoral pleasures, the Queen had found time to get into the family-way. Perhaps you don't know in what consisted the pastoral pleasures of Trianon. I can tell you. You must know, then, that every evening, the King and Queen, and all the lords and ladies of the court, went out into the gardens of Trianon, to enjoy the fresh air. In one corner of the gardens there was a rural throne—a king was chosen from amongst the courtly throng, including the real King and Queen. Well—after his election, this play-king, seated on his grassy throne, gave an audience to his people, and listened to their grievances and complaints. Do you know what these grievances were? Parodies on your real sufferings, on your real agonies, people of France; acted by courtiers and fine ladies! Now, the king, usually elected, was Monsieur de Vaudreuil. He had a right to choose his queen. Now, whom could he choose but she who knew so well how to fill that station—Marie Antoinette, the daughter of Maria Theresa—the Austrian, as you call her? When this good king had heard enough of the complaints of his subjects, he would make them happy by marrying and intermarrying them, according to his fancy. When he had coupled

them out, this good mock-king pronounced the word *Decampati vos!* and all the couples took to their heels and wandered over the gardens, with the express proviso that no more than one couple should remain at the same time in the same place, and with the express command that no one should return to the mock-court under two hours. Now, it was in the midst of these innocent games, that, as I say, the Queen was declared to be in the family-way, and that in due time she was confined, not of an heir, a Dauphin, but of a Princess.

“Now, for state reasons, it became eminently necessary that a son should be born; and as the Queen gave no further symptoms of fecundity, the physicians advised change of air, mineral waters, and so on. But M. de Necker, knowing her majesty’s simple tastes, advised the continuation of these innocent pastoral games. So they were begun again. M. de Vaudreuil was again re-elected, though his mock royalty cost the state almost as much as the real one—and all went on as before. Is it to be wondered at, that the cries of a suffering people were stifled under the laughter and merriment of this pastoral court?

“Heaven favored Necker and the Queen—for in due time, her majesty produced the Dauphin of France, the heir apparent.*

“These pastoral games, too, produced the same effect on one of the ladies of the Court as on her Majesty. Mme. Jules de Polignac also gave birth to a son; and the queen presented her friend with baby clothes to the amount of eighty thousand francs, whilst his Majesty—the real Majesty, I mean—gave a present of one hundred thousand francs for the night-caps of the mother. The munificent royal couple wished to endow the baby with the Duchy of Mayence; but the economical, the austere, the conscientious Necker, would not hear of it. Remembering, however, that for a similar refusal another minister, Turgot, had lost his place, M. Necker, who liked his place and wanted to keep it, made a compromise, and allowed the Queen to endow her friend’s baby with

* The whole of this portion of Marat’s discourse, which relates to the Queen, is not only historical, but word for word.—*J. de M.*

millions in money, instead of the Duchy of Mayence—which after all, was only worth fourteen hundred thousand francs. So, the baby lost nothing by the exchange, and Necker kept his place and the favor of the Queen.

“Having done so much for the Royal Family, it is not to be supposed that Necker neglected his own. He has a daughter. For this daughter he has amassed a great dowry ; but this dowry, amassed in France, is not to be squandered here—so he gives his daughter and her dowry to a German, and his daughter is now called Madame de Staël. Perhaps you have heard of her ? She is young, she is clever—full of genius, eloquence and imagination—devoted to her father, too. She is, in short, exactly the daughter the Genevese banker would have desired. She spares no pains, no sacrifices—not any—to make friends for her father ; and her father spares no pains, no sacrifices, to reward the friends his daughter makes.

“Such is Necker ; I have already described Lafayette to you. And now I tell you, oh people of France ! do not trust your wrongs or your liberties to either of them. It would be to cast the fate of a nation on the crest of a drifting wave—to build your happiness on frivolity, treachery and avarice.”

Here Marat stopped. This time he had succeeded better than the first, in his attack ; for though Necker, the Protestant banker, was as popular as Lafayette, it is always easier to degrade a man of money than a soldier. The contact with lucre is in itself so degrading, that men, ashamed of the littleness it generates in their hearts, are ever ready to anathemize it.

And so, at last, the people really applauded.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WHITE SLAVES.

Each individual had listened to this discourse with the spirit of his own convictions. Jourdan, a fanatic admirer of Marat, drew his hand across his own throat, as though he would cut off a head; Legendre extended his naked arm in a threatening attitude; Collot d'Herbois placed himself in a theatrical posture, and kept nodding approvingly. Bordier was ecstatic; Fournier, the American, grinned disdainfully, displaying his teeth, white and pointed as those of a tiger; Malliard remained indifferent and calm; Couthon heaved deep sighs, throwing back his intellectual head, and appealing to heaven with his large, melting eyes.

As for Danton, he looked with horror on this obscure and unknown individual, who through the passions of the multitude, boldly attacked the two idols of the day—Lafayette and Necker—and that idol of all time, the monarchy.

To accomplish his end, he cared not for the means—he struck openly or in secret—truth or falsehood were alike to him. He knew how to adapt his style to his audience; he knew where to irritate the bleeding sores of this suffering, starving multitude. How his words expanded the hatred pent up in every breast for the aristocracy! how, as he divulged to this degraded, sordid class, the brilliant mysteries of the higher spheres, did he open to them a prospect of revenge for the past, and retaliation for the future!

Having thus predisposed his auditors, Marat prepared to strike the final blow; and, having made a signal that he was about to speak, he soon obtained silence. Then he resumed, extending both hands towards the multitude.

“Now,” said he, “if two men had, by lengthened tortures, caused the death of your mother. is there a man amongst you

who would forgive them? No, never! much less would you make them your defenders, your protectors, your idols. Well, these two men—the one a plebeian, and the other a patrician—have killed your mother—the mother of us all—our native land; the land on which we were born; the land which yields us her fruits; the land in which we are buried; the land which now cries out to us in her agony, and which we, unnatural children that we are, leave to languish and die.

“But I am not one of these unnatural children. Long have I been listening to this cry. ‘We can go no further,’ said Colbert, when he expired in 1681. Fifteen years later, those who have done the harm, expose its fatal consequences to the young Duke of Burgundy, and tell him naively how the devastations to feed the luxury of the court had decimated, nay in some provinces entirely destroyed, the population.

“These statistics of death, compiled by the executioners, must needs be exact.

“This was in 1698; yet in 1707 we find people regretting the good times of 1698. ‘There was some hope, for there was still some oil in the lamp. Now there is nothing,’ says an old magistrate, named Boisguilbert—and nine years later, the illustrious Fenelon exclaims, ‘The people are reduced so low that we dare not hope they will be patient any longer. The machinery is worn out; it will fall to pieces at the first rude shock.’

“It is eighty years since the author of *Telemachus* said these words; and yet the machinery still works, because its springs are oiled by the sweat of the people.

“Look with what joy the death of Louis XIV is received by the people—as though one man caused the starvation of a whole population! Hosannah! Here now comes into power the good Duke of Orleans, the friend of the people, as the people think him. Yes; but above all, he is England’s friend—and to England he makes over our national honor, our commerce, and even our State secrets; and when he dies, he leaves the country encumbered with a debt of seven hundred and fifty millions! ‘If I were the people’ said he, ‘I would not stand this oppression.’ And

when he was told that they had not stood it, but that they were in open revolt, he exclaimed, 'They are quite right—I wonder they have borne it so long!'

"Next comes Henry, the economical, nay miserly, minister, succeeding the extravagant Prince Regent of Orleans. Now, in 1739, Louis d'Orleans, the friend of the people, who wondered that the people had so much patience, once threw upon the council-table a loaf made of ground fern leaves, saying, 'this, gentlemen, is the bread of the people.' Foulon, some years later, who gives two millions as a marriage portion to his daughter, exclaimed, when shown this very bread, 'capital food! only too good for the people. I should make them eat grass. My horses eat hay, and they are of far more consequence than the people.'

"Things still keep getting worse; the mistresses of the king begin to get frightened—Madame de Chateauroux says, in 1742, 'There will be a change soon, unless the government make some reform.'

"Oh, horrible history of famine, too much neglected by historians! What pen could trace your sombre annals? Oh, wretched France! Who ever had pity for your suffering people? Each year the soil—that soil which had produced food for its laborers during the last six thousand years, now refused to yield its fruits.

"And how can she? The tax-gatherer having seized all the possessions of the peasant, now seizes the cattle. The cattle gone, there is no more ploughing—no more manure—and poor mother Earth, the wheat-crowned Ceres, the Isis with the teeming breast, dies of exhaustion. And now, poor victims! let me remind you that the rich and pampered class, who pay no taxes, increase and multiply every day—so that every day the taxes to support their luxury fall heavier upon you. Then, in proportion as food becomes rare, and bread grows dear, it becomes the object of speculation—so good a speculation that Louis XVI engages in it, and becomes a flour merchant! A strange spectacle, is it not?—a king speculating in the bread of his subjects—a king speculating in famine—a King extorting from death the penny which

heretofore had been given to Charon! Poor people! You feel that you are dying of want—but that you may have the satisfaction of knowing whence comes this want, I tell you that the famine is not the result of any change in the order of the seasons, of a change in the atmosphere, or of any violent convulsion of nature; but it is the result of a legal and carefully written document, registered in Parliament, signed ‘Louis,’ and countersigned by his minister. The people have suffered from hunger under Louis XIV, under Louis XV, and under Louis XVI. Four generations have succeeded each other—have lived, have died, with unsatisfied appetite. Want has become naturalized in France. Its parents are government taxation and speculation—an unnatural alliance, whose progeny are bankers and financiers—a cruel race for you, poor people, but a race whom your King has ennobled and glorified, and whom he raised to the very steps of his throne, when he signed with them the *pacte de famine*. And now, poor people! instead of bread, you have philosophers, encyclopedists, political economists: you have Turgot, you have Necker! You have poets, too, who translate the Georgics—poets who celebrate “the Seasons”—who write “the Months.” Everybody talks and writes about agriculture. Meantime, you, who have neither oxen, horses, nor asses, you yoke to your broken ploughs your wives, your children, and yourselves. The law forbids the seizure of the plough—the law forbids it, *now*; but wait a little!—the law will take this, also! Then, with the same instrument with which you have been tearing your breast for the last hundred and fifty years, you must plough the earth. Dying and exhausted, with your bare hands, you must till the dying and exhausted earth.

“Well! When that day shall have come—and it is not far off—the wife will ask her husband for a morsel of bread, and he will scowl upon her without replying. Then the mother will have nothing but tears to give to her starving children. Want will have dried up her breast; and the sickly infant will draw from it only the blood of her veins. Then the ovens of the bakers will be empty—then, to prolong your miserable lives for

a few short hours, you will feed on offal, on unclean animals—too happy if, as you carry the disgusting morsel to your mouth, your brother does not snatch it from you. Then you will discover that you have worshipped false gods. Then, forswearing Lafayette and Necker, it is to me that you will come—to me, your only true friend—to me, who have foreseen all these calamities, and opened your eyes to the tyranny with which you are oppressed.”

Here Marat stopped; even if he had intended to proceed, the frenzied shouts of applause, which resounded on all sides, would have made it impossible. He did not descend from the platform—he was carried off it in triumph.

But at this moment, when every hand which could not touch him, was applauding, and when every voice was shouting his praise in a tone which makes success sometimes as dangerous as defeat—a violent knock was heard at the cellar door.

“Hush!” said the landlord; and, in an instant, all was silent. Then the patrol outside was distinctly heard grounding arms: then came a second knocking, and a voice exclaimed, “open! it is I—Dubois, the Chevalier du Guet, (the captain of the night watch.) I am come to see what is going on here. Open, in the King’s name!”

At this instant, as if by a single breath, every light was extinguished, and all was immersed in the profoundest darkness. Danton, uncertain and bewildered, felt the grasp of a vigorous hand upon his arm; and a voice, which he recognized as Marat’s, said to him, “come, it is important that we should not be found here—the future has work for us.”

“Come,” said Danton, “is easy to say, but devilish difficult to do. I can’t see an inch before me.”

“But I can see,” replied Marat. “I have been so accustomed to living in the dark, that the absence of light is nothing to me;” so saying, he dragged Danton rapidly along, as easily as if it had been broad day. Danton followed him through a small door, and was stumbling up a staircase, when he heard the door battered in by the butts of the muskets of the watchmen.

At this moment Marat opened a door which let them into the *rue des Bons Enfants*. The street was perfectly tranquil. Marat locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. "Now," said he, "Monsieur Danton, you have this evening seen two clubs—the Socialists, and the Rights of Man. In the first, you heard a discussion on the slavery of the blacks—in the other, on that of the whites. Which club, to your mind, best subserves the true interests of the nation?"

"I think," said Danton, "whatever may be my opinions, that, having so well understood one another on our first meeting, we ought to become better acquainted."

"Oh," said Marat, "I know all about you; but you know nothing of me. Come, then, and breakfast with me to-morrow."

"Where?"

"At the *écuries* of the Count d'Artois. But I must warn you that my breakfast will not compare with your dinner."

"I shall come for you, and not for your breakfast. Good night!" Then, still holding Marat by the hand, he said, "you must have gone through a great deal of suffering."

Marat laughed. "You are a greater philosopher than I took you for," said he. "I will tell you something about myself to-morrow." And so they departed—Marat returning to the Palais Royal, while Danton proceeded to the Pont Neuf, by way of the *rue du Pelican*.

That night Danton rested ill. Like Schiller's diver, he had plunged into unknown depths, and had discovered unknown monsters.

CHAPTER X.

THE ÉCURIES OF THE COURT D'ARTOIS.

WE have seen how Danton lived—let us now take a glance at the home of Marat. At the end of the rue neuve de Berry, and of the faubourg du Roule, were situated the *écuries*, or stables, of the Count d'Artois. This prince, then in his thirty-first year—that is, in the prime of life—full of youthful ardor, fond of luxury, yet desirous of hiding it from the Parisians, who were not very favorably disposed towards him, thanks to his brother, the Count de Provence, who wished to monopolize popularity for himself—this prince had ordered Belanger, his architect, to construct such an edifice as should be at once an extravagance and a speculation. As soon as the architect received these orders, he set out in quest of an eligible site answering the requisitions of his royal patron, and capable of satisfying the extravagant caprices of the Prince; yet apparently of so little value as to suit the impoverished state of his exchequer, which obliged him on more than one occasion, to have recourse to the generosity of Louis XVI—which, as is well known, was not excessive.

It was about this time that Paris endeavored to rise from the Procrustean bed upon which Charles V had confined it, and which Henry II, and Charles IX, had tried in vain to lengthen. The giant city had stretched its arms more than two miles; and the true Parisians grumbled excessively at the right of citizenship being extended to these intruders. Even under Louis XV, when ideas were so liberal, the public expressed disapprobation at the increase of the city, by the incorporation of the surrounding villages. To reconcile them, the government built a Roman amphitheatre, which was called the Coliseum. But it was in vain that they embellished this edifice with all the wonders of art. Vain were their fêtes, worthy of Cæsar—vain were the suspended gardens, shaming those of Semiramis—vain the con-

certs, surpassing those of Nero, the most unmanageable of tenors—vain the saloons, dazzling with light—vain the fragrant groves, from which even the light of the moon was excluded. Nothing could mollify the Parisian, or make him abandon his old haunts, in his old accustomed streets, on his old quays, along which passed, in rapid succession, the carriages of the court, and the carts of the market people—where danced the wandering artistes of the street—where smiled the ladies of the *paré*—and where their favorite *cafés* yawned to receive them.

And yet the Coliseum contained sixteen acres of ground—had its fountains and its orchestras—and the architects had promised the King to spend 700,000 livres in laying out the garden. They had promised to open it for the marriage of Louis XVI with that princess whom they now began to hate as Queen, after having worshipped her as Dauphiness. They had promised—what had they not promised? As if all that was promised in the name of Louis XVI must necessarily fail, neither garden nor edifice was finished at the time of the royal wedding: while the estimated expense of 700,000 livres, following the invariable rule of estimates, was suddenly swollen to two millions six hundred and seventy-five thousand francs. And yet, notwithstanding this enormous increase of expenditure, the Coliseum was not finished. It opened, however, trusting to chance, as most enterprises do in Paris. But chance was not friendly—the public were obstinate and would not admire the Colysée, which they said looked like a gigantic mausoleum.

It was then that the architect of the Comte d'Artois bought it. With the adjacent ground, formerly a royal nursery garden, he set about constructing the stables of the Count d'Artois; and on the remaining ground, a new quarter to Paris. To suit the taste of the Prince, the houses in this suburb of Paris were to be in imitation of English houses, for the Prince was bitten with the prevailing Anglo-mania. The houses were to be without any architectural embellishment—more airy and better arranged than the usual crowded habitations of Paris. By this means the Count d'Artois was able at once to indulge his own tastes and to increase

his revenues. The stables were therefore constructed with great magnificence—such magnificence, indeed, that public opinion, which in those days respected no one, not even crowned heads, heretofore so sacred, began to say that the Duke's horses were far better cared for than many men. There have always been harping critics, envious of the high esteem in which horse-flesh is held, and who by insidious comparisons have proved that horses have the advantage over the human race.

The Count d'Artois, however, palliated his magnificence, by the popularity of his English houses, which certainly offered great advantages, and which he sold and let at a very low price. It might also have been remarked to the jealous detractors of the Prince's stable establishment, that if his horses were better lodged, they were also harder worked, than any other horses in the kingdom.

But to return to the stables—they were large enough to accommodate three hundred horses. Attached to them were houses for the accommodation of four hundred persons belonging to the stables.

Monsieur Bellnager, the architect, had not thought it necessary to carry the English mania for simplicity into their construction. He had therefore put ornaments and sculptures on every place where they could possibly be introduced, from the trophies over the sentry boxes to the grotesque devices carved in the beams of the cellars. In this immense palace, then, worthy of the most elegant Prince of the Court, lived, in a sort of royal phalanstery, with wives, children, servants and domestic animals, all the employés of the establishment.

Now, among these was the veterinary surgeon, who had a small, but commodious apartment on the sunny side of the inner courtyard, looking into the riding school, and the trees with which it was surrounded. Besides this apartment, the Doctor had a salary of twelve hundred francs per annum.

To this personage, whom he had for the first time met the day before, Danton was about to pay a visit. Accordingly, at about ten o'clock on the 20th of August, 1788, he presented himself at the massive gates of the *Ecuries d'Artois*.

“Monsieur le Docteur Marat?” inquired he, of the splendidly-attired porter, who was vainly attempting to assume a dignified attitude, and make his hands meet across his ample belly.

“First vestibule, staircase 13, corridor D, door No. 12,” replied this important functionary.

Danton passed along the court, gaily illuminated with the autumnal sun—meeting on his way several out-riders in full livery, booted and spurred. He heard as he went on his way, the horses snorting with delight in the fresh hay. On all sides the noise of polishing, the clank of the silver chains and buckles, was heard. The fresh, pure water streamed from the fountains, falling into marble basins, out of which the horses drank.

Danton looked curiously at all he saw; and it was in vain that he tried to remember the philosophical and austere principles professed the previous evening by the *Club of the Rights of Man*. All Danton’s aspirations, we have said, were for refinement and luxury; and perhaps this time he envied more the Prince than the patriots.

At length, having found the golden letter he sought, encrusted in the stone, he turned into an arcade, from which he had a full view of the riding-school, with its prancing horses and its gaily-dressed grooms.

Spite of himself, Danton paused—and he paused too long for a man who was disposed rather to despise, than envy. But soon his republican principles came to his assistance, and with one bound, he attained the staircase *B*, rushed up, two stairs at a time, hurried along corridor *D*, found door No 12, at which he gently knocked.

Spite of his rough nature, Danton felt awed by the strange being he was going to visit. He would have proudly kept his hat on his head in the presence of a member of the royal family; but there was a mystery in his new friend which created an involuntary respect.

His gentle knock was repeated, without being answered; and the door not being fastened, Danton ventured, after a few minutes, to turn the handle and enter. Guided by a smell of burning

grease and charcoal, he proceeded to a small kitchen. There, in front of a small cooking stove, he beheld a woman quietly scraping radishes, whilst at the same time she was watching the progress of the breakfast, as it cooked before her. The preparations for the meal consisted of three cotelettes, burning on one side, in no very savory grease—some very thick looking coffee in an earthen pot; a little milk in a broken saucepan—together with three rounds of bread toasting on the tongs laid across the hearth.

Danton smiled as he contemplated the breakfast his friend had prepared for him, and could not help thinking of Grimod de la Reynière's bill of fare. He had, too, sufficient penetration to perceive that Marat had, from motives of vanity, taken pains, on this occasion, to increase the simplicity of his repast; and he could not help wishing his host had a little less vanity and a few more cutlets—particularly as his appetite, always colossal as his person, had been considerably sharpened by his walk.

However, he consoled himself by remembering that it was not for the sake of the breakfast that he had come all the way from the Rue du Paon to the Faubourg du Roule—so, after finishing his inspection with a look of admiration at the grotesque appearance of the cook, he inquired for Marat.

The cook did not condescend to rise; but, telling him that Monsieur was in his study, pointed with the knife she held in her hand to the opposite door.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOME OF MARA

MARAT, his head enveloped in a yellow and white handkerchief, was seated at a square deal table, painted in black. His arm, hairy and distorted as that of Richard the Third, and bare to the elbow, was guiding rapidly a short, stumpy pen over some rough, thick paper, such as was much used at the time, because it would bear many erasures. Several books were open before him ; and on the floor were several manuscripts, rolled up like the MS. papyrus of ancient times. All around Marat was in harmony with himself—sordid and ugly. His penknife was held together by a string—his inkstand was chipped and encrusted with ink—his pens old and bitten. A box of red wafers covered with dust, was by his side—whilst for blotting paper he used his snuffy cotton pocket handkerchief, refreshing his nose from a horn snuff-box open beside him.

Marat had drawn his table from the window into a corner, away from the genial sun, away from the hum of cheerful voices, away from the merry carol of the birds. He disdained the influence of earth, heaven and his fellow creatures.

Marat wanted no inspiration—he knew his subject by heart ; he wanted no repose ; he wanted no amusements. To work, to write, to propagate his principles, to carry out his revenge against the more favored children of nature and of the world, was enjoyment, rest, satisfaction enough for this cynical excrescence of nature.

At the noise made by Danton's entrance, Marat raised his eyes from the paper, and ascertaining who it was, he made a sign with his left hand, which implied permission for his right hand to finish the phrase it had commenced. But the hand was not swift to execute its task—so that, in a few minutes, Danton exclaimed,

"How slowly you write! for a man of your disposition, I should have imagined you all nerve and vivacity—whereas, I see you are moulding your phrases as though you were setting a copy for school-boys."

Marat, nowise disconcerted by this remark, continued his writing—making, however, a second sign to Danton, to be patient. Presently, he came to a full stop, and then turning suddenly round, he presented both hands to his visitor, and welcomed him with as cordial a smile as his face could assume.

"You are right," said he; "to-day I do write slowly."

"Why to-day, more than any other?" asked Danton, coming behind Marat's chair and leaning over it, so as to look at the papers on the table. "Have you, then, days of idleness and days of activity, like the boa-constrictor?"

Marat, who would have been offended to have been likened to a viper, was rather flattered at being compared to a boa-constrictor.

"Oh, I have different habits of writing, according to my subject. To-day, for instance, I take pains to mould my phrases, choose my words, and arrange my letters picturesquely, so that they may express the feelings of the heart."

"Do I hear aright?" exclaimed Danton. "Is it actually Marat who is speaking, or is it the shade of Vorture or Mademoiselle Scudery?"

"Well, fellow-laborers, after all."

"But not exactly models of style," said Danton.

"I know of but one model of style, and that is the child of nature, the illustrious philosopher of Switzerland, the sublime, the immortal author of *Julie*."

"Jean Jacques Rousseau?"

"Yes—Jean Jacques Rousseau. He, too, wrote slowly—he too, gave his ideas time to descend from his head into his heart, before his pen confided them to the paper."

"Is it, then, a novel you are writing?"

"Precisely—you have guessed it. It is a novel I am writing,"

replied Marat, his brow contracting, as if from some painful remembrance ; "one, too, founded on fact."

"An historical novel, or a domestic story?" asked Danton.

"Neither," said Marat ; "mine is purely a love story."

"A love story!"

"What is there so astonishing in that?"

This was too much. Danton, casting a glance of contempt at the dirty and deformed dwarf, burst into a loud laugh. But, instead of feeling angry, Marat looked down at the manuscript, with an expression of melancholy tenderness, and then raised his eyes to Danton, with a look of such intense suffering, that Danton stopped laughing.

"I beg your pardon," said he ; "but I expected to find in Monsieur Marat a learned philosopher, and not a sentimental novelist. I have heard of you as a great chemist, a great surgeon, a great experimentalist in natural philosophy. I am astonished, that is all, to find a poet and a knight errant."

Marat merely smiled, and Danton continued : "I have heard of your books. Guillotin, though he does not always agree with you, has a great esteem for your works. But they are all scientific works, and not works of imagination."

"Ah," said Marat, "how many writers, who are said to possess imagination, really only describe the experience of their own hearts, and when they seem to invent, only remember!"

This remark struck Danton. He paused to analyze its mysterious meaning ; but Marat, suddenly rising from his chair, exclaimed : "Let us go to breakfast." So saying, he proceeded to the door to give orders to the servant.

Danton, left alone, threw a hasty glance upon the manuscript, which Marat had left on the table, and read the title of a novel called "The Adventures of the Young Count Potocki;" the hero's name, seeming to be Gustave, and the heroine's, Lucille. But, fearful of committing an indiscretion, he looked no further, but began to examine the appearance of Marat's study. The walls were covered with a frightful red and grey paper, partially hidden by large, discolored maps which hung around. At the win-

dows, were shabby calico curtains; two common blue vases were the only ornaments on the chimney. An old worm-eaten clothes-press and a few straw-bottomed chairs, completed the furniture of Marat's study. The sun seemed never to have penetrated into the chilling atmosphere of this room—as though aware that neither in spring nor summer would it find a flower to ripen, or a polished surface to illuminate. Marat now returned, carrying, with the servant, a table on which was the breakfast. The table was placed in the middle of the room, and Danton and his host seated themselves before it.

“ Ah, ha !” said Marat ; “ you see *I* don't spend twenty-four hundred francs for my breakfast !”

“ Nonsense !” replied Danton ; “ if your publishers would pay you a hundred Louis a volume, and if you could write a volume in the same time that I give a consultation, I think you would have added another cutlet to your breakfast.”

“ Do you mean to say that you can eat more than two cutlets ?”

“ Certainly not—but you ?”

“ Oh, I never eat meat in the morning—if I did I could'nt work afterwards.”

“ What, not even at a novel ?” said Danton, speaking very lightly of what Marat seemed to take so seriously.

“ Precisely, not at a novel. If I were writing a political article, I shouldn't mind having the blood in my head—on the contrary, I should prefer being excited ; but a novel is neither written by artificial stimulus nor by the brain—it comes from the heart, and must be written fasting.”

“ You are a perfect Don Quixote of the quill, my good friend,” said Danton, handing a cutlet to Marat.

“ Keep both the cutlets for yourself, my good fellow—I tell you I never eat them of a morning.”

“ Oh,” said Danton, “ I ma like Garagantua ; I always think I shall not have enough, but when I have eaten one cutlet, I am satisfied.”

The fact was that Danton was disgusted, both with the breakfast and the way in which it was dressed. Common earthenware

plates, chipped and cracked ; steel forks, dirty knives, iron spoons—table napkins of coarse unbleached linen ; grey salt in a broken saucer ; thick, sour wine from a neighboring public house ; all this did not offer a very tempting repast to a disciple of the illustrious Monsieur de la Reynière ; so he ate disdainfully, like the town-rat of Horace, whilst Marat dipped his toast in his café au-lait.

“ You are lodged here rent free, are you not ? ”

“ Certainly—I belong to the Prince’s household,” replied Marat, pronouncing the word Prince with sneering emphasis.

“ *Aurea mediocritas* ! ” exclaimed Danton rudely.

Marat smiled his own peculiar smile. “ Any port in a storm,” said he.

“ I should take you for a Trappist, if I had not seen you last night in quite another character—so wearied do you seem of the world, so ascetic, so full of remorse.”

“ Not of remorse ! I who have the soul of a lamb, no, Danton, I have no remorse.”

“ Of regret, then, if not of remorse.”

“ Aye, that is another thing. No man, however strong minded, is exempt from regrets, no man need be ashamed of manifesting them.”

Danton put his two elbows on the table, and leaning his head on his hands, fixed his eyes on Marat, and said in an ironically subdued voice—

“ I cannot get over my astonishment. So after all, the philosopher, the scholar, the reformer, the politician, are all merged in the lover ? ”

The idea of Marat in love seemed so to tickle Danton, that he terminated his phrase by an outburst of laughter, which shook the table on which he was leaning, and grated on the feelings of the deformed pigmy before him.

Danton looked like an insolent Hercules preparing to crush a poor weak beetle who had strayed into his path.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT MARAT WAS IN 1788.

MARAT soon recovered himself. He was not a man to remain long under the imputation of weakness. Like all little men, he had the desire to have a reputation for strength.

"In love?" said he to Danton, "and why not?" With these words he struck a blow on the table, which made the crockery jingle. "In love? yes—I have been in love, and am perhaps so still. Laugh, if you please; yet I cannot see what there is laughable. Do you think that God confided the increase of the human race to men of your stature alone? Are there not minnows as well as whales?—ants as well as elephants, humming-birds as well as eagles? Have we not the hazel by the side of the oak? Throughout all nature, do the smaller animals, trees or vegetables produce less than the larger? What, after all, is love, in the natural language? Why, the pleasure of the senses applied to a useful purpose. Give the soul its full share, but leave to physical sensation its portion also; for with all your squeamish and refined circumlocution, the end of love is a physical sensation. I have seen through the microscope the loves of the atoms—surely, then, you will allow to the atom Marat a right to love?"

As Marat spoke, he became perfectly livid, his eyes bloodshot, and his whole person nervously agitated, like the strings of a harp under the influence of fire.

"Oh!" said Danton, "you defend yourself before you are attacked. I do not deny you the privilege of being in love."

"I understand you, Danton," said Marat, in a melancholy tone. "This is what you say to yourself—'Marat is little, deformed, ugly; his bones are twisted, his eyes red; his skin is like parchment, his hair coarse and dull, his nose crooked, his teeth black and broken—he is in fact a very bad specimen of the species *homo*, described by Pliny and Buffon. How can such

a being as that communicate to a woman that magnetism, which inspires a sensual passion, or that divine spark which is love? This is what you in the pride of your strength and well-developed form, say to yourself when I tell you that I have been in love."

"But, my good fellow," interrupted Danton, embarrassed—

"Nay, don't deny it. I am quite of your opinion; I do not think the portrait I drew of myself was flattered."

"On the contrary, it was exaggerated."

"No—only very like. My mirror is not large, Danton, but it suffices to shew me that my face is not one which inspires love. Now, not being able to deny this, you will console me by saying that beauty in a man is nothing; that it is the intellect, the heart, and so on. But I reject them all, and I say that those only have a right to love who are sent into the world, strong, straight, full of life and health. A healthy passion cannot exist in a diseased and deformed body, any more than a straight steel blade can be sheathed in an old twisted scabbard. Still I say to you, once on a time, I loved, for once on a time I had a right to love, and to be loved."

Then Danton, putting aside all sarcasm, leant over towards Marat, and gazed into his face, as though trying to read there the mystery he began to suspect.

"Ay, search well," said Marat, with profound melancholy; "see if in this mis-shapen skeleton you can find the remains of the Apollo Belvidere. Anatomists say that in the most degraded races, a trace of the god-like form remains. Can you find it in me? And yet, it once did exist. Once this form was full of symmetry and youth; once these bloodshot eyes were pure and bright; once this yellow and compressed forehead was white and round, shaded with hyacinthine curls—a true poet's forehead—one which inspired love—*suac tetæ amorum*. Yes, Danton, once my limbs were like a young Endymion. These dirty deformed hands were white and distinguished; these broken stumps were like pearls, within a mouth worthy of a woman's kiss. Yes, once I had beauty, wit, and a kind, warm heart. Then, then, had I not the right to love and to be loved?"

Danton extended his hand to Marat in perfect astonishment, and murmured, "Can it be true?"

"Exactly true, as I have had the honor of telling you," replied Marat, who, notwithstanding all his philosophy, could not but feel mortified at Danton's astonishment.

"Then you must have met with the same accident as Scarron?"

"What! fallen into a frozen river all feathers and satin, and come out all rheumatism? Well, I, however, am still luckier than Scarron—for he lost the entire use of his legs, which Couthon will do before he is a year older; but then Couthon is handsome, and I hideous. However, twisted and distorted legs like mine, are better than none at all."

"Come, Marat, tell me how this metamorphosis happened."

"Tell you how the metamorphosis happened, my good fellow?—tell you how tender, how sincere, how confiding I was—how fond I was of all that is sweet, brilliant and resounding—how I worshipped the soldier, the poet, woman and fine clothes—all, in fact, the false glitter, the empty sounds of the world?"

"How came you, then, to hate and despise all you once esteemed and loved?"

"Aye! All that I possess no longer. What will be the use of my telling you all this?"

"To prove to me the truth of an observation you made a few minutes ago, that men of imagination often, when they seem to invent, only remember."

"Ah! that observation struck you, did it?"

So saying, Marat arose, and dragging his slipshod slippers after him, he took a pen and wrote down the phrase Danton had quoted, and then took up the manuscript of the *Adventures of Count Potocki*; whilst Danton arranged himself as comfortably as he could, in the large straw arm-chair in which he was seated.

"Do you know what I ought to begin by doing?"

"Not by reading me the whole of that immense manuscript, I hope?"

"Why not?"

"What! a Polish novel?"

“Who told you it was a Polish novel?”

“The title, to be sure.”

“The hero may, for all that, not be a Pole.”

“Are you then the hero? and is the woman you loved *Lucile*?”

“Perhaps.”

“It is written in letters, like the *Nouvelle Heloise*.”

Marat colored; it seemed as though Danton had accused him of plagiarism.

“Forms belong to everybody,” said he, “and do not prevent originality.”

“Oh, I was not going to accuse you of plagiarism, I only intended to say that the volume seems pretty thick, and that I scarcely think we could get through it during the time we have to remain together. Besides, as I have not the honor of being personally acquainted with Potocki, why, I *could* wait for another opportunity of hearing his adventures; whereas, if they were Marat, I would even go from here to Warsaw or to Cracow to hear them. By the bye, you have traveled, have you not?”

“I have.”

“You have been to London, to Edinburgh. If I mistake not, your first book was published in England, was it not?”

“Not only in England, but in English—*The Chains of Slavery*.”

“You have lived, too, in the north?”

“In Poland—yes.”

“Then do not tantalize me any longer, Marat. After I heard you speak last night, I said to you, ‘you must have suffered much’—upon which you asked me to come to breakfast. I came, not to breakfast, but to hear what you tacitly promised to tell me. Here I am—lift up the veil of mystery which hides the past—let me know the Marat of by-gone years. As for the Marat of the future, all France will, I feel, know him.”

Marat thanked Danton by a look and a gesture for his eulogium. Had Danton in 1788 foreseen 1793, he had perhaps not made it.

Marat began to collect his thoughts; and like a hero of Homer,

to prepare himself to relate his adventures. In order to clear his voice, he swallowed the milk which Danton had left in his cup.

He drank like a cat or a fox, looking obliquely all the time, whilst the pulsation of the temporal arteries was visible at every respiration. Having finished, he wiped his lips with the back of his hand, threw back his disheveled hair, and began.

Danton, in order the better to observe Marat, took his place in the window, so that the light might strike fully on the countenance of Marat: but the latter, under pretence that the light hurt his eyes, drew the curtains—so that Danton, not being able to see clearly the workings of the narrator's countenance, closed his eyes and concentrated all his faculties on interpreting the various intonations of Marat's voice, as he proceeded.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PRINCE OLINSKI.

MARAT, too closed his eyes; there was a moment's pause, as though Marat had been listening within himself to the voice of other days. At length, abruptly lifting his head, he said:

"I was born at Neufchâtel, in Switzerland, in the year 1774. I was ten years old when my glorious fellow countryman Rousseau pronounced his first political opinions in *Le Discours sur l'Égalité*. I was twenty when Rousseau, proscribed and poor, sought refuge in his native land. My mother, an ardent admirer of philosophy and its great apostle, educated me according to Rousseau's *Contrat Social*. My father, a minister of the Gospel, infused into me, at an early age, all the learning he possessed—so that at five years old, I wanted to be a schoolmaster; at fifteen a professor, and an author at twenty.

Like Rousseau, I left my country at an early age. I had a confused idea of many things—of the simples and plants of our mountains. With this knowledge, I possessed an ardent temper-

ament, idomitable industry, sobriety and generosity. I went first to Germany and then to Poland."

"Why did you go to Germany?"

"To get a living; and I got, I confess, a very poor one."

"Yes—literature is meagre fare.

"In my case it would have been actual starvation, only that fortunately I possessed several foreign languages—English, for instance, amongst others—which I speak as well as my native tongue."

"Yes—I remember you telling me that you gave lessons in English to some Scotch ladies. Probably the title of your work, *The Chains of Slavery*, alluded to the chains these fair dames forged for you."

Marat stared at Danton with profound astonishment. Danton colored, for he felt ashamed of the triviality of his remark.

"Upon my word I am amazed! Why, Florian and Bertin could not have said that better—it is quite a pretty conceit; worthy of them, but it sits badly upon Monsieur Danton's broad shoulders."

"Well," said Danton, "I will not interrupt you again, since you don't seem to relish my remarks."

"You had better; for you will find neither madrigals nor pastorals in my history as it proceeds, I can assure you. But to continue my narrative. I must tell you that though I added to my teaching the practice of medicine, I made out but poorly—so I resolved to leave Germany and to penetrate into Poland.

"It was in 1770; I was twenty-six years of age. I had a few thalers at the bottom of my purse, and a great deal of hope at the bottom of my heart—besides some excellent letters of introduction.

"Stanislaus Augustus was then king of Poland. He was a learned man—nay, he is still a learned man; for he is yet living and seeking consolation in philosophy and the pursuits of science for the insults heaped upon him by Russia, Prussia and Austria.

"If you will allow me an interruption, which is neither pastoral nor madrigalesque, I should say that Stanislaus had better

try to find consolation ; for his terrible mistress Catherine, after having given him a throne, seems inclined to take it from him piece meal."

"I approve of your interruption this time, and agree perfectly with you. I have no doubt that Stanislaus will soon, like the great Condé, be glad to concentrate his attention on the cultivation even of carnations, for he is not likely to have a kingdom to rule much longer. But at the time of which I speak, Stanislaus Augustus reigned peaceably, devoting much of his time to literature, encouraging the arts and patronizing them liberally. I, poor and unknown, yet nothing daunted, the countryman of Rousseau, scientific like D'Alembert, a philosopher of the Holbachian school, which was penetrating everywhere, emigrated to Poland—trusting to my robust health, my joyous youth, a handsome person. You wonder where these are vanished—you will soon know, for that is my history. Sanguine and presumptuous as I was, it appeared to me that if Stanislaus Poniatousky had by his good looks obtained a throne from his mistress, it would not be difficult for me to obtain from Stanislaus an income or a pension of twelve hundred francs. Possessed of this, I intended to return to France, and to satisfy my ambition by becoming either a great politician or a great physician, according to circumstances."

"A very sensible plan, and difficult only in the beginning, like most things."

"You shall see how I managed ; I will disguise nothing from you. Imagination is not my forte—besides, I think the bare truth will be sufficient to interest you."

"It is singular you should have no imagination ; with a head so wide across the temples."

"I do not say I have no imagination," said Marat ; "I merely say that my imagination is applicable to politics. I am like the cat in the fable, who knew but one trick, whilst the fox knew twenty. When I was poor, I gave lessons ; that was all I could think of—and I lived as only I could have lived, upon what they brought me."

“What did you teach?”

“Almost everything—for there are few things I do not know. I have written more than twenty volumes on different chemical discoveries. I think there is no system in philosophy, politics or metaphysics, which I have not treated.”

“The D—l!” said Danton.

“It is as I say,” continued Marat, in a tone which admitted no reply. “I gave lessons in everything—in Latin, in French, in English, in drawing, in mathematics, in chemistry, in natural philosophy, in medicine, in botany; in fact, in all that a youthful appetite, that great incentive to industry, could suggest to satisfy its robust cravings.

“So, off I started for Poland. I did not know the language; but in Poland, every one speaks Latin, and in that I was at home.”

“Did you find any scholars, amongst these warlike Jagelloes?”

“I had letters of introduction to several of the officers of Stanislaus’ court. One of these was to the lord of six villages, a staroth named Olinski; he happened to be in Warsaw when I arrived there.

“The Poles are naturally hospitable and affable. They have great pride in claiming sympathy with the French. When the Prince had read the letter, he raised his eyes and examined me from head to foot. Probably the result of the examination was favorable, for he made me a courteous bow. The Prince was a man of extraordinary stature. His face, though pale, was handsome; his hair grey, though his eyes were still bright and piercing. I was, as I am still, a little man, scarcely five feet four—for I have not altered in this respect. The Prince, with his fine, commanding person and deep-toned voice, considerably awed me. Besides which, I really was ingenuous and warm-hearted, perfectly unformed in character, and ready to take any impression circumstances might give me.

“‘We have many Frenchmen here,’ said the Prince, at length; ‘but they are all military men. The King generally sends them either to his friend the Empress or to the insurgents, who are

beginning a religious war in Podolia. Are you acquainted with the history of this sect ?

“ ‘I confess I am not,’ replied I, somewhat mortified to be obliged to confess my ignorance. The Prince, on the contrary, seemed, delighted to find that there was something a *savant* did not know.

“ ‘So you really do not know anything of Sollick, of Massalski, and all these furious Catholics ?’

“ ‘I never heard of them.’

“ ‘So much the better—you will make an excellent preceptor, and will not add lessons in politics and religion to your instructions. I have a pupil for you.’

“ ‘Imagine my delight ! A pupil—and such a pupil ! Probably the heir of the Prince, one of the greatest nobles of the land.

“ ‘I, however, have one condition to make with you.’

“ ‘What is that, my lord ?’

“ ‘That you will not deliver your letters to the King ; that you will not try to see him.’

“ ‘I looked at my new patron with an expression of astonishment, which he understood, for he replied :

“ ‘What is there astonishing in what I wish ? Is it not natural that, having had the pleasure of being introduced to a young man of your distinguished merit, I should wish to keep him to myself ? We are of a jealous disposition in Poland ; therefore if you will come with me, and take charge of the pupil I will give you, you shall be treated like a prince and receive a salary of a thousand florins a year.’ ”

“ ‘A capital offer,’ said Danton.

“ ‘Capital. So you may imagine that I did not hesitate an instant ; and that very day, alas ! I became an inmate in his palace.’ ”

Marat sighed profoundly, and Danton said,

“ ‘I understand why you say alas ; for you probably soon repented your hasty acceptance of the Prince’s offer. Your pupil was, no doubt, some half-civilized barbarian, an unlicked

Moldavian cub, who obeyed you but little, and beat you a great deal."

"You are very far from the truth," observed Marat.

"Was your pupil what Juvenal describes as *Arcadius juvenis*?"

"My pupil was a young girl of fifteen—lovely, full of talent, of wit, of genius, of poetry, of spirit; a fairy, an angel, a divinity."

"Oh, oh! this is getting interesting!" said Danton; "Lucille is going to fall in love with Potocki, eh?"

"It was to be expected, was it not?" replied Marat, bitterly.

"Particularly after St. Preux and Julie," said Danton, somewhat ironically.

"Have patience," said Marat, "and you shall see that I am no plagiarist. I promised you a story—it will be more dramatic than you can imagine."

"What! instead of St. Preux and Julie, is it another edition of Abelard and Heloise you are going to give me?"

"Neither one nor the other, my good friend; you are going at a great rate."

"No; but I am deeply interested, and my imagination gallops apace. Do go on!"

"Well then, to continue:

"You may imagine my astonishment when I was introduced to my pupil. I was perfectly overcome. My shyness overwhelmed me with blushes; for the first time I had a poor opinion of my own merits, when I looked at Cecile—for the first time I felt my obscurity, my poverty, and my inelegance, as I contrasted them with Cecile's graceful manner, and beheld her magnificent costume, all velvet and sables."

"Cecile, then, is the name of your heroine? I thought it had been Lucile."

"In the novel it is; in reality it was Cecile. Cecile was the name of one of the great sovereigns revered by the Poles—but no queen was ever more worthy of the name than the pupil now presented to me, and no queen ever inspired, instantaneously, such veneration and devotion as Cecile did to her preceptor.

CHAPTER XIV.

CECILE OLINSKA.

“‘CECILE,’ said the Prince, ‘this gentleman will instruct you in French, English, natural philosophy, and the sciences. He will remain here a year, and in that time will teach you all he knows.’

“I looked at the Prince in astonishment, to see if he spoke from ignorance, or merely to try me.

“‘Do not feel surprised that I should limit your stay, or expect Cecile to learn so much in the course of one year. I do so because I know her capacities, her genius, which surpasses all you ever heard of, as you will find when you begin to teach her.’

“‘My Lord, I do not presume to doubt the genius of Mademoiselle Olinska; I merely meant to observe that, however apt a pupil may be, it still requires a certain amount of time.’

“‘Oh, we can so distribute our studies as to put six years into one. During this year you will not lose sight of Cecile for an instant. In Paris, (I have been there, and I know what I say,) girls go to court, to parties, to assemblies; they pay visits, reserving only an hour or two for study; all the rest of their time is given to frivolities. The Princess Olinska, on the contrary, will dedicate the twelve hours of the day to study.’

“‘Twelve hours, my Lord! surely that is too much; the Princess will suffer from such close application, will she not?’

“‘Perhaps you are right, doctor,’ said the prince, with a smile; for, though very rarely, he did sometimes smile. ‘Twelve hours in succession would weary any head, however well organized, if always applied to the same study. But by varying your pursuits, the result will be different. Now, you will begin the day by accompanying the princess in a two hours ride on horseback. On your return, you will breakfast with her; then, until twelve, you can study composition and mathematics. Then, you shall get

into the princess' carriage ; and whilst you are taking an airing, you can continue your instructions, through the medium of conversation. At dinner, in the evening, in the reception hall, in our hunting parties, you will always be by her side ; and you see that, being always in the company of so learned a man, she will without much effort, actually be studying and learning the whole of the twelve hours.'

"I felt, while the Prince was speaking, as though I were dreaming, or in the ecstatic delirium which hatchis or opium confers on its devotees. I knew not how to reply, yet was dying to speak.

"All this while, Cecile had been steadily looking at me, with a cold, calm, scrutinizing glance, which pierced my soul. Even now, I remember with a shudder, the strange and fearful fascination of that glance. She was tall, and beautifully formed. Her hair, of a beautiful golden color, fell in heavy tresses around her. Her eyes were blue as our mountain lakes. She sat perfectly still, with her round white arms crossed before her, in silence. She might have been a statue, so still did she remain. I had not seen her enter ; I had not observed her bosom heave, or her eyelid tremble ; I was so bewildered, that I had a sort of insane idea that she was not a woman, but the guardian angel of the family, whose image the Poles place in their houses, as the Romans did their Lares—protecting spirits of the peace and prosperity of the domestic hearth.

"This father, who spoke so much—this daughter who spoke so little, appeared to me to have something supernatural about them. I could not understand my feelings."

"I could have interpreted them for you," said Danton ; "but go on—your history is very interesting. These names in *ski* and *ska*, are quite romantic. Do you remember the episode of Lodoiska, in Louvet de Coubray's *Faublas*? Have you read *Faublas*?"

"No," said Marat, "I never read obscene books."

"Obscene, do you call it?" replied Danton ; "why, I think it no worse than *The Nouvelle Heloise*."

"It is blasphemy to compare the two books," said Marat, actually turning pale.

"No—we had much better go on with your story, which is better than any novel."

"My stupefaction," said Marat, resuming his narrative, "was so great, that I really do not remember how I got out of the room. I did not recover myself until I found myself alone in a large room where there was a table spread with every luxury."

"Why, your story begins exactly like the *Arabian Nights*, my dear Marat! Your Polish Count received you as the ogres and geniis in eastern history always receive their victims."

"I saw nobody but obsequious and smiling servants, that evening; and, exhausted with fatigue and excitement, I slept soundly all the night—dreaming, however, of all that had passed, and feeling still, even in sleep, the influence of the glance with which Mademoiselle Olinska had magnetized me.

CHAPTER XV.

MUTUAL INSTRUCTION.

"When I awoke, I found on a chair at my bedside, a complete suit of clothes, a great deal better suited to the climate than those I had worn on my arrival.

"I hastened to put them on; and I cannot describe to you the pleasure with which I examined myself in the glass, after I was dressed."

"The costume became me. It consisted of a close-fitting braided frock coat, trimmed with fur; purple velvet breeches, polished boots, with tassels and silver spurs; and a hat with a silk tassel. I found, besides, on my table, a hunting knife with an ivory handle, beautifully carved; a riding whip—in fact, all the paraphernalia of a gentleman of those days and those climes. Thus accoutered, I felt myself inferior to none on earth; and

much as I hated Voltaire, I felt inclined to exclaim with him : ' It is not in birth, but in dress alone, the difference lies.' Whilst I was lost in admiration of my own person, an outrider came to tell me that the Princess was waiting for me.

" It was five o'clock in the morning, in the month of March. The gray dawn shone upon nothing but snow and ice. Just behind the mountains a faint pink tinge indicated the east.

" I descended the staircase rapidly, and arrived in the court. By the light of the torches held by the servants, I could see the Princess in her ermine robe, already in the saddle on her black horse.

" My senses were again beginning to get confused. I had not yet become accustomed to the miracles heaped on me. This fair and delicate girl, already up, and ready in the cold, grey morning ; the numerous attendants ; the neighing horses ; all contributed to confound me.

" After all," said Danton, " the most wonderful thing to me will be to see you on horse-back. Come, I will hold your stirrup—up with you !"

" At last I contrived to see through all this ; the horse which was destined for me, was a beautiful Ukraine steed, with a small, intelligent head, and a thick, flowing mane. He was impatiently pawing the ground ; but when I approached him, he ceased, and turned to look at me. For my part, I looked on him as I should on an adversary against whom I was about to try my strength ; but after one moment of apparently mutually satisfactory examination between the horse and myself, I vaulted into the saddle."

" What ! are you a good horseman ?"

" Not a good horseman ; but from a child, accustomed to get on any horse I could find."

" Oh," said Danton, " I am disappointed ; I was in hopes you were going to fall off the other side."

" Have patience—all in good time ! I mounted my horse ; the Princess, still without uttering a word, started, and I followed."

" Were you alone ?" asked Danton.

“Not precisely; the outrider, who had summoned me from my room, followed us with a loaded carbine. My horse, who had not finished his study of my character, took it into his head to try my skill by manifesting a determination to return home, instead of proceeding. I thought the moment favorable for applying the riding whip I had found in my room; but no sooner had my Bucephalus felt the blow, than he shied violently—deposing me, by this movement, deep into the snow.”

“Oh, oh! I expected this; but such a catastrophe is not very romantic. I was afraid your novel was going to begin like so many others, by your saving the life of Mademoiselle Olinska.”

“Oh, do not be afraid; my story is unlike every other—you cannot foresee its termination, or its details. When Mademoiselle Olinska saw me struggling in the snow, she turned gracefully round in her saddle and looked at me. I expected to hear her burst into a shout of laughter, and I tried to be as little ridiculous as I could; but the Princess remained as silent and immoveable as ever.

“‘She cannot, however, do less than ask me whether I have hurt myself,’ said I, as I got up and remounted my horse, which the outrider was holding by the bridle. But I was mistaken. Mademoiselle Olinska never opened her lips, but proceeded when I was ready, as quietly as before.

“In a few minutes my horse, not satisfied with the result of his first experiment, tried another trick. This time he threw me onto a rough place full of flints and stones. My head, instead of sinking comfortably into the snow, came in rude contact with the hard granite. My head and shoulders were injured, and drops of blood oozed through my hair.

“Cecile was but a few feet off. She saw me fall; she saw the attendant help me to rise; she saw me turn pale; she saw my handkerchief get red with blood, as I pressed it to my head; but she gave not the slightest sign of emotion. I was so vexed that I exaggerated my sufferings, and pretended to be more hurt

than I really was. I wanted to see how far her indifference would go."

"She was, perhaps, dumb," suggested Danton.

"By no means," replied Marat; "for she at last opened her lips, and let fall these Latin words :

"*'Pravè equitas !'*

"*'You are a bad equestrian !'* was that all ?"

"That was all."

"Commend me to the tenderness of the Sarmatian women !"

"And with rage, I seized the horse by his mane, and raised my whip.

"Cecile shrugged her shoulders, gave her horse the rein, and threw these words at me, as an adieu :

"*'Cave,'* said she, *'te onidet.'*"

"And she was right. The horse would have killed me, had I struck him. Mademoiselle Olinska said no more; whilst I, mortified and enraged, remounted my steed. I watched him closely, this time, and at the first symptom of another attempt to get rid of me, I dug my silver spurs into his sides. Surprised at this, my horse started at full gallop. I maintained my seat, by holding firmly on by the mane. Breathless, at length he began to relax his pace; but I plied my spurs, until, after a long race, as rapid as Mazeppa's, he acknowledged himself vanquished, and gave up the struggle. Three times during that morning, did the devilish horse try this game; but at last, he gave it up, and took his place, gravely and peaceably behind the Princess, who did not appear to pity the beast any more than she had the man.

"From this hour, I imagined I should hate this woman; and I never turned my head towards her. She, meanwhile, seemed to enjoy her ride, caressed her horse, put him through his paces, and returned home, with a most masculine appetite for breakfast."

"The devil, my good fellow," said Danton, "was in the woman. Her lesson was a harder one than the first St. Preux gave to Julie."

"Yes, but you forget that St. Preux taught Julie things of which she was ignorant; whilst I began by showing my ignorance of a science in which she was an adept.

"I knew I was in a false position; though I must say that she did not make me feel it—for she took not the slightest notice of me during the whole time we were at breakfast. I consoled myself in thinking that my turn would come as soon as we began our studies—a superiority in manual exercises not indicating always a superiority in mental endowments. I did not rely on the father's opinion of his daughter's extraordinary genius.

"Looking at her almost with a look of defiance, I said, in a somewhat aggressive tone, in latin,

"'Princess, will you ask your father to absolve me from my engagement?'

"'Cur?' replied she, looking intently at me.

"'Because I engaged to give you twelve hours of study and conversation, four of which are gone by without your having once condescended to speak to me. If I were a serf or a lacquey, I should take my salary and content myself with obeying your caprices; but I am a man—I work for what I earn—I do not beg for it. Either you must become my pupil, or I must leave.'

"She still continued to look at me with the same fixed glance.

"'Quid vocatur gallicè equus?' said she.

"'Cheval,' replied I.

"'Anglicè?'

"'Horse.'

"And so on, until she had asked me, in French and English, everything concerning a horse, his harness and caparisons. Then pausing, she seemed to reflect, and again spoke:

"'Quid vocatur gallicè, Sanguis?'

"'Sang.'

"'Anglicè?'

"'Blood.'

"'Quid gallicè, capilli?'

“ ‘Cheveux.’

“ ‘Anglicè?’

“ ‘Hair.’

“And so on, until she had gone through the whole of the anatomy of the human body. Then, after a few moments’ pause, she asked me to explain the theory of the circulation of the blood, which I did in the plainest terms, as well as various other matters concerning the anatomy and system of the body, without even calling a blush to her cheek. Then she proceeded to ask me to translate into English and French between thirty and forty verbs, as many substantives, and a few adjectives, chosen from among the most energetic.

“She listened most attentively; made me repeat the words she did not understand; asked me the spelling of some of them. After about two hours of this conversation, she rose and retired to her apartment, leaving me at liberty to go to mine.”

“A queer woman,” said Danton.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

‘I REMAINED several hours in my room, trying to arrange my thoughts, and to imagine some plan of conduct. My reflections were constantly interrupted and intruded upon by the image of Mlle. Olinska, with her serene forehead and her cold, calm eyes. Her queenly dignity awed me. She had found, too, means of humbling me during the last twenty-four hours, more than I had ever been humbled in my whole life before.

“I hated her, yet I confessed her superiority. She seemed born to command, and I felt she was not to be resisted, and that was what irritated me.

“At length I was summoned to dinner. I descended to the dining-room, much more calm, and thoroughly prepared for all emergencies.

"Cecile was at the table, seated between two of her relations, of whom she took, however, very little notice. Towards the middle of dinner, Cécile recommenced her questions and I my answers. There was such want of method, such pretension, so much pedantry about all she said, that I determined to alter this superficial mode of study as soon as I could. I determined to make her put down on paper what I taught her, and to have grammars and dictionaries bought immediately. All my projects were, however, useless, as you will see."

"What happened?"

"Why, before I thought myself sufficiently at liberty to venture on any proposition, after about a month of the desultory lessons I have described—riding, walking, and at dinner—one fine morning at breakfast Mademoiselle Olinska addressed me in the purest French.

"'Monsieur Paul,' said she—for I am a namesake of Bernardin St. Pierre's hero; 'now that I know French and English, will you teach me another language?'"

"What! do you mean to say that she actually spoke French?"

"As well as you or I do. She had learned it flying, as it were; and with that facility inherent to the Slavonic races, she had learned the pronunciation and meaning of all the words she had heard. In fact, everything that was once told her was engraven on her brain as on steel. A few words were sufficient for her—her mind resembled those miners who, piercing a hole in a rock, deposit in it a powder, and then take no more account—but presently an explosion takes place, the rock is split, and the powder has done what the strength of a thousand men could not have accomplished. All these detached and desultory studies had produced, in one short month, the result it had taken me twenty years of hard study to attain. What you told this woman, she never forgot, were it a sentence, a page, a chapter, or a volume. Such was my pupil; what do you think of her?"

"Well—I think I feel something like admiration for her."

"It was evident that Mademoiselle Olinska was gratified at my apparent admiration of her wonderful talents; but her vanity

did not betray itself in the usual way. Her manner never altered towards me in the least ; she was as disagreeable as ever."

"How, then, did you know that she was flattered by your admiration, if her manner never changed?"

"Remember, my dear satirist, that Cecile was proud and haughty, and was satisfied with the impression she saw she had made on me, and wanted nothing further."

"Then she had made an impression?"

"I confess she had."

"Come—we are getting on, I see."

"Let me continue, for it is getting late. I have sketched the father to you ; I have painted the daughter to you in full length ; you have imagination enough to fancy the country, the castle, and the enjoyments of a spring and summer passed in the midst of riches, luxury and intellectual occupations and intercourse.

"I was fascinated, charmed—I was madly in love. The more I knew of Cecile, the more profound was my admiration. I bowed to her superiority, I acknowledged it in all things, except in heart and love. I gave her knowledge—I taught her all I knew—I unveiled for her all the mysteries of science—all I asked was a little love, a word of tenderness."

"Did you, then, avow your love, like St. Preux?"

"No," replied Marat, "I was too well aware of the proud spirit of the woman I loved, to venture on that. The haughtiness with which she accepted my attentions, the cold glance with which she met my ardent gaze, kept me ever at a humble distance from this high patrician dame. She never allowed me for an instant to forget the difference of rank which separated us. At the end of three months, my pupil knew the extent of my science. At the end of six, she had measured my intellectual capacities ; it only remained for her to read my heart—and when she should do this, what would happen, then?"

"Was she, then, made of marble?"

"I do not know, but I have always imagined that if she had ever loved, she would have loved me."

"Why, then, did she not?"

"I cannot tell you—it is a mystery. Cecile disdained to accept my assistance either in her exercises or her walks. Sometimes I fancied I hated her; but there was a fascination which impelled me to love her, and a majesty about her which forbade my declaring my love."

"Ah! there is the romance of the thing!"

"There is the devil of the thing, you mean."

"Go on."

"Spring had passed on—it was now midsummer. I was no longer mad with love, but with passion, with desire. She was so beautiful, so cold, so bewitching, so proud, and so gifted, that my love was perfect idolatry. One day I was by her side in an open carriage, which she was driving herself. My temples throbbed, my heart beat, my mental suffering had reacted on my physical organization; I could endure no more: 'Princess,' said I, in a tone and with a look no woman ever mistakes, 'in mercy, stop the carriage—I am ill.'

"She put her silver whistle to her mouth, and the savage steeds, accustomed to the sound, stopped instantly.

"'What is the matter with you?' said she, turning towards me, with a scrutinizing glance.

"'I dare not tell you, but it would be generous, it would be womanly, in you to guess.'

"'You have not taught me yet', said Cecile, contemptuously, 'to guess enigmas.'

"'I see from your tone that you have understood me; yet I have not offended you—I have said nothing as yet.'

"'Allow me——' I hesitated.

"'Well, Sir?'

"'Allow me, then, before I incur your displeasure, to leave you forever.'

"'You are at liberty to do as you please. Go if you like, stay if it suits you.'

"This was too much; I felt maddened. The Princess, without paying me any further attention, put her horses to their full speed. In so doing, she dropped her whip. Excited to madness,

I threw myself from the carriage—not to pick up the whip, but with the intention of passing under the horses' feet, that the carriage might go over me. The demon, ever cool and collected, had foreseen my intention, and turned aside the horses, so that my coat only was torn, and I was untouched.

"I looked up at her, as I lay on the ground. She was so pale, so proud, so unmoved, that I despised myself for loving such a being. I got up.

"'Quid ergo?' said she, with supreme disdain.

"'Ecce flagellum: recisse,' replied I, as calmly as I could—extending the whip to her. As I did so my hand touched her's. The contact thrilled me like that of a red-hot iron. I still grasped the whip. Impatient at being kept waiting, she leaned forward to grasp it, and in so doing, her cheek touched my forehead. I almost lost my senses. A sickness came over me—a mist was before my eyes. Meantime Cecile, highly irritated, whipped her horses until they started off at a fiery pace, snorting and neighing like wild creatures. We went at this speed for more than ten leagues—she never speaking a word—I incapable of moving.

"Then we returned to the castle—I half dead, wretched, miserable; she, nervous, excited, angry, and the horses streaming with sweat and foam."

"And after this adventure you left?" said Danton.

"No; from the hour that I had felt the contact of her hand, from that hour I swore she should be mine."

"This is quite another thing from St. Preux—you are getting into the *Liaisons Dangeureuses*, and becoming Valmont."

"I have not done yet," said Marat; "I will give you something better than so frivolous a hero as Valmont. Have patience."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INTEREST DEEPENS.

"FROM the moment I have described, my blood coursed like fire through my veins. My story now is neither in the style of Rousseau nor of Laclos ; it belongs to me alone."

"Well," said Danton with that freedom of tone he had now taken with Marat ; "I know you must have been young ; I admit you were handsome ; still, I cannot see how you could fancy you could inspire love in such a woman as you have described."

"I never expected her to love me. No one ever loved me. There was, even in my best days, something about me which repelled love. My dog even, sprang at my throat when I was trying to take a bone out of his mouth. I never hoped to inspire Cecile with love, after the few first days of my introduction to her."

"What ! Is your story finished ?"

"Never fear. When I undertake anything, I do not easily give it up. You are strong, you are eloquent ; yet if I were to take it into my head to conquer you, either in wrestling or in rhetoric, I should accomplish both ; but I hope we shall never come to that. I was determined to be revenged on Cecile ; I was determined to humble her ; and this is how I accomplished my purpose."

"By violence ? Why, she would have beaten you to death."

"I believe she would—therefore I did not employ violence. Being a chemist, I was especially versed in the virtue and effects of soporifics."

"Ah, I understand," said Danton.

"Do you ? then it is useless that I should enter into any detail. Suffice it to say, then, that one morning during our ride the Princess was seized with an extraordinary sleep—so much so as to be unable to remain on her horse. We were in a deep

wood. I lifted her in my arms off her horse, put her down on the grass sward, and despatched our attendant to the castle for a carriage. Whether she had a presentiment of my intentions, I know not; but before quite losing her consciousness, she exclaimed, "help! help! save me!" It was but a vain effort, for she soon became totally insensible—entirely in my charge—the groom having, as I have said, left us."

"Did she sleep quietly, or was she haunted by terrible dreams?"

"I know not—but just as the carriage and her attendants arrived, the princess came to herself. The first person she sought, on her recovery, was myself. Her eyes pierced through me with a steady, inquiring gaze, as though to demand the truth."

"You were guilty of a great crime," said Danton; "you are right not to believe in God, for you deserved his most unmerciful anger. Your crime merits an awful retribution."

"You shall see that, if what I call a just revenge, was in reality a crime, it has been bitterly expiated. Yet I had well calculated all; I had neither witnesses nor accomplices. Cecile herself could have but a confused remembrance of what had passed; and even if her recollection had been more vivid, I could not fear she would denounce me.

"All happened as I had planned it. The even tenor of my life was not disturbed by the circumstance I have related. If there was any change in Cecile, it was that her manner became more gracious—but perhaps that might be fancy."

"Then you should have left; to stay was madness," said Danton.

"Why, cannot you guess the hope that chained me to the spot?"

"The hope for a renewal of the soporific draught?"

"Yes; I watched for two months, in the hope that the Princess would have another such attack of magnetic sleep; but I could not find the opportunity I sought. Two months passed over our heads; when, one morning, the Prince entered my room. I was preparing for my morning ride with Cecile. The Prince had always been very gracious to me; so, at the noise he made in opening the door, I turned with an obsequious smile.

"He did not reply to my salutation; but shutting the door with violence, exclaimed in Latin:

"*Galle, Galle, proditor infamis flecto genua et ora!*"

"With these words he drew his sword and made a lunge at me.

"I uttered a loud cry, and drew back. My antagonist paused; he thought it too easy a death for me, to kill me thus at one blow. He sheathed his sword, and opening the door, called to the servant he had left outside in the corridor."

"'Come here,' said he; 'behold a man who has committed a great crime.'"

"I gave myself up for lost. I knew that if the Staroth declared the dishonor of his daughter, he could have no mercy on me. I confess I felt like a coward. My courage has no presence of mind; taken unawares, it fails me. I threw myself at his feet. 'What have I done?' I exclaimed, looking from the Prince to his myrmydons, in hopes that, as he had not yet despatched me, he would have some mercy or some fear.

"'He is a traitor,' said the Prince; 'this man, whom I have sheltered under my roof, admitted into my family, is a traitor—a spy from the Catholics—an emissary from the enemies of our good King.'"

"As he spoke in Latin, I understood all he said."

"I a spy! an enemy of the King!"

"'Yes,' said he; 'a traitor, unworthy to die the death of a man. He shall die the death of a slave—not by the sword, but by the knout.'"

"He made a sign. I was seized, stripped, and dragged into the court-yard, where a provost of the castle (all these petty princes have a provost) was summoned, and, at the second blow, I fainted."

Here Marat paused. Danton looked at him, horror-stricken at the ferocious expression of the narrator's livid countenance.

"Oh," said Danton, "Mademoiselle Olinska had well choseu her confessor—her father was a discreet confidant."

"Yes; and to be assured of my discretion, he was determined to have me silenced by death."

"Well, I wonder that I see you alive."

"Because I happened to have a friend—the groom who had accompanied us in our rides—who withdrew me for dead, after the first blows."

"I thought you had but one blow."

"One wound—for the executioner always struck in the same place—but a wound which, with all the blood in the body, generally carries out the life of the patient."

"The groom had had compassion on me; he had divined something of my love for Cecile, and, revolted at her cruelty, had interceded for me with the executioner. I was left for dead, and taken by my friend to his room, where he restored me to life by the agony caused by the application of salt and water to my wound."

"One evening—I remember it was on a Sunday, for Mademoiselle Olinska was to dine with the Prince Czartorisky—one evening my preserver came to me. I was exhausted with loss of blood and suffering; I could not refrain from uttering continual cries."

"'Everybody thinks you dead,' said he, 'and you are now roaring so loud, that if Mademoiselle Celile or the Prince were to hear you, they would soon make an end of both of us.'

"I tried to stifle my cries by putting my handkerchief into my mouth. 'Here are four hundred florins,' continued my protector; 'they are your own—you see the Prince gave them to me with the rest of your things. I give them back to you, because without money, you won't get far.'

"'Get far! are you going, then, to send me away?'

"'I am.'

"'When?'

"'Directly.'

"'Impossible.'

"'Then, I must shoot you; for I cannot keep you any longer, without running the risk of discovery.'

“ ‘Why, then, did you save my life?’

“ ‘I had reckoned on your energy. I intended to have given you your money and sent you off, or conducted you myself to the gates of Warsaw; but since I can't get you to move, why I had better finish you before you are found out, and we are both in the Prince's power. It is as well to die by my hands as his.’

“These words, and an expressive gesture towards his pistols, decided me at once. By a supreme effort, I rose, although in doing so, I suffered the tortures of the damned. I uttered not a cry. Gallien was right when he said: “*Malo pejore minus dilectum.*”

“Poor devil, how you must have suffered!”

“You may well say poor devil! I dragged my coat over my bloody shirt; put the gold in my pockets, and followed the groom. Every step I took was a fresh agony. We, however, got away from the palace; we passed the Czartoriski palace, as its clock struck ten. Then the groom said he could go no further. But he assured me I was in no danger, because, after ten o'clock, the streets were deserted, and that in five minutes I should be out of the city.”

“I thanked him, as one thanks the preserver of one's life. I offered to share the four hundred florins with him, but he refused. ‘Keep them,’ said he; ‘the sum is very far from sufficient for you to reach France—where I advise you to go as fast as possible.’

“I thought this advice excellent, and determined to follow it; but there were many obstacles to be overcome.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE ADVENTURES OF MARAT BECAME INTERWOVEN WITH
THOSE OF THE KING.

“HOWEVER urgent it was for me to leave the Polish dominions, my protector fully understood that it would be out of the question for me to begin to travel in my present condition. Accordingly, he had arranged that I should remain hidden at the house of his brother-in-law until I should be sufficiently recovered to proceed to Prussia, or to Flanders—or, still better, to embark at Dantzic for England. Michel, the groom, had seen his brother-in-law; he was a charcoal burner, and lived in the woods. Nothing could be better chosen than this asylum. But the power which presides over the destinies of men, seemed to have taken pains to derange all my plans.

“I have told you that it was Sunday. It was the first Sunday in September—the third day of that month, in the year 1771.”

Here, Marat paused, and looked towards Danton.

“Well?” said Danton.

“Well!—does this date remind you of nothing?”

“Nothing that I know of.”

“Oh, then I must make a digression. You must know, then, that amongst Stanislas’ most virulent enemies, were all the dissentients from the Greek Church—the Calvinists and the Lutherans—all of whom, however, had been allowed by the treaty at Hadan, in 1768, the free exercise of their religion.”

“I confess,” said Danton, “that I never took any interest in religious questions, particularly when they did not interest France.”

“But you will see that they were mighty interesting to *one* Frenchman at any rate. No sooner were these sects in the full enjoyment of their privileges, than a few ultra-Catholic bishops, and some discontented noblemen, formed themselves into a league

to prevent the spirit of toleration. Now Stanislas, though a King, was an honest man; and having promised, resolved to perform; so he took part with his schismatic subjects, and the league, therefore, meeting together in Podolia, entered into a charming little conspiracy against the King."

"Very much like what happened to Henri IV," observed Danton.

"So far—but not in the end. These bishops, as I say, entered into a conspiracy against the King. Now, this was the plan of their conspiracy:"

"I am anxious to know the system of insurrection employed by the Poles," said Danton.

"Oh, it was a very simple one. It consisted in seizing the tolerant sovereign and keeping him in sequestration, until he should have repealed his tolerant decrees. It was proposed to take him either dead or alive; many even thought it would be more prudent to make sure of him by killing before they carried him off."

"Hum!" said Danton; "these Poles have learned something of Turkish diplomacy."

"Now unfortunately," continued Marat, "the conspirators had chosen this very third of September to execute their plans. The King, who dined, as well as Olinski and his daughter, at Czartorski's, was to leave at ten o'clock. At ten o'clock the streets, especially on a Sunday, were deserted. The King had but a small escort, and only one aide-de-camp in his carriage with him. The conspirators posted themselves in a narrow cross-street, through which this benign monarch had to pass. Here as soon as he appeared, they were to rush forth and seize him. Accordingly, no sooner was the escort within pistol-shot, than they fired. The escort was soon scattered; the aide-de-camp jumped from the carriage—so that the coachman only remained with the King. He fought bravely, but was of course soon overpowered by numbers. The conspirators then seized the King, dragged him by his hair and clothes from the carriage, inflicting a deep sabre wound on his head and scorching his face with a pistol

which missed fire—and so conveyed him, rapidly, out of the city.

“What the poor King suffered during this terrible flight, forms a poem as well known in Poland as the *Jerusalem Delivered*, in Venice, or the *Orlando Furioso*, in Naples. It is full of horrors.

Stanislas during this flight, had lost his cloak, his hat, his shoes, his purse—one made of the hair of a woman he loved, which he valued far beyond the money that was in it. He had been many times on the point of expiring from fatigue. Ten times had he changed horses; often had he been told to prepare for death—until his assailants had, one by one, disappeared, and the King remained at last with only one man, the chief of the conspirators. He was young, vigorous, armed to the teeth—the King exhausted, wounded, and totally unarmed. Yet this man no sooner saw himself alone, than he threw himself on his knees before his prisoner, implored his pardon, and entreated mercy from him who expected mercy from God alone.

“I, in the meantime, had lost sight of Michael. My blood trickling down my back; giddy from weakness; utterly bewildered; I was striving, with the instinct of life, to find the way my benefactor described to me. All at once a sudden report of fire-arms aroused me; then the sound of horses, of wheels, of many voices, reached my ear.”

“What could it be?”

“I have just told you; it was the conspiracy. Presently, several persons passed me—one nearly knocked me down, as he ran by. They were the attendants of the King, flying before the enemy. Then came a carriage, surrounded by men with drawn swords, glittering in the torch-light. I threw myself on the ground—the horses miraculously leaped over me without striking me with their hoofs. Stanislas, himself, was dragged past me—then all disappeared, and I remained stretched on the earth, incapable of moving.

“Not knowing what to do, I bethought me of my patron saint, St. Paul, and implored him to get me out of this scrape.

“Presently, two or three windows were opened; two or three heads thrust out a few words were exchanged between neigh-

bors; then all was silent again. The tumult had been attributed to a fight between some inebriated soldiers, returning to their barracks after a Sunday's debauch. I, poor, exhausted wretch, remained on the earth, too weak to move, and too much alarmed to dare to call for help. I remained thus for about half an hour. At the expiration of this time, I began to revive, and attempt to rise. I had just got up on one knee, when from the end of the street appeared a lighted torch, then another, then twenty, fifty, an hundred—all borne by the household of the King, to whom the servants had given the alarm.

"On they came, seeking, whispering, looking above, around, below. At last, they stumbled over the body of the coachman, whose cold and stiffened hand still retained his broken and bloody sword. Here they paused; and as the dead have all a right to a funeral oration, they began to talk about him and his doings.

" 'He was a brave fellow,' said one. 'He defended his King,' said another. 'He has more than fifty wounds,' said a third. Then they turned him over, and examined his wounds, and commented on this catastrophe, and the greater one, of which this was a part.

"Then, like the priests of Odin, at the funeral of the old warriors, they exclaimed in chorus, 'He was a brave fellow!'

"All this lasted ten minutes. I had risen, and had walked an hundred paces, without much difficulty; ten minutes more, and I should be without the city walls—safe, at liberty to rest or to find my way to my forest refuge.

"Presently, a sudden idea struck this multitude—it turned like a fisherman's net, dragging all with it, and made for the open country.

" 'They have gone this way! Here are traces of their flight! We can soon overtake them.' They soon overtook me—imagined I was a fugitive—stopped me, questioned me; but I, overcome by this last misfortune, fainted at their feet.

"When I came to, they were all discussing me and my condition.

“ ‘Is he dead?’ ‘No, only wounded.’ ‘Who is he?’ ‘I do not know him.’ ‘Nor I.’ ‘Nor I.’ ‘He did not belong to the King’s suite.’ ‘He is one of the conspirators.’ ‘Perhaps the one who killed the coachman.’ ‘Yes, yes—let us finish him.’

“And so they would, only that I bellowed out—

“ ‘*Sto !*’

“During the last few minutes, I had made up my mind what to say.

“ ‘I am not an assassin, or a conspirator—I am a poor student, who was caught in the crowd; knocked down by the ravishers of the King; all their horses passed over me—and finally, His Majesty’s carriage.’

“This speech gave me a few moments’ respite.

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ said an officer, ‘this man’s story is not a probable one. I am still persuaded that he is one of the assassins. Providence has saved his life, in order to give us a clue to the conspiracy. Let us take care of him, and he shall reveal all.’

“This proposal met with universal approbation.

“ ‘To the palace! to the palace!’ cried the multitude; and, raising me in their arms, they rushed along with me after the crowd.

“And so I made my triumphal entrance into the palace, escorted by more than five hundred people, whom curiosity to see the vagabond on whom such all-important revelation depended, had assembled.”

“Well,” said Danton, “yours was a curious destiny—for what can you be reserved? I think the adventures of the Count Potocki thrilling with interest.”

“If you don’t,” said Marat, “I assure you I do, being the hero. I never wish for anything so interesting again.”

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH MARAT, AFTER HAVING BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD, IS INTRODUCED TO THE JAILORS OF THE PRISONS OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

"THE King," pursued Marat, "for I must return to him, forgave the conspirator who implored his mercy."

"By Heaven! I think he was wise to do so—for if he had not, this solitary conspirator, to prevent future accidents, might easily have knocked the King on the head."

"Well—I never yet viewed the clemency of his Majesty in this light; but it is probably the true one. Be this as it may, this conspirator was pardoned. The others, seized by the Russians, were summarily decapitated, without trial or legal delay—probably to prevent their making inconvenient revelations of the great friendship her majesty Catherine entertained for the King of Poland.

"My examination was carried on very briskly. I of course, persisted in my first declaration. But my judges could never be convinced that the bright idea they had entertained of my belonging to the conspirators was a false one. They, however, came to the conclusion that I was not one of the principal conspirators, but merely one of their instruments.

"What was I to do? My only way of getting out of the scrape would have been to claim my acquaintance with the Count Olinski or his daughter. This I rather objected to, as you may imagine. I preferred relying on the clemency of Stanislas. He had pardoned the principal conspirator, why should he not pardon me? I knew what I had to expect from the clemency of Olinska. I risked nothing by trusting that of the King. It could not be worse than theirs.

“Accordingly I was condemned to hard labor in the fortification of Kaminesk.

“Then you were safe?”

“Yes—if you call being in the galleys safe. Scarcely, however, had I reached the fortress, than the plague—as if it had been waiting my arrival to declare itself—burst forth with terrific violence. My jailors were amongst the first victims; so that opportunities for escape were not wanting. Of course, I was not backward in taking advantage of them; and so I fled from Poland into the territories of the Empress of Russia.

“New, when I accepted the offices of the Prince Olinski, I was on my way to Russia. Russia had always been an Eldorado in my mind; and had not this princely offer occurred, I had intended to try my fortune with Voltaire’s protectress, the Semiramis of the North.

“At this Court, thought I, all literary men are in favor. A day does not pass but the Empress sends Diderot some testimony of her regard. She corresponds regularly with M. de le Harpe; and M. de Voltaire has only to wish, to receive by an Imperial courier, the object he desires. Did she not send him a splendid library, and a fabulous number of diamond rings and pins? All I want is an annuity of eighteen hundred francs.”

“Well, did you get your pension?”

“You shall see. To begin, I no sooner passed the frontier, than I was arrested as a spy. This time I was not afraid of explaining myself. The Olinskis were far away. Now, as I was fully aware of the part the Russian government had played in the late conspiracy to carry off Stanislas, and had not heard of the execution of the forty-two Polish noblemen, I related to the Russian authorities the part I had taken in the recent plot. I had no doubt that the Russians would vote me a triumphal entrance into St. Petersburgh.”

“Ah! ah!” said Danton; “I see you were on a wrong scent.”

“Rather! For no sooner had they heard my story, than the officers in command, who dreaded the plague as much as the Poles, and the Poles as much as the plague, whispered to some

of the soldiers. I was carried off and consigned to a fortress of which I did not know the name, situated near a river, of whose appellation I was equally ignorant. I have since imagined that the river was the Dwina, and the fortress that of Dunabourg. Be this as it may, certain it is that I was imprisoned in a cell on a level with the water. No sooner was I in my cell, than the next day the water began to rise, and inundate the whole country; whilst in my cell it was two or three feet deep.

The wound in my back, but imperfectly healed, opened afresh in this unhealthy atmosphere. My limbs, perpetually immersed in cold water, grew stiffened and distorted; my form, so straight and symmetrical, became deformed under the excruciating tortures I endured. My teeth detached themselves from the gums and fell out. My very features were distorted, like my body. In this dreary abyss, I became livid—hideous. I lost all dignity, all hope. My eyes, long accustomed to darkness, contracted and learned to dread the light. Now I love a cellar, provided it is a dry one, better than a palace—for in an under-ground cave I blasphemed night and day, without the thunderbolt of Heaven ever striking me. There I cursed men, without their power of silencing me; and from those dark caves I emerged fully convinced of my superiority over both God and man. Since that hour, I became what I am—remorseless—the genius of evil. The victim of injustice, I determined to revenge myself on the world. True, I had committed a crime—but the punishment far exceeded it. I could understand that Olinski should punish me; but it was cruel, unjust, that, having received just retribution for my only offence, God should have allowed me to suffer for years every sort of torture, in these Russian dungeons, on the bare suspicion of being a Polish spy.

“Perhaps you will say, Danton, that it was God’s judgment upon me for my wickedness. I will prove to you, logically, that God was to blame for all, and had, therefore, no right to strike his own work. The Creator intended to punish me; but, by his will, I was created with the evil passions which caused

my crime. Therefore, my evil nature was given me for the commission of crime, and that by crime I should arrive at this horrible punishment ; therefore, God will be the origin of all the evil I may commit, if I should ever attain to power over mankind.

“ Now, if all this suffering does not bring forth, ultimately some great result, and was not ordered for some great end, we must abandon all other dogmas, and acknowledge the creed of the Hindoos, who believe in the existence of two powers, a good and an evil one, constantly struggling for ascendancy—we must recognize, with them, that the evil power often triumphs over the good.”

Here Marat swallowed a glass of water, whilst Danton pondered on this terrible deduction, of which, however, he was far from suspecting the importance. After a few moments' silence, not knowing how to combat this fearful theory, Danton exclaimed :

“ But, after all these perils, all these sufferings, what saved you at last from the Russian dungeons ? God, though he seemed to forsake you for a time, always found means to interpose between your persecutors and yourself. He always sent a servant, a slave, a somebody, to save your life at the last moment. Even here, when the rigorous orders given by the Russian government make your own account of yourself condemn you to the cell, deep in the waters you have described, even here, though you become distorted and deformed, though you suffer tortures sufficient to have killed most men, still, even here, you did not die. Who, then, was this time the instrument of your salvation ? Probably the humanity of your preserver compensated for the cruelty of your judges.”

“ Humanity !” said Marat ; “ do you think the man who saved me, did it out of humanity ? Bah ! he did it out of selfishness.”

“ Who knows ? How can you tell ? None but He who reads all hearts, can read motives,” said Danton.

“ You will see that, this time, I read the man's heart aright.

The only person I saw in my dungeon was my jailor. He was a fine, stalwart fellow, very fond of his own comforts—living with his family in a species of oven. When this man, to bring me my scanty pittance, had to wade through the water, he got very ill-tempered, and swore such frightful oaths that, had the waves been as timid as those which drew back at the sight of the monster sent by Neptune to frighten the steeds of Hypolitus, they would have retreated before his Russian blasphemies.

“At last, my jailor declared to the governor that he would not continue his service any longer. The dungeons were unfit for a jailor—to say nothing of the prisoners. Besides the water, they had the rats and the eels to contend with.

“The governor heeded neither jailor nor prisoner, but simply ordered that things should go on as before.

“So the jailor determined to let me die of starvation; he was two days without bringing me any food.

“Now, although my life was anything but a pleasant one, I had no inclination to part with it. I accordingly set up a fearful and continued howl.

“The jailor heard me—so might the governor, thought he; in which case he would surely lose his place. So he came to me.

“‘What the devil is the matter with you?’ said he.

“‘I am starving,’ said I.

“‘Here is your food.’

“‘I eagerly devoured it.

“‘It appears that you are getting tired of being my prisoner,’ said he.

“‘Uncommonly,’ I replied.

“‘Well, I am tired of being your jailor.’

“‘I looked up with palpitating interest.

“‘So that,’ continued the jailor, ‘if you will promise to be prudent, this very night’—

“‘Well!’

“‘You shall be free.’

“‘Who will give me my freedom?’

“‘Have I not the key of the padlock which chains you to the

wall? Have I not the key of the dungeon door? Never fear—this night you shall be free.’

“‘But when it is found out?’

“‘It won’t be found out; leave all that to me.’

“Astonishment took away my hunger. I scarcely dared give myself up to the joy which overwhelmed me; for I knew that the jailors were responsible, in all countries and all prisons, for their prisoners, and I knew that one could not disappear without its causing some disturbance.

“Night came at last, in the midst of my hopes and fears. Ten o’clock struck; and almost at the same moment, my dungeon door opened and I beheld my jailor. In one hand he carried a lamp, whilst on his right shoulder he carried a weight, which seemed too much even for his gigantic strength.

“What he bore had so singular a form that I looked at it in wonder. It was enclosed in a sack, but the outline was that of a human form. It was in fact a dead body.

“‘What is that?’ exclaimed I, in alarm.

“‘Your successor,’ said the jailor, quite jocosely.

“‘My successor?’

“‘Yes,’ said he; ‘I have charge of two prisoners, one in the deep dungeon, the other in a comfortable room, with a warm atmosphere and a good bed. Which is most likely to die? Why, the one in the dungeon, to be sure; but prisoners never do anything like other people; so the one well off takes it into his head to die, whilst the other, in three feet of water, insists upon living. Here—catch your comrade.’

“So saying, he threw the body at me.

“I did not know what were his intentions; still, I had a vague idea that my safety depended on this dead body—so, with almost superhuman effort, I contrived to retain the corpse in my arms.

“‘Now,’ said the jailor, ‘give me your leg—the one with the fetters on.’

“Leaning against the pillars which supported the vault, I drew my leg from the water. It was a difficult operation; the lock,

immersed in water during the last three months, was rusty: the key would not turn.

"The jailor was loud in his imprecations. At length the lock yielded, and the fetters which had bound me for three months fell.

"I breathed once more; this was my first step towards liberty, my second was to be out of the dungeon: my third was to get out of the fortress.

"'Now,' said the jailor, 'give me your comrade's leg.'

"'You are going to substitute him for me?'

"'Exactly. It will be all the same before morning—the rats will have done their work—there will be no knowing him from you.'

"I acknowledged that the jailor was a man of forethought. I thanked him with effusion.

"'Don't thank me,' said the jailor, 'I do it for myself. I was not going to catch my death by coming once a day into this den.'

"If coming once a day into the den gave the jailor his death, what was it to do to the prisoner confined in it for three months?"

And Marat laughed a fiendish laugh, which sent a shudder through his listener's veins.

CHAPTER XX.

TWO DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCE

"THE living man being set free, and the dead one chained, the jailor took up his lantern and made signs to me to follow him. It was with difficulty that I did so, for I could scarcely stand on my legs. The jailor mistook my inability for hesitation. 'Take care,' said he; 'this stream leads to the sea. I was going to throw in the dead man—it may just as easily receive the living one. No one would be the wiser, now that you have a representative in your cell.'

“My resolution did not fail me now any more than it had done in every other crisis of my life. Unable to stand, I crawled on my hands and knees—no longer like a human being, of which I had indeed almost lost the form, but like an animal—and so I followed my rough conductor.

After a long, circuitous route, we arrived at last at the outer gate. Thanks to my preserver's knowledge of the place, we had passed neither sentinels nor jailors. Now the jailor produced his key, and opening the door, exclaimed: ‘there!’

“‘There,’ said I; ‘why, that is the river.’ In fact, the postern to which I had been conducted, opened on to the river. ‘I cannot swim,’ continued I.

“‘So much the worse for you,’ said the jailor, in a tone of impatience.

“‘Let us find some other means.’

“‘Be quick about it, then.’

“‘Ah! I see a boat.’

“‘Yes—chained and fastened by a padlock. Have you the key? I haven’t.’

“‘What is, then, to become of me?’

“‘Oh,’ said the jailor, with a sneer; ‘dogs swim, though they never learned—perhaps you, who crawl on all fours like a dog will find you can swim like one, if you try.’

“‘Ah! I have an idea. We passed a timber yard in the court near by; there I saw several planks. Help me to drag one here, and on that, God willing, I can glide down the river.’”

“After all,” interrupted Danton, “you see you invoked God.”

“Ay! at that instant I believed in him—that is long ago.”

“What I had proposed was executed. We brought the plank, and launched it on the river; then, laying myself down on it and closing my eyes, I resigned myself to my fate.”

“Confess that, at this trying moment, you prayed to God,” said Danton.

“I don’t remember whether I did or not,” replied Marat; “all I know is that I glided smoothly along, and that, after a little, I

gained courage to open my eyes and to consider the chances before me.

"It was impossible that the course of the stream should not take me near some ships or some town. At any rate, the water felt less cold than my dungeon. I had now above me the starlighted vault of Heaven—land on my right and left, and liberty before me.

"On I floated, the rapid stream bearing me away from my enemies and my perils. By morning I must have traveled seven or eight leagues. The last sound I had heard, as I got on my plank, was the striking eleven of the fortress clock. Daylight dawned, in this season, at about seven o'clock. Through the vapors which hung over the waters at this hour, I began at last to distinguish the hum of many voices. Soon the fog dissipated, and I at length perceived some fishermen and sailors occupied in repairing a vessel which had run ashore. Behind them, rose the spires and roofs of a small village.

"I cried out for help, and waved my hand. They perceived me. Two of them jumped into a boat, rowed towards me, reached me, and in a few moments I was safe in the bottom of the boat.

"In the midst of the joy of my rescue, I began to feel anxious as to what I should say of myself. Chance favored me this time, for it was before the parish priest that I was taken.

"Here, thought I, my story of the conspiracy will do capitally. A Catholic priest must approve the plot concocted by Catholics. I was not mistaken; the good old priest considered me a martyr to the good cause. He took me into his house, tended me and fed me for a fortnight; then, recommending me to the care of the wagner, he packed me off in a wagon laden with goods for Riga.

"The goods were addressed to a merchant of Riga. After a week's march, we reached the end of our journey. I introduced myself to the merchant, by announcing to him the safe arrival of all his merchandise, which was of great value, as it consisted principally of tea, sent by caravan from China.

"With this merchant, who was a Protestant, I could not venture on the story of my Catholic martyrdom—so I merely told

him that I was a teacher of languages, anxious to get to England. The merchant was just about sending a cargo to England: he gave me a passage on his ship, and a week or ten days after we left the Baltic, anchored safely at Folkestone.

I had letters for Edinburgh, given me by the merchant of Riga. Thither, therefore, I proceeded, and was soon established as a professor of French. This was in 1772. England was in a state of confusion. The letters of Junius were creating great excitement: Wilkes, from a mere journalist, had become suddenly Lord Mayor of London, and the head of a powerful political party. I, too, resolved to become an author, and published my work, entitled *The Chains of Slavery*, which was written in English. Afterwards, I wrote a reply entitled *Man*, to a posthumous work of Helvetius, which I published in French at Amsterdam."

"Is it not in this work," asked Danton, "that you established a new system of psychology?"

"Yes; I attack and overthrow the absurdities of Descartes and of Newton. With all this, it was with difficulty that I could make a living. Occasionally some rich Englishman, some philosophical peer, would present me with a gold snuff-box, which of course I immediately sold; but my snuff-box absorbed, I was as badly off as before. At length I decided on re-entering France.

"Here my reputation as a spiritualist prepared my way to the court. A treatise on the diseases inherent to gallantry attracted the attention of the Count d'Artois; and so I obtained my present appointment.

"I am now forty-two years old. Exhausted by study—by suffering—by my passions, my vengeance and my hatred are as fresh and vigorous as ever. At present, horses are my only patients; but the time will come—the day is not far distant—when France will be so ill that she will need a physician, and call me to her; and then, never fear, I will bleed her until I shall make her disgorge, to the last drop, all the blood of kings, princes, and aristocrats that she has in her veins!

"Now, here I am, my dear Colossus. I started in life hand-

some and vigorous; now I am déformed and hideous. Once I was kind and generous; now I am merciless and hard-hearted. Once I was a philosopher and a monarchist; now I am a republican and a spiritualist, incapable of human feeling or human affection."

"How do you reconcile your spiritualism with your atheism?"

"I am not an athiest. I acknowledge a Creator, a grand and universal Creator of the universe; but I deny the existence of a Power which concerns itself with the actions of men or the events of the world."

"And what became of Mademoiselle Olinska?" inquired Danton.

"I have never heard of her since. And now Danton, was I not right to say, that what seems imagination, is only memory? Do you think I have not a right to concoct a novel? Can you wonder that I should write the adventures of the young Potocki?"

"I shall never wonder at anything you do or at anything you become, either as an author, a savant or a politician," replied Danton; "but I shall always wonder when I see you making such a bad breakfast; I shall always wonder when I see you so familiar with your servant, though her name may be Albertine; I shall always wonder when I see you with such dirty hands."

"Why should all this excite your wonder?" asked Marat.

"Because I think that the man who had the honor of throwing the beautiful Cecile into a magnetic sleep, should ever after respect himself, as the priest does the altar he has served."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Marat, "absurd nonsense."

"Well—admit this to be nonsense; cleanliness, say the Italians, is almost a virtue. Now, why should not you, who profess to have no virtues, at any rate try to practice what comes nearest to one?"

"Monsieur Danton," said Marat, shaking off the crumbs of bread and the drops of milk from his old dressing-gown; "when you want to take hold of the people, you mustn't have too clean a hand."

“Nay—a hand may be as white as it likes,” replied Danton, provided it is strong—look at mine.”

So saying, Danton displayed to Marat two powerful, muscular hands, as white as snow,—such hands as people in their expressive language designate as shoulders of mutton. Marat, spite of himself, could not but admire them.

“Monsieur Marat,” resumed Danton; “I am willing to allow that you have interested me; I am willing to allow that I admire your talents, recognize your genius. I am willing, therefore, to take you as the sign of the show we are going to get up. Your grotesque appearance will attract the attention of the public; you can tell them all about the Olinska and the Olinski, the jailor and the serf. But, my regenerator of the world! your lodging is not worthy of you. A tribune of the people cannot date from a palace. What! the physician who would drain the veins of France of all her bad blood, condescend to bleed the stud of a prince royal! Fie! it cannot be!”

“Ay, I see,” replied Marat; “you envy me my cornet—the lever with which I am to move the world, the pittance which leaves me time to think of higher things, and frees me from the anxiety of earning my daily bread: you, who spend on an hour’s gluttony what I do in a whole year.”

“You seem rather ungrateful with regard to that dinner, my precious Diogenes!” said Danton.

“Ingratitude is the independence of the heart,” replied Marat.

“We are not talking of hearts, but of stomachs,” said Danton.

“Why abuse a dinner you can scarcely have digested?”

“I may abuse it, for it has left me an appetite for to-day; but, however, it was the gold of a prince which paid for your feast, as the copper of a prince pays for my sordid meals. Now it seems to me that, whether the money of the royal coffers pays for pheasants or boiled beef, one is as bad as the other—both are corruption, if one is.”

“You forget, worthy Aristides, that my gold was in exchange for a legal consultation.”

“And my twelve hundred francs were for medical consulta-

tions ; only yours were for princes, and mine are for their horses. Do you pretend to say that your talents deserve for one consultation what I get for three hundred and sixty-five?" Marat got livid with rage as he spoke.

"Come, come," said Danton, "you are a vicious dog—you have told me so—so you need not growl and show your teeth to convince me. Come, my good Potocki, be calm!"

Marat made a kind of growling response, certainly more like a dog than a man.

"Still," said Danton, "I persist in it, my dear Marat—you cannot stay here. You are playing an ignoble game! A man like you cannot eat the bread of tyrants, after having said what I heard you say of them last night. Suppose, for an instant, that your master—well, don't let us quarrel about words—call him what you please—this young prince, the Count d'Artois, should read your book on the rights of man—supposing he should then send for you, and say, 'M. Marat, what must my horses have done to you? for you to abuse us all in this way'—what would you say to him? Certainly something absurd; for I defy you to answer anything sensible to such a question, in your present position. You see, then, my dear Fabricius Marat, that in order to be worthy of your name, you must give up the royal kitchen, the royal stable, and the royal palace. You must leave all this, in order to be proclaimed a real, true, out-and-out, heroic, half-starved republican—or I shall not believe that you are one—I shall not believe in Olinska or Olinski—so, look to it!"

So saying, Danton pointed his phrase with a loud laugh, and an amicable tap on the shoulder, which almost knocked down Marat.

"There is some truth in what you say," said Marat; "one owes oneself to one's country; but, as you have spoken freely about me, let me tell you as freely my opinion of you. I respect your principles more than I do your character. You are what the Saviour called a whitened sepulchre—men of whom Juvenal wrote—

Qui Curios simulunt et bacchanalia vivant :

a patriot, but a patriot stuffed with truffles."

“What then ! do you think God intended that the elephant should live on a grain of rice ? No ! it is the superior being that eats the most ; a superior being devours at one meal what feeds fifty animals of an inferior order. Who devours for his dessert a whole grove of oranges, who, to obtain a blade of grass, treads down a whole field ? Well—every one respects the elephant, and all his neighbors are afraid of his treading on their toes. If I am not a Curios, it is that I think Curios was a fool and a pig. He ate his cabbage in abominable earthenware pipkins. Now, he could have served his country quite as well, had he fared better, and eaten from silver. You were saying, too, friend Marat, that my merits compared to yours were as a thousand lives to a million.”

“I said so, and I repeat it.”

“What does this prove ? That a *sarant* may say many foolish things. Depend upon it, that if I were not worth a thousand francs an hour, Abbé Roy would not have given them me. Try and get as much,—that’s all.”

“I !” exclaimed Marat, “I should blush to hold out my hand to the aristocrats, were it even for twenty-four thousand francs a day.”

“You see, then, I was right to say that you could not remain in the service of the Count d’Artois, for three francs seven sous a day. Change your quarters, Monsieur Marat, change your quarters !”

As Danton pronounced these words, a great noise and tumult was heard in the street, and from the windows the people could be seen rushing through the various courts to ascertain its cause.

Marat was not fond of disturbing himself uselessly, but he sent Mad’lle. Albertine to see what was the matter.

Danton, neither disdainful nor idle, got up at the first sounds, rushed to the window of the corridor, and put his head out to catch the rumor which rose from the street, with a sort of gusto, as a connoisseur tastes wines.

After all, the cause of this popular agitation was no other than that of the resignation of M. de Brienne, and the appointment of

Necker. The news from the Palais Royal had reached the distant quarter of the town in which were situated the Ecuries d'Artois.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE EFFIGY OF THE PLACE DAUPHINE.

MARAT'S cook returned full of news.

"Oh, Sir," said she, "there will be a row!"

"A row, Albertine!" said Marat, licking his lips like a cat in anticipation of its prey; "who is going to make a row?"

"Why, the workmen and the students; they are already crying, 'vive Necker!'"

"Well—there's no harm in that, for Necker is minister now."

"Ah! they're crying vive something else!"

"The devil they are. What is it?"

"Vive le Parlement!"

"Why should they cry long live the parliament? Since, spite of all Louis XIV and Louis XV could do, it still lives!"

"But this is not all; there's something more horrid still."

"Something horrid? let's have it, Albertine!"

"Why, actually they are shouting, '*Down with the Court!*'"

"Are you quite sure of that?" said Danton.

"I heard."

"Why, that is a seditious cry!"

"The fact is," said Marat, making a sign to his guest, "the Court has been horribly misled by de Brienne."

"If you only heard," said Abertine, "how the people talk about Brienne and another!"

"What's that other's name?"

"Monsieur de Lamoignon."

"Our worthy keeper of the Seals! What have they to say of him?"

“ Oh, they cry, ‘ to the stake, Brienne!—to the stake. La-moignon ! ’ ”

The two men exchanged significant glances—the one as if to say,

“ Does not this *émeute* come from your club, citizen Marat ! ”
Whilst the other’s look said :

“ Is there not some of the princes’ gold amongst these people ? Your princes, Danton, are the natural enemies and rivals of the King and the Court ? ”

The noise, however, like a thunder-storm lost in the distance, gradually diminished, until it was at last entirely inaudible. Marat resumed his questions to Albertine :

“ Where may these worthy people be going ? ”

“ To the Place Dauphine. ”

“ What are they going to do there ? ”

“ They are going to burn M. de Brienne. ”

“ What ! Burn an Arch-bishop ! ”

“ Only in effigy, Sir, ” said Albertine, apologetically.

“ In effigy or in person, ” said Danton, “ there will be some sport. Won’t you come and see it ? ”

“ I don’t want to get any hard knocks, my good friend ; and that is all that is to be had there. ”

Danton doubled his mighty fist ; and, looking at it complaisantly exclaimed—

“ There is the difference between us ! I can satisfy my curiosity without any danger to myself ; whilst you ” —

“ Whilst I prefer remaining at home—being neither curious nor fond of fighting. ”

“ Adieu, then, I am off to the Place Dauphine. ”

“ Meantime, I will finish my chapter of Potocki. I am just about describing a calm, beautiful landscape by moonlight. ”

“ Hark ! ” exclaimed Danton, “ I hear the firing of musketry ; yes, there it is again ! Adieu, adieu ! ”

With these words he rushed from the room, whilst Marat sat down at his desk with a sort of chuckle, and began mending a

pen—a luxury which he only indulged in on very particular occasions ; after which he set to work as usual.

Both Danton and Albertine were right ; there *was* an émeute, and the crowd, increasing at every step, was making its way to the Place Dauphine, shouting as it went along : “ Vive le Parlement !—Vive Necker ! Down with de Brienne ! down with Lamoignon ! ”

As it was getting towards evening, the crowd was soon strengthened by the workmen coming from their work ; the clerks from their offices, the shop-keepers, too, standing idly at their doors awaiting the hour of supper, joined in the cry and in the discussion.

The émeute began by a universal charivari, consisting of tin sauce-pans and frying-pans, beaten with shovel and tongs. It commenced at the same hour, in all parts of Paris. Who had organized it, who had begun it, noné knew ; but so it was, on this 26th of August, this noise, emanating from all parts, coming down all the streets, until it united in one vast tumult.

The centre of this movement appeared to be the Place Dauphine, the adjacent streets, and the Pont Neuf. There the crowd was intense. First of all, the charivarians ; and then the crowds to see the charivarians, forming a dense mass, over which, in calm, immoveable majesty, sat Henri IV on his bronze horse.

A singular feature in the Parisians is the love they have always borne for this successor of the last of the Valois. To what can this enduring affection be owing ? It is impossible to decide ; but so it is. His popularity has passed unimpaired through several generations. Does he owe it to his wit ? to his somewhat capricious good nature, or to his adventures amongst the peasantry and the bourgeois ? Are his loves with Gabrielle, its source ? or his quarrels with D'Aubigné. Perhaps all these united. Now, in this circumstance as in all others of a popular character, Henri IV became an object of attention, and everybody as he passed, saluted the bronze image of this popular hero. As crowds became more dense, the people, of their own private authority, and in interest of their personal safety, decreed that

no carriages should be allowed to cross the bridge, and that all those who came in carriages should be made to salute the statue of Henri IV before being allowed to proceed on their way.

Now, it so happened that the third carriage that arrived at the foot of the bridge was that of the Duke of Orleans.

In the beginning of this work, we have given an account of the Duke of Orleans; it will be remembered, therefore, that by his anglo-mania, his absurd bets, his shameless dissipations, and above all, his sordid speculations, he had lost that influence over the people which his family had possessed, and which Mirabeau contrived to regain for him some time after.

No sooner did the crowd recognize the Duke, than with no more ceremony, or perhaps with a little less, they stopped the horses, and taking them by the bridle, led them to the foot of the statue of Henry IV. Then, in a tone which admits of no reply, because it is not the voice of one man, nor of ten men, but the inexorable voice of the people which speaks, the Duke was desired to bow to the statue.

The Duke, polite and smiling as ever, complied immediately; and having alighted from his carriage, turned and bowed to the multitude.

“Bow to the statue! bow to Henry IV!” shouted the crowd.

“Bow to my great-grand-father, to the father of the people?—most willingly, gentlemen! To you he is only a good King, whilst to me he is an illustrious ancestor.” So saying, he made a profound bow to the statue.

Charmed by the smiles, the bow, and the words of the Duke, they applauded enthusiastically.

In the midst of these testimonials of popularity, of which the Duke was so fond, he was proceeding to get into his carriage, when a gigantic, unshaven, dirty, ill-dressed man, with a leather apron, and a bar of iron in his hand, indicating him to be a blacksmith, approached the Duke; and putting his heavy hand on his shoulder, vociferated in his ear:

“Bow a little less to your illustrious ancestor, and imitate him a little more.”

"Gentlemen," answered the Duke, "I do all I can, but I am not King of France, as Henri IV was, and as Louis XVI is. I can do nothing for the people but share my fortune with it; that I have already done; that I am ready to do again."

With these words the Duke once more, with a proud step, turned to get into his carriage; but the blacksmith had not done with him.

"Come," said he, "now you have bowed, you must shout: 'Vive Henri IV!'"

"Yes," bellowed the crowd; "say 'Vive Henri IV!'"

The Prince complied with a smile, and cried: "Vive Henry IV!" and ten thousand voices echoed him.

This done, the Duke was allowed to re-enter his carriage, and drove away along the quays, amidst the applauding shouts of the multitude.

Scarcely was the Duke's equipage out of sight, when a carriage in which was a priest, looking pale and anxious, drove up. The people recognized him instantly, and a thousand arms were menacingly extended towards him.

"It is the Abbé Vermont!" yelled the five hundred voices appertaining to the thousand arms.

"The Abbé Vermont!" shouted the blacksmith with stentorian lungs; "to the stake with him! the Abbé Vermont, the adviser of the Queen! to the stake! to the stake!"

"To the stake! to the stake!" repeated the crowd, with a unanimity very alarming for the priest.

Now, the abbé was not in good odor among the people. The son of an obscure village doctor, he had been successively one of the theologians of the Sorbonne, then librarian of the College Mazarin; finally, had been appointed in 1769, on the recommendation of the very M. de Brienne the people were burning in effigy—reader to the future Dauphiness of France. That post had been occupied successively, until then, by two French actors. But the Abbé Vermont, though ostensibly sent to perfect the young Marie Antoinette in the French language, had been chosen by M. de Choisel, the creature of Maria-Theresa, as a man in

whom she might implicitly confide. The Empress' confidence was not misplaced. The Abbe Vermont became a devoted partisan of the House of Austria, and maintained Marie Antoinette when she went to France, in all her Austrian prejudices—making her thereby thoroughly distasteful to the French courtiers. The confidential position of the Abbé being well known, all the imprudences of the youthful Dauphiness—and heaven knows they were not few—were attributed to the influence and advice of the Abbé Vermont.

No sooner was he installed at court, than, under the pretence that his quality of professor of languages included also his being professor of history, Monsieur Moreau, the historian of the Queen—a man of great eminence—was dismissed, and the Abbé Vermont appointed in his stead. It was excited by the sneers of the Abbé Vermont, that Marie Antoinette had turned into ridicule her first lady in waiting, the Duchesse de Noailles ; and the nickname of Madame Etiquette, given her by the Queen, was said to have been of the Abbé's invention and not of her Majesty's. On her arrival at court, the Dauphiness had attached herself to the aunts of the Dauphine, the daughters of Louis XV. Madame Victorie, one of these Princesses, was above all the object of her preference. The Abbé, growing alarmed at this friendship, lest it should injure his own influence over the Dauphiness, never rested until he had brought about a breach with the niece and the aunts. For the same reason, he had alienated the Queen from all the high and powerful families of France—especially from the Rohans, one of whom was so fatal to her in the affair of the necklace. The Abbé had encouraged the Queen in her criticisms and sarcasms on the pedantry of Madame Clotilde, the eldest daughter of Louis XV, who had been brought up by Madame de Maisan. It was the Abbé who, instead of laying out a serious course of historical reading for his pupil, allowed her to read anything and everything that came in her way ; he it was who allowed her to play all romping games, even that one known as *decampativos*, which so shocked the modesty of Marat at the club. It was the Abbé who had advised the Queen to put

herself in opposition to the King, and to put herself at the head of a party, like Madame de Pompadour, enforcing Austrian politics. He it was who opposed the recall of M. de Choiseuil. Again, it was he who, when the Arch-Duke Maximilian came to France under a feigned name, traveling incognito, had prompted the Queen to demand that he should take precedence of the Princes of the blood royal of France. In fine, the Abbé was jealous of everybody who approached the Queen. Madame de Polignac had especially roused his jealousy. He had opposed her; but finding that in vain, had, in imitation of Fleury, with Louis XV, grown sulky and retired from court. Finding, however, that no one sent for him, he thought proper to return; and from that time forward, had been the friend of the favorite, whose power he had in vain tried to subvert.

His last and greatest offence, in the eyes of the people, had been the nomination of Monsieur de Brienne, his former patron, appointed by his influence. No wonder, then, if at the very time the people were burning M. de Brienne in effigy, the Abbé Vermont should grow pale and anxious, and the mob infuriated, when they recognized him.

The courtly priest, scape-goat of the crimes of the ministry and the court, looked around him bewildered, as though he had not understood that the imprecations were addressed to him. But soon he was brought to a thorough knowledge of his situation, for the door was broken violently open, the Abbé dragged from the carriage and hurried on rapidly towards the Place Dauphine.

All the crowd followed, to witness the promised execution. Here, on the Place Dauphine, was already prepared a pile of wood and charcoal, which the neighboring fruit and grocery stores had been called on to contribute for their country's good—which they had done with promptitude and enthusiasm. On this was standing a stuffed figure, wearing the Cardinal's robe and hat. On the latter was written, in large characters, the name of the delinquent, de Brienne.

Around this funeral pile were a crowd of boys and rioters,

eager for the sport to begin. But the ring-leaders had decided that the fire would have a much better effect in the dark, and therefore awaited the close of day to ignite it. It was, consequently with intense delight that the inventors of the new programme, bearing the Abbé de Vermont, were welcomed. They highly approved of burning the real Abbé as well as the counterfeit Archbishop.

In vain the unfortunate Abbé strove to speak. Those nearest him, who would have heard him, were pushed on and overpowered by those in the rear—so that the Abbé's voice was drowned, in a sea of shouts and imprecations. At last they reached the stake. The unfortunate Abbé was set up against it, and preparations were made for the execution.

At this critical moment, a man of powerful stature pushed his way through the crowd; and, pointing with his enormous hand towards the victim, exclaimed:

“Fools that you are! This is not the Abbé Vermont!”

“Ah, Monsieur Danton!” exclaimed the unhappy priest; “help me! save me!”

Amidst the confusion of sounds, Danton's voice rose like a clap of thunder.

“Do you mean to say that this is not the Abbé de Vermont?” exclaimed those nearest him.

“I am not the Abbé de Vermont! I have been trying to tell you so for the last hour!” said the victim, much relieved.

“Who are you, then?”

“The Abbé Roy,” exclaimed Danton; “the great newsmonger; the Abbé of the thirty-thousand-men, as they called him at the Palais Royal, where he told all the news from Poland under the tree of Cracow—the Abbé Roy, the great antagonist of the Abbé de Vermont; the Abbé Roy, the friend of the people. By Heaven, you were going to do a pretty piece of work—burning the innocent for the guilty!”

And Danton laughed a loud, hearty laugh; and those near him joined in it, while those afar, laughed without knowing why, and because the others laughed.

"Vive l'Abbé Roy! Vive the Abbe of the thirty-thousand-men! The friend of the people!" cried ten voices, multiplied first by a hundred, and then by a thousand.

"Well—he's a priest, however; and since we've got him," said the blacksmith, "we'll make some use of him. Let him get up and confess M. de Brienne."

"Yes—but make him repeat the confession aloud."

"Yes, yes! Up with the confessor!"

The Abbé Roy made a sign that he wanted to speak.

"Silence!" shouted Danton. "Silence!" shouted the crowd—all now under the command of Danton; one strong will is sufficient to lead a whole multitude.

"Gentlemen!" said the Abbé, in a voice clear, though still rather tremulous, "I am very willing to do what you wish, and to confess the criminal; but——"

"Bravo, bravo!"

"Silence!" shouted Danton again, and the crowd was silent.

"But;" continued the Abbé, "I would wish first to make one slight remark——"

"Go on!" shouted the crowd.

"That is, that the Arch-bishop of Sens, being a great sinner——"

"Yes! a great sinner! Well?"

"Consequently, he will have a great many sins to confess; his confession will, therefore, be very long—so long that you may probably not have time to burn him to-day."

"Never mind, then, we'll burn him to-morrow."

"Yes; but, gentlemen, the Lieutenant of Police, the Chevalier du Guet?" (*the night-watch.*)

"Ah, that's true!" groaned the crowd.

"Therefore, I suggest, that it is better to burn him without confession."

"Bravo! bravo! Agreed! agreed! Vive the Abbé Roy! To the stake with Brienne! to the stake!"

Then the crowd divided. Some formed a triumphal arch with their arms, under which the delighted Abbé, who had so nearly paid for another's sins, passed as rapidly as his trembling limbs

could carry him. Others proceeded to set light to the pile they had made, whilst the rest, resuming their infernal music on the pots and pans, danced and shouted in expectation of this *auto da fê*.

At length, about nine o'clock, the windows of all the house, being illuminated with lamps or candles, a man dressed in red to represent the executioner, bearing aloft a lighted torch, approached the stake and set fire to the pile. Immediately the wood began to crackle and blaze; then wild shouts rent the air; then, like demons danced the crowd in the red glare of the flames—less ardent, less brilliant, than the glances which shone like those of the damned in Dante's *Inferno*.

CHAPTER XXII.

INGÉNUË.

LET us for a while leave the Place Dauphine, with its flaming pile, its saturnalia, its charivari, its crowd, and its noise, and repair to another part of Paris, where reigns silence and darkness.

Dark and still, as is now this portion to which we allude, there will come a time when it shall be aroused to strife, and when it will send forth flames and crackling fires, more ardent and destructive than any that either Vesuvius or Etna have showered upon earth, since the days of Empidocles, or Pliny the ancient.

In the Rue de Montreuil, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, was situated a magnificent mansion belonging to Reveillon, a paper-hanger, whose name, thanks to the events of the revolution, has become historical.

At this time, tho' his name had not attained European celebrity, it was still very well known in the neighbourhood where

he lived, as appertaining to a man of great industry and worth, and possessing universal and unlimited credit. Reveillon was possessed of a large fortune, and had more than five hundred workmen in his establishment, to each of whom he gave five or six francs a day ; and the steady activity of this manufactory, promised a fortune of which it was impossible to see the limits.

Much has been said and written about Reveillon ; but perhaps, after all, he is not well known. We do not pretend to know more of Reveillon than any other historian, and can, therefore, merely relate what was said at this time of Reveillon, and what has been said since. He owed his celebrity merely to accidental circumstances, which dragged him before the public—leaving him astonished and dazzled at his own fame, like an owl dragged from the obscurity of a hollow tree into broad daylight.

Reveillon, according to the Jacobins—apropos of the Jacobins, those who make the Jacobins date from '90 and '91, are in error ; the Jacobins, so called from the place in which they held their meetings, existed long before that period, and long before the period of which we are writing. Reveillon, then, according to the Jacobins, was hard, bitter, and avaricious. He had tried to reduce the pay of his workmen. He had, in fact, tried to put into practice the theory of Messrs. Flesselles & Berthier, who had replied to a remark on the misery of the people :

“When the people have no bread, let them eat grass—my horses eat it.”

According to the Royalists, Reveillon was, on the contrary, an honest citizen, living as his father had done before him, somewhat of a free-thinker, somewhat of a politician, somewhat of a miser ; but virtuous, full of conventionalities and prejudices, and all such qualities as in the revolutionary crucible become vices.

Reveillon, having a position, necessarily had enemies. He was, however, much looked up to by the quarter he inhabited—a man who has five hundred workmen at his command, becomes a man of influence in times of popular tumult.

On this day, a day of popular tumult if there ever was one.

Reveillon was quietly seated at supper in his comfortable dining-room, ornamented with the original designs of his pictorial papers, for which he had paid artists of merit, handsomely.

The silver plate, more massive than elegant; the fine table-linen, the substantial viands, well-cooked and well-seasoned; a generous wine from the vineyards of Touraine, formed an agreeable if not a splendid feast, at which were seated six persons. First and foremost, M. Reveillon, whose name having become historical, is equal to a patriot. Then his two children and his wife—his excellent wife. Besides these, there were an old man and a young girl.

The old man wore a long coat of an uncertain color, which had probably once been olive. It was at least fifteen years old, as the peculiar cut, the worn seams, and the thread-bare cloth indicated. It was evidently not poverty, but an intense indifference, which made this man still continue to wear such a garment—particularly when he had such a neighbor as the young girl at his side. His head was long and narrow, expanding, however, towards the temples. His eye was bright and sparkling, the mouth thin and sarcastic; his hair, white and thin, gave him the appearance of age, although at this time he was but fifty-four.

He was called *Rétif de la Bretonne*; and this name, well known and even popular at that time, has not been quite lost through all the intervening years. He had written as many volumes as many of his cotemporaries had lines.

His old and historical great coat, to which he had not addressed any sonnets, like many poets of our day, but of which he has made honorable mention in his confessions, was the object of the constant care and attention of the young girl, who sat on the left hand of M. Reveillon.

This young girl, a sweet and fresh flower nurtured in the atmosphere of a printing-office, bore the name of *Ingénue*. Her father had given her a romantic name, not to be found in the saints' calendar, which the revolution was destined, by-the-by, to change into a list of fruits and flowers. Her father delighted in this

name, because it was the name of a heroine, and loved her more as the model of a heroine than as a daughter.

This beautiful young creature fully deserved her name. Her fine and melting blue eyes beamed with truth and earnestness; her small, full lips were parted by a smile which had at once gentleness and a vague wonder at the world, now opening before her. Harmonious features, embellished with a white, smooth skin, and shaded by long, soft, silky hair, of a light chestnut color; well formed hands and pretty feet—such was *Ingénue* at fifteen.

Ingénue, with her rounded and budding form, her graceful carriage and her bright, truthful glance, gave a charm to the simple printed linen dress which she wore. Whatever the material, the native elegance of the wearer gave such distinction to her dress, that it required all the indifference of *Rétif de la Bretonne* to persevere in wearing his old coat, when he walked with her in the streets of Paris.

At the moment we introduced our reader into the dining-room, *Rétif* was relating to the daughters of *Reveillon* a moral tale, which he interrupted frequently, to swallow some of the remains of a dessert, which must have been splendid, before the havoc he had made in it.

Rétif had an enormous appetite, but the movement of his jaws never interfered with the motion of his tongue.

Reveillon, who did not feel as great an interest in the moral tales of *Rétif*, as his daughters—perhaps because he knew better than they the morality of the narrator—began, towards the end of the dinner, to talk politics with his guest.

“You, who are a philosopher, my dear *Rétif*,” said he, in that supercilious tone which men of money assume to men of letters, “pray explain, whilst you are discussing those biscuits, how it is that we are every day losing our national spirit?”

This formidable proposition alarmed the ladies; they exchanged glances, and immediately rose—leaving the gentlemen to carry on the discussion as they pleased, whilst they repaired to the garden.

"Don't go far, Ingénue," said Reveillon, rising, and shaking off the crumbs which had accumulated on his coat.

"I am close at hand, and will come when you call me, papa," replied Ingénue.

"Charming child—is she not, Reveillon?" said Rétif, as he looked after her, delighted at this act of obedience, as all fathers are who are governed by their children, while persuaded that they govern them; "the staff of my old age, the consolation of my declining years. Oh, the joy of paternal affection!"

At these words, Rétif raised his eyes, with a sanctimonious air, to Heaven.

"You must be devilishly joyful," observed Reveillon.

"Why so, my good friend?"

"Because, if we are to believe those who pretend to know your Monsieur Faublas, you have at least a hundred children to rejoice in."

The novel of Faublas, by Lovet de Couvray, was then at the height of Fashion.

"Rousseau was right," replied Rétif, somewhat confused: "why should I not follow his example—if not in talent, at least in other ways?"

"Well," said the paper-hanger, "if all your hundred children are like Ingénue, you may congratulate yourself on having a fine family; and you cannot scribble too much, to support them.

Reveillon was rather of opinion that a sheet of paper had more value before than after it was written on.

"You know not the capabilities of a sheet of paper," said Rétif.

"Well, never mind; tell me what you are doing now, my dear *Nocturnal Spectator*."

Rétif was then publishing a paper by this title, on the Model of Mercier's *Picture of Paris*—only Mercier described it by day, and Rétif by night.

"What am I doing?"

"Yes."

Well, I am making the plan of a work which will revolutionize Paris!

"Revolutionize Paris! Only that?" said Reveillon with a scoffing laugh; "really, that is no easy thing!"

"Oh!" replied Rétif, with that presumption which belongs to men of imagination; "not so difficult, perhaps, as you imagine."

"What, in spite of the Gardes-Françaises?—of the *Guet*—of the Swiss gard; of the Gardes-du-Corps—of M. de Bison?—of M. de Bazerval! My dear, Rétif I think you had better not try to revolutionize Paris."

Either from prudence or disdain, the author of the *Nocturnal Spectator* did not continue the discussion; but, remembering Reveillon's first question, he said:

"You were asking me, were you not, how it happened that we were losing our nationality?"

"I was;—can you tell me?"

"It is," replied Rétif, because the French people have always been what their chiefs have made them—they have from them taken their spirit and their character, from the day the people proclaimed their Pharamond King, and raised him on his shield, as chief of all. From that hour the French have been successively under Charlemagne, under Hugh Capet, under St. Louis, under Philip Augustus, under Francis I, under Henri IV, and under Louis XIV. But to which of these great men can you compare Louis XVI?"

"Yet if not great," said Reveillon, laughing; "he is a very good kind of man, after all."

"A good kind of man! a good kind of man! What is there surprising in that, do you think? When the French people say, 'our king is a great man,' or 'our king is a great hero,' they desire to be worthy of him, and to become great men or heroes, that he may be as proud of them as they are of him. But what are they to do for a good kind of man? Who cares for him? who is proud of him? They shrug their shoulders—that's all but there is no more patriotism, no more nationality."

"You must always have your joke, friend Rétif," said Reveillon.

But he was mistaken; this time Rétif was not joking—he was speaking seriously.

"If we leave the King aside," continued he earnestly, "content with his being a good, honest man, what do we find under him in authority?"

"No great things, I allow," replied Reveillon.

"Monsieur le Duc d'Aiguillon, for instance?"

"Never mind him—he is done for."

"Monsieur Maupon?"

"Ah! ah!"

"You laugh at these ministers; but let me tell you that they were geniuses, compared to your Messieurs de Brienne and Lamoignon."

"But they, too, have been dismissed, and Monsieur Necker has been appointed."

"From Charybdis to Scylla—from bad to worse."

"Well, after all, you are right, Rétif. I see it now. We have no nationality, no patriotism, because we have no leaders. I wonder I never thought of that before."

Rétif was enchanted at the way in which his idea had been appreciated.

"Well, but friend Reveillon," said he, "the impression this idea has made on you——"

"It has made a very great impression on me," said Reveillon.

"From purely the interest of the fact, or from personal motives?"

"Well, I confess that I had a personal motive for putting the question, and a personal motive for being delighted with your answer."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," replied Reveillon, scratching his ear, and speaking slowly and solemnly; "I am about to be proposed as a member of the committee of electors of Paris. Now, sir, if I am nominated, I shall have to make a speech; I shall have to declare

my principles. Now, the loss of patriotism in France will be a fine subject, and will tally well with my known devotion to the people. Your way of developing this idea has pleased me much; it will just suit me; I shall make great use of it."

"The D—l you will!" exclaimed Retif.

"Why do you say the D—l you will?"

"Oh, nothing, except that I shall have to look out for another subject."

"Another subject, for what?"

"Why for a pamphlet. I had just found this subject; that was the one I told you would revolutionize Paris. But if you want it, take it, if it can be of any use to you; why, I'll find another, that's all."

"I am sorry, though, to rob you," said Reveillon.

"Oh, bah! A subject is very easily found. Though that was rather a good one; and would have made a splendid pamphlet."

"Wait a little—let me think," said Reveillon, scratching his ear. "I could perhaps manage——"

"Manage what?"

"Why, this little matter of the speech; and the pamphlet——"

"I do not understand you," said Retif, in a most ingenuous manner, as if he had not the least idea of what Reveillon wanted to say; though he had been waiting anxiously for the very proposition he knew was coming.

"If you had written this pamphlet, dear Monsieur Retif," continued Reveillon, "it would have been admirable, no doubt, like all you write."

"You are too good," said Retif.

"It could not have increased your fame," pursued the tradesman; "that is too great to admit of increase."

Retif bowed.

"But, dear Retif, it would probably have increased your funds."

"It would," said Retif; "and besides, it would have pleased

my good friend Mercier, who writes me such beautiful puffs in his paper."

"Well, you can find some other way of pleasing him, whilst I—I cannot so easily find another subject—one so exactly suited to my position."

"You are right there—it would be difficult."

"What I would propose, then, is this——"

Retif opened his eyes and ears.

"You shall write the pamphlet, as you intended, and when it is done, you shall let me have the manuscript. I will be your public, and buy up the whole edition before it is printed—so that you will be at no expense for printing, paper, binding and so forth. What do you say to this, Monsieur Retif, eh?"

"I see one great obstacle."

"Out with it!"

"It is simply that you do not know how I compose; how I write."

"Like other people, I suppose; like Messieurs Rousseau, de Voltaire, d'Alembert, and Diderot, do you not?"

"Not at all. You know that I am printer as well as an author; so, instead of first writing my works, like other people, I print them at once; instead of a pen, I use a composing stick, and set up the sentences, the words, the ideas, as they originate in my brain. Or rather, my work comes into the world like Minerva from the head of Jupiter——"

"All armed," interrupted Reveillon; "I have that pattern on one of my papers—a very handsome thing it is, too."

"This, however, does not mean to say that I do not agree to your proposition."

"I am delighted!"

"And I, charmed, to be able to offer you anything agreeable. I must, however, warn you that, being once set up——"

"Oh!" said Reveillon, "you can set it up here in my manufactory—we have a press, you know; and as for paper, you can take your choice."

"But——"

"Let us have no buts," said Reveillon, eagerly; "say you accept, and write me my speech in your very best manner—not too long, you know. Put in something about the Grecian and Roman republics—the citizens of this Faubourg like to hear all about them. And now, let us talk about business. How much do you think——"

"Oh, pray," said Retif, "pray do not——"

"Nay—business is business."

"Allow me, pray allow me, to be of some service to you, my dear friend. After twenty years of uninterrupted friendship, you mortify me to——"

"I must insist on making this a business affair. You know the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"Oh, we literary laborers do so much for nothing!" and saying this with a tragic wave of the hand, which made the seams of his coat crack, Retif heaved a sigh which very much modified the tone of his voice.

Reveillon had no idea of getting up scenes in business matters.

"You know, Monsieur Retif, that I am a tradesman, and therefore I drive a hard bargain; if I had not done so all my life, I should not now be as rich as I am. But for the same reason, I pay for all I buy—nothing for nothing. If you were to ask me for one of the designs of my papers, I should not let you have it for nothing—neither will I accept your printed paper for nothing. I therefore offer you a hundred francs down—besides this, a magnificent paper for your two rooms, and a handsome silk dress for Ingénue."

Reveillon was so well acquainted with Retif's slovenliness, that it never once occurred to him to offer him a coat, of which he was so much in need.

"Done!" said Retif, shaking hands with Reveillon; "it is a bargain—a hundred francs, a fine new paper, and a silk dress for Ingénue. Ah, let me have the paper with the historical subjects."

"Wouldn't you like the Graces and the Seasons?"

"The devil!" replied Retif, who was dying to see this very

paper on his walls; "I'm afraid the Seasons are a little too spicy for a young girl like Ingénue. You know they are not very well provided with drapery."

"Nonsense!" said Reveillon; "my good good fellow, Autumn is the only one who is a *little* too naked—but then he is such a handsome young fellow, that we can cut out a few vine leaves and cover up all improprieties. As for Spring, he holds his garland in such a lucky manner that he's all right; and Summer will pass muster with his reaping hook. Besides, you can't put girls into a band-box. I suppose you intend one day that Ingénue should marry, don't you?"

"The sooner the better, my dear sir. I have even been thinking over a plan for the dowry."

"Indeed! We were saying then, a hundred francs for the pamphlet—(Retif winced); I beg your pardon for recapitulating, but I am a man of business, you know. The silk dress, which Madame Reveillon shall buy, and the paper of the Seasons, which shall be put up whenever you please. By-the-by, I have forgotten your address, M. Retif?"

"Rue des Bernardins near the place aux-Veaux."

"And the manuscript—when can I have it?"

"In two days."

"Two days! what facility!" exclaimed Reveillon; "in two days to write a speech which will obtain my nomination as elector, and may perhaps lead to my being myself elected deputy!"

"I hope it may, I'm sure. But I must be off—what time is it, Mons. Reveillon?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock! I must call Ingénue—I can waste no more time."

"Oh, let her stay a little longer with my daughters. Just hear how they are enjoying themselves!" and Reveillon opened the door leading to the garden, and let in the sound of several young and fresh voices singing in chorus a merry roundelay.

It was a warm summer afternoon. The roses and carnations perfumed the air, and the trees waved gently in the breeze. Re-

tif looked at these graceful figures that flitted before him, with a deep and melancholy sigh; for the sound of their young voices and the sight of their bounding forms recalled vividly to his mind the days of his youth—those days of a wild and passionate happiness, the memory of which caused his eyes to glisten and his heart to throb—a happiness of which the chaste and pure Ingénue had never dreamed.

This sweet girl, called by the deep voice of Reveillon and the shrill tones of Retif, hastened to embrace her young companions. Then, throwing over her half-covered shoulders, a mantilla of the same stuff as her dress, she made a graceful courtesy to Madame Reveillon, who smiled and tapped her on the cheek, and a bow to Monsieur Reveillon, who imprinted a paternal kiss on her forehead. Then, her bosom still heaving, her cheek still flushed, and her eye still sparkling, from her childish sports, she placed her arm within the folds of the threadbare coat which covered her father's arm.

M. Reveillon, in consideration of the bargain he had just made with Retif, did him the honor of accompanying him to the door. Outside he found a group of his own workmen talking with great animation, who, on perceiving their master, ceased talking, and bowed respectfully.

Reveillon replied with great dignity to this salutation; then stood for an instant gazing up at the sky which, towards the south, had a strange red tinge—then, with a last wave of the hand to his retreating guest, he re-entered the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

OUR illustrious author, although ruminating as he passed along on the advantages of his bargain with Reveillon, could not but observe the extraordinary agitation around him. The excited manner of Reveillon's workmen had struck him. It was unusual for workmen to stay idly talking; for when not at work, they were either at the theatre or the public house, or asleep in their own homes.

Retif, with that spirit of observation which characterises a journalist, knew full well the various habits of all the classes of Paris and the various physiognomies of the people. By the agitation which now reigned in the streets, Retif understood that something extraordinary had happened; but then, what could happen? except, perhaps, that the Parisians were a little more discontented than usual, and that was nothing—for they were always more or less discontented; so, thinking no more about what was going on around him, he began, as in duty bound, to entertain Ingénue with a little moral and instructive conversation.

"Fine house, that of Reveillon, is it not Ingénue?" said he.

"A very fine house, dear father."

"Yes,—and earned by honest industry."

"By good luck," said Ingénue; "for many work hard without getting one."

"True," replied her father.

"You, for instance, dear father, who have so much talent, and who are so industrious?"

"True," again said Retif; "but I have something far better."

"What is that, Papa?"

"Yes—a treasure."

"Oh, why don't you produce it?"

"My dear child, mine is a treasure which cannot be shared with any other. I alone can enjoy it."

"What can it be?"

"Well—first, it is a good conscience, which no one can take from me.

"Oh yes," replied Ingénue, in a tone of disappointment.

"Well—you don't seem to think this a great treasure?"

"Oh, yes I do; but then has not everybody a clear conscience?"

"Hem!" said Retif, not knowing exactly what to reply.

"Did not you think Reveillon's workmen had a queer look, just now? There seemed to be a great deal of agitation amongst them, I thought."

"These, too, who are coming, appear to be excited," replied Ingénue, making room for three or four men to pass, who were running hurriedly towards the quays.

"Happy creatures!" exclaimed Retif; "without care, when once their work is over, they rush to their homes as impetuously as we do to our pleasures. Happy creatures, are they not?"

"Very," said Ingénue, quietly.

"Happy, too," continued the man of genius, mounted on the Pegasus of morality; "happy, too, the wife, who at evening awaits at her cottage door the return of her husband; whilst within is heard the simmering of the evening meal, the merry crowing of the baby, and the song of the elder children. He comes; the happy father! His children all grouped around him. Presently, the savory soup steams before him; the children share this frugal but abundant repast; whilst the tender mother, feeding her youngest born from the fount of nature, smiles lovingly on all. What a picture!"

"Yes, papa," said Ingénue, who, to say the truth, had not followed her father in his pastoral flight; "but surely I hear a strange noise yonder!" and she pointed in the direction of the bridges.

"I only hear the noise of carriages," replied Retif.

"It is not like that, but more like the noise of many voices."

"Many voices ! Do you mean the cry of a multitude ? Take care—don't make use of exaggerated expressions—they do not become a young girl."

"I thought I heard"—

"Well—I was saying, I think that the poor are comparatively happier than the rich, was I not ?"

"Oh !" said Ingénue, incredulously.

"Inasmuch as their happiness consists of material comfort and the fulfillment of their duties. You are not listening, Ingénue ? I see you are looking at that phaeton, which the horses are running away with."

"I confess that I am."

"Oh, child ! Remember what Rousseau the Genevese says."

"What does he say papa ?"

"That the wife of a peasant is more estimable than the mistress of a prince."

"More estimable, perhaps,—but happier ?"

"What happiness can there be without the esteem of the world ? Oh, Ingénue, I have but one desire in the world"—

"What is that, papa ?"

"It is, my child, that some honest workman may offer his hand, hard with ennobling labor, for this pretty little one of yours."

"Would you give it him ?"

"Without hesitation."

"Ah, no, papa ! for then you would have no one to take care of you at home ; no one to wait for your return ; no one to prepare your repast ; no one to realize your idea of happiness. No ! You would sacrifice your happiness for that of another."

"To yours, my child ; it is the duty of a father."

"Oh, I am not destined to be happy," said Ingénue.

There was something so peculiar in the tone in which she uttered these words, that Retif was startled, and looked inquiringly at his daughter ; but she seemed already to have forgotten

them, and was looking about her with an eagerness that rather puzzled him.

At this moment a noise of a distant tumult became so loud that Retif exclaimed, "I hear it now! I hear the noise!" and immediately turned to the right.

"We are going out of our way," exclaimed Ingénue.

"We are going the right way for me," responded the father, "for I am going after an article for my *Nocturnal Spectator*."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ÉMEUTE.

AFTER a hasty walk, Ingénue and her father arrived on the quays, and the mystery of the noise was solved.

"It is on the Place Dauphine," exclaimed Retif. "Come quickly, or we may be too late."

As they proceeded, the crowd grew more dense. Even the multitude at the foot of Pont Neuf, who could not so much as catch a glimpse of the burning effigy, joined in the shouts of those who were dancing round the flames.

It was a strange spectacle, full of grotesque horror and picturesque effect. The windows, blazing with light and filled with people, whose faces were illuminated by the red glare beneath, whilst round the blazing pile danced like demons in the flames, the yelling and furious multitude. Retif, with his vivid imagination, was enchanted. As for his daughter, she began to wish she had not penetrated so far. She was too much afraid of the crowd, which almost tore her dress from its gathers, and her mantilla from her shoulders, to enjoy the spectacle before her.

Retif, having learned the cause of this tumult, joined in the universal applause and vociferation.

"Now," though the, "the principles of liberty and reform will be diffused throughout the country!"

But, just as he was preparing to make a little speech for the benefit of those nearest to him, a violent impetus was given to the crowd, by the dancing demons in front being pushed back amongst it—the soldiers of the *Guet*, or night-watch, having now made their appearance, mounted on their horses, who were snorting and rearing at the fire.

“*Le Guet ! Le Guet !*” cried many voices, in a tone of alarm.

“Bah ! *Le Guet !* who cares for them ?” cried the students, the sworn enemies of the night-watch.

Many people, the most obstinate and fool-hardy, refused to move from the vicinity of the fire, and resisted the authority of the police.

At the head of the soldiers marched, or rather galloped, their commander, the Chevalier Dubois—one of those specimens of the military police so admirable in Paris—as gentle and as spirited as their horses, but inexorable as fate.

This evening, Dubois had received strict orders from a high quarter, and had determined that the multitude should be prevented from burning an archbishop under the very nose of the bronze ancestor of the reigning King.

He had rushed precipitately to the scene of action, on the first alarm, followed by all the men he could assemble on so short a notice—consisting of about one hundred and fifty men. With these he had forced his way into the centre of the Place Dauphine, close to the burning pile, which served as a rampart to the insurgents.

At first he was received with acclamations, rather of sport than insult. Then he advanced and commanded the crowd to disperse.

This order was received with jeers and laughter. Then he declared he would order his troops to charge on them, if they did not obey.

To this they replied by a volley of stones and oaths.

The Chevalier then turned to his men and commanded them to charge.

The soldiers advanced at a gentle pace, until they had cleared the way before them—then, putting themselves into a hard gallop, they drove the crowd before them, with great alarm and confusion.

Now, in an émeute there are always two elements—those who make the émeute, and those who, impelled by curiosity, go to see the sport—and it is generally the latter who pay for their fun, and serve as the scape-goat of the actual insurgents.

But the ring-leaders of this revolt were acting from firm convictions and patriotic motives—therefore they resisted, and stood their ground, whilst the mere spectators yielded and fled as fast as they could. Amongst these were Retif and Ingénue; but neither being very strong, they were soon separated. Retif found himself sprawling in the midst of arms, legs, wigs, hats—whilst Ingénue, suddenly enveloped in an eddy of the popular torrent, uttered wild screams of terror and dismay.

Bruised, pressed on all sides, pushed by rude men, Ingénue was on the point of falling, too, and being trampled under the feet of the multitude—when a strong arm was placed around her waist, and looking up, she beheld a young man, who was with a powerful arm supporting her and trying to draw her away

“ My dear young lady, a little energy, and you are safe !”

“ Oh, heavens! where is my father ?”

“ I know not; but for mercy’s sake, come away! You will be suffocated; trampled under foot, if you stay here. Come, I beseech you, come !”

“ But my father ?”

“ Do not hesitate, for God’s sake! The soldiers are preparing to fire, and the balls cannot discriminate. You may be killed !”

Ingénue resisted no longer. Bewildered with pain and terror she suffered her protector to drag her along unresisting.

At that moment a solitary detonation was heard—it was a pistol shot, which had struck the commandant in the shoulder.

Justified by this act of aggression, Dubois ordered his men to fire. They obeyed, and ten or twelve people fell.

Meantime Ingénue and her unknown protector were making

the best of their way out of the crowd, into the adjacent streets—Ingénue following mechanically, and occasionally exclaiming :

“ My father ! my poor father ! ”

“ Your father, Mademoiselle,” said the unknown, “ has probably returned home in hopes of finding you there already. Where do you live ? ”

“ Rue des Bernardins.”

“ Do you know your way ? ”

“ I never go out alone,” replied Ingénue ; “ I don’t know if I could tell in what direction to turn.”

“ My friend,” said the unknown protector, addressing a man who was going in the same direction as himself ; “ can you tell me how to get to the Rue des Bernardins ? ”

The man bowed without answering, and walked on before them, making a sign for them to follow.

After turning down one or two streets, Ingénue exclaimed :

“ Oh, here we are ! this is the street ! ”

“ And now do you think you can find the house ? ”

“ I am sure I can,” replied Ingénue, hurrying on. She stopped at last before the door of the house she inhabited—a shabby, dirty house, entered by an alley, of which the door was now closed, and situated in a dark corner of the street, which was but feebly lighted by the flickering lamp suspended by a cord across it.

Ingénue, greatly relieved, ventured to look at her deliverer.

He was a young man with handsome features, and a noble air and figure. His dress exhaled a perfume of aristocracy, which his appearance confirmed. But, more than all, the distinction of his manners, revealed the man of quality. He received Ingénue’s thanks with courtesy, and a look of unmistakable admiration.

“ Shall I not go into the house with you, in order to be certain that you are quite safe ? ” said he, in a tone of easy familiarity indicating the man accustomed to find his word law.

“ Sir,” replied Ingénue, “ my father is absent, and I cannot venture to invite you in.”

“ How are you going to get in yourself ? ”

“I have the key of the alley door, sir.”

“Ah, that is lucky. Do you know, child, that you are very handsome?”

Ingénue heaved a profound sigh and without noticing the last remark of the stranger, she exclaimed :

“What can have become of my father?”

“Oh, you want to get rid of me, I see!”

“No, sir—I want you to save my father, as you have saved me.”

“Really! Pray, what may be your father’s name?”

“My father, sir, is an author; his name is Retif de la Bretonne.”

“Oh, oh! the author of *The Adventures of the Pretty Foot of Fanchette*, and *The Perverted Country Girl*! Oh, oh! So you are his daughter? And what is your name?”

“Ingénue.”

“Ingénue! A charming name, and worthy of your charming and ingenuous look.”

The unknown drew back a step, and made a profound bow to Ingénue, who, mistaking this homage for a token of respect, asked timidly :

“May I not know your name, sir—to whom am I so deeply obliged?”

“Oh, Mademoiselle, my name is of no importance—I hope to be allowed to have the honor of seeing you again.”

Ingénue curtsied, and looking round, she started and exclaimed :

“Take care, sir! Be on your guard! Our street is a very unfrequented one. See—the man who shewed us the way, is watching you.”

“Oh, never fear, Mademoiselle: I know that man—he is waiting for me.”

Ingénue now proceeded to put the key into the lock, when the stranger again addressed her :

“An idea has just struck me, Mademoiselle.”

“What is it?”

“Why, it is that you seem so impatient to quit me that I have

taken it into my head that there must be somebody waiting for you within."

"Somebody waiting?"

"What would there be so extraordinary in a pretty girl like you having a lover?"

Ingénue, blushing deeply and in great alarm, drew back. She had before unlocked the door; and now, pushing against it she was in an instant within the alley, and the door closed after her.

"Cleverly played!" said the young man, as he heard the door double locked from within; "cleverly played, by Jove!"

Then he beckoned to the man who was waiting, a few paces off.

"Come here, Anger," said he; "you have seen this pretty girl, have you not! Well—you heard the name of her father; you know where she lives. Watch her—follow her—do what you please—only remember, I have taken a fancy to her, and I must have her."

"I shall attend to your Highness' wishes; but let me remind your Royal Highness, that the streets of Paris in this part of the town are not safe; that they are still firing, and that, as you remarked to the young lady, cartridges do not discriminate."

"Well—I'll take care. Remember my injunctions; I have no doubt she expects to see her lover. Watch diligently."

"Never fear—I will watch and report to your Royal Highness to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXV.

CHRISTIAN.

INGÉNUÉ, if she feared one young man's admiration, did not dread that of another, whom she expected to find in the house. She had been looking for him all the way from M. Reveillon's, and that was the cause of the little attention she paid to the elegant moral discourse of her father.

That is why she looked around, while thanking her deliverer, and that is also why, though really very grateful, she thanked him so coldly, and did not invite him to enter.

Young girls are like limpid waters—their purity depends on the serenity of the heavens reflected in them. They are but the creatures of circumstances, virtuous or the contrary, according to their surroundings.

The young protector, whom the man had called "your Highness," had guessed rightly. Ingénue was expecting her lover.

Entering the house, she rushed rapidly up two flights of stairs; and there, seated on the step of the door of their apartment, his face buried in his hands, she found another young man.

Recognizing her step, he rose, exclaiming:

"It is you at last, Mademoiselle Ingénue!"

"Yes, Monsieur Christian."

"I have been waiting, very impatiently for you. Is your father with you? Is he, as usual, getting a light from the corner grocery?"

"My father did not come home with me; God knows if he will ever come home again."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you not know that they are fighting in the streets?"

"Where. Good heavens! where?"

"At the Pont Neuf—at the place Dauphine—everywhere! They are firing guns and shooting everybody. I was very nearly killed, and my father is probably dead."

“Do not cry, dear Mademoiselle Ingénue ; there is still hope.”

“Oh no! he would have returned ere this, if he had been alive.”

“How did you get back?”

“Oh, a young man came to my assistance, dragged me out of the crowd, and brought me here. Poor dear papa!”

“Shall I go in search of him?”

“Oh! if you would!”

“And yet, I wanted so much to speak to you, Mlle. Ingénue! I knew where you were to dine; I was among the workmen at Monsieur Reveillon’s door, when you came out with your father; and I ran all the way here in order to be able to see you for a moment.”

“But, Monsieur Christian——”

“How long you were in coming! In what an agony of expectation I was? How often have I opened and shut the door of the little room I have taken in the house in order to obtain, like the other lodgers, a key of the alley! At last I came here and listened to every sound. Ah! Mademoiselle Ingénue! It is now six weeks since first I saw you; three days since I first spoke with you. I can wait no longer. I must know my fate; I must know what you think of me.”

“I think, Monsieur Christian, that you are very good to take so much interest in me.”

“Is that all?”

“No; I think also that it is very strange of you to take a room you do not live in, to wear a dress which is not that of your station; and still stranger, that you should be in such a hurry to know what time alone can answer.”

“Time, Mademoiselle?”

“Yes—time! You may perhaps be able to see clearly into the state of your feelings; I cannot as yet into mine.”

“Mademoiselle,” said Christian, “I am afraid, if the neighbors were to see us together, here on the stairs, they might think ill of you.”

“Well, then, let us separate. Good-bye, Monsieur Christian!”

"What! Will you not allow me to enter your apartment?—to converse with you quietly for ten minutes—to ask you if you love me?"

"Love you, Monsieur Christian! What, already!"

"Oh! I thought you more tender-hearted. Your eyes belie your lips."

"I hear some one coming from above. Go—pray, go!"

"Oh, it is the old woman who lets me my room; an inquisitive old crone! If she should see us——"

"Go—for heaven's sake, go!" exclaimed Ingénue, in agony.

"Ah! there is some body coming up—I hear footsteps coming from the first floor. Which way can I go?"

"Oh, heavens! they will think ill of me! What shall I do!"

"Quick, quick! Open the door of your apartment—there is just time."

"Ingénue obeyed in despair and anxiety. Christian rushed into the apartment after her, and bolted the door.

At this juncture, the voice of Rétif was heard on the stairs.

"Ingénue, Ingénue! are you here?" said he.

"My father, my dear father! replied the young girl, trembling with joy and fear.

"Open the door!" shouted Retif.

"What shall I do?" murmured Ingénue.

"Open the door directly," said Christian, withdrawing the bolt himself.

Retif clasped his daughter in his arms, and wept with joy.

"You are safe, my child! We are both safe!"

"Thank God! How did you escape, my dear, father?"

"Trodden under foot, I escaped the fire of the soldiers. I struggled out, by dint of unheard-of efforts, and rushed here, searching for you, calling you, dreading to find you dead, or not to find you at all. Oh heavens! What I have suffered! and when I got here, to find all dark—no light in our windows! I don't know how I got up the stairs. But, thank God! You are here, you are safe? How did you make your escape?"

"A generous man came to my succor."

“And you have no light? For heaven’s sake, light the lamp! this darkness appals me.”

“Dear father,” said Ingénue, throwing herself once more into her father’s arms, in order to give Christian time to escape before lighting the lamp; but to her amazement, Christian advanced, and Retif perceived, over the shoulder of his daughter, as he held her to his bosom, a stranger bowing to him profoundly.

“Who the deuce is there?” shouted Retif in alarm. Christian repeated his salutation.

“Ah—hum! Oh, I understand—this is the gentleman. Sir, I have the honor”—

“Sir,” said Christian, “you are no doubt surprised at seeing me here alone with your daughter.”

“And in the dark, too!” ejaculated Retif; “unless, as I imagine,” continued he, remembering the father in his novel of the *Corrupted Country Girl*, and assuming a befitting majesty of demeanor, “you are the protector of Ingénue: in which case allow me to tender my heartfelt thanks.”

The young man was not disconcerted. Ingénue with a trembling hand was endeavoring to light the lamp.

“I came,” said Christian, boldly, “about five minutes before you, sir, with the intention of declaring my love to your daughter.”

“The devil!” exclaimed Retif; “do you, then, know my daughter?”

“I have had that honor, for some time.”

“Without my knowledge, too!”

“Without even your daughter’s knowledge. This is only the third time I have been lucky enough to speak to her, by chance.”

“Really!”

“I live in this house.”

“Indeed!”

“I am an engraver on silver, by trade, and earn an honorable living.”

Retif looked with his sharp grey eye at the hands of his guest, who perceiving his penetrating glance, began to rub them

together, in order to bring some color into them—for it must be confessed that, for an engraver on metal, they were somewhat white.

“How much do you earn a day?”

“From five to six francs, sir.”

“Very good wages, very. So, you came to declare your love to my daughter?”

“I did, sir. I was passing your door just as she was opening it—and I entreated her to allow me to enter.”

“And she allowed you?”

“She did sir; but we were speaking of you—of you, sir, about whom she was so anxious.”

“Oh! You were speaking of me, about whom she was so anxious!” and Retif, as he spoke, looked at Ingénue, who stood with downcast eyes, blushing like a rose.

“Does she love him? that is the question—for how is it possible such a creature as that should not be loved?” Retif extended his hand to his visitor.

“Sir,” said he, “you have told me your feelings; tell me now your intentions.”

“I wish to obtain the hand of Mad’lle. Ingénue from you, provided she can love me.”

“What is your name?”

“Christian”——

“Christian! that is not a name. What else?”

“Nothing else—I am a foreigner; at least my mother was a Pole.”

“And you are a workman!”

“Yes, sir.”

“An engraver on metal?”

“As I had the honor of telling you just now,” replied Christian, alarmed at Retif’s persistence in questioning him.

“Stay here, Ingénue,” said Retif, “whilst I take Monsieur Christian into my room, and explain to him the position of the family of which he desires to become a member.”

Ingénue seated herself at the table near the lamp, whilst

Retif and Christian went together into what was called Retif's study.

It was a poor-looking room. The walls, however, were closely hung with portraits and engravings.

"This," said Retif, "is my study. Here on one side are the portraits of my father, my mother, my grandmother, and so on. These are the offspring not of my body, but of my brain," and he pointed to the engravings representing various scenes from his novels. "My father and mother were, and are still, honest agriculturists ; though I, as you know, pretend to be descended from the Emperor Pertinax."

"I was not aware of it," said Christian.

"Then you have not read my works ; for there I prove by a genealogical tree, that my family is lineally descended from the Emperor Pertinax, which in Latin signifies Retif.

"I was not aware of it," reiterated Christian.

"And of course you do not care about it ; it can be of very little consequence to a workman, that his wife should be descended from an Emperor ?"

Christian blushed under the penetrating glance of Retif.

"But what is of more importance to you, is that you should know, that since I wrote all this, my opinions have changed. I have uprooted my genealogical tree, and am prouder of being descended from a peasant than from an Emperor. The tillers of the land, sir, appear to me nobler than its rulers ; and I would not give my daughter to an Emperor, sir, nor to a King, nor even to a man of noble birth."

So saying, Retif again examined Christian's very white hands.

"I think, sir, though I honor your principles, that you have gone rather too far."

"In what way ?"

"That you should, by philosophical principles, discard the hereditary nobility of blood, I can understand ; but that, when it is united to nobility of mind and heart, you should make no exceptions, astonishes me."

"Well—what then ?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Why, then, do you, a mere workman, take the part of the nobility against me?"

"Just for the same reason that you, a descendant of the Emperor Pertinax, think it worth while to attach them to me, a mere workman."

"You are a man of talent," said Retif.

"All I ask, sir, is to have talent sufficient to be able to appreciate you," replied Christian.

Retif smiled. He was beginning to like his future son-in-law! But his nature regained the ascendancy—for Retif was what his name means in French—what it means in Latin—Pertinax—that is, obstinate as a mule.

"Come sir," said he, "you had better confess at once that you only came here to obtain, young-man-like, the love, and not the hand, of my daughter?"

"Sir," replied Christian, "I have the honor of repeating my proposal of marriage to you."

"Are you, then, sure of her love?"

"Must I be candid?"

"It is your only chance."

"Well then, sir, I flatter myself I am not indifferent to her."

"Has she told you so?"

"No—but when I have seen her, I thought her manner—the expression of her eyes"—

"Oh, oh! So you have been making use of your seductive arts to inveigle the poor girl!"

"Sir?"

"Ah! I see that you have taken a lodging here, merely as a pretext for getting at her. I see that you chose this evening to come here, because you thought me absent or dead, or"—

"You do me great injustice, sir!" exclaimed Christian, indignantly.

"Unfortunately, you see, sir, I am a man of penetration, of experience. I have studied human nature; you cannot deceive

me—I, who am now writing a work of extraordinary observation, entitled: *The Human Heart Unveiled.*”

“You have not read mine aright, I can assure you.”

“Oh, one heart is as easy to read as another ; human nature is all alike, sir—all alike.”

“I protest”——

“Pray don’t—it would be useless. You have heard all I have said ?”

“Yes—now listen to me ; let me speak in my turn.”

“To what purpose ?”

“It is not worthy of a logician to hear but one side of a question, nor worthy of a writer who paints feelings so well, not to give ear to them.”

“Go on then.”

“Sir,—let us suppose your daughter has some attachment to me—will you make her unhappy ? I speak only of her, though perhaps I might have some claims on your interest.”

“I have no doubt you are a very important personage—that is precisely what I suspect, and what I object to.”

“Let us be serious, sir, if you please.”

“My dear sir, I am perfectly serious. I have given you my ultimatum—let us say no more.”

“On the contrary, let me hear it again.”

“Well, then, sir—I will give my daughter in marriage but to a man from one of two classes of persons—a workman, or a tradesman.”

“Well—but since I am a workman”——

“A workman, sir !” said Retif, taking an imposing attitude, and buttoning up his old coat ; “a workman ! Look at your hands—are they the hands of a workman ?” So saying, Retif bowed, and moved towards the door, in so pointed a manner that his visitor was obliged to obey the invitation, and re-enter the sitting-room.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH RETIF'S SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED.

Thus dismissed by the father, Christian passed, with a mournful air and slow step, before the table upon which Ingénue, trembling and afflicted, was leaning.

"Farewell, Ingénue—farewell! Since your father is the most cruel, the most inexorable of men, I can only say farewell!"

Ingénue rose as though touched by an electric shock, and gazed at her father with a look, if not of defiance, at least of remonstrance.

Retif shrugged his shoulders; then, taking Christian by the hand, he led him out of the room, on to the landing place, bowed politely, then shut the door, locked and bolted it, and re-entered the sitting room.

There he found Ingénue in the attitude he had left her, erect, immoveable. She said not a word.

Retif felt very much embarrassed; it cost him a great deal to afflict Ingénue, but it would have cost him still more to sacrifice his prejudices.

"You are angry with me," said he, at length.

"No," replied Ingénue, "I have no right to be angry."

"No right?"

"No! are you not my *father*?"

Ingénue pronounced the word *father* with bitterness.

Retif was astounded. He had never heard such an intonation in Ingénue's voice. He went to the window and looked out into the street. Christian was leaving the house, with a slow and faltering step.

For an instant Retif suspected that he had been mistaken; but then he remembered the elegant language and the white hands of the youth, and he felt sure he was no workman. He was no

engraver, unless he were a Cellini or an Ascanio. No—he was a gentleman, beyond all doubt. A gentleman in love, desperately in love, with Ingénue, and ready for any sacrifice to obtain her, or to die if he did not. What eternal remorse would Retif feel, if such were to be the case! What reproaches would he not deserve from this youth's family! What would Monsieur Mercier say to him, the tender-hearted, philanthropic Mercier, the sentimental disciple of Jean Jacques! What, he! a novelist—he, Retif de la Bretonne, the advocate of love—should he be thus hard-hearted? Never!

Retif therefore, on reflection, seized his hat, and resolved on finding out the true position of his daughter's suitor. Ingénue, as though she divined his intentions, smiled on him as he went out; and thus encouraged, Retif rushed into the street.

He determined to follow the young man unseen; and the darkness of the ill-lighted streets favored his intention; besides which, Christian walked on, neither looking on one side nor the other, nor even turning to gaze once more on the house which contained his very soul.

Retif followed him to the bridge of St. Michael. There Christian paused; and Retif, thinking he was going to jump into the river, was advancing to seize him, when a violent explosion from the Place Dauphine startled them both. Christian, who had begun to ascend the parapet, jumped down at this sound, and ran precipitately towards the spot whence the noise proceeded.

“He is going to get shot!” thought Retif; “he likes that better than drowning!” and off he started in pursuit of him towards the Place Dauphine, where swords were gleaming and guns were firing.

No sooner had the crowd recovered from the shock of the first firing of the troops, than, enraged and irritated at the sight of their killed and wounded, they rushed upon the *guet*, and with stones, with staves, with iron bars, with anything and everything they could lay their hands on, had commenced a furious assault.

It was a struggle hand-to-hand, and many of the soldiers got the worst of it; for if in 1793 the mob became assassins, it

must be said, to the credit of the people, that in 1789 they were brave and honorable combatants—though often with very great disadvantages, and unarmed.

Encouraged by their success, the people, taking possession of the pistols and swords of the fallen soldiers, became so powerful that they routed and dispersed the troops, and now proceeded to attack the guard-house, where was another portion of the *guet*, who, not having received orders to turn out, had not dared to come to the assistance of Dubois, and to take the rioters between two fires, as they might thus have done.

The soldiers in the guard-house, taken by surprise, threw down their arms and fled. The people, thus victorious, having no longer any adversaries to contend with, and being excited beyond control, began to wreak their fury upon the surrounding buildings—battering down all they could.

It was in this moment of intoxicating triumph that Retif and Christian arrived on the scene of action.

But the triumph of the people was of short duration. The troops sent for by Dubois, now met the multitude, charged on them, and poured such a volley into the midst of them, that their ranks were decimated.

It was the noise of this volley which Christian and Retif had heard.

When they turned towards the quay, they beheld opposite to them, the guard-house in flames. Now, when the people had set fire to the place, they had forgotten the guns of the soldiers within. These had remained, being all loaded; and when the roof fell in, the guns went off, and several persons were killed. Then the fire burned brightly, illumining the quays as far as the Louvre, and forming a magnificent but terrible spectacle.

Amongst the victims of the exploding guns, was Christian—a ball hit him on the thigh, and he fell.

Retif would scarcely have perceived it, had not the crowd, incensed at the slaughter, been so eager in assisting and picking

up the wounded. They were incited to this by a man of Herculean stature, who directed and encouraged their efforts.

When Christian fell, this man rushed towards him from one side, whilst Retif rushed towards him from another.

Retif and this man raised him in their arms, whilst all eagerly interrogated him.

Fainting from pain, Christian was not aware of the presence of Retif de la Bretonne. In reply to the inquires of those about him, said :

“My name is Christian—I am page to the Count d’Artois. Take me to the Ecuries—there is a great surgeon there.”

At these words, Retif de la Bretonne withdrew his support from the young man ; and as he saw he was well cared for, and that notwithstanding his wound, he was alive ; and as the man, who held him like an infant in his arms, promised not to leave him till he had placed him under the care of a surgeon, Retif thought he had better go home.

On his way he meditated whether he should tell Ingénue of the accident that had happened to Christian ; but he at last decided that it would be better to leave time to cure Ingénue’s passion, and reckoned that absence and silence would do much towards effecting it—which in fact it does, when the passion is self-love, instead of love.

Meanwhile, let us relate the termination of the history of this émeute.

Began by a set of idlers, a mere popular effervescence, it took the character of a revolt, through the injudicious violence of the authorities, who had presumptuously calculated on their superiority, and had not appeared in sufficient numbers to stem the torrent.

Infuriated by the bloodshed on both sides, both the people and the soldiers had fought till midnight. Then the people, maddened and excited by those who had lost friends and relatives in the affray, rushed to the residence of the Commandant Dubois, and commenced a regular siege. Here they were received by a dis-

charge of musketry from every window—and in a few moments they were charged by two regiments.

Thus, taken between two fires, the people were thrown from one bayonet to another, and the most frightful carnage took place, reddening the streets with the blood of the citizens.

The soldiers of course conquered, and the rebellion was quelled—but the *Revolution* had begun.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TEMPTER.

THE day after these events, so fatal to the young page and to the budding love of Ingénue, the man who had watched in the street, by the order of his master, entered the house in broad day-light.

This individual was a sort of lacquey, out of livery. He was about thirty-five years of age, with a common and impudent expression of countenance, denoting a servile and cunning nature, a degenerate descendant of the followers of the great men of the last century.

Ingénue, anxious about Christian, and in momentary expectation of seeing him, was looking out of the window, when this man appeared on the opposite side of the way. Having saluted Ingénue with a smile and a bow, he crossed over and entered the alley.

Ingénue felt some astonishment at being saluted by a man whom she did not know; but imagining it to be a friend of her father's, she listened for the knock at the door.

She had not long to wait—there was a knock at the door, and Ingénue hastened to open it.

“Monsieur Retif de la Bretonne?” said the stranger.

“It is here that he lives, sir.”

“I am aware of that ; can I have the honor of seeing him ?”

“I am afraid he cannot see you just now ; he is writing, and he does not like to be disturbed.”

“I should be sorry to disturb him ; but what I have to say is of the greatest importance.”

During this dialogue, the visitor had entered the sitting-room, and placed his hat on the table ; and having spied out an arm-chair, he threw himself into it with a sign of satisfaction, and drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped his forehead with an air which seemed to say :

“You live very high up, my dear lady.”

Ingénue looked very much confounded at the easy assurance of the stranger. The latter perceived it, and said :

“Now I come to think of it, Mademoiselle, what I have to say I can just as well say to you as your father.”

“I am very glad of that, sir, for I really do not like to disturb my father.”

“It is even better, far better that I should speak first to you ; for we can, perhaps, arrange matters so as to prevent his having anything to do with the affair.”

“What do you wish to speak about ?” said Ingénue, timidly.

“About you, Mademoiselle.”

“About me !”

“About you ; where could I find a fairer subject ?”

Ingénue blushed, and said, distantly :

“May I ask, sir, to whom I have the honor of speaking ?”

“Oh, my name has nothing to do with the matter ; you certainly never heard it before. However, if it is any satisfaction to you, my name is Anger.”

Ingénue bowed, but M. Anger was right ; his name was perfectly unknown to her.

But there was such a halo of purity, so much unconscious innocence, about Ingénue, that M. Anger felt puzzled how to begin. He remained silent ; and this silence after having announced that he had something to say, seemed very singular to Ingénue.

"I am all attention, sir," said she, at length.

"Well—what I have to say is very difficult to put clearly and in few words—to you, at least."

Ingénue blushed, and drew back from the speaker. Again he was silent; then suddenly he exclaimed:

"I had rather speak to your father, after all, than to you."

Ingénue, understanding that this was the only way of getting rid of her strange visitor, said, as she turned to leave the room:

"Wait for me, then, sir—I will call my father."

Retif de la Bretonne was writing his work, entitled "Paris by Night;" that is, what he called writing; for he was, in fact, standing before a case of type, and setting up his sentences as they occurred to him.

This mode of composition had two advantages, celerity and economy. Retif appeared highly enchanted with his present production. He was very industrious, and, like all writers, disliked being interrupted. But he had now been two or three hours alone; so that, though for the sake of appearances, he grumbled a little, he was not in fact sorry when Ingénue opened the door.

"Forgive me, dear father, for interrupting you; but there is a gentleman here of the name of Anger."

"Anger? Anger? I don't know any one of that name."

"Oh, we shall soon be better acquainted, my dear sir," said a voice behind Ingénue. Retif turned round.

"What can I have the honor of doing for you, sir?"

"Sir," said the stranger, "I wish to speak with you alone. Retif made a sign to his daughter, and Ingénue retired—shutting the door after her.

"Sir," said the stranger, with a sigh of relief, "now I can speak freely. The unconscious innocence of this young girl quite paralyzed me."

"Indeed! What can you have to say to me, then?"

"I must begin with a question."

"What question?"

"Is your daughter entirely free?"

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, sir, what I say. Is your daughter entirely free? Has she a husband?”

“No, sir.”

“Nor a lover?”

“Sir!” said Retif, frowning and drawing himself up.

“I am aware, sir, that at first the question may appear rather impertinent; but it was unavoidable.”

“Unavoidable?”

“Sir, do you wish to see your daughter rich and happy?”

“It is the wish of all fathers, I imagine, who have daughters of the age of mine.”

“Well, sir, had Mademoiselle Ingénue been either engaged or married, she would have missed the greatest chance of both.”

Retif drew himself up, and looked at the stranger from head to foot.

“Oh! oh!” murmured Retif, “more proposals!”

“Yes, sir, proposals. What are your intentions with regard to your daughter?”

“I intend, sir, to make an honest woman of her.”

“That means, to marry her to some honest tradesman, or to some poor devil of a journalist?”

“Well, what if I do?”

“You must already, sir, have had many proposals of the kind?”

“No later than yesterday, sir, I received a proposal of marriage for Ingénue.”

“Which I hope you refused?”

“What is it to you, whether I did or not?”

“Because I have a better one to make to you.”

“Better! How do you know what sort of a proposal I received?”

“Oh, I don’t know; it could not be as good as mine.”

‘Ah! ah!’ said Retif to himself; “Ingénue is in great request, it appears!”

“Was not the proposal from a young man?”

‘Certainly.’”

"Without a sou?"

"I never inquired."

"Without a profession?"

"On the contrary, he said he was an engraver on metal; but in reality, as I have since discovered, he is a gentleman."

"A gentleman—pooh! I can offer you much better than a gentleman."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir—I offer you a prince."

"As a husband for my daughter?"

"As a husband for your daughter."

"You are joking, sir!"

"Not in the least; I am in earnest."

Retif began to feel some misgivings; and the blood mounted to his forehead as he again repeated—

"A prince, the husband of my daughter!"

"As I had the honor of telling you just now."

"What! a prince marry a poor girl like Ingénue?"

"Oh, I do not mean that he will marry her in state, at Notre Dame," said Anger, encouraged by Retif's calm demeanor.

"Where, then, would he marry her?" enquired Retif.

"Come!" said Anger, "we have talked in enigmas long enough; let us come to the point;" and he laid his large, coarse hand familiarly on Retif's shoulder. "The fact is," said he, "a prince has seen your daughter, and fallen in love with her."

"What prince? Has he a name?"

"A name! Of course he has," exclaimed Anger, beginning to feel uncomfortable at Retif's close questioning; "a great name, and a great fortune."

"Sir, I do not understand you. You offer me either too much or too little; I must beg you to be more explicit."

"Let me first tell how the prince will begin—by giving *you* money, sir, money, as much as you please."

Retif closed his eyes, with a sneer of contempt.

"You appear to have had so little to do with money, my dear Retif, that you do not seem even to comprehend its value."

“Monsieur Anger, I cannot imagine what you are driving at; but really I begin to think I must be dreaming—for if I am wide awake, I am a great fool, wasting my time in listening to such nonsense.”

“Have patience a little longer, and allow me to begin by a definition of money.”

“Sir !”

“Don’t interrupt me, if you please.”

Retif looked very much as if he wanted to throw the man out of the window; but he was alone, and physically unable to contend with a man of Anger’s proportions. So he allowed him to proceed. Besides, to say the truth, Retif was not sorry, he who was one of the progressionists, to hear how far the corruption and insolence of the princes would still go, now that they were pretending to liberal ideas and to levelling principles.

Anger, who could not divine what was going on in the mind of Retif; Anger, who from his experience had learned to despise men—proceeded in his definition :

“Money, sir, for you, means an elegant apartment, in a respectable part of the town; it means rich furniture, as you have, perhaps, never seen; velvet sofas, soft easy-chairs, carpets, mirrors, chandeliers, and silk curtains. It means a dining-room well furnished with crystal, plate, and china—it means a cellar full of the best wines—it means servants to wait on you——”

“Sir, sir !” interrupted Retif, getting quite bewildered.

“Let me go on, sir, I have not finished. It means, sir,—this all-powerful money; a magnificent library of good, or rather bad, books—for they are the ones your novelists and journalists prefer,—all well bound and ranged in massive book-cases, where you will read your own name by the side of the Encyclopedia, of Rousseau, of Voltaire. It means a never-failing supply of fuel from the royal forests; it means innumerable wax-candles; it means a well-filled wardrobe; it means lace and fine linen, and new coats at will; it means a gold-headed cane, and luxuries which would make you look ten years younger, and insure you success amongst the women.”

“Amongst the women?”

“Yes, yes—you will be as successful and admired as in your youth—in the days when you had three mistresses at once. Oh, I know your history, and have read your books—vilely printed as they are! I have read your episode of *The Bride*. Well—money, M. Retif, means all this; it means house, elegance, comfort, luxury, good living, and fine women. It means more; it means the power of gratifying all your wishes, whatever they may be.”

“Where is this money to come from?”

“From the Prince; all these things I have enumerated will be given to you by your daughter—from the dower he will settle on her, at her marriage.”

“Damnation!” said Retif, dragging his old velvet cap resolutely down over his brows; “do you mean to insult me, by proposing this infamous bargain?”

“I do propose a bargain, M. Retif, but not an infamous one. You have mistaken the adjective—excellent, you should have said.”

“Excellent, when it is dishonor that you propose?”

“Dishonor! You are mad. What! Mlle. Ingenue, the illegitimate daughter of a poor author, dishonored by the love of a Prince! I don't know what you mean, unless you really believe in your descent from the Emperor Pertinax. Pray, was Odette de Champdieters dishonored? was Agnès Sorel dishonored? was Diane de Poitiers dishonored? was Marie Fouchet dishonored? Was Gabrielle d'Estrée dishonored? Was Mlle. de la Vallière dishonored? or Mme. de Montespan, or Madame de Maintenon? Or were Madame de Parabère, Madame de Phalaris, Madame de Sabian, Madame de Mailly, Madame de Vintemille, or Madame de Chateauroux, or Madame de Pompadour, dishonored?—and why should your daughter—for I imagine she is capable of retaining the Prince's love, and not like Mlle. de Fontanges”——

Your Prince, then, means the King?”

"Not quite."

"The Count de Provence?"

"No names, for Heaven's sake, M. Retif! My Prince for you is the Prince of Money; and I think when such a Prince knocks at the door, the wisest thing we can do is to open it wide and receive him graciously."

"No, no!" exclaimed Retif, "I prefer my poverty."

"Your misery, you mean; a misery which is increasing every day. All you have to subsist on are your books; and they are often not worth much, and bring very little. The coat you wear is full twenty years old—you said so in your "*Man of Forty*." Age is coming on—what will become of you then? Ingénue, to whom I am authorized to offer half a million, has not more than two dresses; and had it not been for M. Reveillon, she would have had none at all."

"Sir," replied Retif, "that is nothing to you."

"It is of the greatest importance to me, on the contrary, that your lovely child should be dressed as becomes her grace and beauty. How she would become her state!"

"I don't care—I will have nothing to say to you."

"How absurd! For what reason?"

"First, because I consider the proposition an insult, and if I wasn't so poorly off for type, I would throw this handful at you. But I will call Ingénue, and you shall hear what she will say to you."

"Don't do any such thing; though I lay anything that if I were to talk to her, I could persuade her."

"You seduce my daughter!"

"Not I; but the Prince whose advocate I am, is handsome and accomplished."

"Oh, then, it is the Count de Provence?"

"No matter."

"What do you think my friend Mercier would say?—he who thinks me the most virtuous of men."

"A nice sort of a fellow, to talk of morality, after what he has

written! After asserting that Boileau and Racine have degraded French poetry, he comes and writes a villanous tragedy in prose and calls it *Charles II. of England, in a certain place*. There's a suggestive title! You have a nice friend. I envy you!"

"M. Anger!"

"You are right; it is silly to lose time; let us, as you said just now, come to the point: only allow me to observe that I have been kind enough to ask you for what I could have taken without your permission."

"How so?"

"Why, Sir, the Prince whose ambassador I am, is all powerful; he could easily have carried off your daughter; and where would you have been then?"

Retif, exasperated at the insolence of the words, and the insolence of the tone, snatched his velvet cap from his head, and throwing it with rage on the floor, exclaimed:

"I should like to see the man who would dare to do this. These are your princes, your despots, your tyrants!"

"You need'nt say any more in that style—all that you could say has been written a hundred times since the world was a world. It has been repeated a hundred times, by hundreds of authors, from Juvenal to Jean-Jacques; from Tacitus to Diderot. Take care, M. Retif—take care what you are saying!"

"I will rouse the neighborhood—I will make a revolution!"

"Then we will have you arrested."

"I'll write a Pamphlet against the Prince."

"Then we shall have to send you to the Bastille."

"I shall get out of the Bastille one day or another—and then——"

"Pshaw! You are an old man; the Bastille will last longer than you."

"Who knows, sir?" said Retif in a tone which made Anger shudder.

"So, in fact, you intend to refuse," said he, "an honor which was solicited by the courtiers of Louis XV?"

“I am not a courtier.”

“You would rather allow your daughter to be taken from you by some low fellow, than to give her to a Prince?”

“The wife of a coal-heaver is more estimable than the mistress of a King,” replied Retif, sententiously.

“I know Rousseau has said so, and said it, too, in a book dedicated to Madame de Pompadour—by which he shewed his sense and his tact—don’t you think so? Now, I’ll tell you what will happen. Your daughter, instead of marrying the Prince, will become the mistress of some blackguard.”

“Get thee behind me, Satan!”

“Bah! nonsense! humbug! Talk to your daughter, and think of what I offer, before another seduces her, without any advantage whatever accruing to yourself. I can put at your disposal the power of a Prince—his riches. His personal qualities, his accomplishments, his manners, are such as to win her without my assistance to back him, or your authority to prevent it. No disgrace, no embarrassments; protection, pensions, orders, favor, security and happiness. If you should like to travel——”

“I don’t like any of your offers.”

“The d—l you don’t! You are difficult to please. What do you want, then?”

“I want my daughter to be an honest woman.”

“So she shall, and her path shall be strewed with flowers.”

“Oh! oh!”

“You may laugh if you like; but I give you my word that your daughter shall be made an honest woman of—nay, she shall be married.”

“What! After she has been dishonored by your Prince?”

“That word again! I tell you, sir, that it would be difficult, now, to find a man of any rank who would marry your child, poor, and living in obscurity; but I say, sir, that after she has been honored by the attention of the Prince—after she has acquired the manners of the court, and is besides, rich—she may marry whom she pleases; she will have plenty of suitors—she

need only choose. You need not stop your ears, like Ulysses and his followers, in order not to hear the songs of the syrens. I tell you, sir, that in the reign of Louis XV, things were always managed in this way. I tell you, sir, that I have seen in the hands of Lebel, whom I had the honor of knowing intimately, letters from the first men in the kingdom, requesting as a favor the admission of their daughters into that charming retreat called the *Parc aux Cerfs*, and that their only fear was that their daughters should not be handsome enough to attract the attention of the King. Now, you will not have this to fear, for Ingénue is really charming."

"I believe you, sir, because I know that at that time the nobility seemed possessed of a demon of infamy and cupidity. I know, sir, that when your King Louis XV, the well beloved, as you term him—Louis XV, the tyrant—chose his mistress, Madame de Pompadour, from the middle classes, and his mistress Madame Dubarry, from the dregs of the people, the nobility thought he had insulted them and infringed on their privileges, which gave them a right of giving the King a mistress from their own rank. But these days of corruption are gone by. Louis XV is dead, and we are entering on a period of reform and regeneration. Your offers are vain. Let us end this interview. First, however, allow me to say two things: the first is, that you play a very contemptible part; the second is, that I advise you to take to another way of getting your living. There can be no trade lower than that of trafficking for the honor of a young and innocent girl. And now, having finished my say, I have only one thing more to request—which is, that you will get out of my house as fast as possible."

"As quickly as I can, I assure you, my dear M. Retif—for your speeches are not more amusing than your books. Only before I go, I am obliged to say one thing more."

"Say it, and be gone."

"It is very disagreeable to say."

"It can't be any worse than what you have said already."

"Well, then, under existing circumstances, I shall be under the necessity of declaring war against you."

"You are welcome to do so, I don't care."

"Like a general before a city, I have summoned you to surrender; and now, as you have not surrendered, I am going to besiege your daughter, or rather your house."

"I shall take means to defend both."

"I am very sorry for you."

"I am not at all afraid of you—so you needn't be sorry."

"Adieu, M. Retif—I am going to begin with your daughter."

"Agreed."

"I shall send messengers."

"I will receive them."

"The Prince himself will come."

"I will open the door for him."

"And then?"

"I will make him blush at his conduct."

"How will you manage that?"

"By talking to him as he has never been talked to yet, nor you neither, M. Anger."

"You'll bore him to death."

"Then he'll go."

"Well, Retif, you are a sharp fellow, and there's some pleasure in contending with you."

"Ah!" said Retif, "I love Ingénue, and I will guard her honor as the greatest treasure I possess."

"Yes—for another to steal her from you."

"Never! I keep her for myself."

"For yourself! You don't mean to say that you are going to act out one of your own books—'*Zephira*?' and fall in love with your own daughter? By Jove, the police had better see to it!"

"I love Ingénue as a father, and the purity of the child is the safe-guard of the father."

"Well—good-by for the present."

"No—good-by for ever."

“ Oh no! We shall meet again before long. Do you hear this sound ?”

“ What sound ?”

“ The sound of gold in my pockets ;” so saying, Anger drew a handful of gold from his pocket and displayed it to the old man. Retif's eyes glistened, and Anger perceived it.

“ Here,” continued he, “ is what Beaumarchais, a man as virtuous as yourself, only a little richer—here is what Beaumarchais calls the sinews of war. Pretty ammunition—sparkling cartridges—are they not ? With this artillery am I going to besiege Ingénue ;” and with a mocking laugh, tossing and playing with the gold pieces, Anger left the room.

Retif, his eyes fixed on the spot where Anger had stood, fell into profound thought. The result was a vague feeling of fear and apprehension.

“ He will carry off my daughter—if not to-day, to-morrow. How can I prevent it ?” Then, throwing up his eyes and arms to heaven, he exclaimed, or rather declaimed :

“ Terrible times ! fatal country ! in which a father is exposed to be thus insulted—is obliged to listen to such a proposition—without daring to kick the vile pander out of doors, for fear he should be sent to the Bastille an hour after ! Terrible times ! Luckily, my friend Mercier says, they won't last long !”

After a pause, he resumed :

‘ Ingénue is a good girl ; bright and innocent ; let me see what she says.

Ingénue obeyed her father's summons, and entered his study. There, seating her by him, Retif repeated to her the brilliant offers made by Anger—saying nothing of his own apprehensions, in order not to influence her.

Ingénue began to laugh. She had in her heart the talisman against all temptation—a firm, true love.

“ It may appear all very funny to you,” said Retif, shocked at the unexpected effect of his speech ; “ but I can assure you it is no laughing matter. The Prince is all-powerful, and will stop at nothing. How will you defend yourself against all his assaults ?”

"With three words," said Ingénue, putting her hand on her heart, throwing back her fair curls from her pure brow, and casting her limpid blue eyes to heaven: "*I love another!*"

Retif looked at her in admiration; and thumping with his hand, still full of type, on the table, he exclaimed:

"We are strong, then, my child!"

So saying, he kissed her forehead, and hastened to his type-stand, there to set up this last episode in the novel of his life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SIMPLICITY OF INGÉNUÉ.

As he proceeded to set up his daughter's words in "bourgeois" *Roman capitals*, as the types came under his fingers, Retif meditated these words most profoundly.

As he meditated on all the circumstances, he felt perfectly reassured as to Ingénue's having any participation in the projects of the worthy Monsieur Anger; but the more he meditated, the more anxious he became about the state of his daughter's heart.

The young girl, who could boldly and plainly say to her father, "I love another," must possess a degree of firmness and resolution calculated to inspire considerable anxiety in the bosom of her father. Under the influence of these reflections, Retif gradually suspended his occupation; and after repeated "hum! hums!" he came to the determination of questioning his daughter as to the object of her love, so positively and boldly asserted.

Accordingly, he proceeded to his daughter's room, and found her standing by the open window, carelessly picking to pieces a branch of clematis which had climbed up the wall.

Drawing a chair, Retif sat down in front of his daughter, and proceeded to question her, with all the resources of the most profound diplomacy.

"My love," said he, tenderly, to her, "it appears, then, from what you say, that you are well acquainted with the passion called love?"

Ingénue, lifting up her mild, blue eyes, replied, with a smile—

"I am."

"And how did you become acquainted with the existence of this passion? Who first spoke to you of it?"

"First from your books, my dear father—from which you often used to read me whole chapters."

"Well?"

"Many, almost all, these chapters, dear papa, are about love."

"That is true, to a certain extent; and yet, I always take care to select the best passages for you."

"The best, father?"

"Well—I mean the most innocent," said Retif.

"Is love not always innocent, then?" said Ingénue, with an infantine grace perfectly irresistible.

"Charming! delightful!" exclaimed the novelist. "Stop! I must put that down! It is just the comment on your other phrase—'I love another;' and, with this, Retif scribbled down this reply of his daughter on a piece of paper he picked off the floor. Thrusting it into his pocket, amidst a score of other memorandums, to be referred to as occasion might require, and turning again to his daughter, he proceeded with his interrogations.

"You said, Ingénue, first from my books. There is, then, a second to this first?"

Ingénue smiled, but did not reply.

"Come, Ingénue, how and when did you learn that you felt the passion of love?"

"I did not know that I loved," replied Ingénue, at last, "until I saw some one whom I did not love—and then I felt sure that my heart belonged to another."

"So, you have seen some one whom you didn't love, eh?"

"Yes, papa."

"And where?"

"On the night of the fusillade."

"And who may this some one be?"

"Oh—a very handsome young man!"

"Young? About what age, do you think?"

"About twenty-six, I suppose."

"Why, you never told me this before, child!"

"Oh, yes I did, papa—I told you that, on that night, after I was separated from you, I had been escorted home by a stranger."

"Oh, Ingénue, there seem to be a great many young men in our affairs!"

"It isn't my fault, papa," said Ingénue.

"No, I suppose it isn't. This young man, then, was about six-and-twenty, you say?—handsome, too! And how was he dressed?"

"Elegantly."

"Hum! Fine eyes, thick lips, eh? Tall and slender, eh?"

"I really could not tell."

"Try and remember."

"As far as I remember, then, he answers to your description."

"It was the prince."

"Probably," said Ingénue.

"Why probably?"

"Because, when I told him that I was alarmed at a man who kept following me, he said—'Oh, never fear, that man is one of my attendants.'"

"Plots and counter plots!" said Retif. "The tranquility of my life is at an end! Oh, liberty! oh, tyranny! oh, unhappy, oppressed people! Well, Ingénue, so much for the man you do *not* love. Now tell me something about the man you do love."

"You know all about the man I love, my dear father."

"Never mind, tell me his name again."

"Well, his name is M. Christian."

"Just as I supposed," said Retif, considerably puzzled as to how he should direct the complicated novel of his daughter's life, thus early began. He again discussed with himself, as he had done at the time of the accident, the propriety of telling his daughter what had befallen her lover.

After a few minutes' reflection, Retif did what most men do when they reflect: Setting aside his good impulses, he yielded to the bad one which enjoined him to conceal the sad event from his daughter. Retif was a little jealous of his daughter's love. He was angry, too, that this girl, to whom he had given the name of Ingénue, and whom he intended to make a model of innocence and simplicity, should have contrived to fall in love without his knowledge, and to carry on a love plot without his connivance. Now, he knew full well that to tell the young girl that her lover was suffering, and wounded, was to render him more interesting in her eyes; therefore, he resolved on saying nothing.

"Monsieur Christian," said he, at length, commencing a new plan of attack ; "Monsieur Christian, indeed !"

"Well, what have you to say of M. Christian ?" replied Ingénue, in a tone of aggressive self-possession, which gave promise of extraordinary strength of character and self-will.

"I have to say that M. Christian is a liar !"

"Christian ?"

"I have to say that M. Christian only seeks to seduce you, just like all the rest."

"How do you know that ?"

"Because, M. Christian, who told you he was a mechanic, did he not ?"

"Yes."

"Is not a mechanic."

"Oh, I knew that !"

"Oh, you knew that, did you ?"

"Why, it did not require much penetration to see it, I think, without any one telling it."

"So ! you found it out yourself, did you ?"

"I did. What more ?"

"What more ?" said Retif, shocked at the cool, sarcastic way in which his daughter spoke ; "what more ? why, we have to consider whether Mademoiselle Ingénue Retif de la Bretonne, who disdained the love of a prince, ought to accept the love of a young, dissipated scamp of a page."

"A page !" exclaimed Ingénue, in a tone of astonishment which was not lost on her father,

"Yes ; nothing more or less than a page to the prince," repeated Retif, knowing, from the reputation enjoyed by these young scape-graces, the blow he was inflicting on his daughter.

Ingénue turned pale. The defiant expression with which she had hitherto looked at her father, forsook her countenance. Throwing back her head, and closing her eyes, she repeated, in a tremulous voice—

"A page ! a page !"

"Yes ; a page to His Royal Highness, the Count d'Artois—

that is, the servant of a libertine!" exclaimed Retif, triumphantly. But, suddenly recollecting himself, and shocked at his own audacious words, he added, in so low a tone that his daughter scarcely heard him: "yes, my child, I say it with the noble courage of a man who disdains tyrants, and dares to speak the truth; Monsieur le Comte d'Artois is a confirmed libertine, a heartless seducer, a *roué*, as bad as any of the infamous court of the Regent of Orleans."

"What has all this to do with M. Christian?" said Ingénue, recovering herself by degrees.

"Why, did you never hear the proverb, 'Like master, like man?' Do you think it probable that the page of such a prince is a model of virtue and morality?"

"Why should he not be?" said Ingénue, somewhat tremulously.

"Because, if he were, he would not remain in the service of His Royal Highness."

"I do not agree with you, father," said Ingénue. "I——"

"And, now I think of it," exclaimed Retif, interrupting his daughter, "I have no doubt that this fellow was nothing more than an emissary, like the other."

"What other, papa?"

"Why, this Anger. I see it all, now!" exclaimed the novelist, triumphantly; "it is as clear as day! Monsieur le Comte d'Artois sends his page to you; but the page having been stopped on the way, he sends our worthy friend, M. Anger."

Ingénue, who watched every word and intonation of her father, was particularly struck by the way in which he pronounced the words, "stopped on the way." She began to suspect, not Christian's accident—that, of course, she could not define—but some foul play on the part of her father.

"How, 'stopped on the way?'" said she, looking at her father.

Retif felt the imprudence he had been guilty of; but, quickly repairing it, he said—

"I speak figuratively—I mean on his way to success; and I say

I stopped him on his way to success, when I convicted him of not being what he represented himself to be."

"Oh!" said Ingénue, after a pause, during which she had been forced to recognize the plausibility of her father's words; "but how did you find out that he was a page?"

"Nothing was easier."

"Tell me how it was, however."

"Why, I followed him, to be sure."

"Oh, you followed him?"

"Did you not see me follow him?"

"Then he turned round, I suppose, and told you that he was one of the Count d'Artois' pages?" persisted Ingénue, determined on cross-examining her father.

"No, he did not exactly tell me," said Retif, determined not to tell a direct falsehood, which his daughter might afterwards discover.

"How did you come to know it, then?" asked the inexorable Ingénue.

"Why, I followed him till he came to the *Ecuries* d'Artois. There he went in, and then, I, going up to the porter, inquired who was the young man who had just entered, to which the porter replied—'that is one of His Highness' pages, who lives here.'"

"Oh, he lives, then, at the *Ecuries* d'Artois?"

"Of course he does," said Retif.

Ingénue again put back her head and closed her eyes. This time she was not reflecting on her father's plans, however, but on her own.

"However," said Retif, aware that he had said too much; "there is nothing more to fear from M. Christian."

"Why?"

"Because we shall not see him again."

"You think M. Christian will never come here again?" said Ingénue.

"Why should he? Having failed in his object, he will take pretty good care to keep away."

"But he came for another——"

"That is another reason for his staying away. Auger has now taken his place."

Retif was touched by the pallid cheek and haggard look of his daughter.

"Come, Ingénue!" said he, in a coaxing tone; "do not be down-hearted. I thought you had more pride! You would not like a man to despise you, would you?"

"Never!" said Ingénue.

"Well, what does a man do, who thinks so meanly of you, as to try and purchase you, to give you to another?"

"M. Auger, do you mean?"

"M. Auger? no, child!—the other man."

"M. Christian never tried to purchase me," said Ingénue.

"How do you know that?"

"He never told me so."

"It was the truth, though."

"It was a singular way, I think, of purchasing me for another, to try and make me fall in love with himself," said Ingénue, very much puzzling her father with her simple logic.

"Oh, Ingénue!" said he: "you do not know the tricks of these gay deceivers, as I do!"

"M. Christian had no tricks."

"They are full of deceits and plots."

"Not Christian,"

"How can you tell that?"

"Because Christian was gentle, tender, timid, submissive——"

"That's just it!" exclaimed Retif.

"Full of respect and reverence——"

"Of course! He was saving you for another."

"If he had meant to keep me for another, he would not have embraced me as he did," said Ingénue, still logically pursuing her argument.

"Embrace you!" exclaimed Retif, startled out of all propriety; "the devil did he embrace you then?"

"Often and often," tranquilly replied Ingénue.

"Retif looked at his daughter; then, shrugging his shoulders, he

began to walk up and down the room with great agitation, muttering to himself—

“ Oh ! woman ! oh, instinct ! oh, love ! ”

“ Well, father,” said Ingénue, “ explain why he embraced me.”

“ Don’t ask me for explanations ! ” said Retif ; “ all I can say is, that the very fact of M. Christian’s embracing you, proves him to be a libertine.”

“ There you are wrong, father,” said the young girl ; “ for I used often to embrace M. Christian myself—and I am no libertine ! ”

This innocent confession, this logical declaration, was irresistible. Retif’s anger fell before them. He resolved to temporize with his daughter. So, turning to her, he said, in a gentle tone,

“ Well, well, my child—time will show.”

“ What, papa ? ”

“ Why, which of us is right in the opinion we entertain of Christian ; for if he loves you sincerely and in all honesty and truth, he will come back.”

“ Of course he will.”

“ But if he should not,” said Retif, somewhat hesitatingly—for he felt he was about entering on a train of baseness and deceit ; “ if he should not return, will you believe that Christian is what I told you—a seducer, whether for himself or for another, nothing more than a vile seducer,—say, will you believe it ? ”

Ingénue hesitated to reply.

“ Can’t you speak ? ” said her father, impatiently : “ I begin to think you have no proper pride—I declare I do ! ”

Ingénue looked up at her father, with a smile, and said,

“ I confess that if M. Christian should not return, I shall feel very much astonished.”

“ Astonished ! Is that all ? ”

“ Well—probably I should begin to suspect——”

“ To suspect that he was merely an agent of the Prince, like M. Auger ? ”

“ Oh no, not that—I shall never suspect him of that ! ”

“ What will you, then, suspect ? ”

"I shall suspect, father, that you discouraged him; that you frightened him; that you prevented his loving me."

"And marrying you?" inquired Retif.

"Oh, I don't know whether he wanted to marry me," replied Ingénue; "but I feel sure that he wanted to love me."

"Well, then, I will make a bet with you," said Retif, with a loud laugh.

"Do not laugh, father! Your laugh makes me wretched."

"I bet," said Retif, pretending not to hear; "I bet that within a fortnight—no, within a month—I will give you a month!—we neither hear nor see anything of M. Christian."

"Why do you fix a specific time?" said Ingénue; "do you think he will come back after that time?"

"Well—say three months—six months—if you like."

"One month will do, father," replied Ingénue; "for I am sure that if he comes back at all, it will be long before the expiration of a month, or even of a fortnight. If he stays away a month, he will never, never come back again."

"You reason like an angel!" said Retif.

"But I maintain," continued Ingénue with a smile, "that he will be back before to-morrow."

"We shall see!" said Retif, perfectly satisfied at having a whole month before him, during which so much might happen to make Christian forget Ingénue, and Ingénue forget Christian.

But the able novelist, the creator of so many heroes of love adventures, forgot, in his calculations, youth and chance, which were both on the lovers' side. Chance or fortune, whatever the fickle goddess may be called, favors more particularly love and mischief than fathers and propriety.

So Retif, perfectly satisfied with the result of this skirmish with his daughter, proceeded to set up his "Paris by Night," and Ingénue, relying implicitly on love and Christian, resumed her serenity, and proceeded to wait with patience and resignation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MONSIEUR ANGER.

Now the worthy Monsieur Auger had made promises to Monsieur le Count d'Artois which it was important he should keep, and threats to M. Retif de la Bretonne, which it was equally important he should execute.

Worthy M. Auger, however, could not but feel that in both promises and menaces he had gone too far.

As to success in the enterprize concerning Ingénue, he had totally failed.

As to his threats, the times were changed when it would have been easy for the retainer of a prince to carry his menaces into execution. Louis XVI., who had the best intentions, no longer allowed *lettres de cachets* to be lightly given, as in the days of M. de Sartines and Louis XV. True, he sent Beaumarchais to prison—but it was not until his majesty's conscience had been tranquilized with the conviction of the crimes of the author contained in his famous *Marriage of Figaro*.

But to ask for a *lettre de cachet* to imprison a father, for no other crime than that he had refused to traffic for the honor of his daughter, was not to be thought of. Louis XV. might have admitted the crime, but Louis XVI. would have been horror-struck at the accusation, and far more likely to punish Monsieur Auger than Retif de la Bretonne.

Retif, it must be confessed, had been fully aware, when he defied Monsieur Auger's power, how very limited that power was. All he did, therefore, was to watch Ingénue. For one whole week the scouts and spies were entirely baffled. Auger began to be anxious—for the Prince had given him but a fortnight, half of which was now expired.

Retif made himself his daughter's shadow—followed her every-

where, even to her window, whence he often had the satisfaction of making an ironical but scrupulously profound bow to M. Auger, who was watching beneath.

Retif, too, intercepted every missive, scrutinized every article that came into his house, even to the loaves of bread, which he broke in two, lest some unscrupulous baker should have been won over into making a medium of his dough.

When the father and daughter happened to go out together, Retif seemed to have, in his well-worn coat, innumerable more eyes than Argus, the spy of the jealous queen of Olympus. All was vain—every emissary was discovered—every trap avoided—every letter intercepted—every signal understood. Auger was in despair, and what is more, exhausted by fatigue and watching. He resolved, therefore, to have recourse to violence.

One evening, as Ingénue and her father were returning from M. Reveillon's, Auger darted suddenly upon them, and seizing the young girl, attempted to carry her off.

Retif, instead of attempting a resistance, in which he knew he would get the worst, shouted as loudly as he could, "*Watch! watch!*" and Ingénue, nowise daunted, added her shrill young voice to his, and cried "*Watch! watch!*"

Auger, blind with passion, still persisted; stumbling over the cane Retif purposely put in his way, he fell into the gutter. Before he could rise, the neighbors, alarmed at the cries, appeared at the windows, and before he could renew his attempt, the watch appeared at the end of the street—so that he had only time to fly, cursing his ill-luck, the meddling neighbors, and the promptitude of the watch.

Still Auger did not give it up. If he could but get her into the palace, all would be well—for then the Prince would be responsible for the event which took her there.

"If I had not been alone, I should have succeeded," said Auger to himself; and accordingly, he sought for an assistant.

Now it so happened that almost at the very moment he was making this reflection to himself, Retif de la Bretonne was saying to himself something very like it:

“If the rascal had not been alone,” said he, “he would no doubt have succeeded.” Accordingly, from that day forward, Retif never left Reveillon’s without being accompanied by three or four of his workmen, who asked nothing better than to pummel some of the sycophants of the aristocracy, with whom they had very little sympathy.

For some days, no attempt was made. At length, one evening, as Ingénue and her father turned the corner of their own street, a man apparently intoxicated, stumbled up to Ingénue, vowing he would embrace her, and seized her in his arms. Ingénue screamed for help—when another man rushed up to Retif, seizing him by the throat. The escort from Reveillon’s, who kept always at a distance, in the hope of thus alluring the enemy into some violence, now came full speed to the rescue. Auger was bearing Ingénue to a coach hard by, but he was soon obliged to drop his burden, from the assault of four vigorous fellows armed with staves and cowhides, who set about belaboring him with the most intense earnestness and enthusiasm. Auger’s companion strove to fly; but one of the four made short work of him, and laid him sprawling and insensible in the gutter. The father and daughter escaped from the *melée*, hastened into their house, of which they diligently locked and barred the door, and then had just time to see, from the window, Auger drag himself painfully along out of the reach of the assailants, whom he surprised by the sight of a pistol, to which alone he owed his safety.

This scene of course attracted the attention of the neighbors, and the watch having arrived on the spot, took up Auger’s assistant, who was in a bad condition, and whom nobody appeared to claim. As for Ingénue, it established for her a reputation for beauty and virtue, of which the whole neighborhood were justly proud.

Auger, beaten to a jelly, was discouraged, and gave up the chase. He determined, as soon as he could walk, to repair to the Prince, tell him the result of his attempts, and to give up his mission.

The prince had just retired for the night, in a very bad temper. He had lost two thousand louis to the Duke of Orleans, betting

upon his own stud against the English race-horses of the Duke. The King had lectured him, and the Queen had turned her back upon him.

He was in a most unmanageable mood. Auger knew that, but he could not help it—for he had the choice neither of time nor place. The Count d'Artois had ordered him to be sent for; he had asked for a fortnight, and that fortnight had now been expired for more than three days.

As Auger entered, the prince was banging at his pillows, trying to find a comfortable position, which his irritated nerves made it difficult to do.

"So, it's you, at last!" exclaimed the prince; "really, that's lucky! Why, I fancied you were gone to America. Well, sir, what luck?"

Auger sighed, and shook his head.

"Where is the young girl?"

"Ah, your Highness! I am the most unlucky man in the world!" Auger then, in a most lamentable tone, proceeded to tell the prince all that had befallen him, and how he had utterly failed.

The prince listened to him without giving any signs of compassion. When he had finished, his highness said, in an angry tone—

"You are a fool, M. Auger!"

"I begin to think so, your Highness."

"And a faithless servant, M. Auger!"

"Oh! your Highness——"

"A rascal, M. Auger!"

"Oh! your Highness——"

"A fool, and a rascal, M. Auger! I repeat it! What! you go and compromise me by acts of violence in the public streets, when you know how unpopular I am already!"

"I could not help it."

"I've a great mind to disavow you, M. Auger; and what's more——"

"Your Highness can say nothing worse than this."

“Yes I can, M. Auger, for I have a great mind to give you up, and have you hanged.”

“That would be very unjust, after all the trouble, all the suffering——”

“All your own fault, sir. What! a little chit of a girl, who has no family, no friends, no protector but an old man!”

“I can assure your Highness that she has protectors, with good, powerful arms, too.”

“Well, why did you not try and revenge yourself?”

“How could I? All the neighborhood was afoot.”

“Well, if violence would not do, you could employ stratagem.”

“The father, your Highness, is an old fox.”

“Get rid of him.”

“I have tried, but can't.”

“Try and séduce the daughter by finery and presents.”

“I cannot even speak to her.”

“Why, have you no imagination, Monsieur Auger? Have you no resources? Are you a brute, a fool, an ass, M. Auger? Why, I would wager that the first auvergnat ticket-porter at the corner of the street would contrivè to manage this affair—the simplest in the world—and what is more, make it succeed.”

“Your Highness is mistaken.”

“But, M. Auger, how do you think Bontems, Bachelier and Lebel managed these things? How do you think the valet de chambre of the Regent managed these things? or the secretary of the Duke de Richelieu? Did any of these devoted heroes ever miss a woman, think you? And you come and tell me you have failed! Get along, M. Auger! You are a fool!”

“No, your Highness—but circumstances——”

“Circumstances, sir! A man—I mean a man of any brains—moulds circumstances to his own purposes. By the Lord, M. Auger! I went up into this young girl's apartments, into the very midst of printing presses and musty papers; and if I had not been afraid that there was a lover hidden in some corner, who would make a row, why, sir, I would have staid there till morning, and Mlle. Ingénue should have cried her eyes out when I went away,

and entreated me to come again. As true as you are there, if I had been one of the officers of my own household, instead of being myself, this is what I would have done."

"Oh!" sighed Auger.

"Yes, sir; I could have managed the whole thing myself. But, no; I leave it to you, whom I pay, and you make a mess of the whole affair. Why, sir, there is not a student of Paris who would not laugh at me for not succeeding with Mlle. Ingénue de la Bretonne. Go along, Auger, you are an ignorant fool."

"But, your Highness must allow me to say that all these successful emissaries, Lebel, Bachelier, Raffé and Bontems, lived in far other times than these."

"They did; in times when princes had faithful and intelligent servants."

"Ah! those were good times; easy times!"

"In what were they easier than the present, I should like to know?"

"Why, your Highness, in those times these gentlemen had *lettres de cachets* at their command, by which they could get rid of anybody at a minute's notice. They were protected by all the authorities, and could compel the watch to do their bidding. M. le Regent d'Orleans had so many great ladies that he never thought of any little, insignificant citizens; and the present Duke of Orleans sends for his horses and his mistresses from England."

"And didn't the Duke de Richelieu make love to the princesses of the blood, spite of their father, sir, who was Regent? And do you think Ingénue more difficult to get at than Mlle. de Valois, or M. Retif de la Bretonne more powerful than Philip d'Orleans?"

"Your Highness must allow me to say that times are changed. Mercier says that some great catastrophe must be at hand, for what was once thought a favor, is now looked on as a dishonor. I don't know whether princes are less powerful, or women more virtuous; but I know times are changed. Why, your Highness himself says that if I were taken, he would let me be hanged, and not claim me. Is not that enough to discourage any one? Ah! if I had the watch and the police at my command! if I had *lettres*

de cachets at my command! But, then, your Royal Highness will have no noise, no violence."

"Of course I will not," exclaimed the Prince. "I pay you to do the work, and you want me to take the blame! A nice fellow you are to employ! Do you think I don't know that if I give you an army of three thousand men, you can carry off Ingénue, and that if I give you two pieces of cannon from the Invalides, you can batter down the door? But that is violence, and I don't want you for that. I want diplomacy, I want adroitness, I want cunning. Times are changed, since I bear all this patiently. Why, sir, if this girl is so difficult to get at, if this girl would have puzzled Lebel and Bontems, why you should have shown yourself cleverer than either Lebel or Bontems. I am told every day of the progress of the age, of the new lights which have dawned upon this country. Why the devil, sir, don't you contrive to see clearly by some of them?"

Auger attempted to reply, but the prince was in too great a passion to listen to anything. Starting up from his pillows, the Count d'Artois exclaimed—

"Leave the room, sir—leave the room!"

"I will do better—only try me once again!" entreated Auger.

"Go out, sir! Let me never see you again! I discharge you from my service!"

"Your Highness actually sends me away?"

"I do, sir."

"Without cause——"

"Without cause, sir?"

"I mean, without any fault."

"The greatest fault, sir, is to fail."

"Let me try again."

"Never, sir."

"I may be luckier."

"I will not employ you again. I'll have this girl by some other means, if it's only to prove to you what an ass you have been. Go, sir!"

With these words, the prince, taking a purse from a table by

his bed-side, threw it at Auger; then, drawing the clothes up to his ears, he lay down with his face towards the wall, and prepared to sleep.

Auger looked at him for a moment—then, picking up the purse, he left the room, muttering—

“ I'll be revenged ! ”

These words, of course, made no impression upon the prince—for what could M. Auger do to him ?

In this, M. le Comte d'Artois was wrong. There is no enemy too small to do us evil, as many about this very time, or at least in the times that were approaching, discovered—Madame du Barry, for instance, who was once so great and powerful—Madame du Barry, who tried on the crown of France, which proved so fatal to Marie Antoinette—Madame du Barry, who was forgotten and forgiven by all her powerful enemies, but whose head fell on the scaffold, denounced by a little black foot-boy, whom once she had struck with her jewel-handled riding-whip. M. le Count d'Artois was wrong to disdain the enmity and revenge of M. Auger.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ABBÉ BONHOMME.

MONSIEUR AUGER lost his position at court, or rather, about the court—for he was only one of those prince's tools, who, deserving nothing but the gallows, sometimes attain fortune, and die quietly in their beds, honored and respected. M. Auger was no longer sure of house, raiment, and lodging, as he had been heretofore—a certainty which makes so many slaves, and quiets so many consciences.

Now, when Auger vowed vengeance, all this had passed rapidly through his mind. When the Prince had disdainfully turned his face to the wall, and pretended not to hear the threat, he had thought of none of this.

More was the pity—for times were approaching when each insect would have power to sting.

Three days after the scene we have related, a man whose haggard looks and faltering steps told of mental and bodily suffering, presented himself at the residence of the curé of St. Jacques du Chardonnet.

It was a magnificent autumn afternoon. The good curé had dined, and was sitting most comfortably on a bench in his little garden, digesting his dinner and a pamphlet which was then making a great noise, attributed by some to Mirabeau, and by others to Marat. Whether written by one or the other, or by neither of the two, it was certain that the spirit of the pamphlet was both fervent and patriotic.

The worthy curate whom we are now introducing to our readers, educated in the philosophical ideas of Port-Royal, practised a *fancy religion*, such as, sixty years later, the Abbé Chatel professed and preached, being a mixture of belief and unbelief, much in favor with the timid individuals of the revolution.

A dangerous creed was it, for it dispensed with a belief in God; but our curate was not particular; the bishops had grown lenient, and no longer subjected the mind and conscience to the strict discipline *ad usum ecclesie*.

Our good curate, full of philosophy and patriotism, thought a good deal more of earth than he did of heaven, and was destined to be one of the priests who helped the revolution to emerge from its swaddling clothes—one of those who swore allegiance to the Constitution—men of honest intentions and guiltless hearts, but who delivered their king and their God to the mercy of the people.

The Abbé Bonhomme—such was the name of this good pastor—was busily engaged with his pamphlet, when Mlle. Jacqueline, his housekeeper, came to call him, to come and speak to the haggard individual who had inquired for him.

The Abbé desired Mlle. Jacqueline to introduce the visitor, and rolling up his pamphlet, he hid it in a thick tuft of mignonette near him.

Priests, like physicians, are somewhat physiognomists; the Abbé,

therefore, when he raised his eyes and spectacles on his visitor, judged at once to what class he belonged, and saw his agitation.

"What may you want, sir?" said he, somewhat coldly.

The visitor did not speak, but was evidently strongly excited, twirling his hat, and looking wildly around him.

"A bad countenance," said the priest to himself; "a precious hang-dog countenance!" said he, looking round to see whether Jacqueline was within call.

The stranger, now gathering strength, said, in a humble tone—

"Monsieur le curé; I am come to throw myself on your mercy."

"I thought so," murmured the curé; "some precious rogue in fear of the police. Bad business, bad business, sir!" replied he aloud; "I know not what you mean: I am not a judge, but a confessor."

"It is a confession I wish to make," said the visitor.

"Hang the fellow!" said the curé, always mentally; "I was so comfortable when he came! But, my dear sir," said he aloud; "a confession is a serious affair. You had better come to me when I am in church."

"When will your worship be at the confessional?"

"The day after to-morrow."

The visitor shook his head.

"Oh!" exclaimed he; "I cannot wait till then."

"I am sorry," replied the priest; "but I have made certain rules which I cannot break, and I never hear any confessions after mid-day."

"I must have absolution immediately," said the visitor.

"I do not understand you," said the priest, getting anxious.

"It is very easy to understand me, I should think," said the visitor. "I wish for absolution before I die."

"You do not look to be in a dying condition, my good friend."

"And yet, in an hour I shall have ceased to exist."

"How so?"

"Yes—when I have received absolution for my crime."

"Oh! you have a crime to confess?"

"A horrible crime."

"Oh! oh!" murmured the curate, rather anxious and alarmed.

"A crime after which it is impossible to live, but for which, before I appear before God, I must obtain absolution."

"Well, but my good friend, you don't think I am going to allow you to kill yourself?"

"Try if you can prevent it," replied the man, in a desperate tone, which thrilled the priest.

"Of course I can, for I am stronger than the devil which possesses you. When I say devil, I mean evil spirit—for of course you do not imagine that I believe in the devil, like a monk of the middle ages. Though I should be perfectly justified in believing in the devil—*Diabolus*, as the holy Scriptures call him. In fact, it is no more than my duty to believe in the devil."

"But you prefer not believing in the devil?" said the visitor, in an insinuating tone.

"We all have our way of thinking, my good friend."

"We have; and mine is to throw myself into the river as soon as I have received absolution."

"But, my good friend, I cannot give you absolution if you have these intentions. Suicide is a mortal sin. You have no right to destroy the work of the Creator."

"How do you know that I am the work of the Creator, Monsieur le curé?" said the man, with a mixture of irony and hypocrisy far from pleasant to the good old priest, whose philosophical ideas were often leading him to the same insidious questions. However, casting down his eyes, he sanctimoniously replied—

"I am bound to believe it, sir. Does not Scripture say that God created both man and woman after his own image? Suicide, therefore, is a mortal sin; and if you die with this sin on your conscience, besides the one you already confess, you will be in a bad way."

"Not in a worse plight than I am at present, Monsieur le Curé; for I am desperate, and unable to bear the weight of my crimes."

"Come, come, my good friend," replied the curate, whose kindness of heart was getting the better of his annoyance and alarm:

"we will try and cure you of desperation. While there is life, there is hope, you know."

"Give me hope, then."

"First I must know the evil, before I apply the remedy.

"You consent, then, to hear my confession?"

"I do," said the worthy priest, rising to proceed to the church.

But the garden was so still, so fresh, and so perfumed, that the curate, looking around, fell back into his comfortable cushioned seat with a profound sigh.

"I have heard say that God is better appreciated in his works than in temples made with hands, and that he listens to prayers made under the canopy of his heavens, rather than to those under the carved roofs of churches and cathedrals," said he.

"So I think," replied the penitent.

"Then let us stay here. Here, away from all, you can tell me softly, in my ear, the terrible crime which weighs on your conscience. This place will be as sacred to me as a confessional."

"Willingly do I consent. Shall I kneel, holy father?"

The priest looked up, and beheld Mlle. Jacqueline gazing at them from her kitchen window. Pointing her out to his visitor, he said—

"Do not let us excite her feminine curiosity, my good man, by anything extraordinary. Do not kneel, but sit down quietly beside me, as if we were conversing. There, that's it; now begin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CONFESSION.

THE strange visitor, sitting down by the curate, began to sigh and groan, in a manner which again alarmed the curate.

"What is your name?" inquired he of his penitent,

"Auger, sir."

"And what is your profession?"

"I belong, or rather I did belong, to the household of the Count d'Artois."

"Indeed! in what capacity?"

"In what capacity? Why, in a most confidential capacity; I know not how else to call it."

"Cannot the power and influence of the prince assist you in your misfortunes?"

"If you remember, sir, I said that I had belonged to the prince's household; not that I did now belong to it."

"Has he, then, discharged you?"

"No; I quitted of my own accord."

"What for?"

"Oh, because the service exacted of me did not suit me; poverty does not prevent honorable feeling."

"Dear me! what was it that the prince required of you?"

"Does your worship know the Comte d'Artois?"

"I have heard of him as being an elegant and accomplished prince, full of courage and honor."

"Yes, but of most relaxed morality."

"Indeed!" said the curate, reddening.

"Well, you understand me, do you not?"

"I will listen to all you have to say," said the curate, drawing himself up into a corner, and looking most sanctimoniously down.

"I was, then, since I must confess it, the confidential minister of all the prince's intrigues."

"Ah, my son!" said the curate; "how could you ever consent to undertake so shameful an office?"

"One must live," replied the penitent, doggedly.

"You might easily have found some more honest way than this."

"So I said to myself, but too late."

"How long were you with the prince?"

"Three years."

"That's a long time to persevere in evil ways."

"Well I have left him, now."

"Too late—too late!"

"Better late than never."

"True, true—proceed!"

"Ah! I shall never have the courage to reveal my shame!"

"Come, come!" said the priest, encouragingly, "do not be afraid."

"Well, then, I was ordered by the prince to seduce a young girl belonging to this neighborhood."

"Shame, shame!" exclaimed the priest, making the sign of the cross.

"Oh, such an excellent young creature! the pride and hope of her father! Ah! I see you think me unworthy of all compassion."

"There is mercy for all. Still, it is dreadful to think you should have undertaken such a base mission. And did you succeed in your vile attempt?"

"I did not."

"Ah!" exclaimed the curate, with a sigh of relief.

"I failed, spite of all the sums his royal Highness offered me—spite of every effort. But, holy father, if I had succeeded, I should never have had the courage to live to tell any one of it."

"Go on, my son; for, as yet, I only see a crime of intention, not of commission."

"Ah! I have not told all!"

"What! is there something worse?"

"I had undertaken," said Anger, "to seduce this young girl, and set about it with an energy and perseverance which bad as well as good actions have alike the power of inspiring."

"Alas!" replied the curate, "half the energy employed for evil would suffice to gain Heaven,"

"I failed in my first attempt."

"Ah! the young girl resisted?"

"No; the first time it was the father I tried to seduce."

"The father?"

"Yes; I wanted him to sell his daughter; that, I know, was a great crime."

"If not a crime, it was a very bad action, to say the least of it."

"Fortunately, the father resisted, stoutly and manfully."

"Fortunately, indeed!"

"Then, I resolved to address myself directly to the daughter. But threats, presents, flatteries, bribes, all were of no avail."

"Honest and good people, both father and daughter. And did they know that you spoke in the name of the prince?"

"They did."

"You ought to have desisted when you found them incorruptible."

"I was hardened in-guilt. I tell you I am a wretch unworthy of compassion," said Auger, bursting into a passion of tears.

"There is still pardon for you, if you repent," said the curate.

"Ah! but there is still more to be told."

"More?" said the curate, utterly astounded at so much corruption.

"Yes. Having failed by fair means, I resolved to employ violence. I resolved to carry off the young girl. For this, I engaged a companion, who was to seize the father whilst I took off the daughter."

"An open assault!"

"Yes; in the open streets, at night, and it cost the life of a man; there is the crime, nothing less than murder, you see."

"Murder! homicide! Alas, alas!"

"So, having this on my conscience, I have resolved to implore absolution, and then to seek the mercy of God."

The curé was quite overcome; and, like all timid characters, somewhat awed by the boldness of his penitent's crimes.

"So," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion, "you killed the father?"

"Oh, no; *I* did not."

"Then your friend did?"

"Oh, no; nor he either."

"But was not the poor father the victim?"

"No, not the father, but the unhappy man whom I pushed into this terrible and guilty attempt."

"Oh, it was not the father? That alters the case. The life of this innocent and worthy man would have great weight in the estimation of your crimes before God."

"Still, this man was innocent; he was acting merely by my orders. The young girl and her father, aware of my attempts, had found an escort, and when I assaulted them, this man was killed. Oh! oh!" groaned Auger.

"I can conceive your sorrow; still, you are not so guilty as I thought."

"Do you really say what you think?"

"I speak to you in the name of God, my son. But I have still many questions to ask."

"You now know all."

"Excepting the end of the adventure."

"Well, as soon as I saw its fatal termination, I hastened to the prince, and, spite of all his offers, I resolutely refused to go any further, gave in my resignation, and quitted his service."

"That was right," said the priest, "though, perhaps, somewhat perilous."

"Nothing is perilous for a man resolved on death."

"I cannot give you absolution unless you swear to me that you will not commit suicide."

Auger here began to sigh, and groan, and shake his head, as though he could not resign himself to life.

"My son," said the curate, fully persuaded of his sincerity; "my son! the true criminal in this affair is not you."

"Who then?" exclaimed Auger.

"The prince," replied the priest, solemnly; the prince, who, forgetting the duties of his high station, and the commands of God, precipitated you into crime. Oh, the great! the princes and nobles of the land!" proceeded the priest, in a tone of enthusiasm, and a style of which Rousseau had given the example; "when will they be driven from the earth? when will the weak cease to be a prey to the guilty?"

Here the worthy curé paused, for he remembered that the time so devoutly to be wished for not having arrived, the Count d'Artois had it in his power to do him considerable harm ; and, patriot as he was, he did not care to compromise himself. Turning to his penitent, he said, in a conciliatory and consolatory tone—

“ My son, your repentance is so profound, that if you pass an exemplary life, you can repair your crimes in the sight of God.

“ Do you think so ?”

“ Yes—for I repeat it, the instigator is the real criminal.”

Suddenly Anger, who had not played out his part, began again to groan and sob.

“ Oh, no, I cannot live ! I cannot live !”

“ Why, what now, my son ?”

“ What ! live under the displeasure and hatred of my victims ! live without obtaining the pardon of those whom I have so mortally offended ? Never ! never ! never !” and at each *never* Anger beat his breast.

“ Come, be reasonable, or I will not give you absolution.”

“ But I may meet my victims every day, at all hours. They live close by—even as I go out from here, I may meet them.”

“ Indeed ! do you think I know them ?”

“ By name, certainly. The young girl's name is Ingénue, and the father's, Retif de la Bretonne, the novelist.”

“ The author of the ‘ Betrayed Country Girl,’ and other equally pernicious books ?”

“ The same.”

“ Well, I should never have thought the man so scrupulous, from the morals he professes in his works.”

“ And the daughter is a model of modesty, purity, and virtue. No ! Without their esteem and forgiveness, I cannot, I will not consent to live.”

“ Well, my son, what is to be done ?”

“ Oh, I must have their pardon, or die.”

“ What reparation are you disposed to make ? have you any ?”

“ Oh, if I could but hope they would forgive me—if I thought they could ever know my contrition, my repentance—— !”

"If I were to tell them?" suggested the kind-hearted old priest.

"You would save my life."

"But I do not know them," replied the curé; "to tell you the truth, I have not a very lively sympathy for M. Retif de la Bretonne."

"Oh, must I then seek another confidant—go again through the same dreadful confession?"

"No, no—you shall not do that!" replied the priest, still hesitating.

"Then must I live the life of a criminal, or die——"

"Hush, my son! I will undertake the task; I will visit this man, though I have some scruples of conscience, and I will obtain your pardon."

"Then you will be my guardian angel—you will have saved my body and my soul."

"Go in peace, my son," said the curé, "and rely on me."

Auger threw himself on his knees before the priest, and kissed the hem of his garment—then raising his arms to heaven, with streaming eyes he dashed from the house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH RÉTIF AND INGÉNUÉ FORGIVE.

MEANTIME Retif was occupied in combating the influence of Christian, and Ingénué in waiting for him.

Both had rejoiced in their victory over Auger, but now he seemed an unimportant personage to both father and daughter, compared with Christian.

Ingénué kept a close watch at the window, expecting every instant to see the well-known figure of her lover appear at the other end of the street—but in vain.

After the first two days, Ingénué and her father began long

arguments about the absent lover, which were satisfactory to neither party. Perhaps he was ashamed of having given a false name. Was he afraid of Retif? Was he angry at Retif's treatment? All these were insufficient reasons for his absence—for, after all, Christian loved Ingénue, not Retif.

Ingénue chose to maintain these causes as sufficient for twenty-four hours' absence—then for forty-eight; but they could scarcely excuse four, six, eight, ten days' absence. Poor Ingénue began to be assailed with doubts and misgivings.

Was her father right? Not in his surmises that Christian was the agent of another; that she never thought for an instant. But was he right when he said that Christian's love was a mere passing fancy—a caprice, which the difficulties he encountered had dispelled?

Still no Christian came. Auger had ceased his attempts; and the life of the father and daughter became monotonous and sad.

So stood matters, when, one day, Retif, descending from the garret in which he had been laying the first sheets of his *Nocturnal Spectator* to dry, encountered the curate on the threshold of his apartment.

Retif, as it may be supposed, had very little to do with the Church, his only link with it being through his daughter, who four times a year confessed herself to an old priest of the parish, who had been her mother's confessor.

He was therefore somewhat astonished at the presence of a priest in his apartment, but concluded that he came for some charitable purpose, on a begging mission.

Now, Retif was without a sol—expecting hourly a supply from his publisher. He was therefore not disposed to receive the good old curé with any great civility, and it was with stiff and stately politeness that he showed him into his private room, and offered him an arm chair. Yet, after the few first words, the patriotic priest and the philosophical writer understood each other perfectly. Both, in their different ways, were impelled by the same motives, and had the same objects in view. The winter wind, when it first sweeps through the forest, strips the leaves from the feeblest as well as from the strongest trees.

Now the tempestuous wind of the revolution, that winter of the eighteenth century, had begun to blow with violence.

The curate, fully convinced of the sincerity of his penitent, began most eloquently to plead his cause, adroitly showing how Auger was a convert to their doctrine, and how, in his repentance, he had denounced the tyranny and corruption of the aristocracy.

The patriotic curé from this went on to show how all tended to the majesty of the people, and how even a fine nature, such as the prince's, was perverted by the detestable principles of aristocratic education; and so, in a short time, both Retif and the curé got to excusing Auger, and dilating on the vices of the aristocracy. From this the transition to mercy and forgiveness was easy. The curé then declared that Auger's very life depended on his pardon.

"I forgive him," said Retif, with sublime dignity. "I freely forgive him."

The curé was overpowered with joy.

"And now let us go to Ingénue. It is but right that a young girl should see the punishment and expiation of crime, so that she may have a proper idea of divine justice."

"A fine thought, sir," said the curé; "one I entirely approve."

They repaired to Ingénue's apartment. Ingénue, like sister Ann, was at the window; and, like sister Ann, saw no one coming.

Retif touched her on the shoulder, and Ingénue, with a sad smile to her father, and a respectful obeisance to the priest, came and sat down in her accustomed place.

Retif then related the contrition, the repentance and the despair of Auger. Ingénue made no observations; she was thinking of Christian.

"Well," said her father, in conclusion, "are you satisfied? Do you forgive him?"

"Certainly, I forgive him freely."

"Ah!" said the curé, "you have saved the poor man's life; your magnanimity, Monsieur Retif, has brought a sinner to repentance. But there is still more to be done, a further exercise of charity."

"Indeed," said Retif, dreading the attack on his purse.

"This poor man has given up every thing."

"He is richer than you or I."

"No, indeed, for he gave up all his ill-gotten wealth to the prince, and also renounced his position in his household."

"The devil!" said Retif; "it would be a hard case if I were called on to aid him and support him, after his conduct."

"To aid him, not to support him. You employ a great many people; he wants work."

"I employ no one, for I print my works myself; besides, Auger knows nothing of printing, I imagine?"

"He is willing to learn any honest trade; have you no acquaintances to whom you could recommend him?"

"Oh yes, plenty of acquaintances; have we not, Ingénue?"

"Yes, papa!"

"M. Mercier, he does all the work himself; think of somebody, Ingénue."

"M. Reveillon," replied the young girl, abstractedly.

"M. Reveillon, who has the great paper-factory?"

"The same."

"The very thing; he employs a great many people. Do give this unfortunate and misguided man an opportunity of retrieving himself. Speak to M. Reveillon about him."

"I will, this very day. Can he do anything?"

"Oh, he is not without a certain education; that is easy to see."

"Still, I imagine that Reveillon, who has daughters of his own, and knows all about Auger—indeed it was his workmen who—"

"But when he hears of his repentance," interrupted the curé.

"To tell you the truth," said Retif, "these tradesmen are hard of belief; they have no imagination."

"Well, then, tell M. Reveillon that Auger is one of the many victims of the corruption of the aristocracy."

"That may do better," said Retif.

"Then you will try?"

"I will." And so they parted.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN ARISTOCRAT AND A DEMOCRAT OF THE FAUBOURG
ST. ANTOINE.

SPITE of Auger's repentance and reform, Retif thought it prudent not to venture late into the streets; it was, therefore, not until the next day that he and his daughter repaired to Reveillon's.

Reveillon was engaged with one of his neighbors. His two daughters, taking Ingénue off with them, requested him to wait in the sitting-room till he came out of his study.

"Who is with him?"

"M. Santerre?"

"Santerre, the brewer?"

"Yes, you can hear them," replied one of Reveillon's daughters.

"They are talking pretty loud, I must say."

"Ah, they always do, when they talk politics."

"They seem getting angry."

"Oh, they always do; but as they have commercial interests together, there is no fear of their quarrelling."

Retif, now left to himself, could not but hear the conversation, or rather discussion, going on in the adjoining room.

"Oh, ho, they are talking of Dubois, the captain of the watch."

"He was right, perfectly right," said Reveillon; "he behaved like a brave and faithful soldier."

"He was a traitor and a rascal," shouted Santerre, "for he fired on the people."

"The people, when they revolt, become a mere mob," persisted Reveillon; "he was right."

"Do you think that you only have a right to have opinions and to profess them, because you are rich? Do you think that poor people have not the same right?"

"I don't think that any one has a right to break the laws, disobey the King, and disturb the peace."

"Reveillon, don't talk so. I'm ashamed of you."

"Must I not, say what I think?"

"No, not before your workmen."

"Why not?"

"Because one of these days they will set fire to the factory."

"Well, then, on that day I shall send for M. Dubois and his troops, and he shall fire on them as he did on the rabble at the Pont Neuf."

"The devil!" said Retif, "Reveillon is not as much in the movement as I thought he was, and if he had been at the Pont Neuf!"

Here Santerre shouting louder than ever, made Retif pause in his reflections.

"You would send for Dubois, would you? Well, then, I declare that, on that day, you will find me and my workmen against you."

"Well, we shall see."

At these words, the door was abruptly opened, and Santerre and Reveillon entered the sitting-room. Santerre was very red, and Reveillon very pale.

They encountered; as they entered, the three young girls, and Retif, who pretended not to have heard anything.

"How do you do, Retif?" said Reveillon.

"Ah, M. Retif de la Bretonne," said M. Santerre?

"Retif bowed, proud of being known to Santerre.

"He is a *patriot* writer, one of us," added the colossal brewer.

Again Retif bowed, and Santerre, going up to him, took him cordially by the hand.

Reveillon, comprehending that all must have been heard, was somewhat embarrassed.

"Did you hear us?" said Santerre, glad to renew the discussion, and proud of his patriotic sentiments.

"We could scarcely help it," said Mlle. Reveillon; "you spoke too loud."

"That's true," said Santerre, laughing good-naturedly; for he had already forgotten his anger; "but Reveillon is so behind the times. I believe he worships Henri IV. and the present government just as much."

"The fact is," said Retif, desirous of conciliating M. Santerre, with whom he greatly sympathised, "there was hot work the other night near His Majesty's statue."

"Oh, were you there, M. Retif?" said Santerre.

"I was there with my daughter, and had great trouble in getting away at all."

"There, you see, Reveillon!"

"Well, Monsieur Retif and his daughter were there."

"Well?"

"Well, these are not rabble, I imagine."

"No, and they are alive, are they not, and safe? and if they had been killed, it would have been their own fault. What business had they there, instead of being at home?"

"There's nothing like your peaceable lovers of order for violent argument," said Santerre. "So you think these poor citizens of Paris had no right to walk about Paris! Well, you who want to become one of the municipal authorities, you might be a little more indulgent, I think—a little more patriotic."

"I am patriotic," said Reveillon, piqued and irritated; "only I do not approve of disorder and revolt, because they destroy commerce."

"That's it," said Santerre, with the quiet and ironical tone which distinguishes French humor, "let us make a revolution, but don't let us disturb any one."

Retif laughed; and the brewer, feeling he had an ally, turned towards him, and said—

"You were there; they say there were three hundred people killed."

"Why don't you say three thousand, at once?" said Reveillon, angrily.

Santerre's physiognomy assumed a serious dignity, of which it scarcely appeared capable, as he said—

"Suppose there were but three, instead of three hundred, is not the life of three citizens worth more than M. de Brienne's wig?"

"No," said Reveillon, "not three such rebels, that you choose to call citizens—vagabonds, who wanted to pillage and steal, and

whom Dubois was right to shoot down. I have said it, and I maintain it."

"You know, very well, this is not true; there were many, besides vagabonds, who were victims of this violence of Dubois, were there not, M. Retif?"

"How should I know?"

"Why, you say you were there, do you not?"

Retif, who felt himself in a difficult position, was seized with a violent cough.

"Really," said Mlle. Reveillon, "were there any respectable people?"

"Certainly; amongst others, the wife of a magistrate was shot."

"Poor woman!"

"A clothier of the Rue de la Bourdonnais."

Retif stopped coughing, and said, hastily—

"Several very respectable people—I have heard so M. Santerre, as well as you."

"Not only respectable people," said Santerre, who was not to be stopped, "but some of the aristocrats suffered."

"Really!"

"Yes; for instance, a page!"

Ingénue got very pale—Retif very red.

"Yes, a page; one of the pages of the Count d'Artois."

"Not d'Artois; of the Count de Provence?" said Retif, speaking loud, so as to hide an exclamation from Ingénue.

"I heard Artois," said Santerre; "at any rate, it was one or the other."

"Of course, and probably neither one nor the other; probably there was no page at all."

"Precisely," said Retif; "I heard that it was not true."

"I am sure, however," said Santerre.

"How do you know better than any one else?"

"Because this page—for he was a page—was carried, being badly wounded, to the Ecuries d'Artois, and there confided to the

care of my friend Marat, who took such an interest in the young man that he gave him up his own room."

"Well, that proves that he was a page," said Retif, speaking to Santerre; "but"—replying to his daughter—"but, there are more than a hundred pages in Paris."

"Wounded?" murmured Ingénue, inaudibly, getting very pale, a circumstance unnoticed by all but the young girls, who notice everything.

"You see, then, Dubois was wrong; for he killed innocent people, besides a great number of patriots of our own party; it was a crime, sir."

The discussion seemed now at an end, and Retif thought it time to explain the motive of his visit.

"Your visit has a motive, then," said Reveillon. "I was in hopes that it was merely to come and see us, and, I hope, to dine with us."

"No, not to-day. I came to ask a favor."

"A favor!"

"You have not forgotten the assault of the other evening?"

"Certainly not; my workmen say they settled the aristocrat pretty well. By-the-by, tell that adventure to M. Santerre."

Retif wished for nothing better. He therefore related the whole history, from its very origin, with all the embellishments his imagination could suggest. He concluded by a most elaborate picture of Anger's repentance and reform, and of his desire for honest employment.

The recital made a profound impression upon Santerre.

"Ah," said he, "these villains of princes! the man served him right to leave him," exclaimed Santerre.

"It was bravely done," said Retif.

"But of course this man is in want of occupation—an honest occupation!"

"Of course; that is what I came about. This man left all the wages of iniquity, abandoned the livery of servility, and now seeks honest employment to complete his inauguration into the ranks of patriotism."

"Bravo! well done! he interests me—this fine fellow!" said Santerre; "I will provide for him."

"Seriously?"

"Most seriously. I will take him into my establishment this very day; it will make quite a sensation in the neighborhood."

At these words, Reveillon felt Santerre was getting the better of him; and remembering the threat his friend had made in the case of the revolt of his workmen, he deemed it expedient to take his share in the conversation.

"Not so fast, my good friend," said he; "not so fast; I mean to take Auger myself. I have the greater right."

"The devil you have!"

"Yes, for you know it was my workmen who beat him—my workmen who killed his companion; for he is dead, is he not?"

"Dead," said Retif.

"The devil!" said Santerre; "then I understand your interest in this affair. It is good to be prepared, and to keep the right people in a good temper!"—and Santerre laughed, and shaking hands with Retif and Reveillon, left the house, a type of the revolution in which he was destined to play so prominent a part.

The young girls took Ingénue into their room, and Retif and Reveillon remained alone.

"Well," said Retif, "you mean to take Auger?"

"Yes, I do," said Reveillon, in a very bad temper, which did not promise well for the comfort of Monsieur Auger; "but I must find out what he can do."

Retif saw all the motives, both of the ill temper and the apparent generosity.

"It will not be a bad thing for you—first, on account of the popularity it will obtain for you, and next, because Auger has a good deal of education."

"Education! Do I want education to make wall-paper, pray, sir?"

"Education is good for everything."

"Even in the mixing of colors?—for I see no other occupation for your protégé."

"My protégé!" said Retif; "my dear friend, you are going too far. What has Auger done to merit my protection?"

"You know that best; but he is under your protection; for, you see, he gets the situation through you."

"That's true."

"Well, then, send him to me, and we will see what he can do; but I advise him to look out, and behave himself more than well; for I will keep a mighty tight hand on him, he may depend."

Retif thought it expedient now to withdraw; for he saw that his friend's temper was ruffled. Going into the adjoining room, he called Ingénue.

"Come, my love," said he, "let us go and tell the good curé of our success."

Ingénue embraced the young girls; and taking her father's arm, they departed—Retif, as he closed the door, heaving a sigh of relief and exultation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RÉTIF'S DINNER.

RETIF talked with great volubility, as he went along, to his daughter, about Santerre, the great popular oracle of his neighborhood, and his party, and already a conspicuous personage of the revolutionary movement. Besides innumerable advantages he saw would accrue from it, he intended, now he had seen him, to make him the subject of one of his cotemporary sketches, disguising the name under some ingenious anagram.

As soon as they reached home, Retif wrote to the curé, informing him of the success he had met with; and the good priest, to hear all the details, answered it by coming, in person, to have a chat with his new friend.

He found Retif and his daughter preparing to sit down to table. A most savory soup was now invitingly smoking before them.

“Monsieur le curé,” said Retif, after the usual salutations, “will you share our homely repast?”

“It will be a great honor for us,” said Ingénue, in her gentlest tone.

“A great pleasure for me, my young lady; but I cannot accept——”

“Why, it is not a fast day,” said Retif; “and though our dinner is humble——”

“Excellent, I am sure, by the perfume; but I have dined.”

“Dined! oh, Monsieur le curé!” said Ingénue, playfully, “do not tell a fib; you know, when papa came to you yesterday, it was half past twelve, and you had not dined; that is not the true excuse; don’t tell a fib, it is now only just twelve o’clock.”

“Well, I won’t tell a fib, then; I have not dined, it is true; but still I cannot dine with you.”

“Why not?”

“Well, then, the truth is, that I have left some one on the stairs.”

“Why not bring him in with you, M. le Curé,” said Retif, going towards the door.

“No, do not fetch him,” said the curé, seizing Retif’s arm; “though the person who waits outside is full of gratitude and joy.”

“Hum!” said Retif, reddening, whilst Ingénue turned away with a frown; “am I to understand that Auger is outside?”

“He is,” replied the curé, looking towards Ingénue, “he is.”

Ingénue did not reply, or even look encouragingly towards the good-natured priest, much to his discomfiture.

“The devil!” said Retif; “this is rather awkward.”

“Poor man! if you had seen his joy when he read your note—for he was there when it came—why will you not see him? Have you not forgiven him?”

“Certainly; but——”

“Had you made any mental reservations when you forgave him? Did you intend never to see him?”

“No, certainly; but still——”

"This is weakness; if you have forgiven, why should you not consent to see this unhappy man? it is the only consolation now left him."

Retif turned towards his daughter; Ingénue spoke not, but remained coldly impassive. The curate, however, imagining that silence gives consent, rushed to the door, threw it open, and in an instant Auger entered, with an eager step, and in an agony of tears threw himself at the feet of Ingénue.

The sensitive curé began to weep, too. Retif was overpowered by his emotion. Ingénue alone looked coldly on, and an indescribable feeling of aversion made her withdraw from the touch of this apparently penitent man, kneeling at her feet.

Auger at length arose; and then, in an able discourse, well prepared beforehand, he pleaded his own cause, and explained his own miserable position.

Retif listened with great interest. Experience is of no use to men of imagination; they see too clearly the creation of their dreams ever to understand the realities of life.

Ingénue, however, was unmoved; her instincts were unerring guides; and, with her clear look of innocence, she forced Auger to lower his eyes; for he stammered each time he encountered her look.

Auger was far from ill-looking; his greatest defect was an absence of distinction; though his countenance was capable of varied expression. He had fine teeth and fine hair; and, although under the middle size, was well-made, and dressed invariably with great elegance and neatness.

The expression of his mouth, to those well read in physiognomy, was what revealed the character of the man and his low and grovelling instincts; but poor Ingénue was not learned in the ways of the world, and it must be said that she was not so unfavorably impressed by Auger at the end of his visit as she was at first.

Auger had lived at court, and had acquired some of the court manners, and strove now to imitate them, as he described the seductions of court life and the fascinations of the Count d'Artois.

As Auger proceeded, his auditors, who had great curiosity about princes and courts, listened with intense interest.

Ingénue had often dreamed of the splendor and delights of high life, when she had seen the brilliant equipages driving past her ; and Retif, though he attacked, on principle, royalty and aristocracy, knew nothing of their ways of living. Auger was cunning enough to perceive that he had made an immense progress in the esteem of those who, a few hours before, had looked on him with horror.

Auger judged that it was now politic to withdraw ; and leaving the curé and his new friends under the most favorable impression, with a cordial salutation to Retif and a profound bow to Ingénue, he took his leave, having obtained permission to come again, adroitly leaving the curé behind him, to expatiate on his good qualities and his good intentions.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SURGEON AND HIS PATIENT.

WE will now return to Christian, whom we left, being carried, by kind-hearted bearers, under the conduct of Danton, to the Ecuries d'Artois.

The procession was preceded by three or four torch-bearers, who, telling the misfortune of the youth they carried, gathered an enthusiastic and sympathizing multitude as they went along, until the procession became quite a crowd, so that the porter of the Ecuries d'Artois, not knowing the intention of these numerous visitors, closed the gates, lest their object might be hostile.

No sooner did he ascertain that they bore one of the pages of the prince, than the gate was thrown open, and the poor young man, pale from loss of blood, yet looking so handsome and interesting, as he lay on the litter, his long, black hair floating round his fine face, was quickly admitted.

At Danton's desire, Marat was instantly sent for. Late as it was, the surgeon was not yet in bed, being still busily engaged in transcribing, in his long, angular hand-writing, his political novel.

Marat replied to the summons, by desiring that the patient should be placed on a bed, adding that he would come there presently.

The messengers withdrew with these orders, one alone remaining, whom Marat recognized instantly to be Danton.

"Oh, it's you, is it, my friend?" exclaimed he. "I had a presentiment that I should see you soon."

"Did you know what was going to happen this evening?"

"I don't say I did or I did not; but I know a great deal more than I seem to know."

"We have had hot work," replied Danton, "and I bring you a sample of the night's doings."

"Yes, a man who has been wounded. Do you know him?"

"Not in the least; but he is young, he is handsome, too; and I, who love youth and beauty, got interested in him, and have brought him here."

"One of the people, I suppose?"

"Oh, by no means; an aristocrat, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. You will detest him, I know, directly you see him."

"Where is he wounded?" said Marat, with a sinister smile.

"In the thigh."

"Probably the bone broken—probably an amputation necessary. Your handsome young aristocrat will have to go about with a wooden leg," said Marat, rubbing his hands. "My legs are crooked, it is true, but they are better than none at all."

"A wound in the thigh is, then, very dangerous?"

"Generally—almost invariably so—and likely to produce lock-jaw."

"The more reason for going quickly to him."

"I am going directly," said Marat, rising slowly from his seat, and reading over the last page he had written, as he stood; then,

leisurely taking a case of instruments, he at last followed Danton out of the room.

He found the corridors full of people, all anxious to witness an operation, as Marat appeared. Danton noticed several signs of recognition as Marat passed through the crowd ; and, as the crowd left the hotel, sent away by the servants of the hotel, these signs were repeated, so that Danton fully comprehended that the revolt of the evening had not been without some connivance with his friend.

Marat, being now in the room where the patient lay, before proceeding to his bed-side, opened his case of instruments, displaying them with the ostentation of a surgeon who delights in the cruelties of his profession.

Danton, meantime, drew near to the bed-side of the young sufferer, who lay, with his eyes closed, in the torpor generally attendant on gun-shot wounds.

“ Sir,” said he, “ your wound is very serious, and will probably entail a painful operation. Have you any one whom you would wish to be apprised of your situation ?”

“ I have a mother,” replied the young man, opening his eyes.

“ Shall I go to her—shall I write to her—can you write to her yourself ?”

“ I must write to her myself, sir,” replied the young man ; “ it would alarm her unnecessarily ; she would think me dead, if another were to write.”

Danton took out his memorandum book, and gave a pencil to the young man ; then putting his arm under him, he assisted him to rise.

With great effort and evident pain, he hastily wrote a few lines, and then fell back, fainting and almost exhausted, on his pillow.

Marat now drew near the bed. “ What is there to be done here ?” said he, in an abrupt tone.

Christian opened his eyes and looked at Marat, whose appearance was more calculated to create alarm and disgust, than to inspire confidence. He stood glowering from under a dirty handkerchief he had tied round his head, his large and not scrupulously

clean hand, his sardonic smile, and his gruff voice, all impelled the young man to withdraw from his touch as far as he could.

Christian, arresting Marat's hand before it touched him, said, in a calm, gentle voice—

“Sir, I know that I am badly wounded; still I would wish you not to consider my case entirely desperate, as I should wish for a consultation before anything definite was decided on.”

Marat looked round abruptly at the speaker; but at the aspect of that pale, yet noble countenance, at the sight of that clear, limpid glance, he appeared suddenly impressed with profound surprise and emotion. As he gazed on him, feelings for which he could not account took possession of him; he paused, his hand trembled, his voice faltered.

“Do you understand me?” said the youth, mistaking his hesitation for a want of knowledge and confidence.

“I do,” replied Marat; “but do you think I want to hurt you?”

Christian was struck at the change of tone and manner. Looking at the instrument he held in his hand, he inquired—

“What is that instrument?”

“A probe,” replied the surgeon, his voice still more gentle, his eyes almost tearful.

“I thought a probe was usually of silver?”

“So it is,” said Marat; and turning away, he hastily gathered together the instruments he had brought, and left the room. A few minutes afterwards, he returned with a case of magnificent instruments, which had been given him by the Count d'Artois, in return for a book he had dedicated to him. He now approached the bed with a silver probe in his hand.

“Sir,” said Christian, “when I spoke of a consultation, I meant a consultation with others—surgeons of equal merit and renown with yourself.”

“I have no renown, sir, only skill and science, at your service.”

“I do not doubt either; but, in such a case as this, you must know that three opinions are better than one.”

“As you please,” replied Marat; “we have here in the neigh-

borhood two surgeons of great repute—Dr. Louis and Dr. Guillotin. Shall we send for them?"

"If you please."

"If they should differ from me——"

"You will be three; the majority shall decide."

"It shall be as you desire," said Marat, gentle and submissive to the voice of his patient, which appeared to exercise a strange influence over him.

"Now that you are convinced that nothing shall be done without a consultation," said Marat, after he had given orders to an attendant that the physicians should be sent for, "allow me, at least, to make the first necessary applications to the wound."

"As you please, sir," said Christian.

"Albertine, prepare some cold water and some bandages. Now, sir," added Marat, "gather all your courage; I am about to probe the wound."

"Is it a very painful operation?" said Christian.

"Yes, sir, it is; but I will do it as lightly as possible, be assured."

"Proceed," said Christian; "I am prepared."

As the probe searched the wound, Christian turned very pale, though, perhaps, not so pale as Marat himself.

"Do not restrain yourself," said Marat; "your cries and groans will be a relief to you, and then, as long as you are silent, I may suppose that you are suffering even more than you really are."

"I can bear my sufferings," said Christian; "though, I confess they are great."

The operation lasted about half a minute. When it was over, Marat applied a bandage of cold water and put the limb in an easy position.

"What is your opinion of the wound?" said Christian.

"You wanted a consultation," replied Marat; "let us wait until it is over, to give an opinion."

"As you please," replied Christian, exhausted and falling back on his pillow.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CONSULTATION.

THEY had not long to wait. The two physicians, Dr. Louis and Dr. Guillotin, arrived in about half an hour.

Christian received them with a gentle, yet sad smile.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have just received a very bad wound in the cémenté of this evening; being page to the Count d'Artois, I had myself conducted to the Ecuries d'Artois, knowing that I should there find a most able surgeon. But, before putting myself entirely into this gentleman's hands, I deemed it expedient to have a consultation."

Guillotin and Louis bowed to Marat, as though they had previously met.

"Let us proceed to examine the wound," said Guillotin.

"Give me the probe," said Dr. Louis.

Christian turned pale as he saw the painful operation about to commence; he looked imploringly towards Marat.

"It is useless to examine the wound further; I can tell you the direction taken by the ball, for I have probed the wound."

"Let us, then, adjourn to another room."

"What for?" said Christian.

"In order not to alarm you unnecessarily, by technical terms, which you would only half understand."

"No matter, gentlemen; I prefer all should go on in my presence."

"As you wish, then; it shall be done," said Dr. Louis; and turning towards Marat, he began to question him in Latin.

Marat had replied to the first questions in the same language, when Christian interrupted them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "being a Pole, Latin is familiar to me, so that if you wish me not to understand what you are saying,

you must make use of another language ; although with all modern languages I am so familiar, that you will find it difficult."

"Let us, then, speak French," said Guillotin, turning to Marat. "Make your report, my dear colleague."

But Marat was standing pale and trembling, gazing at the youth ; the large drops of perspiration had started to his forehead, when the page had declared that he was a Pole.

"Gentlemen," said he, recovering himself after a few minutes, "the ball has penetrated the fleshy part of the thigh ; it has broken the bone, and now lies between the bone and the muscles ; I can feel it with the probe."

"A very bad wound," said Dr. Louis.

"Very," replied Guillotin.

"It must be acknowledged that it is."

"Are there any splinters?" said Guillotin.

"There are," said Marat. "I brought out two splinters with the probe."

"That, too, is bad," said Louis.

"There is no hemorrhage, however, no injury to the arteries," said Marat.

"Still, the bone is broken," said Louis.

"Then, there is nothing left but amputation," said Guillotin.

"Amputation, gentlemen," said Marat, in great agitation—"amputation for a simple fracture! surely, that is a terrible remedy!"

"I think it most urgent," said Louis.

"Will you give me your reasons? I should be happy to hear them, from the lips of the author of the treaty of 'Gunshot Wounds.'"

Dr. Louis then proceeded, in a clear and distinct voice, to describe the progress of the wound, showing the danger of lock-jaw and of mortification if the limb were left on.

"You have put things at the worst," said Marat ; "the patient is young and vigorous. I hope better things."

"How will you obviate inflammation? Do you intend to open the wound?"

"No, certainly; for that would increase the inflammation by increasing the wound."

"Bell says the wound should always be opened."

"But Hunter differs from him."

"Well, let me hear how you will combat inflammation, in a young and vigorous subject."

"Why, as he is young and vigorous, we will bleed him."

"Well, that will reduce the local inflammation; but the general fever?"

"By cold water."

"Cold water!"

"Yes; I have found cold water very often successful."

"And the splinters?"

"Oh, there is nothing more to be done than to take them out as fast as they present themselves."

"But the ball—the ball," said Louis.

"Yes; how will you manage that?" said Guillotin.

"The ball will come out of itself."

"How so?"

"The suppuration will drive it to the surface."

"What! leave a ball in the body?"

"Yes; being lead, it is not poisonous."

"How! you think the ball will come out?"

"I have seen it in my own experience. One day, being in Poland, I went out shooting. Not being a good shot, or having good eyesight, I mistook a dog for a wolf, and lodged the contents of my gun in his ribs. There were three small shot—one I extracted, another worked its way out, and the third remained in the flesh, where it never did any harm."

Dr. Louis reflected for a moment, then said—

"This is the result of your personal experience, and in a particular case, but cannot be taken as an example to be followed, being contrary to all the received principles of surgery, from Ambroise Paré to Petit."

"I will take the responsibility on myself," said Marat.

"Take care," said Dr. Louis; "surgery has made great progress,

and there have been many innovations; it would be a pity to compromise the science by any experiments."

"I have the greatest respect for the science; but still I accept the risk and responsibility."

"But, suppose the patient should die, how will you reconcile it to your conscience?"

"I repeat, that I accept the risk; and I also think that surgery is a science subject to two laws—humanity and progress. Now, both these laws make surgery consist in something more than operations; it means help and succor. I take all the responsibility of this act, of which, I know, all the temerity rests upon me; and I add that, before long, you will find surgery will become a science instead of an art, and will cure without the help of the knife."

"If the wound had been in the arm, I might, perhaps, have seen some chance," said Louis.

Marat smiled and bowed.

"I wish you success," said Louis; "but you must allow me to say, that I think it doubtful."

The two consulting physicians now proceeded to take their leave, having, in fact, no right to interfere with the household of the Count d'Artois, which naturally belonged to the surgeon attached to it.

When Marat returned to the bedside of his patient, he found his eyes already glowing with fever.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Christian, extending both his hands to Marat, "what thanks do I not owe you, even if I should die under your treatment. I would rather do so, than under the barbarous treatment of the regular surgeons and their knives."

Marat pressed the young man's hands between his with great emotion. Recovering himself, however, and gazing kindly on the young man, he said—

"You are a Pole; in what part of Poland were you born?"

"In Warsaw."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

Marat passed his hands over his eyes and staggered back.

"Where is your father?" said he, in a voice husky with emotion.

"I never knew my father," replied the youth; "he died before I was born."

Marat remained for a few moments lost in thought; then suddenly rousing himself, he began preparing a potion for his patient, which appeared to calm the fever and irritation of the nerves. Then he brought an apparatus of his own invention, which, being fixed in the wall, let a small stream of cold water flow continually on the wound, which was covered only by a linen bandage.

The youth watched him with great curiosity; his gentleness and care appeared so at variance with his first behavior, that Christian was at a loss to account for the reason of the change."

"What do you intend to do with the ball?"

"Leave it to itself," said Marat; "it does not adhere to the bone; but is merely in the flesh; by its own weight it will work its way to the surface, so that we can get at it. If I search after it, I may do mischief—destroy, for instance, one of those thick accumulations of blood which beneficent Nature—the best surgeon of us all—uses very often to stop inward hemorrhage."

"Do as you please," said Christian; "I place myself entirely in your hands."

"Ah, then you no longer fear or distrust me as you did?"

"I have entire confidence in you; indeed, I never doubted your skill; but——"

"Oh, I understand," said Marat, "and acknowledge that my appearance is not very prepossessing; in this undress, too, I am not likely to inspire confidence; besides, I have neither fame nor reputation, but I have studied more than either of these surgeons, who are so much looked up to. You see, I knew how to plead your cause and save your limb."

"You did indeed, my dear sir; but I must confess that your manner of handling those frightful instruments—your rough and cynical way of speaking when first you came to me—frightened me a great deal. But now you are so gentle; your voice has changed, your very looks appear transformed, you are as good to

me as a woman would be. I know you will do all you can for me, and therefore I have no anxiety."

Marat turned away; he was ashamed of his emotion; a gentle and tender feeling was so foreign to his nature, that it appeared to overpower him.

At this moment hasty steps were heard along the corridor, and the voice of a woman trembling with emotion was heard, exclaiming—

"My, son, Christian, where are you?"

"My mother!" cried Christian, extending his arms towards the woman who now rushed in.

Danton stood in the door-way, whilst Marat, at the first sound of the voice of the mother calling on her son, had retreated into a corner, where he stood trembling and leaning against the wall for support.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH DANTON BEGINS TO THINK THAT MARAT'S NOVEL WAS NOT A NOVEL, BUT A TRUE STORY.

THE poor boy, overpowered at once by fatigue and joy, fainted in the arms of his mother. The poor mother shrieked loud for help, but her cries brought only Danton to her side, who reassured her by taking Christian gently from her and laying him down on his pillows, where he soon opened his eyes.

Marat gazed on this group, as if stupified. The mother was a woman of magnificent stature and dignified appearance; her clear, blue eye, the delicately transparent skin, and her waving fair hair, declared her to belong to the aristocracy of the north. As she bent over her son, the richness and grace of her form was fully displayed, together with the beautifully arched instep and the delicate foot. The boy opened his dark eyes, and gazed at his mother with a look of intense love and gratitude.

Then, recovering himself, Christian, holding his mother's hands in

his, related to her how the accident occurred to him—how Danton had borne him from the crowd to the Ecuries d'Artois—and how he had asked for a consultation; “having,” said he, “most ungratefully doubted of the talents of the surgeon of the household.” Then he described the decision of the surgeons with regard to the amputation, and the manner in which Marat had defended him—terminating by telling his mother all the gentle care and attention he had found in this kind friend, as he called him, looking round for him as he spoke.

The mother's eyes beamed with gratitude, as, turning towards Danton, she exclaimed—

“Where! where is the kind and generous doctor? Do bring me to him, that I may thank him.”

Marat never moved from his obscure corner; but Danton, taking a candle, went up to him, and raising the light above his head said—

“Do not judge of him, madam, by his looks.”

The lady looked eagerly towards Marat, but as their eyes met, she started back, and Marat would have fallen, had he not leaned against the wall. Danton understood instantly that there was some terrible secret between the two, into which none but themselves could be initiated.

Marat cast his eyes down on the ground, and his bosom heaved tumultuously; the lady remained with her eyes fixed on Marat, and her hands tightly clasped; then suddenly turning towards her son, she murmured—

“Oh, God! can it be possible!”

Danton, the only witness of this scene, moved away. As for Christian, he had already sunk into a profound slumber.

Marat at length rousing himself from a profound lethargy, approached the bedside of the patient. The lady then once more looked at him, passed her hand over her forehead as though to drive away the unfortunate thought, and, smiling, began to express her thanks to Marat, who, spite of all his efforts, could not find a word to say in reply.

“Sir,” said the mother, with just accent enough to betray her

foreign origin; "Sir, my son and myself must feel eternally grateful."

"I merely did my duty to this young man," said Marat, "as I should have done it towards any one else."

"Nevertheless, I thank you deeply for your care. Can I now have my son taken home?"

Marat examined the patient, now lost in a profound slumber.

"You see he is asleep."

"But when he wakes, will there be any risk in moving him?"

"Yes, there would be danger; besides, your son is very well here."

"But I cannot leave him," exclaimed the mother, looking full at Marat.

Marat could not stand her glance; he turned away his eyes from hers, and replied—

"I will give up the whole of my apartment to you, madam. Your son's complete restoration to health depends on the first days and on perfect quiet. I shall come twice a day to see him, at stated hours, madam: so that you can either remain during the time, or retire, as you please. All the rest of the time you will have no intrusion to dread."

"What will become of you, in the mean time?"

"Oh, pray do not think of me," said Marat, in a very humble tone.

"And yet, sir, I cannot consent to drive you away from your home. Where will you go during the time that we are here?"

"Oh, I shall find some garret in the stables, I have no doubt."

The lady started and turned pale at these words.

"Or perhaps," continued Marat, "here is my friend M. Danton, who went, I think, to fetch you."

The lady, bowing gracefully to Danton, replied—

"He will, I have no doubt, give me house-room as long as you honor me by staying here."

"Willingly," said Danton, considerably interested by all he saw going on before him.

"Then," said Christian's mother, throwing off her mantle and

seating herself by the bedside, "I will remain. Tell me now, doctor, what is to be done for this boy."

"Care must be taken not to arrest the flow of cold water on the wound, and the cooling draughts my servant will prepare for him must be given exactly."

With these words, Marat, incapable of any longer enduring the interview, bowed and withdrew, followed by Danton. He entered an adjoining room, and, exchanging his dressing-gown for a coat, and his night-cap for a hat, he prepared to depart.

"Do not forget your manuscript," said Danton; "you can write at home easily."

Marat did not answer, but taking Danton's arm, he tremblingly crossed the room in which lay the slumbering patient, and left the apartment.

In the corridor Marat found numerous inquirers into the condition of his patient, for whom a considerable interest was now beginning to be felt. The surgeon replied hurriedly and abruptly, seemingly anxious to get into the street; there, drawing a deep breath, he exclaimed—

"Oh, Danton! what an extraordinary adventure!"

"I smell a Potoki in the case—an epilogue to our novel."

"For God's sake do not joke."

"I thought you laughed at everything."

"That woman, with her proud beauty, so tender to her son, so haughty to all around—do you know who it is?"

"Why, I almost guess. Is it Mlle. Olinska?"

"It is."

"Are you quite sure?" said Danton, once more trying to laugh.

"Danton," said Marat, impressively, "if you are my friend, as I feel you are, do not joke on this subject; spare me, I entreat you. All the emotions, all the sufferings of my life, date from this period of my youth. Do not open the yet tender wound. Treat all this not like a vain romance, but like the actual reality—a tremendous and overwhelming reality—as it has proved."

"I will," said Danton; "but first I must confess one thing."

"What is it?"

"I confess, then, that I did not believe in anything that you told me to-day."

"Ah!"

"You never imagined I could have been in love?"

"No, I did not."

"Nor that I had been young?"

"Not that you had been young."

"Or handsome?"

"Well, St. Thomas was not more incredulous than I."

"You did not, then, believe that once I had been courageous, hopeful, happy—nay, that I was once capable of being loved?"

"But now I believe all you have told me, Marat," said Danton, affectionately.

"How foolish is it for any one to open his heart to another—to pour the torrent of his feelings on to a dry and sandy soil! Fool that I was; I ought to have shut up my grief in my own heart. What weakness was it, which made me yield up my secrets to one who scoffs and disbelieves!"

"Come, come, Marat, do not go so far. I never scoffed, and now I believe."

"Well, well, if you did not believe what I said of myself, you at least see that I did not exaggerate her magnificent beauty."

"No, indeed, she is marvellously beautiful, and I pity you," said Danton.

"Thank you," said Danton, bitterly; "thank you for your pity."

"But," said Danton, "now I think of it——"

"Think of what?"

"Why, of the age of that young man."

"Well;" said Marat, smiling significantly.

"Why, he cannot be more than seventeen."

"Certainly, that is his age."

"Then it is probably that——"

"What is probable?"

"Why, that he is your son."

"How could I have a son as handsome as he is? look at me."

By this time they had reached the residence of the lawyer, having crossed the whole of Paris without encountering any vestige of the tumult of the evening, excepting the smoking ruins of the corps de garde and the effigy of M. de Brienne.

It is true that it was not daylight, or they would have seen the stream of blood which ran along the gutters from the Place de Greve to the Rue Dauphine.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHAT WENT ON IN MARAT'S APARTMENT.

MEANTIME, Christian, laid on the bed where Marat had so tenderly placed him, was a prey to mental agony far greater than the physical pain he endured.

In vain did his mother soothe and console him; in vain did she try to cheer him, surrounding him with every care, with every proof of devotion and tenderness. The youth turned restlessly to his own thoughts, and pondered night and day upon his love, so abruptly interrupted by his unforeseen accident.

His mother's reserved and haughty nature was little given to strong feelings, save where her son was concerned, and it was some time before she suspected that there was a mental ill rankling in her son's mind, far greater than the one which afflicted him physically.

Then the poor mother would feel her own heart sink within her as she watched his sufferings, and beheld him writhing on his feverish bed, and each day, spite of all the care bestowed on him, appearing to grow worse.

Then this cold proud nature we have described, and which was still unchanged, would give way before the only passion it had ever known. Kneeling by his bedside, she would pray to Heaven, and then implore her son to grow calm. The visits of that man,

so profoundly hated and despised, were anxiously and ardently looked for. She felt there was safety in his presence ; for she felt that he watched the boy as anxiously as she did herself.

When she heard Marat's footstep in the ante-room, she would run to meet him, with an eagerness that might have deceived any other than Marat ; but he felt that the heart of the woman was as much steeled against him as ever, and that it was but the heart of the mother that softened in his presence. He felt convinced that if she knew that his blood would restore her son to health, she would not have hesitated to shed it with her own hand, even to the last drop.

Marat suffered much in her presence ; he who believed in nothing, not even in many principles of science so positive to others, believed in the natural affection she testified for her son. He shared her anxieties, and would stand perplexed by the bedside of his young patient, trying to discover whence arose the restless and feverish symptoms, each day more violent, though the wound was progressing most favorably.

"All is going on well," said Marat ; "the wound is healing, the flesh is healthy, the bones are knitting together again ; nature is doing her work slowly, but surely. We can do no more."

"Then why, if the inflammation has ceased, is there still fever ? Why is my son so restless ? Why does he groan and moan in his sleep ?"

Marat felt the young man's pulse ; it beat with feverish impetuosity ; he turned away with a profound sigh.

"I know not what to say ; there is some unknown cause I cannot fathom ; at least, I cannot explain."

"Why cannot you explain it ? do you hide anything from me ?" said the countess, in a tone revealing all the profound and hidden passion of her nature, which Marat knew so well. "Speak, sir, if you know anything ; speak, I entreat, I command you."

"Well, then, madam," said Marat, "your son has something on his mind, which is undoing all we do for his health and his restoration to life."

"Can this be true, Christian?" said the countess, turning to her son, and taking his burning hand in hers.

Christian blushed deeply, and turned away his head; but he was forced to reply.

"No, mother," said he, in a faint voice; "for once our good doctor is wrong."

Marat smiled, and shook his head incredulously.

"Oh," said the countess, "he would tell me, his mother, surely; would you not, Christian?"

"Oh yes, indeed, mother," replied Christian, kissing the hand which still clasped his.

"What sorrow, what secret sorrow could he have?" again inquired the countess, turning to Marat.

Marat replied not, but taking up his hat, prepared to take his leave. The countess, suddenly recalled to herself by this action, advanced a few steps towards Marat, and said, politely—

"I am very anxious about Christian on his own account, and grieved that his situation should prolong our stay here, and keep you out of your own home so long. Is it not greatly inconvenient to you?"

"Pray, madam, have no anxieties for me; it matters little how I live. No one cares for me."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied the countess: "it matters much both to my son and myself."

"Oh, madam, if you knew me better, you would know that I am very little affected by outward circumstances."

"Oh, how unlucky it is that my son cannot be removed."

"Are you, then, dissatisfied, madam, at the way in which I treat your son?" said Marat, his eyes sparkling with anger.

"Oh, sir, how can you think me so unjust, so ungrateful; a father could not take better care of his son than you do of Christian." As she pronounced these words, the countess suddenly paused, and turned very pale; but almost instantly resuming her control over herself, she added, in a calm voice, "Not for an instant have I entertained the idea of confiding my child to an-

other than yourself; I merely wished he could be moved, that he might no longer put you to inconvenience."

"It is quite possible to move your son, madam; only his life depends on the turn of a straw, and might be risked by the transportation, however near or cautiously done."

"Then of course I would not, for worlds, attempt it," said the countess, with a sigh.

"You must endure it for forty days longer," said Marat, bitterly.

There was a moment's pause; then the countess, her pale, clear cheek just getting tinged with a faint blush, said, hesitatingly, to Marat—

"If I could offer any compensation——"

Marat started as though a serpent had bitten him; then, with a scowl which made him fearful to behold, he said—

"When the surgeon takes leave of his patient, madam, you can pay him according to the usual rate; there is a tariff for these things in France, madam."

"But," said the countess, who felt that she had inflicted a wound, "tell me how and where you live."

"Oh," said Marat, "home is of little importance to me. I spend my life in wandering from place to place."

"In wandering from place to place?"

"It is even all the better for me that I should not be at home just now."

"Why so?"

"Because I have a great many enemies."

"Indeed," said the countess, in a tone which, however, did not express any astonishment.

"Yes, madam; I am important enough to have enemies, which I dare say you think very singular. I displease some of the higher class, by applying my medical science to the relief of the poor. I have acquired, too, some reputation as a political writer. My articles on political economy are much read. They are liberal, therefore excite the anger of the aristocracy, whilst the liberals accuse me of aristocracy, from my belonging to the household of the prince. So, you see, I am hated on all sides. But, madam,

though I look feeble and insignificant, I have great powers of endurance, and am capable of hatred and revenge. I have suffered much; madam—suffered horribly, for many years. Others would have died, but I resisted, and am here, as you see.”

“You have suffered much in your life, M. Marat!” said the Countess, in the most unconcerned manner indeed!

“Yes, but let the past be forgotten,” replied Marat, in an abrupt tone; “I merely referred to it, to say that nothing I may have yet to endure can approach to the sufferings of the past; therefore you need not waste your pity upon me. The vagabond life I lead, since M. Christian is here, is probably the life I am henceforth destined to lead. I like it, for I hate mankind. I love retirement, for I could not like any position in the world that would satisfy my ambition. I hate the light of day, the bright sunshine, too, as I hate society and the world; therefore do I fly them all.”

“Still, unless you grow blind, you cannot avoid the light of day, or the sight of mankind,” said the countess, perfectly unmoved.

“The owl, madam, is not blind, yet flies from light, and avoids all other birds. See, if by chance he ventures forth into daylight, how he is pursued and persecuted—how all set upon him. No, madam, he remains in his dark retreat, in some old ruin; there, indeed, if any come to attack him, he knows how to defend himself.”

“Sir, I can but pity you. Do you, then, love nothing on earth?”

“Nothing, madam.”

“Again, I say I pity you,” said the countess, in a tone bordering on contempt.

Marat was getting profoundly irritated.

“Madam,” said he quickly, “had I found any one to esteem and respect, I would have loved them.”

“And is the world so poor as not to contain one human being worthy of your respect and esteem?”

“I have never found a being who could inspire me with either,” said Marat.

The countess sighed, and turning away, took her accustomed seat by the side of her son.

Marat, after looking at her for an instant, his hand on the handle of the door, put his hat on his head, then opening it, rushed out, slamming it behind him with a degree of violence little in accordance with his tender precautions for his young patient.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE COUNTESS UNDERSTOOD THE PASSION OF LOVE.

THE countess and her son looked at each other with astonishment for some minutes after Marat's abrupt departure.

"What a singular man!" exclaimed the countess, at length.

"Very singular, but kind-hearted."

"Kind!" repeated the countess.

"Yes, kind at least to us, or rather to me," said Christian, "and yet——"

"What? my child."

"And yet, I shall be glad to be away from here."

"Is it being here that makes you unhappy?"

"I am not unhappy, mother, dear."

"You have some secret sorrow?"

"No, indeed, mother," replied Christian, turning away from his mother's scrutinizing glance.

There was a pause; the countess examined her son, as he lay with his eyes half closed and his varying cheek so still, so pensive.

At length she said, abruptly—

"Are you in love, Christian?"

"In love!" replied Christian, in a tone of astonishment—"in love! no, mother."

"I have been told," continued she, "that love often makes people unhappy."

This phrase, "*I have been told*," from the lips of a woman of two-and-thirty—from a woman who had been a mother—made Christian smile.

"However that may be," said the countess, not heeding her son's look, "love, I imagine, is but a passing sorrow, such as we all have in our lives, which must be endured as long as it lasts. Is it not so, Christian?"

"I suppose so, mother."

"There can, after all, be but one cause of sorrow in love."

"But one, mother! and what may that be?" said Christian, examining, as though he now beheld them for the first time, the calm beautiful and somewhat stern features of his mother.

"Why, the fear of not being loved in return."

"That is what you call the only sorrow?"

"I cannot see any other."

"Explain yourself, mother; your definition interests me."

"Well, my dear boy, I will explain to you my ideas of love, if that amuses you; only keep quiet. First of all, you must admit, as a principle, that we only love those worthy of us."

"What do you understand by *worthy of us*?"

"I mean, my son, those born as we have been—in a high rank, brought up in superior station, thinking, acting and feeling differently from other people—you admit this?"

"I do, to a certain point," said Christian.

"If you admit this, then, it is but natural that we should expect the same conditions in those who love us. Mind, I say, love us; for I do not admit that we ourselves can be allowed to feel love until we are sure that all these conditions are fulfilled."

"Are you not rather absolute and exclusive?" said Christian.

"No; could one love any one of whom one was ashamed?"

"Do you include inequality of condition in your objections?"

"That is the very greatest obstacle of all. You think I am exclusive, or full of the prejudices of my race. But how do they preserve the race of horses for which our country is famous—those noble hounds which hunt our wolves—those birds which sing till death? It is by never mixing the races."

"My dear mother, you are talking of animals; but we are beings endowed with intelligence and soul, and these may be as great in a plebeian as in a patrician."

"I do not think it," replied the proud countess. "Listen to me, Christian. I once had a magnificent mare, full-blooded, thorough bred—the one who carried me seventy leagues in two days, without suffering from it. I have told you that story, I believe."

"Yes, dear mother."

"This mare enjoyed entire liberty ; she went here and there, over mountains and plains ; coming, however, always at my summons, docile and obedient to my hand and voice. She crossed her noble blood with some ignoble, low-bred stallion ; her colt was that wretched, little, spiritless horse Chocksko. But the result of her alliance with the war charger of King Stanislaus was a noble horse, full of fire and spirit, thorough bred as his father and mother. Well, Christian, what do you say to this ?"

"I am thinking, mother, that perhaps God did create a superior race of men as well as of animals, but may there not be some of that race who may have wandered from their sphere, and who are now seeking for some happy combination, which shall bring them back to it ?"

"Do you call love a happy combination ?"

"Certainly ; is not love a divine essence, infused into mankind alone ? Animals have appetites, but we alone have sentiment and love."

"If you call love a happy combination, you take away from it all its involuntary attraction, all love at first sight. You make love the mere result of a combination, and not the effect of chance and circumstance ; therefore, my son, you see your theory and mine agree."

"Oh, Heavens ! no, mother, I cannot take from love all that is noble and poetical—no, mother ; love is not the effect of choice ; it is the will of Heaven, and inspired by God—the most sacred feeling of our existence."

"That may be ; but it is but one feeling, and not the most important of our existence."

"Oh, mother !" said Christian, with a profound sigh.

"To you, my child, to whom life presents itself as a fertile plain full of fruits and flowers, love can be but a happy event. You

would not wantonly, I imagine, go from your path to seek misfortunes, would you?"

"No, mother; no, certainly not."

"I ask you this, my son, because I see you are unhappy; I asked you if you were in love, because you appeared unhappy; and I imagined that, young and timid, you might have given way to some of the fanciful theories of the present day. But, Christian, love to you ought to be a happiness, and not a suffering. You belong to a high family; you have no brother; you are rich, and in the service of a powerful prince. If it is a princess that you love, you can obtain her; if it is a woman of low extraction, the word *love* is applied to both passions. Take her as long as she has the art of pleasing you, and when she no longer fills your heart, send her to her home with a pension worthy of the name you bear. Why need love make you unhappy for an instant?"

Christian turned so pale and sighed so deeply, that his mother grew alarmed, and leaning over him said—

"What is it, my child?"

"Nothing, mother; nothing; only you forget you are not in Poland, where a lord has a right over his vassal."

"Oh," said the countess, "I would give ten years of my life to see you walking out of this room."

"And I twenty to be in the street," murmured Christian, almost inaudibly.

The countess looked at her son, but he turned away, and she understood that he had a secret which he would not reveal.

Christian understood that to confide this secret to his mother, with her proud, cold-hearted prejudices, was useless. His love for Ingénue was too sacred to him to be scoffed at.

Poor Christian! what anguish did he not endure!—alone, extended on a bed of suffering, without any means of communicating with Ingénue, or even telling her the cause of his apparent neglect. He had a firm reliance on Ingénue's truth, and also on the monotony of her life.

He trusted that Retif had related the accident which had befallen him. He knew that he was both susceptible and imaginative, and

trusted that his misfortune would have made a profound impression on him, and have induced him to forgive his clandestine love of his daughter.

He was young; full of hope, and love, and confidence; but impatient at a long separation from the sweet, tender young girl who filled his heart; and that it was which made him restless, feverish, and unhappy.

CHAPTER XL.

INGÉNUÉ GOES OUT ALONE, AND MEETS A MAN AND A WOMAN.

THE accident which had happened to Christian, had materially improved the condition of Ingénue. Retif was well aware that even if Christian's wound should not prove fatal, it would at least confine him to his bed for many weeks. He therefore relaxed his jealous watch over Ingénue, and left her, as usual, to go where she pleased and to do as she liked.

Retif, thus freed from Christian, and reconciled to his enemy, Auger; saw nothing that threatened either his daughter or himself. She gladly resumed her former mode of life, and went and came whenever she pleased, morning and evening, in rain and sunshine. She was a perpetual delight to the passers, as she went, at all hours, with the unconscious courage of innocence, through the streets.

It must be confessed that her frequent expeditions had a double object; the one, open and apparent, of buying the provisions of the household—the other, secret and scarcely confessed even to herself, to discover Christian.

Alas! we know too well that her hopes of meeting him stood no chance of being speedily realized; but she, who knew nothing and had only the unswerving hope of trusting, young innocence, did not despair. Every morning, reinspired by her reflections of the night, she issued forth, saying to herself, "it must be to-day!" and

every evening she returned, solitary and sad, yet hoping and trusting still.

Then, recalling what she had heard, of a page of the Count d'Artois having been wounded, she said to herself, "Alas! it must have been Christian! Yes! He is now lying wounded, dying—perhaps—dead! It was of him that M. Santerre spoke—this is the reason he has not returned." And then she wept for the death of Christian, even more bitterly than she had wept his infidelity. At length, Retif, deeply absorbed as he was in a new romance, noticed these signs of grief, and set himself to speculating upon the cause.

It happened that, on the same day of Christian's accident, a squire of the Count de Provence had been wounded on the Place de Grève; and a newspaper, containing an account of the affair, having fallen into Retif's hands, he hastened with it to his daughter, to convince her that Christian had not been wounded, but that it was a squire of the Count de Provence.

This was a heavy blow to poor Ingénue; and she tried to convince herself that Christian loved her no more, and endeavored with all her might to turn her love for him to hatred. In her simplicity, she determined to drive Christian from her thoughts, and even had the temerity to attempt regarding with favor two or three young men who were lavish of their attentions to her.

But she succeeded very indifferently with this. Not one of them but compared so unfavorably with Christian, whose beautiful eyes seemed looking into her's reproachfully, and whose elegant and distinguished form was ever before her.

She therefore was forced to confess to herself that, although she hated Christian more and more, at the bottom of her heart she still adored him.

Just as Ingénue had arrived at this conclusion, it chanced that Retif was invited to dine with a number of authors and publishers; and, knowing that the tone of conversation would be very likely to be badly suited to a young girl of seventeen, he was delighted when Ingénue begged him to allow her to remain at home, as she did not wish to attend the dinner.

At three o'clock—at that epoch considered a very late hour for dinner—Retif de la Bretonne went to keep his appointment, leaving Ingénue at home, entirely alone.

This was exactly what she desired.

Tempted by the absence of her father, she had determined to avail herself of this opportunity to go to the hotel of the Count d'Artois, and inquire what had become of the faithless page.

Waiting until four o'clock—which, at the latter end of November, in Paris, is almost dark—Ingénue threw a mantle over her shoulders, and hurried out, taking her way along the quays, towards the *Ecuries* of the prince, which her friend Mademoiselle Revillon had one day pointed out to her, as they passed them in a carriage.

A fine and almost imperceptible rain was falling, and the pavement was already wet and slippery. Ingénue picked her way carefully, and, raising her brown dress with her left hand, revealed to the walls of the houses, close to which she modestly passed, a foot and ankle of exquisite delicacy, and a leg of divine proportions.

Suddenly, as she reached the upper end of the Rue des Hironnelles, she was startled at the appearance of a man's head raised above the grating of a basement, from the bars of which he sustained himself by the arms, while his head was thrown back, like that of a turtle in his tub, who comes every now and then to the surface, for his mouthful of air.

Had the young girl had the curiosity to look down this grating, she would have seen a common pine table, illuminated by a tallow candle, and furnished with a great leaden inkstand, into which the pen, still panting with its furious journeys across the paper, had evidently just been stuck, while on a large wooden chair, by the side of the table, lay a pile of large and portentous looking volumes, evidently works of medicine and science.

But Ingénue passed so rapidly, that she saw neither the cellar nor the man who had half issued from it.

The man, however, saw her well. Her little foot and ankle were within an inch of his fingers, which clutched the bars of the grating, and her dress brushed his hair and face, as she passed.

She might even have felt his hot breath through her silk stockings, which, although a little old, still perfectly fitted her exquisite limbs. But, preoccupied with her own sorrow, and half frightened at the boldness of her present enterprise, she neither saw nor felt anything but the slippery pavement, and hurried on with a beating heart.

Not so, however, the man who had seen her and breathed upon her as she passed. Dropping himself into his cave, he hastily put on a dirty dressing-gown, over his soiled and rumped shirt; and, without waiting to find his hat, he mounted the narrow stair-case that led into an alley on the other side of the house, three steps at a time, and in a moment had gained the street.

Ingénue had gone but a few paces from the grating, when this man threw himself in the way. The poor girl, unacquainted with the intricate and narrow streets of this quarter, which led to the river, had well-nigh lost herself, and was anxiously looking to discover her way.

At this moment she encountered the inhabitant of the basement; but, frightened at the gleam of passion that burned in his eye, she turned and hastened on, not knowing whither she was going.

The stranger hurried after her; and, as she heard the sound of his footsteps, her fears redoubled, and she fairly flew over the ground, as the man addressed some unintelligible words to her, in a low voice.

She now found herself on the quay, but in a place entirely unknown to her; and, bewildered and dismayed, she went on helplessly, and without the least knowledge of where she was going—continually turning and returning upon her steps, until she at last found herself upon the spot where her pursuer had first encountered her. He had followed her in all her turnings, and now stood before her. With a last effort she sprang from him, and flew along the street, almost feeling the hand of her pursuer, outstretched to seize her.

At this moment she passed a carriage, standing in front of one of those miscellaneous family groceries, with which Paris abounds, and, turning suddenly round the vehicle, in the instinctive desire

of avoiding her pursuer, she came upon a human form, enveloped in a large cloak, and carelessly reclining in the shadow of the carriage.

The young girl uttered a cry, as she saw herself thus apparently caught, and her retreat entirely cut off.

“What is the matter, my child?” said the cloaked figure, in the soft yet firm voice of a woman, whose majestic head appeared from the hood of the mantle, and who now came towards Ingénue.

“Oh, thank heaven! You are a woman!” exclaimed Ingénue.

“Yes, child,” said the unknown, throwing back the hood entirely from her face, and discovering a fresh and youthful countenance, full of sweetness and beauty. “Do you need protection?”

But Ingénue, unable to speak, could only point to the man who had pursued her, and who now, seeing the two women together, had planted himself in the middle of the street, and with arms akimbo, stood grinning at them with a most diabolical expression of countenance.

“I understand,” said the young woman, drawing the arm of Ingénue within her own; “this person has frightened you, has he not?”

Ingénue made a sign of assent, while she still gazed in terror at her pursuer.

“I do not wonder,” said her protector, “he is so terribly ugly!” and she went up to the man, to examine him more closely. “He is certainly hideous!” she continued, meeting steadily the fierce glance of the man, which seemed not in the least to alarm her.

“Yes,” repeated she, as a subdued growl of rage escaped the lips of the inhabitant of the cave; “hideous, indeed!” and she made another step towards him.

“My extremely ugly friend,” said she, “who are you? Are you a robber? If so, I have a pistol at your service;” and she drew a pistol from her pocket, and presented it at the stranger.

“No, mademoiselle,” said he, slightly recoiling from the muzzle of the pistol; “I am merely an admirer of beautiful women like yourself.”

"You ought to be a little better looking yourself, for such an occupation!" said the young woman.

"Good looking or not," replied the stranger, "I am, perhaps, not destitute of the power of pleasing."

"Oh, I dare say not. But as you don't happen to please either of us, perhaps you would have the goodness to continue on your way.

"Not till I have had a kiss from one or the other of you," said the man; "if it were only to prove to you that I am not afraid of your pistol, my pretty heroine!"

Ingénue uttered a cry, as the man advanced towards them; but her protector, quietly putting her pistol in her pocket, awaited the approach of the man, whose bestial countenance gleamed with the disgusting sensations that inspired him. Retreating a step, she aimed so well-directed and so heavy a blow at the temples of the assailant, that he fairly staggered under it, and fell across the steps of the carriage. Then, raising himself, he seemed to discuss the question of renewing the contest. But finally he turned to depart, muttering, as he went off—

"Well! it is very certain that I have no luck with the women. It is as bad in the darkness as in daylight!" Then, regaining with long strides his subterranean abode, he dropped down the staircase, and throwing himself on the chair, half filled with books, while the glare of the now half-burnt candle lit up his revolting countenance, he exclaimed—

"Since God has not made me handsome, I will at least make myself terrible!"

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WOMAN WHO BOXED MARAT'S EARS.

INGÉNUÉ and her unknown protector remained alone, after the disappearance of Marat—for we take it for granted that the reader has already recognised our troglodyte—our dweller in a cave—our man of the pine table and tallow candle. The stranger, tenderly supporting the trembling and almost fainting Ingénue in her arms, led her into the little shop in front of which these events had taken place. As the mistress of the shop, who was at supper in the back room, with the driver of the carriage at the door, came into the front shop, with a light, Ingénue had an opportunity of examining at her leisure, the calm, beautiful and commanding features of her protector!

“It was fortunate,” she said to Ingénue, “that I happened to be waiting for the carriage which was to take me to the country.”

“And are you, then, about to quit Paris?” inquired Ingénue.

“Yes,” replied the other; “I belong to the Provinces. I only came to Paris to attend upon an old relation, who died yesterday. I return immediately to my home in Normandy, without having seen more of Paris than I could view from the windows of this house, which are now closed, like the eyes of those who sleep behind them.”

“Is it possible!” exclaimed Ingénue, in surprise.

“Yes,” replied the stranger, in a tone of almost maternal affection—although there could not be more than three or four years difference in their ages. “And you, my child?”

“I am a Parisian, madam,” said Ingénue; “I have never quitted it since I was-born.”

“Where were you going?” inquired the elder of the two young women, in that tone of command which was evidently habitual with her, and which she could not wholly conceal.

"Oh," replied Ingénue, stammering, "I was only going home!"

"Do you live far from here?"

"In the Rue des Bernardins."

"That tells me nothing—I do not know where is the Rue des Bernardins."

"Alas! nor I either!" replied Ingénue; "I had lost my way. Where, then, am I?"

"I actually have not the remotest idea. But I can ask my landlady here."

"If you would be so kind!" said Ingénue.

"Madame!" exclaimed the stranger, raising her voice, "I wish to know the street and the quarter in which we are."

"Mademoiselle," replied the woman, "you are in the Rue Serpente, at the corner of the Rue Paon."

"You hear, my child. But, how pale you are!"

"Oh, I was so dreadfully frightened! But you—how courageous you are!"

"Oh, that was nothing," replied the other; "I had plenty of help within call. And yet," she added, after a moment's pause, and half speaking to herself, "I believe I *am* courageous."

"And how did you acquire this courage?"

"By meditation."

"But it seems to me that the more I should meditate, the more afraid I should be."

"No—not if you would remember that God has given strength to the good, as well as to the wicked, and the good have the advantage of always being sustained in the exercise of their strength, by the sympathy and good wishes of others."

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Ingénue; "but a man——"

"And such a fright!"

"You saw him, then?"

"Yes—a face to disgust one."

"Oh, to frighten one to death!"

"Not at all! That flattened nose, that distorted mouth, those great white round eyes, those slimy lips—all these inspired me with disgust, but not with an atom of fear!"

“ Oh, what a hero you are,” murmured Ingénue, regarding her companion with admiration.

“ Oh !” exclaimed her companion, suddenly stretching out her arms as if she were inspired ; “ I feel impelled by an irresistible instinct towards that man. Instead of frightening me, he only stimulates my hatred. I felt an indescribable pleasure in braving him to his teeth, and in seeing him lower his glance beneath my gaze. It would have given me the most supreme happiness to have killed him. A presentiment told me that he was unfit to live !”

“ He seemed to think you so beautiful. He stood for some moments contemplating you in silent admiration.”

“ That was only an insult the more.”

“ Well, I only know that, without you, I should have died with fear.”

“ Tell me all about it. How long has he been following you ?”

“ Oh, for at least a quarter of an hour, during which I am sure I had run more than two miles.”

“ But why did you not call for assistance ?”

“ Oh, I had not courage to make a noise.”

“ What a set of cowards you Parisian women are !”

“ Oh, but remember,” said Ingénue, deprecating this sweeping judgment on the women of Paris ; “ remember that all women have not your courage, and that I am only sixteen.”

“ Well, I am scarcely eighteen,” replied the other ; “ so, you see, the difference between us is not very great.”

“ That is true,” said Ingénue ; “ you ought, therefore, to have been almost as much afraid as myself.”

“ No, I thank you !” exclaimed the other. “ It is only the weakness of women that gives men courage to insult them. Turn upon them boldly, and defend yourself, and they will not only let you alone, but entertain for you the profoundest respect.”

“ Oh, mademoiselle, you say quite true ; but I——”

“ Well, well—never mind ! You are now relieved from your persecutor. Would you wish me to procure some one to attend you home ?”

"Oh, no; I could not think of it."

"But how will you explain your frightened appearance at home?"

"Oh, at home! There is only my father!"

"How happy you are to have a father! But he will be anxious at your returning so late? He knew that you had gone out?"

Ingénue, in presence of that calm, immutable face, could not tell a falsehood. She replied, therefore,

"No."

This "no," although uttered in a tone almost of supplication, made the elder of the two young women blush with anger.

"Ah!" said she, "that explains everything! Never do wrong, child, and then you will see how courageous you will become! Had it been with your father's knowledge that you had been out, you would have been far more brave."

"Oh!" cried Ingénue, sinking beneath this rebuke; "it is true! I did wrong, and I ought to suffer the punishment!" Then, seeing the other recoil, as if from some unworthy thing, she seized her hand, and exclaimed—

"Do not judge me, until you have heard all! It is now ten days that I have heard nothing from a dear friend—from one whom I love. There have been many scenes of violence passing in the streets, and I feared that he had been killed, or at least wounded."

The stranger did not reply.

"Oh!" cried Ingénue; "how can I ever be thankful enough that Providence sent you to protect me!"

The stranger let fall her steady, clear gaze upon the face of the young girl, now bathed in tears. There was in its expression something so pure, so innocent, so chaste, that the suspicions of her protector were at once dispelled; and, taking her hand, she pressed it warmly between her own, and murmured, in a gentle voice—

"My dear child! How happy I am that I was at hand to help you!"

"Ah, I thank you!" said Ingénue; "I only waited for that. Now I must leave you."

"You may at least wait until I get the landlady to show you your way home," said the stranger.

The hostess, having been called, gave the necessary directions, when the stranger exclaimed—

"Oh, is it so far? You will never reach home alone!"

"Oh, yes I shall," replied Ingénue; "I will run all the way." Then, suddenly pausing in front of her unknown friend, she said—

"Will you permit me, mademoiselle, to embrace you?"

"Aha!" said the other, smiling; "then you wish to follow up the designs of that horrible man! Well, come, then!" and the two young women embraced, while their innocent hearts beat against each other.

"And now," said Ingénue, "I have but one more favor to ask."

"What is that?"

"My name," replied the young girl, "is Ingénue. Let me know yours, that I may remember it in my prayers. I am the daughter of Retif de la Bretonne."

"What! of Retif, the author?"

"Yes."

"I have been told that he has great talent."

"Have you not read his works?"

"Not any of them. I never read novels."

"And may I ask your name?"

"Mine?"

"Yes, mademoiselle—that I may try to imitate your courage and your virtues."

"They call me Charlotte Corday," replied the stranger. "Come, embrace me once more! You see the carriage is ready—I must go!"

"Charlotte Corday!" repeated Ingénue; "do not believe that I shall ever forget that name!"

CHAPTER XLII.

THE LOVE OF VIRTUE AND THE VIRTUE OF LOVE.

INGENUE, notwithstanding that she waited to see her new friend fairly on her way before she would quit the place, still got home some time before her father. When, at length, he came, he was not to say drunk, but exceedingly gay and lively.

Wine and flattery had done their best towards intoxicating the vain author; the guests had vied with each other in praising his words, especially his last; Reveillon, his patron, too, had condescended to talk to him as a friend; and Reveillon, since writing the pamphlet of which Retif was the author, had become quite a literary character. Retif's publisher, encouraged by the success he saw he was producing, ordered another work of him, for which he generously proposed to pay in advance.

All this had greatly excited Retif; though it was not the fashion, as in the 17th century, for literary men to get intoxicated, it was allowable for them to enjoy good wine when they got it; and the eighteenth century is particularly distinguished for the attention it gave to the pleasures of the table, as resulting from the culinary art.

Auger, too, had been the subject of conversation at this supper, and Reveillon had been loud in his praise, so that Retif returned home at about ten o'clock, in the very best of temper.

Ingénue was waiting for him. No sooner did she hear his voice and his step on the stairs, than, feeling she had been guilty of disobedience, she rushed forward to meet him; and, opening the door, received him with a most affectionate welcome.

"Well, my poor child," said Retif, after he had embraced her, "I suppose you have been bored to death during my absence. Ah, my pretty one, if you had only been a boy, instead of a girl, I could have taken you every where."

"Are you sorry, then, to have a daughter, dear papa?"

"No, my child—a young, lovely, and sweet girl, like you, my Ingénue, is the joy of the house; but, still, how convenient it would have been if you had been a boy!"

"Convenient! in what way?"

"Why, we should never have had to spend any money for dinner; for you know I can always dine out, if I please. That would have been a great economy—and then you would not have had to soil these pretty hands with ignoble cooking and washing."

"But then, you see, father, if I had been a boy, it would not have mattered in the least about my having a pretty hand."

"Then you could have learned to set up type; only think, you could have earned five francs a day; that is, ten francs between us—three thousand six hundred francs a year, without reckoning what I get paid for my manuscripts, which might perhaps bring it to seven or eight thousand."

"Seven or eight thousand!" said Ingénue, to whom the sum appeared fabulous.

"Why, Mercier makes more than that, and I am getting to be quite the fashion. Then, you know, with this we should be perfectly happy."

"We are almost perfectly happy," said Ingénue.

"Almost perfectly!" replied Retif; "What originality of expression, my child! You have a great deal of my genius. *Almost perfectly* happy! Why, child, that is the state of nearly everybody in the world. The statesman desires more power, and is almost perfectly happy; the prince is almost perfectly happy, only he wants to be a king; the lover, in full enjoyment of his love, is almost perfectly happy, yet he wants something more."

Ingénue looked up in astonishment, and said, "What more could a lover want than love?"

Retif did not enlighten her, but pursuing the tenor of his thought, he proceeded in his usual desultory manner.

"All we want, to be perfectly happy, my child, is money. Now, if you were a boy, we should have money, and all would be right; we should then be perfectly, not *almost* perfectly happy."

"Who knows," replied Ingénue, "that we might not then want something else?"

"True, again, my blue-eyed philosopher; if you were a boy, you would be in love, and probably ambitious."

"Oh, no, never, I am sure."

"In love, then; well that does not last so long, and is less dangerous. By the bye, talking of love, we did nothing else but talk of love this evening."

"This evening! Why, with whom could you talk of love this evening?"

"With M. Reveillon."

"With M. Reveillon, father! Why, what does he know about love?"

"Oh, he perhaps does not know a great deal about love, but he is very fond of listening to stories about it, and pretending that they interest him. Well, he too talked about love, for he told me a great deal about Auger."

"What Auger?"

"Do you know more than one Auger?"

"Oh, our Auger, you mean."

"Our Auger! See, Ingénue, how noble a thing it is to forgive. Here you are, calling Auger *our* Auger—a man you used to detest. Reveillon is delighted with *our* Auger."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed, he is so full of intelligence, so full of cleverness, so industrious, so respectful. Reveillon had already advanced him; he says he is fit only for a superior position, and not at all fit for a workman. You know he is very good looking."

"Well, nor ill-looking, nor good-looking; nothing particular, I think," said Ingénue.

"You are difficult to please, my young lady. Why, the fellow has fine eyes, fine teeth, good complexion, is well made, has a fine leg, what more would you have? Reveillon and his daughters quite admire him."

"I am glad of it. He does honor to our recommendation."

"He does. He will get on; you will see that, child."

"I dare say he will," said Ingénue, with the most complete indifference."

"Oh, that is easy to see; he knows the way; only think. You know how fond the girls at Reveillon's are of flowers and of their garden in general. Well, you know that owing to the preparations for the wedding of the eldest daughter, they have had no time to attend to the garden."

"They are making great preparations for the wedding, I know."

"Well, Auger, seeing this, says nothing; but every morning gets up with the larks, and sets to work in the garden, digging and delving, and pruning and watering, so that the garden never was in such a flourishing state as it is now."

"Really!"

"Reveillon was enchanted. At first they could not imagine who took all this trouble; but, at last, they watched, and they found out, though Auger did all he could to hide himself, and pretended not to know any thing about it."

"How funny!"

"Yes, very funny; but Reveillon found him out, and going up to him unawares, says to him, 'Hallo, sir! so you are doing other people's work by stealth! how much do you mean to charge my daughters?'"

"Nothing, M. Reveillon. Am I not overpaid for all I do? Do I not owe you, besides, a debt of gratitude. I can never do enough for your daughters."

"Why not; you earn your wages, I'm sure."

"But are not your daughters the friends of Mademoiselle Ingénue?"

"Her best friends."

"Well, then, sir, do not be offended, M. Reveillon; but I am working here for Mlle. Ingénue, trying to please her, through her friends. Ah, sir, if I could only find some great sacrifice to make, some great service to accomplish, I would do it cheerfully, even at the risk of my life, to testify my gratitude to that dear and venerated girl."

"Did Auger actually say this?" said Ingénue, growing serious and looking down."

"He did, my child. M. Reveillon, who has been watching him ever since, has discovered that Auger writes a beautiful hand and keeps accounts like a mathematician; so he has given him the place of his book-keeper. Twelve hundred francs a-year and his lodging—a pretty good place."

"Very good, indeed."

"Not as good as the one he left with the prince, as Reveillon said to him—'Auger, the house and the table are neither of them as grand or as good as those of the prince, but such as they are, you are welcome to them.' This was saying a great deal for Reveillon, who, you know, is as proud as Lucifer. Auger, taking Reveillon's hand, exclaimed, in a voice full of emotion—'Ah, sir, better is the dry crust of the honest man than the golden pheasant of crime.'"

"Hum!" said Ingénue, "I cannot say that I admire the pheasant of crime."

"Perhaps it is a little far-fetched. Reveillon, however, thought it sublime; and though not strictly in good taste, I assure you, Ingénue, the phrase is calculated to be popular, and, on the stage, would produce immense effect. The dry crust of the honest man is far better than the golden pheasant of crime," repeated Retif, in an emphatic tone.

During this speech, Retif, assisted by Ingénue, had been exchanging his coat for a dressing-gown, of somewhat original pattern, but of a most convenient and comfortable form. Retif, feeling himself at his ease, continued his declamation—

"Strange vicissitude of human life—strange caprice of fate! Behold here him who was our bitterest enemy, our persecutor, a man on the high road to the scaffold——"

"That is going a great way, father. I don't think Auger, with all his faults, was worthy of the scaffold."

"Perhaps it is, Ingénue; but then you know, child, I am a poet; and a poet, you know, is allowed some exaggerations—'*Pictoribus at que poetis,*' says Horace. Still, this man, whom you,

perhaps, as a gentle, forgiving girl, would not have sent to the scaffold, but who I, as your father, in my offended dignity as man and father, most certainly would—this man, I say, is now returned to the path of virtue and morality—oh, Providence! oh, religion! how inscrutable are thy ways!”

Ingénue looked anxiously at her father, and began to wish he would go to bed; but Retif was still under the influence of the excitement and the wine.

“Oh, sublime religion, which says—‘There is more joy over him that repenteth than over twenty just men.’ Therefore, you see, Ingénue, Auger is even a much better man than any of us, and to think that you are the cause of all this!”

“I, father?”

“Of course you are; for is not love the cause? Had it not been for love, Auger would never have been converted. Love, Ingénue, is the most sublime of all reformers, and inspires none but noble thoughts,

“Father,” said Ingénue, reddening, “you are jesting.”

“Jesting, my child; I am telling a most serious truth. It’s all very well for that old pottering curate, and for my most opaque friend Reveillon, to attribute Auger’s conversion to conscience, religion and virtue. I know, however, that neither conscience, religion nor virtue had anything to do with it. Auger was converted, not by the love of virtue, but by the virtue of love.”

With these words, Retif, satisfied that he had found a most effective exit-speech, wrapt himself in his old dressing-gown, and withdrew to his room, where he soon fell into a comfortable slumber.

As for Ingénue, she, too, sought her pillow, but it must be confessed that, before she slept, the thought of Auger’s devotion mingled for one instant with the remembrance of Christian’s unaccountable indifference.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AUGER IN LOVE.

ALL that Retif had told his daughter with regard to Auger was strictly true.

He was, zealous, interesting, and perfectly competent in all he undertook. Besides both ability and good will, he had great judgment, and was, therefore, able to get through a great deal of work, because he was entirely devoid of routine, or the traditional delays of clerks and scribes.

Reveillon, accustomed to the hum-drum manner of proceeding of his two old clerks, was perfectly bewildered at the ravenous manner in which his new clerk devoured all the work of the office; and the clerks, sharing in Reveillon's astonishment, though not in his satisfaction, lost their tempers and their presence of mind, and began to make blunder after blunder.

One day a customer, one of the old honest customers of the house, brought back a sixty franc note he had received over and above the change due to him. The puzzled old cashier, confounded by the rapid doings around him, had made this mistake, very little to the satisfaction of his patron.

"I shall have to send this man away," exclaimed Reveillon, "spite of my compassion for him and for his wife and family."

Auger, the wily Auger, watched well all his opportunities. Hated by the clerks, esteemed by the master, adored by the daughters, doing the work of six ordinary men, he was humble, reserved and perfectly unconscious of his own merit. When he thought the impression he had made sufficiently matured, he contrived one day to waylay his patron, and thus to accost him—

"Ah, M. Reveillon, I hope you are not going to reproach me."

"Reproach you, my good fellow! for what?"

"Why, for my inattention."

"Inattention! why, do you not do the work of ten people?"

"I do not do half as much as I could, my dear sir ; and for that I shall be obliged to leave you."

"Leave me!"

"Yes ; I am too absent ; my mind is too pre-occupied."

"Are you unhappy, then?"

"I am."

"Is it money you want?"

"No ; thanks to you, I have plenty of money."

"Is it remorse which troubles you?"

"No, sir ; thanks to my utter change of life, my conscience is at rest."

"What, then, is it?"

"I know not how to confide this secret to you ; it scarcely appears worthy of your attention."

"All that concerns you is worthy of my attention."

"Well, then, sir, my absence of mind, my inattention, my sorrow, is caused by love."

"By love, Auger ! aha ! so you are in love ! Bless my soul !" continued Reveillon. "Stop a minute ; dear me ! to think I never guessed it before—you are in love, and with Ingénue !"

"You have guessed it—with Ingénue it is, sir."

"The devil !"

"I see you are shocked. I see you understand the insuperable barriers between us."

"No ; I can't say I do."

"The horror I inspire her ?"

"I can't say I do."

"Ah ! you are trying to inspire me with hope."

"Well, I see no cause of despair."

"Oh, sir !"

"I think I can bring this about. You are an honest man—a man full of talent, with a good situation and a moderate salary, it is true ; but one that I can increase."

"Oh, sir, don't increase anything ; but try and persuade Ingénue to look favorably on my suit. Only let her allow me to pass my

life in ministering to her happiness ; only let her allow me to love her ; let her try to forget the past ; let her see if she can be induced to become my wife, and I will bless her ; and you, M. Reveillon, will have found a slave devoted, to the last drop of his blood, to you and to your interests."

Auger was so warm, so eloquent, and so enthusiastic, that Reveillon promised to do all in his power, and really felt himself invested with the dignity of a minister plenipotentiary.

"So," said he, pompously, "the height of your ambition is to marry, Mlle. Ingénue?"

"The object of my life would be attained."

"One would think Ingénue were a princess of the blood royal, to hear you talk," said Reveillon, somewhat shocked at the importance attached to Mlle. Retif de la Bretonne ; "what is she, after all?"

"What is she? The most lovely, the most beautiful, the most distinguished, the most angelic!"

"Hum! that is enough. Now add, the most dowerless, and you will have said all."

"She is worth millions."

"Well, you, I am sure, can earn them, my dear Auger."

"I feel as if, inspired by such a love, I could ; and inspired, too, by my interest for you."

"Well, this being the case, let me advise you how to act."

"Ah, that is just what I want."

"In the first place, Auger, we must remember that the father appears perfectly well-disposed towards you. You must pay court to him."

"Most willingly."

"Retif likes to be flattered."

"Would he, do you think, accept a present from me?"

"If delicately offered ; then he would accept an invitation to dinner, I know."

"He shall have it."

"After dinner, you know, you could open your heart to him."

"I should never dare venture."

"Nonsense! Meantime, I would take care that Ingénue was favorably disposed towards you, by my daughters."

"Oh, sir!" said Auger, joining his hands as though overcome by his obligations.

"You deserve everything I may be able to do for you. You are a faithful servant, and you shall be happy."

Reveillon kept his word. His daughters began a strong attack upon Ingénue, Reveillon on Retif, which attack was ably seconded by Auger himself.

The result of all these united efforts was, that Retif accepted a watch, and an invitation to dinner, and that Ingénue, assailed by the Reveillon girls, was talked into being one of the party.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CHRISTIAN'S CONVALESCENCE.

WHILST this conspiracy was going on against his happiness, Christian was slowly recovering from the effects of his wounds.

His mother never left him, by night or by day. The Countess Olinska's maternal love, like every other sentiment, was an imperative one, and not to be thwarted. Vainly had her son striven to send her from his bed-side, even for an hour; she had always refused to go, and by dint of care, had at length succeeded in re-establishing her son's bodily health.

She did not perceive, poor woman, that her son's mind was in a state of suffering and excitement, which made the hours appear like centuries. In vain did Christian declare that the forty days prescribed by Marat had expired, and that he was well, that he could walk; his mother was there, irrevocably insisting on the very last hour of the last twenty-four insisted on by the surgeon.

At length, however, this hour arrived, and Christian was at last

allowed to take that first step, which, ten days later, was to lead him towards Ingénue. Gently and timidly leaning on his mother's arm, he put his foot on the floor; but presently, feeling that no pain followed this effort, he trod more boldly. The cure was complete—the injured limb was as solid as the other.

In another few days, he went down into the court-yard, and gladly, leaning on his mother's arm, did he inhale the air and the sun-light of which he had been so long deprived.

Christian, it was evident to all, as well as to himself, was completely restored to health. How his heart panted to be at liberty, and to rush to Ingénue, it is impossible to say. Twice had he written to her whilst his mother slept; but when these notes were written, he knew not to whom to confide them, by whom to send them; for neither Marat nor his housekeeper inspired him with any confidence.

Soon Christian was allowed to go out; only in a carriage, and with his mother by his side. Still, it was a step towards liberty. The carriage of course drove through the finest thoroughfares much to Christian's annoyance, but it was out of the question for him to say to his mother's aristocratic coachman, drive through the Rue des Bernardins.

At length the day arrived when they were to leave Marat's apartment.

On that day Marat, resolved to recall to the countess the remembrance of by-gone days, had taken great pains in embellishing his person, disfigured and changed beyond all recollection. The countess looked at him without remembering that she ever had seen him before, and tendered him her warmest thanks, without any allusion to the past.

Marat, therefore, leaned towards Christian, and as he gazed at the young man, tried to trace in him some resemblance to the preceptor of the countess Cecile.

"You are admiring the result of your skill, I see," said the countess.

"Yes, madam," replied Marat, "I am admiring my own work."

"You are right, sir; your patient does you much credit."

“ Ah, madam, for that young man I could have performed a greater miracle, if necessary.”

Christian bowed to the doctor somewhat haughtily, for it seemed to him that the surgeon's looks and words were somewhat familiar.

The countess pretended to see nothing extraordinary in either her son's or Marat's manner; turning to the latter she said—

“ Now that we have expressed our gratitude, allow us to pay our debts.”

Marat colored deeply.

“ In money?” said he; “ do you desire to humble me?”

“ Not by any means. I cannot see in what way I humble you when I pay you what is justly your due.”

“ Madam,” said he, “ do you know who I am?”

“ Monsieur Marat.”

“ Ay, madam, Marat is my name. I am glad to see you remember it; I thought I should have to recall it to you.”

“ Will you tell me, sir,” said the countess, “ whether the knowledge of your name imposes any obligations upon me?”

Marat was astounded; the countess stood before him, calm, dignified and erect, without one symptom of emotion.

“ Sir,” said she, “ accept my best thanks for your care and for your hospitality. Believe me, sir, if you yourself had not said that it endangered my son's life to move him, we should not have remained one hour longer under your roof.”

These words were uttered with such chilling politeness that Marat felt that they bordered on insult; yet there was such an exquisite, high-bred tone about her whole manner, that it was impossible to resent it, or for him, the plebeian, to reply to it as he wished.

He glared at the countess, and watched her as she placed a purse full of gold on the table, his heart swelling with rage and agony, yet totally at a loss how to manifest it.

“ Come, Christian,” said the countess, curtesying to Marat and passing before him.

Christian advanced towards Marat, but the countess perceiving Marat's intention of embracing the young man, seized her son by

the arm, and, at the risk of making him fall, pulled him towards the door.

Marat was transfixed with rage; he slammed the door after them, then going up to the table, where the countess had deposited the purse, he seized hold of it and scattered the contents all about the floor.

“Aha! this is the way I am to be served, is it? Woman, beware! woman, whose heart is as cold as your own wilds, beware! I will be avenged on you and on your boy, aristocrats that you are—aristocrats that shall fare no better than the rest!”

With this, Marat shut himself up in his room, whilst Albertine diligently set to work to pick up the scattered gold, returning ninety pieces to Marat, and putting ten in her own pocket.

CHAPTER XLV.

WHAT WAS GOING ON ALL THIS TIME IN THE RUE DES BERNARDINS.

THE inexplicable silence, so prolonged, so unaccountable, which Christian continued to observe, was producing the very worst effect in the Rue des Bernardins.

The first time Reveillon met Retif, he took him aside and spoke to him about this alliance.

Retif had but one objection to make—that was the insufficient income of the intended. Reveillon, however, settled that point, by offering to give the bridegroom two thousand francs per annum from the day of his marriage, upon which Auger declared that he would reside with his father-in-law, and that the income should be enjoyed by all, as one family.

Ingénue heard all this talked of and discussed, in a sort of bewildered stupor; every one talked of her marriage as of a settled thing; no one ever consulted her, or appeared to expect that she should give an opinion; so that all she could do was to remain

silent and abstracted, allowing herself to float down the current of life without opposition or comment, trusting to chance or some unforeseen circumstance to come to her aid.

Her father, when they had formerly spoken of Christian, had allowed her one month to decide on the estimation in which she was to hold Christian's love. The month had elapsed, and Christian had not come nor had he sent a single token of remembrance to show that he had not forgotten her.

Still she hoped, but in her secret heart she began to doubt, though, as the doubt dawned in her heart, she strove to banish it as a crime—still, come it would, and each day with more consistency. When her marriage with Auger was first discussed, Christian had been three weeks away—it was told her as a settled thing, not as a matter to be discussed, and so she did not discuss it, but merely asked for time.

Now Ingénue was a girl of spirit, who loved Christian with the ardor of a first love ; but she was a girl deeply to resent having been duped or deceived, and capable of avenging herself. If Christian had been dead, she would have been faithful to his memory ; absent, and sure of his fidelity and love, she would have resisted to the last all attempts to separate them ; but if Christian had but trifled with her, if Christian had forgotten her, was it not unworthy of her, base, to pine and die for him ?

Ingénue hesitated—at last she asked for time, for one month ; and Reveillon, who had expected sighs, tears and resistance, granted, joyfully, this short delay. But Retif, who knew precisely how matters stood with regard to Christian, made a very wry face when he heard this promise given, and strove to grant but a fortnight instead of a month.

The month, however, passed without any signs of Christian. During this month, everything was arranged, the bans were published, and even the wedding presents bought, as though Ingénue had been sure to give her consent. Auger, during this time of probation, made such progress in the good opinion of Reveillon, that had Auger asked for ten thousand francs, he would have obtained them.

On the morning of the thirtieth day, on her return from early mass, where she had been to pray for Christian's return, Ingénue found her room filled with flowers, and her bed and the table in her room covered with wedding presents and bridal paraphernalia. At this sight, Ingénue burst into tears—all was over; she had no longer any excuse for refusing Auger; Christian was lost to her forever.

Auger was soon by her side, so radiantly yet so timidly happy, so humbly grateful that she could not feel angry with him; all the Reveillons were so interested in him, and poor old Retif himself appeared so happy, that Ingénue knew not what to do or say. At length, to leave one more chance to Christian, she asked for another delay.

A fortnight—how Retif writhed as this too was granted. Christian must be very nearly in a state of convalescence, and Retif felt that each hour of this delay would be an hour of torture to him; however, there was no help for it. If Ingénue could only be fast married, he cared not if Christian should return the very next day; he knew too well the purity of Ingénue's heart, and her high principle, to dread anything from his presence, if once she were a wife.

Ingénue resolved, after this fortnight, to make up her mind to become Auger's wife. A feeling of resentment was beginning to arise in her mind against her absent lover, and she had at the bottom of her heart a secret satisfaction in reflecting that if ever he did come back, he would find that the girl he had rejected, that the girl who was neither to be bought nor seduced, had found an honorable establishment and was a married woman.

Then, too, somewhere in her head or her heart, almost hidden from Ingénue herself, was another motive—a less noble one, perhaps, but a natural one; for, after all, Ingénue was a very woman, even to her weaknesses; and somewhere, there was a secret feeling of satisfaction in the idea that, at seventeen, she, the dowerless daughter of a poor author, would be married and settled before the demoiselles Reveillon, who were fast verging towards their majority, and who were known to possess a good, round dowry, and be heirs to their father's immense wealth.

Had Christian returned, all these motives would not have weighed an instant in the balance ; but, as it was, if they were not an inducement, they were, at least, slight elements of consolation.

The curé Bonhomme, who was to marry the young couple, joined his entreaties to those of all around ; and Retif had every hope that Christian, in fact, would not come, or, if he came, would come too late. Since the discussion with Santerre, about the wounded page, the father and daughter had never once mentioned Christian's name. Several times Ingénue had meditated another expedition to the Ecuries d'Artois, but the remembrance of Marat's attempt, and the recollection of Charlotte Corday's remonstrances, had always restrained her.

The marriage being now definitively decided on, an apartment had been taken for the young couple in the house occupied by Reveillon, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. It consisted of five rooms, two on one side of the landing destined to Retif, and the other three designed for the habitation of the young people.

Reveillon had his choicest papers placed on all the walls ; his whole family contributed to the furniture ; so that, by the end of this last fortnight's delay, everything was in order, and displayed no little neatness and elegance.

At length the day arrived. At an early hour the curé had his church prepared, and one of its altars decorated with flowers.

Ingénue had slept little, and had cried a great deal ; still, when the morning dawned, like a criminal condemned to the scaffold, she hoped that some unforeseen circumstance—some great catastrophe—would yet occur to avert her fate, and snatch her from Auger at the very foot of the altar.

Her father entered her room, yet still she hoped.

Auger, too, appeared, but even then she hoped.

The daughters of Reveillon came to dress her, and yet she hoped. Her eyes incessantly turned towards the door ; she allowed herself to be decked in her bridal dress ; she did not utter a word, but two big tears coursed each other down her cheek ; every moment she expected to see the door open and Christian rush in ; but the door did not open ; and at last, pale, lovely, pure as an angel of inno-

cence, Ingénue issued from her father's house, and followed her husband to the church.

Perhaps, as she passed the threshold, had any one offered her death rather than this marriage, she would have preferred death; for, though she hated not her intended husband, she loved Christian more than life.

All the way to the church she looked for her lover; at the very altar she expected to find him; but there he was not. M. Christian had forgotten her, and, at length, in despair—overwhelmed with sorrow—Ingénue, in the face of God and man, pronounced the solemn words which made her the wife of Auger.

Retif breathed freely; Reveillon was pompously delighted; the curé felt a benign conviction that he had ensured the happiness of two worthy people, whilst Auger's intense felicity appeared too great for words. The whole party repaired to the apartment of the young couple, where a splendid repast was prepared in the dining-room, papered with one of Reveillon's newest papers, representing the twelve labors of Hercules, most gracefully intertwined with fruits and flowers.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHAT TOOK PLACE ON THE EVENING OF THIS DAY.

NO SOONER had Christian reached home, than he sought a pretext for going out alone. It was easily found, for it most certainly was his duty to go and pay a visit to the Count d'Artois.

The count had shown great partiality for his page, and, during his illness, had several times sent to inquire after him.

To see the prince, therefore, Christian went; even his mother could not object to this. Afterwards, he resolved to use every effort to see the object of his love—the fair young girl whose image, during all these days of suffering, had never once been banished from his heart.

The prince received him most graciously ; he was in high spirits, and promised himself to thank Marat for his care of Christian, and to compliment him on the admirable cure he had effected.

When Christian left the royal residence, he sent back his mother's carriage, saying that he was going to pass the evening with the prince ; then taking a hackney coach, he drove directly to the Quay St. Bernard.

He had calculated that it was about the hour when Retif, who usually went out every evening with his daughter, would return home with her, and he resolved to wait and see her pass, determined that if she did not come he would boldly go up, and, knocking at the door, apply openly for admittance, trusting in the recital of all he had suffered for forgiveness from both father and daughter.

His heart beat as he gazed up at the windows. All was dark. They are still from home ; for, if Ingénue were in her own room, there would be a light, for she burns one all night ; he had often watched it through the pink curtains of her window, and therefore knew it.

For more than an hour Christian walked up and down, under the window ; then he began to feel most intense fatigue in his wounded limb. Returning to his vehicle, which was still waiting for him on the quay, he got into it, and ordered it to drive to the house occupied by Ingénue, and there stop.

Enconced in his coach, Christian watched till the street became deserted ; he heard the clock strike nine, then half-past nine ; at which sound Christian darted from the coach, and resolved to question the neighbors.

The nearest neighbor was a grocer, who was closing his shop, when Christian addressed him—

“ Sir,” said he, “ can you tell me whether anything has happened to M. Retif de la Bretonne, who lives next door to you ? ”

“ Retif de la Bretonne ?—a writer and a printer, was he not ? ”

“ Precisely.”

“ A man who had a pretty daughter.”

“ Yes.”

"Well, sir, nothing has happened to him, except that he has moved."

"Moved!"

"Yes; and no later than yesterday."

"And where is he gone to live?"

"In the Faubourg St. Antoine."

"Do you know his address?"

"Not exactly; but I know that it is in the same house as a great paper-maker, that he is gone to reside."

"In the house occupied by M. Reveillon, perhaps?"

"That's the name—Reveillon, I remember it perfectly, now."

Christian, thanking the grocer, got into his coach and ordered the man to drive to Reveillon's, whose address he knew. In less than a quarter of an hour he was at Reveillon's; that is, as near as he could get; for a long string of carriages filled the street, and were stationed before the door of the house. From the windows of the first floor came streams of light, and the sound of an orchestra broke on Christian's ear as he listened.

There was evidently a ball at Reveillon's; he could see the figures move behind the blinds—a ball, an unusual thing in those days amongst the bourgeois, even when they were as rich as Reveillon. Christian inquired the cause of this fête, of some of the bystanders, who were gazing at the lights and listening to the music.

"A wedding."

"A wedding?" repeated Christian; but, then, Reveillon had two daughters; it was natural there should be a wedding in the house; still a vague anxiety took possession of Christian.

"Who is the bride?" said he.

No one knew her name; all they knew was, that the bridegroom had only lived there two days.

Christian looked up with anxiety towards the windows, and, resolved on knowing more, got out of his coach; as he did so, another coach drove up, but, instead of taking the line, it came close to his, and stopped in the shadow, far from the others, evidently belonging to the guests.

There was but one man in this mysterious coach, evidently come to watch or to wait, and not to take part in the ball.

He put out his head, and looked anxiously around, and at the same moment, a man rushed from the house, and proceeded up to the coach, as though he had been expecting it, and knew precisely where to find it.

Christian resolved on questioning this man, who, from his dress, was evidently one of the guests, if not even the bridegroom himself. He therefore darted after him, and reached him just in time to hear him say, as he looked into the coach—

“Is that your Highness?”

“Ah, there you are, then, rascal!” said a voice, which made Christian’s heart leap to his mouth.

“Your Highness sees that I have not deceived you ; everything is as I said.”

“It is ; I confess I did not believe in your promise.”

“Not believe me?”

“No ; I rather expected some trick. You know you left me vowing vengeance, and I expected to find some trap laid for me, and came prepared, as you see, with pistols and other weapons of defence.”

“Ah, your Highness did me great injustice. All is as I promised.”

“And the girl is there?”

“My wife, your Highness, is there, dancing away. The guests are about to retire. I shall retire, too, and your Highness shall take my place. Here is the key of the apartment ; your Highness will, I trust, no longer doubt the faithful devotion of your humble servant.”

“Why, really, you are quite sublime !”

“Ah, my lord, did you not tell me I had not the genius of my predecessors ? Did you not tell me of the exploits of Bontems, Lebel, and Bachelier ? and did I not owe it to myself to prove to you that I was worthy of being the valet of so great a prince as yourself ?”

“By Jove ! but vanity takes strange shapes.”

"And now I must entreat your Highness to be silent. In a few moments, the Santerres, the guests who are yet lingering above, will have departed; you will know them easily; they consist of three persons—a woman, a child of eight years old, and the brewer himself, who is a species of giant. When this party is gone, enter the house boldly, go up to the third story, and, with the key I have given you, open the door facing you."

"I understand; you shall see how I will reward you for all this."

"Success, and the hope of reinstatement in your Highness' favor, have already sufficiently rewarded me," said Auger.

"Never mind, you shall find I know how to make amends. Good night, Auger."

Christian listened to this dialogue as though he were listening to the recital of some dream. *Ingénue married! Ingénue sold by her husband! and to whom? Great Heaven!* Christian shuddered as he remembered the title of highness given to the man now waiting in the coach.

As he stood there, lost in thought, the man Auger, who had re-entered the house, now re-appeared, handing a lady to a carriage, and followed by a large, burly man, and a little child.

"Good night, Monsieur Santerre!" said Auger, as the party drove off; "good night!"

Then the door of the mysterious coach was thrown open, and the person within jumped out, and, rushing up to the door, exchanged a few words with the bridegroom, and almost instantly entered the house, whilst Auger walked hastily from it, and turning the corner of the street, soon disappeared.

Christian could not move; he leant against the wall, like one bewildered. Presently some one drew near to close a window, and Christian recognized Retif.

"Good night, son-in-law!" said he, in a jovial voice; "lock your door; good night, and God bless you! God bless you, *Ingénue*, my child!"

"It is *Ingénue*," said Christian; "she is married, and to whom? To whom does Retif speak? With whom is she now? What in-

fernal mystery is going on within those walls? Oh, God! that I could tear away its walls with my nails, and unravel this hellish plot!"

Christian walked up and down in agony; he watched all the lights go out, one by one, until at length one only remained, faintly glimmering behind the muslin curtains. There was Ingénue's room; he could not save her, but Christian resolved to avenge her; and taking his station at the door, he determined to await the morning, and to seize the villain who had robbed him of his happiness, as he issued from the house into which he had surreptitiously stolen.

CHAPTER XLVII.

INGÉNUÉ'S WEDDING NIGHT.

FOR more than an hour Christian watched. Suddenly, he thought he heard a sound as of one descending the stairs within; he turned, the door of the house was suddenly opened, and a man closely enveloped in a cloak darted out.

Christian followed hastily, and placed himself before him.

"Who are you, fellow?" said the stranger, evidently seeking the hilt of his sword under his cloak; "who are you, who thus dares to stop me?"

"One, sir, who wants to find out who you are, and who will, too."

"What! are you the captain of the watch, sir?"

"No, sir, I am not; and you know it very well."

"Then let me pass, sir."

"Not till I see your face," said Christian, seizing his cloak and dragging it aside. But no sooner had he done so, than he let it fall, exclaiming—

"The Count d'Artois!"

"My page, Christian, by all that is wonderful!" said the Count.

"Oh, I have doubted for three long hours; I would not, could not believe it was your Highness."

"Why not, sir?"

"I could not believe your Highness capable——"

"Capable of what sir?"

"Of crime and treachery."

"Of crime and treachery! Hallo, Monsieur Christian, what does this mean?"

"What does it mean? That your Highness has been in that house—in the room of——oh, heavens——"

"In the room of a rascal who had sold me his wife."

"And your Highness actually avows it!"

"I do, sir; but really, sir, I was not aware my pages were so virtuous. This is a high state of morality, that would delight the good people of Paris!"

"I have no intention to delight the people of Paris, sir, and have nothing to do with them; but this I know, that I will not or cannot serve a prince who exacts and accepts such services as those he has accepted this night; therefore I have the honor of tendering my resignation to your Highness."

"What! here, in the middle of the night, in the open street?"

"It is not my fault, if, in laying it at your Highness' feet, it falls into the gutter."

"Sir, you are an impudent puppy."

"I am a gentleman, sir, and no longer in your Highness' service; therefore I can resent an insult."

"So be it; I am in a devil of a temper, and shall be delighted to vent it on somebody. You say you have been insulted——"

"Your Highness made use of an expression?"

"Well, I am willing, sir, to give you satisfaction. You are a gentleman by birth, sir. I will meet you as I did the Duke de Bourbon. Will that do?"

Christian hesitated; he did not quite understand.

"Well, sir, draw, and be quick; for if you wait, and any one should pass, it will go ill with you, you know. Draw, sir, I say!"

As he spoke the prince drew his sword, and Christian mechanically did the same; but when his sword crossed that of the prince, he let it fall, exclaiming——

"No, never ; I will not, I cannot." He thrust his sword into the scabbard, and stepped back.

"Well, sir, now let me pass on," said the prince ; "since you decline to fight, there is no cause to detain me here."

Christian drew back, and the prince passed on, murmuring something which Christian, in his confusion, failed to hear.

When the prince disappeared, the page turned towards the house. As he gazed, he uttered an exclamation of joy ; the prince, in his hurry, had left the door open. To dart into the alley, dash up the stairs, and rush into a room of which the door was open, was but the work of a moment.

There, in the room he so abruptly entered, was Ingénue—Ingénue, half undressed, pale and trembling, kneeling at the foot of the bed. At the noise Christian made on entering, she turned, recognized him, and attempted to rise ; but, uttering a cry of joy, and extending her arms towards him, she tottered and fell, fainting at his feet.

The day was breaking, and through the open window the early birds were beginning to sing, in the little garden under the window of Ingénue's new abode. The world, however, still slept ; they were alone. Christian went up to Ingénue, and raised her in his arms, when suddenly a step was heard in the adjoining room, and Auger appeared.

Auger had seen the prince leave the house, and had hastened back ; and here he found Ingénue fainting in the arms of Christian.

It was a strange spectacle, the meeting of these three, in the grey, cold dawn ; and though neither of the three knew what secret link connected them, all felt that some terrible mystery was about to be revealed.

As for Christian, he waited for no explanation ; but, laying Ingénue on her bed, he drew his sword, resolved on punishing the man who he knew had deceived and betrayed the woman he loved.

At the sight of the naked sword, Auger drew back. Ingénue, who had now recovered her senses, hastily rose from the bed, and

stood between them. Her long hair streamed over her, fair and abundant as that of Eve, and, like the locks of Eve, they veiled the beautiful form, clothed but lightly in a simple night-dress. There she stood, her hands holding her temples, gazing from one to the other. At length she understood her situation—the past and the present—and, with an imperative gesture, she signed to Christian to leave the room.

Christian hesitated, and looked at her imploringly; but Ingénue repeated the sign, and Christian moved towards the door. There he turned, and then Ingénue, extending her arms towards Christian, gazed at him with such a look of love, sorrow, and innocence, that Christian's heart bled within him. Auger made a motion as if to advance; but Christian, striking him across the face with the flat blade of his sword, rushed past him and disappeared.

Auger and Ingénue remained alone. As for Auger, he was perfectly bewildered. How Christian had taken the place of the prince—how it was that his wife had fainted—how it came that they were all in the relative positions in which they found themselves, he was unable to tell.

As for Ingénue, she felt there was some extraordinary mystery, which she could not fathom; and, indeed, she disdained to attempt it; only she instinctively felt that she was the victim of some great piece of villany, of which Auger was the author.

When Christian had disappeared, she turned towards Auger, and casting on him a withering glance of contempt, said, in a tone of bitter scorn—

“Infamous villian!”

Auger attempted to speak, and came towards her.

“Keep back, sir!” said Ingénue, “or I will call my father. Wretch!” continued she, as Auger, considerably in dread of a family scene, paused and was silent—“wretch! you forgot, when you meditated this piece of villainy, that one word from me would condemn you to the galleys, and that not even the credit of your worthy master could save you.”

“Madam,” said Auger, “of what do you, then, accuse me?”

“I accuse you, sir, of having introduced into the bed-chamber of

your wife your worthy master the prince, whom you serve. I accuse you of having sold me to him."

"How do you dare say that I sold you to him?"

"Because, sir, he told me so himself."

Anger bit his lip. There was a pause; during this pause, short as it was, Auger's ready wit had found an excuse.

"The prince told you so? no wonder; yet whilst I was in the street, just as Santerre had left me, it was the prince who had me arrested, in order that he might take my place."

"Then," replied Ingénue, somewhat astonished at the probability of this story, "you accuse the prince, do you?"

"I do; he intended to punish me for leaving him."

"He then has been watching you? he, then, alone contrived what has happened to night?"

"Who else? Do you not see that this is the only probable explanation?"

"I see the probability of the story; go now and call my father."

"Your father! what for?"

"That we may have justice; his pen has power; and though our enemy is a prince, his pen shall obtain justice for me—for you; for my honor is yours."

"For God's sake, do nothing of the kind!"

"Why not?"

"The prince's influence is immense, and I am afraid——"

"You are afraid, are you?"

"I confess I do not feel equal to encountering a prince."

"You think nothing, then, of your honor, nor of the satisfaction of being revenged on a prince of whom you yourself have spoken so ill? It was a lie, then, you told, when you said that nothing would prevent your being an honest man."

"Madam——"

"Silence, sir! you are an infamous villain. I felt it instinctively from the first, and now I know it."

"As you please, madam. You may say, if you like, that I brought the prince into your room; but I will say, that in your room I found your lover."

"I shall not care," replied Ingénue. Confess your infamy. I am not ashamed of my love. The world shall judge between us."

Auger darted a look of hate at his wife; he had not expected such a determined character, and he really felt foiled and frightened.

"Well, madam, have your own way; we shall see how it will all end."

"I can tell you how it will end, if you please," said Ingénue.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. To-morrow, that is, in a few hours, I shall tell all to my father; and the man whose credulity you have abused, whose affection you have deceived, will rouse his energies, and appeal to all his friends for revenge; and, sir, if the prince is powerful, he has many enemies. There is, however, another way, sir. I love my father. I am a modest, Christian woman, and hate the curiosity of the world, its pity or its scandal, as I dread the sorrow of the poor old man. I can bury all the occurrences of this night deep in my heart; but, then, from this hour you are to me as a stranger; or, rather, you are nothing more to me than an object of hatred and contempt."

Auger started. Ingénue, getting more excited, continued—

"Justify yourself within two days; prove to me that you have been the victim, and not the criminal; or be assured that evermore I shall hold you infamous. Now, sir, leave me! go!"

Auger waited for a minute or two, debating in his own mind whether he should go or stay; but at length he turned on his heel and left the room, spending the rest of the night in conjectures and suppositions as to how all this had come about.

As soon as Auger had disappeared, Ingénue bolted the door; then the anger vanished from her face, the rage, the shame, faded away, and love and joy beamed in every feature. Tossing back her long hair from her beating temples, Ingénue fell on her knees, and burying her head in the pillows of her bed, she murmured, in a voice fit to have invoked angels from heaven, "Christian! Christian! at last he is returned. Christian! Christian!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE WAY IN WHICH AUGER WAS RECEIVED BY COUNT
D'ARTOIS.

CHRISTIAN meantime, on whom Ingénue was calling so lovingly, but who could not hear that sweet voice, which would have consoled him for everything, returned home half dead with fatigue, and perfectly overcome with surprise and bewilderment.

He threw himself on his bed, and endeavored, in this chaos of events, to try and make out a clear account of all that had occurred. From amidst the whole there came forth, at last, the recollection of the smiling, mocking face of the Count d'Artois, who had offered him the satisfaction of a gentleman, and with whom he had refused to fight. This was something tangible. Rising from his bed, he sat down and wrote such a letter to the prince as contained all the bitterness of his soul, in which he threatened him with all the publicity which the infamy of his conduct deserved, and which should avenge the blighted honor of Ingénue.

Having sent this off to Versailles, with orders to have it instantly delivered to the prince, poor Christian allowed himself to be undressed by his valet, and going to bed, fell into a heavy slumber, which the intense fatigue of mind and body he had gone through rendered so exceedingly necessary.

The messenger repaired with all haste to Versailles, and by nine o'clock delivered the letter to the prince. He had not yet risen when it was given into his hands, and after having read it, he threw himself back on his pillows and began to meditate.

The times were difficult times for princes ; the thunder-clouds of the forthcoming revolution were looming in the horizon, and Louis XVI., who was to be condemned by the people, had begun to give them a great many liberties, and to be very strict with the privileges of the nobility.

Whilst he was lost in meditation, wondering how he could conjure the storm which threatened, Auger, who had access to the prince at all times, appeared at the foot of the bed. Auger, obsequious, smiling, cringing—Auger, who imagined that he had fulfilled all his promises, and was come to be thanked and rewarded.

“Ah!” exclaimed the prince, in a tone which Auger interpreted in his favor; “aha! so here is master Auger!”

“Yes, your highness; Auger, who trusts he has proved to your highness that, although such servants as Zopirus are rare now-a-days, they are, however, to be found sometimes; yet, if your highness remembers, Zopirus had been overwhelmed with the favors of Darius, whilst I——”

“You are mighty learned, master Auger. I think you would do well to think a little more about modern than ancient history. What has Darius to do with us?”

“I merely mentioned Darius to compare myself to Zopirus, your highness. The satrap Zopirus, you know, cut off his nose and ears, and entered Babylon thus, in order that he might open the gates of the city to his master. But how your highness looks at me!”

The Count d'Artois did certainly look at M. Auger as if he didn't in the least relish his quotations from Plutarch; his habitually cheerful and open countenance was darkened by a frown, which began considerably to alarm M. Auger.

“So, Master Auger,” said he, “you think I have reason to be satisfied?”

“Satisfied!” exclaimed Auger, who imagined the prince had nothing more to wish.

“Do not repeat my words, sir,” said the prince.

“Oh, your highness is angry at having been recognized, I see; but what matter? it is a greater satisfaction, I should think.”

“Do you intend to mock me, sir,” said the prince, springing up from his pillows.

“Good gracious, your highness, what have I done?”

“Cheated me, Master Auger; sold the goods, but not delivered them.”

“What does your highness mean?”

“I mean, sir, that you, like a traitor as you are, left a light burning, and that by that light I was recognized; and, being recognized, was received with cries, and tears, and entreaties; so that I, who am not accustomed to take women by force, sir; I was obliged to retreat.”

“To retreat!”

“Yes; but not before I had found time to fully explain how I got there, and by whose means.”

“Foiled, repulsed, by G—d!” said Auger.

“Do you mean to say that you did not know it? has not your immaculate wife told you so?”

“She has told me nothing. I am sure she thinks there was nothing to tell.”

“That may be. I have nothing to say against her; but you, sir, you have compromised my honor—betrayed me—placed me in a false position.”

“Does your highness take this matter so seriously?”

“So seriously—rascal! fool! dolt! I tell you I will have you hanged. Why, sir, I was met and recognized, coming out of the house, by one of my own pages, M. Christian Olinski.”

“One of your highness’ pages!” exclaimed Auger—the same, probably, whom I found in Ingénue’s room.”

“In Ingénue’s room! So, we were two, were we? A pretty piece of innocence you have purchased, Master Auger.”

“Can your highness suppose for an instant——”

“Everything of you, M. Auger; and since you have compared yourself to Zopirus, take care of your ears; for I swear I’ll cut them off for you.”

“Oh, I declare most solemnly, that I knew nothing of this Christian.”

“Well, then, sir, he knew a great deal about you; and, look here, he has written to me a threatening letter, in which he vows he will denounce us both—both, do you hear? but, thank Heaven, all the odium shall fall upon you, Master Auger. Look out, for I shall not shrink from publicity, nor shall I protect you. I can justify myself.”

"Justify yourself?" said Anger, mechanically.

"I tell you, sir, not to repeat my words. Sir, you are as great a fool as you are a villain, and I dismiss you from my service. Besides, how do you think I can retain a man who sells his own wife?"

"Your highness knew *Ingénue* was my wife."

"I did not, sir; or, at least, if I say that I did not, everybody will believe me, for everybody will believe you guilty of every kind of lie and infamy. You deceived me. I admired this young girl, and you gave me access to her room; but you did not tell me that the room was yours, or that the woman was your own wife—an angel of truth and purity. Oh, I can justify both *Ingénue* and myself, never fear."

"But I shall be lost."

"Do you think I care about that?"

"But I shall be compromised!"

"Do you think that is not already done?"

"But I swear to your highness that it was not my fault."

"Perhaps you intend to insinuate that it was mine?"

"I knew nothing of *Christian*."

"A great fault, M. Anger; you ought to have watched; for suppose, instead of being a gentleman, as *Christian* is, he had been a thief or a rascal, like you—see the advantage he might have taken of my position, besides stealing my purse."

"What will become of me, if your highness abandons me?" said Anger, in despair.

"I suppose you are fully aware that I care very little about that! This letter here, asks for justice, and, by Heavens! justice shall be done! I will tell the whole story to the king. I will obtain the protection of the queen for this young girl; I will myself offer my humble excuses to *Ingénue*. Public opinion, with which I am threatened, shall acquit me—nay, shall applaud me; never mind what it does for you!"

"So your highness abandons me?"

"Most utterly!"

“ But suppose we had succeeded——”

“ Well, master Auger, to confess the truth, I should have been even more angry than I am ; for I should have destroyed one of the sweetest, purest young girls I ever saw, and out of a mere caprice, which you, sir, encouraged and inflamed. I think I should have had you hanged myself, M. Auger, if we had been what you call successful. Like the devil, I am not as black as I am painted ; and I should be a fool to throw away this opportunity of proving it to the public.”

“ Then there is no hope for me ?”

“ Not the most distant.”

“ Oh, heavens !” exclaimed Auger ; “ I shall be provoked into some crime which I had sworn to avoid.”

“ You will be provoked into being hanged, like a scoundrel, as you are. So you had better get out of my presence, as fast as you can ; off with you !”

Auger, with a piteous look, put his hand on the handle of the door, and then turned towards the prince for the last time ; but the prince motioned him to depart, and Auger, in despair, left his presence.

No sooner was he gone, than the prince rung the bell violently, and ordered that a messenger should be instantly sent for his page, M. Christian Olinski.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE.

CHRISTIAN had just awoke, calm and refreshed, from his long slumber, and was reflecting on what he had done, and on the letter he had sent the prince, when the count's messenger was announced.

It was not without some degree of anxiety that Christian heard of his arrival ; for in the year 1788 the Bastille still existed, though it was destined to be demolished the next year, and the old traditional respect for the royal family was still in full force.

Not content with the mere message, he sent for the messenger and questioned him. The messenger related how the prince had appeared to be in a great passion, and how he had desired the messenger to make all speed. Christian sighed; he felt there was no doubt of the fate which awaited him, but resolved, nevertheless, to obey the prince's summons without delay.

Before following the messenger to Versailles, however, he went to take leave of his mother.

"Mother," said he, "the prince has just sent for me, and it may so happen that I may not soon return."

"Not return!"

"No, mother; the prince, I believe, intends to confide a secret mission to me, which it would be necessary to execute with as little delay as possible."

"But surely you can return to Paris before you go, to take leave of me?"

"That might compromise the secrecy of the mission."

"But your health?"

"Oh, travelling will do me good."

"Well, then, my child, go. But could I not meet you somewhere, and see you again?"

Christian turned away from his mother's penetrating glance. Still the countess did not suspect that there was anything to fear, and embracing him, she let him depart.

Too feeble to undertake so long a journey on horseback, Christian proceeded to Versailles in his mother's carriage.

He found the prince in full dress, gravely pacing his room. Christian paused on the threshold.

"Come in, sir," said the prince. "I have been waiting for you some time."

"I know that your highness has done me that honor," replied Christian, respectfully, though with great dignity,

As soon as the servant who had introduced Christian had withdrawn and closed the door, the prince, stepping in front of the drawn, said—

"Sir, our intercourse is very strange. I think, considering our

respective positions, your letter, for instance, is scarcely one that princes are accustomed to receive."

"The position in which I have been placed, your highness, is an unusual one."

"I want no explanation, sir, till you have heard what I have to say."

Christian thought of the Bastille, and prepared to give up his sword.

"Monsieur Christian," said the prince, "I have been deceived and duped, by one of my valets, in a way which has led to most fatal consequences, and which has led me to insult a woman. I deeply deplore this unlucky event, but know all errors can be atoned for."

"Not all!" exclaimed Christian; "some are fatal."

"Fatal, in what way?"

"The honor of a woman, once compromised, once lost, nothing can restore."

"And pray, sir, how has Madame Auger lost her honor? Not with me, I swear!"

"Ah, my lord, when her husband sold her to you——"

"Well, sir——"

"She cannot but be dishonored."

"There you are mistaken, sir. Some time since the night of the *émeute*, in which you were wounded, I had encountered Mile. Ingénue, and had been fortunate enough to protect her and see her home, so that she knew me personally, at least, if not by name. To-night, therefore, when she saw me, she was enabled to recognize me; and, thank Heaven, was able to distinguish the difference Heaven has kindly made between her husband's face and mine. Many women would not have disliked the change, but Ingénue started away from me, and with tears and entreaties bid me depart. I tried to explain, then to flatter, then to entreat. All was in vain; Ingénue was inflexible, and on her knees implored me to desist. Seeing all was useless, I made some polite common-place speech, and, bidding her have no fear, retreated, somewhat morti-

fied, as you may think, and made the best of my way into the street, where you met me."

"Can this be true?" murmured Christian.

"Sir!" said the prince, with all the pride of his race towering in his form.

"Oh, yes, it is true; that noble brow, those noble lips, cannot lie. Ingénue, then, is pure and unsullied. On my knees I bless you, prince; for you have restored me to life."

"You are then her lover, are you?"

"Her lover! yes, for I worship her as a saint; I respect her as I do my mother; I idolize her as a woman; dwell with love on her very look, on the sound of her voice; follow, like a slave, the trace of her footsteps; tremble, when her hand touches mine; yes, I am her lover, if this it is to be a lover; for thus it is that I love Ingénue."

"Why, Christian," said the prince, with the fellowship of youth, "your enthusiasm is quite refreshing—do tell me your story."

Christian, thus entreated, told the prince how he had loved old Retif's daughter, how he had nearly passed himself off for a workman, how he had been discovered, and how Retif had turned him out. Then he came to the accident which had so abruptly broken off their intercourse—to the impossibility which existed, during his whole residence at Marat's, of communicating with Ingénue; and finally, he concluded, by relating, in all its details, the agonies of the night in which he had first discovered that Ingénue was married, and had waited for the prince at the door of her house.

"Well, my dear Christian, let me tell you, that of course I knew nothing of Mlle. Ingénue beyond her beauty, which had attracted me, for she has the beauty and refinement of a duchess, and my factotum, Auger, promised to obtain her for me."

"The scoundrel!"

"First, he tried to carry her off, like a brute, as he is, for which he got soundly cudgelled, and for which I dismissed him from my service."

"It was nobly done, my lord."

The rascal, who liked his position with me, however, did not

like the idea of giving it up. He imagined my favor depended on his succeeding in the undertaking. What does he do, but, breaking off entirely from me, goes to some old curé, and pretends to be converted—throws himself on the mercy of Ingénue, and ingratiates himself with the father. So well does he manage, that, as you see, he obtained their confidence, and actually married the young girl. I, to tell you the truth, had, meantime, almost forgotten Ingénue and quite forgotten Auger, when, yesterday, I received this note. You must know, before I read it to you, that, in dismissing him, I had, to humiliate him, compared him to his illustrious predecessors in intrigue—Lebel, Bachelier, *e tutti quanti* ; a comparison, which, it seems, roused all his ambition. Here is the letter :

“MONSEIGNEUR—Ingénue no longer resides where she did, in the Rue des Bernardins ; she lives in the Faubourg St. Antoine, at the house of Reveillon, the great manufacturer of wall-paper. She is no longer dependent on her father ; she is married, and her own mistress.

“If your Highness will come to-night, between twelve and one, and wait before the door of that house, he will learn more, and find some one who will give him a key, to open the door of a house in which he can easily find his way.”

“An infamous letter !” exclaimed Christian.

“Which I have fortunately kept. I confess it was because I suspected some trick.”

“Your Highness, however, went to the appointed place.”

“I did ; and there I found my man. There, as you know, he gave me the key, and I entered the house, and attained the room of your Ingénue. There, had it not been for her instinctive purity and the light which she has the habit of burning, an innocent girl would have been made miserable for life.”

“What an infamous plot, and what an infernal scoundrel ! Poor Ingénue !”

“Poor Ingénue, indeed ! Never mind, Auger ; we can take care of him.”

"But how shall I apologize to your Highness?"

"Do not apologize at all, Christian, but give me your hand; you are a noble fellow. But now to dispose of Auger."

"That is easily done, I should think."

"Not so easily as you imagine; for how can we dispose of Auger without injuring his wife? The honor of a woman will not bear discussing; and however pure and chaste she may be, the insult to which Ingénue was exposed last night, would, if known, find many to sneer and many to doubt."

"Too true, I fear," replied Christian; "besides, your Highness' name must not be pronounced in this disgraceful business."

"Oh, as to that," replied the prince, "I am not afraid of my share in the business being known; but we must be cautious—not for my sake—for I would risk a great deal for you—but for her sake."

"For her sake," repeated Christian, in a melancholy tone, "everything must be attempted."

"Not publicly. Just think for a moment. Here is this young girl, to whom you pay court in the absence of her father, from whom you disguise your real name, and from whom you suddenly disappear. Then, on the other hand, this young girl becomes the talk of the neighborhood, by attempts being made to carry her off. Finally, Auger marries her, and, in her room, on her wedding-night, there is an encounter between her old lover, a new lover, and her husband. The Count d'Artois and his page almost fight about her, and the woman faints between them. Is not this all very queer? is it not all rather like the marriage of Figaro? Would you not laugh at such a story yourself, and smile in doubt at the complete innocence and ignorance of the girl?"

"Ah, my poor Ingénue!" said Christian, turning very pale.

"My poor fellow, how you love her!" said the Count, touched by the sincerity of the love Christian displayed.

Christian turned away his head from the count, to hide his emotion; there was a momentary pause, when suddenly Christian exclaimed—

"I will carry her off! I will run away with her!"

"That won't do, my boy," said the prince.

"Why not?"

"Because Ingénue, after all, is, unfortunately, a married woman, and, from the moment you carry her off, Anger has all the public on his side. We are decidedly in the wrong, Ingénue and all. Do you see that? Anger, you see, is a contemptible but a clever fellow, one who would take advantage of everything. I would have him put into the Bastille, but that it would make him interesting, and thus serve his purpose."

"What, then, is to be done?"

"Wait, my dear Christian, wait, and rely on it, Anger himself will furnish us with the opportunity we seek. He is too profound a villain to remain quiet. Trust to my experience, it will not be long before we have him in our power. Though I am but a few years older than yourself, I have twenty years more experience; for princes learn life early, and I say to you, wait patiently and watch. That is all we can do."

"That is death, for he has her in his power."

"Ah, there is the tender point. Come, are you disposed to listen to reason?"

"To reason——"

"Yes; come, sit down—nay, I insist—you have been wounded, and it is not good for you to stand. Sit down, I command you!"

Christian obeyed, and the Count d'Artois then drew a chair close to his, exactly like two comedy actors on the stage, when they are going to have an explanation, and turning towards his young guest, he began.

CHAPTER L.

IN WHICH CHRISTIAN LISTENS TO REASON, PREACHED BY THE
COUNT D'ARTOIS.

"You say that Ingénue is in the power of this man?"

"I do."

"That she is his?"

"Is she not?"

"Does she love *you*?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!"

"Well, since she consented to marry another."

"Yet she did love you?"

"Most cordially! and, when I compare myself to that vile man, I cannot but think that she loves me still."

"The first thing to be done, is to ascertain, beyond a doubt, that she does. If she loves you, she will never allow that man to touch her."

"That is some satisfaction."

"But yet not quite enough; but the rest depends on Ingénue and yourself."

"Could not this marriage be broken? But, Auger, by deserting the court, and by abusing me, has made strong partisans amongst the people. Ingénue is a child of the people; think of the outcry that will be raised, of the corruption of which she will be accused, of the violence with which all your journalists will assail her and the corrupt aristocracy."

"Does Auger actually claim the rights of a husband?"

"That is more than I can tell you; but find that out yourself; only, take care to do it openly. See Ingénue in such a manner, and at such a time, that no suspicion can be attached to the interview, for it would be an excellent opportunity, to get rid of the

whole thing, just to give you a settler, under pretext that you were his wife's lover. Auger would be a made man, ever after."

"You see, I must run away with her."

"Well, as you please, only I must then bear the odium of the whole affair, for I cannot run away."

"I cannot allow that your highness should suffer for my sins."

"The more so, as I have sins enough of my own, God knows, and am not fit to be made a scape-goat of. Yet, I repeat, that I am willing to aid you, and that you may rely on me in all things; only it is better that our good understanding should not be suspected. Watch your opportunities, and if you want me, come to me; you will always find me."

"What if I were to challenge the fellow?"

"The idea is revolting; besides, you may be sure that M. Auger has taken precious good care to ensure his life by some tremendous calumny or deposition he has made before a magistrate, and with which he will threaten us whilst he lives, and overwhelm us after his death, if we take means to kill him. No, I cannot approve of this idea at all."

"Then there is nothing to be done?"

"Do you see anything?"

"I do not."

"Well, now, I do," said the count, triumphantly. "I have an idea—a good one, too, I think—one that will give you Ingénue."

"Oh, Monseigneur, my life is yours if you accomplish this."

"Ah, Christian," said the count, in a somewhat melancholy tone, "who knows but one day I may have to claim your promise, and that your blood may be sacrificed to our cause! Such promises as you have made had no meaning some years ago—they have one, now."

"Whatever meaning they may have," replied Christian, "I repeat my words—my life is yours."

"Well, now, Christian, to return to the point, our object is to get entire possession of this charming little woman. The difficulty is, to do it in a way which shall satisfy all scruples."

"If possible."

"I scarcely think it is. If you run away with her, her old father will be left alone; or, if he goes with you, certainly the position will be anything but a strictly moral one. Although old father Retif has written some strangely liberal philosophy in his works, you see his principles do not affect his way of bringing up his daughter, which is strictly orthodox; so that he would never sanction this running-away business."

"Never!"

"Now for the divorce. You will get into the hands of lawyers, and papers and memorials will be published on both sides, in which both wife and husband will so effectually destroy each other's character, that poor Ingénue will have no reputation left, and possibly her husband may be proved to be the injured party; for a lawyer can do anything, you know."

"Your highness is right, again," said Christian, with a sigh.

"Well, now for the duel. Of course you suppose that you would certainly kill your man, because, to allow him to kill you, and thus retain quiet and undisputed possession of Ingénue, would be absurd. Well, let us suppose that you kill him. The plain fact with the public stands thus. Here is a young fellow, in love with a pretty woman, who, to get rid of her husband, sends the poor man into the other world. Now the moralists of this world, with my brother, the king, at their head, are most devoutly shocked at such a proceeding, and it would go hard with you, Christian, I promise you. Even if, through the influence of the queen, I succeeded in getting you out of this scrape, remember you could not take the widow of your victim either for a wife or a mistress; so nothing would be gained by that. As to assassinating Auger, *à l'Italienne*, you and I are too brave for that. Now you see that I have shown you the utter impossibility of these three plans you proposed, and exposed the whole case with an eloquence worthy of Fenelon or Bourdaloue."

"And yet your highness said you had an idea."

"So I have, but I have not revealed it, yet."

"But your highness——"

"My highness is about, now, to give you the full benefit of this

brilliant idea. Give me all your attention. My idea is composed of three ideas—the first is, to leave Ingénue in Paris, with her father——”

“And her husband !” exclaimed Christian.

“Oh, if you interrupt me, I shall never get on. Let Ingénue remain in Paris with her father. Secondly, to hush up the adventure of last night. Thirdly, take the most precious care of our dear M. Auger. If you jump in this manner, I won't go on.”

“I am all attention.”

“Well, you must know, then, that I have, in various parts of Paris, a number of houses ; some in populous streets, some in quiet, retired corners, with waving trees and pretty gardens—well, if I were in your place, having ascertained that *Mademoiselle* Ingénue loved me—you observe that I say *Mademoiselle* Ingénue——”

“Ah, but is it so ?” sighed Christian.

“I know it is, from the best authority—from her husband.”

“Ah! thank God !”

“Well, this point settled,” continued the prince, “I should inspire Mlle. Ingénue with an intense desire to revenge herself on her husband. Women, even the best of them, like a little revenge, and enjoy a little intrigue, and, surely Ingénue is fully justified. But to return to the houses. I should select one of them—supposing, always, I were in your place—one of the most solitary ; one with a garden and waving trees ; and there I should conduct my Ingénue, the real wife of my heart, and there, with the husband of her choice, I should establish myself in a happy home—for three or four hours, every day.

“Thus you will be perfectly happy—I mean, I should—however, if you like my plan, we will change the tune, and suppose it is of you that I am speaking. Well, here you make a home for Ingénue, in which she has every luxury—you are rich, I believe ; if not, I am, and you can draw on my exchequer for all you want. Money, my dear Christian, cannot buy everything ; for instance, there are many women whom the riches of Cræsus would not help you to obtain ; but if not to *obtain*, money is essential to *retain*, even the best of them. Well, your pretty wife will find all her wishes grat-

lified in the home you will give her, and will learn how to support, with exemplary patience, the privations of the home M. Auger will give her. Nay, I am sure Ingénue will find out a thousand ways of making all the privations fall on him, until he is provoked into some outburst of passion, into some act of violence. Then we have him; then we can be separated; and the pity and sympathy of the world is for the poor young wife—and M. Auger is disposed of."

"Admirable."

"Or we put money in Monsieur Auger's way, if we can't provoke him, and Monsieur Auger cannot resist the temptation, and he appropriates the money, and we send him beyond seas, and so we get rid of him. Meanwhile, you will have restored Ingénue to happiness, made the old father happy, and, as to yourself, you will be the happiest man on earth, having all the illusions and charms of love and marriage without any of its alloys. As for the house, choose it, I have plenty; as for the pretext of Ingénue's absence, that is easily found; for, Ingénue, too proud to accept anything from her husband, will determine to work by the day, and to owe her support to none but herself. And so you are perfectly happy."

"I shall have nothing more to wish."

"Well," continued the prince, "this will last for a whole year."

"For my whole life."

"For two years—for three years; for you are young, and Ingénue is very fascinating. Then Mlle. Auger will begin to sigh and M. Christian to reflect; and when reflection comes, love stealthily glides away. You have increasing duties to the world which take up your time and leave but an hour instead of three for Ingénue. Ingénue cries; but she, too, knows the world better, and she accepts a handsome pension. Then, you listen to your mother's suggestions and to mine—I give you a regiment, she gives you a wife—and a wife with a dowry; the king gives you the cross of St. Louis, and the world admires you, and you are still a

happy man. Is not this a pretty theory? and do I not compose a tale as well as M. Retif de la Bretonne?"

"Your highness forgets," said Christian, "that a lover is an invalid who will not listen to a physician——"

"And who hugs his malady. True; but remember, Christian, my tale is an o'er true one, and will come to pass—rich wife and all—see if it does not."

"Well, I will try the beginning, at any rate," said Christian, "leaving the end to time and fate."

"That is bravely resolved; go, and may Cupid assist you!"

With these words the count rose, and Christian took his leave, whilst the count went humming a tune, fully persuaded that he had converted this love-sick youth into a philosopher of his own gay school.

CHAPTER LI.

AN INSTANCE OF SYMPATHY.

THE first thing Christian did on his return home was to sit down and write a letter to Ingénue. It was conceived in the following terms:

"MADAM—It is impossible, after what has occurred, that you should not have important explanations to give me. I have, madam, most important revelations to make to you; therefore, it is necessary I should see you. I propose that to-morrow, at three o'clock, you should proceed to the stand of coaches in the Rue St. Antoine, there you will find me; if you get into one of the coaches, I shall come up to it and get in with you, and then we can drive off together. Or, should you prefer it, I will come to your own house, if you are at liberty to receive me. In this, please yourself, and suit your own convenience.

Your sincere friend,

CHRISTIAN, Count Olinski."

Scarcely had Christian finished this note before a messenger put into his hands a note from Ingénue. It ran thus :

“SIR—You came last night, probably, to explain your own conduct and that of others. I am in want of a friend; you will not fail me, I know. To-morrow, therefore, I must see you. At three o'clock I shall leave my house, and, proceeding to the stand in the Faubourg St. Antoine, there get into one of the coaches. I shall ostensibly be taken to the Rue des Bernardins, but afterwards I shall go to the Jardin des Plantes; meet me there, I shall wait for you.

INGENUE.”

Christian's heart bounded with joy at this evidence of sympathy, and after reading Ingénue's letter, he no longer doubted of her love.

Still, Christian, though young and ardent, was a man of intense delicacy of feeling, and of great resolution; he determined to sacrifice his life to his love, but he resolved first to ascertain whether that love was worthy of the sacrifice, pure and equal to his own.

Going first into his mother's apartment, setting her mind at rest as to the journey at which he had hinted the night previously, he then assumed a disguise, and repaired towards night-fall to the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Towards eight o'clock, Auger entered the house. Christian's heart bounded as he passed him, but he prudently restrained his anger. He looked up at the windows. There was a light in Retif's apartment; presently another appeared, indicating that Auger's first visit had been for his father-in-law. After a short conversation the light was taken up, and Auger evidently entered Ingénue's room.

Christian's heart beat and his step faltered as he saw him set down the light.

As Auger entered, a figure, evidently Ingénue's, rose. Auger, by his gesticulations, was talking vehemently; then he suddenly fell on his knees.

Then, instantly, the form Christian knew to be that of Ingénue,

rushed to the window, and her voice, in loud and threatening expostulation, reached him.

It was impossible to mistake what she was saying ; though her words did not reach him, her tone and her attitude were so full of dignity and menace, that Christian was more than once tempted to rush to her aid, lest, in a fit of frenzy, she should precipitate herself from the window, and fall at his feet.

After some time, Auger evidently withdrew from the window, and it was closed ; both lights then disappeared. Still Christian watched ; but presently, Auger came out of the house and walked precipitately towards the Boulevards ; twice, however, he turned back and looked suspiciously around, but Christian contrived to elude his vigilance.

Presently, the curtains of Ingénue's window were let down, and, from behind them, Christian saw gleaming the pale light of the night-lamp, and knew that the young girl slept.

Christian then returned home, his heart filled with joy.

Thank Heaven, said he, as he lay down on his pillow, she has as much spirit and courage as she has love ; and he went to sleep, and dreamed of the house with the waving trees, of which the Count d'Artois had spoken to him.

It is time, now, to see in what manner Retif de la Bretonne had taken his daughter's marriage, and the strange events which followed it. He had felt very proud, as he conducted this beautiful girl to the altar, and thought that she did infinite credit to his education and the principles of Jean Jacques, in which he had brought her up. On his return from church, he had thought it necessary to talk to her about her duties as a wife and a mother ; but, seeing that Ingénue looked quietly at him, and appeared neither awed nor embarrassed, he made his speech very short.

After giving his daughter his blessing, Retif had retired to his own room, with the intention of composing a sort of epithalamium ; but Bacchus, to use his own metaphors, had been stronger than Apollo and the Muses, and Retif, under the influence of the marriage feast, had fallen fast asleep.

As for his not having heard anything that went on afterwards,

it is not to be wondered at, when we remember that his apartment was separated from that of his daughter by the landing, and that all the actors in these various scenes were interested in not attracting attention.

The next morning, however, towards nine o'clock, seeing no signs of either his daughter or his son-in-law, he ventured into her apartment.

To his great astonishment, he found her up and dressed, and looking round, he saw no signs of Auger.

No sooner did Ingénue perceive her father, than she threw herself into his arms, and burst into tears.

"Aha!" said Retif, with a smile. "And where is the happy husband?"

Ingénue looked gravely up at Retif. This tone of raillery struck painfully upon her.

Alarmed by her manner, her father pushed her gently from him, and looked steadily at her. Ingénue looked so pale, so utterly forlorn, so sincerely miserable, that the facetious author of so many facetious and erotic stories, was greatly puzzled. Still, he returned to his first idea, that Auger alone could explain this mystery.

"Where is Auger?" he repeated.

"Gone out, I suppose," said Ingénue.

"Hem!" said Retif; "has he breakfasted?"

"I don't know."

"Not breakfast with his wife on the day after his marriage! I don't understand it at all."

Again Retif looked steadily at Ingénue; but her looks disclosed nothing.

"Ingénue," said he, at length, "you are no longer a child, you are a woman; and young girls, and women, and husbands, and—" said Retif, not knowing how to go on; "if your mother had been alive, she would have explained everything to you; but hang me if I know what to say to you at all!"

Ingénue neither blushed nor simpered; but, wiping her eyes, calmly said—

"Let us go to breakfast."

"To breakfast without your husband!"

"If you mean Monsieur Anger," said Ingénue; "if he wants any breakfast, he must learn to come at the right hour."

"The devil!" said Retif; "you are beginning early. I am afraid he will have a hard life."

"Don't speak any more of him, if you please."

"Not speak any more of your husband! I'm astonished at you, Ingénue! Must I so soon remind you of the duties you owe to your husband?"

"I owe no duties to Monsier Anger—I have nothing to do with him."

"Nothing to do with the man you married! What *do* you mean?"

"I mean what I say, father: you know I always say the truth."

"The truth," thought Retif; "I wonder what is the truth!" and he relapsed into a sort of small metaphysical discussion with himself, on the strange nature and temper of woman-kind. "Either," said he to himself, "he has been too bold or too timid." And then he went on to discuss with himself which of these offences a woman was most likely to forgive. And then he referred back to the experience of his early days; but he failed to recall any instance in which he had been too timid.

Still absorbed in these pleasant reminiscences, he led his daughter into their new dining-room, where, waited on by Ingénue's new servant, they sat down to a very disconsolate breakfast.

CHAPTER LII.

WHAT WAS GOING ON IN INGÉNUÉ'S ROOM WHILST CHRISTIAN WAS WATCHING IN THE STREET.

RETIF and Ingénue sat opposite each other in silence. Nothing in his daughter's manner had helped him to explain her strange conduct. After breakfast, she sat down calmly to work, as she had done formerly, and, to all appearances, nothing was changed, except that she was gentler and more melancholy than ever.

Retif was a little surprised to see that Auger did not return during the day; but he attributed his absence to some quarrel which he knew to be as common to newly-married people as to those who had been united for years. He knew, however, that these early quarrels were not dangerous, and that, like lovers' quarrels, they were easily made up.

Towards evening, Auger returned. Retif looked at him, expecting to find him haughty and sullen but, to his great surprise, he saw he was humble and subdued.

"There you are, at last," said he, beginning the conversation. "Where have you been wandering, all day, far from the conjugal roof?"

"From the conjugal roof!" said Auger to himself; "has Ingénue really said nothing to her father? Wandering!" added he aloud, "I have been about M. Reveillon's business."

"Come, my good fellow, make a clear breast of it. Confess, confess!" said Retif, in a jocular strain.

"If he does know the truth, he takes it pretty well, at any rate; but then these journalists, they are always attacking the morality of others, and are at heart the most corrupt men on earth."

"So you have already contrived to quarrel?" said Retif, trying to come to the point.

"Really, I——"

"Nay, never blush, man. You were too ardent, and frightened the timid Graces. Was that the case?"

“By heaven, he knows nothing!” said Auger to himself, with a sort of mixed feeling of satisfaction and regret; for the revelation had still to be made, and he had fancied it over. “Suppose I tell him myself? And yet, no; if Ingénue has said nothing yet, she has determined not to speak. She will conceal the prince, on condition that I say nothing about the page. That is probably her game.”

Having thus made up his mind as to the state of things, Auger listened patiently to the metaphorical and flowery speeches of his father-in-law, on his having affrighted the Graces, and then repaired into his wife’s apartment.

She was expecting him, and received him as he deserved. Falling on his knees, he strove to appeal to her pity.

“Forgive me, Ingénue,” said he; “I am not so guilty as you think. I yielded to threats—to force. The Count d’Artois threatened me with the Bastille, and you and your father with perpetual imprisonment, if I did not yield to his wishes. What could I do?”

Ingénue smiled with contempt; that was her only reply.

“Oh, Ingénue, what could I do? Kill the prince? that was to condemn us all to the scaffold. I trusted that, deceived by the darkness, you would never know the insult that had been offered to you, and that you would rest in peace, in happiness, ever after by my side; indeed, I did. Be merciful, since heaven itself interfered to save you. Fear had turned my brain—I knew not what I did.”

“Silence!” said Ingénue; “do you think to justify a crime, by invoking your own cowardice? for shame. So, sir, I have married a coward! The man who was by God and man enjoined to defend and to sustain me, gives me on my wedding-night into the arms of another, because he is afraid! Shame, sir—and you dare ask me to forgive you. Rather would I forgive your crime than your cowardice. For shame, sir!”

Auger remained on his knees, with his hands clasped imploringly.

“Get up, sir, or remain on your knees, as you please. I care not what becomes of you.”

“Give me at least hope.”

“Hope of what?”

"Of forgiveness."

"Never!"

"How are we then to live?"

"As we did before our marriage."

"Separated?"

"Most completely."

"But the world——"

"I don't care for the world."

"But the world will suspect——"

"Then I can tell all."

"But I shall be a lost man."

"I should not care for that."

"But your father?"

"Oh, you know my father believes implicitly everything I say. I shall tell him that you have inspired me with a most invincible horror, and he will believe me, and have a right to believe me, for it is the truth."

"And I, madam, will tell him that you have a lover."

"Perhaps, you, too, will tell the truth."

"I am your husband, madam, and will kill him."

"Take care that he does not kill you."

Auger, who had risen a little before this, drew back as he gazed on her flashing eye and threatening attitude.

"I should like to see you kill Monsieur Christian."

"He is your lover, is he not?"

"And you mean to kill him—did you not say so? did you not threaten me with this?"

"No, Ingénue—I implore, I do not threaten."

"Cease this vain discussion. I am weary of it."

"What is to become of me?"

"I do not care in the least."

"But where am I to eat?"

"You can eat at table with my father and myself."

"But sleep?"

"Anywhere. There is a room above, you can take that."

"That is impossible."

"Then find another."

"I shall stay here, in this room, for I have the right, and I'll use it."

"And I will call my father."

Auger ground his teeth.

"My turn will come, however ; I will find means to reduce you to obedience."

"Do not try any of your tricks on me, sir ; for even should they succeed, so sure as I find them out, I will kill you like a dog ; rely on it."

"A nice young girl, upon my word ; innocent and ingenuous!"

"True to her word, also, as you shall find."

"So you turn me out?"

"Of my room, but not of the house."

"I do not choose to accept the compromise."

"As you please."

"Farewell, madam."

"Good night, sir."

And so it was that Auger left his wife's apartment, on the evening that Christian was watching under her window.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

THIS garden, then frequently called the Jardin du Roi, was not as much frequented in those days as now.

In the first place, there were fewer inhabitants in Paris, and far fewer quadrupeds in the gardens.

There were none of those magnificent jackals and wild beasts of Africa which the conquest of Algiers has brought over.

There was not the poetical and melancholy giraffe, whose death has caused so much regret and sorrow to the frequenters of the

gardens. Not only were these animals not there, but strange to say, the savants of those days even denied their very existence, and ranked them amongst the fabulous creations of poesy, like the unicorn and the basilisk.

On the morning of the day which was once more to re-unite the lovers, there fell one of those little drizzling rains, which effectually prevent all mere wanderers from wandering into public promenades, but is considered favorable to lovers, for they are sure of being alone—and fishermen, for the fish are sure to bite.

This little drizzling rain, is so refreshing in spring, pattering upon the young, green leaves and watering the thirsty flowers—so melancholy in autumn, bringing down the last leaves and scattering the late blooming flowers!

At the appointed hour Ingénue left her house, and proceeding to the Faubourg St. Antoine, took her coach and drove to the gardens.

Christian, of course, was already there. At eleven o'clock, unable to wait till his clock should have the kindness to strike the hour he so much longed for, he had rushed out and proceeded towards the gardens. He, too, took a hackney coach, and, although this estimable vehicle was as slow as such vehicles usually are, and took one hour to go from the Faubourg St. Honoré to the Faubourg St. Antoine, Christian got to his appointment just one hour and forty-eight minutes too soon.

Christian, therefore, repaired to the little grove formed by the chestnut trees, then in full bloom, through whose thick foliage the rain could not penetrate, and sat himself down, watching every vehicle which stopped at the gates he could easily see from the position he had taken.

At length the much desired coach arrived. It was a green coach—so green that the trees, supposed to have the monopoly of that color, looked perfectly yellow beside it. From this green coach, like a very goddess from her car, descended Ingénue. She had on one of her new dresses, from her wedding trousseau; one of the dresses indicating her new dignity of a married woman. It was made of black silk, with a quantity of ruches and pinked

trimmings, much worn in those days ; a black lace scarf was thrown over her shoulders ; a grey and pink bonnet encircled her sweet, smiling face ; and her shoes were of black satin, with high heels and large buckles. With this, she had an air and a grace which made young and old turn round to look at her. No sooner had she entered the garden than she perceived Christian, and it is impossible to describe the demure but blushing emotion with which, her broad silk dress rustling voluptuously around her, she hastened towards him.

Christian, who had seen her, of course came hastening on, and so they met ; and no one being by to see them, thanks to the blessed little drizzling rain, they took each other by the hand.

Then they looked at each other, a long, long look, began with love and tenderness, and ending almost in tears.

Christian was changed and pale from his long illness ; Ingénue was pale from sorrow, and embarrassed, too, for now the boldness of her meeting, and the strange position in which she stood, appeared for the first time to overcome her.

Christian, who had come to meet her, his head full of the theories of M. le Count d'Artois, felt his heart sink within him. He led her to a bench, and there they sat down side by side.

As in Dante, Francesca first tells her tale of woe, so was it with Ingénue who spoke first.

"At length I see you again, Monsieur Christian," said she.

"Ah ! why, madam, did you not send for me sooner ?"

"Sooner ?"

"Yes, before that fatal day."

"Ah, had you not forgotten, forsaken me ?"

"You cannot have thought it," said Christian, in a tone of reproach.

"Was it not so ?" said the young girl, with tears in her eyes.

"Did you not, then, know what kept me from you ?"

"Your own will, your own inconstancy, I suppose."

"Oh, Heavens !" said the page, "do you not see how pale I am ; do you not see that I can only walk by the help of this cane ?"

"Oh, Christian ! what has happened to you ?"

"I was wounded, cruelly wounded—a little higher, and I should have been killed."

"Were you, then, the page spoken of in the paper?"

"I was."

"Oh, Christian, my father declared to me that it was not you."

"And yet he saw me fall, and yet it was to him I said, as I fainted, 'Tell her I loved her with my last breath.'"

"Oh, Heavens!" said Ingénue, "and why did you not send for me?"

"Because I was a whole week in a high delirium, and when I came to I was so surrounded that I could not. As soon as I could, I wrote to you,"

"I never received any letter."

"I know you did not, for here they both are; I never dared to send them; but now read them."

Ingénue put them aside. She was afraid to read them in presence of him who wrote them, lest he, in his turn, should read her love and her emotion on her features.

"Read them, they will justify me," said Christian.

Ingénue thought she had found a middle course, so she took the letters, and, putting them in her bosom, with a sigh, said—

"I knew there was a mystery."

"How so?"

"Why, when I heard M. Santerre say that one of the Count d'Artois' pages had been wounded, and carried to the Ecuries, I felt it was you, and set out to see you, but then——"

Then Ingénue related her expedition, her encounter with Marat, and the interposition of Charlotte Corday.

"Fate was against us," said Christian.

"But why did you not come one day sooner?" asked Ingénue, anxious to hear her lover fully justify himself.

"The day I discovered you were married, on the very day it took place, was the very first day I had been out. I went first to the Rue des Bernardins, then to the Rue St. Antoine. There I learned your marriage; there, by chance, I overheard Auger speak to a stranger who was waiting for him; saw Auger leave the house, the

stranger enter, and, after watching in agony for an hour, beheld him come out, tore the cloak from his face, and discovered the prince."

"Most unworthy of the title," said Ingénue.

"Oh, no, Ingénue; do not say that, for you are mistaken; he is the most noble and the most generous of men!"

"What! can you defend him?"

"Yes, for had it not been for the prince, I should not be now here; I should have died of despair and anguish. Oh, Ingénue! he has told me that you are as free as you ever were; that you are not the wife of this vile man; that you can yet be mine."

Ingénue blushed very red, and looked so beautiful that Christian felt more in love than ever.

"Oh, Ingénue, how could you doubt me?—I who never spent a moment without thinking of you!—I who raved of you!—I who looked on you as my wife! But I will not reproach you; I know you must reproach yourself more than I can do."

"No, I do not," replied Ingénue. "I obeyed my father, and the anger and resentment I felt——"

"Anger and resentment against me? oh, Ingénue!—against me—wounded and suffering!"

"But I did not know that," replied Ingénue; "and now that you are returned, you love me less than you did."

"Love you less, Ingénue! do not say that. I love you more than ever."

"You love me," said Ingénue; "and I am no longer free."

"No longer free, Ingénue?"

"Certainly not; have I not a husband?"

"Are you speaking seriously, Ingénue?"

"Of course I am."

"But, if you do not love this man, you are not bound to him. And you despise him and love me."

"I do love you; but when I saw you so suddenly appear before me, I hated you, for I felt you had caused the misfortune of my life."

"Oh, Ingénue!"

"Had I not loved you, had I not felt your scorn so deeply, had I not been so humbled by your abandonment, I should never have been in the power of this wretch."

"You call him a wretch, and yet feel bound to him?"

"Not to him, but to God, who registered my vows."

"But God registers nothing in Heaven that is wrong on earth. You are not married to him, but to the man who loves you."

"No sophistry, Christian. I know my duties; I know my fate. I do not deceive myself; I am wretched, but resigned."

"But, Ingénue, this is no sophistry. I tell you that we could drag this man before the tribunals, and they would make you free, were it not that we dread and hate the terrible scandal of such a trial. Why, this man, who sold you on your wedding night, is not, cannot be your husband."

Ingénue, alarmed at the vehemence of Christian, gently took his hand.

"Madam," continued he, "if I thought you were bound to this man, here is my sword that should make you free; but you are not; you have but to deny it, and there are a hundred ways of freeing yourself from this hated yoke."

"Show me one, Christian, that will allow me to leave this man, without making my father eternally wretched—that will not compromise my honor and almost justify this man to the world—and I am ready to adopt it."

Ingénue's common sense reasoned like the Count d'Artois' philosophy.

"Do you wish to expose me to the reproaches of the world?"

"I wish—I ask nothing but love."

"You have all my love, Christian!"

"Ayl but what is such a love, if it is cold and barren?"

"What do you mean by that?" said Ingénue, looking steadily at him.

"I mean—well, will you allow me to come to your house?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because my father would see you."

"You are afraid of your husband, Ingénue; you are afraid he should know I love you."

"No, I am not, for he does know it."

"Who told him?"

"I, myself, told him, and would tell him so again."

"Then you are afraid that, if I came to your house, he might attempt some violence."

"No, I am not, for I have even provided against that."

"In what manner?"

"I have warned him that, if he attempted anything against you, I would kill him."

"My own Ingénue! Then, as there is nothing to fear, I can come and see you."

"What for?" said Ingénue, in her clear, silver voice.

"Well," said Christian, "to talk."

"About what? Can you not tell me now what you have to say?"

"Did I not come often to see you before your marriage, Ingénue?"

"Before my marriage—yes."

"Did you not write, and say you wanted to see me?"

"And have I not seen you, and told you what I wanted?"

"But I have not told you."

"What, then, is it you want of me, Christian?"

"I want yourself, Ingénue."

"But I cannot give myself, when I no longer belong to myself."

"Oh, Ingénue! you must know that woman is destined for the happiness of man."

"So I have heard."

"Of the man she loves."

"You are the man I love."

"Well, then, make me happy, dear Ingénue."

"In what way?"

Christian gazed at her as she stood—her full, red lips just parted and pouting—her clear, blue eyes fixed on him, and her long, fair

hair falling in clouds around her face. A thrill of passion passed through his veins.

"Oh, *Ingénue*," said he, "do not reason any more, but come into my own country with me, far from all."

"But my father?"

"He shall come to us when we are in safety."

"No, *Christian*, it cannot be. I feel I love you more than my life, but this I cannot do."

"Then, what use is it to love and be loved?"

"We can wait."

"Wait! for what?"

"Wait till I am a widow."

"*Ingénue*, you will drive me mad."

"God will come to our assistance; for God is just, and he cannot doom me to misfortune. No, *Christian*, I shall one day be happy."

"One day?"

"Yes; when I am your wife."

"Be my wife, then, now."

"Not now, for that would be breaking a solemn vow."

"Ah, *Ingénue*, you are too cold, too calculating; you do not love as I do."

"I love as well as I can," said *Ingénue*, calmly; "I can do no more. I waited and wept for you two whole months, and now you are dissatisfied."

"Dissatisfied! desperate, you mean! oh, *Ingénue*, do you not trust me or believe me?"

"No," said *Ingénue*; "I do not quite either trust or entirely believe you."

"Yet, I have never deceived you—whilst you betrayed me."

"I did not deceive," said *Ingénue*, "nor betray, acting under a false impression. I obeyed my father's wishes; but you, you must remember, deceived me deliberately."

"Deceived you! when?"

"When you represented yourself as a humble mechanic, instead of a brilliant page."

"Do you regret I am not a mechanic, Ingénue?"

"No, Christian," replied Ingénue, caressing the delicate hand of her lover she held in hers. "Still it was deceit, you know. Then, my father, too, deceived me—declared that you were not the wounded page; hid from me the cause of your absence; and so led to all this, from a kind motive; but still, it was deceit. Then, the Count d'Artois comes to protect me, and takes me most respectfully home; and then goes directly from me and bargains for me with this vile man; finally, this vile Auger comes to me under false colors; swears he has been reformed and converted; deceives me most completely. I have never known but four men in my life," said Ingénue, tranquilly; "and, you see, all four deceived me."

"Dear, sweet angel!" said Christian.

"But," said Ingénue, drawing nearer to Christian, "what did that wretched Auger mean by his miserable folly? Explain that to me."

"Explain what?" said Christian.

"Explain why he wanted to give me to the Count d'Artois. I don't love the prince, you know."

"No," said Christian.

"Then what was the good of persuading me that I was his wife?" said Ingénue, looking straight at her lover with her clear blue eye.

Christian replied not.

"Supposing it had been dark, I should, I suppose, have mistaken him for my husband."

"But luckily there was a light."

"Yes; but even if there had not been, in the morning I should have found out who was with me, and the count could not longer have remained; and what was the use of the whole trick?"

"For God's sake, Ingénue, don't ask any more questions."

"Why not?"

"For you inspire me with the most passionate desire to enlighten your ignorance."

As it had become almost dark, and as the rain still continued

to fall, and keep away the curious, Christian ventured to take Ingénue in his arms, and, folding her tightly to his heart, to imprint a passionate kiss on her lips.

Ingénue colored, and sighed, and looked inquiringly at Christian, to explain the sensation she experienced.

"What is the reason," said she, "I feel differently now when you embrace me, than I did before?"

"Because you love me now as a lover, not as a brother; or rather, I love you as the tenderest of husbands."

"That you cannot be. I must not see you again."

"Say at once that you do not love me."

"But I do love you, my dear Christian. I think of you by night, by day; I only desire to see you, to listen to your voice, to feel you near me. I know not how other women love; for though I was always told that I should know what love was when I was married, I have not discovered anything yet, and I love you as I did from the first hour I knew you. To tell you this it was that I wanted to see you. I know I must not see you again, because I am no longer free."

"Oh, Ingénue, you are not bound to a man who has committed so great a crime, and whom you have driven from you."

"I have driven him from me, and I hate him for his baseness; but that does not cancel the vow I made at the altar, or change my position."

"Well, Ingénue, if you persist in keeping this position, give me at least a few hours every day. You can fulfil all your duties, and yet be mine."

"Ah, Christian," said Ingénue, "you are proposing something wrong to me, I know, for you blush and hesitate. Ah, Christian, if you want to make me do something that shall make the world despise me, and God reject me, I shall not love you."

"Oh, Ingénue, strong in your innocence and truth, you even make me forget my own passion. You shall not be degraded, pure flower, that gives forth the perfume of virtue, without knowing that it spreads around health and consolation. I will be worthy of you, but you must make me a solemn promise."

“What is it?”

Christian again took the young girl in his arms ; she smilingly put her two arms round his neck, and bent her lips to meet his. So long was the kiss which followed, that Ingénue, breathless, was obliged to lean on Christian for support.

“Swear to me,” said he, “that no other man shall ever hold you in his arms, or embrace you as I have just now done.”

“Oh, I will swear that a hundred times.”

“Swear to me that Auger shall never enter your room.”

“I do,” said Ingénue ; “I had already sworn it to myself.”

“Promise me, now, to write to me every day. Every evening I will come under your window, and take it from the end of a string, bringing another letter from me to yourself.”

“I will never fail.”

“Now farewell, my love, my best and dearest,” said Christian ; “farewell, since we are parted, though together in heart and spirit.”

Ingénue threw herself into Christian’s arms ; then, after another long kiss, she tore herself away and disappeared.

“Dearest child,” said Christian, trembling with joy and emotion, “a few more such kisses, and many mysteries will be revealed to your pure and innocent mind. But you shall be my wife, my honored wife ; not an impure thought shall ever sully that brow so fair, or make those heavenly eyes bend to the earth.”

CHAPTER LIV.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR FINDS HIMSELF OBLIGED TO ENTER
INTO POLITICS.

WHILST Christian and Ingénue were conspiring against the conjugal happiness of Auger, Auger himself, like some wild beast who has lost the track, was wandering about, uncertain as to what he was to do, and very much at a loss to know what game to try next.

He felt that there was nothing to be hoped or expected from

the Count d'Artois; for now, with Christian for his ally, now, having given up his pursuit of Ingénue, Anger had no hold on him, either from love or fear.

The count, with Christian against him, had the nobility to fear. The nobility was much discontented with the royal family, in whose service, in sustaining fruitless wars, it had ruined itself. With Ingénue for an enemy, the Count d'Artois had Retif de la Bretonne and the people to dread; Retif with his pen, the weapon which cleared the way for the revolution, and the people of Paris, who were openly murmuring against the excesses of the nobility, under which they had been suffering so long.

Then, too, Louis XVI., the moral king, would be as much offended and shocked at this depravity of his brother, as both nobility and people, so that really, without his friendly alliance with Christian and Ingénue, the count's position would have been anything but pleasant, and one which would necessarily have given employment to the intriguing spirit of our friend Anger.

But now, instead of becoming a necessary accomplice, it served the count's turn for Anger to become the victim, the scape-goat of the whole adventure, helping M. le Comte d'Artois to the sympathy of the nobility, the approval of the king, and the admiration of the public in general.

Anger had too much sense not to feel all this, and he floundered about on every side, to find some way out. He knew it was difficult, for he felt that he was but a grain of sand under the foot of a giant, and he knew that nothing could move the grain of sand but some great whirlwind, which should come along and fling it in the air, high above the giant's head.

Now, luckily for M. Anger's purpose, some such whirlwind had appeared on the horizon. An unknown storm seemed gathering around; none knew whence the clouds came, none knew who had evoked them, but all felt the coming tempest, which was soon to burst upon the world, taking the name of the *Revolution*.

The parliament, which for a hundred and fifty years had been kept down by the royal power, had just shown its first symptoms

of revolt, in the matter of the celebrated trial of the diamond necklace.

The judges in this trial, seeing that the king decreed the condemnation of Cagliostro, had acquitted him.

These same judges, seeing that the queen desired that the Cardinal de Rohan should be found guilty, declared him innocent, whilst Madame de la Motte, whom the queen appeared to have some mysterious reasons to protect, was condemned—less, perhaps, from her connection with this affair of the necklace, than in her capacity of descendant of the royal race of Valois.

This famous trial, apparently the trial of Cagliostro; the Cardinal de Rohan, and Madame de la Motte, was in fact the trial of Marie Antoinette.

There was a conspiracy, at that time, to dishonor the queen, and bring her to shame.

This was a period of conspiracies, which led, step by step, to the great catastrophe, the Revolution.

The conspiracy of Calonne, the minister of finances, reduced France to a state of bankruptcy.

Then came a conspiracy which overthrew Calonne, and placed Lamoignon and Brienne in his place.

It was a conspiracy of the people which burned these ministers in effigy, in the public streets—a conspiracy of the courtiers having first reduced them to mere puppets.

These were conspiracies having a definite object in view; but, above all this, several permanent conspiracies, which had been going on for years, and which threatened, now that they were reaching a climax, to become dangerous.

The masters were conspiring against the servants.

The servants against the masters.

The soldiers against the officers.

The clerks against their employers.

The court against the king.

The nobility against itself.

The philosophers against God and religion.

The political reformers against the state.

Foreign nations against France.

Heaven against earth.

All other conspiracies were nothing to this last. Sickness first came, and the people, with the bitter irony of the French populace, not knowing what name to give this unknown epidemic, called it by the name of the minister they hated like the plague—*Brienne*.

Then, in July, 1778, Heaven sent down hailstones over all the waving harvest fields, and this devastation accomplished at one blow what Versailles, Madame de Pompadour, Madame du Barry, Madame de Coigny, Madame de Polignac, Messrs. de Calonne, de Brienne, and Lamoignon had been working at for years.

The hail brought famine, a necessary consequence. Then, as from a tomb, pale spectres arose from all the provinces of France, and, knocking at the gates of Paris, demanded of the king the food Heaven refused to give them.

Then, following this dreadful barren summer and autumn, came winter—not winter with its usual rigors, but winter such as it had been in 1754, when the snow prevented communication between opposite sides of the same streets.

The waves brought icebergs to the very shore; the thickest walls split in the frost. Louis XVI. had all the royal forests in the neighborhood of Paris cut down, to give to the people.

Now this conspiracy of Heaven against earth was one over which human intelligence had no control.

Another conspiracy now arose, too: that was the conspiracy of the princes of the blood against the king, with the duke of Orleans at its head.

The king had given fuel to the Parisians; the duke gave them bread and meat.

Bread and meat are much better than fuel, to a starving people, particularly, as the duke, who had as many forests as the king, gave fuel, too.

Now the Parisians, enjoying the bread and meat, sitting round the large fires made for them by the king, stumbled upon a pun, which had great success at the time, and which, of course, reflected

on the king ; for, besides being unfortunate, Louis XVI. was also unlucky.

“ The king gives us *du bois*, (wood,) it is true ; but, with this wood, burns the people, instead of warming them :”

Alluding, by this *jeu de mots*, to the captain of the watch, whose name was *Dubois*, and who had burned the people with powder, by firing on them, during the *émeutes*.

Such was the state of the public mind when Auger lost the favor of the count d'Artois, his patron.

M. Auger, when he began to recover a little from the shock of his fall, looked about him, and beheld these conspiracies in the horizon—conspiracies which the great never see, because they look too high and never look but in one direction.

Auger looked on all sides, and this was what he saw.

He saw the political clubs—the affiliations.

He saw the society divided into two parts—those who wanted for everything ; those who wanted for nothing.

He saw that, through all time, the people had always been starving, and had never been fed.

He saw that, through all time, the nobles had been always feasting, and yet had never been satisfied.

He discovered that from the base to the summit of this great pyramid, having the king and queen at the top and the people at the bottom, there was a feverish desire for change. He saw, too, that the desire for change was founded on no fixed principle—had no fixed end in view.

He remembered that the queen had very much interested herself in order to have the marriage of Figaro represented.

He saw that M. Necker had taken great pains to assemble the *Etats Generaux*.

He saw that the people had made a great commotion for the sake of trying to find an excuse to make another.

Auger saw that the king was also interesting himself in the *Etats Generaux*, and out of all this Auger saw that there would be great commotions and agitations as to electing the electors, and then the deputies of this much-talked-of assembly.

The situation was a novel one. The people—that unknown or rather unappreciated power—was for the first time about to make itself heard.

Universal suffrage was not yet decreed, but if we refer to the *Moniteur* of the day, we shall find that it came very near it, as it put the power of electing the electors into the hands of all above the age of twenty-five, who paid taxes.

It was putting the power into the hands of about five millions of persons.

Five millions of mercurial Frenchmen, in the very prime of life, set together to get up a commotion; here was a chance for an honest man to make a fortune, which our honest Anger resolved not to let slip.

How the king and queen could be so imprudent as to call into the drama of their lives the people who had, as yet, never played any but the part of the Greek chorus, in the royal tragedies of the past, is incomprehensible, except that they believed the people to be neither enlightened nor as courageous as the people of Paris really were.

The parliament who first demanded the assembly of the *Etats Generaux*—the ministers who promised it—M. Necker who decreed it—the king and queen who allowed it to be decreed—meant, one and all, to terrify the court by the display of this gigantic mass; for the king and queen stood in fear of the court, as the ministers did of the parliament, and the parliament of the monarchy.

Now, of what consisted what is called the court?

It consisted of the nobility and the clergy; that is, two greedy hands which were perpetually plunging into the royal coffers, taking always out and never putting anything in.

Now, to fill these empty coffers, the king and queen were obliged to come to the people, and from them draw taxes to replenish the treasury, after the ruinous exactions of the nobility as well as after ruinous wars.

It was supposed that, if once the people were consulted, they would include the other bodies of the state in the taxation, making

both clergy and nobility pay its dues to the state—a little bit of retaliation which much amused the king and queen.

It is true, that in this assembly of all orders of society, the *tiers état*, or the people, had two classes against them, so that, after all, they had but unequal chances ; true, also, though almost incredible, that instead of electing to this assembly men of their own class, in whom they had no confidence, they were proud and vain enough to prefer electing those above them, and thus swelling the ranks of their enemies.

Then, all the nobles were electors, whilst the electors amongst the people had to be elected.

Then, the assemblies of the people were to make, openly, their elections, giving all their reasons for and against. Now, it was not probable that the timid and cowed people would ever dare to speak out, if what they had to say was against the nobles or the clergy.

Then, too, out of five millions of electors, four millions were from the provinces, and into the provinces the spirit of democracy had not yet penetrated ; the provinces were still entirely subject to the nobility—influenced and guided by the clergy.

Was not Switzerland a proof that universal suffrage led to increase the power of the nobility ? Now, Necker was a Swiss by birth.

Besides, Necker was a banker, and an admirable one, thinking that all the world was to be managed on commercial principles, and looking on his ministry as a counting-house on a large scale, and France, as Switzerland, likewise on a large scale.

Every one had his own way of thinking, of viewing, of arranging, of managing the revolution ; but none appeared to think of the people ; and it was God, through the medium of the people's voice, which was to decide the fate of France ; for, the voice of the people is the voice of God—*Vox populi, vox Dei*.

CHAPTER LV.

AUGER BEGINS TO LOOK ABOUT HIM.

It was in the midst of all this effervescence that Auger began to lay his plans.

Reveillon himself was devoured with ambition and the desire to be elector.

Reveillon belonged to that ambitious class of tradesmen who desired to take the place of the nobility, without, in the least, intending that the people should take the place of the bourgeois. He saw there was a great deal going on, but he did not, in the least, understand the ways and means Providence or fate was taking to bring its ends about.

He did not see, good, honest tradesman that he was, that beneath these five millions were millions of whom no one took any account, but who were destined to arise, and make the greatest commotion the earth had ever felt—the Revolution.

Reveillon saw nothing in France but the king, the queen, the ministers, the nobility, the clergy, the magistrates, the electors and the elected—a most profound error, shared by many wiser men than our good friend Reveillon the paper-hanger.

Auger resolved to dedicate himself to the service of Reveillon. He was not at all as blind as his patron, and knew full well the powerful class of the people; not being any longer able to live on the fat of the land as count, Auger resolved to get as much as he could out of the bourgeois, and not to neglect the people.

His days, then, were conscientiously dedicated to Reveillon and his interests; his evenings and his nights were passed in frequenting all the political clubs and secret societies—in listening to Malonet and Lafayette, at the club of the Palais Royal—in hearing Marat, at the club of the Rue de Valois, discuss theories of philosophy and distinction with Jourdan and Fournier the American.

Surrounded by these grand and important conspiracies, these great political movements, Auger had learned to despise his own domestic difficulties, and to look with contempt on the anger and resentment of his wife.

Above all, Auger disdained his good old father-in-law, on whom he looked with pity ; for Retif's philosophy, which appeared to him so bold, seemed despicable and silly to Auger, far more advanced in the philosophy of the day than Retif himself.

Reveillon was worthy only of his consideration, because he made an instrument of him. Now, Reveillon was what is commercially styled an honest man. He gave as little as he could for his goods, and sold them as dear as possible ; paid his bills with the utmost regularity, and was unmerciful with all those who did not pay him. Reveillon had every reason to be satisfied with himself ; for he was a wise man, and had risen to his present position through his own industry from the ranks of the people.

He was a kind husband and a good father, and therefore thought that he fulfilled all his duties towards society, and had reached the very height of prosperity. But, suddenly it dawns upon him, in the new state of things, that, to all this prosperity he could add civic honors—could become somebody, even amongst his fellows, something more than a mere rich man—he could reap the reward of his invariable industry and integrity, and show the world in what esteem he was held—he could become an elector. From the moment this idea took possession of him, Reveillon was pursued by a restless ambition, which, we have seen, led him to confide in Retif, who helped him with all his power, and which now led him to confide in Auger.

Santerre, Reveillon's friend and neighbor, had divined his ambitious projects from the first—for ambition is as clear-sighted as love ; and how ambitious M. Santerre was, history has recorded.

Reveillon, however, did not exactly know how to begin with Auger ; it was a delicate question, and one he scarcely dared to touch on abruptly.

“ Auger,” said he, at length, one day, resolved on coming to the

point; "Auger, I suppose you pay the workmen exactly every Saturday?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Without any exception, I hope, for such has always been the custom of the house."

"Without any exception, sir."

"And do the workmen make any remark at being so regularly paid?"

"Certainly, sir; they are loud in their praises of the kind master who sends them home to their families full of joy and content."

"Ah, Auger, don't flatter," said Reveillon, his heart swelling with satisfaction.

"I am only speaking what I hear," replied Auger.

"Well, then, Auger, I want to ask you a question."

"A question, sir, of me?" said Auger, humbly.

"Yes; do you think I should have any chance of being elected elector?"

"Ah, sir," replied Auger, with a smile, "if you have not, it will not be my fault, for I have been working at that object night and day, for some time."

"You don't say so!" said Reveillon, his eyes sparkling with joy.

"Yes, I canvass in your favor everywhere, and, besides your own workmen, who have all influence in the neighborhood, I know a great many more influential people."

"Shall I be supported?"

"Certainly, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, you don't go about enough."

"You know I am a domestic man, Auger—I live in the bosom of my family."

"That is just what the people do not like, for they want deputies of their own rank."

"Of their own rank?" said Reveillon.

"Yes; men who come amongst them, who are with them in all their ideas and actions."

Now Reveillon did not admire some of the actions of the people—their *émeutes*, for instance ; he was no fighter, and he made rather a wry face.

“ Hum ! ” said he, after a pause ; “ I think I know what is good for the people, and who would make them an excellent deputy.”

“ Do you,” said Anger, “ who is it ? ”

“ You must, however, listen to my political theory before you can understand me, Anger.”

“ I am all attention, sir.”

Reveillon put himself into an attitude, and began, sententiously.

“ In the first place, I recognize the king as the head ; then come the laws—now the Constitution we are going to make, will take the place of the laws.”

Anger bowed, and Reveillon proceeded.

“ I would have the ministers, and those engaged in the government, well paid, sir ; for all employed in the service of the nation should be paid by the nation, just as I pay all my clerks and my workmen.

“ As to the nobles and priests, sir,” continued the paper-hanger, “ I would have them mere citizens of the state, like myself, only I would have it always remembered that the priesthood represents God and the church ; and that the ancestors of the nobility had fought and died for their country, and, therefore, ought to be respected.”

Here the orator paused to take breath, and to leave Anger time to express his opinion, which that adroit individual took care to do by raising his hands and eyes in admiration to Heaven, or, rather, to the well-papered ceiling.

“ Now, sir,” said Reveillon, “ I come to the people. The people, sir, are the materials from which we create voters, electors, and deputies. The people are everything and nothing—nothing now, but everything with time. The people are in a state of torpor—a mere mass of individuals, only that they are an intelligent mass, that we must try to make more intelligent still.”

Anger smiled, that was all. Reveillon was disappointed, for though he had not, in the least, the intention of consulting Anger,

he wanted him to contradict him, or, at least, to express an opinion.

"Well," said he, at length, finding Auger did not reply, "have you anything to say to this?"

"Not a word," replied Auger.

"Oh, very well," said Reveillon, "because, if you had, I think I could have given you some new ideas on this subject, for I have studied it profoundly."

"I see you have," said Auger.

"Well, sir," proceeded Reveillon, determined to have his speech out, "I maintain that the people, the intelligent mass, ought to be kept in a state of ignorance; follow my reasoning."

"I follow," said Auger.

"The people, sir, can only be emancipated by education; now this education, given to all, will have strange effects upon some; education, sir, amongst the lower classes, will cause a kind of mental intoxication—like that upon the savages, when they get intoxicated with the fire water, of which they do not know the power—education will set the people wild and lead them to excesses; it is impossible to say to what excesses the people may not be led by education. God only knows."

Reveillon here appealed to Heaven, in a most picturesque manner, and then looked down at Auger. Auger was cold and silent.

"You do not approve of my principles?"

"Not exactly."

"Give me your opinions."

"Sir," replied Auger, "it appears ridiculous to talk to an orator and politician like you."

"Not at all, sir, not at all; all have a right to an opinion."

"Well, then, so far from differing from you, sir, I go still farther than you do, for I say that not only do the people want to be kept down, but they actually want to be kept down by the strong arm of authority; for the people, sir, are actually ungrateful, forgetful, and grasping."

"They are," said Reveillon, struck by the observation, as though it had been a new one.

"Because," continued Auger, "the people trample to-day on the idols they raised twenty-four hours before, making popularity one of the most absurd delusions possible; for popularity leads to ruin and death."

"Oh," said Reveillon, "developé this theory, if you please."

"I will give you an illustration—M. Santerre, for instance."

"Well."

"What did Santerre do, during the terrible famine of last winter? Why, he increased the pay of his workmen, did he not?"

"Yes; but then he has only twenty or thirty workmen, and I have eight hundred, you know."

"If he had had eight hundred, he would have done the same. Santerre sacrifices everything to popularity; goes a great deal further than you, I think, have the intention of going, M. Reveillon."

"Oh, decidedly. Why, Santerre opposes both the court and the ministers."

"Whilst you go with them——"

"And always shall," said Reveillon

"Now the consequence of M. Santerre's conduct is, that he would have all the votes of the people, if the people had any votes to give. Now you have acted exactly in a contrary manner to Santerre, have diminished the pay of your workmen, and mean still to diminish it."

"Certainly; for a workman can live on fifteen sous a day."

"Well, by this conduct you have secured all the votes of the tradesmen."

"I suppose I have; yet, I did not refuse the increase of wages to flatter the trade; but, on the principle that the people must be kept down, and that I consider money as one of the greatest means of getting up."

"Bravo!" said Auger, "these are principles that will secure you all the votes."

Reveillon, delighted, shook Auger by the hand, determined to increase the wages of a man who so well understood that there was no necessity to increase the wages of others.

Auger departed, admiring the philosophy of this poor man, who had become rich—of this workman, who had become master, and who thought that all poor people and all workmen should be kept down, as dangerous and incapable.

The elections took place, giving an electric shock to the body of the people, and rousing it for the first time into life. Spite of every precaution, the result of the elections was not what had been expected. Though the voters had been limited to those who paid a higher sum than was at first designed, though the military watched the polls, and loaded their arms in the presence of the voters, the elections had not the result the royal party had expected.

Three only of the king's candidates were named, and these were made to declare that they accepted their nomination from the hands of the people, and not from those of the king.

The provinces, too, disappointed the expectations founded on them by the aristocracy; for they elected the poor clergy, the natural and bitter enemies of the High Priesthood.

Auger canvassed diligently for Reveillon—only, unfortunately, he made known to all the principles on which Reveillon was going to act, namely, that the people must be kept down, and that a workman could live upon fifteen sous a day.

These principles enchanted the bourgeois, and won him every vote amongst the tradesmen, ever at variance with their workmen; and so Reveillon was elected one of the electors.

CHAPTER LVI.

REVEILLON BECOMES UNGRATEFUL.

REVEILLON had attained the summit of his wishes; but it came to pass that, once arrived at this summit, he forgot the means by which he had reached it.

He forgot Auger, and forgot to reward him for his services, or even to thank him.

Auger, however, determined to be paid, if not thanked, and set about it as determinately as he had set about getting Reveillon elected.

Auger had formed an acquaintance in the clubs with Marat ; he resolved to take his advice on the subject.

“ This Reveillon,” said Marat, “ appears to me a worse aristocrat than any of the nobility. He has none of the vices of the nobility which contributed to give employment to the people, and he has the virtues of the shop-keeper ; that is, he is stingy, suspicious, and selfish—the arms with which the tiers état defended themselves against the democracy. The worst enemies of the people are the shop-keepers. Your shop-keeper will help the people to upset the throne, to burn the parchments, and efface the armorial bearings of the nobility ; but when the shop-keeper has destroyed, he will set to work to reconstruct but for himself. From the signs over his door he will make to himself an escutcheon, and the shop-keeper will sit in the place of the nobility. The shop-keeper is destined to become an aristocrat—a haughty noble ; nay, we shall have, at some future day, a shop-keeper on the throne.”

“ What is to be done to avoid it ?” said Auger.

“ Very little—destroy the species.”

“ Destroy the species ! why, there are five millions of the species in France ; who is to destroy five millions ?”

“ The people,” said Marat—“ the people, who are strong enough to destroy everything, whether they take time or whether they do it at one blow—the people, who can afford to be patient because they are eternal, and who will be invincible when they are tired of being patient.”

“ But,” said Auger, “ do you know what such doctrines lead to ?”

“ To civil war,” replied Marat.

“ And the lieutenant of police and the captain of the watch—do you forget them ?”

“ No,” said Marat, “ I don't forget them ; but do you think one cannot avoid them ? Why go forth into the streets and make open war, when one can live in a dungeon, and send forth proclamations from there, as the oracles of old from the caves ?”

"A dungeon!" said Auger; "is there such a thing as a dungeon now?"

"Yes, I live in a dungeon—a place you, none of you, would dare to live in. I love hard work; I am a man of imagination. I can do without the sun that warms you; I want only the light of a lamp. I love solitude because it is solitude; for I hate society, because it is full of deceit and wickedness. The clubs, the secret societies, the newspapers that are disseminated over France, and that so stir up the people, those desperate and inexorable sentences circulated amongst the crowd, which every one repeats, and no one knows who composed—all, all originate in dungeons, where every one works at this great work, the Revolution. But the Revolution, that immense car of Juggernaut, which is coming on at such a rapid pace, requires that its votaries should put their shoulders to the wheel, and help it bodily on; for an effort to stop or to moderate its course, would crush all who attempted it."

Well, but Reveillon?" said Auger.

"Oh, yes, Reveillon; you want to be revenged on Reveillon."

"I do."

"Well, all you have to do is to ruin Reveillon in the opinion of the people, and you will see what the people will do," said Marat, with one of his satanic laughs.

These words germinated in Auger's mind; he reflected upon them, he turned them over and over in every way. Ruin Reveillon in the opinion of the people—of course Marat was right. Reveillon brought down, Auger could step on him, and help himself up. The thing was plain enough, and he resolved to act upon it.

How he proceeded is not necessary to inquire; suffice it to say, that very soon it began to be rumored in the neighborhood that Reveillon was proud and haughty, and that prosperity had turned his brain, and made him ambitious and selfish.

Then were repeated his famous maxims, which, after all, were not his, any more than the maxims of all shop-keepers, and which to this very day, are the maxims upon which all shop-keepers act.

"The people must be kept down," and—

"A workman ought to live on fifteen sous a day."

These terrible and insulting words were brought in judgment against Reveillon, as were those, more atrocious still, pronounced by Foulon, and for which he was even more severely punished than was Reveillon for his :

“I will make the Parisians eat the hay of the plains of St. Denis, if they are not satisfied with what they get.”

Reveillon, however, lived on in perfect unconsciousness and security. Dazzled by his own greatness, he did not remark what every one else saw going on around him—that his workmen received their pay in sullen silence, and that some, to whom he paid two francs a day, took the two francs with a sneer, saying, “Does Reveillon mean to spoil us? he says we can live on fifteen sous a day, and gives us forty—here are twenty-five too much.”

Auger could, by a word, have put a stop to these threatening murmurs; for the people of Paris, if they get easily angry, are easily pacified; but Auger took precious good care to say nothing. So these rumors acquired consistency, and spread around, till God himself, who changes all hearts, looked down on France, and saw that every heart was perverted and wicked, and turned away his face from that unhappy country.

One day, there was a report that the court, in order to reward Reveillon's zeal and devotion, had sent him the order of St. Michael. This absurd report, which deserved only to be listened to with a laugh, made, however, a violent impression on the people, totally ignorant to whom such orders were given.

It was told to Auger, but he pretended ignorance, and replied merely by a well-accentuated “really!” which went far to confirm the report. Many even affirmed that M. Reveillon's clerk had said that he had received the order of St. Michael, and there was no longer any doubt on the subject.

Now, it may perhaps appear necessary to explain M. Auger's motives. Were they simply motives of vengeance and hate, or had he some other end in view in all these manœuvres?

Auger was inspired by hate, but also his principal object was to get something out of the confusion he was creating.

There are men who love confusion and disorder, as birds of prey

love carnage and death, because, as long as there is life, there can be a struggle ; but when there is carnage and death, there can be no resistance.

Auger determined to ruin his employer, in order to get possession of some remnant of his fortune.

Auger pursued his plans both covertly and openly. Openly, in the advice he gave Reveillon—covertly, in the false reports he spread concerning his patron's principles and actions.

About this time, spite of all his mental blindness, Reveillon began to feel uncomfortable at the cold glances and dogged manners of those around him, but, shop-keeper like, he attributed all but to one cause—the credit of the house.

Reveillon, therefore, got together all his funds, as a general gets around him his troops on the eve of battle.

Reveillon ordered his treasurer, Auger, to realize and to get together all his moneys. Now money was either disposed of, in those days, in commercial speculations or in real estate ; for since the threatening aspect of political affairs, the funds had lost all value.

Reveillon resolved upon realizing all he could, settling his affairs, and then, all at once and with flying colors, withdrawing from commercial life. Already he thought how happy he and his children would be in some quiet country place, or in some retired city house, full of comfort and luxury, where they should enjoy their honors, and be surrounded by none but friends.

So Reveillon, by his shop-keeping instinct, was about to destroy the whole of Auger's well-organized plans ; but Auger had gone too far to give up, and, resolved as he was, he instantly set to work to carry out his plans.

He began by negotiating some of Reveillon's paper, and turning it into gold, which he carefully placed in rouleaus at the bottom of his strong-box, telling Reveillon, when he expressed his astonishment at the proceeding, that it was a necessary precaution.

“ For,” said Auger, “ a person of such political importance as yourself, is liable at any time to be assailed, and it may be necessary for you to fly at a moment's notice. Then, of what use is

commercial paper? gold, gold is the only thing, and in your interest I am collecting it."

This explanation sufficed, nay, more than sufficed, to Reveillon, for it gave him a high opinion of Auger's devotion and affection. It did not calm his suspicions; for, to say the truth, he had never had any suspicions of Auger's fidelity; so Auger was in a fair way of realizing his plans, after all; and he went on accumulating his gold day after day, gloating over his own good luck, and the ruin he was making for those to whom he had been obliged so long to act as a subordinate and inferior.

CHAPTER LVII.

IN WHICH RETIF DE LA BRETONNE GETS CONSIDERABLY ASTONISHED.

RETIF, however little he observed, could not but at length discover that his daughter's marriage was not a happy one.

The first person to whom the worthy father mentioned his suspicions, was his son-in-law; but he declined answering, and, affecting despair, rushed from the room. Indeed, lately, he had kept pretty much from the house, so that the father and daughter were left almost entirely to themselves. They soon forgot even the existence of Auger, and the daughter appeared to have recovered her spirits, and was as gay, coaxing and happy as when she petted and cajoled her father, to conceal the existence of her love and her lover.

Now, to this lover, according to promise, she faithfully wrote every day, and he, as faithfully, brought her a letter, full of protestations and promises of love and fidelity.

This lasted a fortnight; at the end of that time Christian implored an interview, and Ingénue felt it would be cruel to refuse it.

This time the Luxembourg was the place appointed, and the hour, four o'clock; because it implied that an hour later it would be dark, and a lover, however respectful he may be, has always more to hope for in the dark than in the broad daylight.

A week after this meeting, another was appointed; and then another; and then another; until, at last, they attracted the attention of Retif.

Now, it must be said, to the honor of Christian, that never once during these interviews, had he sought to get Ingénue to follow him to the houses with the waving trees, M. le Comte d'Artois was so ready to lend him. They remained as innocently together as they had done in their first interview at the Jardin des Plantes.

Retif, however, began to grow suspicious, and to question Ingénue, but Ingénue eluded his questions; so Retif, who was accustomed to construct plots in his novels, made use of a little subterfuge, and resolved to discover what was going on.

Pretending to have business which would detain him out all day, he ensconced himself in a hackney coach, and there sat, till he saw Ingénue come out of the house; she, too, got into a coach, and Retif ordered his to follow. They drove to the Invalides. There Ingénue got out, and, in less than a minute, was joined by a young man, which young man Retif de la Bretonne instantly recognised to be Christian; whereupon, Retif, fully satisfied, drove home.

When Ingénue returned home, she found her father enveloped in his dressing-gown, in an attitude of most intense dignity. No sooner did she enter than he began the speech he had prepared.

He began by enumerating all the duties of the married state; then went off into a panegyric of Auger; then melted into tears at his sorrows; made a hero, a victim of him; and ended by declaring himself the most wretched old man in the world.

Ingénue heard him out, without once interrupting him. When he had finished, she calmly desired her father to listen to her, and, without any anger, or any exaggeration, related all the infamy of which she had been the victim, painting Auger in his right colors, and putting everything in its proper light.

Retif stood aghast, amazed, confounded. For some minutes he

could not speak, but, at last, he rushed to his desk, and taking up a pen, set to work to write a thundering attack upon Auger, the prince, and aristocracy in general, which should ruin the whole race, and revolutionize all Paris.

But Ingénue soothed him, and brought him round to other feelings. She spoke of Christian's goodness, and then Retif went off into rhapsodies, and Christian instantly, in his eyes, became a hero of romance.

"Oh, noble-hearted being!" apostrophised the novelist; "oh, fortunate Ingénue! Ingénue," continued he, "you see that the perversity and corruption of the times have driven us out of the beaten track; the laws of society are no longer anything for us—we must throw them aside. Christian must come and live with us; he is your husband—to him shall your old father give you. What! shall absurd and atrocious laws, made by erring men, pervert the holy laws of nature, and condemn you to perpetual widowhood?"

Ingénue opened her eyes with intense astonishment at these words.

"Yes; listen to me, Ingénue. These are events so extraordinary, that they call for extraordinary remedies. You can no longer belong to the wretch who calls you his wife—it would be sacrilege, nay, it would be prostitution. I command you to drive him from you."

"Oh, I have already done that," said Ingénue, quietly.

"You don't say so?"

"Oh, yes; a long time ago."

"That rejoices my heart," said Retif, "and yet I could weep tears of blood, when I think that my pure and innocent child has been polluted by the embraces of such a monster."

"I think you are mistaken, dear father, as to this last circumstance."

"Mistaken, child; what do you mean? Did I not, blind fool that I was, give you, myself, to this man, at the altar? Is not that incarnate devil your husband?"

"Yes."

"Did we not have a great wedding dinner?"

"We did."

"And a ball?"

"We did."

"After which, did not I, true to the custom of the ancients, myself—not any longer having a wife to do it—conduct you to the nuptial chamber?"

"Certainly."

"Where, having given you my blessing, I left you, and left you with your husband——"

"Father, dear, you forget what I told you."

"What did you tell me, for I am puzzled," said the old man.

"I told you, father, that, instead of my husband, it was the Count d'Artois I found in the room."

"The Count d'Artois! so, then, it is the prince who—well you are pretty enough, and charming enough, my child, for any prince; you are fit for a king or an emperor. So it was the prince; eh! Ingénue?"

"Father, dear, you forget what I told you."

"What, again?"

"Yes; if you remember, I told you, that, by the light I had burning, I had recognized the prince, and that the prince, touched by my prayers and entreaties, like a noble and chivalric prince, as he is, had consented to leave me——"

"Ah! he went away, did he?"

"Yes, father; M. le Comte d'Artois behaved very well to me."

"Well, what followed?"

"Well, my dearest father, I told you that, as the Count d'Artois went out, leaving me pure and unsullied as when he entered, it was M. Christian who came in." As Ingénue uttered these words, she blushed and looked down.

"Ah!" exclaimed Retif; "unerring and ever powerful love, these are thy exploits! it is neither the husband who has bought his right to you at the altar, nor the prince who has bought his right of the husband, but the sly, young scape-grace of a page, who escapes just in time from the arms of death and the doctors, and

comes—well, Ingénue—well, child—I confess I am not sorry. On the contrary, I rejoice ; it is the triumph of love and nature. All hail ! monsieur Christian, all hail !” said Retif, raising his arms, as in salutation.

Ingénue, after some little struggling, contrived to take hold of Retif’s arms, and to arrest his enthusiasm.

“ My dearest father,” said she, “ you are again mistaken.”

“ What ! how ! was there somebody else ?” said Retif.

“ No ; but M. Christian was even more respectful than the prince.”

“ You don’t say so ; then it was not on that night that your marriage with Christian was celebrated ?”

“ Nor then—nor since.”

“ Then,” said Retif, still skeptical as to the innocence of his daughter’s intercourse with Christian ; “ then, do you mean to say that you are nobody’s wife, and that you are Ingénue—my Ingénue—and nobody’s else ?”

“ I swear it to you, by the memory of my mother !” replied Ingénue, looking at her father with her deep, blue eyes.

“ And I believe you ; but now, Ingénue, to reward such wonderful chastity and devotion, you shall be married.”

“ Be married, father ?”

“ Yes ; and I will be the sovereign pontiff who shall bless your union with your lover, and give you to the arms of your noble and generous Christian.”

Ingénue could only gaze with surprise ; she knew not what to answer.

“ Yes, Ingénue ; there is still youth and enthusiasm in your old father’s heart. Listen to what I propose. We will choose, Christian and myself, some snug retreat, where, surrounded by every luxury—for your page is rich, I believe—you can become his wife ; I will bless your union ; we shall want none of the formalities of the law, and we shall all be happy ; and I shall have two children instead of one. Yes, Ingénue—yes, my child—you shall bring Christian to me, and I will explain all to him ; there, smile, my precious child—smile on your old father. Oh, Ingénue ! what a triumph

for philosophy, to think that a father should have the courage to understand marriage in its true sense—as the union of the heart and soul—as the union made by God when he inspires that love, and not as a union made by man and law.”

Ingénue's sweet and gentle face changed its almost infantine expression ; as her father proceeded, it assumed a calm and rigid dignity and firmness that appeared to transfigure her.

“ My beloved father,” said she, “ Christian and I have already settled our future plans.”

“ So you refuse mine ?”

“ I cannot, though I am deeply grateful for your kindness, accept ; and yet, Heaven knows how tempting is your offer. But, father, I have resolved, seeing the fate of other women, never voluntarily to expose myself to a similar one. I will never be any man's mistress—never. I love Christian—shall ever love him ; love him more than my life : he may, perhaps, love me less, or, growing weary, cease to love me ; then, then I should die. I could not survive his love, but I would rather die of grief than of shame. Such is my resolve.”

Retif was astounded ; indeed, for the last hour, he had gone through a succession of surprises which quite bewildered him. He was lost, too, in admiration ; he had never, even in his own books, heard women talk in this way.

“ The position of a mistress, father,” continued the noble girl, “ is essentially a false one. If I had children, as Christian says I should, their position would be a miserable one. My love for them would be their disgrace—Christian might, too, be ashamed of them. I could not exist if I were despised. I cannot exist without love ; I cannot exist without esteem ; and I should die if I despised myself.”

Retif looked at Ingénue with perfect astonishment ; he could not get over his surprise at the extraordinary moral code which he saw now professed by the youth of his day, so very different from the morals of those of his own.

“ How long, do you think, will Christian be satisfied with this state of things ?”

"Always, my father."

"But it is nonsense, my child, for it is contrary to nature.

"No," said Ingénue ; "we have both sworn to remain as we are."

"Ah, my child, a day will come when you will find Christian unhappy and miserable, and when you will console him."

"Never."

"Then you do not love him."

"Not love him !" said Ingénue ; and such an expression of tenderness and love passed over her face, that Retif was lost in admiration, as he gazed on this beautiful image of purity and love.

"But, child, if you mean to wait till your husband's death, do you know how long you may have to wait ? Auger is thirty ; he may live fifty years longer ; you will then be seventy, and Christian seventy-four—a reasonable age !"

"Oh, something will happen before that to break our marriage."

"What should happen, child ?"

"I don't know ; but something will, and then Christian will marry me."

"Has he promised that, too ?"

"He has."

"Sublime children, most sublime children ! Well, Ingénue, have your own way. But take my advice, try and make something happen to break your marriage as fast as you can."

"That is just what I am doing."

"What ? How ? Is it a secret ?"

"Oh, no ; I am praying every night to God."

"Hum ! hum !" said the philosopher ; "is that all ?"

"All," said Ingénue ; "God never failed to hear or to grant one of my prayers."

"By Jove ! Ingénue, but you've been mighty lucky," said Retif.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE SKY BEGINS TO DARKEN.

DURING the few last weeks, the aspect of Paris had considerably changed. The horrible sufferings of this severe winter of 1788, and the excitement of the elections, which had fallen like a bomb-shell in the midst of these sufferings, scattering fire and flame around, had left the capital in a strange state of confusion. For all orderly and well-meaning persons, the excitement ended with the elections; but for the class upon which politicians and intriguers had been so long playing—for the people—the elections had been the signal of revolt and commotion, the spark which was to ignite the mine which was to explode, and blow into the air a monarchy which had existed for centuries.

Reveillon's election had produced a very bad effect in the neighborhood; and his celebrated speech, repeated on all sides, had been acted upon by many of the tradesmen. They had diminished the wages of their workmen, and the workmen, from discontent, proceeded to open revolt, pretending, forsooth, that it was impossible to live upon fifteen sous a day.

What so revolted the people of the Faubourg, or rather the people who made it their business to irritate the Faubourg against Reveillon, was, that Reveillon, who had now grown so overbearing and niggardly, was nothing more than a workman himself—that he had risen from the lowest rank, and had made his fortune through his workmen.

Public opinion, which has always some favorite way of manifesting itself, had adopted lately a most harmless, a most imposing punishment, for those it condemned. It had adopted the plan of burning in effigy, and had already burned in effigy various ministers; and, above all, our friend Dubois, the captain of the watch. The people of the Faubourg now thought they would like to make a bonfire of Reveillon—Reveillon, the hard-hearted—Reiveillon, the

aristocrat—Reveillon, the miser, etc., etc.—and give him the honors of an auto-da-fé in effigy, which is much pleasanter than in reality; though, perhaps, less honorable; but, fortunately, the good people of Paris never thought of doing the thing in a strictly Spanish fashion, or, at that time, they most certainly would.

Now it was the easiest thing in life to burn M. Reveillon in effigy; he had no guards, no attendants to defend him, and was himself always accessible, sitting every day in his counting house. The captain of the watch who had made himself so busy in the other executions would certainly not interfere with Reveillon—that was a sure thing.

So it was resolved to burn M. Reveillon in effigy; and accordingly, on the 27th of April, the masses began to assemble in the Faubourg. They had at first no definite plan, and scattered themselves about in various groups, having to each group an orator, to whom, before proceeding further, they of course stopped to listen. The first question mooted in these speeches was, whether the elections had made them free, and whether, being free, they ought to consider themselves as a republic or not. This last question was doubtful; but the first was unanimously proclaimed. Being therefore free, they had a right to do what they pleased. Now what they pleased was to burn Reveillon in effigy, and to burn him they set to work.

They made an immense figure, larger and higher than any that had been made for the ministers—a great honor, by-the-bye, for a mere tradesman; and having dressed it in rags, they slung across it a wide, black ribbon, to represent the order of St. Michael—that with which the court was about to decorate the paper-hanger. Then, on the breast of the figure, was written the sentence which had so offended the people—"that a workman could and should live on fifteen sous a day;" and then, all being ready, the ragged and infuriated procession advanced towards the Bastille, near which, as we have seen, Reveillon's house was situated.

Soon they were in front of Reveillon's abode. Here they paused, and taking up three or four paving stones, planted the figure firmly in the ground. Then borrowing from the neighbors a little straw

and a few logs of wood, they set about constructing a funeral pile. The neighbors, inspired partly by fear and partly by that spirit of envy which never fails to exist against a richer neighbor, did not dare to resist. All preparations completed, a torch was applied and the flames burst forth, whilst the crowd shouted and danced around like a lion roaring before he devours his prey.

One idea, however, naturally suggests another, and the idea of burning Reveillon in effigy suddenly suggested the idea of burning, not Reveillon himself, but Reveillon's house.

Reveillon had said that the people could live upon fifteen sous a day; now they resolved that Reveillon should try in what manner *he* could live on fifteen sous a day. A number of new faces now appeared among the crowd—scowling, ferocious-looking faces, leaning on long staves, which served them for support, but which evidently were intended to serve them as arms.

Many of the spectators pretended that they had seen these men distribute money among the crowd, as it prepared to execute this last-thought-of plan.

Whilst all this was going on, Reveillon himself was in his garden, with his daughters. The snows of 1789, so late to disappear, were, however, now vanishing beneath the breath of the zephyrs, as Horace said, and the trees were beginning to put forth their tiny foliage.

Reveillon and his daughters were examining their flowers, and planning new beds and new plantations for the coming spring, of which they all felt the influence; when suddenly a distant murmur broke on their ears.

They listened with curiosity, but not with anxiety; for within the last six months popular manifestations had become too common to excite alarm. Sometimes these manifestations were joyous, sometimes angry, according as the patriots felt with regard to the result of their elections; but, at any rate, Reveillon and his daughters were too much accustomed to hear them, to feel any great alarm.

But, as he listened, his heart began to beat; for the sounds, instead of passing on, drew nearer and nearer, and appeared at

last to settle, with threatening shouts, under the very walls of his house.

He rushed from the garden into the court-yard, where he found that his servants had already closed the gates. The shouts from without had ceased ; all was silent, excepting that one loud and continued knocking at the gate from outside.

Reveillon advanced bravely, and drew back a small panel in the gate, which was, however, strongly grated. There he encountered, pressed against the grating, a yellow, scowling face, with two bright, threatening eyes fixed on him. He drew back.

“What do you want ?” said he.

“We want to speak to Reveillon.”

“I am Reveillon,” said he ; “speak.”

“Oh, you are Reveillon, are you ? Open the door, then.”

“What for ?”

“Because I tell you I have got something to say to you.”

“Who—you ?”

“Yes ; I and some few others,” said the man ; and, standing a little aside, he allowed Reveillon to see the multitude assembled behind him.

A look was sufficient for Reveillon. He saw the multitude, with its pikes, its guns, its staves—the ragged multitude with its scowling, threatening looks.

Reveillon shuddered and drew back.

“Open the door,” shouted the man, who appeared to be chief of the party.

“Why should I open my door to you ?” repeated Reveillon.

“Because we want to come in ; so that we may burn in effigy, in his own court-yard, the wretch who said that fifteen sous was enough for a workman to live on.”

“I swear to God I never said any such thing !”

As this reply reached the crowd, shouts of indignation and menace rent the air. At the same time Reveillon heard Auger’s voice whisper in his ear—

“Close the grating, M. Reveillon,” said he. “close the grating.”

Behind Auger stood Reveillon's daughters, weeping and imploring their father to come away.

"Shut the grating," said Auger, a second time. Reveillon obeyed; then, as if the crowd had but waited for this signal, it began to batter at the gate, and to shout with all its might, as though hostilities were really then about commencing.

Reveillon found himself surrounded by his daughters, some few faithful workmen, and Auger.

"Fly!" said Auger; "fly! there is not a minute to be lost!"

"Fly! and wherefore should I fly? I have done these people no harm," said Reveillon.

"Just listen!" said Auger.

Reveillon and those around him listened, and heard the terrible cry then first beginning to be heard in the streets—"à la lanterne!"—which meant nothing more nor less than hanging.

The good Louis XVI. was about to abolish capital punishment, but the people always had a strange propensity for hanging, and they resolved that this popular institution should be maintained.

Reveillon, when he heard these threats, hesitated no longer; taking a daughter under each arm, he fled into the garden, and from thence, by an alley the crowd had not discovered, reached the Bastille in safety.

"Now," said Auger, as he watched him depart, "now my time is come."

CHAPTER LIX.

THE STORM BURSTS.

THE door still remained closed; and the assailants, within sight of the terrible fortress of the Bastille, were a little afraid to proceed to open violence. They were puzzled, too, at the utter absence of an armed force, and expected, every minute, to see the police and the redoubtable captain of the watch appear at the corners of the street. Now the cannon of the Bastille could have annihilated

them, and they still remembered the effect of the fusillade of Captain Dubois on the Place Dauphine. Besides, all Reveillon's windows were closed with blinds, and who knew what terrible weapons might not be pointed at them, from behind them, waiting only their first aggression, to fire?

Still, however, for very shame, after staying half the day before the door, shouting and threatening, they could not go back without doing something ; so, not being able to get the door opened, they resolved on burning it down. One of the leaders, bringing wood and straw up to the gate, put a lighted torch to the pile, and the flame curled up the heavy oaken gate. It produced a most admirable effect, too ; for it had now grown quite dark, and the flames shone forth in great splendor, burning first the gate and next spreading joyously to the house itself.

Still, no succor appeared ; this was unaccountable to many, but was, in fact, the policy of the court.

Now, the court, after contriving the elections and inventing the meeting of the states-general, had, from the result of these elections, grown afraid of its own work ; and, having put off the meeting of the states-general, from the 17th April to the 4th of May, it resolved to find some pretext to put it off altogether.

Hearing of this assault upon Reveillon's house, it resolved to let it proceed, hoping that the pillage and destruction of many others would follow, and that Paris would be in a state of open revolt—thus showing the impossibility of a popular assembly, and furnishing an excuse for bringing an army into the capital, as well as to Versailles, to protect both the capital and the court.

The crowd, therefore, assembled before Reveillon's house, had it all their own way ; and after amusing themselves with making a bonfire of the front of the house, it began to desire to penetrate within the walls.

At this moment, however, a small detachment of soldiers appeared, and began haranguing the multitude. The multitude, however, perceiving that the detachment was too small to do anything else than harangue, turned contemptuously away and proceeded with its work of destruction.

Then the soldiers fired ; but the multitude, now excited beyond control, replied to the fire by a volley of stones, and the soldiers were put to flight.

Now the crowd, putting ladders against the walls, knocked in the windows, and entering, proceeded to admit all those who waited but for the doors and windows to be opened. As the crowd entered the house, flames were seen to issue from the paper manufactory, though as yet none of the assailants had thought of going there ; how the manufactory got set on fire was never known ; at least, not to the crowd.

When the crowd got into the house, it had great enjoyment.

Some gratified their tastes by throwing the furniture out of the windows, whilst others rushed to the wine cellar, and a few made for the counting-house.

Reveillon's counting-house was at the extremity of an inner court leading to the color rooms. It was a large room, on the first floor, divided into three compartments, the inner compartment containing the strong-box and the moneys.

The strong-box itself was a large oaken chest, well bound in iron, and fastened with innumerable locks, that it would have been difficult for four men to lift, even when the box was empty. It was enclosed in a small closet, to which a small staircase alone conducted, and which was so constructed as to be invisible to those who were not aware of its existence.

A few unsuccessful attempts having been made to find out this strong-box, the crowd soon resolved not to lose any more time in searching for it, but returned to the apartments, where it laid hands upon all it could find.

Meantime, Auger—who, of course, knew perfectly well the staircase, and all the secrets of the closet containing the strong-box, as well as the impossibility of finding it—had taken refuge there ; and there, sitting safely on his strong-box, he listened to the yelling of the multitude, and watched the flames as they rose from the buildings around him.

He watched for some time ; the crowd, fully occupied with the house, did not once approach the place where Auger lay in

ambush. Presently, he heard a regular fusillade, and going to the window, saw a detachment of the Gardes Française turning the corner of the street.

“All is lost,” said Auger ; “the crowd will be dispersed, and as the fools have never thought of destroying the counting-house, the money will have to be found intact. But, why cannot I do what they have not done? Why cannot I fire the place? no one will ever find it out.”

So saying, Auger lighted a match and threw it into a barrel of turpentine, which stood in the court-yard not far from the window.

Then the mighty flame mounted like a serpent, communicating itself quickly with the essences, spirits, and colors near it. Auger watched its progress for a few minutes ; then, thinking it sufficiently advanced, he went to the strong-box, opened it, and took from it the bag of gold he had been so diligently collecting.

This done, he again repaired to the window, and, lest the flames should not do their work in time, he dipped a paper into a barrel of oil, and, smearing it along the walls, set fire to it with a lighted candle.

Auger, kneeling on the floor, coaxing the flames round the strong-box, in which remained only drafts and bills, which, though of great value, would have been of no use to Auger, but might have served to betray him—looked like the genius of evil working poor Reveillon’s ruin, when suddenly a voice, pronouncing his name, made him start to his feet.

Auger turned, and on the threshold, pale and calm, he beheld Ingénue.

“What, are you also a thief?” said Ingénue, with an expression of profound scorn.

Auger let fall his candle ; but, clasping his bag of gold to his bosom, he exclaimed—

“What do you do here?”

“I come to expose you ; I, who know all your vices.”

Auger gasped for breath ; he held his gold ; was he to lose it now? He looked at Ingénue, and then, with a rapid movement,

his hand sought his pocket, in which, he remembered, was a long, sharp knife, such as, in those days of confusion, men found it necessary to carry with them for defence.

Still he had no definite intention, as he clasped the knife, and looked at Ingénue. Ingénue—what power, what chance, had brought her there, at this critical moment, standing before him. pure and pale, like the statue of Nemesis?

Ingénue's presence was very easily accounted for. She had gone out early to meet Christian, and had spent the whole morning with him in her usual manner. When it began to grow dark, Christian had brought Ingénue home; that is, as near her home as he thought it prudent to venture.

As they proceeded, they had heard sounds of distant tumult; but such sounds were so common that, occupied as they were with each other, they paid no attention to them, except that, foreseeing a crowd, Christian had taken Ingénue through all the back streets, and brought her to the door of the garden instead of to the front door.

Ingénue, finding the garden door open, had entered; but no sooner had she entered, than she perceived the smoke issuing from the house, and men running in all directions.

Full of courage, like all that is innocent and pure, Ingénue's first thought was that Reveillon and his daughters were in danger, and that she could be of some assistance. She paused for an instant, and, having ascertained from what she heard that the multitude were in search of Reveillon, and had not found him, she imagined that probably Reveillon had taken refuge in his counting-house, with the secrets of which Ingénue was of course acquainted.

Hither, therefore, she hurried, arriving, as we have seen, just in time to discover Auger in the act of setting fire to the strong-box, and carrying off the bag of gold.

After a moment's reflection, Auger, gazing upon Ingénue, understood that she must either be his victim or his accomplice. He knew her too well to hope she would be persuaded to become the latter; nevertheless, he resolved to try.

"Let me pass," said he; "our destinies have nothing in common. I give you up—I will never claim you again—let me pass!"

"Let you pass!" said Ingénue; "yes, I will, but not with Reveillon's gold."

"How do you know it belongs to Reveillon?"

"Did I not see you take it out of his strong-box?"

"It may be mine, for all that."

"Where is Reveillon?"

"Am I Reveillon's keeper?" said Auger.

"Have you, like Cain, who answered thus after his brother's murder—have you, I say, killed Reveillon to steal his gold?"

"Let me pass!" said Auger, trying to put her aside.

"Thief and incendiary—murderer, perhaps!" said Ingénue, resolutely putting herself against the door.

Auger hesitated; the evil spirit was tempting him most terribly; but still he paused.

"Give me that gold! perhaps your benefactors may have to starve without it. Give me that gold, thief, incendiary, murderer, perhaps!"

"Ah, you call me murderer, do you?"

"I do."

"And you want this gold?"

"I do."

"And if I do not give it you, you will betray me, will you?"

"I will, so help me God!"

"I don't think you will, my dear Madame Auger!" with such a diabolical look, that Ingénue rushed across the room, and, throwing open the window, shouted, in a loud voice—

"Thieves! murder! thieves!"

But her voice was soon choked by the smoke, which entered in volumes through the open windows, and Ingénue was obliged to draw back.

Auger dashed up to her, and, dragging her from the window, seized her by the waist, and, holding back her head, plunged his knife into her bosom. The blood spirted forth in torrents, and Ingénue fell to the ground with a gasp and a heavy sigh.

Auger, then seizing the bag of gold, made the best of his way out of the room, stumbling over the steps; for the smoke and flames almost blinded him; and, as he reached the garden, he heard the walls and ceiling of the room he had left, fall in with a crash.

What, however, the wretch did not see was that, at the very instant he turned from Ingénue, a man had jumped in at the window she had opened, and that, gazing around him, the man had wildly exclaimed—

“Ingénue! Ingénue!”

It was no other than Christian—Christian, who, as long as Ingénue had been with him, had not noticed the unusual fermentation of the Faubourg; but who, when she was no longer with him, had fully understood the state in which it was, and dreaded the dangers she might encounter.

Going round to the front of Reveillon's house, he beheld the pilage and destruction that was going on, and knew that into this very house Ingénue had just entered. What would become of her? He might yet be in time to save her.

He rushed to the garden-door, where he had left her. Spite of all obstacles, he penetrated into the court; looking around him, he discovered both Ingénue and Auger, for the flames lighted up the scene, and revealed even their very features.

Surely he heard a cry. It was Ingénue's voice—it was a cry for help. A ladder was there; to put it against the window, rush up, dash in, and exclaim “Ingénue! Ingénue!” was but the work of a moment—only he was one instant too late, for he reached the floor just as Ingénue fell, wounded and bleeding, upon it.

“Ingénue! Ingénue!” wildly shrieked the young lover; but he saw no one—he heard no reply.

Suddenly something moved at his feet, a voice strove to utter his name: he stooped; a form, a bleeding form, made an effort to reach him. It was Ingénue. He seized her in his arms. The flames were wreathing round them; he clasped her, all bleeding as she was, to his bosom, and dashed down the ladder, leaving traces of blood on the crackling embers as he passed.

On, on he carried her, amidst the whistling of the balls from the musketry, over the burning stairs, through the howling crowd, bruised by the falling timbers, bleeding and insensible; still on he sped, with his dear and precious burthen; nor stopped till he reached a darkened alley, where, overpowered and exhausted, he fell on the pavement with Ingénue beside him.

CHAPTER LX.

THE PORTRAIT.

No one took any notice of Christian as he passed; everybody was too much taken up with his own affairs to attend to those of others.

The crowd were vieing with each other in destruction; there was a great deal of fighting going on, much drinking, and more stealing; the house presented a thorough epitome of a sacked town.

Without the Gardes Françaises were keeping up a regular fire, and gradually getting possession of the street—confining the rebels to the house, on which they now fully glutted their vengeance.

Christian, having passed through all this, now sat down beside his burthen, and strove to recover his strength and his presence of mind, both of which he had lost, in his rapid flight and the confusion through which he had passed.

Ingénue lay there beside him, pale and bleeding; his clothes and her own were saturated with blood. She was completely insensible, and her heart beat but faintly.

Exhausted as he was, Christian's first impulse was to lie down and die beside her; but suddenly a sigh from Ingénue gave him hope.

Might he not save her? Perhaps she was not mortally wounded.

At this thought, Christian took her once more in his arms, and,

collecting his strength, rushed towards the Faubourg. A coach was passing—he hailed it—it stopped, and the coachman got down.

“What is the matter, sir?” said he, alarmed at the sight of this young officer, with, apparently, a dead woman in his arms.

“The matter is, that, being with my sister in the midst of the *émeute* of the Faubourg St. Antoine, she has been terribly wounded, and I know not what to do.”

“You must get a surgeon,” said the good-hearted coachman, “and that quickly; here, get in,” said he, opening the door of the vehicle, “and give me the poor girl.”

Christian mechanically did what he was told. He got in, and took poor Ingénue in his arms.

“I know a surgeon,” said the coachman.

“What is his name?”

“I don’t know; we call him the poor man’s friend.”

“Go on, then, as fast as you can.”

The coachman mounted his box, and, in a quarter of an hour, stopped at the door of a small house, in a little narrow street.

“Get out,” said the coachman, “and never fear; you are in good hands.”

Christian got out, taking Ingénue in his arms.

“Up, to the second floor!” said the coachman; “but, see, here comes somebody with a light.”

A light appeared at the end of the passage, and a shrill voice exclaimed—

“Who is there?”

“A patient!” replied the coachman. “Go up, sir; it’s the surgeon’s housekeeper. Shall I carry the young lady?”

“No, thank you,” said Christian, “I can carry her, myself;” and he began to ascend.

“I will wait here,” said the coachman; “you may want me again.”

Christian went up very slowly; for, at every step, the blood poured in fresh torrents from the wound. The light still gleamed from the second story, showing Christian where to set his feet on the narrow, dirty stairs.

At length Christian reached the second story, and stood before the woman who had spoken and who held the light.

She was a miserable, dirty-looking old woman, such as are only to be found in Paris, the city of extremes in all concerning womanhood.

Christian, however, as may be supposed, scarcely looked at her, but, entering the door he saw open before him, he sought a place to put down Ingénue.

There was no carpet on the floor, no sofa—only, in an inner room, Christian spied a bed. He was going up to it, when the woman exclaimed—

“What are you doing? why, you will spoil master’s bed!”

“Where shall I, then, lay down this poor girl?”

“I don’t know; not on the bed, certainly, to stain it with all that blood.”

Christian was disgusted; to him the bed did not seem worthy of his precious burthen; nevertheless, drawing a straw arm-chair towards him, he placed Ingénue upon it, and, getting another, put up her feet, so as to make a sort of sofa.

“Is your master not at home?” said he, looking up.

The light now fell upon his face, and the old woman exclaimed—

“I declare, Monsieur Christian, who would have thought it!”

“Do you know me?” said Christian.

“I think you ought to know me,” said the old woman, “after all the care I took of you.”

Christian looked at her attentively.

“Albertine!” said he. “This then is M. Marat’s?”

“Certainly.”

“What! has he left the Ecuries d’Artois?”

“To be sure, he has; he could no longer serve the tyrants; he has resigned.”

Christian looked round him in disgust. He felt inclined to take up Ingénue, and to rush away with her; but where was he to take her? Then, too, he remembered all the care bestowed on himself when he had been borne wounded and bleeding into Marat’s house, and he resolved to wait.

"Where is Monsieur Marat?" said he.

"How should I know?" said Albertine; "about his business, I suppose."

"Oh, Madame Albertine," said Christian, "only look at the poor child! do find him."

"What can I do for her?" said Albertine, looking at the fair and lovely creature, with the hate which characterizes age and ugliness when it looks on youth and beauty; "I don't know where my master is."

"Oh, go and look for him," said Christian; "you must know where to find him. Here, here, take all this gold."

Albertine seized the gold, and, putting it into her pocket eagerly, was about to proceed in search of Marat, when Ingénue heaved a deep sigh.

Christian rushed up, and threw himself on his knees before her, whilst Albertine bent over her, not from interest, but from curiosity.

"Where am I?" said she; and her eyes rested on Christian, and she smiled.

Christian felt as if that smile had opened to him the gates of paradise.

"You are safe, dearest, and in the hands of a surgeon, who will save you, as he did me."

"Save me! yes—oh, yes; I remember;" said Ingénue, and then, half raising herself, she looked around her.

Suddenly, she started as though Auger's poniard had again struck her. Christian followed the direction of her glance, and saw it rest upon a dark and sombre portrait, opposite to her.

Ingénue extended her arm towards the portrait.

"Who is that?" said she.

"My master," replied Albertine, "Monsieur Marat; the portrait, too, is by Monsieur David, and a very fine one, I can tell you."

"Is that the surgeon?" gushed out Ingénue.

"It is," replied Christian.

"Do you think that man shall touch me? do you think that. Christian? Never! never!"

"But, why not, Ingénue? you can rely on his skill."

"Touch me again? never!" said Ingénue, greatly excited.

"What can she mean?" said Christian.

"I don't know," said Albertine; "you know how skilful Master is, and though he is not handsome, he certainly is not a monster."

"Oh!" said Ingénue, "take me away!"

"She is delirious," said Albertine; "you mustn't mind what she says."

"No, no—I am not!" said Ingénue.

"But you do not know Monsieur Marat."

"Yes I do, and Charlotte Corday knows him, too. He shall not touch me! Take me away, Christian, I will not stay here!"

"But you will die on the way, my Ingénue."

"I don't care. I would rather die than stay here."

"Ingénue! Ingénue! You are wandering; you know not what you say."

"I know so well," said Ingénue, starting up with a strength which seemed incredible, after the blood she had lost, "that if you do not take me away, I will throw myself from the window."

"Ingénue!" said Christian, imploringly.

"Take me away!" said Ingénue.

Scarcely had she pronounced these words, when the door opened, and Marat appeared on the threshold.

He looked sordid and dirty, as usual, and twisted his deformed body like a wounded spider. Ingénue no sooner saw him, than she fell back, fainting in Christian's arms. Christian hesitated no longer. Taking her up, he rushed towards the stairs.

Marat, who had recognized him, tried in vain to stop him. He entreated, in the most affectionate terms; but Christian would not listen to him. He did not pause until he reached the hackney coach.

"Where are we going now?" said the coachman.

"I don't know," said Christian.

Marat, meantime, opened the window, and called out—

"Stay, Christian! Christian!"

Christian was astonished at the familiarity of the appellation ; but the voice inspired him with a desire to get beyond its reach.

“To the Louvre! to the Louvre!” cried he, inspired with a sudden idea ; and the coachman drove off at full speed.

“Who is that gipseey that Christian brought here?” inquired Marat of Albertine.

“I don’t know,” said Albertine ; “all I know is, that when she saw your portrait, she said you were a monster.”

“Aha!” said Marat, with a laugh. “My friend David would be very much flattered, if he knew how much his portrait resembled me. So, you don’t know her name?”

“No ; I did not hear it ; but she named one of her friends—Charlotte Corday.”

“Charlotte Corday,” said Marat, musing ; “I never heard of her.” Then, taking up his candle, he shut himself up in his room, muttering—

“Aha! So these women think me a monster!”

CHAPTER LXI.

THE KEY OF PARADISE.

CHRISTIAN knew his way perfectly about the Louvre ; the palace was not inhabited by the royal family, and was left to the officers on guard and to the attendants of the palace.

Going up one of the back stairs, he entered an apartment in which, in solemn state, without either sheets or blankets, but in all the solemn grandeur of velvet and brocade, was a large, splendid bed. On this he placed Ingénue, whose wound had now ceased to bleed, and who complained of nothing but violent thirst.

Having procured her some water, he settled her on the down pillows, covering her with the velvet and gold counterpanes, and after pressing his lips to her forehead, sat down to watch beside her.

Ingénue, exhausted, no sooner felt herself safe, than she fell into a profound slumber.

Then Christian began to think of all that had happened ; of the dangers he had gone through, and of the dangers which awaited him.

There was Ingénue beside him ; but what was to become of them ? persecuted by Auger, by Retif, and probably by the countess, who would reject Ingénue and refuse to help them.

What was to be done ? There were but a few hours to decide in—a few hours to decide on the destiny of two lives. Ingénue slept calmly on ; the nervous trembling which had oppressed her had subsided ; she breathed gently as a child, and the soft color began to return to her pale lips.

Christian gazed at her until the complication of his position half maddened him, and he rushed forth into the open air to relieve his heated brain.

As he entered the court, a carriage, preceded by an escort and torch bearers, drove furiously up to the portico. Christian, bewildered as he was, scarcely moved to let the cortege pass ; but, as the carriage drove by, he had just presence of mind sufficient to recognize within it his friend the Count d'Artois.

At the sight of the prince, Christian recovered his presence of mind.

“ Oh, God, I thank thee !” said he ; “ we are saved—the prince will save us.”

The prince had hastened to Paris, on the news sent to Versailles, of the pillage and revolt going on in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The queen had affected to laugh at the news ; but the prince had ordered his carriage, resolved to see to what extremities the Parisians were going, now that they had begun.

Christian was one of the first to salute the prince as he alighted, and heard his first questions, which related to the émeutes of the Faubourg.

“ I can give your highness better details than any one else,” said Christian, “ for I am just arrived from the Faubourg St. Antoine, as your highness may see from the state in which I am.”

"Why, you are covered with blood," said the prince; "are they fighting there?"

"Not only fighting, but killing and pillaging."

"Come, then, and tell me all about it," said the prince, going towards one of the drawing-rooms.

Christian followed the prince, and told him the terrible events through which he had passed.

"More enemies!" said the prince; "but tell me, is this a mere attempt on Reveillon, or is it an organized revolt?"

As the prince spoke, M. de Bizerval, who had been to the Faubourg St. Antoine, entered.

"What news?" said the count, eagerly.

"Your highness will hear the cannon before long. Your highness can form no idea of the crowd assembled. There are more than twenty thousand persons."

"It is, then, a serious revolt?"

"It is, indeed," replied the baron; "pillage, fire, and murder; that is what it is."

"Great Heaven! how long will it last?"

"As long as there is any one left to fight."

"Thank you, baron," said the prince; "I will detain you no longer."

The officer withdrew, and the prince, much affected by what he had heard, paced the room in great agitation. At length he perceived Christian, and noticed his agitation.

"How pale you look, count!" said he, taking his hand; "how horribly pale you look!"

"I ought to be dead," replied Christian.

"What can you mean, Christian, my good friend?"

"Will your highness listen to me for a few minutes?"

"Most certainly I will; speak."

"Oh, prince, at this very moment, perhaps, *Ingénue* is dying."

The prince started; then Christian, clasping his hands, related to the count the terrible catastrophe of *Ingénue's* assassination, of their horrible flight, and of her present precarious state.

"What is to become of us? If she dies, I shall not survive

her. If she recovers, I must give her back to her father—to her husband. Oh, will you not aid me, will you not save us both?"

The prince had listened with the most profound interest. When Christian had finished his recital, he rose, and, going towards a table, on which his desk had on his arrival been deposited by his valet, he put his finger to his lips; then, looking towards Christian with a smile, he said—

“Come here!”

Christian drew near, and the prince, having opened the desk, drew from it a small key, which he placed in the page's hand.

“Take this,” said he, “and listen to what I am going to say. Follow well my directions; do not miss one of them; this is the key of paradise.”

CHAPTER LXII.

REAL AND PRETENDED SORROW.

CHRISTIAN, possessed of this key, which was the key of one of the prince's houses with the waving trees, of which he had already spoken to his page, conveyed Ingénue to a safe retreat, where, at length, he could procure every care for her.

Meanwhile, we will return to Retif, who found himself in the midst of the events which were so perplexing both Paris and Versailles, and which certainly had quite as bewildering an effect upon him.

The first thing Retif resolved to save was his life; for Retif, rather sceptical as to the other world, had an intense desire to remain in this. Then Retif thought of his daughter.

But he knew she was out, and, probably, with Christian; therefore, for her he felt no anxiety.

Next, he thought of his manuscripts—those other children, after Ingénue, the dearest things he had in the world.

Having assured himself that the staircase was still safe, Retif

rushed back to his room, and began getting together a bundle of papers, which had nothing very tempting in their appearance, but which the flames would probably not have spared, any more than the waves did the *Luciad* of Camoëns.

Having collected his papers, and filled his pockets with as much type as they could contain, Retif made the best of his way down stairs, and so out at the garden gate into the street.

There, being in safety, the poor author sat down to gaze at the effect of the fire; and, having sufficiently contemplated it, he proceeded to think where next he was to go. As he was ruminating, the first fusillade of the Gardes Française resounded on the Place de la Bastille. Retif, remembering the fusillade of the Place Dauphine, resolved on getting as far away from this as possible.

But, where was he to go, and what was to become of Ingénue, when Ingénue should return home; or, rather, when she should find no home to return to?

Where should he go? Why, the only place he could think of, was his old lodging, which he had never ceased to think of with affection—his lodging in the Rue des Bernardins; thither he resolved to go.

So off he set, delighted at having had so bright a thought. It was not quite dark when he reached the house; he rang the bell, and eagerly inquired for the landlord, who lived on the first floor. The landlord was at home, and received Retif most cordially, for Retif had always paid his rent exactly, and had not owed a sou to anybody when he left. Besides, he came from the Faubourg, where the *émeute* was going on. Everybody was interested in the *émeute*, and Retif could tell them all the details, first-hand, for it was actually Retif's house that all the *émeute* was about, and they had actually burnt it down about his ears. Having, as well as all the neighbors, listened most curiously to all these details, the landlord most politely proposed that Retif should take possession of his former lodging, which had not yet been let to another tenant; offering, also, to lend him two beds, four chairs, and a table, until such time as Retif and his publisher could afford to give him a more splendid outfit.

Thus established, having arranged his manuscripts on the table, and taken the type from his pocket, Retif began to walk up and down, in expectation of the arrival of Ingénue, for so certain was he of Ingénue's intelligence, that he never for an instant doubted that when Ingénue found there was no longer either father or home in the Faubourg St. Antoine, Ingénue would instantly come and seek both father and home in the Rue des Bernardins.

He waited for some time with exemplary patience, and without any great anxiety ; so many things might occur to retard Ingénue—the sorrow of the Reveillons to console—the difficulty of getting through the streets—the distance—a thousand things might intervene to retard Ingénue ; but Ingénue would come, he felt no doubt of that, and that she was also safe, he felt confident ; for, after all, even if she should get into the crowd, Auger was there to protect her, and he could not imagine that Auger would not look to the safety of his wife.

Having paced the room for some time, Retif, to beguile the time, sat down and began to write an account of the events of the morning ; but as the liberty of the press was somewhat limited—as a true and succinct account might have led to inflame the passions of the multitude, Retif was obliged to change the scene of action from Paris to the country, transporting Reveillon's substantial house into a chateau in the country, and the ragged multitude of Paris into a ragged multitude of country boors. With the same poetical license he changed his friend Reveillon from a purse-proud, silly citizen, into a tyrannical, overbearing lord ; thus giving quite a romantic turn to the somewhat vulgar adventures in which he had played a part.

Lost in the charms of composition, Retif had begun to forget the truth and the true characters, and to become completely absorbed in the imaginary ones he was creating, when the door was suddenly burst open, and Auger, pale, breathless and exhausted, rushed like an avalanche into the room.

Auger had evidently been running, and appeared still disposed to run, for he dashed up to the opposite wall, when he entered, as

though intending to go through it, and then turned to Retif with a groan.

"Oh," said he, at length, "is that indeed you?"

"Of course it is," replied Retif; "who else should it be? Didn't you come here to look for me?"

"Certainly; but——"

"You guessed I should think of coming back here?"

"I did," said Auger.

"But you are not alone, are you? Where is Ingénue?"

"Ingénue, ah!"

"Why do you say, 'Ingénue, ah!' like a tyrant in a melo-drame?" said Retif.

"Oh, Ingénue! Ingénue!" exclaimed Auger, sinking into a chair.

"Well, speak—speak!" said Retif, growing more and more anxious.

Auger replied only by a groan.

"Ingénue!" repeated Retif.

"Oh! if you knew!" replied Auger, with a howl.

Retif, feeling a presentiment of some terrible misfortune, rose from the table where he had been sitting, and going up to Auger, said, with that resolution and firmness all those who exercise soul and intellect will ever find—in a commanding voice—

"Tell me the worst. Where is she?"

"I do not know."

"Not know where my child is?"

"No."

"You do," replied Retif, after gazing intently at him; "I see you do."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed you do; and whatever you have to tell, I bid you tell it to me now."

"Well, then," said Auger, in a feeble voice, and with many sobs, "You know that amongst my other employments at Monsieur Reveillon's, was that of treasurer."

"I do."

"You know, probably, that Ingénue went out this morning at about one o'clock."

"With the Demoiselles Reveillon," said Retif—prudent old father.

"I don't know who with."

"Well, no matter."

"Well, it appears that she returned and attempted to penetrate into a portion of the building."

"It appears—don't you know who saw her?"

"No," said Auger. "I say it appears, because it is not very certain."

"Not very certain, man!" exclaimed Retif; "do not torture me, but go on with your story; tell me the worst at once."

"Well, at the last moment, anxious to save something for my patron, I was trying to penetrate into the counting-house, which was in flames, and into which Ingénue had been seen to enter, when on reaching the inner room, I found that the ceiling had given way, the walls fallen in, and that all that remained was——"

"Was what?" gasped Retif.

"The dead body."

"What dead body?—whose dead body?" said Retif, with such an expression of agony, that it must have been as great a torture to Auger to witness it as any he was destined to receive in hell for his crimes. "Do you mean the dead body of my child?"

Auger was silent, and Retif sunk back on his chair; then, closing his eyes, with the fatal power of a man gifted with imagination, he followed his daughter through the flames, through the tortures of her death, and beheld her lifeless at his feet. Then turning to Auger, he murmured, in an almost inaudible voice—

"She was quite dead?"

"Dead, burned, disfigured, terribly disfigured, though I recognized her instantly."

Retif reflected again, for a few minutes; then, with the obstinacy of despair, he desired Auger to repeat the whole story to him, in all its horrible details. When he had heard all again, and felt that

his misfortune was beyond a doubt, the old man bent down his head and wept.

Auger rushed up to him, and, kneeling before him, mingled his sobs with those of his father-in-law.

"Oh, Monsieur Retif, you have still a son; if you cannot love him as you did her, love him a little for her sake."

"Ah, Auger," replied Retif, "there is no daughter, no child in the world that could replace Ingénue."

"I will love you so much; I will be ever by your side; ever attentive; ever with you!"

"Ah, Auger, it is of no use."

"Then, M. Retif, what do you think I must feel—I, her husband?"

"Hum!" said Retif, somewhat drily, as he remembered Ingénue's history.

"Let me stay with you; it is my only consolation now, and I have not had much happiness in life, you know, M. Retif."

Poor, tender-hearted Retif was touched, and extended his hand to Auger. Auger, without any apparent scruple, took, with the hand which had assassinated the daughter, the hand of the father, and carried it to his lips.

"Oh, sir!" said Auger; "what am I but a mere mechanic, compared to you? how could I get through life alone? Oh, sir, do take me under your protection—let me live with you—let me be your son!"

"As you will, Auger," replied Retif.

"Then you consent?" said Auger, with such an explosion of joy that it made Retif look up from his tears; "then you will let me live with you?"

"If you like, Auger;" said the unsuspecting Retif.

Auger launched forth into profuse expressions of gratitude—his end was attained. It appeared to him, that, living with the father as an affectionate son, he could never be suspected of having assassinated the daughter.

But Auger moderated his joy, for he felt it was necessary to feign a becoming sorrow for the catastrophe which had placed the

good old man so entirely in his power. He strove to weep, but Heaven, not being his accomplice, refused him tears; so he was obliged to have recourse to groans and contortions; so that, at last, it was Retif who was obliged to console Auger.

Then, after another effusion of sorrow, they made their arrangements for the night. Retif was left alone, weeping and sobbing for the child of his heart, and Auger retired to his couch, rejoicing in the success of his plans, and cursing the lamentations of his father-in-law, because they prevented his sleeping.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A FIRST PROOF-SHEET OF ONE OF RETIF DE LA BRETONNE'S NOVELS.

THE conduct of Auger towards his father-in-law, and their great affection, were the theme of every tongue. Ingénue's terrible fate had excited great interest. So young, so lovely, beloved by all, her untimely death created universal sympathy, and considerably increased the interest felt for the Reveillons.

Poor Retif! he tried to resume his occupations, and to calm his sorrow; but Ingénue was so interwoven with his existence, so thoroughly the child of his love, that he felt as if his soul was buried with her in her grave, and that he was but a wandering spirit on earth, without hope or aim. Sorrow, like the waves upon the rock the tide washes every day, made deep furrows on poor Retif's brow, and his trembling hands held the type mechanically and feebly.

As for Auger, who was not a father, and could scarcely have been called a husband, he recovered himself very soon; ate, drank, and slept, and went about his usual avocations, just as before. Occasionally, however, whenever he thought of it, he would assume an air of compunction, or a look of profound sorrow, particularly when he happened to be out in the street with his father-in-law;

and the neighbors stood on the steps of the door to see them pass by, greeting both father and son with looks of tender sympathy, which satisfied the one and soothed the other.

Auger had taken, as his room, the one formerly occupied by Ingénue, and had furnished it with a bed, two chairs, and a table, which table was the one on which the father and son took their meals.

Auger was almost all day out, returning late for his meals, being, it was supposed, much occupied, though what occupation Auger could find, now that Reveillon had no longer any counting-house, is a question which might, perhaps, be asked. But Auger, who was a man of imagination, had found an occupation, and had made himself inspector of the works now going on amongst the ruins of Reveillon's house; watching over every plank or beam that was taken out of them, with as much zeal and energy as though Reveillon had still been a rich man, and could reward him—conduct which very much edified Reveillon and all who observed it.

Retif, alone, could not understand how his son could every day return to the place where Ingénue had been lost, and every evening bring him accounts of the state of the works, which nearly broke the old man's heart.

But Auger cared very little about Retif's feelings; all he had wanted to do in the interest of his own safety he had done; he had thoroughly persuaded the neighbors of his affection for his father-in-law, and of the good understanding between them.

One day, the evening repast, prepared by the hands of Auger, being ready, Auger called his father-in-law to the table.

Retif, rising, with a sigh, left his printing-press, where he was setting up stanzas to the memory of Sicadelia and Zephira, by which mysterious and mythological names he, of course, meant Ingénue, when a knock was heard at the street door.

Auger, who was a little of an epicure, and took care to provide good dinners for himself and his guest, was just in the act of handing a plate of savory soup to Retif, when this knock resounded.

He took very little notice of the knock, till, presently, it was repeated; then, again, there was another stroke, and then another.

Retif lived on the fourth story ; these four knocks, therefore, were for him. They roused his attention, and, going to the window, he opened it and looked out.

Anger, whose conscience dreaded every unusual sound, also rose, and, opening the other window, looked out also.

There was, however, nothing to be alarmed at, for the person who had knocked was no other than an auvergnot, the usual messengers of Paris, who was standing in the middle of the street, looking up, in hopes of an answer to his summons.

“ Come up,” said Retif, pulling a string, which from every floor communicated with the street door, and opened it. The messenger obeyed, was soon heard stamping up the stairs, then at the door, and finally he entered the room.

Going up to Retif, the man put into his hands a roll of papers—proofs, such as Retif was often in the habit of receiving.

Retif took them, without the slightest suspicion of anything unusual ; and Anger, seeing his father-in-law occupied, sat down to the table, so as to be able to profit by his absence, to eat with a less sentimental appetite than that which became his supposed sorrow.

Retif, meanwhile, drew near the window to examine what was sent to him ; and then, as he looked on the papers, a mortal pallor, followed by an almost purple hue, overspread his aged countenance.

This is what he read:

“ Do not throw away emotion on reading this ; remember that you are a man and a philosopher.

“ Burn this as soon as you have read it, and come as soon as possible to the Rue St. Honoré, near the barrier, to a house surrounded by a garden, at the gate of which there are two stone lions.

“ Give your name to the servant, who will open the door ; he will immediately admit you. Follow him, and you will find yourself in a few minutes in the arms of your daughter Ingénue, alive still, though only just recovering from the effects of the wounds inflicted on her by her husband, M. Auger, who stabbed her in

Reveillon's counting-house, because she strove to prevent his robbing his patron.

"Above all do not let your manner betray you to the wretch who is near you—much depends on that; and come quickly, for you are waited for impatiently."

Retif stood for some minutes gazing on that paper, with his blood rushing to his heart and brain, with the rapidity which causes apoplexy and paralysis; till at length, recovering himself, he exclaimed—

"What proof! I never saw such proof! These printers get worse and worse every day!"

With these words, he thrust the paper into his pocket, without Anger having once looked up from his dinner, or suspected that anything extraordinary was going on.

Then he sat down to dinner opposite his son-in-law, and leisurely and calmly began to eat, beguiling the time by references and anecdotes of *Ingénue*, and ending by requesting Anger to recount once more the history of her death.

Retif was even more overpowered by this recital than he had ever been, and Anger was even more affectionate than ever in consoling him.

At length, Retif and Anger, perfectly happy and friendly together, rose from table—Anger full of anticipations and plans for the future—Retif all cordiality and resignation.

"Have you dined well?" said Retif.

"Yes, dear father," replied Anger, with a sigh.

"And even virtue likes a good dinner," said Retif.

But Anger, accustomed to hear his father-in-law spout proverbs and axioms, took no notice of this phrase, but left the room to prepare himself for going out for the evening, as was his custom.

Retif took advantage of his absence to burn the letter, as he had been desired.

"What have you been burning?" said Anger, as he returned, more from curiosity than anxiety.

"A chapter of my last composition," replied Retif.

“Why waste a whole chapter,” said Auger, “when once it has been written?”

“Because it contained some joyous and merry passages; and when I read them over, I was shocked to think that I could have written them so soon after Ingénue’s death.”

“Ah!” said Auger, with a deep sigh, drawing out his handkerchief; “ah!” and this being a very good exit speech, Auger departed.

Retif watched him on his way from the window; then, taking off his old dressing-gown, he put on his old coat and hat, and went down into the street. But knowing now the perfidy of his enemy, he forbore to hurry; and lest he should be watched, he stopped at all his neighbors, listened to their condolences, and related, for the hundredth time, the melancholy history of his child’s death. People never tire of hearing a horrible catastrophe from the lips of one of the interested parties.

At length, thinking himself perfectly safe, he hurried on, making, with a beating heart, the best of his way to the place appointed.

CHAPTER LXIV.

WHAT CAN BE SEEN THROUGH A GIMLET HOLE.

RETIF, as he proceeded along the streets, could not refrain from expressing his joy, in various invocations to fortune and to Ingénue. He had, it is true, some occasional doubts, and some fears as to the truth of this news, which had made him so happy. The hand-writing was unknown to him—the messenger, and the house to which he was directed. Could it be some trick of Auger’s? Still he determined on proceeding; he would have dared any risk to see his child. At length he came in sight of the house; the door was opened, and in another instant Ingénue was clasped in his arms—Ingénue, his beautiful child, alive through the care of

Christian ; Ingénue, the idol of his heart, was restored not only to life but to happiness. Poor Retif could scarce contain his joy.

It was, however, necessary to conceal it ; and Retif, resolved to do so, took care to reach home before Auger. His eyes were, it is true, a little red ; but, then, Auger could not tell whether they were, as usual, tears of sorrow or tears of joy, which he had shed in his absence.

On his way home, Retif had bought a pretty large gimlet, with which he had pierced a hole in the wall which divided his room from that of Auger ; he had, however, taken care to place it in the centre of a dark flower, so that Auger could not perceive it, and in such a place as commanded a view of the whole room.

So impatient was Retif to try his experiment, that he feigned illness and retired to his bed, at the head of which was the orifice in question. Through this he watched Auger enter, candle in hand, which lighted up the base ferocity of his features, now left to their natural expression, while he was thus alone. He threw himself listlessly into a chair, and looked around him. Suddenly he appeared to remember that he had forgotten something ; and rising, Retif heard him come out of his room and enter his, no doubt to pay him his accustomed visit.

Retif, whose very soul revolted at the approach of this man, since he had been made aware of his treachery, feigned sleep, and had courage to keep his eyes closed whilst Auger leant over him, though he always felt that the man would perhaps stab him in his sleep.

Auger returned to his room—Retif to his observations. He beheld Auger, after carefully locking the door, stop up the key-hole, and then carry before the door a table and a trunk. After this, he closed the shutters and the curtains.

“What is he going to do?” said Retif ; “there is nobody near to murder.”

Retif, however, was still more startled when he saw him draw out a knife ; it was not however destined to effect anything very terrible ; for stooping down, all Auger did with it was, to introduce

it between two bricks in the floor, and, with a slight effort, showing that they had been loosened before, to take one up.

Then he paused, kneeling by the aperture he had made ; and looking around him, listened ; but there was nothing stirring ; so, introducing his fingers most carefully into the hole, Auger drew forth a large piece of gold.

“His hiding-place, by Jove !” said Retif.

Having put the money into his pocket, Auger replaced the brick, rubbed his shoe over the spot, went and fetched his table and his trunk, and, all being in order, undressed, put out his light, and went to bed.

In less than ten minutes, Retif heard him snore as though he had no crimes on his conscience. As for Retif, sleep was impossible ; the news of the morning and the discoveries of the evening had, as he said, banished Morpheus from his pillow ; but Retif, as he lay awake, set about planning against the peace of Auger, in such a masterly way, that, could Auger have divined his thoughts, he would not have remained an instant longer under the same roof with him, but packing up his treasures, would have fled.

The next morning, however, Retif so mastered his feelings as to receive the rogue in his usual manner, responding to his caresses and breakfasting with him with his usual appetite.

As soon as Auger had departed, Retif, putting on his old great-coat went to pay a visit to Reveillon, to whom indeed it is time that we ourselves should pay our respects.

Completely ruined, Reveillon had turned philosopher.

His misfortunes had made him interesting ; his former enemies, those who envied him in his prosperity, were full of sympathy and pity.

Santerre had come forward and offered his house to this unfortunate family.

Santerre was rich and generous ; his hospitality was celebrated all through the Faubourg St. Antoine.

House, horses, servants, and splendid table, were all at the service of Santerre's friends, as well as a hearty welcome. There

was no fault to be found, excepting, perhaps, that politics were a little too much discussed at M. Santerre's.

But then it was the fashion to talk politics, progress and reform.

M. de La Fayette and M. de Lameth talked politics; the queen and M. le Count d'Artois talked politics; everybody was bitten with a political mania; until, at last, everybody began to take part in politics, and then nobody had any more time to discuss them.

Reveillon and his daughters had taken refuge at Santerre's.

The brewer, on examining the destruction of Retif's house, had discovered that not only was money required to repair it, but it would also take much time and a good deal of management.

A little policy, a good deal of party spirit, might make Reveillon an object of sympathy to his political friends, and they probably might help him to repair his fortune. As for Santerre, he offered all he could—the only thing within his capacity—money.

Reveillon, however, who, for the sake of his daughters, had consented to accept Santerre's hospitable offer, got angry the moment money was tendered him. To offer him twenty thousand francs was more than he could bear; he—the great Reveillon—the rich millionaire of the Faubourg. Besides, he was very grateful; but what were twenty thousand francs? what would they do? Then Reveillon would begin his lamentations about his funds lost in the fire; and Santerre, half offended, withdrew his proposal.

Still, Santerre was full of affectionate attention for Reveillon and his daughters, and was very glad to welcome Retif, whom he knew to be one of their friends, and for whom he himself had a personal liking, and rather felt disposed to court Retif—as political men always have an inclination to do writers—particularly writers for newspapers.

Then Retif himself, thanks to his misfortunes, was a hero himself. Ingénue's miserable death had produced great effect all over Paris, making her story perhaps far more interesting than that of the Reveillons.

Misfortune had changed Reveillon ; he was much broken, and looked much older. As Retif entered, he gazed at him and was surprised to find that sorrow had made so slight an impression on him ; whence he concluded that the loss of an only daughter was not so painful as the loss of five hundred thousand francs.

Santerre, having talked a little while with Retif, withdrew, leaving the friends together ; then it was that their confidential conversation commenced.

“ Well, my good friend,” said Retif, “ how do you think you shall be able to bear your present position ?”

“ I shall have to begin the world all over again.”

“ But,” said Retif, “ your enemies ?”

“ Oh, since my misfortune, I appear to have more friends than enemies.”

“ I am glad of that.”

“ Yes ; if I had another establishment, my enemies would all come and buy, to see how I bore reverse of fortune. My friends, too, would be of course bound to support me ; so that, counting friends and enemies together, I should have, I suppose, two hundred thousand customers in Paris at the end of the year. I should have realized a hundred thousand francs.”

“ Quite a fortune,” said Retif.

“ The beginning of a fortune,” said the rich paper-hanger, disdainfully.

“ Well, you know a second fortune one makes is never as great as a first.”

“ But I have nothing to begin upon,” replied Reveillon.

“ Nothing,” said Retif ; “ literally nothing ?”

“ Nothing, Monsieur Retif.”

“ But credit.”

“ Credit !” said Reveillon, with a scornful laugh ; “ one has very little credit when one is known to have nothing.”

“ But Santerre, has he not offered to assist you ?”

“ I accept nothing of any one,” replied Reveillon, proudly.

“ You are quite right ; I should do exactly the same. Be be-

holden to no one, and if you make your fortune again, do it by your own hands."

"Ah!" said Reveillon, "you at least understand me."

Retif looked at him with pity and affection, not unmingled with curiosity; for he was not sorry as a philosopher, to see how a rich man bore reverses.

"Well," at length said he, "you must live in hopes that something will come to your aid."

"Hope! on what should I found my hopes? I expect nothing."

"Would you want a very large sum?"

"Yes, a very large sum."

"Well, but how much?"

"More than you can give me, my poor friend."

Retif chuckled inwardly, but remained outwardly very grave.

At this moment, the daughters of Reveillon entered, and the conversation of course took another turn, and poor Ingénue's death became the theme. Retif very patiently listened to fresh details given him on that melancholy subject by the young ladies, and at length, having wept and sighed and been consoled, he departed very much pitied by his friends.

"Though," said Reveillon, "after all, he has only lost a child who was never destined to be happy, for she had no fortune, and perhaps who is, after all, better in heaven."

Reveillon, as he said these last words, looked at his own daughters—brought up in every luxury—whom he imagined now destined to every privation.

The young girls understood his glances, but they could not but find some consolation,—though they had lost their fortune—in the reflection that they were young and beautiful, particularly when they thought of poor Ingénue, buried beneath the burning ruins of their father's counting-house.

CHAPTER LXV.

IN WHICH AUGER IS DISTURBED AT DINNER.

WE MUST NOW return to Monsieur Anger, that excellent and exemplary man, to whom, had he lived in our days, the academy would undoubtedly have awarded the prize for morality.

His plans were now complete, and he had already commenced his preparations.

As popular as ever with all the world, he pursued his usual course of life, in no way disquieted by his robbery of Reveillon, or by the death of his wife. Pitied and admired by the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Rue des Bernardins, the ungrateful scamp was secretly making his arrangements to quit his native France, or at all events, the capital where he was so beloved and adored.

He pictured to himself a future, in some distant province, where, in the exercise of some calling which might answer as a pretext for his wealth, he would marry some woman less ethereal than Ingénue—the daughter of some respectable dealer in silk or wool—who had never heard of such a thing as a literary man, in all her life. For, at the bottom of his heart, Anger entertained the profoundest disgust for Retif.

In these delightful visions, instead of a miserable chamber in the Rue des Bernardins, Anger saw himself established in a neat little cottage, and surrounded with every comfort and convenience, and regarded with respect by all his neighbors—a good husband—a model father—rich—respectable—a man possessed of all the virtues that adorn society!

Auger was so ambitious of a good name, that he would have cut the throat of one half of the world if it would have helped him to the good opinion of the other half.

Not to be too diffuse, however, we will come to the point at once, and say that what follows took place on the 16th of May, and that it was one of the most beautiful days of spring.

The flowers were in full bloom, and at the corner of every street bouquets were thrust into your face by eager little flower girls, while at every window, where there was a woman, the perfume of flowers greeted you, either from those she held in her hand or had in her bosom. The early fruits were hidden in the green leaves, and the birds twittered in the trees with intense delight.

Auger and Retif sat at the table at dinner; Auger was in an unusually amiable temper, and kept looking up at Retif, who appeared very much overpowered with grief and sorrow.

He, so adroit with his fingers, had let fall a plate, then he had broken a glass; he was, in fact, quite absorbed and abstracted.

"Why," said Auger, "what is the matter? you know it is unlucky to break a glass."

"Unlucky—is it, indeed?" said Retif, with a singular smile, which Auger remembered afterwards.

Auger continued to talk, and Retif to make a most unusual noise with everything he touched, giving Auger wine, and serving him with great assiduity, when suddenly a singular noise was heard without.

It was a sort of muffled noise, perfectly indescribable; but so slight, that after listening for an instant, Auger went on eating, but Retif turned pale.

"How nervous you are?" said Auger; "why, what is the matter?" said he, as Retif, taking up the bottle, poured nearly all its contents on the table: "have you some new novel in your head?"

"You have guessed it," said Retif; "I am thinking of my plot."

"Come, tell me your plot," said Auger; "you know your stories amuse me."

"If you like, I will," said Retif.

"Is there any love in it?"

"Of course——"

"Virtuous love, I hope," said Auger; "you know your books are sometimes a little naughty."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do."

"You are a great stickler for morality, I see, Auger."

"Yes," said Auger.

"Well, let me tell you my plot. I am sure you will approve of this tale; for virtue, in it, is rewarded, and crime punished."

"That is what I like," said Auger; "come, now begin?" and Auger, having copiously dined, put his two elbows on the table, and prepared to listen.

At this moment the indescribable noise which had attracted his attention before was repeated, but evidently much nearer.

"What is that?" said Auger.

"What is that?" said Retif.

The door opened, and four soldiers entered the room, whilst two commissaries of police glided in after them.

Auger turned pale, and looked at his father-in-law.

"What does this all mean?" said he.

"Which of you is named Auger?" said the commissary, out of pure formality; for he evidently knew perfectly well.

"Not I," said Retif, immediately getting up, and placing himself under the protection of the sentinels.

"My name is Auger," said Auger, boldly.

"Then you are accused of having assassinated Mademoiselle Ingénué de la Bretonne, your wife," said the commissary, with the utmost politeness.

"I——"

"You, Monsieur Auger."

"Who can have invented so base a story?" said Auger, clasping his hands, and looking up at the ceiling.

"Why, Mademoiselle Ingénué de la Bretonne herself," replied the commissary.

"My wife?"

"Your wife! see! the accusation is written in her own hand."

"It is, indeed," said Auger, stupified, and gazing at the writing.

"Sir," said the commissaire, with most provoking politeness, "if you will allow me, I will read you this letter; but, as you appear to have some difficulty in standing, I beg you will sit down."

Auger, determined to brave it out, remained standing, and signed to the officer to proceed.

"I, Ingénue Retif de la Bretonne, certify that my husband, Auger, on the evening of the burning of the house of M. Reveillon, struck me and wounded me with a poniard; and, as a proof, I give the wound in my bosom and the witness who saved me."

"It is a lie, a calumny, a vile lie!" exclaimed Auger. "Where is Ingénue? let me see her."

"Allow me to continue," said the commissaire.

"And I further declare, that my husband was tempted to assassinate me, because I discovered him in the act of stealing."

"Oh!" exclaimed Auger, turning pale, and looking towards Retif imploringly; but Retif's look revealed that there was no hope left.

"Is that all?" said he.

"No," replied the commissaire; "there is still the signature of the witness, at which I must request you to look."

Auger leant over the paper, and beneath Ingénue's signature, he read—"CHARLES LOUIS DE BOURBON, Count d'Artois."

"I am lost," said he; "I am lost!"

The four soldiers now advanced, and led him out; whilst Retif, overpowered by emotion, held on to the back of a chair, in order not to fall.

Auger, when he got to the door, turned round, and gazed with a look of despair at one corner of the room, and then, with a curse, followed the soldiers.

Retif alone knew how to interpret that look, and his heart beat with joy; then, going to the window, he gazed out at Auger, and the crowd gathered round him, astonished to behold the situation in which he was placed—he whose conduct had edified the whole neighborhood.

CHAPTER LXVI.

RETIF TAKES REVEILLON OUT FOR A WALK.

THE news of Auger's arrest soon spread through Paris ; for, if all Paris was not interested in Retif, all Paris was interested in Reveillon, and all Paris was glad to find some scape-goat, on whom to put some of the crimes and enormities of the pillage and ruin of the rich paper-hanger.

Auger's trial went on with most wonderful celerity, and M. Retif de la Bretonne, who was one of the principal witnesses, took care not to retard it, in any possible way.

Twelve days after his arrest, Retif, dressing himself in his Sunday clothes, though it was not Sunday, wended his way towards M. Sauterre's, to pay a visit to his friend Reveillon. Poor Reveillon was in terribly low spirits ; he felt himself poorer and more miserable every day—vanity had departed ; the poor man was completely overwhelmed by his misfortunes.

He scarcely raised his head as Retif entered ; yet, as he had not seen him since Auger's arrest, he expressed some interest in the details of the trial, and in the fate of Ingénue.

But Ingénue had disappeared, since her revelation of Auger's crime, and none knew where she was.

Having finished his story, Retif sat down beside his old friend, and seeing him so absorbed in grief, tenderly took his hand.

Reveillon looked up at him, and read such consolation in his look, that he smiled.

“ You look as if you brought me good news,” said he.

“ I wish I could,” replied Retif, compassionately, and then there was a melancholy pause.

“ I wish I could, in some way, amuse you,” said Retif.

“ Amuse me !” exclaimed Reveillon ; “ where should I find amusement, after all my misfortunes ?”

"I, in your situation," replied Retif, "if I did not find amusement, should, at least, find some occupation; I would try and revenge myself."

"What! on six thousand persons; as you have upon Auger?"

"Providence always punishes the guilty," said Retif; "that is some satisfaction."

"Very little, I think," said Reveillon; "for instance, suppose Providence has punished those who robbed me—it has not brought back my money."

"Suppose you knew who had robbed you; would you not be happy to get hold of him?"

"Of course I should; and he should never get out of my hands alive. Yes; vengeance is some relief; for instance, many of my assailants got burnt in my cellars, and poisoned by drinking vitriol and turpentine for kirsch and brandy; I confess I am not sorry when I think of it. As I watched them fall into the flames, on that fatal night, from the towers of the Bastille, I felt anything but pity."

"Yet it was a grand sight, particularly when all the colors and essences took fire," said Retif; "it was as grand as an exhibition of fireworks."

Reveillon bowed and smiled; he was delighted to think his ruin had been so very grand and was so much admired.

"Well, now," said Retif, "let us go and take a walk."

"Take a walk!" said Reveillon; "what for?"

"Yes; I want to show you something."

Reveillon, for want of something better to do, followed Retif into the streets. He took him along the quays, which were filled with people, all going in the same direction; but this was nothing wonderful, for, in those days, it took very little to make all Paris go in the same direction, on the same hue and cry. They proceeded on, till, at length, they came to the Place de Grève. In the middle of the Place de Grève was a new gibbet, with a new rope suspended from it, which was most playfully swaying to and fro in the wind.

"Hallo!" said Reveillon, "is there going to be an execution?"

"It looks like it," said Retif; "and, as executions always take place at two, and, as it is near that hour, suppose we stay and see it?"

"Stay and see it! that is a strange taste."

"Oh, authors, you know, must see everything; Mercier, for instance, has been into all the bad houses of Paris."

"And you intend to imitate him, I suppose?"

"Imitate him! never! I never imitate any one; I create."

"So you intend to create an execution?"

"I want to see how the wretch will die."

"Do you know the criminal, then?"

"A little; so do you."

"Who can it be?"

"You will see; for we have got into a capital place, and cannot fail to see him, as he passes."

"Yes; look—here comes the escort."

The escort it was; and behind the escort came the cart; in this cart was the criminal, in the prison livery, and beside him was the priest. His back was towards Retif and Reveillon; but they could see that he could scarcely support himself, and was held up by those near him. Now the cart turned, and in the pale, haggard, fainting criminal, Retif and Reveillon recognized Auger.

"Auger!" exclaimed Reveillon.

"The assassin of my child!" said Retif.

"My clerk!"

"He who robbed you, when my daughter discovered him."

Auger, probably magnetically attracted towards the glances which were fixed on him, turned his eyes in their direction, and discovered them in the midst of the crowd.

He uttered a loud cry, and his eyes, horribly distended, remained as long as he could see them, fixed upon the two friends.

Now he reached the fatal gibbet; the executioner tapped him on the shoulder, and the priest embraced him. He mounted the fatal ladder; the rope was put round his neck, and in two minutes he was launched into eternity.

Reveillon, pale and trembling, would have fallen, but for the support of Retif; but Retif's inexorable glance had never once quailed at the terrible sight; he had watched it to the end, without flinching.

"Have you been amused?" said he to Reveillon, when all was over.

"Amused!" said he; "I am nearly dead! Take me away; I shall always have this terrible spectacle before my eyes."

"Never mind; you have been amused!"

"Yes; with a vengeance."

"Well; while you were looking at the execution, did you once think of your money?"

"No!" said Reveillon; "but I really feel ill, I assure you."

"Try and support yourself for a few minutes longer, and I will take you out of the crowd."

"For Heaven's sake, do!"

Retif led him along the quay, towards the Rue des Bernardins.

"Let us go into a coffee-house," said Reveillon; "give me a glass of brandy; I shall faint."

"Come home with me," said Retif; "you are close to my house. I have something that will nerve you better than brandy."

"At your house?"

"Yes; something which never failed to revive and to console."

"Ah, that must be precious stuff. I hope you will give me the prescription, my dear Retif, for no one wants it more than I do."

By this time they had reached the Rue des Bernardins and Retif's abode. With great effort, he got the paper-hanger up stairs, took him into his apartment; there, after allowing him to rest a moment in his own room, he made him enter that formerly occupied by Auger, and, drawing forth an arm-chair, seated Reveillon in it. Then Retif, going up to the chimney, took a pair of tongs and put them into Reveillon's hands.

Reveillon, somewhat alarmed, and very much astonished, hesitated to take them; but Retif insisted.

"Take them," said he; "they will do you good."

Reveillon looked at Retif ; he thought he had gone mad.

“ See,” said Retif, as Reveillon took the tongs, “ I will show you how to use them.” With this, Retif put the tongs between the bricks, and tried to move them.

“ You have lost your senses,” said Reveillon ; “ my poor friend, sorrow has turned your brain.”

“ Pull up the brick !” shouted Retif.

Reveillon, alarmed at Retif’s excited manner, obeyed ; and, with the two bricks, several pieces of gold fell on the floor.

The astonished paper-hanger stooped down ; they were real louis d’ors.

“ You old miser !” said he, smiling at Retif, “ they are good louis, and what a quantity !” added he, plunging his hand into the hole in the floor, and bringing out a handful. “ What do you do with all this gold, you old miser ?”

“ Monsieur Reveillon,” said Retif, “ will you be kind enough to count the gold ?”

Reveillon obeyed ; he liked to handle gold ; he counted for a whole hour ; there were three thousand louis, all but one—the one Auger had taken the night Retif had watched him.

“ Two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine louis,” said Reveillon, as he counted the last.

“ It is all yours, M. Reveillon,” said Retif : “ it is the gold that my son-in-law stole when he murdered Ingénue.”

Reveillon uttered a loud shriek, and clasped the honest old man in his arms.

“ Mine, Retif ; no, we must share it.”

“ Never ! Reveillon, never ! it is yours. I would not touch it for the world !”

“ But, Retif, my benefactor—my friend——”

“ It is of no use,” said he ; “ if I accepted anything, I could not write this beautiful sentence at the end of the narrative I am composing on these events. It has taken me a great while to compose it :—

“ And honest Dulis refused to receive a reward ; for he was

richer in his poverty than the rich man in his prosperity, for his soul was above lucre.'"

With this, Retif pushed the bag of gold towards Reveillon, and going up to the case, began immediately to set up the magnificent sentence he had composed.

EPILOGUE.

FOUR years have passed, since the events we recorded in our last volume.

In a vast and ancient chateau, in the kingdom of Poland, three persons were seated at breakfast before a large fire, while a young child, who had finished his meal, and had already quitted the table, was running riotously about the immense apartment.

One portion of this immense saloon was brilliantly illuminated by the rays of the sun; while the other extremity seemed lost in the vague obscurity produced by thick rows of pine trees, by which one portion of the building was surrounded.

The whole style of the place was antique and grand. The furniture, the ceilings, the curtains, all were of the barbaric splendor which characterized the mansions of the old Scandinavian chiefs and princes. The servants, silent and deferential as slaves, glided noiselessly about, watching anxiously every changing expression on the faces of their superiors.

A woman of about forty-two years of age, was seated at the table. A few white hairs were mingling with her magnificent locks; but she had disdained to hide them, and their silver threads traced their way shiningly amidst the smooth, rich ringlets. Her face wore an expression of severity, which spoke of the perpetual habit of command. She seemed as if she were seated on a throne, beside the table. This was the Countess Olinski.

Christian, her son, was seated on her right hand, while on her left sat a young and beautiful woman, rich in all those captivating charms which maternity alone develops in the female form.

This was Ingénue, now become the Countess Olinski ; and the child, who was romping with an immense Polish dog, was her son, now about three years old.

He was called, after his father, Christian ; and he rushed madly about the immense hall, with his delighted dog, now stopping to give a kiss to one and now to another of the three persons who were watching him.

All at once he stopped before a portrait of the grandfather of the countess, painted in his official costume as a Polish noble.

The child, half frightened at the great moustache, the warlike air, and the immense sword, of the Polish grandee, recoiled a step or two, made up a mouth as if he were going to cry, and then, pausing a moment, thought better of it, and resumed his romp with his dog.

“ Well, my dear child,” said the countess, at length, to Ingénue, “ how do you find yourself to-day ? ”

“ Only a little tired, madam ; we had such a long ride yesterday ! ”

“ And riding begins to weary her,” said Christian, with a smile, and drawing, by a look, the eye of the countess to Ingénue’s exquisite form, now beginning to give promise, by its rounded contours, of a companion for the little Christian’s sports.

“ Thus, pale and interesting,” said the countess, “ does she not recal the image of the unhappy Marie Antoinette, the victim of those horrible monsters whom we have escaped ? ”

“ Yes,” said Christian, with the smile of the happy husband and father ; “ the poor queen certainly had that same languid way of walking, and that undulation of the form—only, when she was seen to be like our little countess here, a whole court united in expressions of joy and congratulation.”

“ Alas ! ” said the countess ; “ and in what will all that joy and those congratulations end ? Perhaps on the scaffold, still reeking with her husband’s blood. And for the children, what is there in store for them, but a captivity more cruel than death ? But,” she continued, turning to Ingénue, “ did you not yesterday receive news from your father ? ”

"Yes, madam," replied Ingénue; "I received a letter yesterday, on returning from the chase. But you were absent in town, and this morning I did not wish to disturb you, knowing that you were engaged in writing letters."

"Is your father well?"

"Very well, madam, I thank you."

"He still refuses to come and live with us? We would try our best to make our inhospitable clime agreeable to him."

"Admirable old man!" said Christian.

"Madam," said Ingénue, "my father is wedded to his Parisian life. He loves the streets, the lamps, the bustle of the pavements; and, besides, he follows with an intense interest the course of political events in France, and from them studies the philosophy and history of human passions."

"Then he still continues to write?"

"Yes, madam—it is his passion," said Ingénue.

"A lasting passion," said the countess.

"It will not cease but with his life," replied Ingénue.

"Then I suppose we must abandon all hope of ever seeing him amongst us?"

"Yes, madam, I fear so. But you may judge for yourself, if you will permit me to read you a passage from his letter.

"Do so, my child."

Ingénue, taking her father's letter from her bosom, read—

"MY DEAR INGENUE:—I have got your portrait, painted by my friend, Monsieur Greuse. This portrait is now my only company and comfort. Amidst the savage wild beasts by whom I am surrounded, it smiles upon me like a visitant from another world.

"Paris is, at the present moment, truly magnificent. Nothing can equal the horror it inspires, or the sublimity of the spectacle it presents.

"Formerly we were so sentimental, that the picture of my friend Greuse, *the Broken Pitcher*, made everybody weep and turn pale with sympathy.

"But now, if you see pallor or tears, you may be sure of finding out the meaning, if you will go to the Faubourg St. Antoine, at

about four o'clock—or to the Rue St. Honoré ; for, as under the monarchy there were two places for the public fireworks, we have now two places set apart for our amusement of chopping off heads.

“ As to myself, I keep on my own way, amongst these martyrs and executioners—astonished at not being amongst the first, and happy not to be of the others.

“ I must own, my dear child, that this revolution has sadly disappointed me. I supposed that it would lead to the reign of philosophy and liberty ; but, thus far, we have had nothing but liberty—no philosophy and no literature.

“ Say to the countess and your husband, that I am most truly grateful for their kind proposals, but that I am still contented with Paris, where I live peaceably, amidst my friends—especially since Reveillon is protected by General Santerre.

“ To quit Paris, and thus tear myself away from all the habits and associations of my life, would be death to me. I do not expect to live very long, and the present is just the time for dying illustriously. Meanwhile, I find life very agreeable—especially since I have your portrait.”

Ingénue paused.

“ Unhappy France !” sighed the countess ; “ are we not happier here, my children ? Tell me !”

“ Oh !” cried Christian ; “ happy ! we are as happy as the saints in paradise !”

Ingénue did not speak ; but, putting her beautiful white arms around her husband's neck, she looked at the countess, with her eyes glistening with tears.

A servant at this moment entered, bringing several letters and newspapers on a silver waiter.

The countess handed the newspapers to Christian, while she proceeded to open the letters.

The little Christian had again stopped in front of the portrait of his grim ancestor, looking at it with a glance of defiance.

“ Grandma,” said he, “ what is the reason that I am afraid of grandfather ? I want somebody to protect me against him.”

Nobody heard him ; and he went on :

“Grandmama’s father,” said he, looking along the row of portraits, “makes me afraid; where is papa’s father, to defend me from him?”

As the child spoke, Christian uttered an exclamation, which made both the ladies look round.

“What is it?” they inquired.

“Oh! some news, which, after all, ought not to have surprised me, as it only proves that there are still some faithful hearts and strong hands in France.”

“And what is this news?”

“Listen!” replied Christian, reading:

“The deputy, Marat, has just been assassinated in his bath, this day, July 13, 1793. He died instantly, without having time to utter a single word. To-morrow we shall publish all the particulars.”

The Countess Olinski turned pale at the news of Marat; but she bit her lips, and smiled, without speaking.

“Marat!” said Ingénue; “ah! that is good news indeed! He was a monster in human form!”

“Scarcely in human form,” said the countess—“but, Christian, have you not another paper?”

“Yes; here is another,” said Christian, opening it, and reading:

“The assassin of Marat is a young girl of the name of Charlotte Corday; she was executed to-day, and died like a heroine.”

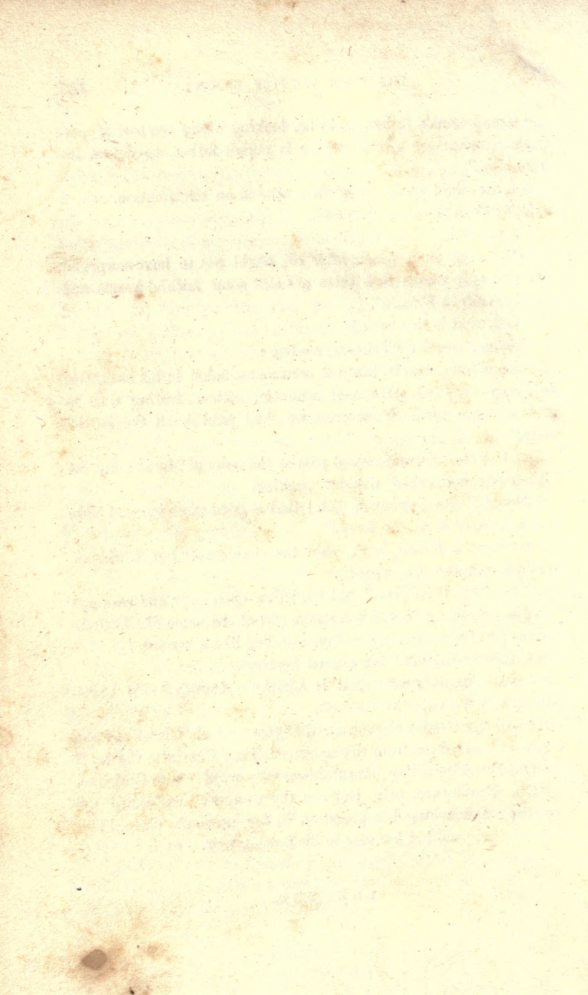
“Charlotte Corday!” exclaimed Ingénue.

“Look, dearest, yourself; it is Charlotte Corday,” said Christian, giving the paper to Ingénue.

“Charlotte Corday!” murmured Ingénue; “oh, Christian! she it was who saved me from this monster! Poor Charlotte Corday!”

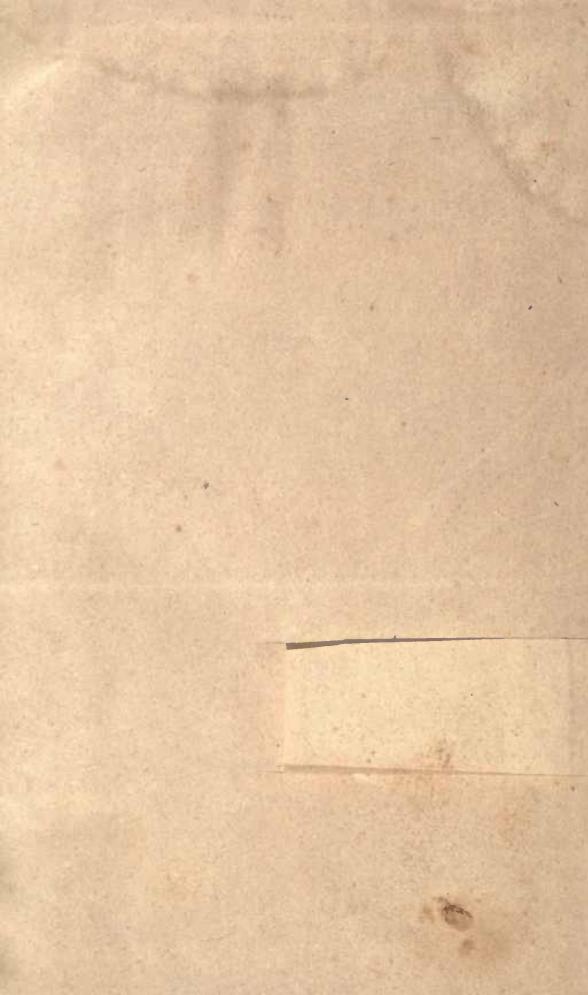
“Oh, Providence, how inscrutable are thy ways!” said Christian.

“Oh, Providence, how just are thy decrees!” exclaimed the countess; and, taking her grandson in her arms, she clasped him to her bosom, and hid her face in his flowing hair.











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