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Demorest's Magazine.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ANDREE DE TAVERNEY

OR,

THE DOWNFALL OF FRENCH MONARCHY.

BY

ALEXANDER DUMAS,

AUTHOR OF "THE THREE GUARDSMEN," "TWENTY YEARS AFTER,"
"VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE," "LOUISE DE LA VALLIERE," "THE MAN
IN THE IRON MASK," "THE SON OF PORTHOS," "THE COUNT OF
MONTE-CRISTO," "EDMOND DANTES," "CAMILLE," "JOSEPH
BALSAMO," "MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN," "THE RUSSIAN,
GYPSY," "THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE," "SIX YEARS
LATER," "THE BLACK TULIP," "THE COUNTESS
DE CHARNY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Prof. W. C. Andrade
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ANDREE DE TAVERNEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WE have related in a work entitled "The Countess de Charny," the terrible events that took place on the Champ de Mars during the afternoon of the 17th of July, 1791; tried to reproduce the scene—to place before our readers' eyes the tragedy that had just been enacted, in which Bailly and La Fayette were the principal performers.

Such was the spectacle that greeted a young man in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard, who, leaving the Rue St. Honoré, crossed the Louis XV. Bridge, and reached the Champ de Mars by the Rue de Grenelle.

This scene—lighted by a moon in its second quarter, hidden from time to time by dark, billowy clouds—was a heart-rending sight.

The Champ de Mars presented the appearance of a battle-field, covered with the dead and wounded, in the midst of which, like ghosts, went the men to and fro, throwing the dead into the Seine, and carrying the wounded to the military hospital of Gros Caillou.

The young officer we have followed from the Rue St. Honoré stopped for an instant at the entrance of the Champ de Mars, and clasping his hands with a gesture of genuine terror:

"Good God!" he muttered, "the affair is worse than they told me."

After looking for a few moments at the strange scene before him, he approached two men whom he saw carrying a corpse to the river-side.

"Comrades," he said, "will you have the goodness to tell me what you intend to do with that man?"

"Follow us," replied the men, "and you will see." The young officer followed them.

On reaching the river, the men balanced the corpse on the wooden bridge, and crying out: "One, two, three!" threw the body into the Seine. The young man uttered a cry of terror.

"What do you mean by this?" he demanded.

"You can see for yourself," replied the men, "we are clearing the earth."

"Have you received orders for this?"

"Certainly."

"From whom?"

"The municipality."

"Oh!" cried the young man, utterly stupefied. Then, after a moment's silence, he re-entered with them the Champ de Mars.

"Have you thrown many in the Seine?"

"Five or six," replied the men.

"Pardon me," said the young man, "but my question is an important one: among those five or six bodies, have you noticed a man about forty-six or forty-eight years of age, about five feet five inches in height, stalwart, vigorous frame, half peasant, half farmer?"

"Faith," said one of the men, "we have but one thing to do: that is, to see if the men lying there are living or dead; if they are dead, we throw them in the river; if they are not dead, we carry them to the hospital of Gros Caillou."

"Oh!" said the young man, "it is one of my friends who has not returned home; they told me he was here; he was seen during the day. I am afraid he is among the dead or wounded."

"The devil!" cried one of the two porters, raising a corpse, while the other held the lantern: "if he was here, it is probable he is here yet; if he has not gone home, it is not likely he will ever return." Then, redoubling his blows on a corpse lying at his feet:

"Here!" cried this man from the municipality, "are you dead or alive? If you are not dead, speak, if you can!"

"Oh! as for him, he's settled!" said the other; "he has received a ball in his chest."

"To the river, then!" cried the first one.

The two men raised the corpse and went toward the wooden bridge.

"Comrades," said the officer, "you do not require a lantern to throw that man in the river; be kind enough to lend it to me a moment. While you go to the river I will look for my friend."

The porters acceded to his request, and the lantern passed into the hands of the young officer, who began his search with a solicitude and expression of face indicating he had given to the dead or wounded man a name that came not only from his lips but from his heart.

Ten or twelve men, provided like himself with lanterns, were also searching mournfully.

From time to time, in the midst of this silence—this terribly solemn scene (the presence of death hushed the voices of the living)—from time to time, in the midst of this silence, a name pronounced in a loud tone was heard.

Sometimes a groan, a movement, a cry, replied to these voices. Oftener there was no answer but this awe-struck silence. After hesitating, as if his voice was silenced by a nameless terror, the young officer, following the example given him, cried three times: "Monsieur Billot! Monsieur Billot! Monsieur Billot!"

But no one answered.

"Oh, of course he is dead!" he murmured, wiping away his tears with his sleeve. "Poor Monsieur Billot!"

That instant two men passed by him, carrying a corpse to the Seine.

"Eh!" said the one holding the body, and consequently nearer the head, "I believe our corpse just sighed."

"Well," said the other, laughing, "if we listen to every rascal, we will have no more dead left."

"Comrades," said the young officer, "for pity's sake, let me look at the man you carry!"

"Oh! certainly," said the two men.

They laid the man on his back, in order to give the officer every facility of seeing him. The young man approached with his lantern and uttered a cry.

Notwithstanding the terrible wound that disfigured him, he believed he saw the man he sought. Only, was he living or dead?

He who had made part of his way to his grave beneath the waves had been wounded in the head with a terrible saber cut; the wound, as we have said, was dreadful, his head was cut open, leaving the cranium exposed. From his wounded side the man was unrecognizable.

The young man carried, with trembling hands, the lantern to the other side.

"Oh!" he cried. "It is he! It is the man I am looking for; it is Monsieur Billot!"

"The devil!" cried one of the men. "Well! he is decidedly beyond help, your Monsieur Billot."

"Didn't you say you heard him sigh?"

"I thought I did."

"Will you do a favor for me?" the officer took a small piece of money from his pocket.

"What?" asked the porter, willing enough at the sight of money.

"Run to the river, and bring me some water in your hat."

"Certainly."

The man ran to the river. The young officer took his place and held up the wounded man. In five minutes the man returned.

"Throw the water in his face," said the officer.

The porter obeyed; putting his hand in the hat, and closing it, he sprinkled the bleeding face.

"He trembled!" cried the young man who held the half defunct in his arms; "he is not dead. Oh! dear Monsieur Billot, how fortunate I arrived when I did."

"My faith, yes it was lucky!" cried one of the two men; "twenty feet more and your friend would have come to himself in the sewers of St. Cloud."

"Throw some more water on him."

The porter redoubled his exertions; the wounded man trembled and sighed.

"Go on, go on!" cried the second porter; "decidedly he is not dead."

"What can we do with him?" cried the first one.

"Help me to carry him to St. Honoré, to Doctor Gilbert, and you will be well rewarded," said the young officer.

"We can not."

"Why?"

"Our orders are to throw the dead into the Seine, and to carry the wounded to the hospital of Gros Caillou. When they pretend they are not dead, and consequently we can not throw them in the Seine, we carry them to the hospital."

"Very well; carry him to the hospital," said the young officer, "as quickly as possible!"

He looked around.

"Where is the hospital?"

"Three hundred feet from here, near the Military School."

"We have to cross all the Champ de Mars?"

"The whole length."

"My God! haven't you a bier?"

"Confound it! We could find one," cried the second porter, "as we did the water—with a little money."

"That is so," said the young man, "you have no way of getting it. Here is more money; get a bier."

Ten minutes later the bier was procured. The wounded man was laid on a mattress: the two porters seized the handles, and the melancholy cortège proceeded toward the hospital of Gros Caillou, escorted by the young officer, who, lantern in hand, held up the head of the wounded man.

It was a terrible nocturnal march over that ground running with blood in the midst of immovable corpses.

A quarter of an hour later they reached the door of the hospital of Gros Caillou.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOSPITAL OF GROS CAILLOU.

AT that time hospitals, above all, military hospitals, were far from being organized as they are to-day.

One was not surprised then that "confusion worse confounded" reigned in the hospital, that the surgeons met with the greatest disorder in accomplishing their duty. The first thing needed was beds. They had been obliged to put in requisition the mattresses belonging to the inhabitants of the neighboring houses.

These mattresses were laid on the ground, they even had them in the court; on each was a patient, waiting for an examination, but the surgeons were scarce, as were the mattresses, and harder to find.

The officer—in whom our readers have undoubtedly recognized our old friend Pitou—obtained, by the aid of a little more money, possession of the mattress they had on the bier. In this way Billot was laid down carefully in the court of the hospital. Pitou, intending at least to make the most of his surroundings, had laid the patient as near the door as possible, in order to waylay the first surgeon that entered or went out. He was strongly inclined to rush through the halls and seize upon one at any hazard; but he did not dare to leave his patient; he was afraid, under the pretext it was a corpse, and it would have been hard to prove otherwise, they would take the mattress and throw the supposed corpse on the pavement of the court. Pitou had been there an hour, had

called earnestly to the two or three surgeons who had passed, without any effect, when he perceived a man dressed in black, lighted by two attendants, visiting one after another all those couches of agony.

Then the man in black advanced nearer Pitou, who thought he recognized him; soon all his doubts ceased, and Pitou, venturing to leave his patient, advanced a few steps toward the surgeon, and cried with all the force of his lungs:

"Here! this way, Monsieur Gilbert, this way!"

The surgeon, who was indeed Gilbert, rushed toward the voice.

"Ah! is it you, Pitou?" he cried.

"My God! yes, Monsieur Gilbert."

"Have you seen Billot?"

"Eh! sir, here he is," replied Pitou, showing him the insensible patient.

"Is he dead?" demanded the doctor.

"Alas! dear Doctor Gilbert, I trust not; but I can not conceal from you there isn't much hope."

Gilbert approached the mattress, and the two attendants that followed lighted the patient's face.

"It is his head, Doctor Gilbert," said Pitou, "it is his head! Poor Monsieur Billot! his head is open to his jaw."

Gilbert looked at the wound attentively.

"The fact is, it is a serious wound," he murmured.

Then, turning toward the two attendants:

"I must have a private room for this man, who is one of my friends," he added.

The two attendants consulted together.

"There is no private room," they said, "but there is the store-room."

"The very thing!" said Gilbert; "carry him to the store-room."

They raised the wounded man as carefully as possible; notwithstanding their precautions, he could not help groaning.

"Ah!" said Gilbert, "no exclamation of joy ever gave me more pleasure than that mournful groan. He is living; that's the principal thing."

Billot was carried to the store-room and laid on a bed of one of the attendants; then Gilbert proceeded with the examination. The temporal artery had been cut; from that came the great loss of blood: this loss of blood had led to syncope, and the syncope, in retarding the beating of the heart, had stopped the hemorrhage, and nature, immediately forming a clot, had closed the artery. Gilbert, with admirable skill, tied the artery with silk thread; then he washed the flesh and laid it back on the cranium. The cold water, and perhaps the pain occasioned by the examination, made Billot open his eyes and utter a few words disconnected and without meaning.

"He will have congestion of the brain," murmured Gilbert.

"But," said Pitou, "as he is not dead, you will save him, will you not, Monsieur Gilbert?"

Gilbert smiled sadly.

"I will try," he said; "but you have seen, more than once, my dear Pitou, nature is a more skillful surgeon than any of us."

Then Gilbert finished the examination. The hair was cut as far as possible, joining the edges of the wounds with ligatures and bandages of linen, and ordered that not only the patient's head, but his back, should be placed on the pillows.

It was only after all this was accomplished he asked Pitou how he happened to be in Paris, and how, being in Paris, he found himself at the place where he saved Billot.

It was very simple. After Catherine's disappearance and her husband's departure, Mother Billot, whom we have never represented to our readers as a very vigorous mind, fell into a state of semi-idiotcy that had always threatened her. She lived but in a most mechanical manner—every day the poor machine gave way more and more to her feelings; little by little her words became more and more rare; then she did not speak at all; then she never got up; and Dr. Raynal declared there was only one thing in the world could bring Mother Billot out of this mortal torpor, and that was the sight of her child.

Pitou thought of offering to go to Paris—then he went without offering.

Thanks to the long legs of the captain of the National Guard of Haramont, the eighteen leagues that separated Demoustier from the capital was as a promenade.

In fact, Pitou had started at four o'clock in the morning, and between half past seven and eight in the evening he arrived in Paris.

Pitou seemed destined to arrive in Paris on the eve of great events.

The first time he arrived to assist in the taking of the Bastille, and he did assist; the second time at the revolution of 1790; the third time he arrived the day of the massacre of the Champ de Mars.

Thus he found Paris in a state of tumult—but that was the way he was in the habit of finding it. From the first group he met he learned what had taken place at the Champ de Mars. Bailly and La Fayette had fired on the people; the people cursed them loudly and deeply.

Pitou had left them adored like gods. He found them overturned from their altars, and cursed; he understood absolutely nothing. All that he did comprehend was that there had been fighting, a massacre, death as the result of a patriotic petition, and that Gilbert and Billot were there.

Though Pitou had, as the vulgar saying is, his eighteen leagues in his skin, he redoubled his exertions and hastened to the Rue St. Honoré to Gilbert's apartments.

The doctor had returned, but no one had seen Billot.

"The Champ de Mars," said the servant who gave her opinion to Pitou, "is covered with the dead and wounded; Billot is perhaps among one or the other."

The Champ de Mars covered with the dead and wounded! This news did not astonish Pitou more than it did Bailly and La Fayette—those two idols of the people.

The Champ de Mars covered with the dead and wounded! Pitou could not imagine it.

The Champ de Mars that Le Lod helped to illuminate, he, one of ten thousand, he recalled the lights, the joyous songs, the gay pyrotechnics, covered with the dead and wounded, because they wanted, as the preceding year, to celebrate with a fête the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille and that of the revolution!

It was impossible!

How, in one year, could the place that had been a joy and triumph become the cause of a rebellion and massacre?

What sort of delirium in one year had taken possession of the heads of the Parisians?

We have stated how the court, during this year, thanks to Mirabeau's influence, thanks to the creation of the Feuillant Club, thanks to the aid rendered by Bailly and La Fayette, and thanks lastly to the reaction that had set in after the return from Varennes, had reasserted their lost power, and that power showed itself by mourning and massacre.

The 17th of July avenged the 5th and 6th of October. As Gilbert had said, royalty and the people were marching step by step—it remained to see who would obtain the victory.

We have seen how, occupied by all these ideas, none of which, however, were of sufficient influence to retard his footsteps, our friend Ange Pitou, always clad in his uniform of the National Guard of Haramont, arrived at the Champ de Mars by the Louis XV. Bridge and the Rue de Grenelle, just in time to prevent Billot from being thrown for dead in the river.

On the other hand, we remember how Gilbert, while at the king's, received a note without signature, but he recognized Cagliostro's writing. It was this paragraph

"Leave those two miscreants, who are still called derisively king and queen. Go, without losing an instant, to the hospital of Gros Caillou; you will find a dying man in less agony than they; but that dying man you can save, while they, with all your trying to save them, will drag you down in their fall."

It was thus, as we have stated, learning from Mme. Campan that the queen, who was about leaving, had invited her to await her return, had already gone back and bidden her farewell; then Gilbert, leaving the Tuileries, and following nearly the same route as Pitou, had passed through the Champ de Mars, and entered the hospital of Gros Caillou, where, lighted by two attendants, he had gone from bed to bed, from mattress to mattress, traversed the halls, corridors, all the rooms, and even the court, when a voice called him to the couch of an inanimate form.

The voice we know was Pitou's; the senseless form was Billot's.

We have said in what a condition Gilbert found the worthy farmer, and the chances of his recovery; chances for and against, in which those against would certainly have predominated if the patient had fallen into less skillful hands than Dr. Gilbert's.

CHAPTER III.

CATHERINE.

OF the two persons Dr. Raynal looked to relieve Mme. Billot's desperate situation, one, as we have seen, was stretched on his bed in a condition bordering on death—that was the husband; only another remained to soothe the agony of the last moments—that was her daughter.

The next step was to acquaint Catherine as to her mother's condition, also her father's. Only, where was Catherine?

There was but one way of ascertaining: that was to write to the Count de Charny.

Pitou had been so kindly, so graciously received by the countess that day when, by Gilbert's advice, he had taken his son there, that he unhesitatingly offered to go to the house in the Rue Coq-Heron, to ask for Catherine's address, though the hour was late. Indeed, the clock of the military school had struck half past eleven before the examination was finished, and Gilbert and Pitou could leave Billot's bedside.

Gilbert left the patient to the care of the attendants; there was nothing to do but to let nature act. Besides, he would return the next day while making his rounds.

Pitou and Gilbert entered the doctor's carriage that waited at the door of the hospital; the doctor ordered the coachman to stop at the Rue Coq-Heron.

In that neighborhood everything was closed and dark. After ringing a quarter of an hour, Pitou, who had gone from the bell to the hammer, heard at last a cry, not at the street door, but at the porter's lodge, and a harsh, cross voice demanded, in impatient accents:

"Who goes there?"

"Me," said Pitou.

"Who is me?"

"Ah! that's true—Ange Pitou, a captain of the National Guard."

"Ange Pitou? I don't know that name. Captain of the National Guard?"

"Captain!" repeated Pitou, emphasizing his title, whose influence he knew.

In reality, the porter thought, in those times when the National Guard preponderated in the army, he was talking with an aid of La Fayette's. Consequently, in a more conciliatory tone, but without opening the door, he continued:

"Very well, Sir Captain, what do you wish?"

"I wish to speak to Monsieur the Count de Charny."

"He is not here."

"To madame the countess, then."

"She is not here, either."

"Where are they?"

"They went away this morning."

"Where to?"

"For their country seat at Boursonnes."

"The devil!" said Pitou to himself; "they were the ones I met at Dammartin; without doubt they were in that posting-carriage—if I had only known!" But Pitou did not know; he had passed the count and countess.

"My friend," said the doctor, at this point of the conversation, "could you in the absence of your master and mistress give us an address?"

"Ah! sir," said the porter, by reason of his aristocratic surroundings recognizing a gentleman's voice in that tone of gentle politeness.

Opening the door, the good man came, all in a flurry, his night-cap in hand, in a most humble manner, to receive his orders from the door of the doctor's carriage.

"What address does monsieur desire?" asked the porter.

"Do you know, my friend, a young girl in whom the count and Madame the Countess are very much interested in?"

"Miss Catherine?" asked the porter.

"Exactly!" said Gilbert.

"Yes, sir. Monsieur the Count and Madame the Countess went to see her twice, and often sent me to see if she needed anything, but the poor young lady, though neither she nor her dear child of the good God were rich, she always said she required nothing."

At those words, "Child of the good God," Pitou could not help from groaning.

"Well, my friend," said Gilbert, "the father of the unfortunate Catherine was wounded to-day at the Champ de Mars, and her mother, Madame Billot, is dying at Villers Cotterets; we want to tell her this sad news. Will you give us her address?"

"Oh! the poor thing, God help her! she had enough trouble before! She lives in the Ville d'Avray, sir, in the wide street. I can not tell you the number, but it's opposite the fountain."

"That will do," said Pitou; "I will find it."

"Thanks, my friend," said Gilbert, slipping six livres into the porter's hand.

"It is nothing for this, sir," said the worthy old man; "for the sake of God, Christians should help one another."

And, bowing to the doctor, he entered the house.

"What now?" asked Gilbert.

"What now!" replied Pitou. "I am going to Ville d'Avray."

Pitou was always ready to start.

"Do you know the way?" said the doctor.

"No; but you can tell me."

"You have a heart of gold and a soul of iron," said Gilbert, laughing. "But come and rest yourself, you can start to-morrow morning."

"But, if it is necessary—"

"There is no need of such haste with either one or the other," said the doctor; "Billot's condition is serious; but putting aside unforeseen accidents, it is not fatal. As for Mother Billot, she can live for ten or twelve days yet."

"Oh! doctor, when she was put in bed, day before yesterday, she no longer spoke or moved; only her eyes seemed yet alive."

"No matter; I know what I am talking about, Pitou, and I can answer for her these ten or twelve days, as I said."

"The devil! Doctor Gilbert, you know more than I do."

"Then let poor Catherine have another night of ignorance and repose; a night more of sleep for the unfortunate is a great thing, Pitou."

This last had its influence on Pitou.

"All right. Where are we going, then, Doctor Gilbert?"

"To my house, deuce take it! You will have your old chamber."

"Good!" said Pitou, laughing, "it will do me good to see it."

"To-morrow morning," continued Gilbert, "at six o'clock, the horses will be in the carriage."

"Why put the horses to the carriage?" demanded Pitou, who only looked upon a horse as an article of luxury.

"To take you to Ville d'Avray."

"The dickens!" said Pitou; "is it fifty miles then to Ville d'Avray?"

"No; it is only two or three," said Gilbert, before whose eyes passed a youthful reminiscence of his walks with his preceptor, Rousseau, in the woods of Louveciennes, Meudon, and Ville d'Avray.

"If that is all, then," said Pitou, "it is only an hour's walk, Doctor Gilbert."

"And Catherine," demanded Gilbert, "do you think she will walk those three miles from Ville d'Avray to Paris, and the eighteen miles from Paris to Villers Cotterets?"

"Ah! that is true!" said Pitou; "excuse me, Doctor Gilbert, I am an idiot. By the way, how is Sebastian?"

"Wonderful! you will see him to-morrow."

"Always at Abbé Bérardier's?"

"Always."

"Ah! so much the better; I will be delighted to see him."

"And he will be, too; next to me, he loves you with all his heart."

With these words the doctor and Ange Pitou stopped before the door in Rue St. Honoré.

Pitou slept as he walked, as he eat, as he—*that is*, with all his heart; only, thanks to his country habit of rising early, he was up and about at five o'clock.

At six, the carriage was ready.

At seven, he knocked at Catherine's door.

It had been arranged with Dr. Gilbert to meet at Billot's bedside at eight o'clock.

Catherine, opening the door, shrieked as she saw Pitou.

"Ah!" she said, "my mother is dead!" And she grew white, and leaned against the wall.

"No," said Pitou; "only if you want to see her before she dies, you must hurry, Mademoiselle Catherine."

This exchange of words, that told so much in so little, supple-

mented all preliminaries, and for the first time placed Catherine face to face with her misfortune.

"Besides that," continued Pitou, "there is yet another misfortune."

"What?" asked Catherine, in the brief and indifferent tone of a creature who, having drunk the dregs of human woe, has no greater sorrow to encounter.

"It is that Monsieur Billot was dangerously wounded yesterday at the Champ de Mars."

"Ah!" said Catherine.

The young girl was evidently less touched by this last news than the first.

"So, this is what I said myself—and it is also Doctor Gilbert's advice: Mademoiselle Catherine can make, in passing, a visit to Monsieur Billot, who has been carried to the hospital of Gros Cail-lou, and from there she can take the diligence to Villers Cotterets."

"And you, Monsieur Pitou?" asked Catherine.

"I," said Pitou, "I think while you go down there to smooth Madame Billot's dying moments, I will remain here to help Monsieur Billot recover. I am nearer to him than anybody else, you see, Mademoiselle Catherine."

Pitou said this with all his angelic naïveté, without dreaming he showed, in these words, the history of his devotion.

Catherine held out her hand toward him.

"You have a good heart, Pitou," she said. "Come and kiss my poor little Isidore."

She went before him, for, during the short scene we have just depicted, they were in the entrance of the house, at the street door.

She was more beautiful than ever, poor Catherine! all dressed in mourning as she was; and that drew a second sigh from Pitou.

Catherine preceded the young man into a small room opening on a garden. In this room, which, together with a kitchen and a dressing-room, comprised all Catherine's lodging, there was a bed and a cradle. The bed of the mother, the cradle of the child. The child slept.

Catherine opened the muslin curtain, and stood aside to give Pitou a full view.

"Oh, the beautiful little angel!" said Pitou, clasping his hands.

And, as if he was indeed before an angel, he fell on his knees and kissed the child's hand. Pitou was quickly recompensed for what he had done. He felt Catherine's hair flooding over his face, and two lips kissed his forehead. The mother returned the kiss given to the child.

"Thanks, good Pitou," she said. "Since the last time his father kissed him, no one has embraced my poor child."

"Oh, Mademoiselle Catherine!" murmured Pitou, bewildered and transported by the young girl's kiss, as by an electric spark.

And yet, that kiss was composed simply of all that was grateful and holy in a mother's love.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

TEN minutes later Catherine, Pitou, and little Isidore were driving toward Paris in Dr. Gilbert's carriage.

The carriage stopped before the hospital of Gros Caillou.

Catherine descended from the carriage, took her son in her arms, and followed Pitou.

Arrived at the door of the store-room, she stopped.

"You said we would find Doctor Gilbert with my father?"

"Yes."

Pitou partly opened the door.

"He is there now," he said.

"See if I may enter without making my father worse from the excitement?"

Pitou entered the room, interrogated the doctor, and returning, said to Catherine: "The congestion caused by the blow is such, Doctor Gilbert says, that it is impossible for him to recognize any one."

Catherine was about entering with little Isidore in her arms.

"Give me your child, Mademoiselle Catherine," said Pitou.

Catherine hesitated a moment.

"Oh! give him to me," said Pitou; "it is the same as if you had him."

"You are right," said Catherine. And giving her child to Ange Pitou, as she would to a brother, and with even more confidence, and advancing with a firm step into the room, she walked straight to her father's bed.

As we have said, Dr. Gilbert was by the patient's bedside.

There was very little change in the condition of the sick man; he rested, as in the night, with his back raised on pillows, while the doctor bathed, with a wet sponge, the bandages that held together the frightful wound. Notwithstanding a high stage of inflammatory fever, his face, from the great loss of blood, was of a deathly pallor, while inflammation had set in around his eye and part of the left jaw.

When first revived by the fresh water, he had murmured several disconnected words, and rolled his eyes; but the strong tendency toward sleep, called by the physicians in this condition coma, overcame him, and he closed his eyes. Catherine, arriving at the bedside, fell on her knees, and raised her hands to heaven.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "you are a witness how I invoke your aid for my father with my whole heart."

And this from the daughter whose father endeavored to kill her lover!

At her voice the patient shook visibly; his breathing became more pressed; his eyes rolled, and his glance, after looking around, as if trying to recognize the voice, fixed itself on Catherine.

His hand moved as if to repulse the apparition the patient evidently took for a delirious vision.

The young girl's looks met her father's, and Gilbert saw with a sort of terror the two glances cross each other, more like flaming jets of hate than rays of love.

After this the young girl rose, and with the same step that she had entered, she returned to Pitou.

Pitou was on the floor, playing with the child. Catherine snatched her son from him more with the violence of a lion than that of a woman, and pressing him to her breast, cried, "My child! oh, my child!"

And that cry expressed all the agony of a mother, all the sorrow of a widow, all the sufferings of a woman.

Pitou wanted to accompany Catherine to the office of the diligence which left at ten o'clock. But she refused.

"No," she said; "as you said, your place is with him who is alone; stay, Pitou."

And with her hands she pushed Pitou into the room.

When Catherine commanded, Pitou could only obey.

When Pitou approached Billot's bedside with the somewhat noisy step of a captain of the National Guard, the patient opened his eyes, and a satisfied expression succeeded the one of hate, that had been roused like a tempest at the sight of his daughter. Catherine descended the staircase, and with her child in her arms reached the Rue St. Denis, the hostelry of Plat d'Etain, from whence the diligence started to Villers Couterets. The horses were harnessed, the postilion at their heads. One place remained inside; Catherine took it. Eight hours afterward, the diligence stopped in the Rue des Soissons.

It was six o'clock, and broad daylight.

If Catherine had returned as a young girl, with Isidore living, to see her mother in good health, she would have stopped the stage at the end of the Rue de Lagny, would have passed only through the outskirts of the town, ashamed to be seen, and would have reached Pisseleu as quietly as possible. As a widowed mother, she was beyond caring for provincial comments; she descended from the diligence without effrontery, but without fear; her mourning and her child seemed to her, the one an angel of sadness, the other an angel of joy, both guarding her from insult and injury.

Besides, no one would have recognized Catherine; she was so pale, so changed, she did not seem like the same woman; what changed her still more was the air of distinction she had acquired from the society of a man of style.

Only one person recognized her, and that at a great distance.

That was Aunt Angelica.

Aunt Angelica was at the hotel door talking with two or three gossips, declaring she had heard M. Fortier say (speaking of the oath required of the priests), that he would never swear allegiance to the Jacobins and the revolution, that he would rather be a martyr to the cause than bow his head to the revolutionary yoke.

"Oh!" she cried, suddenly stopping in the midst of her harangue, "Heavens! there is the Billot and her child getting out of the stage."

"Catherine? Catherine?" repeated several voices.

"Why, yes; there she is hiding herself there in the lane—see!"

Aunt Angelica was mistaken; Catherine was not hiding herself; but in her haste to reach her mother, she walked fast, and down the lane, as it was the shortest way.

Several children, at those words of Aunt Angelica, cried: "It is the Billot!" and at the exclamations of the neighbors: "Catherine!" ran after her, and joining her, said:

"Ah! is it? Yes, it's true; it is Mademoiselle—"

"Yes, my children, it is me," said Catherine, sweetly.

Then, as she had always been dearly loved by the children, to whom she always had something to give—a kiss, if nothing else:

"Good-evening, Mademoiselle Catherine!" they shouted.

"Good-evening, my friends," said Catherine; "my mother is not dead, is she?"

"Oh, no, mademoiselle, not yet."

Then one of the children added, "Monsieur Raynal says she is good for eight or ten days yet."

"Thanks, my children," said Catherine.

And she continued on her journey after giving the children some pieces of money.

The children returned.

"Well?" asked the gossips.

"Well," said the children; "it is she; and to prove it, see what she gave us, and she asked us news of her mother."

And the children exhibited the money they had brought from Catherine.

"What she sold must bring a good price in Paris," said Aunt Angelica, "that she is able to give pieces of silver to the children who run after her."

Aunt Angelica did not like Catherine Billot, for Catherine was young and beautiful; Aunt Angelica was old and ugly; Catherine Billot was large and well-made, Aunt Angelica was small and deformed.

Besides, it was at the Billots' that Ange Pitou, driven out of the house by Aunt Angelica, had found a refuge.

And had not Billot, the day of the Declaration of Independence, taken Abbé Fortier by force to celebrate mass on the altar of his country? Both good reasons, enhanced by the natural bitterness of her character, for Aunt Angelica to hate the Billots in general and Catherine in particular.

And when Aunt Angelica hated, she hated well—she made a specialty of it.

She ran to Mlle. Adelaide, Abbé Fortier's niece, and announced the news.

Abbé Fortier was dining off a carp caught in the streams of Wallachia, with side-dishes of fried eggs and spinach. It was a fast-day.

Abbé Fortier had adopted the austere and ascetic rôle of a man who was expecting to be made a martyr of very moment.

"What is the matter now?" he asked, hearing the two women talking in the corridor; "does any one want me for confession?"

"No, not now, my dear uncle," said Mlle. Adelaide; "it's only Aunt Angelica"—all the world, following Pitou's example, gave

that title to the old maid—"it's only Aunt Angelica come to tell us of a new scandal."

"We live in times when scandal infests the streets," replied Abbé Fortier. "What is this new scandal you have heard, Aunt Angelica?"

Mlle. Adelaide introduced the renter of chairs to the abbé.

"At your service, Monsieur l'Abbé!" she said.

"You should say, 'Your servant,' Aunt Angelica," retorted the abbé, unable to renounce his pedagogical impulses.

"I have always heard 'At your service,'" she replied, "and I always repeat what I hear. Excuse me if I have offended you, Monsieur l'Abbé."

"You have not offended me, Aunt Angelica; it's the syntax."

"I will ask his pardon the first time I meet him," meekly replied Aunt Angelica.

"Good, Aunt Angelica, good! Will you have a glass of wine?"

"Thank you, Monsieur l'Abbé!" replied Aunt Angelica. "I never drink wine."

"You are wrong; wine is not forbidden by the canons of the church."

"Oh, it's not because wine is not forbidden that I do not drink it; it's because it's nine cents a bottle."

"Are you then so avaricious, Aunt Angelica?" asked the abbé, throwing himself on his lounge.

"Alas, my heavens! avaricious! Monsieur l'Abbé; that's necessary when one is poor."

"Poor! nonsense! when you have the letting of the chairs for nothing, Aunt Angelica, and I can rent the privilege for a hundred francs to the first comer?"

"Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé, how could that person manage? As for me, I can only drink water!"

"That is why I offer you a glass of wine, Aunt Angelica."

"Take it," said Mlle. Adelaide; "you will offend my uncle if you don't."

"You think it will offend your uncle?" said Aunt Angelica, who was dying to accept it.

"I'm sure of it."

"Then, Monsieur l'Abbé, two fingers only of wine, if you please, not to disoblige you."

"There, then!" said the abbé, filling a glass with jolly Burgundy, pure as a ruby; "drink that, Aunt Angelica, and when you are counting your francs you will think you see double."

Aunt Angelica carried the glass to her lips.

"My heavens!" she said. "Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé, don't talk that way; you, a chosen minister of God; people will believe you."

"Drink, Aunt Angelica, drink!"

Aunt Angelica carried, as if solely to please Abbé Fortier, the glass to her lips, then, closing her eyes, nearly swallowed the contents at one gulp.

"Oh! how strong it is!" she said; "I don't see how any one can drink pure wine!"

"And I," said the abbé, "don't see how any one can put water

in wine. Never mind; that doesn't prevent my thinking, Aunt Angelica, you have quite a pretty pile."

"Oh! Monsieur l'Abbé, Monsieur l'Abbé, don't say that! I can't even pay my taxes, which are three livres, ten sous a year."

"Yes, I know you say so, but I would not be certain, the day you render your soul to God, that if your nephew, Ange Pitou, looks thoroughly, he will not find in some old woolen stocking enough to purchase the Rue du Pleu."

"Monsieur l'Abbé! Monsieur l'Abbé!" cried Aunt Angelica, "if you say such things, I shall be assassinated by those outlaws who are burning and laying waste the farms; on the word of a holy man like you, they will think I am rich. Ah! my God! my God! how terrible!"

And Aunt Angelica drained the contents of her glass with tears in her eyes.

"Well," said the abbé, in a merry mood, "you see, you can get accustomed to that wine, Aunt Angelica."

"All the same," said the old woman, "it's very strong."

"Now," said the abbé, "let us see! what is this new scandal that troubles Israel?"

"Monsieur l'Abbé, the Billot has just arrived by the diligence with her child!"

"Ah! ah!" cried the abbé, "I thought she had put it in the Foundling?"

"And she would have done well," said Aunt Angelica; "at least, the little one would not have had to blush for its mother!"

"Really, Aunt Angelica," said the abbé, "that is putting the institution in a new light—and what is she going to do here?"

"It seems she has come to see her mother, for she asked the children if her mother was yet living."

"You know, Aunt Angelica," said the abbé, with a wicked smile, "Mother Billot has forgotten her confessor."

"Oh! Monsieur l'Abbé," replied Aunt Angelica, "that is not her fault; the poor woman has lost her mind these three or four months. Poor thing, before all this trouble she was a religious woman, fearing God; when she came to church she always hired two chairs, one to put her feet on beside the one she sat in."

"And her husband?" asked the abbé, his eyes sparkling with fury; "Citizen Billot, the destroyer of the Bastille, how many chairs did he take?"

"Ah! damn! I don't know," naïvely replied Aunt Angelica; "he never came to church; but, as for Mother Billot—"

"That's right, that's right," said the abbé; "that is an account we will settle the day of his burial."

Then, making the sign of the cross:

"Repeat the office with me, my sisters."

The two old maids followed the example of the abbé, and making the sign of the cross, repeated the office reverently with him.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ALL this time Catherine pursued her way. Leaving the lane, she turned to the left, following the Rue de l'Ormet, at the end of which, by a little path, she again took the road to Pisseleu. The whole road was a sorrowful reminiscence for Catherine.

First, was the little bridge where Isidore had bidden her adieu, where she had fainted, and Pitou discovered her cold and inanimate.

Then, approaching the farm, the hollow tree where Isidore used to hide his letters.

Then, approaching nearer, she saw the little window by which Isidore used to enter; where the young man was shot at, the gun fortunately hanging fire.

Then, in front of the principal entrance of the farm, the road to Boursonnes that Catherine had so often trod, whose every stone she knew, the road by which Isidore—

How many times had she been seated at that window, her eyes straining through the darkness, watching, and when she saw her lover, always faithful, always punctual, how her heart would beat as she received him with open arms!

Now he was dead; but at least her two arms, crossed over her bosom, held her child.

What would they say about her dishonor, her shame?

As beautiful a child as that could not be a shame or dishonor for its mother. So without fear and with a rapid step she entered the farm.

A large dog barred her passage; but suddenly recognizing his young mistress, he jumped at her, as near as the chain would allow, and pawed the air on his hind legs, while uttering short, joyful barks.

At the dog's noise, a man appeared at the door, to see what the noise was about.

"Mademoiselle Catherine!" he cried.

"Father Clovis!" said Catherine, in her turn.

"Ah, you are welcome, my dear young lady!" said the old man; "the house needs your presence."

"And my poor mother?" asked Catherine.

"Alas! neither better nor worse—rather worse, if anything; she is going, poor dear woman."

"Where is she?"

"In her room."

"All alone?"

"No, no, no— Oh! I would not allow that. The devil! you must excuse me, Mademoiselle Catherine, but in your absence and all, I have been somewhat of a master here; the time that you spent in my poor cabin, made me, as it were, one of the family. I thought so much of you and that poor Monsieur Isidore."

"You have heard?" said Catherine, wiping her eyes.

"Yes, yes; killed for the queen, like Monsieur Georges. But, mademoiselle, you have a comforter! has he not left you that beautiful child? You must cry for the father, but smile on his son."

"Thank you, Father Clovis," said Catherine, holding her hand out to the old man; "but my mother?"

"She is in her room, as I told you, with Madame Clement, the same sick-nurse that took care of you."

"And," asked Catherine, hesitating, "is she yet conscious, my poor mother?"

"There are times they think so," said Father Clovis; "when they mention your name. That was the only way they knew she was conscious till day before yesterday; since day before yesterday she has recognized no one, even when they spoke of you."

"Let us go in—let us go in, Father Clovis!" said Catherine.

"Enter, Mademoiselle Catherine," said the old man, opening Mme. Billot's bedroom door.

Catherine looked in the room. Her mother, lying in her bed, with the curtains of green serge, behind whose gloom penetrated the dismal light of one of those old-fashioned lamps still to be seen in some of the old farms, was watched, as Father Clovis had said, by Mme. Clement, who, leaning back in an enormous easy-chair, was in that peculiar state common to sick-nurses, neither awake nor asleep, but half-way between the two.

Poor Mother Billot did not appear very much changed; her skin had become very pale. One would have thought she slept.

"Mother! mother!" cried Catherine, throwing herself by the bed.

The sick woman opened her eyes, and turned her head toward Catherine; a look of intelligence passed over her face; her lips moved; she uttered some unintelligible sounds that were not even disconnected words; she raised her hand, trying to supplement by a touch the almost extinguished senses of hearing and sight. But the effort was too much; her eyes closed, her arm fell heavy as an inert body on Catherine's head, on her knees by her mother's bedside, and the sick woman returned into the immovability from which she had been momentarily roused by the galvanic shock given her by her daughter's voice. The two lethargies of the father and mother had, like two stars leaving for opposite horizons, been broken by totally different sentiments.

Father Billot roused from his insensibility to repulse Catherine from him.

Mother Billot awoke from her stupor to draw Catherine toward her.

Catherine's arrival created a revolution at the farm.

They expected Billot, not his daughter.

Catherine related the accident that Billot had met with, saying her father, in Paris, was lying as near death's door as his wife at Pisseleu; only it was evident the two patients were taking a different road. Billot was going from death to life; his wife from life to death. Catherine entered her old room. There were many tears in store for her in the recollections this little room recalled,

in the happy thoughtlessness of her childhood, the passionate love of her girlhood, where she returned a broken-hearted widow.

From this time Catherine took upon herself the reins of government in the house, and Father Clovis, with his recompense and thanks, retook the road to his own little domain. The next day Dr. Raynal came to the farm. He came every two days, more from conscientious scruples than any hope; he knew very well there was nothing to do, her life was going out, like a lamp without oil, and no human effort could save her. But he was delighted to find Catherine had arrived.

He spoke of the serious question he had not dared to mention to Billot—the last sacrament. Billot was a follower of Voltaire, and Dr. Raynal was not the most exemplary Christian. On the contrary, to the spirit of the times he also united that of scientific research. If the spirit of the times made him a skeptic, science made him a non-believer. But Dr. Raynal, under these circumstances, always regarded it as a duty toward the relatives. Pious relatives sent immediately for the priest. The unbelievers ordered the door to be shut in the priest's face if he presented himself.

Catherine was pious.

She was not aware of the dissensions between Billot and the abbé, or she did not attach much importance to them.

She asked Mme. Clement to go to Abbé Fortier and ask him to bring the last sacrament to her mother. Pisseleu was a little hamlet, without a church or priest of its own, depending on Villers Cotterets. The dead of Pisseleu were also buried in the former place. An hour afterward, the bell of the viaticum was heard at the door of the farm.

The holy sacrament was received by Catherine on her knees.

Scarcely had Abbé Fortier entered the sickroom, scarcely had he perceived that Mme. Billot was without speech, or voice, or looks, than he declared he could not give absolution to those unable to confess, and immediately left, carrying the viaticum.

Abbé Fortier was a priest of the severely rigid school; he would have been a St. Dominique in Spain, a Valverde in Mexico.

There was none other but he to apply to, as we have said Pisseleu belonged to his parish, and no neighboring priest would infringe on his rights.

Catherine had a pious and tender heart, but at the same time she could reason. She did not take Abbé Fortier's refusal very much to heart, trusting that God would be more merciful toward her poor mother than her pastor. She was occupied in her duties toward her mother, and her duties toward her child, dividing her time between the soul just entering life and the tired one leaving it.

For eight days and nights she only left her mother's bedside for her child's cradle. During the night of the eighth or ninth day, while watching the dying by the bedside, which appeared to her like a phantom ship sinking deeper and deeper into the water, to be utterly lost soon in the waves of eternity, the door opened and Pitou appeared on the threshold.

He had just arrived from Paris, which he had left, as was his wont, in the morning. When Catherine saw him she trembled.

For an instant she thought her father was dead. But Pitou's expression, without being precisely gay, was not of a man who brought sad news. In fact, Billot had recovered wonderfully; after three or four days, the doctor declared him out of danger, and the morning Pitou departed the sick man had been taken from the hospital of Gros Caillou to the doctor's. The moment Billot was out of danger, Pitou announced his intention of returning to Pisseleu. It was not that he feared for Billot, it was for Catherine.

Pitou anticipated the moment it was announced to Billot the condition his wife was in, he would start for Villers Cotterets, feeble as he was, and arriving there, he would find Catherine at the farm.

Dr. Gilbert had not concealed from Pitou the effect Catherine's appearance had upon her father.

It was evident the recollection of it was still strong within the sick man's breast, as we remember a nightmare when we wake. As his reason returned, the wounded man would look about him with glances of annoyance and hatred.

It seemed as though he was expecting every moment the dreaded vision to appear. He had not as yet said a word; not once mentioned Catherine's name; but Dr. Gilbert was too skillful an observer not to read him aright and guess everything. Consequently, soon as Billot was convalescent, he expedited Pitou to the farm.

He was to take Catherine away. Pitou would have two or three days before him to accomplish it, as the doctor did not like to risk the announcement of the bad news Pitou brought to Paris before that time.

Pitou imparted his fears to Catherine with all the apprehension Billot's character inspired; but Catherine declared that if her father even should kill her by the death-bed, she would not leave till she had closed her mother's eyes.

Pitou was profoundly moved by her determination; but he could find no words to dissuade her; but he remained there to interfere in case of need between the father and daughter.

Two days and nights passed, and Mother Billot's breath came slower and slower.

For ten days the sick woman had eaten nothing; she was only kept alive by occasionally putting stimulants in her mouth.

It was almost incredible life could be sustained on so little—but then the poor body just breathed.

During the night of the tenth or eleventh day, when it seemed as if the poor woman had ceased to breath, she suddenly revived, her arms moved, her lips trembled, her eyes opened wide and became fixed.

"Mother! mother!" Catherine cried.

And she rushed to the door to bring her child. One would have said Catherine knew what was passing in her mother's breast, for as she entered, holding little Isidore in her arms, the dying woman turned her head toward the door. Her eyes were wide open and fixed.

As the young girl returned, a glance of recognition glanced from her eyes, and she uttered a cry and extended her arms.

Catherine fell on her knees by her mother's bedside; and, as by a miracle, Mother Billot raised herself on her pillow, and slowly extended her arms over the heads of Catherine and her son.

"Bless you, my children," she said.

She sunk back on her pillow; her arms fell to her sides, her voice was silent.

She was dead.

Her eyes alone remained opened, as if the poor woman, deprived of the sight of her daughter in her life-time, wished to see her from the other side of the tomb.

CHAPTER VI.

ABBÉ FORTIER EXECUTES HIS THREAT.

CATHERINE reverently closed her mother's eyes, first with her hand, then with her lips. Mme. Clement had foreseen this moment, and had bought two candles.

While Catherine, unable to restrain her grief, carried back her child to her room and occupied herself in quieting its cries, Mme. Clement lighted the two candles each side of the bed, crossed the hands of the poor woman on her breast, placed the crucifix between her fingers, and put on a chair a bottle of holy water with a palm branch procured on Palm Sunday.

When Catherine entered the room she had only to kneel by her mother's side, prayer-hook in hand.

All this time Pitou took upon himself the sad details of the funeral; not daring to go to Abbé Fortier, with whom he was not on the best of terms, he went to the sexton to order a mass for the dead, to the undertaker's to tell him the hour to bring the coffin, to the grave-digger to order the grave to be dug.

From these he went to Haramont to inform his lieutenant and second lieutenant and his thirty-one men belonging to the National Guard that Mme. Billot's funeral would take place the next day at eleven o'clock.

As Mother Billot never had in her life-time, poor woman, occupied any public office, filled any grade in the National Guard, or even in the army, Pitou's communication was officious and not official; it was an invitation to assist at a funeral, not an order. But it was too well known, the efforts Billot had made in this revolution, that turned men's heads and inflamed their imaginations; the danger Billot himself was in, lying on his sick-bed, wounded in the defense of a righteous cause, made them regard this invitation in the light of an order—all the National Guard of Haramont promised their chief they would be present at the funeral at eleven o'clock precisely, bearing arms.

On his return in the evening, Pitou met the undertaker at the door, with the coffin on his shoulder.

Pitou possessed intuitively that refinement so rarely found among peasants, or, for that matter, among people of the world; he took the undertaker and the coffin to the barn, and this spared Catherine the dreadful sight. She was praying at the foot of her mother's bed; the latter had been placed in her shroud by the two women.

Pitou told Catherine where he had been, and asked her to go out for a little air. But Catherine wanted to fulfill her duty to the last.

"If you don't go out it will be very bad for your dear little Isidore," said Pitou.

"You take him out, Monsieur Pitou."

Catherine must have had great confidence in Pitou to trust him with her child, if it was only for five minutes.

Pitou left as if to obey her, but returned in a few minutes.

"He won't go out with me, he is crying," he said.

And through the open doors Catherine heard her child's cries.

She kissed her mother's forehead, and divided between her feelings for her mother and her child, she finally left her mother for her child.

Little Isidore was indeed crying. Catherine took him in her arms and followed Pitou out of the house.

As she left, the undertaker entered with his coffin.

Pitou wanted to detain Catherine out-doors at least half an hour.

By accident he took her down the road to Boursonnes.

This road was full of reminiscences for the poor child. She walked for half a mile without saying a word to Pitou, listening to the souvenirs her heart recalled at every step, silently absorbed in the memories of the past.

When Pitou thought the necessary rites finished:

"Mademoiselle Catherine," he said, "suppose we return to the farm?"

Catherine roused from her reveries as from a dream.

"Oh, yes," said she. "How good you are, Pitou."

And they retook the road to Pisseleu.

When they returned, Mme. Clement motioned with her head to Pitou that the undertaker had finished his work.

Catherine went to her room to put little Isidore asleep.

That accomplished, she went to resume her watch by her mother's body.

But on the threshold of the room she met Pitou.

"It is useless, Mademoiselle Catherine, everything is finished," he said.

"What is finished?"

"Yes—during our absence—"

Pitou hesitated.

"In our absence the undertaker—"

"Ah! that is why you insisted on my going out—I understand you, good Pitou."

And Pitou received for a recompense a grateful glance from Catherine.

"One more prayer," said the young girl, "and I will return."

Pitou followed her on tiptoes, but stopped on the threshold.

The coffin rested on two chairs in the middle of the room. When she saw it, Catherine stopped and trembled all over, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Then she knelt beside the coffin, leaning upon it her pale forehead, wearied from sorrow and fatigue.

The sorrowful way by which the dead are taken from the agony

of their death-bed to the tomb, their last resting-place, is in its details so harrowing to the survivors, it seems as if the overburdened heart must break.

The prayer was long; Catherine could not tear herself away from the coffin; she understood well enough, poor child, since Isidore's death, she had but two friends left on earth: her mother and Pitou

And now only Pitou was left.

It was hard to part with that next to her last friend, but how much harder when it was her mother.

Pitou felt he must go to Catherine's aid; he entered, and seeing how useless his words were, he tried to raise the young girl from the floor.

"One more prayer, Pitou, only one!"

"You will make yourself sick, Catherine," said Pitou.

"What of that?" asked Catherine.

"Then I will have to go for a nurse for little Isidore."

"You are right, you are right, Pitou," said the young girl.

"My God! how good you are! My God! how I love you!"

Pitou recoiled to the door, and there, leaning against the wall, silent tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

Had not Catherine just said she loved him? Pitou took no advantage of the fact that he loved Catherine, but the fact that Catherine loved him was everything.

Her prayers finished, as Catherine had promised Pitou, she rose, and with slow steps approached the young man, leaning her head on his shoulder. Pitou passed his arm round her to lead her away.

She allowed herself to be led away; but before crossing the threshold, raising her head from Pitou's shoulder, and looking for the last time at the coffin, dimly lighted by two candles, said:

"Farewell, mother! once more farewell," and she went out.

As she was about entering her room, Pitou stopped her.

Catherine knew him so well, she understood he had something important to tell her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Don't you think," stammered Pitou, slightly embarrassed, "the time has arrived, Mademoiselle Catherine, for you to leave the farm?"

"I will not leave the farm till my mother has left it," replied the young girl.

Catherine uttered these words with so much firmness, that Pitou saw her resolution was irrevocable.

"When you do leave it," said Pitou, "you know within a short distance from here there are two places where you will be welcome: Father Clovis's cabin and Pitou's little house."

Pitou called his bedroom and office a house.

"Thanks, Pitou," replied Catherine, bowing her head as a sign she would accept one or the other refuge.

Catherine entered her room without another thought of Pitou, who was always devising something for her.

The next morning at ten o'clock the friends bidden to the funeral began to assemble. All the farmers of the neighborhood—

Boursonnes, Noue, D'Ivors, Coyolles, Largny, Haramont, and Vivieres—were there.

The mayor of Villers Cotterets, good M. Longpre, were among the first comers.

At half past ten the National Guard of Haramont, drums beating, flags flying, arrived without a man missing.

Catherine, all dressed in black, held her child in her arms, also dressed in black, and received each one that entered, while they in turn felt no other sentiment than the respect from the young mother and child in their double loss.

By eleven o'clock more than three hundred persons were assembled at the farm. The priest, the assistants of the church, and the sexton were the only ones who had not arrived. They waited a quarter of an hour. Nobody came.

Pitou mounted the barn, the highest point at the farm.

From the farm windows even the two miles that stretched from Pisseleu to Villers Cotterets were in full view.

Good as were Pitou's eyes, he could see nothing. He came down, and talking aside with M. de Longpre, gave him the result of his observations and reflections. His observations showed him no one was coming; his reflections were no one would come.

Pitou had heard of Abbé Fortier's visit, and his refusal to administer the sacrament to Mother Billot. Pitou knew Abbé Fortier; he suspected everything. Abbé Fortier did not wish to sanction with his presence or officiate at Mme. Billot's funeral, and the excuse, not the reason, was the absence of confession.

This news, communicated to M. de Longpre, and by the latter to his friends, produced a sorrowful impression.

People looked at one another in silence; then a voice said:

"What difference does it make! if Abbé Fortier does not wish to officiate, let it go."

The voice was that of Désiré Maniquet. Désiré Maniquet was celebrated for her heretical opinions.

For a moment there was silence.

It was evident the assembly could not reconcile themselves to a funeral without a priest. And yet Voltaire and Rousseau were never in higher favor.

"Gentlemen," said the mayor, "let us go to Villers Cotterets. At Villers Cotterets everything will be explained."

"Let us go to Villers Cotterets!" said every one. Pitou signed to four men to slip the barrels of their guns under the coffin, and in this way the dead woman was carried out.

At the door the corpse was carried before Catherine, who, on her knees, held little Isidore on his knees in front of her. After the coffin had passed, Catherine kissed the threshold of the door she never expected to pass, and raising herself, said to Pitou:

"You will find me at Father Clovis's cabin." And passing through the garden and fields of the farm, she was soon lost in the distance.

CHAPTER VII.

ABBÉ FORTIER DOES NOT FIND IT SO EASY TO KEEP HIS THREAT.

THE procession passed silently, forming a long line down the route, when those at the end heard cries behind them.

They turned.

A horseman was approaching them at full gallop, from the direction of Ivors, on the road to Paris.

A portion of his face was covered with black bandages; he held his hat in his hand, and made signs for them to stop.

Pitou turned, as did the others.

"Hold!" he cried, "Monsieur Billot— Good for him! I wouldn't care to be Abbé Fortier now."

At Billot's name they all halted.

The horseman advanced rapidly; as he neared them every one recognized him as Pitou had. Arrived at the head of the procession, Billot bowed low over his horse's neck, over which he had thrown the bridle, and after saying, in a voice so highly modulated every one heard, "Good-day, and thanks, citizens!" he took, behind the coffin, Pitou's place, who, in his absence, had been master of ceremonies. A stable-boy took charge of the horse and led it to the farm.

Everybody looked with curious eyes at Billot. He was a little thinner, and very pale. A portion of his face and his left eye still retained the dark colors of the blood that had settled there.

His firmly pressed lips and frowning brow, indicated a fierce anger that only waited for an opportunity to burst forth.

"Do you know what has happened?" asked Pitou.

"I know everything," replied Billot.

When Gilbert had told the farmer the state his wife was in, the latter had taken a cabriolet that had carried him as far as Nan-teuil.

Then, as the horse could go no further, Billot, feeble as he was, traveled by post to Levignan; there he took fresh relays, and arrived at the farm as the procession had left it.

In few words Mme. Clement told him all. Billot remounted his horse; at a turn in the road, he perceived the procession winding along before him, and stopped it with his cries. As we before stated, he led the funeral cortège with bent brows, threatening lips, and his arm crossed over his chest.

The procession had been sad and silent before, but it was even more so now.

At Villers Cotterets a group of friends awaited them, who took their place in the cortège. As the procession passed through the streets, men, women, and children came out from the houses, saluting Billot, who answered them by a bow as they took their ranks in the cortège. When it arrived at the square it contained more than five hundred persons.

In the square they perceived the church. Pitou saw what he had predicted: the church was closed.

They arrived at the door, and halted.

Billot became livid, the expression of his face more and more threatening.

The assistants were under the authority of the mayor as well as the priest, and consequently depended at one and the same time on both of them. One of these assistants was called and interrogated by M. de Longpre.

Abbé Fortier had forbidden any one connected with the church to sanction the burial.

The mayor demanded the keys of the church.

The keys were in the house.

"Go get the keys," said Billot to Pitou.

Pitou hurried off, and made such good use of his long legs that in five minutes he returned, saying:

"Abbé Fortier had taken the keys himself to be sure the church would not be opened."

"You must go to the abbé himself for the keys," said Désiré Maniquet, a born promoter of extreme measures.

"Yes, yes, go to the abbé for the keys!" cried two hundred voices.

"That will take too long," said Billot; "when death knocks at the door, it waits for no one."

Then he looked around him; opposite the church the carpenters were planing a beam.

Billot marched directly to them, and motioned to them; he required this beam.

The workmen made way for him.

The beam was supported by a plank. Billot slipped his arm between the beam and the ground, near the middle of the piece of wood, and with a single effort he raised it. But he had depended on his lost strength. Under that enormous weight the colossus staggered; for an instant they thought he would fall.

It lasted but a second; Billot recovered his equilibrium, and with a ghastly smile advanced with the beam under his arm, with a slow but firm step.

One would have said he was one of those battering-rams of antiquity whom Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar employed to storm their enemies' walls.

He placed the beam against the door, and the formidable machine began its work. The door was of oak, the bolts, hinges, and other fastenings of iron.

At the third blow the lock, hinges, and other fastenings gave way altogether; the oaken door was half open.

Billot let the beam fall to the ground. Four men raised it and carried it with difficulty to the spot where Billot found it.

"Your honor," said Billot, turning to the mayor, "will you be kind enough to place my poor wife's coffin in the middle of the choir? She, poor woman, has never wronged any one, and thou, Pitou, gather the acolytes, the verger, the singers, and the choir-boys; I will attend to the priest."

The mayor, walking behind the coffin, entered the church. Pitou started to find the acolytes, the singers, and the choir-boys, and

then accompanied by his first-lieutenant, Désiré Maniquet, and four men, in case of trouble. Billot went to Abbé Fortier's house.

Several men wished to follow Billot.

"Leave me alone," he said; "perhaps my work will be serious; every one is responsible for his own acts."

Leaving them, he passed down the street from the church and turned into the Rue de Soissons. It was the second time in the course of a year the revolutionary farmer went in search of the royalist priest.

What took place at that time is well known; possibly a similar scene was to be enacted.

Every one, seeing Billot march rapidly toward the abbé's, remained motionless on their thresholds, following him with their eyes as they turned their heads, but without moving a step.

"He has forbidden any one to follow him," said one to another.

The large door at the abbé's was closed, like the one at the church.

Billot looked around for another building where he could obtain another beam; there was nothing but a rock, loosened by the children, that trembled in its orbit, like a loose tooth in its socket.

The farmer advanced toward the rock, gave it a violent twist that effectually loosened its hold, and tore it away, with a portion of the foundation in which it was imbedded.

Then, raising it above his head, like another Ajax or Diomedé, he stepped back three feet, and hurled the block of granite with the same force as would a catapult.

The blow shivered the door to fragments.

At the moment Billot opened this formidable passage, a window in the second story opened, and Abbé Fortier appeared, calling loudly upon his parishioners for help.

But the shepherd's voice was not listened to by the sheep, who decided to let the shepherd and wolf fight it out together.

It required some little time for Billot to break the two or three doors that separated him from Abbé Fortier, as he had broken the first.

It took, in fact, about ten minutes.

At the end of that time, the cries of the abbé became more and more violent, his gestures more and more expressive, his increasing agitation showing the danger was approaching nearer and nearer.

A moment after, Billot's pale face appeared behind the priest, who laid his hand heavily on his shoulder.

The priest grasped the sash that held the window; he was also proverbially strong, and it would not have been an easy thing for Hercules himself to have taken him. Billot passed his arm, like a centaur's, around the priest's body, forced him on his knees, and with an effort that would have uprooted an oak, he tore Abbé Fortier away, with the broken sash in his hands. The farmer and the priest disappeared in the room, nothing was heard but the abbé's cries, growing fainter in the distance, like the roarings of a bull drawn by a lion of the Atlas toward his lair.

During this time Pitou had gathered the trembling acolytes, singers, choir-boys, and vèrger, all following the assistant's exam-

ple, hastily robing themselves in their capes and surplices, lighting the candles, and preparing everything for the celebration of the obsequies.

Then Billot appeared, dragging after him the priest, and walking as rapidly as though he were alone, and the priest offering no resistance. Billot was not a man; he was more one of those forces of nature resembling a torrent or an avalanche; nothing human seemed capable of resisting him; nothing but the elements could have warred against him. The poor abbé, a hundred feet from the church, ceased to offer any resistance.

He was utterly subdued.

Everybody made way for the two men.

The abbé threw a horrified glance at the door, broken like a pane of glass, and seeing in their places—with their instruments, staff, or book in hand—all the men and boys whom he had forbidden to put their foot into the church, he bent his head as if he recognized an irresistible power, influenced not by religion alone, but its ministers.

He entered the sacristy, and a moment after appeared in his robes as celebrant, the holy sacrament in his hand.

But, the moment after mounting the steps of the altar, and placing the holy sacrament upon it, he returned to begin the first words of his office.

Billot extended his hand.

"Enough, thou wicked servant of God!" he said. "I wanted to curb your pride, that was all; I now want every one to see, as holy a woman as my wife can be buried without the hateful and fanatical prayers of a priest like you."

Then, as a murmur, as he ceased speaking, rose till it swelled to the arches of the church:

"If it is a sacrilege," he said, "I will be responsible for it."

And turning toward the immense crowd that not only filled the church but the square:

"Citizens," said he, "to the cemetery!"

Every one repeated:

"To the cemetery!"

The four pall-bearers again slipped the barrels of their guns under the coffin, raised it, and as they had started without priest, or hymn, or any of that funereal pomp religion surrounds men's grief with, they marched, Billot at their head, six hundred persons toward the cemetery, which was situated at the end of the lane toward Pleux, twenty-five feet from Aunt Angelica's house.

The gate of the cemetery was closed, like Abbé Fortier's house, as the church door had been.

But, before this feeble obstacle, strange to say, Billot stopped.

Death respects the dead.

At a sign from the farmer, Pitou ran to the grave-digger's.

The grave-digger had the key of the cemetery.

Five minutes later Pitou not only brought the key, but two grave-diggers.

Abbé Fortier had excommunicated the poor deceased from the church and consecrated ground; the undertaker had received orders to prepare no grave.

At this last manifestation of hatred from the priest, something like a menacing murmur rose from the crowd. If Billot had a quarter of the zeal in his heart that bigots feel, he had but to say the word, and Abbé Fortier would have experienced the satisfaction of that martyr he had appealed so loudly to for aid the day he refused to celebrate mass on the altar of his country.

But Billot had the disposition of a lion; he destroyed, devastated, ruthlessly in his course, but never returned in the same path.

The royalists and the bigots alone remained in their homes. It might well be known, Aunt Angelica was one of the latter; she closed her door in terror, crying out the abomination of desolation, and calling down vengeance from the skies on her nephew's head.

But every one who had a heart, a sense of justice, family affection; all who rebelled against hatred and misery, vengeance and malice, three quarters of the town, in fact, were there protesting, not against God nor religion, but against priests and their fanaticism.

Arrived at the spot, the grave was to have been dug, where the sexton, before he received the order not to proceed with his work, had already marked it out. Billot held out his hand to Pitou, who gave him one of the two spades.

Then Billot and Pitou, their heads uncovered, in the midst of a circle of citizens, their heads also uncovered, under the burning rays of a July sun, began to dig the grave of that unfortunate creature, who, pious and resigned in her life, would have been much astonished if she had been told during her life-time of the excitement she would have caused after death.

The work lasted an hour, but neither of the two workers had any idea of stopping till it was finished.

While they were thus occupied, ropes had been brought, and the work accomplished. The ropes were placed under the coffin. Then the two men, Billot and Pitou, lowered it in the grave.

They did it so simply and naturally no one present had any idea of offering to assist them.

They would have considered it a sacrilege not to finish it to the end themselves. When, however, the first shovelfuls of earth fell on the coffin, Billot passed his hands over his eyes, and Pitou his sleeve. Then they resolutely proceeded with their work. When it was finished, Billot threw far from him the spade, and held out his two arms to Pitou.

Pitou threw himself into the farmer's arms.

"God is my witness," said Billot, "that I embrace in you all of the greatest, most noble virtues on earth—charity, devotion, self-abnegation, brotherly love, and I shall devote my life in celebrating these virtues!"

Then, stretching his hand over the tomb: "God is my witness," he continued, "that I swear eternal war against the king, who would have assassinated me; against the nobility, who have dishonored my daughter; against the priests, who have refused burying my wife!"

Then turning toward the spectators and hearers full of sympathy from this triple adjuration:

"Brothers!" cried Billot, "there is to be a new assembly in the

place of those traitors who are now met at the Feuillants'; let me be your representative at that assembly, and you will see I shall keep my oaths."

A cry of universal acclamation responded to Billot's proposition, and from that hour, over that solemn altar, his wife's grave, fit place for the terrible vows he had uttered, Billot's candidature was accepted; after which Billot, thanking his compatriots for the sympathy they had shown him in his loves and hates, every one dispersed to their own homes, carrying in their hearts the spirit of revolutionary propagandism that furnished, in their blindness, the weapons for the king, nobles, and priests to turn upon and destroy them.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEPUTY BILLOT.

THE events we have just related made a profound impression, not only on the inhabitants of Villers Cotterets, but on the farmers of the neighboring villages.

The farmers were quite a power at that time in politics; they each employed ten, twenty, thirty laborers, and if the elections were at all undecided, the country cast the vote. Each man on leaving Billot shook hands with him, simply saying:

"Be tranquil."

Billot entered the farm comparatively tranquil, seeing for the first time powerful means of avenging himself for the injuries he had sustained from the royalty and nobility.

He re-entered the farm without mentioning Catherine's name; no one could tell if he was aware of her short visit there. Never, in a year, had he pronounced her name; his daughter was for him as if she did not exist.

It was not so with Pitou, that stanch heart; he regretted from the bottom of it; Catherine could not love him; but on seeing Isidore, and comparing himself with that elegant young man, he could easily understand why Catherine loved him.

He envied Isidore, as he had always loved Catherine, with a deep, absolute devotion. To say this devotion was entirely exempt from agony, was to lie; but this anguish that tore his heart each time Catherine gave a new proof of affection for her lover showed the ineffable goodness of his soul.

Isidore killed at Varennes, only inspired Pitou with a profound pity; unlike Billot, he was capable of doing justice to the young man's memory, to his goodness, to his beauty, his generosity, notwithstanding he was his rival.

The result we have seen. Pitou loved Catherine more in her sorrow and mourning than he had in her happy girlhood, and now he loved her still more by reason of her recent loss.

The reader is not surprised, then, to find Pitou, after taking leave of Billot, going to Haramont instead of the farm.

Every one was accustomed to Pitou's reappearances and disappearances, and notwithstanding the high position he occupied in the village, no one ever inquired as to his actions. When Pitou

was away, they said, in low tones "General Lafayette has sent for Pitou." And all was said.

On Pitou's appearance at Haramont, they asked for the last news from Paris, and Pitou, thanks to Gilbert, was able to give them the very latest. And as several days after these reports the news was verified, they had the greatest confidence in him, not only as a captain, but as a prophet.

For his part, Gilbert appreciated all that was worthy and noble in Pitou; he felt that at a moment's notice he was a man in whom he could confide his life, Sebastian's trusts, confidential missions, anything that required faithfulness, ability, and skill. Every time Pitou came to Paris, Gilbert, without embarrassing Pitou, would ask him if he required anything. Almost always Pitou replied: "No, Monsieur Gilbert;" but that did not prevent Gilbert from giving Pitou several louis, which he slipped in his pocket.

Several louis with Pitou's resources, and the prolific nature of the forest belonging to the Duke of Orleans, was a fortune; and Pitou had never reached the last of his louis when he again saw M. Gilbert, and the doctor's shake of the hand renewed in his pocket Pactolus's stream.

It was not astonishing, considering Pitou's feelings toward Catherine, that he should hastily leave Billot and hasten to ascertain how the poor mother and boy were faring.

His road to Haramont lay by Father Clovis's door; a hundred feet from the cabin he met Father Clovis, who had a hare in his pouch. It was his day for hares.

In few words Father Clovis told Pitou Catherine had returned, and asked for her old room, which he hastened to give her; she had shed many tears on entering the room where she had become a mother, where Isidore had given her so many proofs of love.

But her sorrow was not without a certain sort of relief; those of us who have passed through deep afflictions know the cruellest hours are those when the tears refuse to flow; the sweetest, not the saddest, are when we weep. When Pitou saw Catherine she was sitting on her bed, her eyes filled with tears, her child in her arms.

On seeing Pitou, Catherine laid the child on her knees, stretching her hands and raising her face to the young man; Pitou took them joyfully, kissed her forehead, and the child for a moment found himself hidden under their clasped hands, while Pitou kissed his mother.

Then, falling on his knees before Catherine, and kissing the baby's little hands, Pitou said:

"Ah! Madame Catherine, do not worry, I am rich; Monsieur Isidore shall never want for anything."

Pitou had fifteen louis; he called that rich. Catherine, with her disposition and heart, appreciated all that was good.

"Thanks, Monsieur Pitou," said she, "I believe you, and I am glad to believe you, for you are my only friend; if you abandon us, we will be alone on the earth; but you will never abandon us, will you?"

"Oh, mademoiselle," said Pitou, sobbing, "don't talk so! you will make me cry my heart out."

"I was wrong," said Catherine, "I was wrong. Excuse me."

"No," said Pitou, "no, you are right, on the contrary; I am the one who is wrong to cry thus."

"Monsieur Pitou," said Catherine, "I would like a little air; give me your arm, and we will walk a little while under those forest trees. I think I will feel better."

"I also, mademoiselle," said Pitou; "I feel as if I should choke."

The child was the only one who did not require air; he, on the contrary, was sleepy.

Catherine laid him on the bed and took Pitou's arm.

Five minutes later they were under the grand forest trees, that magnificent temple raised by the hand of God.

Although Catherine was leaning on his arm, Pitou could not but remember how he had conducted Catherine to the hall that day of Pentecost, where, to his great sorrow, Isidore had danced with her, two years and a half before.

What an accumulation of events had happened in those two years and a half! And without soaring as high as Voltaire's or Rousseau's philosophy, Pitou easily understood what mere atoms he and Catherine were in the universal world.

But atoms, though infinite, have no less than the powerful—than princes, than kings and queens—their joys and sorrows; the wheel that, turning in Fortune's hands, attacks crowns and lays thrones in the dust, had destroyed and laid in the dust Catherine's happiness none the less surely than if she had sat on a throne and carried a crown on her head.

To sum it all up, there was a wide difference in Pitou's condition, which the revolution—whatever else it may have done—had done much to change.

Two years and a half ago Pitou was a poor little peasant, scolded by Aunt Angelica, patronized by Billot, protected by Catherine, sacrificed to Isidore.

To-day Pitou was powerful; he wore a sword at his side, epaulets on his shoulders, and was called captain. Isidore was killed, and it was he, Pitou, that protected Catherine and her child. Danton's answer to the question, "What is your object by a revolution?"—"To raise those who are below, and put down those who are above!" was, as far as Pitou was concerned, perfectly true.

But though thoughts like these passed through his head, good, modest Pitou did not take advantage of them, but on his knees begged Catherine to permit him to protect her and her child.

Catherine, like all those who mourn, had a keener appreciation in sorrow than in joy. Pitou, in her happy days, had been for Catherine only a good lad of no consequence; now he was everything that was good, frank, and devoted. In her affliction, needing a friend, Pitou was just the friend she required, and was always received by Catherine with outstretched hand and a lovely smile. Pitou began to lead a life he never imagined even in his dreams of Paradise.

Billot, ever silent as to his daughter's whereabouts, pursued his idea, while making his harvest, of being nominated to the Legislature. Only one man could have opposed him, if he had been

desirous; but between his love and happiness, Count de Charny, in his château of Boursonnes with Andrée, was rejoicing in his unexpected felicity. Count de Charny, the world forgetting, thought himself forgot; he never even dreamed of such a possibility.

Thus, through no opposition in the district of Villers Cotterets, Billot was elected deputy by an immense majority.

As soon as he was elected, Billot occupied himself in realizing as much money as possible. It had been a good year. He gave his laborers their share, reserving his own, keeping what grain was needed for sowing, what he needed for consumption for his horses and cattle; also for his men.

One morning he sent for Pitou.

Pitou from time to time went to see Billot, who always received him with outstretched hand, offering him breakfast if it was breakfast-time, dinner if it was dinner-time, a glass of wine or cider if it was time to drink wine or cider.

But he had never before sent for Pitou; so it was not without misgiving Pitou went to the farm.

Billot was always grave; no one had ever seen him smile since his daughter left the farm.

To-day he was unusually serious.

He held out, as usual, his hand to Pitou, shook it more vigorously than was his wont, and held it in his.

Pitou looked at the farmer in astonishment.

"Pitou," he said, "you are an honest man."

"Confound it! Monsieur Billot," replied Pitou, "I trust so."

"I am sure of it."

"You are very good, Monsieur Billot," said Pitou.

"I have decided, as I am going away, that you, Pitou, must be at the head of the farm."

"Me, sir?" said Pitou, amazed. "Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Because, Monsieur Billot, there are a great many details where a woman's eye is necessary."

"I know it," replied Billot; "you can select a woman to divide the responsibility with you. I do not ask her name; there is no need of my knowing her; whenever I want to come to the farm, I will tell you a week before, so if I do not wish to see this woman, or she does not care to see me, she will have time to leave."

"Very good, Monsieur Billot," said Pitou.

"At present," continued Billot, "there is in the barn the necessary grain for sowing; in the granary, straw, oats, and hay for the horses; in this secretary the money for the men's wages and their support."

Billot opened the secretary; it was filled with silver.

"One moment! one moment, Monsieur Billot!" said Pitou; "how much is there in the secretary?"

"I don't know," said Billot, repulsing him. Then locking it, he gave the key to Pitou. "When you have no more money, send to me."

Pitou understood how Billot confided in him by that remark; he opened his arms to embrace Billot; then suddenly he thought how presumptuous it was in him.

"Oh, pardon, Monsieur Billot!" he said; "a thousand pardons!" "Pardon for what, my friend?" demanded Billot, touched by this humility; "pardon an honest man because he throws his arms around another honest man to embrace him? Come to me, Pitou; embrace me!"

Pitou threw himself in Billot's arms.

"And if, perchance, you need me in town?" he said.

"Don't fret, Pitou; I won't forget you."

Then he added: "It is now two o'clock; I leave for Paris at five. At six o'clock you can be here with the woman you may select to assist you."

"All right," said Pitou; "I have no time to lose. Good-bye, dear Monsieur Billot."

"Good-bye, Pitou."

Pitou strode out of the farm.

Billot followed him with his eyes as far as he could see; then, when he had disappeared: "Oh!" he murmured, "why did not my daughter fall in love with a worthy lad like that, rather than that serpent of the nobility that has left her a widow without being married, a mother without being a wife?"

At five o'clock Billot ascended the diligence for Paris, and at six o'clock Pitou, Catherine, and little Isidore entered the farm.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW ASSEMBLY.

THE Legislature was to be inaugurated the 1st of October, 1791.

Billot, in common with the other deputies, arrived about the end of September.

The new assembly was composed of seven hundred and forty-five members; among their number might be counted four hundred lawyers and rulers of the state, seventy-two journalists, poets, and literary men, seventy constitutional priests; that is to say, those who had joined the Constitution. The two hundred others were farmers or landed proprietors like Billot, or men occupied in professional and manual labor.

The distinguishing characteristic of the new deputies was their youthfulness; the majority were not more than twenty-six; one would have said a new and unknown generation had been sent by France to crush the past; noisy, impetuous, revolutionary, they came to destroy all precedent; almost all with cultivated minds, poets, as we have said, lawyers, and men of science; full of energy and skill, of extraordinary nerves, devoted to theories beyond all limits, entirely ignorant of state affairs, inexperienced, babblers, triflers, quarrelsome, they represented the grand but terrible thing that is called the unknown.

The unknown, in politics, is always the uncertain. With the exception of Condorcet and Brissot, it might have been asked of each man, "Who are you?" For that matter, where were the lights and firebrands of that Constitution? Where were the Mirabeaus, the Sieyes, the Duponts, the Baillys, the Robespierres, the Barnaves, the Cazales? All had disappeared. As these enthusiastic youths wandered from place to place, some heads whitened.

The others represented young and manly France—France with black locks.

Valuable heads for a revolution to behead, and nearly all were beheaded.

In the interior, germs of civil war were spreading; war with foreign powers was near at hand; all the young men who were not simply deputies were combatants. The Girondists, who, in case of war, from twenty years to fifty, were to march to the frontier; the Girondists were to send skirmishers.

These skirmishers were to consist of the Vergniauds, the Guadets, the Gensonnés, the Fonfrèdes, the Ducos; it was this nucleus, then, that was called the Gironde, and gave this name to a famous party, that, notwithstanding their faults, were pitied for their misfortunes.

Born in the smoke of battle, like athletes breathing the combat, with a single bound they leaped into the bloody arena of political life. No one looking at them noisily taking their seats in the Chamber of Deputies would have imagined from them came the mutterings of the tempest that burst into the storms of the 20th of June, the 10th of August, and the 21st of January.

No more *côté droit*; that was suppressed; consequently, no more aristocrats.

The entire assembly was armed against two enemies—the nobility and the priests.

If they resisted them, the order was to crush their resistance.

As for the king, it was left to the conscience of the deputies to determine upon their conduct toward him; they hoped he would not listen to the queen, the aristocracy, and the church; if he did, he would be crushed with them.

Unhappy king! he was no longer called a king, nor Louis XVI, nor your majesty; but the executive.

The first thing the deputies did on entering this hall, which was entirely unknown to them, was to look around them.

On each side was a reserved tribunal.

“For whom are these two tribunals?” asked several.

“They are the tribunals of the deputies going out.”

“Oh! oh!” murmured Vergniaud, “what does that mean? Is the Legislature a representative hall of the nation, or a class of students?”

“Never mind,” said Héault de Séchelles; “we will see how our betters conduct themselves.”

“Sergeant-at-arms,” cried Thuriot, “announce, when he enters, there is in the assembly a man who threw the governor of the Bastille from the top of its walls, and his name is Thuriot.”

A year and a half later this man was called “King-killer.”

The first act of the new assembly was to send a deputation to the Tuileries.

The king had the imprudence to be represented by a minister.

“Gentleman,” he said, “the king can not receive you at this time; return in three hours.”

The deputies retired.

“Well?” cried the other members, seeing them return so soon.

"Citizens," said one of the committee, "the king is not ready, we have three hours before us."

"Good!" called out from his seat the lame Conthon.

"Let us use these three hours. I propose to suppress the title of 'Your Majesty.'"

Universal applause was the response; the title of "Your Majesty" was suppressed by acclamation.

"What will we call the executive?" demanded a voice.

"We will call him the 'King of the French,'" replied another.

"That is a good enough title for Monsieur Capet to have."

All eyes turned toward the man who ventured to call the King of France Monsieur Capet.

It was Billot.

"Hurrah for the King of the French!" was the universal cry.

"Attention!" said Conthon; "we have yet two hours. I have a new proposition to make."

"Make it!" cried everybody.

"I move that at the king's entrance every one rises, but the king once in, every one sits down and puts his hat on."

For a moment there was a dreadful tumult.

The cries of adherence were so violent, one would have taken them for opposition. At last, when the uproar subsided, every one appeared to be united.

The proposition was carried.

Conthon glanced at the clock.

"We have an hour left," he said. "I have a third proposition to make."

"Out with it! out with it!" cried several voices.

"I move," continued Conthon, in that suave voice of his, that, whatever the occasion, always wielded so terrible an influence, "I propose there will be no more throne for the king, simply a sofa."

The speaker was interrupted by applause.

"Wait! wait!" he said, raising his hand; "I have not finished."

Silence was re-established.

"I propose the king's sofa shall be placed at the left of the president."

"Take care!" said a voice; "that is not only suppressing the throne, but humiliating the king."

"I propose," said Conthon, "not only to suppress the throne, but to humiliate the king."

There arose frantic applause; there was the whole of the 20th of June and the 10th of August in that terrible clapping of hands.

"Very well, citizens," said Conthon; "the three hours are up. Thanks to the King of the French, that he made us wait; we have not been idle."

The committee returned to the Tuileries. This time the king received them; but it was too late.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I can not present myself at the assembly for three days."

The deputation looked at one another.

"Well, sire," they said, "it will be for the 4th?"

"Yes, gentlemen," replied the king, "the 4th." And he turned his back upon them.

The 4th of October the king sent word he was sick, and could not be present till the 7th. That did not prevent, on the 4th, during the absence of the king, the birth of the most important work of the last assembly. Entering the new assembly, surrounded and guarded by a dozen of the oldest deputies of the Constitution:

"Behold!" cried a voice, "the twelve aged men of the Apocalypse!"

The Recorder Cannes carried it; ascending the tribunal, he showed it to the people.

"People," he said, like another Moses, "behold the tables of the law!"

Then began the ceremony of swearing allegiance. All the assembly filed by, sad and perplexed. Many felt beforehand this powerless Constitution would not live a year. They swore for the sake of swearing, because it was an imposing ceremony.

Three quarters of those who took the oath determined not to keep it.

Meanwhile, the result of the three decrees just passed spread through Paris.

No more royalty!

No more throne!

Only a simple sofa at the left of the president. It was as much as to say, "No more king."

The funds were, as usual, the first to take alarm; stocks fell frightfully; the bankers began to tremble. The 9th of October great changes took place.

According to the new law, there was no longer a general-in-chief of the National Guard. On that day Lafayette sent in his resignation, and each of the six generals commanded in turn. The day appointed for the royal presence arrived—the 7th of October.

The king entered.

Contrary to all expectation, royalty was still all-powerful. At the entrance of the king they not only arose, took off their hats, but unanimous applause broke forth.

The assembly cried, "Long live the king!" But at the same moment, as if the royalists wanted to throw down the gauntlet to the new deputies, the tribunals cried:

"Long live his majesty!"

A deep murmur passed along the seats of the representatives; they raised their eyes, and saw it was from the tribunals reserved for the ancient constituents that these cries proceeded.

"'Tis well, gentlemen," said Conthon. "To-morrow we will attend to you."

The king motioned for silence.

They listened to him.

The discourse composed by Dupont du Tertre was of the highest ability, and produced the greatest impression; its principal theme was the necessity of maintaining order, and of rallying to the cause of patriotism. Pastoret presided at the assembly.

Pastoret was a royalist.

The king said in his discourse he felt the need of being loved.

"And we also, sire," said the president, "need to be loved by you."

At these words the whole hall broke forth in applause.

The king, in his discourse, supposed the revolution over. For a moment the entire assembly thought as he did. It was not necessary, however, he should be the willing ruler of priests, the unwilling ruler of foreigners.

The impression made at the assembly spread itself over Paris.

In the evening the king went to the theater with his family.

He was received with thunders of applause. Many wept, and he himself, usually so undemonstrative, shed tears.

During the night the king wrote to the foreign powers, announcing his acceptance of the Constitution of 1791.

It will be remembered, one day, in a moment of enthusiasm, he had sworn fealty to the Constitution before it was finished.

The next day Conthon remembered what he had promised the day before to his constituents.

He announced he had a suggestion to make.

They knew what Conthon's suggestions were. Every one was silent.

"Citizens," said Conthon, "I move that every sort of privilege be done away with in this assembly, and that all the tribunals are open to the public."

The motion passed unanimously.

The next day the assembly took possession of the tribunals of the old deputies.

After this invasion, the shadows of the Constitution disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

FRANCE AND THE FOREIGN POWERS.

We have said the new assembly was particularly opposed to the nobility and the priesthood.

It was a veritable crusade; except the standards, instead of carrying "God's wishes," had this inscription: "The people wish it."

The 9th of October, the day Lafayette resigned, Gallois and Gensonné read their report on the religious troubles in La Vendée. They were wise and moderate, and for those reasons made a deep impression.

Who had inspired, much less written, them?

A skillful policy which soon made its appearance on the scene.

The assembly was tolerant.

One of its members, Fauchet, demanded the cessation of pay for the priests from the state where they did not obey the state, giving their pensions to those instead who were old and infirm.

Ducos went still further; he begged for toleration asking for entire liberty for the priests to swear fealty or not, as they pleased. Still further went the constitutional Bishop Torne. He declared the refusal of the priests showed the highest virtue.

We will see how this tolerance was made use of by the devotees of Avignon.

After this discussion (by no means finished) they passed to the question of the refugees.

It was to pass from civil to foreign war, the two tribulations of France.

Fauchet had spoken on the clergy question, Brissot spoke on the refugees.

He took a lofty and humane standpoint; he took it up where Mirabeau had dropped it from his dying hands a year before.

He asked for a difference to be made between migration from fear and migration from anger; he demanded indulgence for the one, severity for the other.

It was his opinion they could not shut up the citizens in the kingdom; on the contrary, every port must remain open.

He did not even approve of confiscation against the refugees.

He demanded only they would no longer pay those who had declared against France.

In truth, a strange state of affairs! France paying foreign powers for the treaties of Condé, Lambesq, and Charles of Lorraine! We shall see how the refugees repaid this indulgence.

As Fauchet finished his discourse, there was news from Avignon.

As Brissot finished his, they had heard news from all Europe.

As a great light appears to a sleeper as an immense conflagration, so appeared the news from America. Commencing by Avignon, in a few words the history of the second Rome can be given.

Benoit XI. died in 1304, suddenly and suspiciously. Some said he was poisoned with figs. Philippe le Bel (who had dealt Boniface VIII. a blow at Colonna) had his eyes fixed on Perouse, where the conclave was being held. For a long time he had formed a plan to govern the papacy of Rome—to bring it to France; and once obtaining hold of it, to use it for his own profit, and, as our grand master Michelet said, “to dictate lucrative bulls, explode his infallibility, and turn his holiness into an expounder and preceptor for the house of France.”

One day there arrived a messenger, covered with dust, almost exhausted, scarcely able to speak.

He brought this news:

The French and anti-French parties were so evenly balanced in the conclave that no pope was the result; they talked of assembling in another city.

This resolution did not please the Perugians, who considered it an honor to have a pope chosen in their city.

They used an ingenious artifice.

They surrounded the conclave with a guard, and no water or food was served to the cardinals, who cried, loudly:

“Elect a pope, and you shall have something to eat and drink.”

The cardinals held out twenty-four hours.

At the end of twenty-four hours they had decided.

It was decided that the anti-French party should choose three cardinals, and the French party, out of these three candidates, should choose a pope.

The anti-French party chose three declared enemies of Philippe le Bel.

But among these three enemies of Philippe le Bel was Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was more friendly to his own interests than inimical to Philippe le Bel.

A messenger was sent with this news.

This was the messenger who had traversed the distance in four days and nights, and arrived nearly dead with fatigue.

There was no time to lose.

Philippe sent an express to Bertrand de Got, who was entirely ignorant of the important mission, of a rendezvous in the forest of Andelys.

It was a dark night, just the night for an invocation, in the midst of an inclosure in which three roads met; it was just such a night as those imploring superhuman favors would evoke the devil, and in swearing allegiance to him would kiss the cloven foot of Satan himself.

Only, to reassure the archbishop, no doubt, they began by having mass; then, at the altar, at the moment of elevating the host, the king and prelate swore faithfulness to each other; then the candles were put out, the celebrant left, followed by the acolytes carrying the cross and sacred emblems, as if they thought they would be profaned by remaining mute spectators of the ensuing scene.

The archbishop and king remained alone.

In Villani, we read, the inspiration of this interview was certainly the third person present—Satan.

"Archbishop," said the king to Bertrand de Got, "I have the power to make you pope, if I wish; for that I have come here."

"The proof?" demanded Bertrand de Got.

"The proof! Here it is," said the king.

And he showed him the letter from the cardinals, where, instead of telling him the choice they had made, they asked him who they should choose.

"What must I do to be made pope?" demanded the Gascoigne, overcome with joy, throwing himself at the feet of Philippe le Bel.

"Promise to grant me six conditions," replied the king.

"Say them, my king!" replied Bertrand de Got; "I am your subject; it is my duty to obey you."

The king raised him, kissed him, and said:

"The six special conditions I demand are as follows—"

Bertrand de Got listened with all his ears; for he was not afraid the king would require anything affecting his eternal salvation but impossibilities.

"The first is, that you will reconcile the Church to me; that it will pardon the misdemeanor I committed in arresting Pope Boniface VIII. at Amagni."

"Granted!" Bertrand de Got hastened to reply.

"The second is, that you give the commission to me and mine."

Philippe le Bel had been excommunicated.

"Granted!" said Bertrand de Got, astonished he was asked so little for so much.

There were yet four conditions.

"The third is, that you will allow me the tenth of the clergy's salary in my kingdom, for five years, to help pay my expenses in the war with Flanders."

"Granted!"

"The fourth is, that you annul and destroy the bull of Pope Boniface—'*Ausculia fili.*'"

“Granted! granted!”

“The fifth is, that you raise to the dignity of cardinals Marco Jacopo and Pietro de Colonna, and with them several other of my friends.”

“Granted! granted! granted!”

Then, as Philippe said no more:

“The sixth, sire?” demanded the archbishop, somewhat alarmed.

“The sixth,” replied Philippe le Bel, “I will reserve for another time and place: for it is something important and secret.”

“Important and secret?” repeated Bertrand de Got.

“So important and so secret that I want you beforehand to swear to me by the cross.”

Taking a crucifix from his breast, he held it to the archbishop.

He hesitated but a moment; it was the last ditch to cross; once over, he was pope.

He stretched his hand for the image of the Saviour, and, in a firm voice:

“I swear!” he said.

“That is well,” said the king. “In what city of my kingdom do you want to be crowned?”

“At Lyons.”

“Come with me; thou art pope, under the title of Clement V.”

Clement V. followed Philippe le Bel; but he was very anxious as to the sixth demand his sovereign held in reserve. The day he was made pope—he saw it was not much, neither did he object—it was the destruction of the Order of Templars.

All this was evidently not in accordance with the will of God, who displayed His displeasure in a signal manner.

The moment the procession left the church in which Clement V. had been crowned, passing by a wall filled with spectators, the wall gave way, wounding the king and killing the Duke of Burgundy, and upsetting the pope.

The tiara fell, and the symbol of papacy was abased and rolled into a stream.

Eight days after, at a banquet given by the new pope, the men of his holiness and those of the cardinal got into a quarrel.

The pope's brother, trying to separate them, was killed.

This was a bad beginning.

To a bad beginning was joined a bad example. The pope extorted money from the Church, but a woman extorted money from the pope. This woman, the beautiful Brunissaude, the chroniclers of that time tell us, cost the Church more than the Holy Land.

The pope accomplished each of his promises. This pope that Philippe had made was his own pope, a sort of chicken with golden eggs, who laid them night and morning, and whom he threatened with destruction if he did not lay them. Every day, like the Merchant of Venice, he cut off a pound of flesh from whatever place was most convenient.

Thus Pope Boniface VIII. was declared a heretic and a false pope, the king's excommunication raised, the tithes of the priests guaranteed for five years, twelve cardinals appointed through the king's influence, the bull of Boniface VIII. closing the purse of the clergy against Philippe le Bel revoked, the Order of the Templars

abolished, and the Templars arrested—and on the 1st of May, 1306, the Emperor Albert, of Austria, died.

Philippe le Bel decided to make his brother, Charles de Valois, emperor.

Clement V. was to do all the maneuvering for the king.

The poor man's bondage continued. That weary heart of Bertrand de Got, sold to the king, was saddled and bridled and ridden by the latter to the depths of hell itself.

He had at length the hardihood to overthrow his terrible rider, and wrote ostensibly in favor of Charles de Valois, but secretly against him. To leave them was to leave the king down, for the pope's life was worth nothing on the king's domain, and the nomination of the twelve cardinals put the future pontifical election in the hands of the King of France. Clement V. remembered the figs of Benoit XI. He went to Poitiers.

Escaping from there at night, he reached Avignon. It was difficult to explain what Avignon was. It was, and was not, France.

It was a frontier, a place of refuge, part of an empire, a municipal retreat, a republic like St. Marin.

Only it was governed by two kings—the King of Naples as Count of Provence; the King of France as Count of Toulouse. Each of them had the sovereignty of a part of Avignon.

A fugitive could not be arrested on the grounds of the other.

Naturally, Clement V. sought refuge in that portion of Avignon that belonged to the King of Naples. But, escaping from the power of Philippe le Bel, he did not escape from the malediction of the Grand Master of the Templars.

In ascending the scaffold built on a mound, in Ill'e de la Cité, Jacques de Molay adjured his two executioners, and summoned them to appear before the year was finished at the throne of God.

Clement V. was the first to obey the funeral call. One night he dreamed he saw his palace in flames, and from that time "he never smiled nor lasted long," his biographer related. Seven months after was Philippe's turn.

How did he die?

There are two versions of his death. Both seem to be retribution from the hand of God. A chronicler translated by Sauvage relates that he died while hunting.

"He saw the stag coming toward him, put spurs to his horse, drew his sword, thinking to plunge it into the stag, when the animal threw him against a tree with such force that the good king fell to the earth mortally wounded near the heart, and was carried to Corbeil."

There, says the chronicler, the malady reached such a point that he died.

It would have been difficult for the malady to have been graver.

William of Nangis, on the contrary, gives this account of the death of the conqueror of Mons-en-Puelle:

Philippe, King of France, was sick a long time with a malady that was unknown to physicians, and to them and others it was a subject that baffled all experience. At last he was carried by his kindred to Fontainebleau, where he was born. There, after receiv-

ing, in the presence of a large number of people, the holy sacrament, with a fervor and great devotion, he gave his soul to his Creator, in the full belief of the true Catholic faith, the thirtieth year of his reign, the eve of St. Andrew's Day."

It was not even reserved for Daute to kill a man that he hated with one death. He was disemboweled by a wild boar, gored by his tusks. The Robber of the Seine was a counterfeiter.

The popes that inhabited Avignon after Clement V. were John XXII., Benoit XII. Clement VI. only waited for the opportunity to buy Avignon.

At last it came.

A young girl, still a minor, Jane of Naples, did not sell it, but gave it to absolve one of her lovers from a murder he had committed. In her majority, she wanted to reclaim it; but Clement VI. held it, and held it well. So well, that when George XI. carried, in 1377, the seat of papacy to Rome, Avignon, controlled by a legate, remained under submission to that holy seat.

Thus it was as late as 1791, when the events took place that have caused this long digression.

From the day on which Avignon was divided between the King of Naples, Count of Provence, and the King of France, Count of Toulouse, there were two Avignons in Avignon: the Avignon of the priests, and the Avignon of the merchants.

Avignon of the priests had one hundred churches, two hundred cloisters, its papal palace.

Avignon of the merchants had its river, its workmen in silk, its traffic in crosses, from Lyons to Marseilles, from Nîmes to Turin.

There was thus, in this unfortunate city, the Frenchmen of the king and the Frenchmen of the pope. The Frenchmen of France were French; the Frenchmen of Italy were almost Italians. The French of France, that is to say, the merchants, were an overtasked people, working very hard for mere existence, to support their wives and children, and that they found difficult. The French of Italy, that is to say, the priests, had all the money and influence. There were the abbés and bishops, the archbishops, the lazy cardinals, the elegant, accomplished courtiers of great ladies, lording it over the women of the people, who knelt, as they passed, to kiss their white hands.

As a type of one of these was Abbé Maury, a Franco-Italian, of Comtat, son of a shoe-maker, aristocratic as Lanzum, proud as Clement Tonnerre, insolent as a lackey.

At Avignon they bred them while they hated them.

The 14th of September, 1791—during the Constitution—a decree of the king united Avignon and the Comte Venaissin.

For the past year, Avignon had been first in the hands of the French, then in the hands of the anti-French.

The storm began in 1780.

One night the papists amused themselves by hanging an effigy decorated with the tricolor. Next morning, at that sight, Avignon was in an uproar. They seized from their houses four papists, two of the nobility, a land-owner, a workman, and hung them in the place of the effigy.

The French party had as agitators two young men, Duprat and

Mainvielle, and an older man named Lescuyer, who was French in every sense of the word; he was born in Picardy, and had, at the same time, an impulsive and deliberate character: he occupied at Avignon the position of a notary and secretary of the municipality.

These three leaders had raised some soldiers, two or three thousand, perhaps, and had attempted with them an expedition on Cerpenteras, which had not succeeded.

A rain, cold and icy, mingled with snow, had dispersed the army of Mainvielle, Duprat, and Lescuyer, as a tempest dispersed the flotilla of Philippe II.

Whence came this miraculous rain? Who had the power to disperse the revolutionary army?

The Virgin!

But Duprat, Mainvielle, and Lescuyer suspected a Catalan, named Chevalier Patus, whom they had made a general of so effectually aiding the Virgin in the miracle, that the honor was due to him.

At Avignon treason was soon followed by justice; they killed their traitors.

Patus was killed.

The French party was composed of peasants, of deserters, of street-porters.

They looked among the people for a commander for these men of the people.

They believed they had found the man they wanted in one called Mathieu Jouve, whom they named Jourdan.

He was born in St. Just, near Puy in Velay; he had been a mule-driver, then a soldier, then an inn-keeper at Paris.

At Avignon he sold madder.

He boasted of murders.

He displayed a huge saber, and declared with this saber he had cut off the head of the governor of the Bastille and his two body-guarda on the 6th of October. Half through raillery and half through fear, to the name of Jourdan was added that of *Beheader*. Duprat, Mainvielle, Lescuyer, and their General Jourdan Beheader, had been so long prime movers in the city, that they were beginning to be less and less feared.

A vast and mischievous conspiracy was organizing among them, as skillfully and as well-concealed as the plottings of the priests.

They attempted reawaking religious manias.

The wife of a French patriot had been delivered of a child without arms.

The rumor spread that the father had taken, by night, a silver angel from the church, and had broken the arms off.

The afflicted child was the punishment of Providence. The father was obliged to conceal himself; he would have been destroyed before it could have been ascertained from what church the angel had been taken.

But now it was the Virgin who protected the royalists, who were *chouans* in Brittany, or papists in Avignon.

In 1789 the Virgin wept in a church in the Rue de Bac.

In 1790 she appeared in a meadow in La Vendée behind an old oak.

In 1791 she dispersed the armies of Duprat and Mainvielle, by sending snow and hail upon them. At last, in the Church of the Cordeliers, she blushed, from shame, no doubt, at the indifference of the citizens of Avignon.

A large chest of silver had been taken from the city.

The next day it was not one chest, but six. The day after it was eighteen trunks filled, he property of a pawnbroker, whom the French party, evacuating the city, took with them.

At this news, the mutterings of a storm passed over the city; these mutterings were the formidable *zou-zou* that moans through door-ways, that carries all the ferocity of a tiger, and the stealthy glide of a serpent.

The misery was so great at Avignon, everybody was engaged in something.

There was so little for the poorest to engage in, they were nearly ruined.

The rich were ruined for a million, the poor for their rags and tatters; everything is comparative. It was the 16th of October, a Sunday morning. All the peasants of the neighborhood had come to the city to attend mass.

At that time no one went out without being armed. Consequently, every one was armed. The moment was well chosen; moreover, the blow was sure.

There was no French nor anti-French party. There were robbers, who had committed an infamous crime; they had robbed the poor.

The crowd spread to the Church of the Cordeliers. Peasants, workmen, street-porters—white, red, tricolored citizens—cried, that moment, without delay, the municipality must give an account of the affair by its secretary, Lescuyer. Why did the anger of the people pick out Lescuyer? No reason. When a man's life is to be violently taken, those fatalities always occur.

Suddenly, into the midst of the church, Lescuyer was conducted.

He had taken refuge in the municipal hall, where he had been recognized, arrested—no, not arrested, beaten with kicks, and cuffs, and sticks, in the church.

Once in the church, the unfortunate man, pale, but cold and calm, ascended the pulpit, and tried to defend himself.

It was easy enough. He had only to say, "Open the pawnbroker's shop to the people. They will see the objects they have accused us of taking are still there."

He began:

"Brethren, I considered the Revolution necessary. I have contributed toward it all my—"

But he was not allowed to go any further. They were too much afraid that he would not justify himself.

That terrible *zou-zou*, penetrating as the mistral, interrupted him. A street-porter mounted the pulpit behind him, and threw him into the pack of hounds. At that moment the hue and cry began.

He was dragged to the altar.

It was here they were to offer up the revolutionist, a worthy sacrifice for the Virgin, in whose name all this was enacted.

In the choir, still alive, he escaped from the hands of the assassins, and took refuge in a stall.

A kindly hand passed him writing materials. He could write what he had not time to say. An unexpected succor gave him a moment's respite.

A Breton gentleman, accidentally passing by on his way to Marseille, had entered the church, and pitying the poor victim, with the courage and hardihood of a Breton, he tried to save him. Two or three times he had thrown up the sticks and knives about to strike him, crying, "Gentlemen, in the name of the law! Gentlemen, for honor's sake! Gentlemen, in the name of humanity!"

The knives and sticks were turned against him. The people were tired of being deprived so long of their prey, and they dragged him away as a victim. But three men disengaged him, crying:

"Let us finish first Lescuyer. We can settle this one afterward."

The people understood the justness of these remarks, and let the Breton go.

They forced him to save himself.

His name was M. Rosély.

Lescuyer had no time to write; if he had written, his document would never have been read, the tumult was too great.

In the midst of the uproar, Lescuyer saw a small door of egress behind the altar; if he could gain that door he might be saved. Lescuyer tried to reach the door; the assassins would have been surprised at the unexpected *dénouement*, but, at the foot of the altar, a workman in taffeta gave him such a terrible blow on the head with a stick that he broke it.

Lescuyer fell senseless, as an ox is felled. He had rolled just where they wanted him—to the foot of the altar.

Then, while the women, to punish the lips that had proffered the revolutionary blasphemy of "Long live the Republic!" cut them till they hung in pieces, men danced upon him, bruising him as was St. Etienne from stoning.

With his bleeding lips Lescuyer cried:

"Have mercy, my brothers! in the name of humanity, my sisters! let me die!"

That was asking too much; he was condemned to live out his agony.

He lingered till evening.

The unfortunate man experienced the full agony of death.

This was the news that came to Fauchet in answer to his philanthropic speech at the Legislative Assembly.

It was true the day after other news arrived.

Duprat and Jourdan were told of the catastrophe. Their men were all dispersed.

Duprat had an idea to ring the famous silver bell, that only rang on two occasions, the crowning of the popes and their death.

It gave a strange, mysterious, peculiar sound, and produced two contrary effects.

It froze the hearts of the papists, but encouraged the revolutionists.

At the sound of that bell, with its strange tocsin, the countrymen left the city and fled in the direction of their homes.

Jourdan, at this call of the silver bell, rallied three hundred of his men in a short time.

He took possession of the gates of the city, and left one hundred and fifty men to guard them. With the hundred and fifty others he marched to the church.

He had two pieces of cannon; he pointed them on the crowd, wounding and killing indiscriminately.

The church was deserted; Lescuyer had dragged himself to the feet of the Virgin, who had worked so many miracles, but had not deigned to stretch out her divine hand to save him. One would have said he could not die; that bleeding mass, which was nothing more than a lump of clay, clung to life.

Thus they carried him through the streets; throughout the passage of the cortège people closed their windows and cried:

“I was not at the Cordeliers!”

Jourdan with his hundred and fifty men could have disarmed Avignon and its thirty thousand inhabitants, if he had wished, so great was their terror.

They accomplished, in a small way, what Marat and Panis accomplished in Paris the 2d of September.

It will appear later why it was Marat and Panis, and not Danton.

They strangled seventy or eighty unfortunates thrown into the pontifical cells in the Tower of La Glacière.

The Trouillias Tower, as they call it there.

This was ill news that came, making them forget the terrible details of Lescuyer's death.

As for the refugees defended by Brissot, to whom he wished to open the ports of France, this is what he said to the foreign powers.

They reconciled Austria and Prussia, and made two friends out of those born enemies.

They made Russia prohibit our ambassador from showing himself in the streets of St. Petersburg, and sent a minister to the refugees at Coblenz.

They made Berne punish an aged Swiss who had chanted the revolutionary “Ça ira.”

They made Geneva—Rousseau's country, who had done so much for that revolution France was accomplishing—point its cannon against France.

They made the Bishop of Liege refuse to receive a French ambassador

It was true, among themselves, the kings were not idle.

Russia and Sweden sent Louis XVI.'s dispatch back unopened, in which he announced his adhesion to the Constitution.

Spain refused to receive them, and gave up to the inquisition a Frenchman to be killed who had escaped from San Benito.

Venice threw on the Place St. Mark the body of a man strangled in the night by orders of the Council of Ten, with this simple inscription:

“KILLED LIKE A FRENCHMAN!”

At last the Emperor and King of Prussia replied, but replied by a threat:

"We desire that you will prevent the necessity of our taking serious precautions against the return of things that give rise to such sad auguries."

Thus there was civil war in La Vendee, civil war in the south, and mutterings of war among the foreign powers.

From the other side of the Atlantic came the cries of an entire population of an island that was being destroyed.

What was taking place down by the tropics? Who were these black slaves who were destroying and killing?

They were the negroes of St. Domingo, taking a bloody revenge.

In two words—in a less prolix manner than for Avignon; for Avignon we allowed ourselves to ramble—in two words we will explain.

The Constitution promised liberty to the negroes. Ogé, a young mulatto, with a brave, impulsive, and enthusiastic heart, carrying the order of freedom with him, crossed the ocean. Though nothing official had as yet appeared in the decree, in his haste for liberty he called upon the governor to proclaim it.

The governor issued the order to arrest him. Ogé fled to the Spanish portion of the island. The Spanish authorities—we know how Spain felt toward the revolution—the Spanish authorities gave him up.

Ogé was roasted alive.

A blenching terror followed his death; they supposed he had a number of accomplices on the island; the planters constituted themselves judges, and executions were multiplied.

One night sixty thousand negroes rose. The whites were awakened by immense fires that devoured the plantations.

Eight days after the fires were extinguished with blood.

What could France do, poor salamander, shut up in her own circle of fire?

We shall see.

CHAPTER XI.

WAR!

IN his talented and energetic discourse on the refugees, Brissot had clearly shown the intention of the foreign powers, and the kind of death they intended the revolution should die.

Would they strangle it?

No, they would stifle it.

Thus, after depicting the European league, after showing them that circle of sovereigns, some with swords in their hands, frankly showing their hatred, others covering their designs under the mask of hypocrisy, till they could overthrow them, he cried:

"Very well, then; not only do we accept the defiance of aristocratic Europe, but we will meet them; let us not wait till we are attacked, let us attack them ourselves."

At this, tremendous applause saluted the orator.

It was thus Brissot, more a man of interest than genius, answered those grand thoughts, those patriotic thoughts, that meant—war! It

was not an egotistical war declared by a despot to avenge an insult to his throne, to his name, or to an ally, or to add another province to his kingdom; but it was war that carried with it the breath of life; war, whose drums, wherever they were heard, said:

“Arise, you who wish to be free! we are bringing you liberty!”

The world began to hear a deep murmur, that rose and grew like the roar of the waves. This murmur was the rumbling of thirty million voices, who as yet did not speak, but roared, and that roaring Brissot translated in these words:

“Let us not wait till we are attacked; let us attack them ourselves.”

The moment these defiant words met with universal applause, France was strong, not only would she attack them, but she would vanquish them.

The news of the events in La Vendée, the massacre in Avignon, the insults from all Europe, broke like a thunder-bolt on the Legislative Assembly.

The 20th of October, Brissot passed an act taxing the revenues of the refugees; on the 25th Condorcet confiscated their property and exacted from them the civil oath—a civil oath from men who were leaving France and arming against her!

Two representatives alone foresaw the future—one the Barnave, the other the Mirabeau of this new assembly: Verginaud, Isnard. Verginaud was one of those poetical, tender, and sympathetic souls, a native of fertile Limoges, soft, slow, affectionate rather than passionate, well and happily born; distinguished by Turgot, a relative of Limousin, and by him sent to school at Bordeaux; his speech was less caustic, less powerful than Mirabeau's; but, although inspired by the Greeks, and a little overcharged with mythology, it was less prolix, less argumentative than Barnave's. His was the sympathetic note that vibrated eternally, influencing by its eloquence those who were most active; at the assembly, in the midst of the indignant and righteous anger of the tribunes, one always heard the accents of pity and sympathy fall from his lips; the leader of a violent, embittered disputation party, he always rose calm and dignified to the occasion, no matter how imminent it was; his enemies called him undecided, sluggish, indolent, often: they asked where his heart was, he was absent-minded; they were right; his heart was not his, except when he made a great effort to retain it; his whole heart was with a woman; it hung on the lips, was transfixed in the eyes, and vibrated in the harp of that beautiful, that good and charming Candéille.

Isnard—the opposite of Verginaud, who lived in a sort of haze—Isnard was the whirlwind of the assembly. Born at Grasse, in that land of perfume and mist, he had all the violent and sudden temper of that giant of the wind who, with the same breath, tears up rocks and scatters the roses; his strange voice broke suddenly and unexpectedly over the assembly like one of those first storms in summer; at the first tones of his voice, the entire assembly trembled, the most absent-minded raised their heads, and each, startled like Cain at the voice of God, were ready to say, “Lord, are you speaking to me?”

Once, when interrupted:

"I ask," he cried, "the assembly, France, the world—you, sir—" And he pointed to the interrupter. "I ask in good faith, are there any among you, in the secret consciousness of his own heart, that is willing to swear the royal refugees are not conspiring against the country? I ask, in the second place, if there are those in this assembly who dare maintain that all who are conspiring should not be accused as soon as possible, pursued and punished? If there is any such, let him rise. They have told you indulgence belongs to strength, that some of the foreign powers are disarming; but I tell you to watch; despotism and aristocracy have neither death nor sleep. If this nation sleeps for a moment, it will awake in chains. The least pardonable of crimes is that which has for its aim the slavery of man. If the will of Heaven was in the power of men, it would be necessary to strike those who infringe on the rights of the people."

It was the first time they had heard such words; his savage eloquence carried everything before him, like an avalanche descending the Alps, carrying trees, flocks, shepherds, and houses in its course.

The séance over, they decreed:

"That if Louis Stanislaus Xavier, the French prince, did not enter the assembly within two months, he would forfeit his rights to the regency."

Then, on the 8th of November:

"If the refugees do not return by the 1st of January, they will be declared guilty of conspiracy, pursued, and punished with death."

Then, the 29th of November, it was the priests' turn:

"The civil oath will be exacted within eight days.

"Those who refuse it will be suspected of revolt, and will be watched by the authorities.

"If any religious trouble is found in their parishes, they will be shut up in their own homes.

"If they do not obey, they will be imprisoned for a year or more; if they incite others to disobedience, for two years.

"The Commune and the army will be obliged to interfere to support the law.

"The churches will only be used for worship approved of by the state; those not necessary may be bought for any other worship, but not by those who refuse the oath.

"The municipality will send to the departments, and the latter to the assembly, the lists of priests who have sworn, and those who have refused the oath, with remarks upon the coalition between them and the refugees, that the assembly may take means to extirpate the rebellion.

"The assembly will be thankful for any good works that can enlighten the country on the pretended religious questions; they will be printed, and their authors recompensed."

We have shown what became of the Constituents, otherwise known as the Constitutionals; we have shown the object of the Feuillants. They were in entire harmony with the department at Paris.

Their leading spirits were Barnave, Lafayette, Lameth, Duport,

De Bailly, who as yet was mayor, but his term had nearly expired. They saw in the decree against the priests, "a decree," they said, "rendered against all public conscience"—they saw in the decree against the refugees, "a decree that broke all family ties"—a means for the king to exert his power. The Feuillants prepared and the Directoire of Paris signed a protest against those two decrees, in which they implored Louis XVI. to oppose his veto.

It will be recollected the Constitution reserved the right of vetoing for Louis XVI. Who signed that protest? A man who from the first had attacked the clergy, a Mephistopheles, who, with his cloven foot, had broken the ice. Talleyrand! The man who in diplomacy was always crying out "Wolf! wolf!" did not always see very clearly in a revolution.

The noise of this veto spread.

The Cordeliers threw out as a body-guard Camille Desmoulins, that free lance of the revolution, who was ever ready to cast his lance at the foe.

He had a petition also.

But, a dreadful stammerer whenever he attempted to speak, he gave it to Fauchet to read for him.

Fauchet read it.

He was applauded from beginning to end.

It was difficult to treat the question ironically, at the same time more thoroughly.

"We are not sorry," said the fellow-student at the college of Robespierre, and the friend of Danton. "We do not complain either of the Constitution who has passed the veto, nor of the king who uses it, we remember the maxims of that great politician, Machiavelli. 'If a prince wishes to renounce the sovereignty, the nation would be too cruel, too unjust to object to his opposition to the general view, for it is difficult and against nature to voluntarily fall so far.'

"Convinced of this truth, let us take the example of God himself, whose commandments are not impossible; we would never expect from our *ci-devant* sovereign an impossible love for the national sovereignty, and we will not find fault that he opposes his veto to the very best decrees."

The assembly, as we have said, applauded loudly, adopted the petition, had it inscribed at the proces-verbal, and sent to the departments.

That evening the Feuillants were enraged. A good many members of the club, representatives to the Legislature, had not assisted at that meeting.

Those who had been absent the day before, the next day invaded the assembly.

They were two hundred and sixty strong.

They annulled the decree made the day before amid shoutings and cat-calls from the tribunes. This meant war between the assembly and the club, which afterward spread to the Jacobins, represented by Robespierre, and at the Cordeliers, represented by Danton.

In fact, Danton gained popularity, his immense head began to

be elevated above the crowds; he strutted before royalty, and said to them:

"Take care; the sea on which you are sailing is a tempestuous one."

Suddenly the queen came to help the Jacobins against the Feuillants.

Marie Antoinette's hates were for the revolution what the sands of the sea and the squalls are to the Atlantic.

Marie Antoinette hated Lafayette, who had saved the 6th of October, who had lost his popularity for the sake of the court the 17th of July.

Lafayette hoped to replace Bailly as Mayor of Paris.

The queen, instead of aiding Lafayette, made the royalists vote in favor of Pétion. Strange blindness! in favor of Pétion, her brutal traveling companion on the return from Varennes!

The 19th of December, the king presented himself at the assembly; he came to bring his veto to the decree against the priests.

The day before, at the Jacobins, a serious demonstration took place.

A Swiss from Neuchâtel, Virchany, the same that at the Champ de Mars wrote the petition to the republic, offered to the society a Dan. ascene sword, intended for the first general who vanquished the enemies of liberty. Isnard was there; he seized the sword of the young republican, drew it from its scabbard, and throwing himself before the tribune, cried, "Behold the sword of the exterminating angel! It will be victorious. France cries aloud, the people answer. The earth will be covered with warriors, and the enemies of liberty will be effaced from the sight of man. Ezekiel could not have said more."

The drawn sword was not replaced in the scabbard; a double war was declared within and without.

The sword of the republican of Neuchâtel was first to strike the King of France; after the King of France, the foreign powers.

CHAPTER XII.

GILBERT had not seen the queen since the day he had asked her to wait in her cabinet, while he left her to listen to M. de Bruteuil's political views, that he had brought from Vienna, and concluded in these words:

"Do with Barnave as with Mirabeau; gain time, swear to the Constitution; exact it literally to show it is indisputable. France will tire of it, lose all interest in it; the French are so light-headed, they will want something new, liberty will be an old story."

"If liberty does not entirely disappear, we will have gained a year; and by that time be prepared for war."

Six months had passed since then; liberty had not disappeared, and it was apparent the foreign powers were about fulfilling their promise and preparing for war.

Gilbert thought at first the king was sick, as he saw one of his valets de chambre enter his room one morning.

But the valet reassured him.

He said Gilbert was wanted at the château.

Gilbert insisted on knowing why he was sent for, but the valet, who doubtless had his orders, did not depart from his prescribed formula.

"You are wanted at the château."

Gilbert was deeply attached to the king; he pitied Marie Antoinette as a woman rather than as a queen; she did not inspire him with either love or devotion, he only felt a deep sympathy.

He hastened to obey the summons.

He was introduced into the anteroom where Barnave had been received.

A lady was waiting for him on a fauteuil, and rose as Gilbert entered.

Gilbert recognized Mme. Elizabeth.

He had for her a profound respect, knowing all the angelic goodness of her heart.

As he bowed, he understood in a moment the situation. The king and queen had not dared to send for him in their name; but had used Mme. Elizabeth's. Mme. Elizabeth's first words showed he was not mistaken in his conjectures.

"Monsieur Gilbert," she said, "I do not know if others have forgotten the proofs of friendship you gave my brother since his return from Versailles, or those you have given my sister since our return from Varennes; but I have not forgotten them."

Gilbert bowed.

"Madame," he said, "God in His wisdom has decided you should possess all the virtues, even that of memory, rare enough in our day, especially among royalty."

"You are not speaking of my brother, I hope, Monsieur Gilbert? My brother often speaks of you, and thinks most highly of your judgment."

"As a physician?" asked Gilbert, laughing.

"As a physician, yes, sir; only he thinks that your experience can be used at the same time for the health of the king and that of the kingdom."

"The king is very kind, madame," said Gilbert. "Whom am I to prescribe for this morning?"

"It was not the king who sent for you, sir," said Mme. Elizabeth, blushing a little, for that pure heart did not know how to lie, "it was I."

"You, madame?" said Gilbert. "Oh! you need not be anxious about your health; your pallor is that of fatigue and worry, not ill health."

"You are right, sir; it is not for myself I worry, but for my brother; he worries me!"

"I am also worried about him, madame," said Gilbert.

"Our anxiety does not probably proceed from the same source," said Mme. Elizabeth; "his health worries me."

"Is the king sick?"

"Not precisely," replied Mme. Elizabeth, "but the king is broken down, discouraged—it is ten days to-day since he has spoken a word, except to me, and that in playing tric-trac, and that was absolutely indispensable."

"It is eleven days ago since he was at the assembly and gave his

veto. Why did he not become mute that day instead of losing his speech the day after!"

"Do you advise my brother, then, to sanction that impious decree?" cried Mme. Elizabeth, impetuously.

"My advice, madame, is, if the king put himself before the priests in the current that is coming, in the sea that is rising, in the storm that is rumbling, the king and the priests will be destroyed together."

"But in my brother's place, what would you do, sir?"

"Madame, there is at this moment a faction that is growing like the giants in the 'Thousand and One Nights' that were enclosed in a vase, and an hour after the vase was broken, they had reached a hundred feet in height."

"You refer to the Jacobins, sir?"

Gilbert shook his head.

"No, I speak of the Girondists. The Jacobins do not want war; the Girondists do; war is national."

"But war—my God! war with whom? The emperor, our brother? the King of Spain, our nephew? Our enemies, Monsieur Gilbert, are in France, not out of it, and the proof—"

Mme. Elizabeth hesitated.

"Go on, madame," said Gilbert.

"I don't see, truthfully, how I can tell you, doctor, though it was for that I sent for you."

"You can tell everything, madame, to a man devoted to the king and ready to lay down his life for him."

"Doctor," said Mme. Elizabeth, "do you think there is a counter-poison?"

Gilbert laughed.

"Universally? No, madame, only every venomous substance has its antidote, though, as a general thing, these antidotes are usually powerless."

"Oh, my God!"

"It is first necessary to ascertain if the poison is a mineral or vegetable. Usually the mineral poisons affect the stomach and bowels, vegetable poisons the nervous system; one excites and the other stupefies. Which ones do you refer to, madame?"

"Listen, and I will tell you a secret."

"I am listening, madame."

"Well, I think some one has poisoned the king!"

"Whom do you suspect of such a crime?"

"This is what happened Monsieur Laporte—belonging to the civil list, you know—"

"Yes, madame."

"Well, Monsieur Laporte warned us that a man of the king's household, who has been a pastry-cook at the Palais Royal, was about retaking his position, that had been rendered vacant by the death of his predecessor. Well, this man, who is a bigoted Jacobin, has said everywhere he would do his best to poison the king!"

"Usually, madame, when men commit such a crime, they do not boast of it in advance."

"Oh, sir, it would be so easy to poison the king! Fortunately,

our enemies have no other way of reaching us in the palace, except through pastry."

"You have taken precautions, madame?"

"Yes; it has been decided that the king must eat nothing but roasts; the bread is brought from Ville d'Avray by Monsieur Thierry, superintendent of that department, who also has charge of furnishing the wine. As for pastry, as the king likes it, Madame Campan has received orders to buy it for herself, first at one pastry-cook's, then at another's. We have been advised also not to use any powdered sugar."

"Can arsenic be administered without your knowing it?"

"Yes—it was the queen's habit to sweeten his water with this sugar; we have stopped that. The king, queen, and myself, have our meals together; we dispense with water; if any of us want anything, we ring. Madame Campan, as soon as the king is at table, brings the pastry and the bread and wine; we hide it under the table so we appear to eat the bread and pastry from the house and drink the wine from the vaults. This is how we live! and yet we tremble every instant, the queen and myself, expecting to see the king suddenly grow pale, and to hear him say, 'I am sick!'"

"Let me assure you beforehand, madame," said the doctor, "I do not believe in those threats of poisoning; but I will put myself entirely at the service of their majesties. Will the king give me a room at the château? I will remain where I can be found at any moment, whenever his fears—"

"Oh! my brother is afraid of nothing," quickly replied Mme. Elizabeth.

"I was mistaken, madame. I have some experience in poisons and their antidotes, and will hold myself in readiness to combat them, no matter of what nature; but permit me to say, madame, if the king desires it, there will no longer be any occasion to fear anything for him."

"Oh! how can we succeed in that?" said a voice, which was not Mme. Elizabeth's, and whose trembling and accentuated tones made Gilbert turn.

He was not mistaken; it was the queen's voice. Gilbert bowed.

"Madame," he said, "is it necessary for me to repeat to the queen the same expressions of devotion I have just uttered to Madame Elizabeth?"

"No, sir, no; I heard everything. I only wanted to know how you were disposed toward us now."

"Does the queen doubt the truth of my sentiments?"

"Oh, sir, where so many heads and hearts veer like weather-vanes, one does not know which way to turn."

"Is that the reason the queen receives from the Feuillants a minister recommended by Madame de Staël?"

The queen trembled.

"You know that?" she said.

"I knew your majesty was occupied with Monsieur de Narbonne."

"Of course you blame me?"

"No, madame; it was like any other experiment. After the

king has tried everything, he will finish where he should have begun."

"You knew Madame de Staël, sir?" asked the queen.

"I had that honor, madame. On leaving the Bastille I was presented at her house, and it was from Monsieur Necker I heard it was the queen who caused me to be arrested."

The queen blushed visibly, then, with a smile:

"I thought we had agreed never to allude to that error?"

"I did not allude to that error, madame; I answered a question your majesty asked me."

"What do you think of Monsieur Necker?"

"He is a brave German composed of heterogeneous elements that always rises to the occasion, spite of his oddities."

"But were you not one of those who persuaded the king to reinstate him?"

"Monsieur Necker was, right or wrong, the most popular man in the kingdom; I said to the king, 'Sire, lean on his popularity.'"

"And Madame de Staël?"

"Your majesty does me the honor to ask what I think of Madame de Staël?"

"Yes."

"Well, as to physique, she has a large nose, large features, a large figure."

The queen smiled; she was too much of a woman to find it disagreeable to hear another woman whom she was not much interested in was not handsome.

"Go on," she said.

"Her complexion is only of a mediocre fairness; her gestures are more energetic than graceful; her voice is so coarse as to make one doubt she is a woman. With all this she is twenty-four or five years old; a neck of a goddess, magnificent black hair, superb teeth, eyes of great expression; her glance is a world of itself."

"But how as to her character, talents, disposition?" the queen hastened to ask.

"She is good and generous, madame; none of her enemies remain an enemy after listening to her conversation a quarter of an hour."

"I am speaking of her as a genius, sir; one does not influence politics with the heart."

"Madame, the heart is nothing in politics; as for that expression, *genius*, your majesty speaks of, you must not impute it to Madame de Staël, who is immensely talented, but by no means a genius; something material and earthy, substantial and weighty, drags her down when she would rise; the difference between her and Jean Jacques Rousseau is as the difference between iron and steel."

"You speak of her as a writer, sir; what is she as a political woman?"

"That reputation has given Madame de Staël a great deal more importance, I think, than she deserves," replied Gilbert. "Since Monsieur Lally emigrated, her salon is the rallying-point of the English party, half aristocratic, with its two houses. As she is democratic, very much so, she is weak enough to adore the

nobility; she admires the English because she considers them an eminently aristocratic nation; she is not familiar with English history; is entirely ignorant of the mechanism of their government; she takes the nobility of to-day for the cavaliers of the times of the Crusades. Other nations, with the ancient, has also modern times; England, with the modern, is always ancient."

"You think it was for this reason Madame de Staël proposed Narbonne to us?"

"Ah! in this case, two interests were combined, love for the autocracy and love for the aristocrat."

"You think Madame de Staël likes Monsieur de Narbonne because he is an aristocrat?"

"I imagine it is not on account of his merits."

"But nothing can be less aristocratic than Monsieur de Narbonne; one does not even know who his father was."

"Ah! because no one cares to look at the sun—"

"Now, Monsieur Gilbert, I am a woman, and naturally love a little gossip; what do people say about Monsieur de Narbonne?"

"They say he is gallant, talented, courageous."

"I am speaking of his birth."

"They say when the Jesuits banished Voltaire, Machault, D'Argenson, the philosophers, in fact, they were obliged to fight against Madame de Pompadour, for the sake of the regency; one knows how paternal love redoubles love; so they chose—the Jesuits had a lucky hand for choosing those sort of things, madame—so they chose a daughter of the king, and from her obtained this heroic work, hence this charming cavalier, whose father is unknown, as your majesty says, not because his birth is obscure, but because it is lost in light."

"Then you do not think, like the Jacobins, like Monsieur de Robespierre, that Monsieur de Narbonne is the son of the Swedish ambassador?"

"It is possible, madame, only he comes from the boudoir of the wife, not from the husband's cabinet. Suppose Monsieur de Staël for some reason is there, is it to suppose he is his wife's husband? Oh, my God! now it is not a betrayal of an ambassador, madame, it is a lover's weakness. It requires nothing more than love, that great eternal fascinator, to urge a woman to place in the hands of that frivolous gallant the gigantic sword of the revolution."

"Are you speaking of that one Monsieur Isnard kissed at the club of the Jacobins?"

"Alas! I am speaking of the one suspended over your head."

"Then it is your opinion, Monsieur Gilbert, we have done wrong in accepting Monsieur de Narbonne as Minister of War?"

"You will do better to take immediately his successor."

"Who is that?"

"Dumouriez."

"Dumouriez, an adventurer?"

"Ah, madame, that is a dreadfully cowardly word, and applied to him is unjust."

"Monsieur Dumouriez was nothing but a simple soldier."

"Monsieur Dumouriez, I know very well, does not belong to that nobility of the court for which everything is sacrificed. Monsieur

Dumouriez belonged to the nobility of the provinces. Unable to obtain or buy a regiment, he enlisted as a simple volunteer. At twenty years of age he cut in pieces five or six cavaliers rather than be taken. Notwithstanding that courageous feat, notwithstanding a true intelligence, he has languished in the inferior ranks."

"His intelligence, I know, was developed as a spy upon Louis XV."

"Why do you call it spying in him which in others is diplomacy? I know that at the rupture of the ministers with the king he held a correspondence with the king. What noble of the court is there who would not have done as much?"

"But, sir," cried the queen, betraying her profound knowledge of politics to the surroundings by which she was drawn, "this is a very immoral man that you are recommending me. He has not a single principle or sentiment of honor. Monsieur de Choiseul told me Dumouriez showed two projects relating to Corsica—one to betray, the other to deliver it."

"That is true, madame; but Monsieur de Choiseul forgot to tell you that the first was used, spite of Dumouriez's attempt to recover it."

"The day we accept Monsieur Dumouriez as minister it will be as if we declared war on all Europe."

"Eh, madame," said Gilbert; "that declaration is already made in the hearts of the people. Do you know the registers of this department show the record of six thousand citizens inscribed as volunteers? In the Jura the women have declared all the men could go, and if they had pikes given them, they would defend their country themselves."

"You have just uttered a word that always makes me tremble, sir," said the queen.

"Pardon, madame," replied Gilbert, "and tell me what is that word, that I may never repeat it?"

"You said *pikes*. Oh, the pikes of '89, sir! I see yet the heads of my two body-guards on those pikes."

"And yet, madame, it is a woman, a mother, who has proposed to open a subscription for the manufacture of pikes."

"Is it also a woman, and a mother, who proposes to have the Jacobins adopt the red bonnet, the color of blood?"

"There again your majesty is in error," replied Gilbert. "They want to consecrate equality by a symbol. It is impossible to make the French wear the same costume; it is easier to adopt only one portion of the costume—the bonnet of the poor peasants; they prefer red; not because it is the dreadful color of blood, but because, on the contrary, red is gay, lively, pleasing to the crowd."

"Very well, doctor," said the queen; "I do not despair, as you are a partisan of new inventions, to see you come with a pike in your hand and a red cap on your head."

And, half in raillery, half bitterly, seeing she could not influence this man, the queen retired.

Mme Elizabeth was about to follow; but Gilbert, in an almost supplicating voice, said:

"Madame, you love your brother, do you not?"

"Oh!" said Mme Elizabeth, "it is not love I feel for him; it is adoration."

"You are disposed to give him good advice—advice from a friend—are you not?"

"Oh! tell me if it is really good advice?"

"In my opinion, it is excellent."

"Then speak! speak!"

"Well, it is this: When his minister of the Feuillants falls, and that will be soon, let him take one very different, with the red bonnet the queen is so afraid of."

And bowing profoundly to Mme. Elizabeth, he left.

CHAPTER XIII.

A ROLAND.

THE preceding conversation of the queen and Dr. Gilbert was written to show in a simpler manner than a chronological table the succession of events and the situation of the parties; also to vary the recital of historical actions, always a little monotonous.

Narbonne's ministry lasted three months. A speech of Verginaud's killed it. The same as Mirabeau had uttered: "I see a door—" Verginaud, at the news that the Empress of Russia had made peace with Turkey, and that Austria and Prussia had signed, on the 7th of February, at Berlin, an offensive and defensive alliance, ascending the tribune, cried, "And I also, I can say, from this tribune, I can see the palace where this counter-revolution is hatching, where the maneuvers are plotting that will betray us to Austria. The day has arrived when we can bring to terms such audacity and confound the conspirators; fright and terror have often gone out from that palace in ancient times in the name of despotism; let fright and terror enter it again to-day in the name of the law."

With his powerful gestures, this magnificent orator seemed to chase from him the two disheveled goddesses of Fright and Terror.

In fact, they did enter the Tuileries, and Narbonne, raised by the whisperings of love, was overthrown by the whisperings of the tempest.

His fall was toward the beginning of March, 1792.

Hardly three months after the queen's interview with Gilbert, a man of short stature, agile, active, nervous, with an intellectual head lighted by eyes full of fire, about fifty-six years of age, though he appeared ten years younger, a face bronzed from camp life, was introduced into the palace.

He was clad in the uniform of a field officer. He waited but for a moment in the salon before the door opened and the king entered. It was the first time these two found themselves face to face.

The king glanced at the little man in a stern and impenetrable manner, which was yet not without penetration; however, the little man glanced at the king in a scrutinizing manner, full of defiance and spirit.

No one was there to announce the stranger—a proof that he was expected.

"It is you, Monsieur Dumouriez?" said the king.

Dumouriez bowed.

"Since when did you arrive in Paris?"

"The beginning of February, sire."

"Monsieur Narbonne told you to present yourself here?"

"To announce I was employed in the army of the Alsace under Marshal Luckner, and that I was about to command the Division of Besançon."

"You have not gone, however?"

"Sire, I accepted it, but I thought it my duty to make this observation to Monsieur de Narbonne, that the war being so close" (Louis XVI. trembled visibly), "and threatening to be universal," continued Dumouriez, without appearing to remark his agitation, "I thought it best to occupy the south, where one could be attacked and overcome; consequently, it seemed highly important to plan a defense for the south, and to send a general-in-chief there with an army."

"Yes, and you gave your plan to Monsieur de Narbonne after communicating it to Monsieur Gensonne and several members of the Gironde?"

"Monsieur Gensonne is my friend, sire, and I suppose, as I am also a friend of the king—"

"Oh!" said the king, smiling, "I am dealing with a Girondist?"

"You are dealing, sire, with a patriot, a faithful subject of the king."

Louis XVI. bit his thick lips.

"Is it to serve more effectually in the interim the king and his country that you have refused the offer of Minister of Foreign Affairs?"

"Sire, I have already told you that I prefer my command to a minister, in or out of the interim; I am a soldier, not a diplomat."

"I have been assured, on the contrary, you are both one and the other, sir," said the king.

"I am too much honored, sire."

"And it is on that assurance that I insist."

"And that I, sire, continue to refuse, notwithstanding my regret at disobeying you."

"And why do you refuse?"

"Because the situation is very serious, sire; it has overthrown Monsieur de Narbonne and compromised Monsieur de Lessort; every man that considers himself something has the right to be employed or not, just as he chooses, or to demand employment, whether or not he is worth anything. I am worth something or nothing; if I am worth nothing, leave me in my obscurity; who knows what my fate would be? If I am worth anything, do not make me a minister for a day, a power for a moment, but give me something to lean upon, when in your turn you can lean upon me. Our affairs—pardon, sire, your majesty sees I make his affairs mine—our affairs are in too unfavorable a condition among the foreign powers for the court to dally with a minister *interimaire*; this interim—excuse a soldier's frankness" (nothing was ever less frank than Dumouriez; but he could assume it if necessary)—"this interim would be a misfortune against which the assembly

would rise, and render me very unpopular with them. I will say more, this interim would compromise the king; it would look as though he wanted to return to his old cabinet, and was only waiting for an opportunity to recall it."

"If that was my intention, do you think the thing would be impossible, sir?"

"I think, sire, it is time for your majesty to break off in good faith with the past."

"Yes, and to turn Jacobin, is it not so? You told Laporte so."

"My faith! if your majesty does that, you will embarrass every party, the Jacobins perhaps more than any other."

"Why don't you advise me to put on the red bonnet right away?"

"Eh, sire, if that would be a way—" said Dumouriez.

The king looked for an instant in a defiant manner at the man who dared to make him such an answer; then he said:

"It is a minister without interim you want, sir?"

"I want nothing, sire; I am ready to receive the king's orders; only I would prefer that the king's orders sent me to the frontier instead of keeping me in Paris."

"And if, on the contrary, I order you to remain in Paris, to take the portfolio of foreign affairs, positively, what will you say to that?"

Dumouriez smiled.

"I will say your majesty is influenced by the prejudices he has heard against me."

"Yes, entirely so, Monsieur Dumouriez—you are my minister."

"Sire, I will devote myself to your service, but—"

"Are there conditions?"

"Explanations, sire."

"Go on; I am listening."

"The office of a minister is not what it once was; without ceasing to be a faithful subject of your majesty, in entering politics I become the man of the people. You can not demand from me to-day the same that you did from my predecessors. I only know how to speak for liberty and the Constitution; absorbed in my duties, I could not be courteous to you; I would not have the time; I would break through all royal etiquette, to serve my king; I would only work with you or with the cabinet; and I tell you before, sire, it would be a fight."

"A fight, sir? Why?"

"Oh! that is very simple, sire; almost all your diplomatic corps are anti-revolutionary; I would want you to change them, I would oppose your choice, I would speak to your majesty of things you did not even know the name of, and others that would displease you—"

"In that case, sir—" impetuously interrupted Louis XVI.

"In that case, sire, when your majesty's repugnance was too strong, too pronounced, as you are master, I would obey you; but if your choice was suggested by your surroundings, and, to me, seemed made only to compromise you, I would beg your majesty to give me a successor. Sire, think of the terrible dangers that

assail your throne; you must sustain the public confidence. **Sire**, it depends upon you."

"Allow me to interrupt you, sir."

"**Sire—**"

And Dumouriez bowed.

"These dangers—I have thought of them a long time." Then, stretching his hand toward the portrait of Charles I., he continued, wiping his face with his handkerchief, "If I wish to forget them, here is a picture that reminds me of them."

"**Sire—**"

"Wait, I have not finished, sir. The situation is the same; the dangers similar; perhaps the scaffold of Whitehall will raise itself on the Place de Grève."

"That is looking far ahead, sir."

"It is looking at the horizon, sir. In that case, I will go to the scaffold as Charles I. went, perhaps not so much of a soldier as he, but not less a Christian. Continue, sir."

Dumouriez had stopped, thoroughly astonished at such firmness, which he never expected.

"**Sire**," he said, "permit me to conduct the conversation to another subject."

"As you wish, sir," replied the king; "but I wish to show that I do not fear the future as much as I have the reputation of doing; if I am afraid, the less I shall be prepared."

"**Sire**, notwithstanding all I have had the honor of telling you, am I to consider myself the Minister of Foreign Affairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then to the first council I will bring four dispatches. I warn the king they will not resemble in any way, neither in style nor context, those of my predecessors; they conform to circumstances. If the first council pleases your majesty, I will continue; if not, I will have all my arrangements made to leave and serve France and my king at the frontier, which, notwithstanding what others have told you about my diplomatic talents, is my real element, the object of all my labors for thirty-six years."

Upon saying which he bowed to leave.

"Wait," said the king, "we have agreed upon one subject; but there are six others to consider."

"My colleagues?"

"Yes; I don't want you to come and tell me you are hampered by such and such a one. Choose your own ministers, sir."

"**Sire**, that is giving me a serious responsibility."

"I believe I am serving your interests in doing so."

"**Sire**," said Dumouriez, "I know no one in Paris except Lacoste, whom I recommend to your majesty for the navy."

"Lacoste?" said the king; "is he not merely a commissary of ordnance?"

"Yes, sire; he tendered his resignation to Monsieur de Boynes rather than participate in an injustice."

"That is a good recommendation. And the others, who are they?"

"I will hold a consultation, sire."

"May I know whom you will consult?"

"Brissot, Condorcet, Petion, Rœderer, Gensonne."

"In fact, all the Girondists?"

"Yes, sire."

"So be it; go for the Gironde; we will see if they are better than the Constitutionalists or the Feuillants."

"There is one thing more, sire."

"What is it?"

"To know if the four letters I intend writing will suit you?"

"We will see to night, sir."

"To-night, sire?"

"Yes, time presses; we will have an extra session, composed of you, Monsieur de Grave and Secretary de Greville."

"But Duport du Tertre?"

"He has sent in his resignation."

"I will be at your majesty's orders this evening."

And Dumouriez saluted the king to leave.

"No," said the king, "wait a moment; I want you to understand—"

He had not finished, when the queen and Mme. Elizabeth entered.

They each held their prayer-books in their hands.

"Madame," said the king to Marie Antoinette, "here is Monsieur Dumouriez, who has promised to serve us faithfully, and with him to-night begins a new ministry."

Dumouriez bowed, while the queen looked with curiosity at the little man who was to have so much influence on the affairs of France.

"Do you know Doctor Gilbert, sir?" she asked.

"No, madame," replied Dumouriez.

"Well, sir, you must make his acquaintance."

"May I ask why the queen wishes it?"

"Because he is an excellent prophet. Three months ago he told me you would be Monsieur de Narbonne's successor."

At that moment the doors of the king's cabinet were opened for him to go to mass.

Dumouriez went out with the rest.

All the courtiers fled from him as from a pestilence.

"As I told you," whispered the king, laughing, "you see how you are compromised."

"*Vis-à-vis* to the aristocracy, sire," replied Dumouriez. "This is a new proof of favor the king has given me."

And he retired.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEHIND THE TAPESTRY.

THAT evening, at the appointed hour, Dumouriez entered with the four dispatches. De Grave and Secretary de Greville were already there, waiting for the king.

As if the king only waited for Dumouriez's entrance to appear, as the former entered one door the king appeared at another.

The two ministers rose precipitately; Dumouriez was already standing, and only bowed, which the king returned.

Then, taking a chair, he sat down at the table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "be seated."

It seemed to Dumouriez that the door by which the king entered remained open, and the tapestry shook.

Was it the wind, or was it some one listening behind that veil that intercepted the view, but allowed sounds to pass?

The three ministers sat down.

"Have you your dispatches, sir?" demanded the king of Dumouriez.

"Yes, sire."

The general took the four letters from his pocket.

"To which foreign powers are they addressed?" asked the king.

"Spain, Austria, Prussia, and England."

"Read them."

Dumouriez glanced the second time at the tapestry, and by its moving felt convinced some one listened.

He began reading his dispatches in a firm voice. The minister spoke in the name of the king, but for the Constitution, without threatening, but also without weakness.

He discussed the true interests of each foreign power relating to the French Revolution. As each potentate complained on his side of the Jacobin pamphlets, he criticised the despicable injuries the press inflicted, while on the one hand exposing much evil, on the other causing much mischief.

At the end he demanded peace, in the name of a liberated nation, whose king was the hereditary representative.

The king listened, and at each new dispatch became more and more interested.

"Ah!" he said, when Dumouriez had finished, "I have never heard anything like that, general."

"See how ministers should always write and talk in the king's name," said De Greville.

"Very well," replied the king, "give me the dispatches; they shall go to-morrow."

"Sire, the couriers are ready, waiting in the courtyard of the Tuileries," said Dumouriez.

"I would like to keep a copy to show the queen," said the king, with embarrassment.

"I have anticipated your majesty's desire," said Dumouriez; "here are four certified copies, signed by me."

"Send your dispatches," said the king.

Dumouriez went to the door by which he had entered; an aide-camp was waiting; he gave him the letters. A moment after the noise of horses' hoofs was heard galloping out of the courtyard of the Tuileries.

"It is well," said the king, answering his thoughts, when that significant noise was heard; "and now behold your cabinet."

"Sire," said Dumouriez, "I desire, first of all, that your majesty beseeches Secretary de Greville to remain with us."

"I have already begged him," said the king.

"I regret to persist in my refusal, sire; my health grows worse and worse every day; I need rest."

"You hear, sir?" said the king, turning to Dumouriez.

"Yes, sire."

"Well, sir," insisted the king, "who composes your cabinet?"

"We have Monsieur de Grave, who will remain."

De Grave stretched forth his hand.

"Sire," he said, "Monsieur Dumouriez's language just now astonished you by its frankness; mine will astonish you by its humility."

"Speak, sir," said the king.

"Wait, sire," replied De Grave, taking a paper from his pocket; "see this criticism—rather severe, but perfectly just—that a woman of considerable merit has written about me. Have the goodness to read it."

The king took the paper and read:

"De Grave is for war; he is insignificant in every way; nature has made him meek and timid; his convictions predispose him to fight, while his heart influences him to conciliation. The result is, in his endeavor to be diplomatic, he is nothing. I think I see him marching as a courtier behind the king, his head held high on his feeble body, showing the whites of his eyes, that he can not keep open after eating, except by aid of three or four cups of coffee, scarcely speaking, as if reserved, but in reality because he has nothing to say, and losing his head in the midst of the affairs of his department so thoroughly that, sooner or later, he will ask to be dismissed."

"That shows," said Louis XVI., who had hesitated to read to the end, until prevailed upon by Monsieur de Grave, "what a woman's appreciation is. Is it Madame de Staël?"

"No, it is some one more powerful; it is Madame Roland, sire."

"And you say, Monsieur de Grave, this is your opinion also?"

"In a great many points, sire. I will remain in the cabinet till I can put my successor *au courant* with the details of affairs, after which I beg your majesty to accept my resignation."

"You are right, sir; this certainly is more astonishing language than Monsieur Dumouriez's. I would like, if you have fully decided, to receive a successor from your hands."

"I was about begging your majesty to permit me to present Monsieur Servan, an honest man in every sense of the word, of solid parts, a pure mind, with all the austereness of a philosopher, and all a woman's good-heartedness; he is also an enlightened patriot, a brave soldier, a vigilant statesman."

"Good for Monsieur Servan! We have our three ministers, then: Monsieur Dumouriez for foreign affairs; Monsieur Servan for war; Monsieur Lacoste for the navy. Who shall be placed at the finances?"

"Monsieur Clavières, sire, if you are willing; he is a man of great financial knowledge, and of the greatest skill in controlling the money market."

"Yes," said the king; "they say he is very active, a great worker, but irascible, opinionated, punctilious, peevish in discussions."

"That is the usual failing of all the members of the cabinet, sire."

"Let us pass by Monsieur Clavières' defects. Behold him Minister of Finance. There is the Court of Justice; who shall be put there?"

"A lawyer of Bordeaux, Monsieur Duranthorn, has been recommended to me for that position, sire."

"The Gironde, that is understood."

"Yes, sire; he is an enlightened man, a very correct, good citizen, but weak and slow; we must rouse and inspire him with energy."

"There remains the Interior."

"The unanimous vote, sire, is, that the department should belong to Monsieur Roland."

"To Madame Roland, you intend to say."

"To Monsieur and Madame Roland."

"Are you acquainted with them?"

"No, sire; but I am informed the one resembles one of Plutarch's heroes, the other a woman of Titus-Livius."

"Do you know what they will call your cabinet, Monsieur Dumouriez, or, rather, what they call it now?"

"No, sire."

"The Ministry *sans-culotte*."

"I accept the title, sire; they will soon see we are men."

"Are all your colleagues ready?"

"The greater part of them have been notified."

"Will they accept?"

"Yes, sire; I am sure of it."

"Very well, you can go now, sir; the day after to-morrow we will hold the first cabinet."

"Day after to-morrow, sire."

"You know," said the king, turning to Secretary de Greville and De Grave, "you have only till the day after to-morrow to decide, gentlemen."

"Sire, our decisions are made now, and we will only come, the day after to-morrow, to install our successors."

The three ministers retired.

But before they had reached the grand stair-way, a groom of the chambers overtook them; he said to Dumouriez:

"General Dumouriez, the king begs you will follow me; he has something to say to you."

Dumouriez bowed to his colleagues and waited.

"The king or the queen?" he said.

"The queen, sir; but she thought it useless to let those gentlemen know she wanted you."

Dumouriez bent his head.

"Ah! that is what I feared," he said.

"Do you refuse to come?" demanded the groom of the chambers, who was no other than Weber.

"No; I will follow you."

"Come."

The groom of the chambers conducted Dumouriez through the dimly lighted corridors to the queen's apartments.

Then, without announcing the general by name, "Here is the person your majesty requested," said the groom of the chambers.

Dumouriez entered.

Never at the moment of leading a charge, or storming a breach, had his heart beat so violently.

Because he had never encountered a similar danger.

The road that opened before him was strewn with the corpses of the dead and living, where he could see Calonne, Necker, Mirabeau, Barnave, and Lafayette.

The queen was rapidly walking up and down; her face very much flushed.

Dumouriez stopped within the door, which closed behind him.

The queen advanced with a haughty and irritated air.

"Sir," she said, brusquely, approaching the question in her usual impulsive manner, "you are all-powerful at this moment; but it is only by the favor of the people, and they destroy their idols quickly. They say you are very talented; but first of all you must understand that neither the king nor I will allow all these innovations. Your Constitution is a pneumatic machine, in which royalty will stifle, for want of air; I have, therefore, sent for you before you go any further, to choose your party and to choose between us and the Jacobins."

"Madame," replied Dumouriez, "I am distressed at the sad confidences your majesty reposes in me; but having suspected the queen behind the curtain, where she was hid, I expected this."

"In that case, you have an answer," said the queen.

"This is it, madame: I stand between the king and the nation; but before all I belong to the country."

"The country! the country!" repeated the queen. "The king is no longer anything; everybody belongs to the country, and no one to him!"

"Madame, the king is always the king; but he has taken oath to the Constitution, and from the day that oath was taken the king should be one of the first slaves of that Constitution."

"A forced oath, sir, is no oath."

Dumouriez remained silent an instant, and skillful actor that he was, regarded the queen with profound pity.

"Madame," he continued, at last, "permit me to tell you that your safety, that of the king, that of your august children, lies in that Constitution that you despise; you can save them if you will consent to be saved by it. I would serve your interests and that of the king badly if I spoke otherwise."

But the queen, with an imperious gesture, interrupted him.

"Oh, sir, sir," she said, "you are taking a wrong route, I assure you!"

Then, with an indefinable, threatening accent:

"Take care!" she added.

"Madame," replied Dumouriez, in a perfectly calm tone, "I am over fifty years of age, my life has been cast among many perils, and in taking the ministry, I said to myself, the ministerial responsibility was not the greatest danger I incurred."

"Oh!" cried the queen, striking her hands together. "You can not calumniate me further, sir!"

"Calumniate you, madame?"

"Yes. Do you want me to explain the meaning of the words you have just uttered?"

"Tell me, madame."

"Well, sir, you have just told me I am capable of having you assassinated. Oh! oh! monsieur!" And two great tears escaped from the queen's eyes.

Dumouriez had remained as far off as possible; he knew now all he cared to know, that some humane chords still remained in that heart that had been well-nigh drained.

"God preserve me," he said, "from injuring my queen with such a suspicion! Your majesty's character is too grand, too noble, to inspire the cruellest of her enemies with such a suspicion she has given proof of heroism that I admire, that attaches me to her."

"Are you speaking the truth, sir?" asked the queen in a voice agitated by emotion.

"Oh! I swear it, upon my honor, madame."

"Then, pardon me," she said, "and give me your arm; I am so weak, there are times when I think I must fall."

In fact, she did, indeed, grow very pale and throw back her head.

Was this a reality, or was it that terrible acting the seductive Medea was so versed in? Dumouriez, clever as he was, allowed himself to be persuaded, or, perhaps, cleverer than the queen, feigned that he was persuaded.

"Believe me, madame," he said, "and I have no interest in deceiving you, I abhor, as much as you, anarchy and crime; believe me, I have some experience; I am better able than your majesty to judge of events; the present is not an intrigue of Monsieur d'Orleans, as they have told you; it is not the effect of Monsieur Pitt's hatred, as you have supposed; it is not even a momentary uprising; it is an almost universal insurrection of a great nation against inveterate abuses. There is, in all that, I know well, grand hatreds that help incendiarisms. Putting on one side cowards and fools, there is nothing to be seen in this revolution but the king and the nation; anything that tends to separate them tends to their mutual ruin. I have come, madame, to work with all my might to reunite them. Aid me, instead of thwarting me. Do you defy me? Am I an obstacle in your counter-revolutionary plans? Tell me, madame; I will carry on the instant my resignation to the king, and in an obscure spot I will sigh over the fate of your country and mine."

"No, no!" said the queen; "remain, and excuse me."

"I excuse you, madame! Oh, I beseech you, do not humiliate yourself thus."

"Why should I not humiliate myself? Am I still a queen? am I even a woman?"

She went to the window and opened it, notwithstanding the cool of the evening. The silvery moon lighted the heights of the Tuileries, shorn of their trees.

"All the world requires air and sunshine, do they not? Well, to me alone is sunlight and air denied. I do not dare to go to the window, neither on the court-yard side or the garden. Day before yesterday I went to the court-yard side; a soldier on guard insulted me grossly, and added: 'Oh, that I could have the pleasure of

carrying your head at the end of my bayonet! Yesterday I opened a window on the garden. On one side I saw a man mounted on a chair, reading horrible things out aloud about us; on the other they were dragging a priest in the fountain, beating and injuring him; and all this time, as if it was the ordinary course of events, people were going about their ordinary occupations, playing or walking quietly, without paying the slightest attention to these things. What times, sir! what a home! what a people! And you want me still to consider myself a queen—still to consider myself a woman?"

And the queen threw herself on a sofa and hid her face in her hands.

Dumouriez bent his knee to the ground, took respectfully the hem of the queen's robe in his hand, and kissed it.

"Madame," he said, "the moment I assume the responsibility of sustaining the war, you will become again a happy woman, a powerful queen, or I will lay my life down in the attempt."

Rising, he bowed, and left precipitously.

The queen's looks fell upon him in mute despair.

"A powerful queen!" she repeated. "Perhaps, thanks to your sword, it may yet be possible; but a happy woman—never, never, never!"

And she let her head fall among the cushions of the sofa, murmuring a name that each day became dearer, yet more of an affliction—the name of Charny.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RED BONNET.

DUMOURIEZ retired rapidly, as we have seen, first because the queen's grief was so painful to him; Dumouriez, scarcely moved by theories, was greatly touched by people; he had no sympathy with the political conscience, but was very tender to human suffering; secondly, Brissot was waiting to take him to the Jacobins, and Dumouriez did not want to be tardy in his recognizance of that terrible club.

At the assembly they did not inquire whether he was a man after Pétion, Genoué, Brissot, or the Gironde.

But he was not a man after Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and Couthon; and it was Collot d'Herbois, Couthon, and Robespierre that led the Jacobins.

His presence had not been announced; it was a very audacious move for a minister of the king to appear at the Jacobins; thus, scarcely had his name been pronounced before every eye was turned upon him.

What did Robespierre do at that sight? Robespierre turned as did the others, lent his ear to the name that ran from mouth to mouth; then, bending his brows, he became silent and cold.

An icy glance spread around the hall—Dumouriez comprehended he must burn his vessels behind him.

The Jacobins had adopted as a sign of equality the red bonnet; two or three members only were such good patriots they did not consider it necessary to exhibit any proofs.

Robespierre was of that number.

Dumouriez did not hesitate; he threw far from him his hat, took from the head of the patriot sitting nearest him his red bonnet, which he put on, pulling it down to his ears, and mounting the tribune, appeared with the sign of equality.

The entire hall broke into plaudits. Something similar to the hissing of a serpent glided into the midst of these plaudits and suddenly stopped them.

It was "Hush!" coming from Robespierre's thin lips. Dumouriez more than once after that avowed that the hissing of bullets passing within one foot of him had never made him tremble as the hissing of that "Hush!" escaping from the lips of the ex-deputy of Arras.

But it was a rude joust that Dumouriez, at once a general and orator, as difficult to overthrow on the battle-field as on the tribune, assisted at. He waited with a calm smile till that glacial silence was universal, then in a vibrating voice, he said:

"Brothers and friends, all my future life will be consecrated to do the will of the people and to justify the confidence of the constitutional king. I carry in my negotiations with the foreign powers all the strength of a liberated people, and these negotiations will result before long in a solid peace or a decisive war!"

Here, notwithstanding Robespierre's "Hush!" the plaudits broke out anew.

"If we have this war," continued the orator, "I will cast away my political pen to take my rank in the army, to triumph or die free with my brothers! A weighty burden is laid across my shoulders; brothers, help me to carry it; I have need of your counsels: uphold me in your journals; tell me the truth, tell me the truth, the unvarnished truth; repel all calumnies, but do not repel a citizen whom you know to be sincere and brave, and who is devoted to the cause of the revolution."

Dumouriez had finished and descended in the midst of applause; this applause irritated Collet d'Herbois, the actor so frequently hissed, so seldom applauded.

"Why this applause?" he cried from his place. "If Dumouriez comes here as a minister, there is nothing to reply; if he wishes to affiliate with us like a brother, he is but doing his duty, and putting himself on a level with our opinions; we have but one answer to make him: let him act as he has spoke!"

Dumouriez made a sign with his hand, as if to say: "That is the way I understand it!" Then Robespierre arose with a stern smile; they understood he wanted to go to the tribune; that he wished to speak; they made room for him; they kept silence.

Except this silence, compared to that they accorded Dumouriez, was a hushed expectancy. He ascended the tribune, and with a solemnity which was habitual:

"I am not one of those," he said, "who think it absolutely impossible for a minister to be patriotic, and I also accept with pleasure the auguries Monsieur Dumouriez has given us. When he has accomplished these auguries, and vanquished the enemy armed against us by their predecessors, and by the tricksters who now direct their government, notwithstanding the expulsion of several ministers, then, and not till then, will I think every good citizen

of this society is not his equal; then, and only then, will I be disposed to sing his praises; the people only in my eyes are grand and respectable; the insignia of ministerial power vanishes before them. It is from this respect for the people, for the minister himself, that I demand his entry is not signalized by homage that attests the overthrow of public spirit. He asks us for our advice. I promise, for my part, to give him that which will be useful to him and to the public. As long as Monsicur Dumouriez, by brilliant proofs of patriotism, and, above all, by real services rendered to the country, shows that he is the brother of good citizens and the country's defender, he will have nothing here but help. I do not proscribe the society of any minister from this society, but I declare the moment any minister is more in the ascendant than the citizens, I demand his ostracism. He can never be in the ascendant here."

In the midst of applause the sarcastic orator descended the tribune; but a trap was laid for him at the last step.

Dumouriez, feigning enthusiasm, was there, his arms open.

"Virtuous Robespierre," he cried; "incorruptible citizen, permit me to embrace you!"

And, notwithstanding the efforts of his ancient constituent, he threw himself in his arms.

They saw the act accomplished, and not the repugnance with which Robespierre submitted to it.

The entire hall broke forth again in applause.

"Come," said Dumouriez, to Brissot, "the comedy is finished. I have put on the red bonnet and embraced Robespierre. I am more than a saint."

And, in fact, in the midst of the hurrahs of the hall and tribunes he gained the door.

At the door a young man, dressed with the dignity of door-keeper, exchanged a rapid glance with the minister, and a clasp of the hand still more rapid.

This young man was the Duke de Chatres.

Eleven o'clock was striking when Dumouriez, under Brissot's guidance, with hasty footsteps reached the Rolands'.

The Rolands had always lived in the Rue Guénégaud. They had been advised the day before by Brissot, that Dumouriez—at the instigation of Gensonne and himself—would present to the king Roland as the new Minister of the Interior. Brissot then asked Roland if he felt himself equal to such a burden, and Roland, truthful as ever, replied that he did.

Dumouriez came to tell him the thing was done. Roland and Dumouriez only knew each other by name; as yet they had never met.

It was easy to understand they regarded each other with considerable curiosity.

After the usual salutations, in which Dumouriez signified to Roland his great satisfaction in calling to the government a patriot as enlightened and unimpeachable as himself, the conversation naturally fell upon the king.

"There lies all the difficulty," said Roland.

"Well, I can assure you that you will there find a naïveté which

I can swear to on my honor," said Dumouriez. "I believe the king to be an honest man and a sincere patriot."

Then, noticing Mme. Roland did not reply, but merely smiled:

"That is not your opinion, Madame Roland?" asked Dumouriez.

"You have seen the king?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Have you seen the queen?"

Dumouriez, in his turn, did not answer, but contented himself with a smile.

A council was finally arranged for the next morning at eleven o'clock, after taking the oath of allegiance. On leaving the assembly they were to go to the king.

It was now half past eleven; Dumouriez felt no fatigue yet, but it was late for simple people like the Rolands.

Why did Dumouriez linger?

Ah! for this reason:

In his comprehensive glance on entering that Dumouriez cast on the husband and wife, he had noticed the great difference in their ages. Roland was ten years older than Dumouriez, and Dumouriez appeared twenty years younger than Roland, while his wife was in the full bloom of her youth. Madame Roland, daughter of an engraver, had in her childhood worked in her father's workshop, and, as a wife, in her husband's cabinet; work, that rude protector, had preserved the wife as it had preserved the young girl.

Dumouriez was one of those men who could never see an old husband without laughing, and a young woman without falling in love with her.

It was thus he lingered at the Rolands'. And it was thus that they both remarked it was growing late.

Brissot and Dumouriez left.

"Well," asked Roland of his wife, when the door closed upon them, "what do you think of our future colleague?"

Mme. Roland laughed.

"There are men," she said, "whom it is not necessary to see twice before forming an opinion about them. His is a crafty mind, an inconsistent character, a deceitful glance; he expressed such great satisfaction in the patriotic choice he was commissioned to announce, I would not be astonished if he dismissed you sooner or later."

"That is precisely my opinion," said Roland.

And both of them went to sleep with their habitual calm, neither one or the other dreaming that the iron hand of Destiny was about writing their names in letters of blood on the records of the revolution.

The next day the new minister took his oath at the assembly, then proceeded to the Tuileries. Roland wore laced shoes, probably because he had no money to buy those with buckles; he wore a round hat, as he had never worn any other.

He went to the Tuileries in his usual costume, and found himself the last of his colleagues. The master of ceremonies, M. de Brézé, let the five first pass, but stopped Roland. Roland was not aware of the reason he was denied admittance.

"But I, also," he said, "am a minister like the others; the Minister of the Interior even."

The master of ceremonies was not convinced in the least.

Dumouriez, hearing the discussion, interposed:

"Why," he demanded, "will you not let Monsieur Roland enter?"

"Eh! monsieur," cried the master of ceremonies, wildly gesticulating his arms, "a round hat and no buckles?"

"Ah! monsieur," replied Dumouriez, with the utmost coolness, "a round hat and no buckles; everything is lost!"

And he pushed Roland in the king's cabinet.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE minister who experienced so much difficulty in entering the king's cabinet might have been called the Minister of War.

On the 1st of March the Emperor Leopold died in the midst of his Italian harem, killed by the *aphrodisiaques* he composed himself.

The queen, who had read one day in some Jacobin pamphlet that a crust of pâté put an end to the Emperor of Austria, had sent for Gilbert to ask if there was a counter-irritant, and she declared loudly her brother had been poisoned.

When Leopold died, Austria temporized.

He who ascended the throne, Francis II., whom we have known as a contemporary of our own and a past generation, was a mixture of German and Italian. An Austrian born in Florence, weak, violent and decciful; if it had not been for the priests—an honest man; a hard and bigoted heart, hiding his duplicity under a placid physiognomy, under a mask of amiability, a most set determination; marching to his aim like an automaton, like the statue of the Commendatore, or the specter of the King of Denmark; giving his daughter to his vanquisher because he did not want to give him his estates; then hitting him behind his back as he began his retreat toward the cold winds of the north, Francis II., altogether was a man. Behold the protector of refugees, Prussia's ally, France's enemy!

France's ambassador at Vienna, M. de Noailles, was a prisoner in his palace. France's ambassador at Berlin, M. de Ségur, was reported to have ferreted out the secrets of the King of Prussia, by making love to his mistresses.

By accident, the King of Prussia had mistresses. M. de Ségur presented himself at a public audience at the same time as the envoy from Coblenz.

The king turned his back on the ambassador from France, and loudly asked how the Count d'Artois was.

Prussia believed herself at that time, as she does to-day, at the head of German affairs; she lived in the strange philosophical traditions of King Frederick, who encouraged the resistance of the Turks and the revolution in Poland while crushing the freedom of Holland, a government with a grasping hand, continually plunging in the troubled waters of a revolution, first Neuchatel, then a part of Pomerania, then a part of Poland.

Those were the two declared enemies, Francis II., and Frederick William; those still undeclared were England, Prussia, and Spain.

The leader of this coalition was the bellicose King of Sweden, that giant-armed dwarf who was called Gustavus III., and whom Catherine II. held in her hand.

The ascent of Francis II. on the throne of Austria was manifested by the following diplomatic decree:

1st—"Satisfy our German princes who have possessions in your kingdom—in other words, recognize the imperial sovereignty in your departments—yield to Austria, even in France.

2d—"Give up Avignon, before, as of old, the province is dismembered.

3d—"Re-establish the monarchy on the footing of the 23d of June, 1789."

It was evident this decree corresponded with the secret desires of the king and queen.

Dumouriez lifted his shoulders.

One would have said Austria had gone to sleep on the 23d of June, and after a sleep of three years had awakened on the 24th. The 16th of March, 1792, Gustavus was assassinated in the middle of a ball.

The day after the assassination, yet unknown in France, the Austrian decree arrived for Dumouriez.

He took it to Louis XVI.

While Marie Antoinette, a woman who always went to extremes, desired a war, that she considered would be for her a way of deliverance, on the contrary, the king, a man of moderate measures, slow of subtrefuges and prejudices, feared it. In fact, war once declared presupposed a victory; one side would be at the mercy of the vanquisher. Suppose France was defeated, and the people made him responsible, crying treason, and avenged themselves on the Tuileries. Supposing the enemy penetrated to Paris, what would be the result?

A regency would be appointed.

Louis XVI. overthrown, Marie Antoinette accused of being an unfaithful wife, the children of France perhaps declared adulterous, that would be the result of the return of the refugees to Paris. The king defied the Austrians, the Germans, the Prussians, but he feared the refugees. When he read the decree, he understood, however, the hour for drawing the sword in France had arrived, and there was no withdrawal.

The 20th of April, the king and Dumouriez entered the National Assembly, carrying with them the declaration of war against Austria.

At that solemn moment, that romance has not the courage to inscribe and only history dares record, there existed in France four well-defined parties.

The Absolute Royalists—the queen was one; the Constitutional Royalists—the king pretended to be one; the Republicans; the Anarchists.

The Absolute Royalists, the queen's party, had no leader apparently in France.

They were represented among the foreign powers by Monsieur, by

the Comte d'Artois, by the Prince of Condé, and by Duke Charles of Lorraine. M. de Breteuil at Vienna, M. Merci d'Argenteau at Bruxelles, were the nearest representatives of the queen for that party.

The leaders of the Constitutional party were Lafayette, Bailly, Barnave, Lameth, Duport, and all the Feuillants.

The king asked for nothing better than to abandon absolute royalty, and to march with them; only he would rather hang back than lead it.

The leaders of the Republican party were Brissot, Verginaud, Gaudet, Petion, Roland, Isnard, Ducos, Condorcet, and Couthon.

The principal Anarchists were Marat, Danton, Santerre, Gouche, Camille Desmoulins, Hébert, Legendre, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Collot d'Herbois.

Dumouriez knew what they wanted, provided they could obtain interest and renown.

Robespierre remained quiet; he was waiting. Who now was ready to carry the banners of the revolution? who was to help Dumouriez, that theoretic patriot, in the tribune of the assembly? Lafayette, the hero of the Champ de Mars! As for Luckner, France only knew him by the misfortune he had brought upon her during the Seven Years' War.

Rochambeau, who only wanted war on the defensive, was very much mortified to see Dumouriez giving orders personally to his lieutenants, without first submitting them to older experience.

The three men commanding the three divisions of the army about to begin the campaign, were as follows:

Lafayette held the center; he was to descend rapidly down the Meuse, pushing through Givet to Namur.

Luckner guarded the Franche Comte, Rochambeau, Flanders.

Lafayette, making use of a division that Rochambeau sent to Flanders under Biron's command, raised the siege of Namur and marched on Brussels, where he waited, all prepared, for the revolution of Brabant.

Lafayette had the best rôle; he was the avantgarde; Dumouriez had reserved the first victory for him.

Lafayette victorious, General-in-Chief, Dumouriez, Minister of War, they could throw the red bonnet to the winds; with one hand they would overthrow the Girondists, with the other the Jacobins.

A revolution within a revolution.

But Robespierre?

Robespierre, as we have said, had withdrawn into the obscurity, and many said there was a subterranean passage from the store of the carpenter Duplay to the royal palace of Louis XVI.

Was it not from there came the pension that a little later was paid by the Duchess d'Angoulême to Mlle. de Robespierre?

But as usual, Lafayette did not succeed. Because they were making war with the friends of peace, the commissary department, particularly, were the friends of our enemies; they would have willingly left our troops without munitions or rations, and this they did while furnishing bread and powder to the Prussians and Austrians.

Throughout everything the man of undermining, back-biting deeds, Dumouriez, did not neglect his relations with the Orleanists—relations which became his ruin.

Biron was an Orleanist general.

Thus Orleanists and Feuillants, Lafayette and Biron, were to strike the first blow, sound the trumpet of the first victory.

The 28th of April Biron left Quievrain and marched on Mons.

The next day Theobald Dillon went from Lille to Tournay.

Biron and Dillon, two aristocrats; two handsome, brave young men—gallant, intellectual, of the school of Richelieu; one frank in his patriotic expressions, the other had not yet had the time to know his own opinions; he was assassinated.

The dragoons were the aristocratic portion of the army; two regiments of dragoons marched at the head of Biron's three thousand men. Suddenly the dragoons, without even seeing the enemy, cried out: "Save yourselves! we are betrayed!"

They turned their horses' bridles, retreated, continually crying out, as they crushed through the infantry, who thought themselves pursued, and fled in their turn.

The same thing happened to Dillon, who met a regiment of nine hundred Austrians; the dragoons of his advance guard took fright, dragging the infantry with them, abandoning their chariots, artillery, camp equipage, not stopping till they reached Lille.

There the cowards fastened the blame on their commanders, hanging Theobald Dillon and the lieutenant-colonel, Bertois; after which they left their bodies to the populace of Lille, who danced around the corpses.

With whom had this panic originated? Whose aim was to engender doubt in the hearts of the patriots, and encourage their enemies?

The Girondists, who wanted war, who were now bleeding from each side, from the double wound just received; the Girondists—and it must be said appearances were against her—the Girondists accused the court, that meant the queen.

Its first idea was to return blow for blow. But they left royalty time to invest itself with a cuirass much more solid than the breast-plate that the queen had manufactured for the king, and discovered one night, with Andrée, was ball-proof. The queen had by degrees reorganized that famous constitutional guard authorized by the Constitution—it did not amount to more than six thousand men.

And such men! bullies, fencing-masters, who insulted the patriot representatives even in the assembly hall, gentlemen from Brittany and La Vendee, poets from Nimes and Arles, robust priests, who, under pretext of refusing the oath, threw their cassocks to the wind, and took in the place of the holy water the sword, the poniard, and pistol; in fact, a perfect world of chevaliers of the Order of St. Louis, who came no one knew from where, who were decorated no one knew why. Dumouriez himself complains of it in his "Memoirs." No matter what government succeeded the existing one, it would be impossible to restore that beautiful but unfortunate order, that in the course of two years had given more than six thousand crosses. It was at this time the Minister of Foreign

Affairs refused for himself the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, and had it given to M. de Walteville, major of the Swiss regiment of Ernest.

It was time to break the cuirass, to attack the king and queen.

Suddenly a report spread that the ancient military school had a white flag; this flag, that was incessantly waving, the king had given them. It recalled the black cockade of the 5th and 6th of October.

They were so astonished, knowing the anti-revolutionary opinions of the king and queen, not to see the white flag floating from the Tuileries, that they fully expected to see it floating some fine morning from some other building. When informed of the existence of this flag, the people rushed to the barracks.

The officers tried to resist them; the soldiers abandoned their posts.

They found a white flag, the size of a man's hand, that had been placed in a cake given them by the dauphin.

But, notwithstanding this unimportant trifle, they discovered verses singing the king's praises, a number of injurious sonnets against the assembly, and thousands of anti-revolutionary pamphlets.

Bazire immediately reported this to the assembly. The king's guard broke forth into cries of joy, on hearing the news from Tournay and Quievrain; they expressed the hope that Valenciennes might be taken in three days, and that in eleven the foreign powers might be in Paris. There was still more; a cavalier of that guard, a good Frenchman named Joachim Murat, who was supposed to have entered the Constitutional Guard, as his rank indicated, sent in his resignation. He had been bought and sent to Coblenz.

This guard was a powerful handle in the hands of the Royalists. Could they not, under the king's orders, march against the assembly, surround the hall, take the representatives of the nation prisoners, or massacre them entirely? More than that; could they not take the king, and leaving Paris with him, conduct him to the frontier, trying a second flight from Varennes that this time would be a success? Thus the 22d of May, that is to say, three weeks after the double check at Tournay and Quievrain, Petion, the new mayor of Paris, a man appointed through the queen's influence, he who had brought her from Varennes, who protected her out of hate for those who had helped her to fly—Petion wrote to the commander of the National Guard, expressing very plainly his fears on the possible departure of the king, telling them to be "careful, to watch, to increase their patrols in the neighborhood!" To be careful, to watch what? Petion did not state.

To increase their patrols in what neighborhood?

The same silence.

But why name the Tuileries or the king?

What were they to watch?

Their enemies.

Where were their patrols to be increased?

Around the enemy's camp.

Where was the enemy's camp?

At the Tuileries.

Who was their enemy?

The king.

Thus were the important questions solved.

It was Petion, the insignificant lawyer of Chatres, the son of a procureur, who thus ordered the descendant of St. Louis, the grandson of Louis XIV., the King of France.

The King of France murmured—he understood that this voice spoke louder than his—he murmured in a letter that the superintendent of the department fastened to the walls of Paris. But Petion paid no attention to it; he did not answer it, he maintained his order. Thus Petion was the real king.

If it was doubted, the proof was soon forthcoming.

Bazire's request demanded the suppression of the Constitutional Guard of the king, and a decree of arrest against M. Brissac, its leader.

The iron was hot; the Girondists, in rude forges, were trying to beat it cold.

The question for them was, to exist, or not to exist. The decree was executed the same day, the Constitutional Guard abolished, the Duke de Brissac declared arrested, the National Guard ordered to take charge of the Tuileries.

Oh, Charny! Charny, where are you? You, who, at Varennes, failed to retake the queen with your three hundred cavaliers, what could you do at the Tuileries with six thousand men?

Charny was happy, forgetting everything in the arms of Andrée.

CHAPTER XVII.

LA RUE GUÉNÉGAUD AND THE TUILERIES.

DE GRAVE's resignation will be remembered; the king did not want to accept it, and Dumouriez refused doing so outright.

Dumouriez tried to keep De Grave, who was a man after his own heart; but at the news of the double check they had just received, he was obliged to sacrifice his Minister of War.

He gave him up—a sop thrown to the Cerberus of the Jacobins to soothe their death-throes. He took in his place Colonel Servan, the ex-governor of the pages, who had at first been proposed to the king.

While the queen watched from the mansard windows of the Tuileries the horizon, looking in vain for the coming of the long-expected Austrians, another woman watched in her little salon in the Rue Guénégaud.

One was anti-revolution; the other, for the revolution.

It was easy to understand the latter was Mme. Roland. It was she who had raised Servan to the ministry, as Mme. de Staël had raised Narbonne.

Women's influence was all-powerful during the three terrible years of 1791, '92, and '93. Servan did not desert Mme. Roland's salon. Like all the Girondists, of which she was the breath, the light, the Egeria, she inspired that courageous heart with incessant ardor that was never extinguished. They said she was Servan's mistress; she let them talk; reassured by her conscience, she laughed at the calumny.

Each day she saw her husband return overburdened with the struggle; he felt himself drawn toward the abyss; and yet nothing could be seen—everything was hidden.

The evening Dumouriez came to offer him the position of Minister of the Interior, he made his conditions.

"I have no other fortune but my honor," he said; "I want to retain that intact of the ministry. Let a secretary be present at all the deliberations of the cabinet, and write down every one's suggestions; one can judge at the final if I ever betray patriotism or liberty."

Dumouriez agreed to this; he felt the need of covering the unpopularity of his name with the Girondist mantle. Dumouriez was one of those men who always promise, but never keep their promises if they can possibly help it. He had not kept his word in this, and Roland vainly importuned him for a secretary. Then, as Roland could not obtain this secret archive, he had recourse to publicity.

He established a paper, "The Thermometer;" but he understood very well himself there were cabinet meetings, the immediate revelation of which would be treason and in the enemy's favor.

Servan's nomination aided him.

But that was not sufficient. Neutralized by Dumouriez, the cabinet could make no advance. The assembly gave them a blow. They had suppressed the Constitutional Guard, and arrested Brissac.

Roland, returning with Servan the 29th of May, in the evening, brought the news to the house.

"What will they do with that disbanded guard?" asked Mme. Roland.

"Nothing."

"They are free, then?"

"Yes; only they are obliged to discard their blue uniform."

"To-morrow they will put on their red uniform and appear as the Swiss Guard."

In fact, the next day the streets of Paris were filled with Swiss uniforms.

The disbanded guard had exchanged their uniforms, that was all.

There they were in Paris, extending their arms to the foreign powers, giving them secret signs, ready to open the barriers.

The two men, Roland and Servan, could find no remedy for this.

Mme. Roland took a sheet of paper, and put a pen in Servan's hands.

"Write!" said she. "A proposition to establish at Paris, in commemoration of the fête of the 14th of July, a camp of twenty thousand volunteers—"

Servan let the pen fall before finishing the sentence.

"The king will never consent," he said.

"It is not to the king that we will propose this measure. It is the assembly. It is not as a minister to accomplish it, but as a citizen."

Servan and Roland, by the aid of this light, saw an immense horizon open before them.

"Oh!" said Servan, "you are right! With that and a decree against the priests, we hold the king."

"You understand it, do you not? The priests are anti-revolutionary between the family and society; they should have added this sentence to the Credo: 'Those who pay their taxes will be damned.' Fifty forsworn priests have been hung, their houses sacked, their lands devastated. Let the assembly issue an urgent decree against the rebel priests. Finish your document, Servan. Roland will write down his motion."

Servan finished his manuscript.

Roland had been writing.

The departure of the rebel priests outside of the kingdom must take place within a month, if it is demanded, by twenty active citizens, approved by the district, pronounced upon by the government. The refugees will receive three livres for every day to meet their daily expenses, as far as the frontier.

Servan read his proposition about the camp of twenty thousand volunteers.

Roland read his decree as to the project of banishing the priests. Everything was contained in those two questions:

Would the king meet these frankly? or would he betray them?

If the king was truly constitutional, he would sanction those two decrees.

If the king betrayed them, he would veto them.

"I will sign the proposition as to the camp as a citizen," said Servan.

"Let Vergniaud propose the decree against the priests," said the husband and wife at the same time.

The next day Servan gave his demand to the assembly.

Vergniaud put the decree in his pocket and promised to look at it when he had time.

The evening the order was sent to the assembly, Servan entered the cabinet as usual.

The deed was accomplished: Roland and Clavières sustained it against Dumouriez, Lacoste, and Duranthon.

"Oh! come, sir," cried Dumouriez, "and give an account of your conduct."

"To whom, if you please?" asked Servan.

"To the king, to the nation, to me!"

Servan laughed.

"Sir," continued Dumouriez, "you have made to-day a most important move."

"Yes," replied Servan, "I know it, sir; of the highest importance."

"Have you received orders from the king for this?"

"No, I must confess, sir, I have not."

"Did you take the advice of your colleagues?"

"Not any more than I did orders from the king, I must still further confess."

"Then, why have you done this?"

"Because it was my right as a private man and as a citizen."

"Then, it was as a private man and as a citizen you presented that incendiary motion?"

"Yes."

"Then, why did you add to your signature the title of Minister of War?"

"Because I wished to show the assembly I was ready to sustain, as a minister, what I demanded as a citizen."

"Sir," said Dumouriez, "what you have done, then, showed a bad citizen and a bad minister."

"Sir," replied Servan, "permit me to be the best judge of things appertaining to my conscience; if I should require a judge in so delicate a question, I will be careful he is not called Dumouriez."

Dumouriez grew pale and stepped toward Servan.

The latter took hold of the hilt of his sword.

Dumouriez did the same.

At that moment the king entered.

He was still ignorant of Servan's motion.

They said nothing.

The next day the decree demanding the assembling of twenty thousand troops in Paris was discussed in the assembly.

The king was filled with consternation at the news.

He sent for Dumouriez.

"You are a faithful friend, sir," he said. "I know the manner in which you took the interests of the crown instead of that miserable Servan."

"I thank your majesty," said Dumouriez.

Then, after a pause:

"Does the king know whether the decree has passed?" he asked.

"No," said the king; "but it will make no difference; I have decided under those circumstances to exercise my right to veto it."

Dumouriez shook his head.

"That is not your advice, sir?" demanded the king.

"Sire," replied Dumouriez, "without any power of resistance, exposed as you are to the suspicions of the greatest part of the nation, to the anger of the Jacobins, to the profound politics of the Republican party, a resolution like that on your part would be a declaration of war."

"Suppose it is war! I have declared it against my friends; I can do the same to my enemies."

"Sire, on one side you have ten chances of victory; on the other ten chances of defeat!"

"But do you know their aim in demanding these twenty thousand men?"

"If your majesty will give me five minutes to speak to you frankly, I hope to prove not only what they want, but what I imagine will happen."

"Speak, sir," said the king; "I am listening."

And, in fact, leaning with his elbow on the arm of the sofa, his head in the palms of his hands, Louis XVI. listened.

"Sire," said Dumouriez, "those who have conceived this decree are as much the enemies of the nation as of the king."

"You see that plainly!" interrupted Louis XVI. "You avow it yourself!"

"I say more: its accomplishment will be productive of the greatest misfortune."

"In what way, pray?"

"Permit me, sire—"

"Yes; go on, go on!"

"The Minister of War is very culpable in demanding an assembling of twenty thousand men near Paris, while our armies are yet feeble, our frontiers unprotected, our treasury empty."

"Culpable!" said the king, "I should think so."

"Not only culpable, sire, but more, imprudent; that is very evident; imprudent in proposing the assembling near the assembly of an undisciplined army, called thither by a name that will exaggerate their patriotism, and of which the first ambitious one will take advantage."

"Oh, it is the Gironde that is speaking through Servan's voice!"

"Yes," replied Dumouriez; "but it is not the Gironde that will profit by it, sire."

"It is the Feuillants, then, that will profit by this?"

"It is neither one nor the other; it would be the Jacobins—the Jacobins whose ramifications extend throughout the kingdom, and who, among their twenty thousand federalists, will, perhaps, find nineteen thousand adepts. Thus, you may well believe, sire, the promoters of the decree will be overthrown by the decree itself."

"Ah! if I could believe it, I would be almost consoled!" cried the king.

"I think, then, sire, that the decree is dangerous for the nation, the king, for the National Assembly, and more than all, for its authors, whose punishment it will be. And now, my advice is, that you can not do better than sanction it; it was evoked by a malice so profound, that I say there must be a woman at the bottom of it."

"Madame Roland, is it not? Why doesn't the woman sew or knit, instead of meddling with politics?"

"What will you have, sire Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barry made politics their study. The decree, as I have said, was provoked by a profound malice, argued with bitterness, adopted with enthusiasm; all the world is blinded to the rights of that unfortunate decree; if you apply your veto to it, it will not be noticed. Instead of twenty thousand men assembling under the law, who consequently will submit to its ordinances, there will arrive from the provinces, at the federation that is approaching, forty thousand men without a decree, who can with one blow overthrow the Constitution, the assembly, and the throne. If we were victorious, instead of being vanquished," added Dumouriez, lowering his voice; "if I had the slightest pretext to make Lafayette General-in-Chief and to put a hundred thousand men in your hand, sire, I would say, 'Do not accept it! We are beaten at home and abroad; I say to you, sire, 'Accept it!'"

At that moment some one knocked at the door of the king.

"Enter!" said Louis XVI.

It was the valet de chambre Thierree.

"Sire," he said, "Monsieur Duranthon, the Minister of Justice, wants to speak to your majesty."

"What does he want? Will you attend to it, Monsieur Dumouriez?"

Dumouriez went out.

The same instant the tapestry that fell before the door communicating with the queen's apartments was raised, and Marie Antoinette appeared.

"Sire! sire!" she said, "be firm! Dumouriez is a Jacobin, like the rest! Did he not put on the red bonnet? As for Lafayette, I would rather be lost without him than saved by him."

And when Dumouriez's footsteps were heard approaching, the tapestry fell and the vision disappeared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VETO.

As the tapestry fell the door opened.

"Sire," said Dumouriez, "on Monsieur Vergniaud's proposition, the decree against the priests has passed."

"Oh!" said the king, rising; "that is a conspiracy. How was this decree worded?"

"Here it is, sire. Monsieur Duranthon brought it to you. I thought your majesty would do me the honor to give me your true opinion upon it before speaking in the cabinet."

"You are right. Let me see this paper."

And in a voice trembling with agitation, the king read the decree, whose outlines we have seen.

After having read it he crushed the paper in his hands, throwing it far from him.

"I will never sanction such a decree!" said he.

"Excuse me, sire," said Dumouriez, "to be again opposed to your majesty's opinion."

"Sir," said the king, "I may hesitate in political matters—in religious matters, never! In political matters I judge with my mind, and that may be mistaken; in religious matters I judge with my conscience, and the conscience is infallible."

"Sire," replied Dumouriez, "a year ago you sanctioned the decree that the priests should take the oath."

"Eh! sir," cried the king, "I was forced into it."

"Sire, you must put your veto to this; the second decree is only the consequence of the first. The first decree produced all the evils in France; this will remedy those evils. It is hard, but not cruel. The first was a religious law; it attacked freedom of thought in matters of religion. This is a political law that only concerns the safety and tranquillity of the kingdom; it assures safety to the unsworn priests against persecution. Far from saving them by your veto, you place them beyond the pale of the law, expose them to massacres, and force the French to become their executioners. Sire, my advice is this—excuse a soldier's frankness—my advice is—dare I say it?—having committed the fault of sanctioning the decree of the priests taking the oath, your veto applied to the second decree, that can arrest the deluge of

blood that will soon flow, your veto, sire, will burden the conscience of your majesty with all the crimes the nation may commit."

"But what crimes is he, then, to carry, sir? what greater crimes than those that have already been accomplished?" cried a voice from the end of the apartment.

Dumouriez trembled at that agitated voice. He recognized the queen's metallic timbre accent.

"Ah! madame," said he, "I would prefer terminating this entirely with the king."

"Sir," said the queen, with a bitter smile for Dumouriez, and a disdainful glance for the king, "I have but one question to ask."

"What, madame?"

"Do you think the king will support any longer Roland's menaces, Clavière's insolence, and Servan's folly?"

"No, madame," said Dumouriez. "I am as indignant as you. I admire the king's patience, and if we come to that, I will dare implore the king to change his entire ministry."

"Entirely?" gasped the king.

"Yes; let your majesty dismiss all the six, and let her choose, if she can find them, men who do not belong to any party."

"No, no," said the king; "no, I want you to remain, you and good Lacoste, and Duranthon also; but do me the favor to dismiss those three factious insolents; for I swear to you, sir, my patience is at an end."

"It is dangerous, sire."

"And you recoil before the danger?" said the queen.

"No, madame," continued Dumouriez; "only I make my conditions."

"Your conditions?" cried the queen, haughtily.

Dumouriez bowed.

"Mention them, sir," replied the king.

"Sire," continued Dumouriez, "I am a butt only of the three factions that divide Paris; the Girondists, Feuillants, Jacobins, try to get the best of me. I am unpopular with all, and as it is only by public opinion one can retain any hold on the government, I can only be useful to you on one condition."

"What is that?"

"It is to give it out, sire, that I have only remained, I and my two colleagues, to sanction the two decrees that have just been issued."

"That could not be!" cried the king.

"Impossible! impossible!" repeated the queen.

"You refuse?"

"My cruelest enemy, sir," said the king, "could not impose harder conditions than you are making."

"Sire," said Dumouriez, "on my faith as a gentleman, on my honor as a soldier, I believe it necessary for your safety."

Then turning toward the queen.

"Madame," he said, "it is not alone for you; if the intrepid daughter of Maria Theresa not only despises danger, but still further, following her mother's example, is ready to go to still greater lengths—do not, madame, forget you are not alone—think

of the king, think of your children, instead of forcing them over the abyss, assist me in retaining his majesty on the edge of the precipice where his throne is tottering. If I considered the sanction of the two decrees necessary before his majesty expressed his desire to be freed from the three factious ministers that displease him," added he, addressing the king, "you may judge how indispensable I consider it that they should leave; if you send away your ministers without sanctioning the decrees, the people will have two accusations against you; they will look upon you as an enemy of the Constitution, the dismissed ministers will pass for martyrs, and I would not answer if, at the end of several days, the most serious outbreaks would occur, putting your crown and life in danger. As for myself, your majesty must know that I could not, even to serve him, go—I will not say against my principles, but against my convictions. Duranthon and Lacoste, however, I have no reason to speak for them. As far as I am myself concerned, I have told you, and I repeat it, I will not remain in the cabinet unless your majesty sanctions the two decrees."

The king made an impatient gesture.

Dumouriez bowed and walked toward the door.

The king exchanged a rapid glance with the queen.

"Sir!" she cried.

Dumouriez stopped.

"Think how hard it is for the king to sanction a decree that brings to Paris twenty thousand scoundrels that may massacre us!"

"Madame," said Dumouriez, "the danger, I know, is great; for that reason it should be regarded seriously, though not exaggerated. The decree states the executive power can indicate the place where these twenty thousand men are to encamp—they are not all scoundrels; it also states the Minister of War is to give them their officers and their code of organization."

"But, sir, the Minister of War is Servan!"

"No, sire, the Minister of War when Servan retires will be I."

"Oh! yes, you," said the king.

"Will you take, then, the Minister of War?" asked the queen.

"Yes, madame; and I hope to turn against your enemies the sword now suspended over your heads."

The king and the queen looked at each other again as if in consultation.

"Suppose," continued Dumouriez, "I have the camp at Soissons, that I appoint as commandant a lieutenant-general firm and of great discretion, with two good camp marshals; these men will be formed by battalions; in case there should be four or five divisions of the army, the minister will accede to the demands of the generals to send them to the frontier. In this way, sire, this decree, conceived in a wicked spirit, far from being injurious, will be of use."

"But," said the king, "are you sure you can obtain permission to assemble this camp at Soissons?"

"I can answer for it."

"In that case, then, take office of Minister of War," said the king.

"Sire," said Dumouriez, "as Minister of Foreign Affairs, my

responsibilities are indirect and light; it is very different with that of Minister of War. Your generals are my enemies; you will see their feebleness; I must report their faults; but as it is a question of your majesty's life, of the queen's safety, and that of your august children, also the maintenance of the Constitution, I will accept it. We are then agreed on this point, sire, sanctioning the decree of the twenty thousand men?"

"If you are the Minister of War, sir, I defer entirely to you."

"Now we come to the decree of the priests."

"As for that, sir, I told you I would never sanction it."

"Sire, in sanctioning the first, you have put yourself in the necessity of sanctioning the second."

"If I have committed a fault, I am sorry; but it is no reason I should commit another."

"Sire, if you do not sanction that decree, the second fault will be greater than the first."

"Sire!" said the queen.

The king turned toward Marie Antoinette.

"You also, madame?"

"Sire," said the queen, "I must confess that on this point, and after the explanations he has given us, I am of Monsieur Dumouriez's opinion."

"Very well, then," said the king.

"Then, sire?" repeated Dumouriez.

"I consent, but on the condition that, soon as possible, you dismiss those three."

"Believe me, sire," said Dumouriez, "I will seize the first occasion; and I am sure, sire, the occasion will not be long coming."

And bowing to the king and queen, Dumouriez retired.

Both of them followed the new Minister of War with their eyes till the door closed.

"You motioned to me to accept," said the king. "Now, what have you to say about it?"

"First, accept the decree of the twenty thousand men," said the queen; "let them have their camp as Soissons; let him scatter the men, and then—well, then, you can see what you will do about the decree of the priests."

"But he will recall my word, madame."

"Good! he will also be compromised, and you can hold him."

"It is he, on the contrary, who will hold me, madame; he has my word."

"Bah!" said the queen, "there is a remedy for that when one has been a scholar of Monsieur de la Vauguyon."

And taking the king's arm, she drew him in the neighboring apartment.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OCCASION.

WE have said the real war at this moment was between La Rue Guenegaud and the Tuileries, between the queen and Mme. Roland.

A strange coincidence; that both women should exert an influence over their husbands that led all four to their graves.

Except, each went by a different route.

The events we have just recounted took place on the 10th of June; on the 11th, in the evening, Servan gayly entered Mme. Roland's.

"Congratulate me, dear friend!" he cried; "I have the honor to be dismissed from the cabinet."

"How is that?" asked Mme. Roland.

"This is what actually happened: this morning I went to the king to consult him on some of the affairs connected with my department. Then, the affair terminated, I attacked vigorously the question of the camp of twenty thousand men; but—"

"But—"

"At the first word I uttered, the king turned his back upon me, in a very bad humor; and this evening, in the name of his majesty, Monsieur Dumouriez came to me to take the portfolio of war."

"Dumouriez?"

"Yes."

"That was an ugly trick; but I am not surprised. Ask Roland what I said about that man the first day I saw him. Beside, we are informed he is every day in conference with the queen."

"He is a traitor!"

"No; he is an ambitious man. Go and find Roland and Clavières."

"Where is Roland?"

"He is holding an audience at the Minister of the Interior's."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Write a letter, which I will show you on your return—go."

"You are truly the famous goddess Reason, whom philosophers have invoked so long."

"And that men with consciences have found. Don't return without Clavières."

"That will keep me probably some time."

"I need an hour."

"Proceed, and may the Genius of France inspire you!"

Servan left. The door was scarcely closed, when Mme. Roland was at her desk, writing the following letter:

"SIRE,—France can not exist in this condition of things much longer; it is passing through a crisis when lawlessness reaches the utmost limits; it must end in a crash which must interest your majesty as it concerns the whole empire.

"Honored by your confidence, placed in a position that requires truthfulness to you, I must speak; it is an obligation due you. France did not give the Constitution; it was made from rebels and malcontents; the greater portion of the nation wishes to maintain it; she has sworn to defend it with her blood, and she has seen with joy the civil war offering a grand opportunity of declaring herself. Meanwhile, the minority, upheld by faith, has united all its efforts to obtain the advantage; from this comes this intestine war against law, this anarchy in which so many good citizens

groan, and which the malcontents take good care to spread to calumniate the new régime; from this arises these excited differences, for nowhere exists indifference; they want the Constitution to triumph or to be changed; their endeavor is to sustain or to alter it. I abstain from examining it in itself, to consider only the existing circumstances, and examining it as disinterestedly as possible, ascertain what is required, and what is best. Your majesty enjoys grand prerogatives that he believes belong to royalty exclusively; brought up in the idea of preserving them, he can not see them taken away with pleasure; the desire to keep them is as natural as to regret to see them abolished. These sentiments, belonging to the very nature of humanity, should have entered into the calculations of the enemies of the revolution; they should have calculated on secret favoritism until circumstances permitted a declared protection. These inclinations could not escape the nation's notice, and they held them as worthless. Your majesty, so far, has been constantly alternating in yielding to his early habits, to his particular desires, or to make sacrifices dictated by philosophy, exacted by necessity, consequently emboldening the rebels, or agitating the nation, or appeasing it in agreeing with it. Everything comes to an end, and temporizing has certainly done so. Can your majesty to-day ally himself with those who pretend to reform the Constitution, or will he enthusiastically devote himself without reserve to make it triumphant? The inevitable solution of the actual condition of things make this the real question.

"As for those ultra-metaphysicians anxious to ascertain if France is sufficiently mature for liberty, that discussion is useless now; it is not the question to ascertain what we may become in a century, but what the present generation is capable of.

"The Declaration of Rights has become a political gospel, and the French constitution a religion for which people are ready to die. Hence the frenzy which has sometimes carried them beyond all limits, and when the law was insufficient to restrain them, have been permitted to punish these brawlers themselves. It is thus the property of refugees, or persons suspected of being connected with them have been exposed to ravages inspired by revenge; it is thus so many departments have been obliged to proceed against the priests, whose opinions have proscribed and sacrificed them. In this clashing of interests, every sentiment has been accentuated by passion. Patriotism is no longer a word for the imagination to embellish; it is a condition in which one must make sacrifices, where one is thought more advantageously of by the anxiety they occasion, by immense efforts they elevate themselves in the midst of this trouble. All their efforts are to excite enthusiasm.

"How high will this enthusiasm rise, till the armies of our enemies, united and powerful, coalesce with interior intrigues to wreak us woe unspeakable.

"Rebellion is at a great height in all parts of the empire; it will break forth in a terrible manner unless a reasonable confidence in your majesty's intentions can finally subdue them; but these confidences will not be established by protestations; it must have for its foundation deeds.

"That the constitution of the French nation can advance, that

it may have all the strength that is necessary for it, it is evident your majesty, absolutely desiring the triumph of that Constitution, should sustain the legislative body in all its executive powers, remove everything that can trouble the people or rouse hopes in the malcontents.

“ For example, two important decrees have been passed, both bearing essentially on the public peace and salvation of the state. Your delaying your sanction will only lead to defiance, which, if prolonged, will cause discontent, and I must tell you, in the excitement that will ensue, the malcontents will lead everything.

“ There is no time to return; there is no time to temporize. The revolution is an accomplished fact in the minds of the people; it will be finished in bloodshed, and cemented by it if sagacity does not prevent the misfortune while there is yet time for escape.

“ I know the belief is all things can be accomplished by extreme measures; but when force was used to constrain the assembly, when fear was spread through Paris, strife and dismay in the environs, all France rose in indignation, and throwing herself in all the horrors of civil war, developed that somber energy so prolific of virtues and crimes, always the saddest for those who provoke it.

“ The safety of the state and your majesty's happiness are closely allied; no power is capable of separating them; cruel agony and unerring misfortune surround your throne, if you do not support it on the foundation of the Constitution and strengthen it in the peace its maintainance will finally give us.

“ Thus the inclinations of minds, the course of events, political reasons, your majesty's interests, render it indispensable for you to agree with the legislative body and reply to the nation's desire. It is a necessity that principle presents as a duty; but the natural sensibility of this affectionate nation is ready to find a means of meeting you half-way. You have been cruelly deceived, sire, when you have been inspired with disdain and alienation toward these people who are so easily moved; it must be a perpetual source of anxiety to you, that your conduct has filled them with alarm. Let them feel reassured that you are resolved to sustain this Constitution, in which their happiness is centered, and you will soon become the object of their grateful thanks.

“ The conduct of the priests in a great many places, pretexts made use of by the malcontents for fanaticism, has led to the issuing of a very wise law against these malefactors. May your majesty sanction it! the public peace demands it, and it is necessary for the safety of the priests. If this law is not enforced, the departments will be obliged to substitute in all directions more violent measures, and the irritated people will supplement them by excesses.

“ The attempts of our enemies, the agitations that are apparent in the capital, the extreme uneasiness the conduct of your guard has inspired, those who do not deserve the flattering testimonial your majesty gave them in a proclamation which was, under the circumstances, most impolitic; the situation of Paris, its proximity to the frontier necessitates the establishing of a camp in its neighborhood; the wisdom and urgency of this measure that has impressed every sensible mind, only awaits your majesty's sanction.

Procrastination will only give it an appearance of regret on your part, and alacrity would gain all hearts. Already the movements of the commandant of the National Guard in Paris against this decree has caused a suspicion that he is acting under the influence of a higher order; already the declarations of ultra demagogues are arousing suspicions of their connections with those interested in the overthrow of the Constitution; already public opinion is suspicious of all your majesty's actions. Another delay, and the afflicted people will see in their king the friend and accomplice of conspirators!

"Just Heaven! have you struck with blindness the powers of the earth, are they always to have advice that drags them to their ruin? I know the rude language of truth is seldom heard near the throne; I know also, because it has never been heard, revolutions have become necessary; I know, moreover, I must uphold it to your majesty, not only as a citizen submitting to the law, but as a minister honored with your confidence, invested with the functions that belong to the office; I know of nothing to prevent doing a duty which I owe to my conscience. I reiterate these representations to your majesty, at the same time feeling how necessary, for the observance and execution of the law, a secretary should be present at the meetings of the cabinet; the very existence of the law speaks so forcibly, that its execution should follow immediately; but every means should be employed to preserve the dignity, the wisdom, and necessary maturing of the plans, and for responsible ministers, it will be a means of strengthening their opinions; if such a secretary had existed, I would not now have been obliged to address this document to your majesty.

"A man who considers his duty first of all, holds his life as nothing; but after the happiness of accomplishing it, the only thing that remains for him is to show he has accomplished it with fidelity; the same obligation rests on a man in public life.

"June 10th, 1792, year fourth of Liberty."

The letter was finished; it had been written in one stroke of a pen, when Servan, Clavières and Roland entered. In two words, madame unfolded the plan to the three friends.

The letter that they then read was to be reread the next day, to Dumouriez, Lacoste, and Duranthon. If they approved of it, they would join their signatures to Roland; if they did not, Servan, Clavières, and Roland would each send in his resignation, on the strength of their colleagues refusing to sign a letter that appeared to them expressed the true opinion of France. Then they would send the letter to the assembly, and France would have no doubt as to the cause of the resignation of these ministers. The letter was read by the three friends, who did not find a word to alter. Mme. Roland had a heart so filled with patriotism every one could drink freely from it.

But it was different the next day when Roland read it to Dumouriez, Lacoste, and Duranthon. All three approved the idea, but differed on the manner of expressing it; finally refusing it, they said it would be better to go in person to the king.

That was but an excuse.

Roland the same evening sent the letter to the king, signed by himself alone.

Almost immediately Lacoste sent Roland and Clavières their dismissal.

As Dumouriez had said, the occasion soon presented itself.

It was also true the king did not hesitate to make use of it.

The next day, as they had agreed upon, Roland's letter was read at the tribune at the same time as his dismissal and that of Servan and Clavière were announced.

The assembly declared, with an immense majority, the three dismissed ministers deserved their country's thanks.

In this way war was declared at home and abroad.

The assembly only waited to ascertain, before striking the first blow, what the king's intentions were in regard to the two decrees.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DUKE DE LA VAUGUYON'S SCHOLAR.

THE moment the assembly returned by acclamation a vote of thanks to the three retiring ministers, and sent a copy of Roland's letter to all the departments, Dumouriez appeared at the door of the assembly.

They knew him to be brave, but were not aware he was audacious.

He had heard what had taken place, and had come to take the bull by the horns.

His excuse for appearing at the assembly was a remarkable review on the state of the military force. Minister of War since the evening before, he had accomplished, with the aid of others, this work during the night; it was an accusation against Servan, and then De Grave, and also Narbonne, his predecessor.

Servan had only been minister ten or twelve days.

Dumouriez arrived, feeling very strong; he had just left the king, whom he implored to be faithful to his word given to sanction both decrees, and the king had replied, renewing his promises, and also affirming that the ecclesiastics he had consulted to ease his conscience were of the same opinion as Dumouriez.

Thus the Minister of War marched directly to the tribune, and ascended it in the midst of confused cries and ferocious threats.

Arrived there, he coolly asked permission to speak. Permission was given in the midst of a frightful tumult.

At last curiosity was so great to hear what Dumouriez had to say, that calm was established.

"Gentlemen," he said, "General Gouvion has just been killed; God has recompensed his bravery; he died fighting the enemies of France; he was very fortunate. He did not see our frightful disorders. I envy his fate."

These words, delivered in a haughty manner, and with the deepest melancholy, made an impression on the assembly; besides, this death created a diversion. They deliberated upon taking some steps to show their respect for the deceased, and it was decided that the president should write a letter of condolence to his family.

Then Dumouriez asked permission to speak again.

It was granted.

He took his review from his pocket; but scarcely had he read the title, "Memoir upon the Minister of War," than the Girondists and Jacobins were so noisy it was almost impossible to hear him. But in the midst of the noise, the minister read his exordium in a tone so elevated and a voice so clear that above all the noise they heard his sentiments directed against the factions, and the duties of the people toward their minister. Such audacity might well exasperate his hearers, even if they had been in a less irritable condition.

"Do you hear?" cried Gaudet. "He feels so sure of his power, that he dares to advise us!"

"Why not?" replied Dumouriez, quietly turning toward his interrupter.

For a long time, the most prudent thing in France was courage. Dumouriez imposed on his adversaries; they kept still, at least, so that one could hear, and they listened to him. The memoir was skillful, clever, and bright; so telling was it against the minister, that in two places they applauded.

Laucée, who belonged to the military committee, ascended the tribune to answer Dumouriez; the latter rolled up his memoir and put it quietly into his pocket.

The Girondists saw him, and one of them cried:

"Do you see him, the traitor? He has put his review in his pocket; he is going with his review! Stop him! that paper will do to accuse him!"

But at these cries, Dumouriez, who had not taken a step toward the door, took the review from his pocket, and gave it to an officer. A secretary also held out his hand for it, and having received it, looked for the signature.

"Gentlemen," cried the secretary, "the memoir is not signed."

"Let him sign it! let him sign it!" was heard on all sides.

"That is my intention," said Dumouriez; "and it is so faithfully written I do not hesitate to put my name to it. Give me the pen and ink."

They dipped a pen in the ink and gave it to him. He put his foot on the step of the tribune and signed the memoir on his knee.

The officer wished to take it from him, but Dumouriez pushed aside his arm, and laid the memoir on the desk himself, then, with slow steps, stopping every moment, he slowly traversed the hall, and left by the door situated at the end of the benches at the left.

Contrary to his entrance, which had been announced with cries and threats, his departure was accompanied with the greatest silence; the spectators in the tribunes precipitated themselves in the corridors to see this man who had just affronted the whole assembly. At the door of the Feuillant he was surrounded by three or four hundred persons who crowded around him with more curiosity than hatred, as if they could see beneath his exterior the man who three months later was to save France at Valmy. Several Royalist deputies left the assembly and ran after Dumouriez; for them, there was no doubt Dumouriez's star was in the ascendant. That was just what Dumouriez wanted to ascertain, and for

this reason he had made the king promise to sanction the two decrees.

"Oh! general," said one of them, "the devil's to pay down there."

"All right," replied Dumouriez; "for I don't know who but the devil could do it!"

"You don't know?" said another; "they are talking of sending you to Orleans, and of making out an accusation against you."

"Good!" said Dumouriez. "I need a vacation. I will take the baths, and drink goat's milk, and rest."

"General," cried a third, "they are taking copies of your review."

"So much the better; all the impartial ones will be on my side."

In the midst of these friends and these speeches he arrived at the château.

The king was surprised at the news; he felt he also was compromised.

The new cabinet assembled.

In dismissing Servan, Roland, and Clavière, Dumouriez was obliged to fill their places.

As Minister of the Interior, he proposed Mourgues of Montpellier, a Protestant, a member of several academies, an ancient Feuillant, but at present retired from the club.

The king accepted him.

As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he proposed De Maulde, Semonville, or Naillac.

The king objected to Naillac.

As Minister of Finance, he proposed Vergennes, nephew of the old minister.

The king approved of Vergennes, and sent for him on the spot; but the latter, though profoundly attached to the king, refused.

They finally decided that the Minister of the Interior in the interim should also take the responsibility of the Minister of Finance, and that Dumouriez, also in the interim, while waiting for Naillac, absent from Paris at that time, should take charge of Foreign Affairs.

Only, outside of the king, the four ministers, who did not deceive themselves as to the responsibility of their position, had determined that if the king, after obtaining the dismissal of Servan, Clavières and Roland, did not keep his promise as the price of their dismissal, they would tender their resignation.

The new cabinet, as we have said, was assembled. The king already knew what had taken place at the assembly; he congratulated Dumouriez on the position he had taken, immediately sanctioned the decree for a camp of twenty thousand soldiers, but deferred till the next day sanctioning the decree of the priests.

He still felt some conscientious scruples that he said his confessor would remove.

The ministers looked at one another; their first doubt began to be felt.

But, after all, the timorous conscience of the king, perhaps, needed this delay to reassure itself. The next day the ministers returned to yesterday's question.

But the night had done its work: the king's mind, not his conscience, was made up; he declared he would oppose his veto to the decree. The four ministers, one after the other—Dumouriez first, the one to whom his word had been promised, spoke to him respectfully but firmly.

The king listened, and closed his eyes in the attitude of a man whose resolution was taken.

In fact, when they had finished:

"Gentlemen," said the king, "I have written a letter to the president of the assembly to apprise him of my determination; one of you had better sign it, and all four of you carry it together to the assembly."

It was an order made in all the spirit of the ancient régime, but it grated on the ears of the Constitutional ministers, who felt themselves responsible.

"Sire," said Dumouriez, after consulting the looks of the other ministers, "have you no other order for us?"

"No," replied the king.

And he retired.

The ministers demurred, and the council finished, resolved to demand an audience the next day.

They were agreed upon in not entering into any supplication, but to tender a unanimous resignation. Dumouriez went to his home. The king had dared to trifle with him, an apt politician, a crafty diplomatist, a bold general familiar with intrigues.

He found three letters from different persons announcing meetings in the Faubourg St. Antoine and a convention at Santerre's.

He wrote to the king announcing what he had heard. An hour after he received a note, not signed by the king, but in his handwriting: "Do not imagine, sir, I am to be frightened by these menaces; my mind is made up."

Dumouriez seized a pen, and wrote in his turn: "Sire, you misjudged me if you supposed me capable of employing such measures. My colleagues and myself have had the honor to write to your majesty to have the kindness to receive us to-morrow at ten o'clock. Your majesty, meanwhile, will choose my successor during the next twenty-four hours in the war department, and accept my resignation."

His secretary took the letter, to be sure of his answer.

The secretary waited till midnight, and half an hour after returned with this note:

"I will see my ministers to-morrow at ten o'clock, and will speak then upon the subject you have written."

It was evident a counter-revolution was in progress at the château.

They had, in fact, strong forces on which to rely. A Constitutional Guard of six thousand men, disbanded, it was true, but ready to rally at the first call.

Seven or eight hundred Chevaliers of Saint Louis, whose red ribbon was their rallying badge.

Three battalions of Swiss Guards of sixteen hundred men each, picked warriors, as indomitable as their own Helvetic rocks. **And**

more valuable than all, a letter from Lafayette, in which was this sentence:

“Sire, persist, spite of all the authority of the National Assembly, and you will find that all good Frenchmen will range round your throne!”

This was what they could do, and this was what they proposed: At one tap of the drum, to gather the Constitutional Guard, Chevaliers of St. Louis, and the Swiss Guard; to capture, at the same time, all the cannon; to shut up the Jacobins and the assembly; rally all the Royalists of the National Guard, who would make up a contingency of about fifteen thousand men, then wait for Lafayette, who in three days, by forced marches, could arrive from Ardenes.

Unfortunately, the queen would not hear of Lafayette.

Lafayette was a moderate revolutionist, and by the queen's advice that revolution could have been established, persisted in, and held. The revolution of the Jacobins, on the contrary, would have soon fallen through, having no consistency.

Oh! if Charny had only been there! But they did not even know where Charny was, and if they did, it would have been too undignified, not only for a queen, but for a woman, to have recourse to him.

A stormy night passed at the château in deliberating. They had the means of defense and attack, but no hand strong enough to unite and direct them.

At ten o'clock the ministers were with the king. It was the 16th of June.

The king received them in his chamber. Duranthon spoke first. In the name of all of them, with a deep and sympathetic respect, he presented the resignation of his colleagues and himself.

“Yes, I understand—the responsibility!” said the king.

“Sire,” cried Lacoste, “the royal responsibility; yes, as for us, you will believe we are ready to die for your majesty; but in dying for the priests we are only hastening the fall of royalty!”

Louis XVI. turned to Dumouriez.

“Sir,” he said, “are you still of the same opinion you expressed in your letter yesterday?”

“Yes, sire,” replied Dumouriez, “if your majesty will not be convinced of our faithfulness and our attachment.”

“Very well,” said the king, with a somber air; “as your mind is made up, I accept your resignation; I can provide others.”

All four bowed; Mourgues had his resignation in writing; he gave it to the king.

The three others gave theirs by word of mouth.

The courtiers were waiting in the ante-chamber; they saw the ministers leave, and knew by their looks everything was over.

Some rejoiced, while others were horror-stricken. The atmosphere grew ominously heavy, as in hot summer days; they felt the storm coming. At the entrance of the Tuileries, Dumouriez met the commander of the National Guard, M. de Roumainvilliers.

He had arrived post-haste.

“Sir,” he said to Dumouriez, “I have come for your orders.”

"I am no longer minister," replied Dumouriez.

"But there are riots in the faubourgs."

"Take your orders from the king."

"Time presses!"

"Hasten, then! The king has accepted my resignation."

M. de Roumainvilliers darted off.

The 17th, in the morning, Messrs. Lajard and Chambonnas entered General Dumouriez's, presenting themselves before the king, Chambonnas to receive the portfolio of foreign affairs, and Lajard the portfolio of war.

On the morning of the 18th, the king waited for Dumouriez to go over their last accounts, both public and secret expenses.

Seeing him reappear at the château, every one thought he had retaken his position, and crowded around to congratulate him.

"Gentlemen," said Dumouriez, "don't disturb yourselves; you are not talking to a man that comes, but a man who goes. I have come to render up my accounts."

He was immediately deserted.

That moment an officer announced that the king expected M. Dumouriez in his chamber.

The king had regained all his serenity. Was it from strength of character, or was it from deluded security?

Dumouriez gave up his accounts.

The task accomplished, Dumouriez arose.

"Now then," said the king to him, throwing himself on his sofa, "you will go and rejoin Luckner's army?"

"Yes, sire; I leave with delight this horrible city, and with but one regret, and that is, to leave you in danger."

"In fact," said the king, with apparent indifference, "I know the danger that menaces me."

"Sire," added Dumouriez, "you should know all of it; but now, however, I am not speaking of personal interests; once away from the cabinet, I am forever separated from you; but it is from regard, from the purest attachment, from love of my country, for your safety, that of the crown, the queen, your children, in the name of everything that is sacred and dearest to a man's heart, I beseech your majesty not to persist in refusing your veto; that obstinacy will not be of the least avail, and you will be lost, sire."

"Do not speak to me further on the subject," said the king, with impatience; "my mind is made up!"

"Sire, sire! you told me the same thing, here in this very room, before the queen, you promised to sanction that decree."

"I did wrong to make such a promise, sir, and I have repented it."

"Sire, I repeat, it is the last time I shall have the honor of seeing you; pardon my frankness: I am fifty-three years of age, and have had experience. It was not when you promised to sanction the decree you did wrong, it is to-day, when you refuse to keep that promise. People are abusing your conscience, sire; they are leading you into civil war; you are without resources, you must succumb, and while history will pity you, it will reproach you to have occasioned the misfortunes of France."

"The misfortunes of France, sir?" said Louis XVI.; "do you pretend to say they will reproach me for them?"

"Yes, sire."

"God, however, is my witness that I only wish it prosperity."

"I do not doubt it, sire; but God must not only see the purity, but the earnest endeavors, of your intentions. You think you are saving religion; you are destroying it; your priests will be massacred; your overthrown crown will roll in your blood, in that of the queen, perhaps in your children's. Oh! my king! my king!"

And Dumouriez, overcome with emotion, pressed his lips to the hand Louis XVI. extended to him.

Then the king, with an ineffable serenity and a dignity one would scarcely have credited him with:

"You are right, sir," he said. "I am awaiting death, and in advance I pardon my murderers. As for you, you have served me faithfully; I esteem you, and you know I am grateful for this mark of sensibility. Adieu, sir!"

And, rising precipitately, the king retired within the embrasure of the window.

Dumouriez slowly gathered together the papers, in order to compose himself, and allow the king time to do the same; then, with slow steps, he went toward the door, ready to turn at the first word uttered by Louis XVI. But his first words were also his last.

"Adieu, sir! Be happy!" said the king.

After these words there was no excuse for remaining another instant.

Dumouriez left.

Royalty had broken its last prop; the king was about taking off his mask, and to show what he was before the people.

And this was what they were doing on their side, these people.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONVENTION AT CHARENTON.

A MAN mounted on a large Flemish horse, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, had been all the morning pacing backward and forward, shaking hands right and left, kissing the pretty girls, giving silver to the boys.

It was one of the six heirs of General Lafayette, commanding one of the divisions of the National Guard; it was the chief of battalion, Santerre.

Near him, in attendance as aid-de-camp, curveting on a spirited horse, was a man whose uniform showed him a patriot from the provinces.

A saber-cut had left its trace on his face; and though the chief of battalion had an open countenance and a frank smile, this one had a solemn visage and a menacing countenance.

"Hold yourselves in readiness, my friends! watch over the country! Traitors are conspiring against us, but we are ready for them," said Santerre.

"What must we do, Monsieur Santerre?" asked the citizen.

"You know you have but to command us! Where are the traitors! Lead us to them."

"Wait," said Santerre, "at the moment arrives."

"When will the moment come?"

Santerre did not know, but he replied at hazard:

"You will hear of it, don't fret."

The man that followed Santerre, leaning over his horse's neck, said in the ear of certain men whom he recognized by signs:

"The 20th of June—the 20th of June!"

And the men went away with that date.

Some distance off a group formed itself around them, and the date circulated, "the 20th of June."

What was to be done on the 20th of June? No one knew yet, but what they did know was that on the 20th of June something would be done.

Among the men to whom this date was communicated, there were to be seen those who were not strangers to the events we have previously related. St. Huruge, whom we left the morning of the 5th of October in the garden of the Palais Royal, conducted the first regiment to Versailles; St. Huruge, that deceived husband before 1789, thrown into the Bastille, freed the 14th of July, when he avenged himself for his conjugal misfortunes and his illegal incarceration.

Verriere—he is not forgotten, is he? He appeared twice, that hunchback of the Apocalypse—once, in the inn at Sèvres, with Marat and the Duke of Aiguillon, disguised as a woman; again, at the Champ de Mars, a moment before the firing began.

Fournier, the American, who had fired on Lafayette from the wheels of a carriage, but missed, promised to strike higher than the commander of the National Guard the next time; and if his gun missed, he would fight with his sword.

M. de Beausire—who had not taken advantage of the time we left him in obscurity to improve—M. de Beausire, who took Oliva from the hands of the dying Mirabeau, as the Chevalier des Grieux retook Manon Lescaut from the hands that only raised her a moment from the dust to let her fall into the fangs of destruction. Mouchy, a small, crooked, bandy-legged cripple, almost covered with an enormous tricolored scarf, was a municipal officer, a judge of the peace. Gonchon, the Mirabeau of the people, whom Pitou found uglier than the Mirabeau of the nobility; Gonchon, who disappeared after the riot, but, like a fairy, disappeared only to reappear later and always more fiery, more terrible, more vicious than before—a demon whom the author only requires occasionally.

Then, in the midst of this crowd gathered around the ruins of the Bastille, as on another Mount Aventine, there was passing to and fro a young man, thin, pale, with black hair, with eyes full of fire, solitary as an eagle, which, later on, he took for his emblem, not knowing anybody, and unknown by anybody. He was a lieutenant of artillery, Bonaparte, by accident in Paris, on leave of absence. It will be remembered, Cagliostro predicted strange things of him the day he appeared at the Jacobins.

By whom was this crowd moved, excited? By a man of powerful stature, with a lion's mane, with a roaring voice, that San-

terre had found, on returning home in his little back store, where he was waiting for Danton. It was at the hour of that terrible revolution, that we are all yet familiar with, by the sensation made in the parterre of the Théâtre Français in De Chenier's representation of "Charles II.," and by that terrible eloquence at the tribune of the Cordeliers, that he made his real appearance on the political scene, where he stretched forth his giant arms.

Whence came the power of this man that was destined to prove so fatal to royalty?

From the queen herself.

She did not want Lafayette to be mayor of Paris—that haughty Austrian; she preferred Petion, her companion on the journey from Varennes, who, scarcely in the mayoralty, quarreled with the king, and ordered the Tuileries to be guarded.

Petion had two friends whom he brought with him the day he took possession of the Hôtel de Ville: Manuel, on his right, Danton, on his left. He made Manuel Procureur-Generale of the Commune; Danton was his substitute.

Vergniaud said at the tribune, speaking of the Tuileries:

"Terror has often issued from that dreary palace in the name of despotism; let it re-enter in the name of the law!"

At last, the hour had come to demonstrate by actual fact the beautiful yet terrible imagery of the orator of the Girondists; he was about to find that terror in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and to thrust it, horror-stricken, with its discordant cries and twisted arms, into the palace of Catherine de Médicis.

Who was better able to evoke it than this terrible revolutionary magician who was called Danton?

Danton had broad shoulders, immense hands, the chest of an athlete, in which beat a robust heart; Danton was the tom-tom of the revolution; any sensation that he received he returned instantly by a powerful vibration, that, spreading throughout the people, intoxicated them; Danton, on one side, reached the community through Hébert, on the other, the throne by the Duke of Orleans. Danton, between the fruit-vender at the corner of the streets, and the prince royal at the corner of the throne, held before him a keyboard where the least touch corresponded to a social fiber. Throw your eyes over the game; it reaches two octaves, and harmonizes with his powerful voice; Hébert, Legendre, Gonchon, Rossignol, Momoro, Brune, Huquenin, Rotondo, Santerre, Fabre d'Eglantine, Camille Desmoulins, Dugazon, Lazouski, Sillery, Genlis, the Duke of Orleans. It will be noticed these names embrace only a visible limit. Who can say how far above or below reached this illimitable influence? This was the power that raised the Faubourg St. Antoine. From the 16th instant, a Danton man, the Pole, Lazouski, member of the Council of the Commune, had charge of affairs.

He announced at the councils that on the 20th of June the two Foubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau would present petitions to the assembly and the king on the subject of the decree relating to the priests, and at the same time intended planting a tree of liberty on the terrace of the Feuillants as a memorial of the 20th of June, 1789.

^ The council refused to authorize it.

"It will be passed," whispered Danton in Lazouski's ear.

And Lazouski repeated out aloud:

"It will be passed!"

The 20th of June had thus a visible and a hidden signification.

One, which was but a pretext, to present a petition to the king and plant a tree of liberty.

The other, whose aim was only known to a few initiated, was to save France from Lafayette and the Feuillants, and avert that incorrigible king, the king of the ancient régime, surrounded as he was by political tempests, from upsetting his throne, his crown, his family, as in the depths of the ocean a vessel is swallowed up with its passengers and freight.

Danton, we have said, waited for Santerre in his back store. The evening before he had sent word by Legendre that the rising would take place the next day in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Then in the morning Billot presented himself at the patriotic brazier, had given the countersign, and announced that for the day the committee had appointed him as his attaché.

It was thus that Billot, while appearing ostensibly as Santerre's aid-de-camp, in reality knew more than Santerre himself.

Danton came to make a rendezvous with Santerre for the next night, in a little house at Charenton, situated on the right of the Marne, near the bridge.

There those men of strange and unknown existence, who are always found directing the course of revolts, were to meet. Both were punctual at the rendezvous. The ruling passion of these two men were different. From whence did they derive their source? They would all have been sad histories to record. Some were moved from patriotism; many, like Billot, to avenge insult: a still greater number from hate, misery, and depravity. On the first floor was a closed room, where the leaders only were allowed to enter. They came with their final, precise, and exact instructions. One would have said it was a tabernacle where some unknown god received sacrifices. A gigantic diagram of Paris was spread out on the table. Danton's fingers traced the source, the flow, the course, the meeting of this stream, this current, this overflow of men that the next day was to inundate Paris.

The Place de la Bastille, where it opened into the Faubourg St. Antoine, by the Arsenal, by the Faubourg St. Marceau, were indicated as places of meeting. The assembly was the pretext, the Tuileries was their aim. The boulevard was a large, wide route, in which all this threatening crowd was to gather. The locations assigned, each promising to be there, they separated.

The general order was: "Finish with the château."

How were they to finish it? That remained to be seen. All during the day of the 19th groups were stationed near the Bastille, in the environs of the Arsenal, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Suddenly, in the midst of these groups, there appeared a masculine and terrible Amazon dressed in red, with a belt filled with pistols, and at her side a sword that, after inflicting eighteen other wounds, was to seek and find the heart of Suleau.

This was Théroigne de Mericourt, the beautiful Liegeonne. She had been at Versailles the preceding 5th of October. What had

become of her since then? Liege had revolted. Théroigne was anxious to go to her country's succor. She was arrested on the road by Leopold's agents, and held a prisoner in Austria for eighteen months. Had she escaped? had she been allowed to go? or had she broken her barriers herself? or had she cajoled her jailer? It was as mysterious as the beginning of her life, terrible as its end. Whatever had happened, she was there. She had returned. The nobility had given her gold, with which she had bought daggers of tempered steel, Damascene pistols, with which to strike her enemies.

The people recognized and received her with loud cries.

The beautiful Théroigne arrived just in time, and appropriately dressed, too, for the bloody fête of the next day.

The evening of the same day the queen saw her galloping along the terrace of the Feuillants, going from the Place de la Bastille to the Champs Elysées to a popular assembling for a patriotic banquet.

From the roof of the Tuileries, which the queen ascended, hearing cries, she could see the decorated tables; the wine circulated, patriotic toasts abounded, and at each mention of the assembly, the Girondists, Liberty, the convivialists pointed toward the Tuileries. The actor Dugazon sung couplets against the king and queen, and from the château the king and queen could hear the applause that followed each refrain.

Who were these convivialists?

They were confederates of Marseilles, led by Barbaroux, and had arrived the evening before. On the 18th of June, the 10th of August had made its entry into Paris.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TWENTIETH OF JUNE.

DAY-BREAK is early in June.

At five o'clock in the morning the battalions were assembled.

This time the rebellion was regulated; it took the aspect of an invasion.

The crowds recognized their leaders, submitted to discipline, had their assigned places, their rank, and their own flags.

Santerre was on horseback, with his staff from the faubourg.

Billot did not leave him; one would have thought he had been ordered by some occult power to watch over him.

The gathering was divided into three army divisions:

Santerre commanded the first.

St. Huruge the second.

Théroigne de Mericourt the third.

Toward eleven o'clock in the morning, upon an order brought by an unknown man, the immense mass began to march.

On leaving the Bastille, they were composed of nearly twenty thousand men.

These troops presented an aspect at once strange, savage, terrible.

The battalion conducted by Santerre presented the most regular appearance; they had quite a number of uniforms, and for arms a pretty fair display of guns and bayonets.

But the two others were in reality an army of the people clothed in rags, and looking wan and pale; four years of famine and scarcity of bread, and of these four years three of revolution.

Such was the origin of this army.

These had no uniforms, no guns; tattered vests, torn blouses, odd arms seized in the first moment of anger; pikes, sticks, blunt lances, sabres without points, knives tied to the end of long sticks, carpenters' hatchets, masons' hammers, saddlers' and shoe-makers' implements.

Then for banners, a branch of a tree with a doll fastened to it by a string, representing the queen; a head of an ox with its horns, and an obscene device twined around them; a heart of a calf struck on top of a stick with these words:

“CŒUR D'ARISTOCRATS!”

Then banners with these sentences:

“SANCTION OR DEATH!”

“RECALL THE PATRIOTIC MINISTERS!”

“TYRANT, TREMBLE! YOUR HOUR IS COME!”

The gathering had formed at the corner of the Rue St. Antoine. Santerre and his National Guards had followed the boulevard; Santerre in his costume of chief of battalion; St. Huruge, in front of the hall, on a horse perfectly caparisoned, that had been sent to him by an unknown groom, and Théroigne de Mericourt, lying on a cannon drawn by men with bared arms, had followed the Rue St. Antoine.

At the Place Vendome they were to join the Feuillants. For three hours the army marched, drawing with it the population of the quarter through which it passed.

It was like one of those torrents, that as they swell and roll, accumulate.

At each step it grew, at each corner accumulated.

The mass of the people were silent; only at intervals, from some unexpected source, they made a great clamor, or sung that famous “Ca Ira” of 1790, which, by modifying a little, became either a song of encouragement or menace; at times also were heard cries of “Vive le nation! Vivent les sans-culottes! A bas Monsieur and Madame Veto!”

Long before the heads of the columns could be seen, the noise of their footsteps could be heard as one hears the waves rising; then from moment to moment their songs would resound, their cries, vague bursts from afar, as one hears the whisperings and mutterings of a storm.

Arrived at the Place Vendome, Santerre's division, that carried the tree that was to be planted on the terrace of the Feuillants, found a division of the National Guard barring their passage. Nothing would have been easier than for this mass to have ground the guard to pieces, but no; the people had been promised a fête, and they wanted Monsieur and Madame Veto to laugh, to be amused; they wanted to frighten them even, but not to kill them.

They abandoned the project of planting the tree on the terrace, and chose instead the neighboring court of the Capuchins.

The assembly had heard this noise nearly an hour, when the commissaries of the multitude came in the name of those they represented to ask permission to defile before them.

Vergniaud demanded permission for them; but, at the same time, he proposed sending sixty deputies to protect the château.

They, also, these Girondists, wanted to frighten the king and queen, but wanted no harm to come to them.

A Feuillant opposed this proposition of Vergniaud, saying that such a precaution would be injurious for the people of Paris.

Was there not hope, under this apparent confidence, some crime would be committed? Permission was given; the people from the faubourgs filed through the hall under arms. Then the doors opened, admitting thirty thousand petitioners. They began marching through at noon, and were three hours before the last man passed. The crowd had obtained the first of their petitions; they had marched before the assembly; their petition had been read; all that was left was to demand the king's sanction. Had the assembly received the deputation that the king should not see them? The king surely was not a greater man than the president, for when the king came to see the president, did he not have a sofa the same as the president's, and even at his left? But the king had said that he would receive a petition presented by twenty persons. The people had not expected to enter the Tuileries; they supposed their deputies would go there while they marched by its windows. All their flags, with the threatening devices, all their mournful standards, were carried before the windows of the king and queen. All the doors leading into the château were closed; there were in the court and in the garden of the Tuileries three regiments of the line, two squadrons of infantry, several battalions of the National Guard, and four pieces of cannon.

The royal family saw from the windows this apparent protection, and appeared quite tranquil.

Meanwhile, the crowd, without any sinister motive, asked to have the gate opened that led to the terrace of the Feuillants.

The officers that guarded it refused to open it without an order from the king.

Then three municipal officers asked to pass to obtain this order.

They let them pass.

Mountjoye, author of the "History of Marie Antoinette," has recorded their names.

They were Boucher René, Boucher St. Sauveur, and Mouchy—Mouchy, that little judge of the peace at Mavais, that warped, hunchbacked, bandy-legged dwarf, with his immense tricolored scarf.

He was admitted into the château and conducted to the king, and he it was who spoke first.

"Sire," he said, "a gathering is legally marching under the protection of the law; there is no occasion for being worried; peaceable citizens have united to deliver a petition to the National Assembly, and want to celebrate a civil fête commemorative of the oath taken at the tennis-court, 1789. These citizens want to pass

by the terrace of the Feuillants, where not only are the gates closed, but a battery of cannon defends the entrance. We have come to ask, sire, that the gates may be opened, that we have free passage."

"Sir," replied the king, "I see by your scarf you are a municipal officer; it is for you to execute the law. If you consider it necessary on the assembly's account, make them open the door on the terrace of the Feuillants; let the citizens defile by the terrace and go out by the door of the stables. Let this order be understood by the commanding general of the guard, and, above all things, do not have the public tranquillity disturbed."

The three municipal officers bowed and left, accompanied by an officer charged to insure that the order for opening the gates was given by the king himself.

The gate was opened.

The gate once opened, every one wanted to enter. It was stifling; one knows what a crowd is when it is suffocating; the air itself was vaporous.

The gate on the terrace of the Feuillants snapped like an osier.

The crowd breathed once more, and spread themselves in the garden.

They had neglected to open the stable doors. Finding these doors closed, they filed past the National Guards ranged in the hedge by the façade of the château.

Then they went out by the gates of the bridge, and then, as they would be obliged to return to their own faubourgs some time, they wanted to re-enter by the postern of the Carrousel. The posterns were closed and guarded, but the bruised, blood-thirsty, tired-out crowd began to be irritable.

Before its grumbling, the posterns opened and the crowd spread over the immense place. There they remembered the principal business of the day; it was the petition for the king to take away his veto.

Instead of continuing on their road, the crowd waited in the Carrousel.

An hour passed; they were becoming impatient. The avenues were filled, but it was no business of the keepers.

They were, instead, men who went from group to group, saying: "Stay! Remain! The king intends giving his sanction. Do not return without the king's sanction; you will have to commence over again."

The crowd saw these men were right; but, at the same time, they thought this famous sanction was a long time coming.

They were hungry; that was the universal cry.

The scarcity of bread had ceased; more work, more money; still, no matter how cheap bread was, it was not given for nothing.

All these people had risen at five o'clock in the morning, had left their truckle beds, where many slept from youth to heavy age; workmen with their wives, mothers with their children, all of them had joined the march with the vague hope the king would sanction the decree, and everything would be well.

The king did not seem disposed to sanction it in the least.

It was warm, and they were thirsty.

Hunger, thirst, and heat make dogs mad.

So these poor people waited, and were patient. But after awhile they began to shake the gates of the château.

An officer appeared in the court-yard of the Tuileries and harangued the people.

"Citizens," he said, "this is the king's house. To enter it with arms is to molest it. The king is willing to receive your petition, but presented only by twenty deputies." The deputies the crowd had been waiting for, that they thought had been with the king for an hour, had not yet been introduced. Suddenly loud cries had been heard on the side of the bridge.

It was Santerre and St. Huruge on their horses; it was Théroigne on her cannon.

"Well, what are you doing before that grating?" cried St. Huruge; "why don't you go in?"

"That is true," replied the men of the people; "why don't we go in?"

"But you see the door is closed," objected several voices.

Théroigne threw herself from her cannon.

"It is loaded," said she; "open the door with its shot."

And the cannon was dragged before the door.

"Wait! wait!" cried the officers. "No violence. They will open the door for you."

In fact, they leaned on the bar that closed the two doors. The bar moved; the door opened. Everybody rushed.

Do you know what a crowd is? what a terrible torrent it makes?

This crowd entered. The drawn cannon rolled with the tide, with it traversed the court, mounted with it the steps, and with it found itself on top of the staircase.

On top of the staircase were the municipal officers in uniform.

"What are you going to do with that cannon?" they asked.

"A cannon in the royal apartments! Do you expect to gain anything by such violence?"

"That is true," replied the men, amazed themselves that the cannon was there.

And they turned the piece, and tried to descend. The axle-tree of the cannon was caught in a door, and the mouth of the cannon was turned toward the people.

"Well, they have artillery even in the king's apartments!" cried those just entering, who, not knowing how the piece came there, not recognizing Théroigne's cannon, imagined it was pointed against them.

By Mouchy's order, however, two men with axes cut, hacked and chopped away at the casement of the door till the cannon was disengaged and taken down the stairs to the vestibule. This operation, which was only to disengage the cannon, gave the impression the doors were being broken open.

Two hundred gentlemen almost ran to the château, not with the hope of defending it; but they thought the last hours of the king had arrived, and they came to die with him.

There were among others the old Marshal de Mouchy; M. d'Hervilly, commandant of the disbanded Constitutional Guard; Acloque, commandant of the battalion of the National Guard of the Faubourg St. Marceau; three grenadiers of the battalion of the

Faubourg St. Martin alone remained at their posts—MM. Lecrosnier, Bridaud, and Gosse; a man dressed in black, who once before had offered his breast to the assassin's ball, whose counsel had always been repulsed, came in this hour of danger that he in vain had endeavored to prevent, to offer himself as a last resource between this danger and the king—Gilbert. The king and queen, very anxious at this frightful uproar of the multitude, were becoming habituated slowly to the noise.

It was half past three o'clock; they hoped the end of the day would pass away as the beginning. The royal family were gathered in the king's chamber.

Suddenly the noise of axes were heard even in this room, while clamorous shouts sounding like distant rumblings of the tempest predominated.

At that moment a man precipitated himself in the bed-chamber of the king, crying:

"Sire, do not leave me; I will be answerable for everything!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE KING SEES THERE ARE CIRCUMSTANCES WHERE, WITHOUT BEING A JACOBIN, ONE CAN PUT ON THE RED BONNET.

This man was Dr. Gilbert.

They only saw him at almost periodic intervals, at the catastrophes, as it were, of the tremendous drama that was being enacted.

"Ah, doctor, is that you? What is taking place?" demanded both the king and queen.

"What is taking place, sire," said Gilbert, "is that the château is invaded; the noise you hear is made by the people, who want to see you."

"Oh!" cried the queen and Mme. Elizabeth together, "you will not leave us, sire!"

"Will the king," said Gilbert, "give me for an hour the power a captain of a ship has over his vessel during a storm?"

"I give it to you," said the king.

At that moment the commandant of the National Guard, Acloque, appeared in his turn at the door, pale, but determined to defend the king to the last.

"Sir," cried Gilbert, "here is the king; he is ready to follow you; take charge of the king."

Then, to the king:

"Go, sire, go!"

"But I," cried the queen, "I want to follow my husband."

"And I my brother!" cried Mme. Elizabeth.

"Follow your brother, madame," said Gilbert to Mme. Elizabeth; "but you, madame, remain," added he, addressing the queen.

"Sir!" said Marie Antoinette.

"Sire, sire!" cried Gilbert, "in Heaven's name, beg the queen to agree with me, or I will not be responsible for the consequences."

"Madame," said the king, "listen to Monsieur Gilbert's advice, and, if necessary, obey his orders."

Then, to Gilbert:

"Sir," he added, "you will be responsible for the queen and the dauphin?"

"Sire, I will answer for them, or I will die with them; that is all a pilot can say while the tempest lasts."

The queen wanted to make another effort, but Gilbert stretched out his arm to bar the road.

"Madame," he said, "it is you, and not the king that is in the greatest danger. Right or wrong, it is you that is blamed for the king's resistance. Your presence is only to expose them, without defending them. Be a lightning-conductor; turn away the crowd if possible."

"May the lightning strike me alone, sir, and spare my children!"

"I will answer for you and for them to the king, madame. Follow me."

Then, turning toward Mme. de Lamballe, who had only returned within the month from England, and only three days from Vernon, and toward the other ladies in attendance on the queen:

"Follow us," added Gilbert.

The other ladies-in-waiting were the Princess de Tarente, the Princess de la Trémouille, Mmes. de Tourzel, De Mackau, and De la Roche-Aymon.

Gilbert was familiar with the interior of the château; he considered.

What he wanted was a large hall where every one could see and hear; it would be the first rampart to carry; he would put the queen, her children, and the ladies behind her, and he in front would be a rampart.

He thought of the council hall.

By good luck, it was still empty.

He pushed the queen, the children, the Princess Lamballe in the embrasure of a window. The moments were so precious, they had no time to speak; already they were knocking at the doors.

He dragged the heavy council table before the window; the rampart was discovered.

Mme. Royal was standing by the table, while her brother was seated.

The queen found herself behind them—innocence defending unpopularity.

Marie Antoinette tried to place herself before her children.

"It is very well as it is," cried Gilbert, in the tone of a general who commands a decisive maneuver; "don't move!"

And as the door was broken down, they saw a crowd of women in that hurling mass.

"Enter, *citoyennes*," he said, drawing the bolts; "the queen and her children await you."

The door opened; the stream entered as one crosses a broken pier.

"Where is the Austrian? where is Madame Veto?" cried five hundred voices.

It was a terrible moment.

Gilbert felt in that critical moment every issue had passed from human intervention into God's hands.

"Be calm, madame!" he said to the queen; "I need recommend you to be gracious."

One woman preceded the others, with flowing locks, brandishing a saber, handsome through anger, perhaps with hunger.

"Where is the Austrian?" she cried. "She shall only die by my hand!"

Gilbert took her by the arm, and conducted her before the queen.

"Here she is," he said.

Then, in her softer voice:

"Have I ever wronged you personally, my child?" asked the queen.

"No, madame," replied the girl, astonished both at the combined majesty and sweetness of Marie Antoinette.

"Then, why do you want to kill me?"

"They told me you were ruining the nation," gasped the amazed young girl, letting the point of her saber fall to the floor.

"Then they deceived you. I married the King of France, I am the mother of the dauphin, of this child that you see; hold him. I am French; I will never see my country again; I can never be happy or unhappy again, but in France. Alas! I am happy only when you love me."

And the queen sighed.

The young girl let her saber fall, and wept.

"Ah, madame!" she said, "I did not know you. Pardon me; I see that you are good."

"Continue thus, madame," said Gilbert, in low tones, "and you are not only saved, but all these people will be at your feet in a quarter of an hour."

Then, confiding the queen to two or three of the National Guard, who hastened thither, and to the Minister of War, Lajard, who had entered with the people, he ran to the king. The king was passing through a similar scene. Louis XVI. had followed the noise. The moment he entered the hall of *Œil-de-Bœuf*, the panels of the door were broken in, and the points of bayonets, lances, and axes were thrust forward in the opening.

"Open the door!" cried the king, "open!"

"Citizens!" cried loudly M. d'Hervilly, "it is useless to force the door; the king wishes it opened."

At the same time he raised the bolts and turned the key. The door, partly broken, turned on its hinges.

M. Aeloque and the Duke de Mouchy had the time to push the king in the embrasure of the window, while several grenadiers who were there hastened to upturn and pile up the benches before the king. Seeing the crowd invade the hall with their cries, imprecations, and threats, the king could not help crying:

"To me, gentlemen!"

Four grenadiers immediately drew their sabers from their scabbards, and ranged themselves at each side of the king.

"Your sabers in their scabbards, gentlemen!" cried the king. "Hold yourselves at my side; that is all I want."

Indeed, it was almost too late; the reflection cast from the blades of the sabers seemed almost like a provocation.

A man in red tatters, arms bared, pipe in his mouth, rushed toward the king.

"Ah, there you are, *Vetol!*" he said.

And he tried to strike him with the blade of a knife fastened to a stick.

One of the grenadiers, who had not as yet, notwithstanding the king's order, replaced his sword in its scabbard, struck down the stick with his saber.

But it was the king himself, now thoroughly master of the situation, who pushed the grenadier aside, saying:

"Leave me, sir; what can I have to fear in the midst of my people?"

And stepping forward, Louis XVI., with a majesty one would not have expected in him, with a courage that heretofore had not been apparent, presented his breast to the fury of all sorts of weapons that were presented at him.

"Silence!" cried a stentorian voice, in the midst of this horrible tumult; "I want to speak."

The cannon had vainly attempted to make itself heard amid these clamors and vociferations, but at this voice vociferations and clamors ceased. It was the voice of the butcher, Legendre. He approached almost close enough to touch the king.

They formed a circle around them. At that moment a man at the extreme edge of the circle, behind the terrible figure of Danton, appeared, and the king recognized the pale but serene face of Dr. Gilbert.

An inquiring glance said to him:

"What have you done with the queen, sir?"

A smile from the doctor replied:

"She is safe, sire."

The king thanked Gilbert with a sign.

"Sir," said Legendre, addressing the king.

At that word *Sir*, so plainly indicating a fall, the king started as if a serpent had bitten him.

"Yes, sir—Monsieur Veto, it is to you I am speaking," said Legendre. "Listen, now; you were made to listen to us. You are a traitor; you have always deceived us, and you will still continue deceiving us; but take care! the measure is overflowing, and the people are tired of being your playthings and your victims."

"Very well; I am listening to you sir," said the king.

"So much the better. You know what we have come here for? We have come here to demand your sanction of the decree and the recall of the ministers. Here is our petition."

And Legendre, taking from his pocket a paper which he unfolded, read the same menacing petition he had read in the assembly.

The king listened, his eyes fastened on the reader; then, when he had finished, without the slightest possible emotion:

"I will do, sir, whatever the law and the Constitution order me to do," he said.

"Ah, yes!" said a voice; "that's your grand battle-horse—the Constitution! the Constitution of '91 that permits you to direct the whole machine, to lash France with scourges, and to wait till the Austrians come to crush us!"

The king turned toward the new voice; he felt that from this source a more serious attack was to come.

Gilbert also started, and rested his hand on the shoulder of the man that had spoken.

"I have seen you before, my friend," said the king. "Who are you?"

And he looked at him with more curiosity than fear, though the man's countenance showed a character of terrible resolution.

"Yes, you have seen me before, sire. You have seen me three times: once on the return from Versailles, the 16th of July; again at Varennes, and last, here. Sire, do you remember my name? it is one of sinister augury—my name is Billot."

At that moment the cries redoubled; a man armed with a pike tried to dart it at the king.

But Billot seized the lance, snatched it from the hands of the would-be murderer, and breaking it on his knee:

"No assassinations!" he cried. "There is but one iron that has the right to touch this man—that of the law. They say there was a King of England who was beheaded, judged by the people whom he had betrayed; you ought to know his name, Louis. Don't forget it."

"Billot!" murmured Gilbert.

"Oh! you will have enough to do," said Billot, nodding his head; "this man will be judged and condemned as a traitor!"

"Yes, traitor!" cried a hundred voices; "traitor! traitor! traitor!"

Gilbert threw himself between the king and the people.

"Do not be afraid, sire," he said. "Is there no material demonstration by which you can try to satisfy these friends?"

The king took Gilbert's hand and held it to his heart.

"You see, sir, I am not afraid," he said; "I received the sacrament this morning; they can do as they please with me. As for the material sign you want me to resort to—here, are you satisfied?"

And the king, taking a red bonnet from the head of a sans-culotte, put it on his own head.

Then the multitude broke into applause.

"Long live the king! Long live the nation!" everybody cried.

A man broke through the crowd, and approached the king; he held a bottle in his hand.

"If you love the people as you say, big, fat Veto, prove it by drinking the people's health."

And he presented him with the bottle.

"Don't drink, sire," cried a voice; "perhaps that wine is poisoned."

"Drink, sire; I will be answerable for everything," said Gilbert.

The king took the bottle.

"The people's health!" he cried.

And he drank.

Fresh cries of "Long live the King!" resounded.

"Sire," said Gilbert, "you have nothing more to fear; allow me to return to the queen."

"Go!" said the king, pressing his hand.

The moment Gilbert left, Isnard and Vergniaud entered.

They had left the assembly and come to the king's aid with their popularity, or, if needs be, to offer up their lives for his sake.

"The king?" they asked.

Gilbert pointed toward him, and the two deputies rushed toward him.

Before reaching the queen, Gilbert had to pass through several rooms, and among others that of the king.

The people had invaded everything.

"Ah!" said the men, trying the royal bed, "that fat Veto, my faith, has a better bed than we."

The worst, however, was over; the first moment of effervescing had passed.

Gilbert returned much more tranquil to the queen. He entered the hall where he had left them, glanced around, and drew a long breath of relief. Everything was as he had left it; the little dauphin, like his father, wore a red bonnet. In the next room a great noise made itself heard, that attracted Gilbert's looks toward the door.

That noise was Santerre approaching.

The colossus entered the hall.

"Oh! oh!" he said, "here is where the Austrian is!"

Gilbert marched straight toward him diagonally across the hall.

"Monsieur Santerre," he said.

Santerre turned.

"Eh!" he cried, joyfully, "Doctor Gilbert?"

"Who has not forgotten," he said, "you were one of those who opened the doors of the Bastille. Let me present you to the queen, Monsieur Santerre."

"To the queen? present me to the queen?" groaned the brazier.

"Yes, to the queen. Do you refuse?"

"My faith, no!" said Santerre. "I intended presenting myself; but since you are here—"

"I know Monsieur Santerre," said the queen. "I know, at the time of the famine, he supported, alone, the greater part of the Faubourg St. Antoine."

Santerre stopped, astonished; then, slightly embarrassed, he looked at the dauphin, and seeing the perspiration rolling in great drops down the poor child's cheeks:

"Oh!" he said, addressing the people, "take that hat away from that child; you see he is choking!"

The queen thanked him with a look.

Then, leaning toward her, and resting on the table:

"You have very awkward friends, madame," said, in a low voice, the brave Fleming. "I think I can do better than that for you."

An hour after all this the crowd had left, the king, accompanied by his sister, entered the room where the queen and her children were waiting for him.

The queen ran toward him and threw herself at his feet; the two children seized his hands; they embraced as if saved from a shipwreck. It was only then that the king remembered he still had on the red bonnet.

"Ah!" he cried, "I had forgotten it."

And taking it with both hands, he threw it far from him with disgust.

A young artillery officer, scarcely twenty-two years of age, had witnessed all the scene, leaning against a tree on the borders of the water; he had seen through the windows all the dangers and all the humiliations the king had passed through, but at the episode of the red bonnet he could no longer contain himself.

"Oh!" he murmured, "if I had only twelve hundred men and two pieces of cannon, I would soon rid the king from all that mob."

But as he had not the twelve hundred men and the two pieces of cannon, and no longer able to bear the sight of that hideous spectacle, he retired.

That young officer was Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE REACTION.

THE evacuation of the Tuileries was as sad and subdued as its invasion had been noisy and terrible. The crowd had said, astonished themselves at the small results of the day:

"We have obtained nothing; we must return."

That, however, was too much for a threat, too little for an attempt.

Those who had seen what had previously taken place judged Louis XVI. by his reputation; they remembered the king flying to Varennes in a lackey's livery, and they said:

"The first noise Louis XVI. hears he will hide in a wardrobe, or under a table, or behind a curtain; they will thrust in their swords at hazard, and will be justified in saying, like Hamlet, who, believing he had killed the King of Denmark, cried:

"A rat!"

But it had been entirely different; never had the king appeared so calm; more, he had never been so grand.

The insult had been immense, but not as great as his resignation. His timid firmness, if one can thus express one's self, needed to be excited, and in that excitement it had taken the tenacity of steel. Evoked by the dire extremity of the circumstances he found himself in, he had for five hours beheld, without flinching, axes waved above his head, lances, swords, bayonets, recoil before his breast; no general, perhaps, in ten battles, no matter how bloody they had been, had run a danger similar to that threatened in the slow progress of this revolt. The Théroigne, the St. Huruge, the Lazouski, the Fournier, the Verriere, all those would-be assassins had left with the positive intention of murder, and that unexpected majesty that had been revealed to them in the midst of the tempest had made the poniards fall from their hands. Louis XVI. had just passed through his agony; the royal *Eccle Homo* had shown his head encircled with the red bonnet as Jesus had His crown of thorns; and as Jesus, in the midst of insult and suffering, had said, "I am your Lord," Louis XVI., in the midst of injuries and outrages, had never ceased for a moment to say, "I am your king." This is what happened. The revolutionists

had believed, in forcing the door of the Tuileries, to find only an inert and trembling shadow of royalty, and, to its great astonishment, it had met, alive and vigorous, the faith of the Middle Ages. For a moment two principles were to be seen face to face; one at its rising, the other at its setting; there was something supernatural about it, as if one had seen the sun rising before the other sun had set. Only there was more grandeur and *éclat* in one than in the other, more faith in the exigency of the people than in the refusal of royalty. The royalists were delighted; in fact, the victory was with them.

Forced into the condition of obeying the assembly, the king, instead of sanctioning, as he was ready to do, one of the two decrees—knowing that he ran no more risk in rejecting two than in refusing one—opposed both of the decrees.

It would seem that royalty had fallen so low on that fatal 20th of June, had, in fact, reached the bottom of the abyss, never hereafter to ascend. And, in fact, the thing appeared as if it were so. On the 21st, the assembly declared another such gathering of armed citizens would not be admitted to the hall. This disapproval, more than anything else, condemned the performance of the day before. On the evening of the 20th, Petion arrived at the Tuileries as everything was over.

"Sire," he said to the king, "I have only heard within the hour of your majesty's situation."

"That is astonishing," replied the king. "It lasted long enough."

The next day the Constitutionals, the Royalists, and Feuillants demanded the assembly to proclaim martial law.

Every one remembers what the first proclamation of that law led to on the preceding 17th of July at the Champ de Mars.

Petion ran to the assembly.

They based that demand on some new gatherings that existed, it was said.

Petion declared new gatherings did not exist; we would answer for the tranquillity of Paris.

The proclamation of martial law was repealed.

On leaving the assembly, about eight o'clock in the evening, Petion went to the Tuileries to reassure the king on the condition of the capital. He was accompanied by Sergent. Sergent, the engraver on copper, and Marceau's brother-in-law, was a member of the municipal council, and one of the police administrators. Two or three members of the municipality joined them. Crossing the court of the Carrousel, they were insulted by the Chevaliers St. Louis, the National and Constitutional Guard. Petion was attacked personally; Sergent, notwithstanding the scarf he wore, was struck on the chest and on the face, overthrown with merely a blow of a fist. Scarcely introduced in the room, Petion saw he had come to a combat.

Marie Antoinette gave him one of those looks as only the eyes of Maria Theresa could look; two glances of hate and disdain, two terrible and fulgurant lightnings.

The king knew by this time what had taken place in the assembly.

"Well, sir," said he to Petion, "it is you that pretends quiet is restored in the capital?"

"Yes, sire," replied Petion: "the people have showed you their representatives; they are satisfied and quiet."

"Confess, sir," replied the king, beginning the combat, "that yesterday's performance was a great scandal, and that the municipality did not do what they could nor what they should have done."

"Sire," replied Petion, "the municipality did its duty; public opinion will be its judge."

"Say the entire nation, sir."

"The municipality does not fear the criticism of the nation."

"At this moment, what is the condition of Paris?"

"Quiet, sire."

"That is not true."

"Sire—"

"Be quiet!"

"A magistrate of the people has no occasion to be quiet, sire, when he does his duty and tells the truth."

"That is good; you can retire."

Petion bowed and retired.

The king had been so violent, his countenance bore the expression of such profound anger, that the queen, a passionate, fiery amazon, was frightened.

"My God!" said she to Rœderer, when Petion had disappeared, "do you not think the king was too quick? don't you think his haste will prejudice him with the Parisians?"

"Madame," replied Rœderer, "no one will be astonished that the king imposes silence on a subject that shows him no respect."

The next day the king wrote to the assembly to complain of the profanation of his château of royalty and the king.

Then he issued a proclamation to his people. He had two parties: those who had created the 20th of June, and the people to whom the king complained.

On the 24th the king and queen reviewed the National Guard, and were received with enthusiasm.

The same day the Directoire of Paris suspended the mayor.

What gave them such audacity?

Three days after the secret was out.

Lafayette, leaving camp with a single officer, arrived in Paris on the 27th, and went to his friend, M. de la Rochefoucauld.

During the night the Constitutionals were advised of it, the Feuillants and the Royalists, and they busied themselves in making a tribune for the next day. The next day the general presented himself at the assembly.

Three rounds of applause greeted him; but each one was silenced by murmurs from the Girondists.

There was a presentiment this session would be a terrible one.

General Lafayette was one of the most truly brave men that ever existed; but his bravery was not audacity; it is very seldom that a really brave man is audacious. Lafayette realized the danger he ran; alone, against many, he was to run the risk of his popularity; if he lost it, he too was lost; if he succeeded, he might save the

king. What made it still more dangerous on his part was that he knew the king's repugnance for him and the queen's hatred.

"I would rather die by Petion than be saved by Lafayette!"

Perhaps he had come to fulfill a sub-lieutenant's bravado, to reply to a challenge.

Thirteen days before, he wrote both to the king and to the assembly; to the king, to encourage him to resist; to the assembly, to threaten them if they continued to persecute him.

"He was very insolent in the midst of his army," said one; "we will see whether he will use the same language alone in the midst of us."

These words were reported to Lafayette in his camp at Mauberge.

Perhaps these words were the real cause of his voyage to Paris.

He ascended the tribune in the midst of applause from one party, but also with groans and threats from the other.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have been reproached for the letter I wrote from my camp the 16th of June. It was my duty to protest against that imputation of timidity, to leave the rampart the affection of my army surrounded me with, and to present myself alone before you. But a more powerful motive than that called me. The outrages of the 20th of June have roused the indignation of all good citizens, and, moreover, that of the army in which the officers, sub officers, and soldiers were all united. I received from all the corps addresses full of devotion for the Constitution, and of hatred against the disaffected. I stopped those manifestations; I was alone responsible for the sentiments of the army. I am speaking now as a citizen only. It is time to guarantee the Constitution, to assure the liberty of the National Assembly, and the king his dignity. I beseech the assembly to order that the excesses of the 20th of June are punished as crimes of high treason; to take efficacious measures to have the constituted authorities respected, particularly yours and that of the king, and to give the army the assurance that the Constitution will not receive any blow from the interior, while the brave Frenchmen shed their blood on the frontier."

Guadet rose, slowly attaining his height, as he felt Lafayette approaching his peroration in the midst of the applause that he received; the acerbated orator of the Girondists stretched forth his hand as a sign he wanted to reply. When the Girondists wanted to shoot forth an arrow of irony, it was Guadet that held the bow, and Guadet had only to take an arrow at hazard from his quiver.

Scarcely had the noise of the last applause died away, when the sound of his vibrating tones followed.

"The moment I saw Monsieur Lafayette," he cried, "a consolatory idea presented itself to me. 'So,' it seemed to say, 'we have no more outside enemies; so,' it said to me, 'the Austrians are vanquished; here is Monsieur Lafayette, who has come to announce the news of his victory and their destruction!' The illusion did not last long. Our enemies are always the same; our external dangers have not changed, and meanwhile, Monsieur Lafayette is in Paris. He has constituted himself a medium of honest men and of the army. These honest men—who are they? This army—how

can it deliberate? But first let Monsieur Lafayette show us his leave of absence."

At these words the Girondists began to see the tide was turning in their favor; in fact, scarcely were these words pronounced, when a thunder of applause followed them.

A deputy then arose, and from his place:

"Gentlemen," he said, "you forget to whom you are speaking, and of whom. You forget, moreover, it is of Lafayette! Lafayette is the eldest child of French liberty; Lafayette has sacrificed to the revolution his fortune, his nobility, his life."

"Ah, çal!" cried a voice; "you are giving us a funeral oration."

"Gentlemen," said Ducos, "the freedom of discussion is prevented by the presence within the walls of the assembly of a strange general."

"That is not all!" cried Vergniaud. "This general has left his post before the enemy. It was to him, and not to a simple field-officer, he has left in his place, that the army he commands was confided. Ascertain if he has left the army without leave, and if he has left it without leave, let him be arrested and tried as a deserter."

"That was the object of my remark," said Guadet, "and I leave the proposition to Vergniaud."

"Put it to vote! put it to vote!" cried all the Girondists.

"The vote is nominal," said Gensonné.

The nominal vote gave a majority of ten voices for Lafayette's friends.

Like the people on the 20th of June, Lafayette dared too much, or too little; it was one of those victories such as Pyrrhus experienced on losing nearly all of his army.

"Another victory like that," he said, "and I am lost!"

Petion and Lafayette, on leaving the assembly, went to the king.

They were received with a more amiable countenance, but with a heart none the less sore. Lafayette had sacrificed to the king and queen more than his life; he had just sacrificed his popularity.

This was the third time he had offered this gift, more precious than any that kings could offer; the first time at Versailles, the 5th of October; the second time at the Champs de Mars, the 17th of July; the third time that day.

Lafayette had a last hope, and he communicated it to his sovereigns. The next day he was to hold a review of the National Guard with the king. He could have no doubt as to the enthusiasm the presence of the king and their ancient commanding general would inspire. Lafayette, profiting by that enthusiasm, would march on the assembly, crushing the Girondists. During the tumult the king could leave and gain the camp of Mauberge. It was a bold stroke, but in the condition of things, almost a surety.

Unfortunately, Danton, at three o'clock in the morning, went to Petion to warn him of the plot.

At day-break Petion countermanded the review. Who could have betrayed the king and Lafayette? The queen?

Had she not said she would prefer to perish by another than to be saved by Lafayette? She had the correct idea; she was to perish by Danton. At the hour the review was to have taken place,

Lafayette left Paris and returned to his army. Even then he had not lost all hope of saving the king.

CHAPTER XXV.

VERGINAUD IS TO SPEAK.

LAFAYETTE'S victory, a doubtful victory followed by a retreat, had a singular result. It had crushed the Royalists, while the apparent defeat of the Girondists had raised them; it had raised, while showing them the abyss into which they would have fallen. If there had been less hatred in Marie Antoinette's heart, the Girondists at that moment perhaps would have been annihilated. The court must not be allowed to have time to repair the fault they had committed. It was necessary to turn their strength and attention to the revolutionary current, which any instant would turn back in its course, and end in nothing at its source.

Every one looked and believed they had found a way, but the means proposed were so inefficacious they were renounced.

Mme. Roland, the mainspring of the party, wanted to create an excitement in the assembly. Who could produce this excitement? Who could give this blow? Vergniaud. But what was this Achilles doing in his tent, or, rather, this Renaud lost in the gardens of Armida? He was in love.

It is so difficult to hate when one is in love! He loved the beautiful Mme. Simon Candeille, actress, poetess, musician; his friends would look for him frequently for two or three days without meeting him; at last they would find him lying at the feet of this charming woman, one hand stretched on her knees, the other distractedly toying with the strings of her harp.

Then every night in the orchestra of the theater he was to be seen applauding her whom he adored all day long.

One night two deputies left the assembly in desperation; this inaction of Vergniaud made them tremble for France.

It was Grangeneuve and Chabot.

Grangeneuve, the lawyer of Bordeaux, the friend, rival of Vergniaud, and, like him, a deputy of the Girondists.

Chabot, the renegade Capuchin, the author, or one of the authors, of "The Catechism of the Sans-culottes," that spread throughout religion and the kingdom the accumulated malice of the cloisters.

Grangeneuve, sad and thoughtful, walked near Chabot.

The latter looked at him, and he thought he saw in his colleague's face the reflection of his gloomy thoughts.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Chabot.

"I am thinking," the former replied, "that all these procrastinators are enervating the country and killing the revolution."

"Ah! you are thinking of that," replied Chabot, with his sarcastic smile, that was habitual with him.

"I think," continued Grangeneuve, "that if the people give their time to royalty, they are lost!"

Chabot gave one of his strident laughs.

"I think," finished Grangeneuve, "there is but one hour for

revolutions: those who let it pass will never find it again, and later they can not call upon God or posterity."

"And you believe that God and posterity will demand an account of our laziness and our inaction?"

"I am afraid of it."

Then, after a pause:

"Hold, Chabot," replied Grangeneuve, "I have an idea: that is, that the people are tired of their last defeat; they will not again rise without a powerful lever, without some murderous aim; there must be a crisis of rage or terror before their energy is again awakened."

"How will you give it to them, this access of rage and terror?" asked Chabot.

"That is what I am thinking of," said Grangeneuve. "I believe I have discovered the secret."

Chabot drew nearer; the intonation of his companion's voice showed him he was about to propose something terrible.

"But," continued Grangeneuve, "will I be able to find a man with the necessary resolution for such a deed?"

"Speak," said Chabot, in such firm accents as to leave no doubt in his companion's mind; "I am capable of anything to destroy those I hate, and I hate the king and the priests."

"Very well," said Grangeneuve; "in looking at the past, I see there is precious blood in the cradle of every revolution, from the time of Lucretia Borgia till Sidney's. For statesmen, revolutions are a theory; for the people, revolutions are revenge; or, if necessary to push the multitude as far as revenge, they must have a victim; that victim has been refused us by the court; very well, then, let us give them the subject!"

"I don't understand," said Chabot.

"Well, one of us—the one best known, the most enthusiastic, the most patriotic—must fall by a blow from the aristocracy."

"Go on."

"It must be the one that falls belongs to the National Assembly, so that the assembly can revenge him; that victim must be me!"

"But the aristocrats will not strike you, Grangeneuve; they would take good care of that."

"I know it; that's why I say a man of resolution must be found—"

"To do what?"

"To strike me."

Chabot recoiled a step; but Grangeneuve seized him by the arm.

"Chabot," he said, "just now you declared you were capable of destroying what you hated; are you capable of assassinating me?"

The monk remained silent, Grangeneuve continued:

"My word is worth nothing; my life for freedom is useless, while, on the contrary, my death will be everything for it. My corpse will be the banner of the insurrection, and I will tell you—"

Grangeneuve, with a vehement gesture, stretched his hand toward the Tuileries.

"That château and all within it will disappear in a whirlwind."

Chabot looked at Grangeneuve, overcome with admiration.

"Well?" asked Grangeneuve.

"Well, sublime Diogenes," said Chabot, "hold your lantern; the man is found!"

"There, stop then," said Grangeneuve; "let this be finished this night. To-night I will walk here alone" (they were before the grating of the Louvre), "in the darkest and most dismal spot. If you think your hand will not be sufficient, bring two other patriots; I will make this sign that they may recognize me!" Grangeneuve tossed his arms in the air. "I promise you if they strike me I will fall without uttering a cry."

Chabot passed his handkerchief over his face.

"The day," continued Grangeneuve, "they find my corpse, you will accuse the court; the revenge of the people will do the rest."

"It is well," said Chabot; "to-night!"

And the two strange conspirators joined hands and parted.

Grangeneuve went home and made his will, which he dated at Bordeaux, and a year back.

Chabot went to dinner at the Palais Royal. After dinner he went to a hardware store and bought a knife.

Leaving the hardware store, his eyes fell on the theater placards.

Mme. Candaille played; the monk knew where to find Vergniaud.

He went to the Comédie Française, ascended to the reception-room of the beautiful actress, and found there her ordinary court: Vergniaud, Talma, Chénier, and Dugazon.

She played in two pieces.

Chabot remained till the end.

The pieces over, the beautiful actress disrobed, and Vergniaud, ready to conduct her to the Rue Richelieu, where she lived, he stepped after his colleague in the carriage.

"You have something to say to me, Chabot?" asked Vergniaud, who saw the Capuchin had business with him.

"Yes; but be easy, it will not take long."

"Tell me right away, then."

Chabot took out his watch.

"It is not yet time," he said.

"When will it be time?"

"At midnight."

The beautiful Candaille trembled at this mysterious dialogue.

"Oh, sir!" she murmured.

"Reassure yourself," said Chabot; "Vergniaud has nothing to fear; only the country needs him."

The carriage rolled toward the residence of the actress.

The inmates of the carriage remained silent.

At Mme. Candaille's door:

"Will you ascend?" asked Vergniaud.

"No; you are coming with me."

"My God, where will you take him?" asked the actress.

"Two hundred feet from here; in a quarter of an hour he will be at liberty, I promise you."

Vergniaud pressed the hand of his beautiful mistress, reassured her by a sign, and passed up the Rue Traversière with Chabot.

They crossed the Rue St. Honoré, and took the Rue de l'Echelle.

At the corner of that street the monk laid his hand on Verg-

niaud's shoulder, and showed him a man pacing by the walls of the deserted Louvre.

"Do you see?" asked the monk, of Vergniaud.

"Who?"

"That man."

"Yes," replied the Girondist.

"Well, it is our colleague, Grangeneuve."

"What is he doing there?"

"He is waiting."

"What is he waiting for?"

"To be killed."

"To be killed?"

"Yes."

"Who is to kill him?"

"I!"

Vergniaud looked at Chabot as one looks at a fool.

"Remember Sparta, remember Rome," said Chabot, "and listen."

Then he told him everything.

As the monk spoke, Vergniaud bowed his head.

He saw how far he, that effeminate deputy, that amorous lion, was from that terrible republican who, like Decius, only asked for a gulf to precipitate himself in, that his death might save the country.

"That is well," he said; "I only ask three days to prepare my discourse."

"And in three days—"

"Do not worry," said Vergniaud; "in three days I will overthrow the idol, or myself be crushed by it."

"I have your word, Vergniaud?"

"Yes."

"It is that of a man?"

"It is that of a republican."

"Then, I require you no longer; go and reassure your mistress."

Vergniaud retook the road to the Rue de Richelieu. Chabot advanced toward Grangeneuve.

He, seeing a man advancing toward him, retreated more in the shadow.

Chabot followed him.

Grangeneuve stopped at the foot of the wall, unable to go further.

Chabot approached him.

Grangeneuve gave the signal agreed upon by throwing up his arms.

Then, as Chabot remained immovable:

"Well!" cried Grangeneuve, "why do you stop? Strike."

"It is useless," said Chabot; "Vergniaud will speak."

"So be it," said Grangeneuve, with a sigh; "but I think the other way would have been the best."

What could royalty do against such men?

CHAPTER XXVI.

VERGNIAUD SPEAKS.

It was time Vergniaud decided upon something. Danger menaced both at home and abroad.

Abroad, at Ratisbon, the council of ambassadors had unanimously refused to receive the French minister. England, who called herself our friend, was preparing an immense fleet.

The princes of the empire, who were loudly vaunting their neutrality, were secretly introducing the enemy in their domain.

The Duke of Baden had put the Austrians in Kehl, a mile from Strasbourg.

In Flanders it was still worse. Luckner, an old, imbecile, weather-beaten soldier, who countermanded all Dumouriez's plans, the only man, putting aside his genius, that had any head in the army.

Lafayette belonged to the court, and his last act proved to the assembly, that is to say, France, that they could not depend on him. Finally Biron, a brave man, of great integrity, discouraged by the first reverses, only understood defensive warfare.

So much for abroad.

At home, Alsace was loudly demanding arms, but the Minister of War, entirely for the court, had no authority to send them. In the south, a lieutenant-general of royal blood, Governor of Lower Languedoc and Cevennes, made the nobility verify his power.

In the west, a simple peasant, Allan Redeler, proclaimed that after the celebration of mass a rendezvous with arms was to be held of the friends of the king near a neighboring chapel. Five hundred peasants responded to the first call. Brigandage was established in La Vendée and Brittany; it only required to be roused.

Finally, from all the official departments there arrived counter-revolutionary addresses. The danger was great, imminent, terrible; so great that it was no longer men who threatened—it was the country.

Thus, without being proclaimed loudly, it was whispered low:

“The country is in danger!”

As for other things, the assembly waited. Chabot and Grange-neuve had said:

—“In three days Vergniaud will speak.”

And they counted the hours as they fled. Neither on the first nor second day did Vergniaud appear at the assembly. The third day every one came in shaking. Not a deputy was out of his seat; the tribunes were crowded.

Last of all, Vergniaud entered.

A murmur of satisfaction passed around the assembly; the tribunes applauded as does the parquet at the entrance of a favorite actor.

Vergniaud raised his head to see who they were applauding; they redoubled as they saw it was really he.

Vergniaud was then thirty-three years of age; his character was

meditative and lazy; his indolent genius took pleasure in indolence; energetic only for pleasure, one would have said he hastened to gather with both hands the flowers of youth that were to have so short a spring-time. He went to bed late, and did not rise till midday; when he wanted to speak, he prepared his discourse three or four days in advance, cut it down, polished it, furbished it up, as a soldier on the eve of battle polishes, furbishes, and sharpens his arms. He was what, as an orator, is called in a fencing-hall a good tilter; the blow does not appear well unless it is brilliantly parried and loudly applauded; he reserved his discourse for the moments of danger—for important moments.

He was not a man for every day, as a poet has said; he was a man for grand occasions.

As to his physical appearance, he was rather short than tall; only he had a robust figure like an athlete. His hair was floating and long; and in his oratorical gestures he shook them as a lion does a mane; underneath his prominent brow, shaded by thick lashes, shone two black eyes full of expression and fire; his nose was short, a little large, proudly opened at the nostrils; his lips were thick, and, as from the opening of a water source the stream flows vigorously and abundantly, the words fell from his mouth in powerful cascades, accompanied with froth and noise. Entirely covered with small-pox marks, his skin seemed diamonded like marble not as yet polished by the sculptor's chisel, only in the rough from the workman's hammer; his pale skin was colored purple or livid, as his blood rose to his face or returned to his heart. In repose or in a crowd he was an ordinary man whom the eye of the historian, no matter how penetrating, would have discovered no reason for noticing; but when the waves of passion set his blood on fire, when the muscles of his face palpitated, when his extended arms commanded silence and influenced the crowd, the man became a god, the orator was transfigured, the tribune became a Tabor. Such was the man who just arrived, his hand closed as yet, but fully charged with electricity.

At the applause that broke on his ear, he saw what was expected of him.

He did not ask for leave to speak; he marched directly to the tribune and ascended it, and in the midst of a silence full of shudders began his discourse.

His first words were uttered in the sad, deep, concentrated tones of a broken-down man; he seemed as fatigued at the beginning of the debate as one is ordinarily at the close; it was because he felt, like Samson, in the supreme effort he was about making, he would irretrievably overthrow the temple, and in ascending the tribune in the midst of its still standing columns, with its arched roof, he would pull it down and bury beneath it the ruins of royalty.

As Vergniaud's genius was entirely displayed in this discourse, we give it whole, believing that one will have the same curiosity in reading it that one feels in visiting a museum, before one of those machines of ancient warfare that destroyed the walls of Saragossa, Rome, and Carthage.

"Citizens," said Vergniaud, in a voice as yet scarcely intelligible,

but which was soon to become serious, sonorous, thunderous, "citizens, I come to you and I ask, what is this strange situation the National Assembly is in? What fatality pursues and distinguishes each day by events, that, carrying disorder in our labors, throws us without cessation in the tumultuous excitement of anxiety, hope, and other passions? What is this destiny that is preparing for France, in this terrible effervescence, in which doubts are entertained as to whether the revolution will retrograde or advance to an end?

"At the moment our armies at the north appear to be progressing in Belgium, we see them suddenly retreating before the enemy; war is brought into our own territory. Nothing remains to us in unfortunate Belgium but the remembrance of the conflagrations that lighted our retreat. On the Rhine the Prussians are constantly encroaching on our unprotected frontiers. Why is it, at the most decisive moment of the crisis for the existence of the nation, the movements of our armies are stopped, and by a sudden disorganization of the ministry, public confidence is destroyed, and the safety of the empire intrusted at hazard to inexperienced hands? Is it true that our triumphs are doubted? Is it the blood of the army of Coblenz or our own they want? If the fanaticisms of the priests threaten to deliver us at the same time to all the horrors of civil war and invasion, what is the intention of those who reject, with an unconquerable obstinacy, the sanctioning of our decrees? Do they want over-abandoned cities, over-devastated fields? What amount of tears, of misery, of blood, of death would be sufficient remuneration? In fact, where are we? And you, gentlemen, that the enemies of the Constitution flatter themselves in supposing they have crushed your spirit; you whose conscience and truth they try each day to alarm, in deteriorating your love of freedom by the spirit of sedition—as if you had forgotten that a despotic court and the cowardly heroes of the aristocracy gave the name of seditionists to the representatives who took the oath at the tennis-court, to the destroyers of the Bastille, to all those who made and sustained the revolution!—you who would not be calumniated except that you are not members of that caste that the Constitution has overthrown in the dust, and that degraded men who regret the infamous honor of cringing before, do not give up hope of finding accomplices in you; you whom they wish to alienate from the people, because they know the people are your mainstay, and if by a culpable desertion of the cause you deserve to be abandoned by them, it will be easy to annihilate you; you whom they wish to divide, but will reserve till after the war your divisions and your quarrels, and do not find it so easy to hate you, that you may prefer that infernal enjoyment to the safety of your country; you whom they wanted to frighten by armed petitions, as if you did not know that at the beginning of the revolution the sanctuary of liberty was surrounded by the satellites of despotism, Paris besieged by the army of the court, and those days of danger were days of glory for our first assembly; I want finally to call your attention to the critical condition in which we are.

"These interior troubles arise from two causes: aristocratic maneuvering and sacerdotal maneuvers, both tend to the same end,

a counter-revolution. The king has refused to sanction your decree on the religious troubles. I do not know whether the ghostly shades of the Medicis and of Cardinal Lorraine still wander amid the arches of the Tuileries, or if the heart of the king is troubled by the fantastic ideas suggested to him; but it is not for us to think even, without injuring him, without accusing him of being the most dangerous enemy of the revolution, that he wishes to encourage with impunity the criminal attempt of sacerdotal ambition, and give the haughty despots of the tiara the power that is as oppressive for the people as for the king; it is not for us to think, without injuring him, without declaring him the most cruel enemy of the empire that he is ready to perpetuate seditions, to encourage disorders that will precipitate his ruin by a civil war. I conclude, that if he resists your decree it is because he considers himself sufficiently powerful, without the aid you offer him, to maintain the public peace. If public peace is not maintained, if the torch of fanaticism still threatens to incendiate the kingdom, if religious violence continues to desolate the different departments, it is because the agents of the royal authority are themselves the cause of all our woes. Let them answer for all these troubles that religion is the pretext; demonstrate, in this terrible responsibility, the extent of your patience and the anxiety of the nation.

“Your solicitude for the safety of the frontiers made you proclaim a camp at Paris; all the soldiers of France were to come on the 14th of July, and repeat the oath of freedom or die. The poisonous breath of calumny defeated the object; the king refused his sanction. I have too much respect for Constitutional rights to propose to make the ministers responsible for that refusal; but if, before the battalions assemble, the soil of liberty is profaned, you must treat the traitors as traitors are treated; they must themselves be thrown in the abyss that their negligence or malevolence has opened beneath the path of liberty! Finally, let us tear off the bandage that intrigue and flattery has placed before the eyes of the king, and show him the goal to which his perfidious friends are offering to conduct him.

“It is in the name of the king that the French princes are arming against us the courts of Europe; it was to avenge the dignity of the king that the treaty of Pilnitz was concluded; it is to defend the king that we see the old regiments of the body-guard gathering in Germany under the flag of the rebellion; it is to hasten to the king's succor that the refugees are enrolling in the Austrian army, lending themselves to the destruction of their native land; it is from these courageous chevaliers of royal prerogative that others have abandoned their posts in the presence of the enemy, broken their oaths, stolen the equipments, corrupted the soldiers, and placed their honor in cowardice, perjury, insubordination, theft, and assassination. In fact, the king's name appears in all these disasters.

“I have read in the Constitution:

“‘If the king puts himself at the head of an army, and directs it against the nation, or if he does not oppose by a formal act any such enterprise executed in his name, he will be considered to have abdicated the throne.’

“ How vainly would the king reply :

“ ‘ It is true that the enemies of the nation pretend their conduct is only to increase my power; I can prove I am not their accomplice; I have obeyed the Constitution; I have sent troops into the country. It is true, those armies are feeble; but the Constitution did not stipulate the number I was to give. It is true, I assembled them too late; but the Constitution did not designate the time I was to gather them. It is true, a reserve camp should have re-enforced them; but the Constitution did not oblige me to form a reserve camp. It is true, that while the generals advanced without resistance on the enemy’s territory, I ordered a retreat; but the Constitution did not command me to carry off a victory. It is true, my ministers deceived the assembly as to the number, the disposition, and the provisioning of the troops; but the Constitution gave me the right to choose my ministers; they did not order my placing my confidence in the patriots and banishing the counter-revolutionists. It is true, the National Assembly has rendered decrees necessary for the defense of the country, and that I have refused to sanction them; but the Constitution gave me that power. Finally, it is true that the counter-revolutionists will succeed, that despotism will remit in my hands her iron scepter, that I will crush you, that you will cringe before me, that I will punish you to have the insolence to have wished to be free; but all this will be done constitutionally. I have done nothing that the Constitution condemns; you can not then doubt my fidelity toward them, nor my zeal for their defense.’

“ If it is possible, gentlemen, that in the calamities of so disastrous a war, in the confusion of a counter-revolutionary overthrow, the King of France holds so devisory a language—if it is possible that he speaks of his love for the Constitution with so insulting an irony, will we not have the right to reply :

“ ‘ A king! who without doubt believes with the tyrant Lysander, truth is worth no more than lies, and that men must be amused with oaths, as children are amused with toys; who only feigned to like the law to preserve the power that helped you to defy it; the Constitution, that you would not be precipitated from the throne, where you needed to remain in order to destroy it; the nation, to assume the success of your perfidy by inspiring it with confidence. Do you think you will to-day deceive us with such hypocritical protestations? Do you think to change the cause of our misfortunes by the artifice of your excuses and the audacity of your sophistry? Is it to defend us, to fight foreign soldiers with a force whose inadequacy leaves no doubt as to the result? Is it to defend us, to deviate from the plans of fortifying the interior of the kingdom or to make preparations for resistance for a period when we shall already be a prey to the tyrant? Is it to defend us, not to reprimand a general who violates the Constitution, and to coerce the courage of those who serve him? Is it to defend us, to paralyze the government without cessation by the continual disorganization of the ministry? Did the Constitution leave you the choice of ministers for our prosperity or our ruin? Were you made commander-in-chief of the army for our glory or for our shame? Finally, did they give you the right of

sanction, the civil list, and so many grand prerogatives, to constitutionally lose the Constitution and the empire? No, no, thou man that the generosity of the French can not move! A man whom only the love of despotism can affect! You have not kept the oath of the Constitution. She may be overthrown, but you will not reap the result of your perjury; you are not opposed by any apparent act to the victories obtained in your name against liberty; but you shall not gather the fruit of those shameful triumphs! Hereafter you are as nothing to that Constitution you have so basely violated, these people whom you have so cowardly betrayed!

“As the facts I have just recalled are not depuded of a very striking connection with several acts of the king, as it is certain that the false friends who surround him are sold to the conspirators at Coblenz, who are anxious to ruin the king, to place the crown on the head of their chief conspirator; as it reflects on his personal safety, as well as the safety of the empire, for his conduct to be open to suspicion, I propose an address to be made which will recall the truths which I have just uttered, and where he will be shown the neutrality he keeps between the country and Coblenz is treason against France.

“I ask further that you declare the country to be in danger. You will see, at the cry of danger, every citizen will rally, the ground will be covered with soldiers, and the prodigies that covered the people of antiquity with glory, will be renewed. Are the regenerated French of '79 shorn of patriotism? Has not the day arrived to reunite those who are in Rome and those who are on Mount Aventin? Are you to wait until, wearied from the fatigues of the revolution, or corrupted by the habit of parading around a château, weak men will learn to speak of liberty without enthusiasm, or slavery without horror? For what are we preparing ourselves? Is it a military government that is to be established? The court is suspected of perfidious projects; it talks of military movements, of martial law; the imagination is familiarized with the people's blood. The palace of the King of France is suddenly changed into a stronghold. Where are the enemies? Against whom are these cannons and bayonets aimed? The friends of the Constitution have been repulsed by the ministry; the reins of government are floating at hazard, at a moment, when, to sustain it, more vigor than patriotism is required. Everywhere discord is fomented, fanaticism triumphs, the connivance of the government increases the audacity of foreign powers, who belch forth against us men and arms, and chill the people's sympathy, who are offering up secret vows for the triumph of liberty. The cohorts of the enemy are shaking, intrigue and perfidy conspire with treason; the legislative body oppose to these plots vigorous but necessary decrees; the hand of the king rends them! Call, while there is yet time—call every Frenchman to save the country! Show them the gulf in all its immensity! It is only by a superhuman effort they can free it. It is for you to propose an electric shock that will arouse the whole empire. Imitate yourselves the Spartans of Thermopylæ, whose aged men of the Roman senate waited on the threshold of their door the death that ferocious victors brought to

their country. No, you need not take an oath, for the avenger of your death to spring into birth; the day your blood reddens the earth, tyranny, pride, its palaces, its protectors, will forever vanish before the all-powerful rationality, and before the anger of the people."

There was in this terrible discourse an ascending force, an increasing gradation, a crescendo of tempests that beat the air with its wings like a hurricane. Its effect was also that of a whirlwind; the entire assembly, Feuillants, Royalists, Constitutionnalists, Republicans, deputies, the benches, the tribunes, all were carried away, entranced, held spell-bound by this wonderful whirlpool; every one shouted with enthusiasm.

The same evening, Barbaroux wrote to his friend, Rebecqui, at Marseilles: "Send me five hundred men who know how to die."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

THE 11th of July the assembly declared the country to be in danger.

But, to promulgate that declaration, the king's authority was necessary.

The king did not sanction it till the evening of the 21st. In fact, to proclaim the country in danger was an avowal by the authorities of his powerlessness; it was an appeal for the nation to save themselves, as the king could not or would do nothing more.

In the interval between the 11th and 21st of July great terror agitated the château.

The court expected, on the 14th, an attempt against the king.

An address of the Jacobins strengthened this belief; it was dictated by Robespierre, and it was easy to recognize his double-edged meaning.

It was addressed to the confederates who were to come to Paris for the fête of the 14th of July, so cruelly insanguined the preceding year.

"Welcome to Frenchmen of the eighty-three departments!" said the Incorruptible; "welcome Marseilles! welcome to the powerful, invincible patriotism that, on its days of dangers and feasts, gathers its children around it. Let us open our houses to our brothers!"

"Citizens, have you congregated here for a vain ceremony of federation, and for superfluous oaths? No, no; you have hastened to the cry of the nation that called you, threatened abroad, betrayed at home! Our perfidious leaders are drawing our armies into a trap; our generals respect the territories of the Austrian tyrant and burn the cities of our Belgian brothers; a monster Lafayette! who came to insult to their face the National Assembly, revile, threaten, outrage it, does he still exist? So many attempts have at last roused the nation, and you have hastened to the rescue. The sluggards of the people have tried to seduce you; fly from their caresses, fly from their tables, where they drink moderation and forget their duty; keep these suspicions in your hearts; the fatal hour is about to strike!"

"Behold the altar of your country! Will you allow cowardly idols to be placed between liberty and yourselves, to usurp the worship that is its due? Swear no oath except for patriotism, in the immortal hands of the King of Nature. All of us recollect at this Champ de Mars the perjury of our enemies; we can not find a single spot that is not soiled with the innocent blood that has been shed! Purify this soil, avenge that blood, and do not leave that spot until you have decided upon the safety of the country!"

It is difficult to explain it more categorically. Never has assassination been advised in more positive terms; never have bloody reprisals been advocated in a clearer or more urgent voice.

And it is Robespierre, it must be noted, that fatal orator, that wily tribune, who, in his soft voice, said to the deputies of the eighty-three departments: "My friends, if you believe me, the king must die!"

They were in great fear at the Tuileries; the king more than any one else. They were now convinced they had no other object but to assassinate the king in the midst of the brawl on the 20th of June, and that the crime was not committed was due simply to the courage the king showed his assassins.

And there was a great deal of truth in it. All the courtiers that were left to the two condemned ones who were still called the king and queen, declared the crime that failed on the 20th of June had been postponed to the 14th of July.

So persuaded were they of it, that they begged the king to put on his breast-plate, that if the first ball or thrust reached his chest, his friends would have time to rush to his rescue. Alas! the queen no longer had Andrée to help her, as when the first time, in her nocturnal efforts, she had tried at midnight, with trembling hands, in a secluded corner of the Tuileries, as she had before at Versailles, the solidity of the silken cuirass.

Fortunately, they had kept the breast-plate that the king, when on his first journey to Paris, had tried on to please the queen, but had since refused to wear.

The king, however, was so closely watched that there never had been an instant to put it on a second time and correct any fault it might have. Mme. Campan carried it three days under her dress.

At length, one morning, when she was in the queen's room, and she still slept, the king entered, took his coat off quickly, and tried it on, while Mme. Campan closed the doors. The breast-plate tried on, the king drew Mme. Campan toward him. Then, in a low voice: "It is to satisfy the queen," he said, "that I put it on. They will not assassinate me, Campan, rest assured of that. Their plan is changed, and I await another kind of death. At any rate, come to me on leaving the queen; I have something to confide to you."

The king went out.

The queen saw him talk to Mme. Campan without hearing what he said. She followed the king with an anxious look, and when the door was closed behind him:

"Campan," she said, "what did the king say to you?"

Mme. Campan, in tears, threw herself on her knees before the

queen's bed, who stretched out her arms to her, while she repeated aloud what the king had told her in low tones.

The queen sadly nodded her head.

"Yes," she said, "it's the king's opinion, and I begin to agree with him, that what we are now passing through with in France is similar to what occurred in England during the past century. He reads incessantly the history of the unfortunate Charles—to conduct himself better than the King of England. Yes, yes! I begin to fear a trial for the king, my dear Campan. As for me, I am a foreigner—they will assassinate me. Alas! what will become of my poor children?"

The queen could say no more; her strength failed her. She broke forth into sobs. Then Mme. Campan rose and hastened to prepare a glass of sugared water with ether; but the queen waved her hand.

"Nervousness, my dear Campan," she said, "is an affliction of happy women; but all the medicine in the world can not cure the afflictions of the heart. Since our misfortunes, I no longer feel my body; I only know what my destiny will be. Say nothing of this to the king; but go to him."

Mme. Campan hesitated to obey.

"Well, what is it?" asked the queen.

"Oh, madame!" cried Mme. Campan, "I wanted to tell your majesty. I have made a corset similar to the king's breast-plate, and on my knees I beseech your majesty to wear it."

"Thank you, my dear Campan," said Marie Antoinette.

"Ah! your majesty accepts it, then?" cried the lady of the bed-chamber, rejoicing.

"I accept it as a mark of your devoted affection; but I will take good care not to put it on."

Then taking her hand, in a low voice she added:

"I would be only too fortunate to be assassinated! My God! they will do more for me than you in giving me life; they will give me deliverance— Go, Campan, go!"

Mme. Campan went out.

It was time; she was choking.

In the corridor she met the king, who was walking before her; seeing her, he stopped and held out his hand. Mme. Campan seized the royal hand, and wanted to kiss it; but the king, drawing her toward him, kissed her on both of her cheeks.

Then, before she could recover from her astonishment:

"Come!" he said.

Then, walking before her, he stopped in the inner corridor that led from his chamber to the dauphin's, and pressing on a spring with his hand, he opened a secret wardrobe in the wall, the opening of which was concealed in the midst of brown grooves that formed the darker portion of these painted stones.

It was the iron wardrobe he had hollowed out and made with the aid of Gamain. A large portfolio full of papers was in this wardrobe, one of whose shelves held several millions of louis.

"Here, Campan," said the king, "take this portfolio, and take it to your rooms."

Mme. Campan tried to raise the portfolio, but it was too heavy.

"Sire," said she, "I can not."

"Wait, wait," said the king.

And, closing the wardrobe, which once closed was perfectly invisible, he took the portfolio and carried it to Mme. Campan's cabinet.

"There!" he said, wiping his face.

"Sire," asked Mme. Campan, "what must I do with this portfolio?"

"The queen will tell you, at the same time you will see for yourself what it contains."

And the king went out.

In case any one should see the portfolio, Mme. Campan, with an effort, slipped it between the two mattresses of her bed and re-entered the queen's room.

"Madame," she said, "I have a portfolio that the king has just brought me; he told me your majesty would acquaint me with its contents, and what I should then do."

Then the queen laid her hand on Mme. Campan, who, on the floor before her bed, awaited her answer.

"Campan," she said, "they are papers that would be fatal if, as God pleases, he is brought to trial; but at the same time, and that without doubt is what he wants me to tell you, there is in that portfolio an account of that sitting of the council in which the king gave his opinion against the war; he made all his ministers sign it, and in case of a trial he expects that, as other papers fail, this will be of use."

"But, madame," said the lady of the bed-chamber, thoroughly frightened, "what is to be done with it?"

"Anything you choose, Campan, provided it is in safe keeping; you alone will be responsible; only you must not be away from me, even if you are not in actual service; circumstances are such, that at any moment I may have need of you. In that case, Campan, as you are one of those friends that can be depended upon, I want to have you under my hand."

The fête of the 17th of July arrived.

They were excited about the revolution, and not about assassinating Louis XVI.—probably every one had not the same idea—but Petion's triumph over the king was to be declared. We have said that after the 20th of June Petion had been suspended by the Directory of Paris.

It would have been null without the king's authorization; but that suspension had been confirmed by a royal proclamation sent to the assembly.

On the 13th, that is to say, the evening of the fête anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, the assembly, of its own private authority, raised this suspension.

On the 14th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the king descended the grand staircase with the queen and their children; three or four thousand men belonging to wavering troops escorted the royal family. The queen in vain looked on the faces of the soldiers and the National Guard for some mark of sympathy; the most devoted turned their heads and averted their looks.

As for the people, there was no concealment to their feelings; the cries of "Long live Petion!" resounded on all sides; then, as if to give this ovation something more durable than the enthusiasm of the moment, on all the hats could be read those three words that constituted at the same time their defeat and the triumph of their enemies: "Long live Petion!"

The queen was pale and trembling; convinced, notwithstanding what Mme. Campan told her, that an attempt was to be made on the life of the king, she shook at the least thing, believing she saw a hand stretched out armed with a knife, or a pistol aimed at them.

Arrived at the Champ de Mars, the king left the carriage, took his place at the left of the president of the assembly, and advanced toward the altar of the country with him.

There the queen was obliged to leave the king to ascend with her children to the tribune reserved for them.

She stopped, refusing to ascend until he had been seated, and followed him with her eyes. At the foot of the altar of the country there was one of those sudden rushes made by the multitude.

The king disappeared as if crushed.

The queen screamed, and wanted to throw herself toward him.

But he reappeared, ascending the steps of the altar of the country.

Among the ordinary symbols that figured at this solemn feast, such as Justice, Strength, Liberty, there was one that was electrifying, mysterious, and awe-inspiring, under a veil of crape, worn by a man dressed all in black, and crowned with cypress. That terrible symbol had a mysterious fascination for the eyes of the queen.

She was, as if rooted to the spot, scarcely reassured to see that the king had reached the summit of the altar of his country. She was unable to take her eyes off of that sinister apparition.

Then, with an effort, she succeeded in loosening her tongue.

"Who is that man dressed in black, and crowned with cypress?" she said, without speaking to any one in particular.

A voice that made her tremble replied:

"The executioner!"

"What does he hold under that veil of crape?" continued the queen.

"Charles the I.'s ax."

The queen turned pale; it seemed as if she had heard that voice before.

She was not mistaken. The man who answered her was the one she saw at the Château de Taverney, on the Sèvres bridge, when they returned from Varennes; in fact, it was Cagliostro. With a cry she fell fainting in Mme. Elizabeth's arms.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER.

ON the 22d of July, at six o'clock in the morning, eight days after the fête of the Champ de Mars entrée, Paris trembled at the sound of a cannon of immense caliber stationed on the Pont Neuf.

A cannon from the Arsenal responded as an echo.

From time to time during the day the terrible noise continued.

Six legions of the National Guard, conducted by their six commanders, had met, at day-break, at the Hôtel de Ville.

Four processions were organized to carry through Paris and the suburbs a proclamation that the country was in danger.

It was Danton who organized this terrible fête, and asked Sergeant to arrange the programme. Sergeant was a mediocre artist as an engraver, but immense as a scenic delineator. Since the day of the outrages at the Tuileries, his hatred of the court had redoubled. Sergeant displayed in the whole programme of this day that great ability that was to come to an end after the 10th of August.

Both of the two processions left the Hôtel de Ville at six o'clock in the morning, one to go through Paris, the other to go through the suburbs.

First, they had a detachment of cavalry, with music at the head. The air they played, composed for the occasion, was very somber, like a funeral march.

Behind the detachment of cavalry came six pieces of cannon, drawn abreast, where the bridges and streets were wide enough, but two by two in the narrow streets.

Then four officers on horseback, carrying four ensigns, on each of which was inscribed one of these four words:

“ Liberty—Equality—Constitution—Patriotism.”

Then a dozen municipal officers, in scarfs, with swords at their sides.

Then alone, isolated as France was isolated, a National Guard on horseback, holding a large tricolored banner on which was written these words:

“ Citizens, the country is in danger!”

Then, in the same order as the first, there followed six pieces of cannon of deep resonance and loud explosion.

Then, a detachment of the National Guard. Then, a detachment of cavalry ended the procession. At each square, at each bridge, at each cross street the procession halted.

Silence was obtained by the rolling of the drums. The banners waved, and when the noise was subdued, when the hushed breath of ten thousand spectators was held in their breasts, the solemn voice of a municipal officer read the decree of the legislative body, and said:

“ The country is in danger!”

The last cry was terrible, and shook every heart. It was the cry of the nation, of the country, of France! It was like a mother crying in her agony, “ Help! my children!”

And from hour to hour the cannon on the Pont Neuf bellowed with its echo at the Arsenal.

In all the large squares of Paris—the square before Notre Dame was the principal one—amphitheaters had been arranged for voluntary enrollments.

In the midst of these amphitheaters was a large plank laid on two drums, serving for a writing-table, and every movement made the drums resound like the rumbling of a distant storm.

Tents surmounted with tricolored banners were erected all

around the amphitheater; they were connected with each other by tricolor bannerets and decorated with wreaths of oak leaves.

Municipal officers in scarfs sat around the table, and as fast as they enrolled, delivered the certificates to the volunteers.

At each side of the amphitheater were two pieces of cannon; at the foot of the double stair-way by which they ascended, incessant music; before the tents, at a certain distance, was a circle of armed citizens.

It was at once terrible and grand; it was an intoxication of patriotism.

Every one rushed to be enrolled; the sentinels could not keep out those who presented themselves; every instant the ranks were broken.

The two staircases of the amphitheater—there was one to ascend and another to descend—were insufficient, large as they were.

Every one went up as they could, aided by those already up; then, their name inscribed, their certificate received, they jumped to the ground with fierce cries, holding their piece of parchment, singing the "Ça ira," and kissing the mouths of the cannon.

It was the betrothal of the French people with that twenty-two years' war. If it had resulted in nothing in the past, in the future it was to free the entire world.

Among those volunteers were those who, too old, disguised their age with sublime devotion; others too young, patriotic liars, raised themselves on their toes, and answered, "Sixteen years!" when they were only fourteen.

The aged La Tour d'Auvergne, from Brittany, and the youthful Viala, from the south, joined in this manner.

Those who were prevented by indissoluble ties from joining, wept that they could not go; they held their heads in their hands, and their more fortunate brothers cried:

"But you can sing, all of you that are not going. You can cry: 'Long live the nation!'"

And sudden and terrible cries of "Long live the nation!" would burst on the air, while from hour to hour the cannon of the Pont Neuf boomed on the air, together with its echo from the Arsenal.

The excitement was so great, every one was so utterly carried away, that the assembly themselves were frightened at their own work. They appointed four deputies to scour Paris. They were to say:

"Brothers, in the name of patriotism, no disturbance; the court wishes one in order to cover the flight of the king; give the court no excuse; the king must remain with us!"

Then they added in an aside, those terrible sowers of words: "He must be punished!"

They clapped their hands whenever these men passed, and through the multitude passed, as the sighing of the tempest through the forest trees: "He must be punished!"

They did not say who, but every one knew who was to be punished.

That lasted till midnight.

Until midnight the cannon thundered; until midnight the crowd was stationed around the amphitheatres.

Many of the newly enrolled remained there, dating their first bivouac at the foot of the altar of their country.

Each discharge of the cannon reached the center of the Tuileries.

The center of the Tuileries was the chamber of the king, where Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the royal children, and the Princess de Lamballe were assembled.

They did not leave it during the day; they knew too well their fate was hanging in the balance during that eventful and solemn day.

The royal family did not separate till after midnight—till after the cannon had ceased firing. Since the uprising in the faubourgs, the queen no longer slept on the ground floor.

Her friends had persuaded her to ascend to an apartment situated between those of the king and the dauphin.

In the habit of waking at day-break, she would not allow them to close any shutters or blinds, that her slumber might be less sound. Mme. Campan slept in the same room as the queen.

The occasion of the queen's consenting to any of her ladies sleeping near her was this:

One night when the queen was sleeping—it was near morning—Mme. Campan, standing before Marie Antoinette's bed, and talking to her, they heard a step in the corridor, then a noise as of two men struggling.

Mme. Campan wanted to see what was taking place; but the queen held her lady of the bed-chamber, or, rather, her friend:

“Do not leave me, Campan!” she cried.

While a voice cried from the corridor:

“Fear nothing, madame; it is a scoundrel who wishes to kill you, but I have him!”

It was the voice of the valet.

“My God!” cried the queen, raising her hands to heaven, “what an existence! Outrages by day, assassinations by night!”

Then to the valet:

“Let that man go,” cried the queen, “and open the door.”

“But, madame—” cried Mme. Campan.

“Eh! my dear, if he is arrested, he will be carried around in triumph by the Jacobins to-morrow.”

They let the man go; he was an assistant valet of the king's.

From that day the king had obtained leave that some one should sleep in the queen's chamber.

Marie Antoinette chose Mme. Campan.

The night following the proclamation of danger to the country, Mme. Campan awoke about two o'clock in the morning; the rays of the moon, like a nocturnal illumination, or an ardent friend, traversed the windows, and glistened on the queen's bed, giving her covering a bluish tinge.

Mme. Campan heard a sigh; she saw the queen was not sleeping.

“Your majesty suffers?” she asked, in a low voice.

“I always suffer, Campan,” replied Marie Antoinette; “only, I hope this suffering will finish soon.”

“Good God! madame,” cried the lady of the chamber “have you got any other suspicion?”

"No; on the contrary, Campan."

Then, stretching out a white hand, still whiter from the rays of the moon:

"In one month," she said, with deep sadness, "the rays of the moon will see us liberated and freed from our chains."

"Ah!" cried Mme. Campan, joyfully, "have you accepted Monsieur de Lafayette's aid, and will you fly?"

"Monsieur de Lafayette's aid? Oh! no, thank God!" said the queen, with an accent of repugnance there was no mistaking; "no, but in a month my nephew, Francis, will be in Paris."

"Are you sure, your majesty?" cried Mme. Campan, frightened.

"Yes," said the queen, "everything is decided; an alliance has been formed between Austria and Prussia; the two combined powers are to march on Paris; we will be informed of the progress of the princes, and of the allied armies, and we can say with certainty: 'Such a day our saviors are at Valenciennes; such a day at Verdun; such a day at Paris!'"

"And you are not afraid—" Mme. Campan stopped.

"Of being assassinated?" said the queen, finishing the sentence. "There is no danger of that, I know, but what can one do, Campan? He who risks nothing has nothing."

"What day do the allied sovereigns hope to be in Paris?" asked Mme. Campan.

"The 15th or 20th of August," replied the queen.

"May God hear you!" said Mme. Campan.

God, fortunately, did not hear; or, if he did, he sent France a succor on which she had not counted—the "Marseillaise!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

WHAT reassured the queen should have alarmed her: the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick. This manifesto, which did not reach Paris till the 26th of July—revised at the Tuileries—did not leave till the first days of the ensuing month.

At the same time the court revised this senseless manifesto in Paris, the effect of which was soon to be seen, let us see what was taking place at Strasbourg. Strasbourg, one of our strongest French cities, just because it once was Austrian. Strasbourg, one of our most solid boulevards, had, as we have said, the enemy at its gates.

It was at Strasbourg that for the last six months, ever since there had been a question of war, that battalions of young, enthusiastic, and ardent volunteers had assembled.

Strasbourg, reflecting its sublime spires in the Rhine, which alone separated it from the enemy, was at once the brilliant scene of battles, youth, joy, pleasure, balls, reviews; where the noise of war-like instruments mingled with the music of festivity.

At Strasbourg, the volunteers entering by one gate, left by another, when sufficiently trained into soldiers prepared for battle.

There their friends found, embraced, and bid them adieu. Sisters wept, mothers prayed, and fathers said: "Go and die for France!"

And with all that the ringing of the bells, the booming of cannon, two bronze voices calling to God, one to invoke his pity, the other his judgment. At one of these departures, more than usually solemn, because a larger regiment, the mayor of Strasbourg, Dietrich, a worthy and excellent patriot, invited these brave young men to come to a banquet at his house, to meet the officers of the garrison.

The two young daughters of the mayor, and twelve or fifteen of their companions, fair and noble daughters of Alsace, that might have been taken, with their golden hair, for nymphs of Ceres, did not preside at the banquet, as much as they embellished and decorated it like bouquets of flowers.

Among the number of convivalists a friend of the Dietrich family, an habitu  of the house, was a young noble of French Comt , named Rouget de l'Isle. He appears later, and in writing to us himself, with his own hand tells the story of the birth of that beautiful flower of war, whose opening and blooming the reader can not but admire. Rouget de l'Isle was then twenty years of age, and as an officer of marked genius, commanded the garrison at Strasbourg.

A poet and musician, his piano was one of those instruments that gave forth a perfect concert of sounds, his voice was one that resounded amid the loudest and most patriotic.

Never had a more French, more national banquet been illumined by the ardent sun of June.

No one spoke of themselves; every one spoke of France.

Death was there, it was true, as in the antique banquets; but beautiful death, not in its customary accouterments, or its funereal sables, but holding in one hand a sword, in the other a palm.

They were thinking what they could sing; the old "Ça ira" was a chant of anger and of the civil war; they wanted a patriotic, fraternal, and at the same time a threatening song for the foreigner.

Who was the modern Tertius, who, in the midst of the smoke of cannon, the bursting of bullets and balls, was to throw the hymn of France to the enemy?

At that question, Rouget de l'Isle, enthusiastic, ardent, patriotic, replied:

"It is I!"

And he rushed from the hall.

In a half hour, before his absence was noticed hardly, everything was finished, words and music; it was all made together, formed in a mold like a statue of a god.

Rouget de l'Isle entered, his hair thrown back, his face covered with sweat, breathless for the combat he was about undertaking between the two sublime sisters—music and poetry.

"Listen!" he said, "listen every one!"

He was sure of his muse, that noble young man. At his voice every one turned, some glass in hand, others holding trembling fingers in their own.

Rouget de l'Isle began:

" Allons, enfants de la patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
 Contre vous de la tyrannie
 L'étendard sanglant est levé.
 Entendez-vous dans nos campagnes
 Rugir ces féroces soldats?
 Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
 Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!
 Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons:
 Marchons, marchons;
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

At the first verse, the whole assembly was electrified.

Two or three enthusiastic cries broke forth; but voices eager to hear the rest, cried quickly:

" Silence! silence! listen!"

Rouget continued with a gesture of intense indignation:

" Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
 De traitres, de rois conjurés?
 Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
 Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
 Français! pour nous, ah! quel outrage!
 Quels transports il doit exciter!
 C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
 De rendre à l'autique esclavage!
 Aux armes, citoyens!"

This time, Rouget de l'Isle had no need to call for a chorus; the words burst from every mouth:

" Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons, marchons;
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

Then he continued, amid increasing enthusiasm:

" Quoi! des cohortes étrangères
 Feraient la loi dans nos foyers?
 Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires
 Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers?
 Grand Dieu! par des mains enchaînées,
 Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient!
 De vils despotes deviendraient
 Les maîtres de nos destinées!"

A hundred breathless voices waited for the refrain, and before it was finished, cried:

" No! no! no!"

Then, with the peal of a trumpet, the sublime chorus rang:

" Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons, marchons;
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

This time, there was so much excitement among the audience,

that in order to sing his fourth verse, Rouget de l'Isle was obliged to call for silence.

They listened in a feverish condition.

The indignant voice became threatening:

“ Tremblez, tyrans! et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis!
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre!
S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros
La terre en produit de nouveaux
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.”

“ Yes! yes!” cried every voice.

The fathers pushed before them their sons who could march, the mothers raised in their arms those they still carried.

Then Rouget de l'Isle perceived he had forgotten a verse: a song for the children; a sublime chorus for the harvest yet to be mowed, of the grain yet in the germ; while the convivalists repeated frantically that terrible refrain, he let his head fall on his hands: then, in the midst of noise, rumors, bravos, he improvised the following:

“ Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus.
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre!”

Mingled with the stifled sobs of the mothers, the enthusiastic voices of the fathers, the pure notes of the children were heard in the chorus:

“ Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons;
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!”

“ Oh! but is there no pardon for those who labor under a mistake?” murmured one of the convivalists.

“ Wait, wait,” cried Rouget de l'Isle, and you will see that my heart does not deserve that reproach.”

Aud in a voice full of emotion he chanted that holy verse which expressed all the heart of France: humane, grand, generous, and in its anger, its pity rising above its just indignation even:

“ Français! en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vous coups:
Épargnez ces tristes victimes
S'armant à regret contre vous—”

Applause interrupted the singer.

“ Oh! yes! yes!” came from all sides; “ pity and pardon for our mistaken friends, our friends who are slaves, our friends who are urged against us with the whip or bayonet!”

"Yes," continued Rouget de l'Isle, "pardon and pity for all those!"

"Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais les complices de Bouillé.
Contre ces tigres sans pitié,
Déchirant le sein de leur mère!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!"

"Yes," cried every voice, "against those."

"Marchons, marchons;
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

"Now," cried Rouget de l'Isle, "to your knees, every one of you!"

They obeyed him.

Rouget de l'Isle alone remained standing. Springing on one foot into the chair of one of the convivialists, as if on a pedestal in the Temple of Liberty, and raising his arms to heaven, he sung the last verse, an invocation to the genius of France:

"Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
Liberté, liberté, chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux, que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que nos ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!"

"Now," cried a voice, "France is saved!" And every voice in that sublime cry, the *De Profundis* of despotism, the Magnificat of liberty, cried:

"Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons;
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

This time the scene became bewildering. Carried beyond everything by the intoxicating excitement, every one threw themselves into their neighbor's arms; the girls took their flowers with both hands—bouquets, wreaths—and covered the feet of the poet.

Thirty-eight years after, in relating to me this great day, to me, a young man who, for the first time, heard in 1830, sung by the powerful voice of the people, this sacred hymn—thirty-eight years after the poet's face glowed still with the splendid aureole of 1793. And it was but right.

Why was it that in writing these last verses I was utterly unnerved? Why was it, that while my right hand traced tremblingly the chorus of the children, the invocation to the genius of France, my left wiped away a tear ready to fall on my paper? It was because the holy "Marseillaise" is not only a war cry, but also a bond of fraternity. It is because it is the royal and powerful hand of France held out to all her people; because it is always the last sigh of liberty that is dying, the first cry of liberty reawakened.

Meanwhile, how did the hymn, born at Strasbourg under the

name of the "Song of the Rhine," suddenly burst forth in the heart of France under the name of "The Marseillaise."

That is what we will tell our readers.

CHAPTER XXX.

BARBAROUX'S FIVE HUNDRED MEN.

As if to corroborate the proclamation that the country was in danger, on the 28th of July the manifesto of Coblenz arrived in Paris.

As we have said, it was a silly piece of work—a threat—and consequently an insult to France.

The Duke of Brunswick, a high-spirited man, thought the manifesto absurd; but, beside the duke, there were the kings of the coalition. They received the article revised from the King of France and gave it to their generals.

According to the manifesto, all France was culpable; every city and every village must be demolished or burned. As for Paris, that modern Jerusalem was condemned to become a howling wilderness, not one stone left upon another.

This was what the manifesto declared on its arrival from Coblenz on the 26th, reaching Paris on the 28th.

Some eagle must have brought it in its claws, that it should have traversed two hundred leagues in thirty six hours.

It was easy to understand the excitement produced by the manifesto—if a cannon had exploded in their midst it could not have been greater. Every heart shook, every one was alarmed—all prepared for combat.

Let us choose one man among these men, one exception among these types.

We have already named one man: Barbaroux.

Barbaroux, as we have said, wrote at the beginning of July to Rebecqui, saying: "Send me five hundred men who know how to die!"

Who was this man who could write in such a manner, and who preserved such an influence over his companions?

He had all the influence of youth, beauty, and patriotism.

This man was Charles Barbaroux, fascinating and charming, who troubled Mme. Roland's thoughts even in her conjugal apartment—whom Charlotte Corday even dreamed of at the foot of the scaffold.

Mme. Roland began by defying him.

Why did she defy him?

He was so handsome.

This was the reproach cast at these two revolutionists, whose heads, notwithstanding their beauty, appeared fourteen months later, one in the hand of the executioner at Bordeaux, the other in the hand of the executioner in Paris. The first was Barbaroux; the second Herault de Sechelles.

This was what Mme. Roland said of them:

"Barbaroux is a trifler; the adorations lavished upon him by immoral women debar him from any serious sentiment. When I see handsome young men carried away by the impression they

produce, as Barbaroux and Herault de Sechelles, I can not help but think they adore themselves too much to adore their country as they should."

She was mistaken, this severe Pallas.

Patriotism was not the only, but Barbaroux's first mistress; in fact, she it was he loved the best, for he died for her.

Barbaroux was scarcely twenty-five years old.

He was born at Marseilles, of a family of sturdy navigators, who made a poem of commerce. In figure, gracefulness, ideality, and, moreover, his Grecian profile he looked as though he was descended from some of those Phœnicians who brought their gods from Parnassus to the borders of the Rhone. Young, he was also very eloquent—an art so well understood by the men of the south, who use it at the same time for a weapon offensive and defensive—then he was a poet; the founders of Marseilles had not forgotten the flower of Parnassus transported from the Bay of Corinth to the Gulf of Lyons. He was besides a physician, and was also in correspondence with Saussure and Marat.

His brilliancy first made itself known during the agitations of his native place, following Mirabeau's election. He was appointed secretary of the municipality of Marseilles. Later there were troubles at Arles.

In the midst of these troubles, Barbaroux's superb presence appeared like an armed Antinous. Paris claimed him for her own; that grand furnace yearned for that fragrant branch; that immense crucible for that pure metal. He was sent to give an account of the trouble at Avignon; it was said he had nothing to do with it; that his heart, like that of justice, knew neither friendship nor hate; terrible as it was, that was the simple truth, and it might have been added, he was as great as justice.

The Girondists began to arrive. The distinguishing traits of the Girondists from the other parties, and what, perhaps, was their destruction, was that they were true artists; they loved whatever was beautiful; they held out an indifferent but frank hand to Barbaroux; then, very proud of their new recruit, they conducted him to Mme. Roland.

We have seen what she thought of Barbaroux at first sight.

What, however, astonished Mme. Roland was, that for some time her husband had been in correspondence with Barbaroux, and that the letters of the young man arrived regularly, methodically, and were very sensible.

She had neither asked the age nor the looks of this serious correspondent; he was for her a man of years, a figure bowed with thought, a brow furrowed with care.

She woke from her dream to find a handsome young man of twenty-five years, gay, laughing, vivacious, fond of ladies' society; an offspring of that sunny, luxurious generation, that, flourishing in '92, was to be cut down in '93.

It was in this head, that appeared so frivolous, and that Mme. Roland found so handsome, that the first idea of the 10th of August arose.

Storms were in the air; unseen clouds gathered in the north and in the center to sink in the east.

Barbaroux heaped them up on the roof of the Tuileries.

Before any plan was decided upon he wrote to Rebecqui: "Send me five hundred men who know how to die!"

Alas! the true King of France was the King of the Revolution, who wrote that he must have five hundred men who knew how to die, and as simply as he asked for them, they were sent.

Rebecqui himself chose them, recruited from the French party in Avignon.

They had been beaten for two years; they had hated for ten generations.

They had been beaten at Toulouse, at Tunis, at Arles; they were made of muscle; as for fatigue, they never spoke of it.

When the day arrived, they undertook, as a simple march, that route of two hundred and twenty leagues.

Why not? They were hardy sailors, sturdy peasants, their faces burned by the sirocco in Africa, or the mists of Mount Ventoux, their hands blackened by tar and pitch, or hardened by labor.

Wherever they stopped, they were called brigands.

In a halt that they made before Orgon, they chanted the music and words of Rouget de l'Isle's hymn, under the name of the "Chant du Rhin."

Barbaroux sent them viaticism to make the road seem less long.

One of them deciphered the music, and sung the words; then all, with tremendous shouts, repeated the terrible chant, much more terribly than Rouget de l'Isle had ever dreamed of.

Sung by these Marseillais, this chant changed its character, as the words changed their accent.

It was no longer a hymn of fraternity; it was a hymn of extermination and death; it was "The Marseillaise," that resounding hymn, that made us tremble with fear on our mother's breast.

This little band from Marseilles, traveling from city to village, horrified France by their ardor in singing this new and as yet unknown chant.

When they were at Montereau, Barbaroux ran to tell Santerre.

Santerre promised to receive the Marseillais at Charenton with forty thousand men.

What Barbaroux expected to do with Santerre's forty thousand men and his five hundred Marseillais was this: Putting the Marseillais at the head, at one blow they were to take the Hôtel de Ville and the assembly, then pass to the Tuileries, as on the 14th of July they had passed to the Bastille, and on the ruins of that Florentine palace proclaim a republic.

Barbaroux and Rebecqui went to Charenton to await Santerre with his forty thousand provincials.

He arrived with two hundred men.

Perhaps he did not want to give the Marseillais, that was to say strangers, the glory of such a feat.

The little band of fierce eyes, swarthy visages, and strident speech, traversed throughout Paris, the garden of the king at the Champs Elysées, singing "The Marseillaise." Why should they be called a different name from what they called themselves?

The Marseillais camped out on the Champs Elysées, where a banquet was to be given them on the morrow.

In fact, the banquet took place, but between the Champs Elysées and the Bridge Tournant were grenadiers ranged in the section of Filles St. Thomas. It was a Royalist Guard that the château had placed there as a rampart between themselves and the new-comers.

The Marseillais and the grenadiers of Filles St. Thomas "scented the battle from afar." They began by exchanging inquiries, then blows; when the first blood was shed the Marseillais cried: "Aux armes!" rushed out carrying their guns like a bundle, and charged bayonets.

The Parisian grenadiers were overthrown at the first blow of these brigands; fortunately they had behind them the Tuileries with their gratings: the Tournant bridge protected their flight and saved them from their enemies.

The fugitives found an asylum in the king's apartments. Tradition says their wounds were dressed by the queen herself.

The federates, Marseillais, Bretons, and Dauphinois numbered five thousand; these five thousand men were a power, not from their numbers, but by their faith.

The spirit of the revolution was in them.

The 17th of July, they sent an address to the assembly.

"You have declared the country to be in danger," they said; "but are you not putting it in danger yourselves by prolonging the impunity of the traitors? Persecute Lafayette, suspend the executive power, abolish the heads of the departments, renew the judiciary power."

The 3d of August, Petion himself redemanded the same appeal.

Petion, in his icy tones, in the name of the Commune, urged the call to arms.

It was true he had behind him two bull-dogs to worry him: Danton and Sergent.

"The Commune," said Petion, "denounces the executive power. To alleviate the woes of France, they must go to their source and lose no time. We simply want the power to demand Louis XVI.'s immediate suspension; the Constitution is opposed to him, though he constantly appeals to it; we appeal to it in our time and demand his overthrow. Do you hear the King of Paris denouncing the King of France; the King of the Hôtel de Ville declaring war against the King of the Tuileries?"

The assembly recoiled before the proposition of this extreme measure.

What would they do on the morrow in regard to the overthrow? Would they also put themselves in opposition to the people?

They had better be careful! Did they not know, the imprudent ones, what was going on?

The 3d of August—the same day Petion demanded the overthrow—the Faubourg St. Marceau was in danger of dying of hunger in that conflict that was neither peace nor war; it sent its deputies to the section of the Quinze-Vingts, and said to its friends of the Faubourg St. Antoine:

"If we march to the Tuileries, will you go with us?"

"We will march with you!" they replied.

The 4th of August the assembly condemned the insurrectional proclamation of the *Mauconseil* district.

The 5th the Commune refused to publish the decrees. It was not sufficient that the King of Paris declared war against the King of France; behold the Commune putting itself in opposition to the assembly.

All this opposition to decrees came from the Marseillais. The Marseillais had arms, but no ammunition.

They called loudly for ammunition, but no one gave them any.

The 4th, in the evening, an hour after the report spread that the assembly condemned the insurrectional act of the Mauconseil district, two young Marseillais appeared at the mayor's office.

There were only two municipal officers present: Sergeant, Danton's man; Panis, Robespierre's man.

"What do you want?" asked the two magistrates.

"Ammunition," replied the two young men.

"We are expressly forbidden to deliver any," said Panis.

"Forbidden to give any ammunition?" replied one of the Marseillais. "But the hour of conflict is approaching, and we have nothing to sustain it with."

"Did they bring us to Paris to kill us?" cried the other.

The first speaker took a revolver from his pocket.

Sergeant coughed.

"Threats, young man?" he said. "It is not with threats that you will intimidate two members of the Commune."

"Who is speaking of threats or intimidation?" said the young man; "this pistol is not for you; it is for me."

And aiming the pistol against himself:

"Powder—ammunition! or by the faith of a Marseillais, I will blow my brains out."

Sergeant had an artist's imagination, a Frenchman's heart. He felt the young man's cry was that of France.

"Panis," he said, "take care of that young man. If he kills himself his blood will be on our heads."

"But if we give him ammunition against orders our own heads will fall."

"What of it? I believe the hour has come for our heads to fall," said Sergeant. "In any case, each for himself. If I lose mine, take care you do not follow my example."

Taking a sheet of paper, he wrote an order for ammunition to be delivered to the Marseillais, and signed it.

"Correct!" said Panis, when Sergeant had finished. And he signed it after Sergeant.

They need have no fears after this. The moment the Marseillais had ammunition they would not allow themselves to be attacked without defending themselves.

Thus, the Marseillais once armed, the assembly received on the 6th a thundering manifesto addressed to them. They not only received it, but more—they admitted the petitioners to all the honors of the council.

The assembly was afraid; so much afraid that they deliberated on retiring into the provinces.

Verginaud alone retained them, and why? Was it not to remain near the beautiful Candelle that Verginaud wanted to remain in Paris?

"It is in Paris," said Vergniaud, "that we must assure ourselves of the triumph of liberty or perish with her! If we leave Paris, it must be like Themistocles, with all the citizens, leaving it in ruins, flying before the enemy, only to leave a grave for them behind us."

Thus every one feared the other, and was lost in doubt; every one felt the earth tremble beneath their feet, and expected to see it yawn.

On the 4th of August, the day the assembly condemned the insurrectional proclamation of the Mauconseil district—the day the two Marseillais made Panis and Sergent distribute ammunition to their five hundred companions—the same day there was a reunion at Cadran Bleu, on the Boulevard of the Temple. Camille Desmoulins was there on his own account and Danton's. Carra took a pen and drew a plan of insurrection.

The plan traced, they went to the ex-constituent Antoine, who lived in the Rue St. Honoré, opposite the Church of the Assumption, at the house of the joiner Duplay, where Robespierre lodged.

Robespierre knew nothing of this; so when Mme. Duplay saw Antoine receiving all this band of conspirators, she rushed into the room where they were assembled, crying in terror:

"Oh, Monsieur Antoine, do you want to kill Monsieur Robespierre?"

"Robespierre is having great excitement made over him for nothing!" replied the ex-constituent. "No one, thank God, thinks of him; if he is afraid, let him hide himself."

At midnight the plan, written out by Carra, was sent to Santerre and Alexander, the two commandants of the faubourg.

Alexander would have started, but Santerre said the faubourg was not ready.

Santerre kept his word given to the queen on the 10th of June. On the 20th of August he marched when he could not do otherwise. The insurrection was thus adjourned.

Antoine said they did not think of Robespierre; he was mistaken.

The conspirators were so anxious they thought of making him the lever of a movement—he, the personification of immobility!

Whose idea was that? Barbaroux's!

They were almost in despair, those fierce Marseillais; they were all ready to leave Paris and return to Marseilles.

This was what Mme. Roland said:

"We count very little on the defenses of the north; we examine, with Servan and Barbaroux the chances of saving liberty in the south, and founding there a republic; we will take a geographical chart and trace the lines of demarkation. 'If our Marseillais do not help us,' said Barbaroux, 'we will make use of another resource.'"

In fact, Barbaroux thought he had found another resource—Robespierre's genius.

Or, perhaps, Robespierre wanted to know how Barbaroux stood.

The Marseillais had left their barracks, as they were too far out of the way, and had gone to the Cordeliers—that is to say, to the entrance of the Pont Neuf.

At the Cordeliers the Marseillais were with Danton. In case of an insurrectional movement, they were to leave Danton, those terrible Marseillais! If the movement was successful, Danton would have all the glory of it.

Barbaroux asked to see Robespierre.

Robespierre apparently condescended to accede to his desire; he sent word to Barbaroux and Rebecqui he would receive them in his apartments. Robespierre, as we have said, lodged at the joiner Duplay's.

Accident had led him there the night of the disturbance on the Champ de Mars. Robespierre regarded this accident in the light of a providence, not only because, for the moment, their hospitality saved him from imminent danger, but still further that he made this the scene of his future plans.

For a man who wished to deserve the title of the Incorruptible, it was just the place for him. He had not, however, taken it immediately; he made a journey to Arras; he brought back his sister, Mme. Charlotte de Robespierre, and he lived in the Rue St. Florentin with that ascetic and meager individual to whom, twenty-eight years later, we had the honor of being presented.

He fell sick.

Mme. Duplay, who was crazy about Robespierre and had heard about his illness, came and reproached Mme. Charlotte that she had not taken proper precautions to have averted this malady, and insisted on the sick man being carried to her house.

Robespierre made no objections; his wish had been, on leaving the Duplay's as guest, to be able to return as a lodger.

Mme. Duplay had a method in her madness. She too had dreamed of the honor of lodging the Incorruptible, and had prepared a narrow, but clean room in the attic, where she had carried the best and prettiest furniture the house contained, to match a charming bed of blue and white, very coquettish, something appropriate for a man who, at the age of seventeen years, was painted with a rose in his hand.

In this attic Mme. Duplay had her husband's workman put up new deal book-shelves for his books and papers.

The books were not very numerous; Racine and Jean Jacques Rousseau's works form the whole library of this austere Jacobin; outside of these two authors Robespierre read nothing but Robespierre. Soon the shelves were laden with his lawyer's briefs, and his speeches as tribune.

As for the walls, they were covered with all the pictures the fanatic, Mme. Duplay, could find of that great man; Robespierre had only to stretch out his hand to read Robespierre, and on either side that he turned Robespierre only saw Robespierre.

It was in this sanctuary, in this tabernacle, in this holy of holies, that Barbaroux and Rebecqui were introduced.

Except the actors themselves, no one could have said how Robespierre's wily words led the conversation; he spoke of the Marseillais first, of their patriotism, of the fear he had of exciting their bravest feelings; then he spoke of himself, of the services he had given to the revolution, of his discretion in regulating its progress.

But was it not time to put a stop to ~~his~~ Had not the hour ar-

rived when all parties should unite, and choosing a popular man, put this revolution in his hands, give him the responsibility of directing it?

Rebecqui did not allow him to go further.

"Ah!" he said, "I see that you are the coming man, Robespierre."

Robespierre bounded from his chair as if a serpent had darted at him.

Then, Rebecqui rising:

"A dictator no more than a king!" he said; "come, Barbaroux."

And they both left the attic of the Incorruptible.

Panis, who had conducted them there, followed them to the street.

"Ah!" he said, "you did not catch his idea, you did not understand Robespierre; he merely spoke of a temporary authority, and if that idea was carried out, certainly no one more than Robespierre—"

But Barbaroux interrupted him, and repeated his companion's words:

"A dictator no more than a king!"

Then he left with Rebecqui.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT OCCURRED TO DISSUADE THE QUEEN FROM FLYING.

ONE thing reassured the Tuileries; that was just what alarmed the revolutionists.

The Tuileries, put in a state of defense, became a fortress with a formidable garrison.

That famous day, the 4th of August, when so much was accomplished, royalty was not inactive.

During the night of the 4th and 5th the Swiss Guard were quietly brought from Courbevoie to the Tuileries. Several companies, however, were detached and sent to Gaillon, where the king would perhaps take refuge. Three capable men—three tried commanders were near the queen—Maillardot with the Swiss; D'Hervilly with the Chevaliers of St. Louis and the Constitutional Guard; Mandat, Commandant-General of the National Guard, who promised them twenty thousand resolute, devoted combatants.

The evening of the 8th a man penetrated into the château.

Everybody knew him; he reached the queen's apartment without any difficulty.

Dr. Gilbert was announced.

"Let him enter," said the queen, feverishly.

Gilbert entered.

"Ah! come in, come in, doctor! I am glad to see you."

Gilbert raised his eyes to the queen; there was something so joyous and satisfied about Marie Antoinette, that it made him tremble. He would have preferred to have seen her pale and cast down.

"Madame," he said, "I fear I arrive too late, and in an inopportune moment."

"On the contrary, doctor," replied the queen, with a smile—an expression that almost entirely disappeared from her lips—"you come just in time, and you are very welcome. You will see something I have wanted to show you for some time—a king truly a king!"

"I fear, madame," said Gilbert, "that you are mistaken; that you will show me the commandant of a fort rather than a king."

"Monsieur Gilbert, it is possible we do not understand the symbolic character of a king any more than a great many other things. For me, a king is not only a man who says, 'I will not,' but more, a man who says, 'I will.'"

The queen alluded to the famous veto that had led them to the situation they were in.

"Yes, madame," replied Gilbert, "and for your majesty a king is moreover a man who avenges himself."

"Who defends himself, Monsieur Gilbert; for, you know, we are openly threatened; we are to be attacked with an army. I have been assured there are five hundred Marseillais, led by one Barbaroux, who have sworn, on the ruins of the Bastille, not to return to Paris till they have camped on the ruins of the Tuileries."

"I have heard that myself," said Gilbert.

"And did not that make you laugh, sir?"

"It frightened me on the king's account and yours, madame."

"So much so that you came to propose to us to abdicate and to surrender ourselves with discretion into the hands of Monsieur Barbaroux and his Marseillais?"

"Ah, madame! if the king could abdicate and insure, by the sacrifice of his crown, his life, yours, and that of your children!"

"You intend to advise him to do so, Monsieur Gilbert?"

"Yes, madame; I will throw myself at his feet, if that can persuade him."

"Monsieur Gilbert, permit me to tell you that you are not consistent in your opinions."

"Eh, madame!" said Gilbert, "my opinion is always the same. Devoted to my king and my country, I would like to have seen the king and the Constitution in harmony; from this desire and from my successive views have arisen the different counsels I have had the honor of giving your majesty."

"And which do you give at this moment, Monsieur Gilbert?"

"You have never had a more propitious moment to follow my advice, madame."

"What is it, then?"

"I advise you to fly, madame."

"To fly?"

"Ah! you know it is possible, madame, and a similar opportunity has never presented itself."

"Why so?"

"You have nearly three thousand men in the château."

"Nearly five thousand, sir," said the queen, with a smile of satisfaction, "and double the number at the first sign we make."

"You have no occasion to make any sign that might be misinterpreted, madame. Your five thousand men will suffice you."

"Then, Monsieur Gilbert, according to your advice, what are we to do with those five thousand men?"

"Put yourself in the midst of them, madame, with the king and your august children; leave the Tuileries the moment they least expect it; two leagues from here, mount your horses, reach Gaillon in Normandy, where they are waiting for you."

"That is to say, put myself into Monsieur de Lafayette's hands."

"That at least, madame, will prove his devotion."

"No, sir, no! With five thousand men, and five thousand to rally at the first sign we make, I would rather try to do something else."

"What will you try to do?"

"Crush the revolt once for all."

"Ah! madame, madame! he told the truth when he said you were condemned!"

"Who was that, sir?"

"A man whose name I do not dare to recall, madame; a man who has already spoken to you three times."

"Silence!" said the queen, paling; "they teach him to lie, the false prophet."

"Madame, I am afraid you deceive yourself!"

"You think, then, they will dare to attack us?"

"The public conviction is of that way."

"And they believe they will enter as on the 20th of June?"

"The Tuileries is not a strong place."

"No; but if you will come with me, Monsieur Gilbert, I will show you that it can be held some time."

"It is my duty to follow you, madame," said Gilbert, bowing.

"Come, then!" said the queen.

Conducting Gilbert to the middle window, the one opening on the Place Carroussel, from whence one had a view, not only of the immense court, which to-day extends around the façade of the palace, but of the three small courts inclosed in walls that still exist, that are called the Pavilion of Flora, the "Prince's Court;" that in the middle, the "Court of the Tuileries," and that confined in our day to the Rue de Rivoli, the "Court of the Swiss."

"Look!" she said.

Gilbert saw that the walls had been pierced to let in a narrow ray of daylight, offering the garrison the first rampart from which the artillerymen could fusillade the people.

Then this first stronghold taken, the garrison could retire, not only in the Tuileries, where every door faced a court, but behind lateral bastions, in such a way that the patriots, who dared to venture into the courts, would be between three fires.

"What do you think of that, sir?" asked the queen. "Would you advise Monsieur Barbaroux and his five hundred Marseillais to engage in such an enterprise?"

"If my advice could prevail with men as fanatical as they are, I would offer them the same as I offer you. I come to ask you not to wait to be attacked; I would ask them not to attack you."

"And probably with the same result?"

"As it has had with you, madame. Alas! it is the misfortune

of humanity to be constantly demanding advice, not to follow it."

"Monsieur Gilbert," said the queen, laughing, "you forget the counsel you are giving is not solicited."

"That is true, madame," said Gilbert, falling back a step.

"But it is not," added the queen, giving her hand to the doctor, "the less welcome."

A light smile curled Gilbert's lips.

At that moment, wagons loaded with heavy oaken plankings rolled openly into the court of the Tuileries, where they were seized upon by men who, though clothed like workmen, were unmistakably soldiers.

These men measured these planks six feet long and three inches thick.

"Do you know what these men are?" asked the queen.

"Engineers, I should suppose," said Gilbert.

"Yes, sir, and who are trying, as you see, to blockade the windows, reserving only port-holes for the artillerymen."

Gilbert looked sadly at the queen.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Marie Antoinette.

"Ah! I pity you sincerely, madame, to be obliged to force your memory to retain those words and your mouth to utter them."

"What can one do, sir?" replied the queen. "There are circumstances when it is necessary that women should become men, when men—"

The queen stopped.

"But at last," she said, finishing her thought, but not the sentence, "the king has made up his mind."

"Madame," said Gilbert, "now that you have decided on this terrible extremity that is to be your safeguard, I hope you have fortified all the approaches of the château; the gallery of the Louvre for example—"

"Ah! you remind me of that. Come with me, sir; I want to be sure they are executing the orders I gave."

And the queen led Gilbert across the apartments to the door of the Pavilion of Flora that opened into the picture-gallery.

The door opening showed Gilbert workmen occupied in cutting the gallery every twenty feet.

"You see," said the queen.

Then addressing the officer presiding over the work:

"Well, Monsieur d'Hervilly?" said she.

"Well, madame, if the rebels leave us twenty-four hours we will be ready for them."

"Do you think they will leave us twenty-four hours, Monsieur Gilbert?" asked the queen.

"If there is anything, madame, it will not be till the 10th of August."

"The 10th? On a Friday? A bad day for a riot, sir! I should have thought the rebels would have had the sense to have chosen a Sunday." And she walked before Gilbert, who followed her.

Leaving the gallery, they met a man in the uniform of a general.

"Well, Monsieur Mandat," asked the queen, "are all your preparations made?"

"Yes, madame," replied the commanding general, looking carefully at Gilbert.

"Oh! you can speak before this gentleman," said the queen; "he is a friend."

And turning toward Gilbert:

"Is it not so, doctor?" she said.

"Yes, madame," said Gilbert, "and one of your most devoted."

"Then," said Mandat, "that is another thing. A detachment of the National Guard stationed at the Hôtel de Ville let some of the rebels pass, and while Monsieur d'Herville and his men, Monsieur Maillardot and his Swiss welcomed them in front, their retreat was cut off, and they were overwhelmed from behind."

"You see, sir," said the queen, "your 10th of August will not be the 20th of June."

"Alas, madame," said Gilbert, "I am still afraid."

"For us—for us?" insisted the queen.

"Madame," said Gilbert, "you know what I have told your majesty. Much as I deplored Varennes—"

"You advise Gaillon! Have you the time to descend into the lower halls, Monsieur Gilbert?"

"Certainly, madame."

"Very well, come!"

The queen descended a small winding stair that led to the ground floor of the château.

The ground floor was a veritable camp, that was fortified and defended by the Swiss; all the windows had been barricaded, as the queen said.

The queen advanced toward the colonel.

"Well, Monsieur Maillardot," she asked, "what have you to say for your men?"

"That they are ready, as I am, to die for your majesty."

"They will defend us to the last extremity?"

"Once engaged in fire, madame, they will only stop on a written order from the king."

"You hear, sir? Outside the walls of the château everything is hostile; but inside every one is faithful."

"It is a consolation, madame, but not a safeguard."

"You are gloomy; did you know it, doctor?"

"Your majesty has conducted me where she liked; will she permit me to conduct her to her room?"

"Willingly, doctor, I am very tired; will you give me your arm?"

Gilbert bowed before that great favor, so rarely accorded by the queen to her most intimate friends, even during her misfortunes.

He conducted her to her bed-chamber.

On reaching there Marie Antoinette fell on the sofa.

Gilbert bent on his knees before her.

"Madame," he said, "in the name of your august spouse, in the name of your dear children, in the name of your own security, for the last time I adjure you to avail yourself of the troops you have around you, not to fight, but to fly!"

"Sir," said the queen, "since the 14th of July I have hoped to see the king take his revenge; the moment has arrived, we believe;

we will save the kingdom, or be interred beneath the ruins of the Tuileries!"

"Nothing can shake you from that fatal resolution, madame?"

"Nothing."

And at the same time the queen held out her hand to Gilbert, partly for him to raise her, partly for him to kiss it.

Gilbert respectfully kissed the queen's hand, and, raising her:

"Madame," he said, "will your majesty permit me to write a few lines, which I regard as so urgent they can no longer wait?"

"Write, sir," said the queen, showing him a table.

Gilbert sat down and wrote these three lines:

"Hasten, sir! the queen is in danger of death, if a friend does not persuade her to fly, and I believe you are the only friend who possesses any influence over her."

Then he signed and addressed it.

"Without being too curious, sir," asked the queen, "may I inquire to whom you are writing?"

"To Monsieur de Charny, madame," replied Gilbert.

"To Monsieur de Charny!" cried the queen, growing pale and trembling at the same time. "And why do you write to him?"

"That he may obtain from your majesty what I can not."

"Monsieur de Charny is too happy to think of his unfortunate friends; he will not come," said the queen.

The door opened, an officer appeared.

"Monsieur le Comte de Charny, this moment arrived, asks for an audience from your majesty."

Pale as she was, the queen became livid; she murmured several unintelligible words.

"Let him enter! let him enter!" said Gilbert. "Heaven has sent him!"

Charny appeared at the door in the uniform of a naval officer.

"Oh! enter, sir!" said Gilbert to him; "I have just written to you," and he gave him the letter.

"I was aware of the danger her majesty ran, and I have come," said Charny, bowing.

"Madame, madame," said Gilbert, "in the name of Heaven, listen to Monsieur de Charny; his voice is that of France."

And respectfully saluting the queen and the count, Gilbert left, carrying a last hope with him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE NIGHT OF THE NINTH OF AUGUST.

ON the first floor of a house in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédié near the Rue Dauphine lived Fréron. We will pass by his door; it is useless to knock; he is on the second floor at his friend Camille Desmoulins's. While we ascend the seventeen steps that separate one floor from the other, we will glance rapidly over Fréron's history.

Louis Stanislaus Fréron was the son of the famous Eli Catherine Fréron, so unjustly and cruelly attacked by Voltaire; when to-day one reads the criticisms on the author of "La Pucelle," and

the "Dictionnaire Philosophique," and "Mahomet," one is astonished to see what that journalist tells us is correct, and a hundred years after we think as he did in 1754.

Fréron, the son, who was thirty-five years old, irritated by the injustice that accumulated over his father, who died of chagrin in 1776, immediately after the suppression, by the censor of the press Miromesnil, of his paper "l'Année Littéraire"—Fréron had embraced with ardor all the revolutionary principles, and published, or was about to publish, the "Prateur du Peuple."

The evening of the 9th of August Fréron was at Camille Desmoulins's; Brune also, the future marshal of France, was supping there, and in the meantime was the foreman of a composing-room.

Barbaroux and Rebecqui were the two other guests. Only one woman assisted at this repast, that resembled those taken by the martyrs before going to the amphitheater, and what were called free repasts.

This woman was Lucile.

Sweet name, and charming woman, who left an unfortunate record of the annals of the revolution! We can not accompany her to the scaffold where she wished to go, a lovely, poetical creature, because it was the shortest route to join her husband; but we can *en passant* sketch her portrait in two strokes of the pen.

One portrait alone remains of the poor child.

She died so young that the artist was obliged to take it, as it were, on the wing. In the admirable collection of Colonel Morin (now unfortunately valuable, as it was all dispersed), we have seen a miniature of Lucile, who appears small, pretty, rebellious-looking; but with it all an essentially plebeian air. In fact, she was the daughter of an old commissary of finance and a beautiful creature, who pretended she had been the mistress of the Minister of Finance, Terray: thus, as her name showed, Lucile Duplessis Laridon was, like Mme. Roland, of vulgar extraction. A love match in 1791 united this young girl, quite rich for him, to that *enfant terrible*, that indolent genius that was called Camille Desmoulins.

Camille, poor, ugly, hard to understand, from the stuttering that prevented him from being an orator, and made him the great writer that he was, had fascinated her by his wonderful mind and his good disposition.

Camille—although he agreed with Mirabeau, who said: "Unless you unchristianize the revolution you will do nothing with it"—Camille was married at St. Sulpice, but not according to Catholic rites; but in 1792, a son being born, he carried it to the Hôtel de Ville to obtain a republican baptism for it.

It was there, in this apartment on the second floor of the house in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédié that was concocted, to Lucile's great terror but at the same time great pride, all that plan of insurrection that Barbaroux confessed naïvely he had sent three days before to his laundress in his nankeen breeches.

Not having the greatest confidence in the success of the attack he had prepared himself, and fearing to fall before the power of a victorious court, he exhibited, with a simplicity that partook of the antique, a poison prepared like that of Condorcet by Cabanis.

At the beginning of the supper, Camille, who had no more hope than Barbaroux, said in Latin, raising his glass, that Lucile might not understand:

"*Edimus et bibamus, eras enim moriemur!*" (Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die).

But Lucile understood.

"Well!" she said, "why do you speak in a language I don't understand? I can imagine what you say. Go on, Camille! do not fret, I will not prevent you from fulfilling your mission."

With that assurance they spoke aloud, freely. Fréron was the most resolute of all; they knew he loved without any return, but were ignorant as to who it was. His despair at Lucile's death revealed the fatal secret.

"And you, Fréron," asked Camille, "have you any poison?"

"Oh! I," said he, "if we do not succeed to-morrow, I will kill myself! I am so weary of life, I only want a pretext to leave it."

Rebecqui was one who had the highest hopes of the result of the fight.

"I know my Marseillais," he said; "I chose them with my own hand; I am sure of them, from the first to the last—not one will flinch."

After supper they proposed going to Danton's. Barbaroux and Rebecqui declined, saying they were expected at the barracks of the Marseillais.

It was close by, hardly twenty feet from Camille Desmoulins's house.

Fréron had an appointment with Sergent and Manuel at the Commune.

Brune passed the night with Santerre. Camille and Lucile went together to Danton's. The two households were bound together, not only through the men, but through the women.

Danton was well known. We ourselves, more than once, after artists who have depicted his grander traits, have been called upon to reproduce him.

His wife was not so well known; we will describe her. It was also among Colonel Morin's collection that a souvenir of this remarkable woman could be seen, only it is not a miniature, as in Lucile's case; it is a bust.

Michellet thought it must have been molded after her death.

Adored by her husband, her character was all goodness, calmness, and strength.

Already ill with the malady that killed her in 1793, she appeared even now sad and nervous, as if on nearing death she could gaze into futurity.

Tradition adds, she was also pious and timid.

She was, however, one day, notwithstanding her timidity and piety, determined enough to oppose her will to that of her relatives—that was the day she declared she would marry Danton.

Like Lucile with Camille Desmoulins, she had recognized behind that somber, rough-hewn face belonging to an ignorant man without reputation or fortune, a god-like Jupiter.

One felt that a stormy and terrible future was in store for the unfortunate creature; but perhaps there was as much piety as love

for that angel of darkness and light, who was to have the honor of summing up that eventful year of 1792, as Mirabeau had summed up 1791, as Robespierre would have summed up 1793.

When Camille and Lucile arrived at Danton's (the two houses were back of each other, Lucile and Camille, as we have said, in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédié, and Danton in the Rue du Paon St. André), Mme. Danton was weeping, and Danton, with a determined air, was trying to console her.

The two women met and embraced; the men pressed each other's hands.

"Do you think there will be anything?" asked Camille.

"I hope so," replied Danton. "Only Santerre is very indifferent. Fortunately, according to my opinion, the affair to-morrow is not an affair of personal interest of any designing individual; the irritation of a long misery; public indignation, knowing the foreign powers are approaching; the conviction that France has been betrayed—these are the grounds they must take. Forty-seven sections out of forty-eight have voted for the king's overthrow; they have each named three commissioners to meet at the Commune, and save the country."

"Save the country," said Camille, nodding his head; "that is very vague."

"Yes; but at the same time, it is well understood."

"And Marat? and Robespierre?"

"Naturally, they are not visible; one is hid in his attic, the other in his cave. The affair over, they will reappear, one like a weasel, the other like an owl."

"And Petion?"

"Ah! the weather-cock! Who can say where he is? On the 4th, he declared war against the château; on the 5th, he notified the department he could not answer for the safety of the king; this morning, he proposed to put the National Guard at the Carroussel; this evening, he demanded from the department twenty thousand francs to send back the Marseillais."

"He wants to delude the court," said Camille Desmoulins.

"I agree with you," said Danton.

At this moment another couple entered; it was M. and Mme. Robert.

Unlike the other couples, whose husbands were superior to their wives, here the wife was superior to her husband.

Robert was a large man, of thirty-five or forty years, a member of the Cordeliers, with more patriotism than talent, with not the slightest faculty for writing, if one can believe Mme. Roland's "Memoires," an enemy of Lafayette, and very ambitious.

Mme. Robert was then thirty-four years old; she was small, capable, intellectual, and haughty; brought up by her father—Guinement de Kéralio, Chevalier de St. Louis, member of the Academy—Mlle. de Kéralio had naturally imbibed literary tastes; at seventeen years, she wrote, translated, compiled; at eighteen, she wrote a romance—"Adelaide." As her allowance from her father did not suffice for her expenses, she wrote in the "Mercure" and in the "Journal des Savants," and more than once he signed his name to his daughter's articles, who were casting his

into the shade. Thus she cultivated a rapid, ardent, spirited style, that made her one of the most indefatigable journalists of the day. The Robert couple came from the Rue St. Antoine.

They said everything looked strange.

Though it was a beautiful night, there was hardly any one in the street; every window was illuminated, as if to light up the streets. It had a peculiar appearance. It was not an illumination for a fête, and it was not the light placed by the bed of death—it was as if the faubourg had awakened into a feverish life.

The moment Mme. Robert finished her story, the sound of a clock made every one tremble. It was the first stroke of the tocsin resounding from the Cordeliers.

“Good!” cried Danton, “I recognize our Marseillais! I expected that they would give the signal.”

The women looked at each other in terror. Mme. Danton’s face bore all the marks of fright.

“The signal?” cried Mme. Robert. “They are to attack the château during the night, then?”

No one replied; but Camille Desmoulins, who, at the first stroke of the clock, had passed into an adjoining chamber, re-entered, gun in hand.

Lucile screamed; then realizing at this supreme crisis she had no right to deter from his duty the man she loved, she rushed into Mme. Danton’s alcove, fell on her knees by the bed, and wept.

Camille came to her.

“Do not fret,” he said; “I will not leave Danton.”

The men went out. Mme. Danton looked as if she was about to die. Mme. Robert hung on her husband’s neck and begged to accompany him.

The three women remained alone. Mme. Danton seated, half unconscious; Lucile crying, on her knees; Mme. Robert pacing the room, and talking, without perceiving every word cut Mme. Danton to the heart.

“All this, all this is Danton’s fault! If my husband is killed, I will die with him; but before I die I will stab Danton.”

Nearly an hour passed thus.

They heard the door of the house open.

Mme. Robert precipitated herself first; Lucile raised her head; Mme. Danton remained immovable. It was Danton who entered.

“Alone!” cried Mme. Robert.

“Reassure yourselves,” said Danton, “nothing will take place till to-morrow.”

“But, Camille?” asked Lucile.

“But, Robert?” asked his wife.

“He is at the Cordeliers, where he is regulating the appeals for arms. I came to tell you the news, to say there will be nothing to-night, and as a proof, I am going to sleep.”

In fact, he threw himself, all dressed, on the bed, and in five minutes he was sleeping as though there was no question of life or death between the royalty and the people.

At one o’clock in the morning Camille entered the house.

“I bring you news of Robert,” he said; “he has gone to the

Commune to carry our proclamations. Don't be alarmed, there will be nothing till to-morrow, and yet, and yet—"

Camille shook his head, as if in doubt.

Then leaning his head on Lucile's shoulder, he slept in his turn.

He slept nearly half an hour, when some one knocked at the door.

Mme. Robert ran to open it.

It was Robert.

He came for Danton to go to the Commune.

They woke him up.

"What is the matter—why don't they let me sleep?" he cried, "to-morrow will be the time."

Robert and his wife left for their own house.

In a short time some one else knocked.

Mme. Danton opened the door.

She saw a large, fair youth of some twenty years, dressed as a captain of the National Guard. He held a gun in his hand.

"Monsieur Danton?" he asked.

Mme. Danton called her husband.

"Well, what is it?" murmured he. "Again?"

"Monsieur Danton, they are waiting for you down there."

"Where, down where?"

"At the Commune."

"Who is waiting for me?"

"The commissioners of the districts; Monsieur Billot particularly."

"The madman!" said Danton. "All right, tell Billot I am coming."

Then looking at the young man, whose face was not familiar, and who, yet a boy, bore the insignia of an officer.

"Pardon," he said, "but who are you?"

"I am Ange Pitou, sir, captain of the National Guard of Haramont—"

"Ah! ah!"

"An old stormer of the Bastille."

"Good!"

"I received yesterday a letter from Monsieur Billot, who told me there would probably be some rough work here, and that they would require all their good patriots."

"And then?"

"Then I left with those of my men who were willing to follow me; but as they are not such good walkers as I am, they are resting at Dammartin. They will be here early to-morrow morning."

"From Dammartin?" asked Danton. "But it's eight leagues from here."

"Yes, Monsieur Danton."

"And Haramont, how many leagues is that from Paris?"

"Nineteen leagues. We left there this morning at five o'clock."

"Ah! ah! And you accomplished your nineteen leagues of the journey?"

"Yes, Monsieur Danton."

"And you arrived?"

"At ten o'clock in the evening. I asked for Monsieur Billot;

they said without doubt he was in the Faubourg St. Antoine, at Monsieur Santerre's. I went to Monsieur Santerre's, but there they said they had not seen him, and that I would probably find him at the Jacobins, Rue St. Honoré. At the Jacobins they had not seen him, and they sent me to the Cordeliers; at the Cordeliers they sent me to the Hotel de Ville."

"And at the Hôtel de Ville did you find him?"

"Yes, Monsieur Danton; it was there he gave me your address, and said to me: 'You are not tired, Pitou?' 'No, Monsieur Billot.' 'All right, go and tell Danton he is lazy, and we are waiting for him.'"

"The devil!" said Danton, leaping from his bed, "here is a boy who puts me to shame! Come on, my friend, come on!"

And he went and embraced his wife, then went out with Pitou.

His wife sighed deeply, and threw her head back on the sofa.

Lucile thought she was crying, and respected her grief.

Then, as she did not move after a few moments, she awoke Camille; then she went to Mme. Danton. The poor woman had fainted.

The first rays of the morning light appeared in the windows; the day promised to be beautiful; but, as if it was a bad omen, the sky was the color of blood.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WE have shown what was taking place in the homes of the tribunes; we will now show what took place a hundred feet from there, in the abode of kings.

There also the women wept and prayed—perhaps they wept more. Chateaubriand says, the eyes of royalty are made on purpose for containing a larger quantity of tears.

But we must be exact. Mme. Elizabeth and Mme. de Lamballe wept and prayed. The queen prayed, but did not weep. They had supped at the usual hour; nothing ever disarranged the king from his repasts.

On leaving the table, while Mme. Elizabeth and Mme. de Lamballe went into the room known as the council-chamber, where it had been arranged the royal family should pass the night to hear the reports, the queen took the king aside, and drew him with her.

"Where are you taking me, madame?" asked the king.

"To my room. Do you not want to put on the breast-plate you wore on the 14th of July, sire?"

"Madame," said the king, "it was well for me to preserve myself from the ball or poniard of the assassins in the days of plots or an anniversary; but during the day of combat—in a day when my friends are exposing themselves for me—it would be cowardly in me not to expose myself with them."

And with this, the king left the queen to retire to his apartment, where he shut himself up with his confessor.

The queen went and joined them in the council-chamber—Mme. Elizabeth, and Mme. de Lamballe.

"What is the king doing?" asked Mme. de Lamballe.

"He is at confession," replied the queen, with an accent impossible to describe.

At that moment the door opened, and M. de Charny appeared. He was pale, but perfectly calm.

"Can the king be seen, madame?" he said to the queen, bowing.

"For the present, sir," replied the queen, "I am the king."

Charny knew this better than any one; still he insisted.

"You can go up to the king's apartment, sir," said the queen; "but I assure you that you will disturb him very much."

"I understand the king is with Monsieur Petion, who has just arrived?"

"The king is with his confessor, sir."

"Then it is to you, madame," replied Charny, "that I must make my report, as major-general of the château."

"Yes, sir," said the queen; "if you will."

"I have the honor of reporting to your majesty the strength of our force. The cavalry, commanded by Messieurs Rulhières and de Verdrière, as many as six hundred men, are drawn up in battle array on the grand square of the Louvre; the infantry of Paris, *intra muros*, are stationed at the stables; a post of five hundred and fifty men has been detailed as a guard at the Hôtel de Toulouse, to protect, if necessary, the lockers containing the funds, the accounts, and the equipments. The foot soldiers of Paris, *extra muros*, composed of only thirty men, are stationed at the small staircase in the Princes' Court; two hundred officers and soldiers of the ancient guard, on horseback or afoot; a hundred young royalists, as many young gentlemen; three hundred and fifty, or four hundred soldiers, gathered in the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*, or the adjoining halls; two or three of the National Guard are scattered through the court and the gardens; finally, fifteen hundred Swiss—the original force of the château—have taken their different stations, and are placed in the grand vestibule, and at the foot of the staircase, to defend it."

"Well, sir," replied the queen, "do not all these measures reassure you?"

"Nothing reassures me, madame," replied Charny, "while it is a question of your majesty's safety."

"Then, sir, your advice is still for flight?"

"My advice, madame, is, that you and the king, and the august children of your majesty, should place yourselves in the midst of them."

The queen made a gesture of impatience.

"Your majesty dislikes Lafayette; what of that! But you have confidence in the Duke of Liancourt; he is at Rouen, madame; he has hired the house of an English gentleman, Monsieur Carling; the commandant of the province has sworn fidelity to the king, with all his troops; the Swiss regiment of Salis Samade, who can be depended upon, are stationed on the road. Everything is yet quiet; leave by the Tournant bridge, gain the Barrier de l'Étoile; three hundred cavalry of the Constitutional Guard are waiting for you; it will be very easy to gather fifteen hundred

gentlemen at Versailles. With four thousand men, I can escort you wherever you want to go."

"Thanks, Monsieur de Charny," said the queen; "I appreciate the devotion that impels you to leave your friends, and offer your services to foreigners."

"The queen is unjust to me," interrupted Charny; "the existence of my sovereign will always be in my eyes the most precious of any existence, as my duty will always be to me the dearest of all virtues."

"Duty, yes, sir," murmured the queen; "but I also, since every one is obliged to do their duty, hope I understand mine; and that is, to maintain royalty in all its nobility and grandeur, to guard it that it be not stricken, and fall worthily if need be, as did the gladiators of old, who studied how to die gracefully."

"That is your majesty's last word?"

"And, moreover, my last desire."

Charny bowed, and meeting near the door Mme. Campan, who was about rejoining the princesses:

"Ask their highnesses, madame," he said, "to put in their pockets whatever they consider the most valuable; it may be that, sooner or later, we may be obliged to leave the château."

Then, while Mme. Campan hastened with her message to the Princess de Lamballe and Mme. Elizabeth, Charny returned to the queen:

"Madame," he said, "it is impossible that you have no other hope outside of our national force; if you have, confide in me; remember, to-morrow at this hour I will have rendered an account to God or man for what has happened."

"Well, sir," said the queen, "two hundred thousand francs were to be given to Petion, and fifty thousand to Danton; for these two hundred thousand francs, Danton has promised to remain at home, and Petion is to come to the château."

"But, madame, are you sure of your mediators?"

"Petion has already arrived, you said?"

"Yes, madame."

"That is something, as you see."

"That is not sufficient—they told me they sent for him three times before he would come."

"If he is for us," said the queen, "he will, in speaking to the king, put his first finger on his right eye."

"But if he is not for us, madame—"

"If he is not for us, he is our prisoner, and I shall give the most positive orders he is not to be allowed to leave the château."

At that moment the sound of bells ringing was heard.

"What is that?" asked the queen.

"The tocsin," replied Charny.

The princesses rose with fright.

"Well," said the queen, "what is the matter with you? The tocsin is the trumpet of the rebels."

"Madame," said Charny, who seemed more agitated than the queen over this ominous noise, "I will go and ascertain if this tocsin announces anything serious."

"And you will return?" said the queen, quickly.

"I will return and put myself under your majesty's orders, and I will not leave until all danger has passed." Charny bowed and went out.

The queen remained quiet for a moment.

"I will go and see if the king is through confession," she murmured, and in her turn went out.

Then Mme. Elizabeth, removing some of her clothing to enable her to rest more comfortably on a lounge, took from her bodice a coral pin and showed it to Mme. Campan; it was cut to represent a bunch of lilies with an inscription.

"Read it," said Mme. Elizabeth.

Mme. Campan approached the candelabra and read:

"Oubles des offenses, pardon des injures."

"I am afraid this maxim," said the princess, "would not have much influence with our enemies; but that is no reason he should not appreciate it." As she finished these words, the report of fire-arms resounded from the court.

The ladies screamed.

"The first shot!" said Mme. Elizabeth. "Alas! it will not be the last!"

They announced Petion's arrival at the Tuileries to the queen; these were the circumstances under which the mayor of Paris made his entry. He arrived about half past ten o'clock.

This time he was not obliged to remain in the ante-chamber; they told him, on the contrary, that the king awaited him; only to reach the king he was obliged to pass first the Swiss Guard, then the National Guard, then the gentlemen who were called the Chevaliers of the Poniard.

Nevertheless, as every one knew, the king had sent for Petion, who could, if he so desired, remain in the Hôtel de Ville, his palace, and not venture to throw himself in that den of lions, the Tuileries. but, as he had left it, the names of traitor and Judas seemed to stare him in the face as he ascended the stairs.

Louis XVI. waited for Petion in the same room where he had been so rudely treated on the 21st of June. Petion recognized the door and smiled.

Fortune had given him a terrible revenge. At the door Mandat, the commandant of the National Guard, stopped the mayor.

"Ah! Is that you, sir?" he said.

"Yes, sir, it is I," replied Petion, with his usual phlegmatic manner.

"What have you come here for?"

"I could, if I felt disposed, answer that question, Monsieur Mandat, not recognizing your right to question me; however, as I am hurried, I will not stop to discuss with inferiors!"

"With inferiors?"

"You interrupted me, and I told you I was hurried, Monsieur Mandat. I have come because the king has sent for me three times—of myself I would not have come."

"Then, as I have the pleasure of seeing you, Monsieur Petion, I must ask you why the police administration gave a quantity of cartridges to the Marseillais, when I, Mandat, only received three for each of my men?"

"In the first place," replied Petion, without losing his temper, "they asked for no more for the Tuileries—three cartridges for each National Guard, forty for each Swiss—they were distributed as the king demanded."

"Why such a difference in the number?"

"You must ask the king, and not me, sir; probably he distrusts the National Guard."

"But I, sir," said Mandat, "asked you for powder."

"That is true; unfortunately, you were not in a condition to receive it."

"Oh! a very good answer!" cried Mandat; "it was for you to put me in a condition, as the order had come from you."

The discussion had taken a turn that was difficult to answer; by good luck the door opened, and Rœderer, the syndic of the Commune, came to the aid of the mayor of Paris, saying:

"Monsieur Petion, the king is waiting for you."

Petion entered.

In fact, the king was waiting for Petion with impatience.

"Ah! there you are, Monsieur Petion!" he said. "In what condition is the city of Paris?"

Petion gave him something of an account as to its condition.

"Have you nothing more to say to me, sir?" asked the king.

"No, sire," replied Petion.

"Nothing--absolutely nothing?"

Petion opened his large eyes, not understanding the king's persistence.

On his part, the king waited for Petion to raise his hand to his eye; that, it will be remembered, was the signal by which the mayor of Paris was to indicate that, by the means of the two hundred thousand francs, the king could depend upon him. Petion scratched his ear, but did not carry his finger to his eye the least in the world.

The king had been deceived; a scoundrel had pocketed his two hundred thousand francs.

He looked steadily at Petion.

The queen entered.

Just at that moment, the king hardly knew what question to put to Petion next, and Petion was waiting for the king to question him.

"Well," said the queen, in low tones, "is he our friend?"

"No," said the king, "he has made no sign."

"He is our prisoner, then!"

"May I retire, sire?" asked Petion of the king.

"For God's sake, do not let him go!" said Marie Antoinette.

"No, sir; in an instant you will be at liberty; but I have something yet to say to you," added the king, raising his voice.

"Come into this cabinet."

This last was said to those in the cabinet: "I confide Monsieur Petion to your care; watch him, and do not let him escape."

Those in the cabinet were able conspirators, they surrounded Petion, who saw he was a prisoner.

Fortunately, Mandat was not there; Mandat was debating about obeying a summons to the Hôtel de Ville.

There was a cross fire; they sent for Mandat at the Hôtel de Ville, as they had sent for Petion at the Tuileries.

Mandat was loath to accept to obey this summons, and did not make up his mind at the first one. As for Petion, there were thirty of them in a small cabinet made to contain four.

"Gentlemen," he said, after a moment, "it is impossible to remain here longer, it is stifling!"

That was what they all thought, consequently no one opposed Petion's leaving; only every one followed him.

Perhaps no one dared to openly detain him. He descended the first stair he saw; this stair-way conducted him to a room on the ground floor opening on the garden.

He was afraid for a moment the door of the garden was closed, but it was open.

Petion found himself in a larger, more airy prison, only it was as tightly secured as the other. Still it was an improvement.

A man followed him, and once in the garden, gave him his arm; it was Røederer, the attorney-syndic of the department.

Both began to walk up and down the terrace before the palace; that terrace was lighted by a row of lamps; the National Guard came and extinguished those in the vicinity of the mayor and the syndic.

What was their intention? Petion did not think it a good omen.

"Sir," he said to a Swiss officer that followed him, who was named M. de Salis Lizers, "what are their intentions toward me—bad?"

"Do not worry, Monsieur Petion," replied the officer, with a strong German accent. "The king requested me to watch over you, and I promise you the first one that kills you, dies the next moment by my hand!"

Under similar circumstances, Triboulet replied to Francis I.: "What difference would it make to me, sire, what happened the next moment?"

Petion did not answer, but gained the terrace of the Feuillants, brightly lighted by the moon. It was not then, as now, bordered by a grating; it was inclosed by a wall eight feet high, and closed by three doors, two small and one large one.

These doors were not only closed, but barricaded; they were, besides, guarded by the grenadiers of le Butte des Moulins and des Fille St. Thomas, celebrated for their loyalty.

There was nothing to be hoped from them. Petion stooped from time to time, picked up a stone, and threw it the other side of the wall.

While Petion was walking up and down and throwing the stones over the wall, they came to tell him two or three times that the king wanted to see him.

"Well," said Røederer, "are you not going?"

"No," replied Petion; "it is too warm upstairs. I remember that cabinet, and have no desire to enter it again; besides, I am making an appointment with some one on the terrace of the Feuillants."

And he continued stooping, picking up stones, and throwing them over the wall.

"Whom are you making an appointment with?" asked Roderer.

At that moment the door of the assembly that opened on the terrace of the Feuillants was thrown back.

"I expect," said Petion, "just what I imagined will happen."

"Order permission for Monsieur Petion to pass!" said a voice; "for the assembly requires him at his place, to give an account of the condition of Paris."

"Really!" said Petion, in a low voice.

Then, aloud:

"Here I am," he said, "ready to answer my enemy's suspicions."

The National Guards, believing they sent for Petion as an accused man, let him pass. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning; day began to break; only, strange to behold, the sky was the color of blood.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE NIGHT OF THE NINTH AND TENTH OF AUGUST.

PETION, sent for by the king, had a presentiment he would not leave as easily as he had entered; he approached a man of rough appearance, rendered still more forbidding by the scar that covered his face.

"Monsieur Billot," he said, "what report do you bring me from the assembly?"

"They will be in council all night."

"Very good! What did you say you had seen at the Pont Neuf?"

"Cannon and National Guards, placed there by order of Monsieur Mandat."

"And did you not also say, that under the arcade of St. Jean, at the corner of the Rue St. Antoine, a considerable force was assembled?"

"Yes, sir; all by Monsieur Mandat's orders."

"Very well; now listen, Monsieur Billot."

"I am listening."

"Here is an order for Messieurs Manuel and Danton to disperse the National Guards at the arcade of St. Jean, and to disarm the Pont Neuf; cost what it may, this order must be obeyed, do you hear?"

"I will take it myself to Monsieur Danton."

"That is well; meantime, you live in the Rue St. Honoré."

"Yes, sir."

"After giving the order to Monsieur Danton, return home and rest; in about two hours, get up and walk up and down the other side of the wall on the terrace of the Feuillants; if you see or hear stones thrown over from the Tuileries garden, it is because I am a prisoner, and violently treated."

"I understand."

"Go to the bar of the assembly and tell my colleagues to send for me. You understand, Monsieur Billot? it is my life I am putting in your hands."

"And I will answer for it, sir," said Billot; "have no anxiety." In fact, Petion left, secure in Billot's well-known patriotism, who would have been responsible for still greater things now that Pitou had arrived.

He expedited Pitou to Danton, telling him not to return without him.

Notwithstanding Danton's laziness, Pitou had a hard heart and brought him with him.

Danton had seen the cannon on the Pont Neuf; also the National Guards under the arcade of St. Jean; he understood the urgency of not leaving such a force at the rear of a popular army.

With Petion's order in his hand, Manuel dispersed the National Guards under the arcade of St. Jean, and sent away the cannoniers on the Pont Neuf. By this, the grand route for the insurrection was opened.

Meantime, Billot and Pitou met at the Rue St. Honoré, where Billot always lodged; Pitou nodded to him as to a friend.

Billot sat down and motioned to Pitou to do likewise.

"Thank you, Monsieur Billot," said Pitou, "I am not tired."

But Billot insisted, and Pitou sat down.

"Pitou," said Billot, "I sent for you to join me."

"And you see, Monsieur Billot," said Pitou, with that frank smile which showed all his thirty-two teeth, one of Pitou's peculiarities, "I did not make you wait."

"No. You imagined, did you not, something serious was taking place?"

"I expected it," replied Pitou; "but do tell me, Monsieur Billot—"

"What, Pitou?"

"Why I neither see Monsieur Bailly nor Monsieur Lafayette?"

"Bailly is a traitor whom we assassinated on the Champ de Mars."

"Yes, I know, as I rescued you from there when you lay bathed in your own blood."

"Lafayette is a traitor who wishes to take away the king."

"Ah! I did not know that. Monsieur de Lafayette a traitor! who would have imagined that? And the king?"

"The king is more of a traitor than anybody else, Pitou."

"As for that, I am not astonished," said Pitou.

"The king is in conspiracy with foreigners, and would deliver France over to the enemy; the Tuileries is a nest of conspirators, and they have decided to take the Tuileries. Do you understand, Pitou?"

"Parbleu! if I understand! Tell me, Monsieur Billot, as we took the Bastille, eh?"

"Yes."

"Only it will not be so difficult."

"There you are mistaken, Pitou."

"What! will it be more difficult?"

"Yes."

"It seems to me the walls are lower."

"Yes; but they are better guarded. The Bastille had only a

hundred invalids to guard it, while there are three or four thousand men in the château."

"The devil! three or four thousand men!"

"Without taking into consideration the Bastille was surprised, while, since the first of the month, the Tuileries, fearing they would be attacked, have put themselves on the defensive."

"Well enough to defend themselves?" asked Pitou.

"Yes," replied Billot; "particularly now that they have confided the defense to Monsieur de Charny."

"In fact," said Pitou, "he posted yesterday to Boursonnes with his wife. But is Monsieur de Charny a traitor?"

"No; he is an aristocrat, that's all; he has always been for the court and has not betrayed the people, simply because he has not asked them to confide in him.

"Are we to fight against Monsieur de Charny?"

"Probably, Pitou."

"How strange! neighbors!"

"Yes, this is what is called civil war, Pitou; but you are not obliged to fight if it does not suit you."

"Excuse me, Monsieur Billot," said Pitou; "the moment it suits you, it suits me also."

"I would like it better not to have you fight, Pitou."

"Why then did you send for me, Monsieur Billot?"

Billot's face grew dark.

"I sent for you, Pitou," said the former, "to give you this paper."

"This paper, Monsieur Billot?"

"Yes."

"What is this paper?"

"It is the draft of my will."

"What! the draft of your will? Eh! Monsieur Billot," continued Pitou, laughing, "you don't look like a man that is about to die."

"No," said Billot, pointing to his gun and cartouche-box hanging on the wall; "but I look like a man that may be killed."

"Ah! damn it!" sententiously said Pitou, "we are all mortal."

"Well, Pitou," said Billot, "I sent for you to give you my last will and testament."

"To me, Monsieur Billot?"

"To you, look you, Pitou, as you are my only legatee."

"I your only legatee!" said Pitou. "No, thank you, Monsieur Billot, you say that in fun."

"I am telling you what is so, my friend."

"It can not be, Monsieur Billot."

"How! It can not be?"

"Ah! no—when a man has heirs he can not give his wealth to strangers."

"You are mistaken; he can."

"Then he should not, Monsieur Billot."

A cloud passed over Billot's face.

"I have no heirs," he said.

"Good!" said Pitou. "You have no heirs? Pray, what do you call Mademoiselle Catherine?"

"I know no one of that name, Pitou."

"Ah! now, Monsieur Billot, don't say anything like that, it makes me rebellious."

"Pitou," said Billot, "the moment anything belongs to me, I can give it to whom I choose; the same if you die, as everything belongs to you. You can give it to any one you like."

"Ah! ah! very good! Yes," said Pitou, who began to understand; "then if anything happens to you— But how foolish I am! no misfortune will happen to you!"

"You said just now, Pitou, we were all mortal."

"Yes. Well, after all you are right; I will accept your will, Monsieur Billot, with the understanding that if I become your heir, I will have the right to do as I please with your property."

"Without doubt, as it will belong to you. And to you, a good patriot, there will be no chicanery, as there might be with those allied to the aristocracy."

Pitou understood it better and better.

"Very well, as it is so, Monsieur Billot, I accept it."

"Then, as that is all I have to say to you, put that paper in your pocket and rest; because in all probability we will have work enough to do to-morrow, or, rather, to-day, for it is within two hours of daylight."

"Are you going out, Monsieur Billot?"

"Yes; I have some business on the terrace of the Feuillants."

"And you have no need of me?"

"On the contrary, you would be in my way."

"In that case, I will eat a little something, Monsieur Billot."

"That's true," cried Billot; "to think I should have forgotten to ask if you were hungry."

"Oh," said Pitou, laughing, "that was because you knew I was always hungry."

"I need not tell you where the pantry is?"

"No, no, Monsieur Billot; don't worry about me. Only—you will be back, will you not?"

"I will return."

"If you do not, you must tell me where I could meet you."

"It is useless. In an hour I shall be here."

"All right; go, then."

And Pitou went to look for something to eat, with an appetite which, like the king's, never altered, let the circumstances be what they might, while Billot directed his steps toward the terrace of the Feuillants. We know what then took place.

He had but just reached there, when a stone fell at his feet, then another, and another, telling him what Petion feared had occurred, the mayor was a prisoner in the Tuileries.

Soon as possible he followed his directions, and presented himself at the assembly, who, as we have seen, sent and claimed Petion.

Petion free, only walked through the assembly, and returning on foot to the Hôtel de Ville, left to represent him his carriage in the court of the Tuileries.

Billot re entered his lodgings, and found Pitou finishing his supper.

"Well, Monsieur Billot, what is there new?" asked Pitou.

"Nothing," said Billot, "except that day is breaking and the sky is as red as blood."

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM THREE TO SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

We have seen how the day broke.

The sun's first rays fell on two cavaliers whose horses, slowly pacing along, followed the deserted quay of the Tuileries.

These two cavaliers were the commanding general of the National Guard, Mandat, and his aid-de-camp. Mandat, called at one o'clock in the morning to the Hôtel de Ville, refused to go at first.

At two o'clock the order was renewed more imperatively. Mandat still refused to go; but the syndic, Rœderer, drew near and said to him:

"Remember, sir, the terms of the law is that the commandant of the National Guard is at the orders of the municipality."

Mandat then decided to go.

Moreover, the commanding general was ignorant of two things:

First, that forty-seven sections out of forty-eight had sent three commissioners, whose object was to meet at the Commune and to save the country. Mandat expected to find the old municipality composed as it had been heretofore, and never expected to see one hundred and forty new faces. Besides, Mandat was ignorant of the order given by the same municipality to disarm the Pont Neuf and evacuate the arcade St. Jean, the execution of which, so important was it, Danton and Manuel presided in person.

Thus, on reaching the Pont Neuf, Mandat was stupefied at seeing it utterly deserted. He stopped and sent his aid-de-camp on a reconnoissance. In about ten minutes the aid-de-camp returned. He had seen neither cannon nor National Guard. The Place Dauphin, the Rue Dauphin, and the quay of the Augustins were as deserted as the Pont Neuf. Mandat continued on his way, thinking of returning to the château; but men go where fate leads them. As fast as he advanced toward the Hôtel de Ville he seemed to be advancing toward life itself; as in certain organic cataclysms the blood, leaving the heart, abandons the extremities, that remain pale and cold. All movement, life, in fact, the revolution itself, was on the Pelletier bridge, on the Place de Grève, in the Hotel de Ville; here all was activity in the heart of that great body called Paris.

Mandat stopped at the corner of the Pelletier bridge and sent his aid to the camp at the arcade St. Jean. Through the arcade St. Jean the crowd came and went freely; the National Guard had disappeared. Mandat thought seriously now of returning, but the crowd, closing back of him, pushed him like a wave to the steps of the Hôtel de Ville.

"Stay here!" he said to his aid-de-camp; "if any misfortune happens to me, go and tell them at the château."

Mandat let the crowd carry him in; his aid-de-camp, whose uniform showed him to be of secondary consideration, remained at

the corner of the Pelletier bridge, where he remained unnoticed; every eye was fixed on the commanding general.

On entering the large hall of the Hôtel de Ville, Mandat found himself face to face with unknown and stern faces.

It was the entire insurrection who came to demand an account of the conduct of a man, who not only wished to combat the revolution as it developed, but to stifle its very birth.

At the Tuileries he was the interrogator; his scene with Petion will be remembered.

Here, he was to be interrogated.

One of the members of this new Commune—that terrible Commune that stifled the legislative assembly, and battled even with the convention—one of the members of this new Commune advanced, and in the name of all:

“By whose order did you increase the guard at the château?” he demanded.

“By order of the mayor of Paris,” replied Mandat.

“Where is that order?”

“At the Tuileries, where I left it, that it might be executed in my absence.”

“Why did you move the cannons?”

“Because I moved the battalions, and when the battalions move the cannons move with them.”

“Where is Petion?”

“He was at the château when I left it.”

“A prisoner?”

“No; at liberty, and walking in the garden.”

A member of the new Commune brought in a town letter and asked to have it read aloud.

Mandat only needed to glance at the letter to know he was lost.

He recognized his handwriting.

That letter was an order sent at one o'clock in the morning to the commandant of the battalion posted at the arcade St. Jean, and enjoining him to attack in the rear the mob gathering at the château while the battalion of the Pont Neuf attacked the flank.

The order fell into the hands of the Commune after the retreat of the battalion.

The interrogation was finished. What proof could be obtained against the accused more terrible than that letter?

The Commune decided to have Mandat taken to the Abbaye.

Then Mandat's sentence was read.

Then came the explanation.

In reading Mandat's sentence, the president unfortunately made one of those gestures the people knew only too well how to interpret—a horizontal gesture.

“The president,” says M. Peltier, author of the “Revolution of the 10th of August, 1792,” “made a very expressive horizontal gesture, saying, ‘Take him away!’”

In fact, all sorts of gestures, a year later, became very expressive; but a horizontal gesture that signified so much in 1793 did not signify much in 1792, when the guillotine had not been established; on the 21st of July there fell on the Place du Carroussel the first royalist head; eleven days after a horizontal gesture (unless it was

agreed upon before) could mean, "Kill him!" Unfortunately the result seemed to justify the accusation. Mandat had scarcely taken three steps from the threshold of the Hôtel de Ville, the same moment his son ran to meet him, when a pistol-shot grazed the prisoner's head.

The same thing happened three years before to Fesselles.

Mandat was only wounded; he raised himself, to fall the next instant, struck by twenty pikes. The child stretched out his arms: "My father! my father!" No one paid any attention to the child's cries. Then soon, from the circle, where nothing was to be seen but arms stretched out in the midst of the flash of sabers and pikes, was raised a bleeding head detached from the body.

It was Mandat's head.

The child fainted. The aid-de-camp galloped to announce the news at the Tuileries. The assassins divided into two bands; some left to throw the body in the river; others promenaded through the streets of Paris with Mandat's head on the end of a pike.

It was nearly four o'clock in the morning.

Let us go to the Tuileries before the aid-de-camp reaches it, and see what has happened.

The king confessed—and from the moment his conscience was quiet, he felt reassured as to the rest—the king, who never could resist any of nature's demands, went to sleep. It was true, he slept all dressed.

When the tocsin redoubled its clamor, and the generals knocked at his door, they woke the king. He who awoke the king—M. de Chesnaye—to whom Mandat, on leaving, had confided his command, awoke the king that he might show himself to the National Guard, and by his presence, and by a few appropriate words, reanimate their enthusiasm.

The king awoke, stunned, trembling, half roused; his wig had been powdered, and all one side, on which he had lain, was flattened out.

They looked for the coiffeur; he was not there. The king left his room without having his hair dressed. The queen, hearing in the council-chamber that the king was about to show himself to his defenders, ran to meet him.

Contrary to the king, with his mournful expression, eyes averted from every one, with the muscles of his mouth distended and palpitating with an involuntary movement, with his violet-colored clothes looking as if he was in mourning for royalty—the queen was pale but burning with fever, her eyelids were dry, but red. She drew toward that shadow of royalty who, instead of appearing at midnight, showed himself at daylight with his large eyes winking and blinking.

It was much better that these royal exhibitions took place in the king's apartments, where the National Guard, mingling with the gentlemen, paid their homage to the king—that poor man so weak and sluggish, who had prospered so badly since his last similar experience on M. Sauce's balcony at Varennes. One might well ask if that was the hero of the 20th of June, that king for whom the priests and the women began to embroider on funereal crape a poetical legend.

And the answer would have been no; this was not the king whom the National Guard expected to see.

Just at that moment the old Duke de Mailly, with one of those good intentions destined to add one more paving-stone to the floor of hell—just at that moment, as we have said, the old Duke de Mailly drew his sword, and throwing himself at the knees of the king, swore, in a trembling voice, that he and the nobility he represented were ready to die for Henry IV.'s grandson.

Here were two inappropriate speeches, instead of one: the National Guard had no very great sympathy for that nobility of France represented by M. de Mailly; besides, they had not come there to defend Henry IV.'s grandson, but for the Constitutional king. Thus, in answer to some cries of "Long live the king!" the cries of "Long live the nation!" broke forth on all sides.

They must take another tack. They pushed the king to descend to the royal court. Alas! that poor king, his regular meals disarranged, had slept one hour instead of seven; his material nature had no will left; he was an automaton, receiving impulsion from outward forces.

Who gave him this impulsion?

The queen, with her nervous nature, who had neither eaten nor slept.

There are some unfortunate organizations, who, let them once become the prey of circumstances, will find it impossible to rise above them. Thus it was with Louis XVI. Instead of attracting the wavering ones, he seemed to approach them expressly to show how little prestige royalty leaves a man, when that man has neither genius nor force within himself. Here, as within doors, there was a weak attempt at "Long live the king!" but a tremendous cry of "Long live the nation!" was the response.

The royalists had the fool-hardiness to insist:

"No, no, no!" cried the patriots; "no other king than the nation!"

And the king, almost in a supplicating voice, replied:

"Yes, my children, the nation and your king will never be divided!"

"Bring the dauphin," said Marie Antoinette, in a low voice, to Mme. Elizabeth; "perhaps the sight of the child will touch their hearts." They went for the dauphin.

During this time the king continued this sad review; he had the unfortunate idea of approaching the artillerymen. It was a mistake; the artillerymen were nearly all republicans. If the king had known how to speak; if he could have made those men listen, instead of being carried away by their convictions, it would have been a bold stroke and might have succeeded; but there was nothing attractive either in Louis XVI.'s words or gestures. He hesitated; the royalists, thinking to cover his hesitation, again attempted that unfortunate cry of "Long live the king!" which had already twice failed; this time it nearly led to a collision.

Two cannoniers quitted their post, and throwing themselves toward the king, shook their fists at him.

"Do you think," they said, "we will fire on our brothers to defend a traitor like you?"

The queen drew the king back.

"The dauphin! the dauphin!" cried several voices; "Long live the dauphin!"

No one took up the cry; the poor child had not arrived in time, as they say in the theater; he had missed his cue.

The king retook the path to the château; it was a veritable retreat, almost a flight.

Arrived in his apartments, Louis XVI. sunk out of breath on the fauteuil.

The queen remained at the door, glancing at the eyes, looking at every one around her, as if seeking succor.

She saw Charny leaning against the threshold of her apartment before her; she went to him.

"Ahl sir," she said, "everything is lost."

"I fear so, madame," replied Charny.

"Can we fly yet?"

"It is too late, madame."

"Then, what is there for us to do?"

"Die!" replied Charny, bowing.

The queen sighed and entered her room.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FROM SIX TO NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

SCARCELY was Mandat killed, when the Commune appointed Santerre commandant general in his place, and Santerre, having ordered this proclaimed throughout all the streets, gave the order to have the tocsin redoubled in all the churches; then he organized patriot patrols, to watch the Tuileries, and even penetrate into the assembly.

During the night other patriots had watched the environs of the National Assembly.

About ten o'clock they had arrested at the Champs Elysées eleven armed persons—ten with pistols and swords, the eleventh carried a pike.

These eleven persons were taken without any resistance, and conducted to a guard-room in the Feuillants.

During the night eleven other prisoners were taken.

They were put in separate apartments. At seven o'clock in the morning, they led into the court of the Feuillants a young man, about twenty-nine or thirty years of age, in the uniform and cap of the National Guard. The freshness of his uniform, the brilliancy of his arms, the elegance of his whole appearance, made them suspect he was an aristocrat, and had led to his arrest. With it all, he was very calm.

A man named Bonjour, an old naval officer, presided that day over that department of the Feuillants.

He interrogated the National Guardsman.

"Where were you arrested?" he asked.

"On the terrace of the Feuillants," replied the prisoner.

"What were you doing there?"

"I was going to the château."

"With what object?"

“To obey an order from the municipality.”

“For what were you given that order?”

“To verify the condition of things, and to make my report to the general attorney—syndic of the department.”

“Have you that order?”

“Here it is.”

And the young man took a paper from his pocket. The president unfolded the paper and read:

“The bearer of this present order, belonging to the National Guard, is to go to the château to verify the condition of things, and make his report to the general attorney—syndic of the department.

“BOIRE, }
“LE ROULX, } *Municipal Officers.*”

The order was positive; only, they feared the signatures were false, and they sent a man to the Hôtel de Ville to ascertain as to their veracity.

This last arrest had drawn a great many people to the Hôtel de Ville, and in the midst of this multitude, some voices—there are always such voices in popular assemblies—some voices began to demand the prisoner's death.

An officer of the municipality who was there said he would not answer to let these voices gain an ascendancy.

He mounted a staging to harangue the crowd and persuade them to retire.

At the moment the crowd was about yielding to the influence of these merciful words, the man sent to verify the signature of the two officers returned, saying the order was genuine, and they could liberate the man named Suleau, who carried it.

At the name of Suleau, a woman lost in the crowd raised her head, and cried fiercely: “Suleau! Suleau! the compiler of the ‘Acts of the Apostles;’ Suleau! one of the assassins of the Liège Independence. Come to me, Suleau! I demand Suleau's death.”

The crowd opened to give room to a small, active woman, dressed en Amazon, in the colors of the National Guard, armed with a saber, which she carried in her shoulder-belt. She advanced toward the municipal officer, forced him to descend from his eminence, and mounted in his place.

Scarcely had her head appeared above the crowd, when they burst forth into the cry: “Théroigne!”

Théroigne at that time was a very popular woman; her co-operation on the 5th and 6th of October, her arrest at Brussels, her sojourn in the Austrian prison, her aggressiveness on the 20th of June, had given her such an immense popularity, that Suleau, in his comic journal, had given her, for a lover, the citizen Populus, meaning the entire population. This was a double entendre for Théroigne's popularity and her easy morals.

Besides, Suleau had published, in Brussels, “Le Tocsin des Rois,” and had thus succeeded in crushing the revolution in Liège, and thus returned to the Austrian yoke and the bishop's miter a noble people who wished to remain Frenchmen and free.

Théroigne could very easily, at this time, have caused Suleau's

arrest; but she wanted more Suleau's death, together with the eleven prisoners with him.

Suleau heard that voice in the midst of applause, eager for his death, and that of his companions. He called to his aid the chief of the post that guarded them, who was stationed at the door.

This post consisted of two hundred men of the National Guard. "Let me go," he said; "I am sentenced; they will kill me, and that will be all. My death will save eleven lives."

They refused to open the door.

He tried to get out of the window; his companions drew him back and held him.

He could not believe they would give him up to be murdered in cold blood.

He was mistaken.

The president, Bonjour, intimidated by the cries of the multitude, allowed Théroigne to have her way, by forbidding the National Guard to resist the rush of the people.

The National Guard obeyed, fled, and in leaving the door was left unguarded.

The people precipitated themselves into the prison, and seized the first comer.

The first comer was an abbé, named Bouyon, a dramatic author, as well known by the epigrams of "Cousin Jacques" as by the failure the greater part of his pieces had at the theater of Montansier. He was a colossal man. Snatched from the arms of a municipal officer, who tried to save him, he was drawn into the court and began a desperate fight with his assassins; though he was unarmed, two or three of the wretches were stretched at his feet.

A blow from a bayonet nailed him to the wall; he expired before his last blows reached his enemies.

During the fight two of the prisoners escaped. The abbé's successor was a former body-guard of the king, name Solminiac; his defense was none the less vigorous than his predecessors; his death, if anything, was more cruel; then a third was massacred, whose name was unknown. Suleau came the fourth.

"Hold!" said a woman to Théroigne, "there is your Suleau!"

Théroigne did not know him by sight; she thought he was a priest, and she called him the Abbé Suleau; like a tiger cat she jumped at his throat.

Suleau was young, strong, and courageous; with one hand he threw Théroigne ten feet from him, then cleared himself with a powerful blow from three or four men who had seized him, and snatching a sword from one of the assassins, with a couple of thrusts laid two of them at his feet.

Then a terrible fight began; constantly gaining ground, constantly advancing toward the door, Suleau freed himself three times, and reached that unfortunate door; but obliged to return to open it, he was exposed for an instant, without any defense, to the mob; that instant sufficed for twenty sabers to reach him. He fell at Théroigne's feet, who enjoyed her cruel revenge by giving him his last thrust.

Poor Suleau had been married about two months to a charming woman, daughter of the celebrated painter Hal.

While Suleau fought against his murderers, a third prisoner found means of escaping.

The fifth, who appeared to have been dragged from the National Guard by the assassins, was a member of the body-guard named Du Vigier, who was known as handsome Vigier; even when the mob saw him they could not repress a cry of admiration. As he was as courageous as he was handsome, as skillful as he was brave, he battled for more than fifteen minutes, falling three times, rising three times; the entire length of the court was stained with his blood, and also that of his assassins. At length, like Suleau, he was overcome by numbers.

The death of the three others was simply murder; their names were unknown.

Their nine bodies were dragged to the Place Vendome, where they were beheaded; then their heads, placed on pikes, were paraded throughout Paris.

That evening, a servant of Suleau, by paying so much in gold, obtained his master's head, and tried to find the body. Suleau's pious wife, two months enceinte, with screams and tears was calling for his precious remains to inter them.

Thus, before the fight began, blood had flowed in two places; on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, and in the court of the Feuillants. It was soon to flow in the Tuileries. First the drop, then the stream, then a river. At the time these murders were taking place, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, ten or eleven thousand National Guards, rallied by General Santerre and Barbaroux's tocsin, marched down the Rue St. Antoine, surrounded that famous arcade of St. Jean, so strongly guarded the night before, and filed down the Place de Greve.

These ten thousand men demanded an order to march on the Tuileries.

They made them wait an hour.

Two rumors ran through the crowd:

The first was, there were hopes of concessions from the château.

The second, that the Faubourg St. Marceau was not taken, and they could not march without it.

A thousand men with pikes grew impatient; as usual, the worst armed were the most enthusiastic. They penetrated the ranks of the National Guard, saying they would proceed and take the château alone.

Several of the federated Marseillais and ten or a dozen of the French Guard—that same French Guard who, three years before, had taken the Bastille—put themselves at their head, and by general acclamation were elected chiefs. They were the advance guard of the insurrection. Meanwhile, the aid-de-camp who had seen Mandat assassinated, returned to the Tuileries, digging his spurs in his horse; it was just as the king and queen returned from that sorrowful promenade in the court, that he joined them and repeated his sad tidings. The queen experienced a shock such as we all feel when we hear of the death of one who has but just left us; she could not believe it; she made him repeat the scene a

second time in all its details. Meanwhile, the noise of a scuffle made itself heard through the open windows.

The gendarmes, the National Guards, and the artillery patriots—those who had cried: "Long live the nation!" began at last to provoke the royalists by calling them "gentlemen of the royal grenadiers," saying that the Butte des Moulins grenadiers and those of the Filles St. Thomas were men bought by the court; and as they were still ignorant of the death of the commanding general below stairs, although they knew it above, a grenadier called out aloud:

"Apparently that rascal of a Mandat has nothing but aristocrats in the château."

Mandat's eldest son was in the ranks of the National Guard—we have seen where the youngest was, who vainly attempted to save his father on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. At this insult to his absent father, the eldest son rushed from the ranks, sword in hand. Three or four artillerymen threw themselves in front of him.

Weber, the queen's valet de chambre, was there in the National Guard, among the grenadiers of St. Roche. He ran to the young man's rescue. The clashing of swords was heard; the quarrel spread among both parties. The queen, drawn to the window by the noise, recognized Weber. She called Thierry, the king's valet de chambre, and sent him to help her foster-brother.

Weber came upstairs and related all to the queen.

In her turn, she announced Mandat's death to him.

The noise continued under the windows.

"What are they doing, Weber?" asked the queen.

"What are they doing, madame? the cannoniers are abandoning their pieces; the mob have spiked them and rendered them useless!"

"What do you think of all that, my poor Weber?"

"I think," said the good Austrian, "that your majesty better consult Monsieur Rœderer, who seems one of the most faithful left in the château."

"Yes; but where can I speak to him without being heard, spied, interrupted?"

"In my room, if the queen wishes," said Thierry.

"Soit!" said the queen; then turning, she said to her foster-brother: "Go and find Monsieur Rœderer, and take him to Thierry's room."

Then, as Weber left by one door, the queen left by another, following Thierry.

The clock at the château struck nine.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM NINE O'CLOCK TILL NOON.

WHEN one reaches as important a point in history as this at which we have arrived, no detail should be omitted: one event is so connected with another in forming the length and breadth of the historical tapestry, that the past unrolls before the eyes of the future.

At the moment Weber came to announce to the syndic of the

commune the queen wanted to speak to him, the Swiss captain Durler ascended to the king's apartments, to ask him or the major-general for their last orders.

Charny perceived the good captain, and looked for an officer or valet de chambre to introduce him to the king.

"What do you want, captain?" said he.

"Are you not the major-general?" asked M. Durler.

"Yes, captain."

"I came to take your last orders, sir, before the head of the insurrection columns appears in the Carroussel."

"All that is to be said is, not to let them force an entrance, sir; the king has decided to die in the midst of you."

"Have no fears, major," simply replied Durler. And he took that order to his companions—it was their sentence of death.

In fact, as Captain Durler said, the advance guard of the insurrection began to appear.

It was those thousand men, armed with pikes, at whose head marched twenty Marseillais and twelve or fifteen of the French Guard; in the ranks of these last were the gold epaulets of a young captain.

This young captain was Pitou, who, recommended by Billot, had been charged with a mission that will soon be disclosed.

Behind this advance guard, quarter of a mile back, came a considerable body of National Guards and Federalists preceded by a battery of a dozen pieces of cannon.

The Swiss Guard, when the major-general's order was communicated to them, ranged themselves silently but resolutely at their posts, never once breaking that cold, gloomy silence of determination.

The National Guards, less severely disciplined, brought more noise and disorder, but an equal determination to their aid.

The gentlemen, badly organized, bearing only short arms—swords or pistols—knowing, this time, a mortal combat was before them, saw, with a sort of feverish delirium, the moment approach when they were to be brought in contact with the people—their old adversary—that eternal athlete, that warrior ever vanquished, and for eight centuries still increasing.

While the besiegers, or those who were about to become such, knocked at the door of the Cour Royale, several voices cried: "A parley! a parley!" others displayed a white handkerchief over the wall fastened on a lance.

They went for Rœderer.

They found him close by.

"They are knocking at the Cour Royale, sir," they said.

"I heard the blows, and I was coming."

"What is to be done?"

"Open it."

The order was given to the concierge, who opened the door, and ran away as fast as he could go. Rœderer found himself before the advance guard of the men with pikes.

"My friends," said he, "you asked to have the door opened for a parley, not to admit an army. Where is your speaker?"

"Here I am, sir!" said Pitou, with his sweet voice and good-natured smile.

"Who are you?"

"I am Captain Ange Pitou, chief of the federals of Haramont."

Røederer did not know who the federals of Haramont were; but time was precious, he did not consider it wise to inquire.

"What do you want?" he said.

"I want an entrance for myself and friends."

Pitou's friends, in tattered red clothes, brandishing their pikes, with fierce hungry eyes, appeared more like dangerous enemies.

"An entrance! What for?"

"To surround the assembly. We have twelve pieces of cannon; not one will be charged if they do as we wish."

"And what do you wish?"

"The king's overthrow."

"Sir," said Røederer, "that is serious!"

"Very serious; yes, sir," said Pitou, with his accustomed politeness.

"It requires consideration."

"That is reasonable!" replied Pitou.

And he looked at the clock of the château.

"It is a quarter of ten," he said; "we will give you till ten o'clock; if ten o'clock strikes, and we have no answer, we will begin the attack."

"While waiting you will allow us to close the door?"

"Certainly."

Then addressing his satellites:

"My friends," he said, "allow them to close the door." And he motioned to those in front to fall back with their pikes.

They obeyed; and the door was closed without difficulty.

During the moment the door was opened the besiegers could judge something of the formidable preparations made for their reception.

The door closed; Pitou's men seemed still desirous of parleying.

Some of them were hoisted on their comrades' shoulders to the wall, set astride of it, and began talking to the National Guard.

The National Guard shook hands with them and talked.

Thus the quarter of an hour passed.

Then, a man came from the château, and ordered them to open the door.

This time the concierge was locked in his lodge, and the National Guard raised the bars.

The besiegers believed their request was granted; as soon as the doors were opened they entered like men who have waited a long time, and who are pushed from behind, in dense crowds, calling loudly on the Swiss Guard, putting their caps on the ends of their swords and pikes, and calling: "Long live the nation! Long live the National Guard! Long live the Swiss Guard!"

The National Guard replied to the cries of "Long live the nation!"

The Swiss Guards maintained a gloomy and sad silence.

At the cannon's mouth, the assailants stopped and looked before and around.

The grand vestibule was full of the Swiss Guard, placed three deep; one row held each step of the staircase; thus permitting six rows to fire at once.

Several of the insurgents began to reflect. Among these was Pitou; only, it was rather too late for that.

The result was as usual under similar circumstances, where the character of a worthy people is like that of a child, sometimes good, sometimes horrid.

The National Guard had no objections to a little fun, but the Swiss were as serious as ever; for five minutes before the apparition of the insurrectional advance guard, something had occurred. As we related in the preceding chapter, the patriotic National Guard, at the end of the quarrel raised about Maudat, had become separated from the royal National Guards, and separated from their compatriots, at the same time they said farewell to the Swiss, whose courage they admired and pitied.

They were adding they wanted to see in their homes, as brethren, those of the Swiss who survived.

Then two Vandois, answering a call made in their own tongue, left their ranks, came to throw themselves in the arms of the French, their real countrymen.

But at the same instant, two pistol shots from the windows of the château struck the deserters, in the arms even of their new friends.

The Swiss officers, excellent shots, hunters of the chamois and elk, found this means of cutting short desertion.

This had made, as might be understood, the Swiss even more serious.

As for the men who had just been introduced in the court, armed with old pistols, guns, and broken pikes, less protected than if they had none, they were strange precursors of a revolution; such, however, as are always seen at the head of all great movements, who laughingly run over the abyss that is to engulf a throne—often more than a throne—a monarchy.

The cannoniers went over to them. The National Guard appeared ready to do the same; they tried to persuade the Swiss to follow suit.

They did not notice that the time had flown. Their chief, Pitou, had given M. Rœderer till ten o'clock, and it was a quarter past.

They amused themselves; why should they count the minutes?

One of them, without a pike, without a gun, without a sword, with only a branch of a tree, said to his neighbor:

“Suppose I fish for one of the Swiss?”

“Fish for him!” said another.

And the man hooked the Swiss Guard with his stick, and drew him toward him.

The Swiss Guard made every appearance of resisting, but that was all.

“I have a bite!” cried the fisherman.

“Now then, go gently!” cried the other.

The man with the stick drew him in gently, and the Swiss Guard

passed from the vestibule into the court, as a fish passes from the river to the beach.

Then arose exclamations and great bursts of laughter.

"Another! another!" came from all sides. The fisherman fished for another Swiss Guard, whom he brought in as he had the first. After the second came the third, then a fourth, then a fifth.

All the regiment would have passed thus if they had not heard the words: "Take aim."

On seeing the guns lowered with that regular and mechanical noise that accompanies the movements of regular troops, one of the assailants—there always are under similar circumstances some senseless creature to give the signal for a massacre—one of the assailants fired his pistol at one of the château windows. During the short interval separating the words, "take aim," and "fire," Pitou comprehended all that happened.

"To the ground!" he cried to his men; "to the ground, every one of you, or you are dead men!" And, adding example to precept, he threw himself to the ground.

Before his advice could be followed, the word "Fire!" resounded through the vestibule, which filled with noise and smoke, with the crashing of balls, as if a mortar had exploded.

The compact mass—the greater part of the column, perhaps, had entered the court—the compact mass wavered like a meadow swept by the wind, then like a meadow mown by the reaper they fell motionless on one another.

Even the last row was hardly left intact, but they fled, passing between the fires of two lines and the barracks; lines and barracks fired alternately. The sharpshooters picked out their men, as if there was no such thing as a thick mass of men between.

The curtain of smoke rose; four hundred men were stretched on the pavement, of which three hundred were killed outright.

The hundred others, more or less mortally wounded, groaned, tried to rise, fell again, giving certain portions of this field of bodies the appearance of a dying wave frightful to witness.

Then, little by little, they became exhausted, except some obstinate ones, who refused to die, and all became immovable.

The refugees spread through the Carroussel, separated, some on the bridge, others on the Rue St. Honoré, crying, "Murder! They are killing us!"

Near the Pont Neuf they met the main army. The main army was commanded by two men on horseback, followed by a man on foot, who seemed also an officer in command.

"Ah!" cried the refugees, recognizing in one of the two cavaliers the brazier of the Faubourg St. Antoine, conspicuous for his colossal stature, while his enormous Flemish horse served as a pedestal. "Oh! Monsieur Santerre, help! help! they are killing our brothers!"

"Where is that?" demanded Santerre.

"The Swiss! they fired upon us while we were with them cheek by jowl."

Santerre turned toward the second cavalier.

"What do you think of that, sir?" he asked.

"By my faith!" said the second cavalier, a small fair man, with

a very strong German accent, wearing his hair cut close; "I think there is a military proverb which says, 'The soldier must go where he hears the noise of battle.' Let us go to the battle!"

"But," said the man on foot to one of the survivors, "you had with you a young officer; I don't see him."

"He was the first to fall, and it was a pity, for he was a brave young man."

"Yes, he was a brave young man!" he replied, growing white.

"Yes, a brave young man, and he must be bravely avenged! Forward, Monsieur Santerre!"

"I think, my dear Billot," said Santerre, "in so serious an affair we must not only call to our aid courage, but experience."

"That is so."

"Consequently, I propose to remit the generalship to Citizen Westerman, who is really a general, and a friend of Danton. I will be the first one to offer to obey him as a simple soldier."

"Anything you like," said Billot, "provided we march without losing an instant."

"Do you accept the command, Citizen Westerman?" asked Santerre.

"I accept," replied the Prussian, laconically.

"In that case, give your orders."

"Forward!" cried Westerman.

And the immense column, stopped for a moment, started again. At the moment the advance guard penetrated into the Carroussel by the wicket of the Rue l'Echelle and by the bridge, eleven o'clock sounded from the Tuileries.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FROM NINE O'CLOCK TILL NOON.

ON re-entering the château, Rœderer found the valet de chambre was looking for him. He himself was looking for the queen, feeling that at that moment she was the true strength of the château.

He was therefore glad to hear she was waiting for him in the confined spot, where she could speak to him alone, without interruption. He ascended after Weber, and found the queen sitting by the fire-place, her back toward the window.

As the door opened she turned quickly.

"Well, sir?" she asked, without any positive aim in her question.

"The queen did me the honor to send for me," replied Rœderer.

"Yes, sir; you are one of the first magistrates of the city; your presence in the château is a shield for royalty. Sent for you to ascertain what we have to hope or to fear."

"To hope, very little, madame; to fear, everything! The people are decidedly marching against the château. Their advance guard is in the Carroussel, and is parleying with the Swiss Guard."

"Parleying, sir? But I gave the Swiss orders to repulse them by force. Are they inclined to disobey?"

"No, madame; the Swiss will die at their post first."

"And we at ours, sir; as the Swiss are soldiers in our service, so we are soldiers in the cause of royalty."

Rœderer was silent.

"Am I unfortunate enough not to agree with you?" said the queen.

"Madame," said Rœderer, "I have no opinion unless your majesty does me the honor to ask it."

"Then I ask your opinion."

"Very well, madame; I came to tell you, with the earnestness of a convinced man, that if the king remains in the Tuileries he is lost."

"But, if we can not remain in the Tuileries, where will we go?" cried the queen, raising herself in fright.

"There is only one asylum left at this time for the royal family," said Rœderer.

"Which is that, sir?"

"The National Assembly."

"What did you say, sir?" demanded the queen, opening her eyes and looking as if she did not understand.

"The National Assembly," repeated Rœderer.

"And do you think, sir, that I would ask anything from those people?"

Rœderer said nothing.

"Enemies on all sides, it seems, sir; but I prefer those who attack us to our face to those who would destroy us behind our backs and in the dark."

"Very well, madame, you must decide; go and fight the people, or begin and retreat toward the assembly."

"Begin a retreat? But are we so deprived of defenders that we are forced to retreat before firing a gun?"

"Before you decide, madame, suppose you hear the opinion of some competent man, and know just what you have to depend upon?"

"Weber, go and find one of the officers of the château; either Monsieur Maillard or Monsieur de la Chesnaye, or"—she intended to say—"or the Comte de Charny," but she stopped.

Weber went on.

"If your majesty will go to the window, she can see for herself."

The queen, with a visible repugnance, took several steps toward the window, opened the curtains, and saw that the Carroussel and the Cour Royale were filled with men armed with pikes.

"My God!" she cried, "what are these men doing?"

"As I told your majesty, they are parleying."

"But they have entered the court of the château."

"I hoped to gain time, to give your majesty an opportunity of making a decision."

At that moment the door opened.

"Enter! enter!" cried the queen, without knowing whom she was addressing.

Charny entered.

"Here I am, madame," he said.

"Ah! it is you! then I have nothing to ask you; for you have told me all that was left for us to do."

"But, besides, sir," asked Rœderer, "there remains for you?"

"To die!" said the queen.

"You see what I propose is preferable, madame."

"Oh, as I live, I don't know!" said the queen.

"What do you propose, sir?" asked Charny.

"To conduct the king to the assembly."

"That is not death," said Charny; "but the shame of it!"

"You hear, sir!" said the queen.

"Is there nothing else?" said Rœderer.

Weber advanced.

"I know very little," he said, "and I know it is very bold in me to speak in this presence; but perhaps my devotion inspires me. How would it answer to ask the assembly to send a deputation to watch over the king's safety?"

"Very well; so be it," said the queen; "to that I will consent. Monsieur de Charny, if you approve of that measure, go, I pray you, and submit it to the king."

Charny bowed and went out.

"Follow the comte, Weber, and bring me the king's answer."

Weber left behind the comte.

Charny's presence, cold, grave, devoted, was for the queen's, as well as for the woman, such a cruel reproach, that she never saw him without trembling.

Perhaps she had a presentiment that something terrible was about taking place.

Weber re-entered.

"The king agrees, madame," he said, "and Messieurs Champion and Dejoly have this moment gone to the assembly to carry his majesty's request."

"But look there!" said the queen.

"What, madame?" said Rœderer.

"What are they doing there?"

The besiegers were occupied in fishing the Swiss.

Rœderer looked, but before he could form an idea as to what was taking place, a pistol-shot was heard, followed by a more formidable discharge.

The château trembled as if shaken to its foundation.

The queen screamed, recoiled a step, then, led by curiosity, returned to the window.

"Oh! see! see!" she cried, with eyes on fire, "they fly! they are disordered! What do you say now, Monsieur Rœderer, that we have no other resource than the assembly?"

"Will your majesty be kind enough to follow me?" said Rœderer.

"See! see!" continued the queen, "see the Swiss make a sortie and pursue them! Oh! the Carroussel is free! Victory! victory!"

"In pity for yourself, madame," said Rœderer, "follow me."

The queen turned and followed the syndic.

"Where is the king?" asked Rœderer of the first valet de chambre they met.

"The king is in the Louvre gallery," he replied.

"That is just where I wish to conduct your majesty," said Rœderer.

The queen followed without an idea of her guide's intention.

The gallery was barricaded nearly its entire length, divided into three divisions. Two or three hundred men defiled it, who could retire into the Tuileries by means of a draw-bridge, which, kicked by the last refugee, would fall to the ground below.

The king was at a window with Messieurs Chesnaye, Maillordot, and five or six gentlemen. He held a field-glass in his hand.

The queen rushed to the window, and needed no glass to see what was taking place.

The army of the insurrection approached wide and long, entirely covering the quay, and extending as far as the eye could reach.

By the Pont Neuf the Faubourg St. Marceau joined the Faubourg St. Antoine.

All the clocks of Paris frequently rang the tocsin, the clanging of Notre Dame with its deep tones completely hushing the other bells.

A burning sun glistened in arrows of light on the cannon, the guns, the lances.

Then, like the distant muttering of the storm, was heard the hollow roll of the artillery.

"Well, madame?" said Rœderer.

About fifty people were gathered behind the king. The queen glanced over the crowd that surrounded her—that look went to their very hearts—as if to see what devotion was still left for her.

Then, mute, poor woman, she seized her boy, and not knowing whom to address, nor whom to pray to, she showed him to the Swiss officers, to the officers of the National Guard, to the gentlemen. It was not a queen demanding a throne for her heir; it was a mother in distress in the midst of a mob, crying, "My child! Who will save my child?" During this time the king talked in low tones with the syndic of the Commune, and Rœderer repeated to him what he had already told the queen.

Two distinct groups formed around these august personages: the king's group, cold, sedate, composed of counselors who seemed to approve of Rœderer's advice; the queen's group, large, ardent, enthusiastic, composed of the flower of chivalry, waving their hats, their swords, raising their hands toward the dauphin, kissing on their knees the queen's robes, swearing to die for both.

In this enthusiasm the queen felt a little encouraged.

At that moment the group around the king mingled with those around the queen, and the king, with his usual impassability, found himself the center of the mixed groups. That impassability was perhaps courage.

The queen seized two pistols from M. Maillordot's belt—the commander of the Swiss Guard.

"Go, sire!" she said; "this is the moment to show yourself, or to perish in the midst of your friends!"

This movement of the queen carried enthusiasm to its height; everybody waited for the king's response with open mouth and suspended breath.

▲ king, young, handsome, courageous, with glowing eyes and

trembling lips, throwing himself, those two pistols in his hands, in the midst of the combat, could perhaps have won the fickle goddess Fortune. They waited, they hoped.

The king took the pistols from the hand of the queen and returned them to M. Maillardot.

Then turning toward the syndic of the Commune:

"You say, sir, that I must go to the assembly?" he asked.

"Sire," replied Rœderer, bowing, "that is my advice."

"Come, gentlemen," said the king, "there is nothing more to be done here."

The queen sighed, took the dauphin in her arms, and addressing Mesdames de Lamballe and de Tourzel:

"Come, ladies," she said, "as the king also wishes it."

It was as much as to say to the others: "I abandon you."

Mme. Campan waited for the queen in the corridor where she passed.

The queen saw her. "Wait in my apartment," she said; "I will join you there, or I will send for you to go—God knows where!"

Then lower, leaning toward Mme. Campan: "Oh!" she murmured, "for one walk by the sea-shore."

The abandoned gentlemen looked at one another, as if to say: "Is it for such a king we have come here to die?"

M. de la Chesnaye understood that mute interrogation.

"No, gentlemen," he said; "it is for royalty itself! Man is but mortal; principle immortal!"

As for the unfortunate women, and there were a great many, some of them absent from the château made unheard-of efforts to enter; as for these women, they were completely terrified. One would have said more to the marble statues placed in the corridors and down the staircase.

At last the king thought of those he was leaving.

At the foot of the staircase he stopped.

"But," said he, "what will become of every one I am leaving here?"

"Sire," replied Rœderer, "nothing will be easier than for them to follow you; they are in civilian's clothes, and can pass by the garden."

"That is true," said the king. "Let us go!"

"Ah! Monsieur de Charny," said the queen, perceiving the comte, who was waiting at the door of the garden, with drawn sword, "why did I not listen to you yesterday when you advised me to fly?"

The comte did not answer; but approaching the king:

"Sire," he said, "will the king take my hat, and give me his, that he may not be recognized?"

"Ah! you are right," said the king, "on account of the white feather. Thank you, sir."

And he took Charny's hat and gave him his own.

"Do you think, sir," said the queen, "the king runs any danger in this walk?"

"You see, madame, if danger exists, I have done all I can to deter it from reaching the king."

"Sire," asked the Swiss captain charged with protecting the king's passage through the garden, "is your majesty ready?"

"Yes," replied the king, putting Charny's hat on his head.

"Then," said the captain, "let us go!"

The king advanced in the midst of two files of Swiss Guard, who marched with him.

Suddenly loud cries were heard at the right. The door opening on the Tuileries near the café of Flora had been forced; a crowd of people, knowing the king was going to the assembly, precipitated themselves in the garden.

A man who seemed in charge of this band, carried as a banner a head on a pike. The captain halted and carried arms.

"Monsieur de Charny," said the queen, "if you see me about to fall into the hands of these wretches, you will kill me, will you not?"

"I could not promise that, madame," said Charny.

"Why not?" cried the queen.

"Because, before a single hand could touch you I would be dead."

"Hold," said the king; "is not that poor Monsieur Mandat's head? I recognize it!"

The band of assassins did not dare to approach nearer, but they poured insults on the king and queen; five or six shots were fired; one of the Swiss fell dead, another was wounded. The captain ordered the men to arm; they obeyed.

"Do not fire, sir!" said Charny, "or perhaps none of us will reach the assembly alive."

"That is true, sir," said the captain. "Port arms!"

The soldiers carried arms, and they continued to advance, cutting diagonally across the garden.

The first heats of summer had dried the lilacs; though not yet the end of August, the yellow leaves strewed the ground.

The little dauphin rolled them under his feet, and amused himself trying to push them under his sister's feet.

"The leaves are falling early this year," said the king.

"Did not one of those men write, 'Royalty would not be overthrown till the fall of the leaf?'" said the queen.

"Yes, madame," replied Charny.

"What was the name of that wonderful prophet?"

"Manuel."

Then a new obstacle presented itself before the royal family; it was a considerable group of men and women, who awaited them, with menacing gestures and threatening arms, in the terrace and stairs they were obliged to traverse on leaving the Tuileries garden to reach the assembly.

The danger was greater as the Swiss Guard had no means of defending the king. The captain, nevertheless, tried to penetrate the crowd, but manifested so much rage, Rœderer cried:

"Take care, sir; you will kill the king!"

They halted, while a messenger apprised the assembly of the king's desire to take refuge there. The assembly sent a deputation to escort him, but the sight of the deputation redoubled the fury of the multitude.

They heard furious cries of "A bas veto!" "A bas l'Autrichinne!" "Overthrow or death!"

The two children, understanding that it was their mother that was threatened, pressed closer to her. The little dauphin asked:

"Monsieur de Charny, why do all those men want to kill mamma?"

A man armed with a pike cried louder than the others: "A bas veto! a mort l'Autrichinne," and tried to dart his pike first at the queen and then at the king.

The Swiss escort little by little dwindled away; the royal family had only the six gentlemen who had left the Tuileries with them, M. de Charny and the deputation the assembly had sent to meet them.

They had more than sixty yards to make in the midst of a compact crowd.

It was evident they would attempt the king's, and more than all, the queen's life.

At the foot of the steps the fight began.

"Put your sword in its scabbard, sir," said Rœderer to Charny, "or I will not answer for the consequences."

Charny obeyed without a word.

The royal group was carried by the crowd, as a bark in a tempest is carried by the waves, away from the assembly. The king was obliged to repulse a man who thrust his fist in his face; the little dauphin, almost stifled, cried and stretched forth his arms as if for help. A man dashed forward, grasped him, and snatched him from his mother's arms.

"Monsieur de Charny, my son!" she cried; "in Heaven's name, save my son!"

Charny took several steps toward the man who carried the child, but hardly had he exposed the queen, before two or three arms were stretched toward her, and a hand seized her by the fichu that covered her breast.

The queen screamed.

Charny forgot Rœderer's advice, and his sword disappeared entirely in the body of the man who had dared to seize the queen.

The crowd howled with rage on seeing one of their number fall, and hurled themselves more violently upon the group.

The women cried:

"Kill her now, the Austrian! give her to us that we may strangle her! A mort! A mort!" And twenty bare arms were stretched out to seize her. But she, beside herself with grief, never thought of herself, or ceased crying:

"My son! my son!"

They had almost reached the threshold of the assembly; the crowd made a last effort; they felt their prey escaping them.

Charny was so pressed upon that he could only strike with the handle of his sword. He saw amid all those clinched and threatening hands one armed with a pistol aimed at the queen. He dropped his sword, seized with his two hands the pistol, wrenched it from the man who held it, and discharged it in the heart of the man next to him.

The man, killed outright, fell.

Charny stooped to pick up his sword.

The sword was already in the hands of a man who was trying to strike the queen.

Charny threw himself upon the assassin.

At that instant the queen entered, with the king's suite, the vestibule of the assembly; she was saved.

It is true, the door was closed behind her; on the very step of the door Charny fell, struck at the same time on the head with an iron bar, and a thrust from a pike in his breast.

"Like my brothers!" he murmured as he fell. "Poor Andréel!"

Charny's destiny was accomplished, as was that of Isidore, as was that of George. The queen's was still to be accomplished.

At the same moment a frightful discharge of artillery announced that the insurgents and the defenders of the château had begun firing.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FROM NOON TO THREE O'CLOCK.

For an instant—as the queen had thought in seeing the flight of the advance guard—the Swiss general believed they were fighting the army itself, and that it had fled.

They had killed nearly four hundred men in the Cour Royale, a hundred and fifty or two hundred in the Carroussel; they had also secured seven pieces of cannon. As far as they could see, there was not one man left to defend himself.

A little isolated battery, established on the terrace of a house opposite the Swiss Guard, continued its fire, notwithstanding efforts were made to silence it. As they, however, considered themselves masters of the situation, they were about taking measures to subdue the battery, cost what it might, when they heard from the side of the quay the roll of drums and the more foreboding rumble of artillery.

It was the army the king had seen, with his glasses, from the Louvre gallery.

At the same time the rumor spread that the king had left the château, and had gone to demand an asylum at the assembly.

It would be difficult to describe the effect produced by this news, even among the most devoted royalists.

The king, who had promised to die at the royal post, deserting it, and going over to the enemy, or at any rate giving himself up as a prisoner without even fighting.

From that time the National Guard considered themselves absolved from their oath, and nearly all retired.

Several gentlemen followed, thinking it useless to perish in a cause that they themselves considered lost.

The Swiss alone remained, silent, somber, but slaves to discipline.

From the terrace of the Pavilion of Flora, and from the windows of the Louvre gallery, they saw those heroic burghers coming, that no army yet had been able to resist, and that in one day

had overturned the Bastille, that fortress whose feet had been rooted in the soil for over four centuries.

The assailants had a plan; they supposed the king in the château, and intended to surround it to take him.

The column following the quay on the left side of the river consequently received the order to force the gate bordering on the water; those who arrived by the Rue St. Honoré were to force the door of the Feuillants, while the column on the right side, commanded by Westerman, having under him Santerre and Billot, were to attack them in front.

This last filed suddenly down by all the gates of the Carroussel, singing "Ça ira."

The Marseillais led the head of the column, dragging in their midst two small pieces of four-pounders, fully charged.

Nearly two hundred Swiss were fighting on the Carroussel.

The insurgents marched directly at them. The moment the latter lowered their guns to fire, they unmasked their cannon and fired first.

The soldiers discharged their guns, but retired immediately into the château, leaving in their turn thirty dead, besides the wounded, on the pavement of the Carroussel.

Then the insurgents, having at their head the federate Marseillais and Bretons, rushed upon the Tuileries, carrying both courts; the Cour Royale, where there were so many dead (the center court), and the Court of the Princes, next to the Pavilion of Flora and the quay.

Billot wanted to fight where Pitou had been killed; he hoped the poor boy had only been wounded, and that he could return in the Cour Royale the service Pitou had rendered him in the Champ de Mars. He entered among the first in the center court; the odor of blood was such that one could have believed it to be an abattoir; it exhaled from this pile of bodies like smoke. The sight, the odor, exasperated the assailants; they precipitated themselves toward the château. Even if they had wished to return, it was impossible; the masses incessantly pressing in by the gates of the Carroussel, much narrower then than now, pushed them forward. But, it must be understood, though the façade of the château resembled fireworks, no one thought of taking any steps for the defense of the back. Then, when once entered in the center court, the insurgents, like those whose blood they marched in up to their ankles, found themselves between two fires, the firing from the vestibule of the clock and the double row of barracks.

First, they must extinguish the fire from the barracks.

The Marseillais threw themselves upon them like bull-dogs on their prey; but they could not demolish them with their hands; they wanted levers, mattocks, and pickaxes.

Billot asked for cartridges.

Westerman comprehended his lieutenant's plan.

They brought cartridges with matches.

At the risk of setting off the powder in their hands, the Marseillais set fire to the cartridges and threw them into the barracks.

The barracks blazed; their defenders were obliged to evacuate them and take refuge in the vestibule.

There, it was fire against fire, bayonet against bayonet.

Suddenly Billot felt himself pushed from behind; he turned, supposing it to be an enemy; but on seeing who had hold of him, he cried with joy. It was Pitou! Pitou unrecognizable, covered with blood from head to foot, but Pitou safe and sound. Pitou without a single wound.

At the moment he saw the guns of the Swiss lowered, as we have said, he cried, "To the ground!" and set the example himself.

But this example his companions did not have the time to follow.

The fusillade, like an immense scythe, mowed down three quarters of that human crop which had taken twenty-five years to ripen, and which in a second was mowed down and cast away. Pitou was literally covered with bodies, then bathed with the overflowing crimson tide.

Notwithstanding Pitou's disagreeable situation, stifled with the weight of the dead, bathed in their blood, he resolved not to utter a sound, and wait for a favorable moment to give a sign of life.

He had waited for that favorable moment for more than an hour.

Every moment of that hour seemed an hour. At length, when he heard his companions' cries of victory, and Billot's voice calling him, he thought the time propitious.

As Encelades rages under Mount Etna, he tossed aside the canopy of bodies that covered him, and standing up, recognized Billot in the front ranks; he rushed toward him, and pressed him to his heart, without caring which side he was on.

A discharge from the Swiss, which laid a dozen men low, recalled Billot and Pitou to their situation.

Six hundred feet of batteries blazed away from the right to the left of the central court.

The weather was heavy; there was not a breath of air; the smoke from their own firing, and the fusillading, weighing on the combatants like a leaden cover, it filled the vestibule of the château; all the front, every window of which belched forth fire, was covered with a veil of smoke; they could not see where to aim, or if it had been correct.

Pitou, Billot, the Marsillais, the head of the column, marched in advance, and, notwithstanding the smoke, penetrated into the vestibule. They found themselves before a wall of bayonets. It was the Swiss Guard.

It was then the Swiss began their retreat—a heroic retreat—in which, step by step, foot by foot, leaving one of their rank on each stair, the battalion slowly ascended.

In the evening they counted forty-five bodies on the stairs.

All at once, throughout the apartments and corridors of the château, this cry was heard:

"The king orders the Swiss to cease firing!"

It was two o'clock.

What was taking place at the assembly, from whence proceeded the order to cease firing? an order which possessed the double advantage of diminishing the exasperation of the vanquishers and covering the vanquished with honor.

The moment the door of the Feuillants closed behind the queen, just as she passed the threshold, she saw iron bars, bayonets and pikes menacing Charny; she screamed, and held out her arms toward the door; but drawn to the side of the hall by those who accompanied her, at the same time her maternal instinct telling her before all things to follow her child, she entered the assembly in the king's suite.

There a great joy awaited her; she saw her son sitting on the president's desk; the man who had brought him placed his red bonnet triumphantly on the young prince's head, and cried joyfully:

"I saved my master's son! Long live the dauphin!"

But, her son safe, the queen's heart returned to Charny.

"Gentlemen," she said, "one of my bravest officers, one of my most faithful servitors, is at the door in danger of his life; I ask help for him."

Five or six deputies obeyed that voice.

The king, the queen, the royal family, and the persons who accompanied them, directed their steps toward the seats destined for the ministers, and took their places.

The assembly had received them, not from etiquette due crowned heads, but from respect to misfortune.

Before taking his seat, the king motioned that he wanted to speak.

They were silent.

"I came here," he said, "to prevent a great crime. I thought I could not be safer than in your midst."

"Sire," replied Vergniaud, who presided, "you can depend on the stability of the National Assembly; its members have taken the oath to die in defending the rights of the people and the constituted authorities."

The king took his seat.

At that moment a frightful fusillade was heard almost at the very doors of the riding-school; the National Guard mingling with the insurgents, fired on the terrace of the Feuillants, upon the captain and the Swiss soldiers, who had escorted the royal family.

An officer of the National Guard, who without doubt had lost his head, entered, all excitement, never ceasing till he reached the bar to cry: "The Swiss! the Swiss! we are attacked!"

The assembly thought for an instant that the victorious Swiss had repulsed the insurrection and were marching on the riding-school to recover their king; for, at that time, be it known, Louis XVI. was more the king of the Swiss than of the French. The hall rose with a spontaneous, unanimous movement, and the representatives of the people, spectators in the tribunals, National Guards, secretaries, every one, stretched forth their hands crying, "Whatever happens, we swear to live and die free!"

The king and the royal family had nothing to do with that oath; so they remained seated. That cry, uttered by three thousand mouths, passed like a thunder-storm over their heads.

The error did not last long, but that moment of enthusiasm was sublime.

A quarter of an hour after, another cry was heard.

"The château is taken! the insurgents are marching on the assembly to annihilate the king.

Then those same men, who in their hatred of royalty swore to die freemen, rose with the same excess of enthusiasm and swore to defend the king to the death.

At that moment they summoned, in the name of the assembly, the Swiss captain Durler to put down his arms.

"I serve the king, and not the assembly," he said. "Where is the king's order?"

The messengers from the assembly had no written order.

"I hold my commission from the king," said Durler; "I will only return it to him."

They took him almost by force to the assembly. He was blackened with powder, crimsoned with blood.

"Sire!" he said, "they want me to lay down my arms. Is it the king's order?"

"Yes," replied Louis XVI.; "give up your arms to the National Guard. I do not want brave men like you to perish."

Durler bent his head, sighed, and went out; but at the door he said he would only obey a written order.

Then the king took a paper and wrote:

"The king orders the Swiss to lay down their arms and retire into their barracks."

It was that cry which was heard in the rooms, corridors, and stair-ways of the Tuileries.

As that order restored some tranquillity to the assembly, the president rang the bell.

"Let us resume our session," he said.

But a representative rose and stated that an article of the Constitution prohibited deliberations in the presence of the king.

"That is true," said Louis XVI.; "but where will you put us?"

"Sire," said the president, "we have the office of the paper, the 'Logographer,' to offer you. It is empty. The paper has ceased to appear."

"That will do," said the king; "we are ready to go."

"Officers!" said Vergniaud, "conduct the king to the office of the 'Logographer.'"

The officers hastened to obey.

The king, the queen, and the royal family undertook to leave the hall the same way they had entered, and found themselves in the corridor.

"What is this on the ground?" asked the queen.

They told her, blood.

The officers did not answer; if those stains were blood, perhaps they were ignorant whence they came. The stains grew larger and more frequent as they approached the office.

Then, to spare the queen's feelings, the king quickened his steps, and opening the office door himself, said:

"Enter, madame."

The queen pressed forward; but putting her foot on the threshold of the door, she uttered a cry of horror, and with her hands over her eyes threw herself back.

The presence of the stains were explained; a corpse had been laid in the office.

It was this corpse—that the queen, in her haste, had almost struck with her foot—that had made her scream and throw herself back.

“Stop!” said the king, in almost the same tones in which he had said, “It is poor Monsieur Mandat’s head!”—“Stop! it is the corpse of that poor Comte de Charny.”

It was, indeed, the corpse of the comte, that the deputies had seized from the hands of his murderers, and had ordered to be placed in the office of the “Logographer,” never supposing that a few minutes after the royal family would go there.

They carried away the corpse, and the royal family entered.

They wanted to wash or wipe the stains away, for the floor was covered with blood; but the queen made a sign of opposition, and was the first to take her place. No one saw her break the strings of her shoes, and put her trembling feet in contact with that blood that still flowed.

“Oh!” she murmured, “Charny! Charny! why does not my blood flow here to the last drop, to mingle in eternity with thine!” Three o’clock struck.

CHAPTER XL.

FROM THREE TO SIX O’CLOCK.

WE abandoned the château when the hall in the middle was forced, and the Swiss retreated step by step as far as the king’s apartments, when a voice cried through the rooms and corridors: “Order the Swiss to lay down their arms!”

This chapter is probably the last we shall write about this terrible epoch; as the recital advances, we leave this ground never to return. For this reason we place this eventful day before our reader’s eyes with all its details, without any hatred, malice, or aforethought, without any reference to party.

The reader has entered Cour Royale in the suite of the Mar-seillais; he has followed Billot in the midst of flame and smoke; he has mounted with Pitou, that bleeding specter rising from the dead, each step of the staircase on whose top we left him.

From this moment the Tuileries were taken.

Who was the somber genius who presided at the victory?

The anger of the people, would be the answer.

Yes, no doubt; but who directed that anger?

A man whom we have but just glanced at—a Prussian officer on a small black horse by the side of that giant Santerre on his colossal Flemish horse—the Alsatian, Westerman.

Who was this man, that, like a star, only made himself visible in the midst of the tempest?

One of those men whom God hides in His storehouse of destiny—whom He does not bring out of obscurity till He needs him—till the hour has struck.

His name was Westerman, the sleeping lion.

Who invented him? who originated him? who was the mediator between him and God?

Who had told this brewer, that giant cut out of a block of material clay, that he must give a heart to that war where Titans were to dethrone a God? Who completed Santerre with Westerman? Danton.

Where did that terrible tribune look for this conqueror? In a sewer, a sink, in a prison at St. Lazare?

Westerman had been accused, but not yet sentenced, of making counterfeit money, and was consequently arrested.

Danton needed for the work of the 10th of August a man who would not turn back, because, if he turned back, he would ascend the pillory.

Danton kept this mysterious prisoner in view; the day and the hour he wanted him he broke his chains and his bolts with his own hands, and said to the prisoner, "Come!"

The revolution intended not only to put those above who were at the bottom, but more, to put the captives at liberty, and those at liberty in prison; not only free men, but the powerful of the earth, the mighty, princes, kings!

Doubtless it was in this aim that Danton was so absorbed during the feverish excitements that preceded the bloody sunrise of the 10th of August. He had the day before sown the wind; he had nothing left to do—certain that he would reap the whirlwind.

The wind was Westerman, the tempest Santerre, that gigantic personification of the people.

Santerre scarcely showed himself that day; Westerman did all, was everywhere.

It was Westerman who directed the movement at the junction of the Faubourg St. Marceau and the Faubourg St. Antoine at the Pont Neuf; it was Westerman who, mounted on his little black horse, appeared at the head of the army at the gates of the Carroussel; it was Westerman who, as if about to open the door of a barrack for his regiment at the end of a march, knocked with his sword at the door of the Tuileries. We have seen how that door was opened, how heroically the Swiss did their duty, how they had accomplished their retreat without flying, how they had been destroyed without being vanquished; we followed them step by step up the staircase, which was covered with their dead; let us follow them into the Tuileries, which was scattered with bodies.

The moment they learned the king was about to leave the château, the two or three hundred gentlemen who came to die with the king met in the hall of the Queen's Guards, to ask if the king was no longer there to die with those he had solemnly pledged himself to—they had better die without him.

Afterward they decided, as the king had gone to the National Assembly, they had better join him there.

They rallied all they Swiss they could find, twenty of the National Guards, and numbering five hundred, they descended toward the garden. The passage was closed by a gate called the Queen's Gate; they tried the lock, but it resisted. The strongest picked up a bar and succeeded in breaking it; but the opening only allowed one to pass at a time.

They were thirty feet from the battalions posted at the Pont Royal.

Two Swiss soldiers were the first to go out by the narrow passage; both were killed before they had taken four steps.

All the others passed over their bodies.

The troop was riddled with gun-shots; but as the Swiss, with their brilliant uniforms, offered the easiest aim, it was at the Swiss that the balls were fired; for two gentlemen killed and one wounded sixty or seventy Swiss fell. The two gentlemen killed were Messieurs de Carteja and De Clermont d'Amboies; the wounded gentleman was M. de Viomesnil.

In marching toward the National Assembly they passed before a guard-house on the terrace by the water's edge placed under the trees.

The guard came out, fired on the Swiss, killing eight or ten more.

The rest of the column that in forty-eight steps had lost forty-eight men, tried to reach the steps of the Feuillants.

M. de Choiseul saw them from a distance, and ran to them under cover of the firing from the Pont Royal and the Pont Tournant, trying to aid them.

"To the National Assembly!" he cried.

And thinking himself followed by the four hundred men that remained, he dashed down its corridors and traversed the staircase that led to the council-chamber.

On the last step he encountered Merlin.

"What are you doing here, wretch, sword in hand?" said the deputy.

M. de Choiseul looked around; he was alone.

"Put your sword in its scabbard, and go to the king," said Merlin; "I am the only one that has seen you; so no one has seen you."

What had become of the troop M. de Choiseul thought was following him?

The cannon-shot and the fusillade had turned upon them like a torrent of dry leaves, and had followed them to the terrace of the orangery.

From the terrace of the orangery the fugitives dashed through the Place Louis XV., and then toward the Garde Meuble in order to gain the boulevard or the Champs Elysées.

M. de Viomesnil, eight or ten gentlemen, and five Swiss took refuge in the hotel of the ambassador of Venice, situated on the Rue St. Florentine, whose door was open. These were saved.

The rest of the column tried to reach the Champs Elysées.

Two discharges of cartridges from the cannon hit the foot of the statue of Louis XV. and broke the column in three divisions.

One fled by the boulevard, and met the gendarmerie just arriving with the battalion of Capucines.

They thought themselves saved. M. de Villiers, an old aid major of the same gendarmerie, ran to one of the cavaliers, his arms open, crying, "Help, friends!"

The cavalier took a pistol from his pocket and blew his brains out.

At that sight thirty Swiss and one gentleman, a *ci-devant* page of the king, precipitated themselves in the Hôtel de Mornne.

There they considered what was best to be done.

The thirty Swiss thought it best to surrender themselves prisoners, and seeing eight sans-culottes appear, laid down their arms, crying:

"Long live the nation!"

"Ah! traitors!" said the sans-culottes: "you give yourselves up because you see that you are taken. You cry 'Long live the nation!' because you think that cry will save you! No; no quarter!"

At the same time two Swiss fell, one struck by a blow of a pike, the other by a pistol-shot. Then their heads were cut off and put on top of the pikes.

The Swiss, furious at the death of their two comrades, seized their guns and fired simultaneously.

Seven sans-culottes fell dead or wounded.

The Swiss dashed toward the main door to save themselves, and found them in front of them. They fell back; the cannon advanced; they huddled in an angle of the court; the cannon turned on a pivot and discharged.

Twenty-three out of the twenty-eight were killed.

As good luck would have it, as they waited for the smoke to clear to discharge it again, a door opened behind the five Swiss and the ex-page that remained.

All six precipitated themselves through the door, which closed immediately; the patriots had not seen the trap that deprived them of the survivors; they thought they had killed them all, and went away dragging their cannon with triumphal cries.

The second portion was composed of thirty soldiers and gentlemen; they were commanded by M. Forestier de St. Venant. Inclosed on all sides at the entrance of the Champs Elysées, their chief wanted at least to die game; at the head of his thirty men, with fixed bayonets, he, sword in hand, charged three times at the battalion massed at the foot of the statue; in those three charges he lost fifteen men. With his fifteen others he tried to pass a vacant space, and gain the Champs Elysées; a discharge of musketry killed eight men; the seven others were dispersed, pursued, and cut to pieces by the gendarmerie.

M. de St. Venant tried to find a refuge in the café of the ambassadors, when a gendarme, spurring his horse, reached a gutter that separated the promenade from the principal road, and shot him through the loins.

The third division, composed of sixty men, had reached the Champs Elysées, and tried to reach Courbevoie with that instinct that pigeons have for the dove-cote, sheep for the fold.

At Courbevoie were the barracks.

Surrounded by the gendarmerie and by the people, they were conducted toward the Hôtel de Ville, where they hoped to be placed in security; two or three thousand fanatics, gathered on the Place de Grève, tore them from their escort, and massacred them.

A young gentleman, the Chevalier Charles d'Autichamp, flying from the château by the Rue de l'Échelle, with a pistol in each hand, was stopped by two men; he killed both. The populace threw themselves upon him, and dragged him to the Place de la Grève, to be solemnly executed. But, fortunately for him, they forgot to

search him; in the place of the two pistols, which he had thrown away as useless, a knife remained; he opened it in his pocket, waiting for an opportunity to use it. Just as they arrived at the square of the Hôtel de Ville, they were murdering the sixty Swiss that had been brought there; this spectacle distracted those who guarded them; he killed his nearest neighbor with two thrusts of his knife; then, gliding through the crowd like a snake, disappeared.

The hundred men who had taken the king to the National Assembly, and had found a refuge at the Feuillants, were disarmed; the five hundred whose history we have recounted, some isolated fugitives, like M. Charles d'Autichamp, who was so fortunate as to escape death, were the only ones who left the château. The rest were killed in the vestibule, on the stairs, on the roof, or were murdered in the chapel. Nine hundred bodies strewed the interior of the Tuileries.

CHAPTER XLI.

FROM SIX TO NINE O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

THE people had entered the château as one enters the retreat of a ferocious beast; they betrayed their feelings by these cries: "Death to the wolf! death to the she-wolf! death to the cub!"

If they had met the king, the queen, and the dauphin, they had certainly, without hesitation, thinking they were doing justice, have knocked off their three heads with a single blow.

Let us acknowledge that this had been happy for them.

In the absence of those whom they pursued with their cries—whom they searched for even in the closets, behind the tapestries, under the couches—the vanquishers revenged themselves upon all—on things as well as men; they killed and broke with the same immovable ferocity, these walls where St. Bartholomew had been decreed, and the massacre of the Champ de Mars, calling for terrible vengeance.

One sees we do not palliate the people; we show them, on the contrary, stained and bloody as they were.

At all events, let us hasten to say the victors left the château with red but empty hands.

Peltier, who can not be accused of partiality in favor of the patriots, relates that a wine-merchant, named Mallet, carried to the assembly one hundred and seventy-three gold louis, found on a priest killed at the château; that twenty-five robbers brought a trunk full of the king's plate; that a combatant threw a cross of St. Louis on the president's desk; that another gave up the watch of a Swiss; another a roll of due bills; another a bag of dollars; another jewels; another diamonds; another even a jewel-box belonging to the queen, and containing fifteen hundred louis.

"And," ironically adds the historian, without doubting that he was making all these men a magnificent eulogy—"and the assembly expressed its regret at not knowing the names of the modest citizens who had come to faithfully replace in its midst all these treasures stolen from the king."

We are not flatterers of the people; we know them; they are the

most ungrateful, the most capricious, the most inconstant of all masters; we tell, then, their crimes as well as their virtues.

This day they were cruel; they reddened their hands with delight; this day gentlemen were thrown living out of the windows; Swiss, dead, or dying, disemboweled on the stairs; hearts torn from the breasts and pressed between the hands like a sponge; heads cut off, and carried on the ends of spears; this day, this people, who thought it a dishonor to steal a watch or a cross of St. Louis, gave themselves all the somber joys of vengeance and cruelty.

And nevertheless, in the midst of this massacre of the living, of this profanation of the dead, still, as the satiated lion, they had pity.

Mesdames Tarente, de Roche Aymon, de Ginestons, and Mlle. Pauline de Tourzel had remained in the Tuileries, abandoned by the queen; they were in the room of Marie Antoinette. The castle taken, they heard the cries of the dying, the threats of the victors, the steps that came nearer, hurried, terrible, pitiless.

Mme. Tarente opened the door.

"Enter," said she; "we are but women."

The victors enter, their guns smoking, their bloody swords in their hands.

The women fall on their knees

The cut-throats had already raised their knives over them, calling them the advisers of Mme. Veto, the confidants of the Austrian, when a man with a long beard, sent by Pétion, cried out from the door-sill:

"Have mercy on the women; do not dishonor the nation!"

And they were pardoned.

Mme. Campan—to whom the queen had said, "Wait for me; I will come back, or I will send for you to join me—God knows where!"—waited in her room till the queen came back or sent to look for her.

She herself relates that she had completely lost her wits in the midst of the horrible tumult, and that, not seeing her sister, hid behind some curtain, or crouched behind some furniture, she thought to find her in a room on the ground floor, and descended rapidly to this apartment; but there she saw but two chamber-maids belonging there, and a kind of a giant, who was a jester of the queen's.

At the sight of this man, Mme. Campan, witless as she was, comprehended that he, and not she, was in danger.

"Fly!" cried she; "fly, unhappy one! the footmen are already far away—fly! there is still time!"

He tried to raise himself, and fell back, crying in a plaintive voice: "Alas! I can not, I am frightened to death."

As he said this, a troop of drunken men, furious, bloody, appeared on the sill, threw themselves on the jester, and cut him to pieces.

Mme. Campan and the two women fled by a little staircase.

A party of cut-throats seeing these three women fleeing, dashed on in their pursuit, and had soon reached them.

The two chamber-maids fell on their knees, breathless, supplicating the murderers, the sword blades between their hands.

Mme. Campan, arrested at the top of the stairs in her course, had felt a furious hand laid on her back to seize her clothing; she saw like deadly lightning the blade of a sword shine above her head; she measured, notwithstanding this short instant that separated life from eternity, and which, short though it was, contained, nevertheless, a whole world of memories, when, from the foot of the staircase, a voice with the accent of command ascended.

"What are you doing up there?" asked this voice.

"The devil!" replied the murderer, "what do you want?"

"We do not kill the women, do you hear?" said again the voice from below.

Poor Mme. Campan was on her knees; already the sword was raised over her head, already she felt the agony she was about to suffer.

"Arise, jade!" said her executioner to her; "the nation pardons thee."

What was the king doing during this time in the lodge of the "Logographer?" The king was hungry, and asked for his dinner. They brought him bread, wine, a chicken, cold meats, and some fruits.

Like all the princes of the House of Bourbon, like Henry IV., like Louis XIV., the king was a great eater; behind the emotions of his soul, rarely betrayed by the muscles of his soft and puffy face, watched incessantly these two great needs of the body, sleep and hunger. We have seen him obliged to sleep in the château, and will see him obliged to eat at the assembly.

The king broke bread, and cut his chicken as if he was at the meet at a hunt, without caring the least in the world whose eyes saw him.

Among those eyes were two that burned, not being able to cry; they were those of the queen.

She refused everything; despair sustained her. It seemed to her, when her feet were in Charny's blood, she could have remained there forever, and like grave flowers, without any other nourishment than that from the dead. She had suffered greatly on the return from Varennes; she had suffered greatly in her captivity at the Tuileries; she had suffered greatly the night before, and in that journey that had just passed; but she suffered much more in looking at the king eat. Nevertheless, the situation was serious enough to destroy the appetite of any other man than Louis XVI.

The assembly, whose protection the king sought, were in need of protection themselves; they did not conceal their feebleness.

In the morning they wanted to prevent Suleau's massacre, and they could not.

At two o'clock they wanted to prevent the massacre of the Swiss, and they could not.

And now they were threatened by an exasperated crowd, crying: "Overthrow! overthrow!"

A commission assembled with closed doors. Vergniaud took part in it; he gave the presidency to Guadet, that the power might come from the hands of the Girondists.

The deliberations of the commissioners were short; their con-

sultation took place during the resounding echoes of fusillade and cannon-shot.

It was Vergniaud who took the pen and wrote the act of the provisory suspension of royalty. He re-entered the assembly sad and cast down, trying neither to hide his sadness nor gloom. It was the last pledge he could give the king of his respect for royalty, as a host, for his respecting hospitality.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I come in the name of an extraordinary commission to present to you a very vigorous measure; but I leave it to the sorrow with which you are penetrated to judge how necessary it is for the country's safety that you adopt it immediately.

"The National Assembly, considering that the dangers of the country have reached their height; that the evils under which the empire groans are derived principally from the defiance inspired by the conduct of the chief of the executive power, in a war undertaken in his name against the Constitution and the national independence, that his defiance has provoked all the parties in the empire to ask for the revocation of the authority confided in Louis XVI.; nevertheless, considering that the legislative body does not wish to encroach on its proper authority by any usurpation; that it can not conciliate its oath to the Constitution, and its steadfast wish to save its liberty except by appealing to the sovereignty of the people,

"The following motions have been adopted:

"The French people are invited to form a National Convention.

"The chief of the executive power is temporarily suspended from its functions. A decree will be proposed during the day for the nomination of a regent for the prince royal.

"The payment of the civil list is entirely suspended.

"The king and the royal family will live within the walls of the legislative body until peace is established in Paris.

"The department will prepare the Luxembourg for their residence under a guard of citizens."

The king listened to the decree with his usual impassibility.

Then, returning toward the office of the "Logographer," and addressing Vergniaud, before he retook his place as president:

"Do you know," he said, "what you are doing is not very constitutional?"

"That is true, sir," replied Vergniaud, "only it is the sole means of saving your life. If we do not grant the overthrow, they will have your head."

The king shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "Is it possible?" and took his seat.

At that moment the clock above his head struck.

He counted each stroke.

Then, when the last died away:

"Nine o'clock," he said.

The decree of the assembly that the king and royal family should live within the walls of the legislature until peace was established, was carried.

At nine o'clock the inspectors of the apartments came to con-

duct the king and queen to the temporary lodgings provided for them.

The king made a motion for silence.

In fact, they were occupied with a nomination not without interest for him. They were electing the new ministry.

The Minister of War, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Finance were elected. They were the ministers dismissed by the king—Roland, Clavière and Servan.

There remained to be nominated the Marine, Justice, and Foreign Affairs.

Danton was named for Justice; Monge for Marine; Lebrun for the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

When the last minister was called:

“ Let us go,” said the king.

And rising, he was the first to leave.

The queen followed; she had taken nothing since she left the Tuileries, not even a glass of water.

Mme. Elizabeth, the dauphin, Mme. Royale, Mesdames de Lamballe and de Tourzel made up the rest of the cortège.

The apartments prepared for the king were on the upper floor of the old monastery of the Feuillants; they had been inhabited by the Archbishop Camus, and were composed of four rooms.

In the first, which was only, properly speaking, an ante-chamber, the followers of the king that had remained faithful to his stricken fortune waited.

They consisted of Prince de Poix, Baron Aubier, Messieurs de St. Pordon, de Goguelat, de Chamille and Hue.

The king took the second room.

The third was offered to the queen, the only one that was papered. On entering it, Marie Antoinette threw herself on the bed, without, as yet, any pillows, and gave herself up to a grief which nothing short of being racked on the wheel itself could equal.

Her two children remained with her.

The fourth room, narrow as it was, remained for Mme. Elizabeth and Mesdames de Lamballe and de Tourzel, who established themselves as they best might.

The queen was in need of everything; silver, as they had taken her purse and her watch from her in the tumult at the door of the assembly; linen, as of course she had taken nothing from the Tuileries.

She borrowed twenty-five coins from Mme. Campan's sister, and sent for linen to the Ambassador of England.

In the evening, the assembly read, by torch-light, throughout the streets of Paris, the resolutions of the day.

CHAPTER XLII.

FROM NINE O'CLOCK TILL MIDNIGHT.

THOSE torches, in passing before the Carroussel, through the Rue St. Honoré, and on the quays, lighted up a sad sight.

Actual fighting was over, but war lasted yet in every one's heart, for hate and despair survive war. Contemporary recitals, royal legends, were tenderly and pitifully lengthened out, for the august

heads from whom that terrible day had snatched the crown, they lauded the courage, the discipline, the devotion of the Swiss and the gentlemen. They counted the drops of blood shed by the defenders of the throne; they did not count the corpses of the people, the tears of the mothers, sisters, wives.

To God, who, in His mighty wisdom, not only permits, but more, directs events here below, blood is blood and tears are tears.

The number of deaths were more considerable among the people than among the Swiss and the gentlemen.

This is what the author of the "History of the Revolution of the 10th of August," the same Peltier, says, though he was a royalist:

The 10th of August cost humanity about seven hundred soldiers and twenty-two officers, twenty royalist National Guards, five hundred federates, three commanders of the national troops, forty gendarmes, more than a hundred persons belonging to the king's household, two hundred men killed for their valuables, the nine citizens massacred at the Feuillants, Monsieur de Clermont d'Ambois, and about three thousand men of the people, killed on the Carroussel, in the Tuileries garden, and on the Place of Louis XV.; altogether about four thousand six hundred men."

It was highly probable. We have seen the precaution taken to fortify the Tuileries; the Swiss had usually fought behind solid walls; their assailants, on the contrary, received their wounds on their breasts.

Three thousand five hundred insurgents, without counting the two hundred fusilladed, had perished. It was natural to suppose there were some wounded; the historian of the revolution only speaks of the dead.

Many among the three thousand five hundred—in fact, most of them—were married men, poor fathers of families, that unendurable misery had driven to fight with the first weapon that had fallen into their hands, or without weapons, and who, in seeking death, had left in their hovels famished children, despairing women. That death they had found either in the Carroussel, where the battle had begun, or in the apartments of the château, where it had been continued, or in the garden of the Tuileries, where it had stopped.

From three o'clock in the afternoon till nine o'clock at night they had hastily carried off and thrown into the cemetery of the Madeleine all the bodies in uniform.

As for the corpses of the men of the people, it was a different thing; undertakers took charge of them and carried them to their respective homes; almost all were from the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Faubourg St. Marceau. There—particularly on the Place de la Bastille and the Arsenal, on the Places Maubert and the Pantheon—there they were laid side by side. Each time one of these somber wagons heavily rolling, leaving the trace of blood behind, entered one or the other of the faubourgs, a crowd of mothers, of women, of sisters, of children, surrounded them with a mortal agony; then, as the living recognized the dead, cries, threats, sobs broke forth: then were unheard of and unknown maledictions raised like a swarm of nocturnal birds of evil augury, beating their wings in obscurity, and flying plaintively toward the sad Tuileries. All had for their aim, like flocks of ravens on the battle-field, the

king, the queen, the court, that cordon of Austrians that surrounded them, the nobles that advised them; some promised themselves vengeance in the future, and they took it on the second day of September and the 21st of January; others, again, took up a pike, a sword, a gun, and delirious from blood they drank in through their eyes, re-entered Paris to kill. Kill whom? All they could find of the Swiss, the nobility of the court—to kill the king, the queen, if they could find them. They might have been answered: "But in killing the king, the queen, you will make their children orphans! in killing the nobles, you will make their wives widows, their sisters mourn!" Women, sisters, children might have said: "But we, also, are orphans; we, also, are sisters in grief; we, also, are widows!" and, with their hearts breaking, they went to the assembly, to the Abbaye, and beating their heads against their doors, cried:

"Vengeance! vengeance!"

The Tuileries presented a terrible spectacle, blood-stained, smoking, deserted by every one, except the three or four detachments, who watched those who, under pretext of searching for their dead, could pillage this poor royal dwelling during the night, with its broken doors and windows.

There was a detachment in each vestibule, at the foot of each staircase.

The detachment of the Pavilion de l'Horloge, that is to say, the grand staircase, was commanded by a young captain of the National Guard, inspired, beyond doubt, if we could judge by the expression of his physiognomy, with great pity for each corpse as it was carried out, as it were, under his supervision. His physical nature, however, was no more influenced by it than the king's had been; for about eleven o'clock at night he was trying to satisfy a monstrous appetite with a piece of bread weighing four pounds, which he held in his left hand, while with his right he cut great pieces, which he put into a mouth whose size seemed adapted to the amount of nourishment he intended to take.

Leaning against one of the columns of the vestibule, he looked at the procession passing like ghosts—mothers, wives, daughters, who came lighted by torches, appearing from time to time, demanding from this crater the corpses of their fathers, husbands, sons.

Suddenly at the sight of a veiled shadow the young captain trembled.

"Madame la Comtesse de Charny!" he murmured.

The shadow passed without hearing or stopping.

The young captain motioned for his lieutenant.

The lieutenant came to him.

"Désiré," he said, "here is a poor lady, one of Doctor Gilbert's friends, who no doubt has come to look for her husband among the dead; I must follow her, in case she needs help and care. I will leave the command of the post to you; watch for both of us!"

"The devil!" replied the lieutenant, whom the captain had called Désiré, and to which we shall add the name of Maniquet—"your lady looks like a proud aristocrat."

"She is an aristocrat," said the captain; "she is a countess."

"Then go. I will watch for both."

The Countess de Charny had already turned the corner of the staircase, when the captain, leaving his post, began to follow her at the respectful distance of fifteen feet.

He was not mistaken. It was poor Andrée, looking for her husband. She was looking for him, not with the anxious alternations of doubt, but with the sad conviction of despair.

When, in the midst of his joy and happiness, the events taking place in Paris resounded in his ears, Charny, pale, but determined, said to his wife: "Dear Andrée, the King of France is in danger of his life, needs all his defenders. What shall I do?"

Andrée replied: "Go where thy duty calls thee, my Olivier, and die for the king, if necessary."

"But thou?" Charny had asked.

"Oh, do not fret about me," replied Andrée. "As I can only live with you, God, no doubt, will permit me to die with you."

Then, everything being arranged between those two great hearts, nothing more was said about it. Post-horses were bought; they left; and five hours after they reached the little hotel in the Rue Coq-Heron.

The same evening, Charny, as we have seen—just as Gilbert, counting on his influence, had written to beg his return to Paris—attired in his naval uniform, appeared at the queen's side. From that hour he had never left her.

Andrée remained alone with her women, shut up in her apartments, praying. Once she thought of imitating her husband's devotion, and of demanding her place by the queen, as her husband had of the king; but she had not the courage.

The day of the 9th passed for her in agony, but without bringing her anything positive.

On the 10th, about nine o'clock in the morning, she heard the first discharge of a cannon.

It is needless to say, every echo of that thunder of war made every fiber of her heart vibrate.

About two o'clock, even the fusillade was over.

Were the people victorious or defeated? she inquired.

The people were victorious.

What had become of Charny in this terrible fight? She knew he had taken, as usual, an important post. She inquired still further. They told her all the Swiss had nearly been killed, but that nearly all the gentlemen were saved.

She waited.

Charny could re-enter in any disguise. He would, perhaps, wish to fly without delay. The horses were harnessed and attached to the carriage. Horses and carriage awaited their master; but Andrée well knew, no matter what danger he ran, the master would not leave without her.

She opened the doors, that nothing would retard Charny's flight, if Charny were flying; and she waited. The hours passed.

"If he is hiding anywhere," said Andrée, "he can not fly till night—wait till dark!"

The night came. Charny did not appear.

In August nightfall comes late.

At ten o'clock Andrée lost all hope. She put a veil over her head and went out.

Through the streets she met groups of women, torches in their hands, and bands of men, crying: "Vengeance!"

She passed through the midst of both; the grief of one and the anger of the other were her safeguard. Besides, it was men, not women, they wanted that night.

On one side and the other women were crying. Andrée reached the Carroussel; she heard the decrees of the assembly proclaimed.

The king and queen were under the guardianship of the nation; that was all she could understand. She saw in the distance two or three hearses, and asked whose remains they contained; they told her they were corpses found in the Place du Carroussel and in the Cour Royale. That was only a mausoleum at present.

Andrée told herself that it was neither in the Carroussel nor in the Cour Royale that Charny would be fighting, it was at the door of the king or queen.

She crossed the Cour Royale, passed through the grand vestibule, and mounted the staircase. It was at that moment that Pitou, in his capacity of captain in charge of the post of the grand vestibule, saw, recognized and followed her.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WIDOW.

It is impossible to form an idea of the devastation presented by the Tuileries.

Blood ran through the bedrooms, and rolled in cascades down the staircase; several corpses yet strewed the apartments.

Looking, she went on her way to the apartments of the king and queen.

Pitou watched her.

There, as in the other rooms, she searched uselessly. Then, for a moment, she appeared undecided, not knowing where to go.

Pitou saw her embarrassment, and approached her.

"Alas!" he said, "I am afraid I know what Madame la Comtesse is looking for."

Andrée turned.

"Has Madame the Comtesse need of me?"

"Monsieur Pitou!" said Andrée

"Can I serve you, madame?"

"Oh! yes, yes!" said Andrée, "I need you greatly!"

Then, going up to him, and taking his two hands:

"Do you know what has become of the Comte de Charny?"

"No, madame," replied Pitou; "but I can help you to seek."

"There is some one," continued Andrée, "who could tell us if he is living or dead; and, living or dead, where he is."

"Who is that, Madame la Comtesse?" asked Pitou.

"The queen," murmured Andrée.

"Do you know where the queen is?" asked Pitou.

"At the assembly, I believe; and I still have a hope that Monsieur de Charny may be there with her."

"Oh! yes, yes!" said Pitou, seizing that hope, not because there

was any foundation in it, but on account of the widow. "Will you go to the assembly?"

"But if they refuse to open the doors—"

"I will see that they are opened."

"Come, then!"

Andrée threw her torch away from her, at the risk of setting the Tuileries on fire. But what were the Tuileries to her in her great grief, so deep she could not cry?

Andrée knew the interior of the château from having lived there. She took a private staircase that descended to the ground floor and led to the grand vestibule, so that, without passing again through those bloody apartments, Pitou could find the detachment in the Court l'Horloge.

Maniquet was keeping good watch.

"Well," he said; "your comtesse?"

"She hopes to find her husband at the assembly. We are going there."

Then, in low tones:

"As we can easily recover the comte, though dead, send to me, at the door of the Feuillants, four good boys whom I can depend upon to defend the corpse of an aristocrat as if it were the corpse of a patriot."

"All right; go with your comtessel you will have your men."

Andrée waited before the garden gate, where they had placed a sentinel. As Pitou had placed that sentinel there, he naturally let them pass.

The Tuileries garden was lighted with lamps, that had been lighted in different spots, particularly on the pedestals of the statues.

It was nearly as warm as during the day; hardly a breeze moved the leaves of the trees; the light from the lamps was immovable, appearing like lances of fire, and lighted for some distance not only the cultivated open parterres of the garden, but under the trees, where corpses were strewn here and there.

But Andrée was so convinced that it would be only at the assembly she would find news of her husband, that she marched on without turning to the right or left.

Thus they reached the Feuillants.

The royal family had left the assembly an hour before, as we have seen, and re-entered the apartments that had been provided for them.

Before arriving at the royal family there were two obstacles to overcome: first, the sentinels watching outside; then the gentlemen watching inside.

Pitou, as captain of the National Guard commanding the Tuileries, had the countersign, and was consequently able to conduct Andrée as far as the gentlemen's ante-chamber.

It then remained for Andrée to introduce herself to the queen's room.

We know how the apartments were situated that the royal family occupied; we have spoken of the queen's despair; we have seen how she threw herself on the bed without pillows, in that little room with green paper, alone with her sobs and tears.

Certainly, she who lost a throne, liberty, life itself, perhaps, lost enough without one seeking behind that fall for a grief that was so great as to bring tears from her eyes, sobs from her breast.

From sentiments inspired by that supreme sorrow, they left the queen alone at first. The queen heard the door of her room, that opened into the king's apartment, open and close, but she did not move as the step approached her bed, except to bury her head still further in the bed.

But suddenly she jumped up as if a serpent had stung her.

A well-known voice pronounced one word, "Madame."

"Andrée!" cried Marie Antoinette, turning around, "what do you want of me?"

"I want, madame, what God wanted from Cain when he asked, 'Cain, what have you done with your brother?'"

"With this difference," said the queen, "that Cain killed his brother, while I—oh! I would have given not only my life, but ten, if I had them, to save *his*."

Andrée shook; a cold sweat passed over her; her teeth chattered.

"Was he killed, then?" she asked, making a supreme effort.

The queen looked at Andrée.

"Do you think," she said, "that it is for my crown I am weeping?"

Then she showed her her bloody feet.

"Do you think, if this blood was mine, I would not wash my feet?"

Andrée grew pale as death.

"Do you know where his body is?" she asked.

"If they will let you go out, I will take you to him," replied the queen.

"I will wait for you on the stairs, madame," said Andrée.

And she went out.

Pitou waited at the door.

"Monsieur Pitou," said Andrée, "one of my friends wishes to take me to Monsieur de Charney's body; it is one of the queen's ladies; can she go?"

"You know if she goes," replied Pitou; "it is only on condition that I bring her back again."

"You can bring her back," said Andrée.

"That is well."

Then, returning toward the sentinel:

"Comrade," said Pitou, "one of the ladies of the queen is going out to seek with us the body of a brave officer whose widow is here. I will answer for that lady with my body, if necessary."

"That is sufficient, captain," replied the sentinel.

At the same time, the door of the ante-chamber opened, and with her face covered with a veil, the queen appeared.

In descending the stairs, the queen went first, Andrée and Pitou following.

After a session of twenty-seven hours, the assembly finally dispersed from the hall.

That immense hall, where so many wars and rumors of wars had passed within the last twenty-seven hours was mute, empty, and somber as a sepulcher.

"A light!" said the queen.

Pitou lighted an extinguished torch, then a lantern, and gave it to the queen, who continued her steps.

In passing before the entrance door, Marie Antoinette pointed to it with her torch, saying:

"Here is the door where he was killed."

Andrée did not answer; one would have taken her for a specter following her invocator.

In passing through the corridor the queen lowered her torch toward the floor.

"Here is his blood," said she.

Andrée remained mute.

The queen marched on toward a sort of cabinet immediately in front of the office of the "Logographer," opened the door of the cabinet, and lighting the interior with her lantern:

"Here is his body!" she said.

Still mute, Andrée entered the cabinet, sat on the floor, and by an effort took Olivier's head on her knees.

"Thank you, madame," she said; "that is all I will ask of you."

"But I have something to ask you," said the queen.

"Ask it."

"Will you pardon me?"

There was an instant's silence as if Andrée hesitated.

"Yes," she replied at length; "for to-morrow I will be with him."

The queen took from her breast a pair of gold scissors that she had hidden there, as one hides a poniard, as a weapon to be used in case of extreme danger.

"Take them," she said, almost supplicatingly, and presenting the scissors to Andrée.

Andrée took the scissors, cut a lock of hair from poor Olivier's head, then gave the scissors and lock of hair to the queen.

The queen seized Andrée's hand, and kissed it.

Andrée uttered a cry, and snatched away the hand, as if Marie Antoinette's lips had been a red-hot iron.

"Ah!" murmured the queen, looking her last at the body, "who can tell who loved him the best?"

"Oh, my beloved Olivier!" murmured Andrée on her side, "I hope you know now who loves you best."

The queen retook the way to her room, leaving Andrée in the cabinet with her husband's corpse, upon which, like a friend's glance, through the small barred window, fell a pale ray of moonlight.

Pitou, without knowing who she was, reconducted Marie Antoinette till he saw her enter her own apartment, then, his responsibility over, in regard to the sentinel, he went out on the terrace to see if the four men he had asked Désiré Maniquet for were there.

The four men were waiting.

"Come!" said Pitou to them.

They entered.

Pitou, lighting them by the torch he had taken from the queen, conducted them to the cabinet, where Andrée still sat looking at her

husband's pale but ever handsome face by the light of the moon. The blaze of the torch made her raise her eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked of Pitou and his men, as if she feared these unknown had come to take away her well-beloved husband.

"Madame," replied Pitou, "we have come to seek the body of Monsieur de Charny, to carry it to the Rue Coq-Heron."

"You swear to me it is for that?" asked Andrée.

Pitou extended his hand over the body with a dignity one would have thought him incapable of. "I swear it to you, madame!" he said.

"Then," continued Andrée, "I thank you, and I will pray to God in my last moment that He will spare you and yours the sorrow that crushes me."

The four men took the corpse, laid it on their guns, and Pitou, with his drawn sword, put himself at the head of the funeral cortege.

Andrée walked by their side, holding the comte's hand, already stiff and cold.

On reaching the Rue Coq-Heron, they laid the body on Andrée's bed.

Then, addressing the four men:

"Receive," said the Comtesse de Charny, "a woman's benedictions, who to-morrow will on high supplicate God for you."

Then to Pitou:

"Monsieur Pitou," she said, "I owe you more than I can ever repay; will you do me yet another favor?"

"I am at your orders, madame," said Pitou.

"To-morrow at eight o'clock will you see that Doctor Gilbert is here?"

Pitou bowed and left.

As he went out he turned around and saw Andrée kneeling before the bed as before an altar. As he closed the street door the clock of St. Eustache struck three.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHY ANDRÉE WANTED DR. GILBERT.

THE next day at eight o'clock precisely, Gilbert knocked at the little hotel in the Rue Coq-Heron. When Pitou made his request in Andrée's name, Gilbert astonished, made him relate yesterday's events with all their details.

Then for a long time he was buried in thought.

On going out the next morning he called Pitou, then sent him to bring Sebastian from Abbé Berardier's to the Rue Coq-Heron.

On reaching there, Pitou waited at the door for Gilbert. Without doubt, the old concierge had been expecting the doctor; for, on recognizing him, he ushered him into the salon preceding the bedrooms. Andrée awaited him, dressed entirely in black. It was apparent she had neither slept nor cried since the night before—her face was pale, her eyes dry.

Never had the lineaments of her face—lineaments that indicated

a determination carried as far as obstinacy—appeared so firmly set.

It was difficult to say what determination that heart of diamond had taken; but it was easy to see she had taken one.

Gilbert, a skillful reader, a philosophical physician, saw that at the first glance. He bowed and waited.

"Monsieur Gilbert," said Andrée, "I sent for you."

"You see, madame," said Gilbert, "I came punctually at the time."

"I ask for you, and not another, because I wished the one whom I asked not to refuse me."

"You were right, madame, not perhaps in what you intended to ask me, but in saying you had the right to exact everything from me, even my life."

Andrée smiled bitterly.

"Your life, sir, is one of those lives so precious to humanity, that I would be the first to ask God to preserve and prosper you, instead of shortening it. But think, if your life is placed under so happy an influence, how many there are influenced by an unlucky star."

Gilbert was silent.

"Mine, for instance," continued Andrée, after an instant's silence; "what do you think of mine, sir?"

Then, as Gilbert dropped his eyes without speaking:

"Let me recall it to you in two words—have no fear, I will reproach no one."

Gilbert motioned her to proceed.

"I was born poor," she said; "my father was ruined before my birth. My youth was sad, isolated, solitary; you knew my father, and you knew better than any one the depth of his affection for me.

"Two men, one of whom has ever remained unknown to me, and the other a stranger, possessed a mysterious and fatal influence over my life, in which my will was for nothing; one disposed of my heart, the other took my body. I found myself a mother, without knowing I had ceased to be a maid.

"I lost, in this sad event, the affection of the only being who had ever loved me—my brother.

"I sought consolation in the hope of being a mother, and of being loved by my child; my baby was taken away from me an hour after its birth. I found myself a wife without a husband, a mother without a child.

"The friendship of the queen consoled me.

"One day accident placed in the same carriage with us a young, handsome, gallant man; fate willed that I, who had never loved anything, should love him.

"He loved the queen

"I became the confidante of this love. I believe you have loved without being loved, Monsieur Gilbert. You can understand, then, what I have suffered. As if that was not enough, one day the queen said to me, 'Andrée, save my life! save more than my life, save my honor!' I was obliged, while remaining a stranger

to him, to become the wife of a man whom I had loved for three years.

"I became his wife.

"Five years I lived near that man, ice outwardly, but inwardly a devouring flame, a statue with a heart on fire! Physician, tell me, can you understand what suffering I endured? One day, a day of ineffable delight, my devotion, my silence, my abnegation, touched that man. For seven years I loved him without his suspecting it even by a glance, when he came and threw himself trembling at my feet, saying, 'I know all, and I love you!'

"God, who wished to recompense me, allowed me, at the same time I found my husband, to find my child. A year fled like a day, an hour like a minute; all my life was in that year. Four days ago the thunder-bolt fell at my feet. His honor told him to return to Paris and to die. I said nothing; I did not even shed a tear; I parted with him.

"Scarcely returned to me, he left me.

"The past night I found him—dead; he is there in that room.

"Do you think it is too ambitious on my part, after such a life, to wish to sleep in his tomb? Do you think you can refuse me that request, the request I am about asking you? Monsieur Gilbert, you, a skillful physician, a thorough chemist; Monsieur Gilbert, you have been guilty of great wrongs toward me, you have a great deal to expiate. So give me a poison rapid and sure, and I will not only pardon you, but I will die with my heart full of thankfulness!"

"Madame," replied Gilbert, "your life has been, as you say, a sorrowful martyrdom, and that martyrdom will be rewarded. You have supported it bravely, nobly, like a saint."

Andrée nodded her head as much as to say, "I am listening."

"Meanwhile, you say to your executioner: 'You will relieve me from a cruel life; give me a gentle death.' You have the right to say that; you have every reason to add: 'You will do as I say, for you have no right to refuse anything I ask—'"

"Well, sir?"

"Do you still insist upon poison, madame?"

"I beseech you to give it to me, my friend."

"Your life is so dreadful, it is impossible for you to support it?"

"Death would be the greatest boon man could give me, the greatest blessing God could grant."

"In ten minutes, madame," continued Gilbert, "you shall have what you ask."

He bowed and stepped back.

Andrée held out her hand to him.

"Ah! in one moment you have accomplished more good for me than you have evil in your whole life," she said. "God bless you, Gilbert!"

Gilbert went out.

At the door he found Sebastian and Pitou waiting for him in a flare.

"Sebastian," he said, taking from his breast a small vial that was attached to a gold chain, which contained a liquid the color of opal, "Sebastian, give this, from me, to the Countess de Charny."

"How long shall I remain there, father?"

"As long as you like."

"Where shall I find you?"

"I will wait here."

The young man took the vial, and entered the house. A quarter of an hour afterward he came out. Gilbert gave him a rapid glance; he brought back the vial intact.

"What did she say?" asked Gilbert.

"She said: 'Oh! not from thy hand, my child!'"

"What did she do?"

"She cried."

"She is saved, then!" said Gilbert. "Come, my child." And he embraced Sebastian more tenderly, perhaps, than he had ever embraced him.

Gilbert reckoned without Marat.

Eight days after, he learned the Countess de Charny had been arrested and taken to the prison of the Abbaye.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE TEMPLE.

BUT before following Andrée in the prison where she was sent on suspicion, let us follow the queen, where she was taken condemned.

We have spoken of the antagonism of the assembly and the commune.

The assembly, even before it became a constituted body, had not taken the same course as individuals; it had urged the people on to the rising of the 10th of August, then they remained in the background.

The districts had improvised the famous council of the commune, that had in reality been preached by the assembly the 10th of August.

And the proof was, that against the commune the king had sought refuge in the assembly.

The assembly gave an asylum to the king, whom the commune would not have been sorry to have surprised in the Tuileries, to have stifled between two mattresses, strangled between two doors, with the queen and the dauphin, the she-wolf and the little wolves.

The assembly destroyed that project, whose success, infamous as it would have been would perhaps have for them been great good fortune. The assembly then, protecting the king, the queen, the dauphin, the court itself, was royalist; the assembly resolving the king should live at Luxembourg, that is to say, a palace, was royalist.

It was time, as in everything else, there were degrees in royalism; what was royalism in the eyes of the commune, or even in the eyes of the assembly, was to others revolutioning.

Lafayette proscribed as a royalist in France, had he not been imprisoned by the Emperor of Austria as a revolutionist?

The commune began to accuse the assembly of royalism; then, from time to time, Robespierre would leave the hole where he was

hiding; and from his small smooth head would issue pointed and venomous calumnies.

Robespierre was just in train to say at that crisis that a powerful party, the Girondists, were offering the throne to the Duke of Brunswick. The Girondists, be it understood, the first voice that had cried: "To arms!" the first arm that was offered to defend France!

The revolutionary commune, before attaining the dictatorship, were obliged to offset all that the royalist assembly had done.

The assembly had appointed the Luxembourg for the king's lodgings.

The king declared they would not answer for the king if he went to the Luxembourg; the cellars of the Luxembourg the commune assigned them communicated with the Catacombs. The assembly did not want to break with the commune for so little, so they gave them the choice of the royal residence.

The commune chose the temple.

Their choice was a wise one.

The temple was not as the Luxembourg, a palace leading by its cellars to the Catacombs, by its walls to the plains, forming an acute angle with the Tuileries and Hôtel de Ville. No, it was a prison placed at the door, and under the eye of the commune; they had only to stretch out their hands to it; they could close and open its doors; it was an old isolated dungeon inclosed with a moat; it was an old low tower, strong, somber, gloomy. Philippe le Bel, that is to say, the royalty crushed the *moyen âge* that revolted against him; royalty re-entered it crushed by the new dispensation.

How was it this old tower had remained there in that populous quarter, black and gloomy like an owl in plain daylight?

It was there the commune decided the king and his family should live.

Was it design that had assigned as the king's domicile that place of refuge where the ancient banqueters had coiffed the green bonnet, and *frapper du cul la pierre*, as the law says in the *moyen âge*, after this nothing made any difference?

No, it was chance, fatality, we would have said Providence, if the word did not seem too cruel.

In the evening of the 13th, the king, the queen, Mme. Elizabeth, Mesdames de Tourzel, Lamballe, M. Chemilly, valet of the king, and M. Hue, the dauphin's valet, were transferred to the temple.

The commune was so hasty in its decision to have the king conducted to his new residence that it was not ready.

The royal family were consequently introduced to that portion of the building previously inhabited by M. le Comte d'Artois whenever he came to Paris, which was called the palace. All Paris was overjoyed; three thousand five hundred citizens, it is true, were dead; but the king—but the friend of foreign powers, the great enemy of the revolution, the ally of nobles and priests—the king was a prisoner.

All the houses opposite the temple were illuminated. There were lamps even on the battlements of the tower.

When Louis XVI. descended from his carriage, he found San-

terre on horseback ten feet from the door. Two municipal officers attended the king, their hats on. "Enter, sir!" they told him.

The king entered, and naturally deceived as to his future residence, asked to see the apartments of the palace.

The officers exchanged a smile, and without saying how useless the promenade was, as it was the donjon he was to inhabit, they let him visit the temple room by room.

The king distributed all the apartments to his servitors, and the officers enjoyed the error which they were soon to turn into bitterness.

At ten o'clock supper was served; during the repast Manuel stood behind the king; it was no longer a servitor prompt to obey; it was a jailer, a master, a watchman.

If there were two contradictory orders: one given by the king, one by Manuel, it was Manuel's order that was executed. From this began the real captivity.

Leaving the 13th of August in the evening, the king had been vanquished on the summit of monarchy, and leaving that supreme height, had descended with rapid steps that elevation at whose foot the guillotine waited.

It had taken him eighteen years to reach the high summit and maintain it; it only required five months and eight days to precipitate him from his throne.

They moved him rapidly this evening.

At ten o'clock they were in the dining-room of the palace; at eleven o'clock in the salon.

The king still existed, or thought he did. He was ignorant of what had taken place.

At eleven o'clock one of the commissioners came, and giving what little linen he had to the two valets, MM. Hue and Chemilly, told them to follow him.

"Where shall we follow you?" asked the valets.

"To the night residence of your masters," replied the commissioners; "the palace is only the day residence."

The king, the dauphin, the queen, had no more independence than their own valets.

At the door of the palace was a municipal officer who walked before them with a lantern. They followed. By the feeble light of that lantern, and thanks to the illumination, which was beginning to abate, M. Hue looked around for the king's future habitation; he only saw before him a somber donjon, rising in the air like a granite giant, in whose heart blazed a crown of fire.

"My God!" cried the valet, stopping, "are you intending to take us to that tower?"

"Just so," replied the officer. "Ah! the time for palaces has passed; you will see how the assassins of the people are lodged."

And saying these words, the man with the lantern ascended the steps of a winding staircase.

The valets stopped on the first landing, but the man with the lantern continued up the stairs. At the second landing he stopped, taking a corridor at the right of the staircase, and opening a chamber situated at the right of the corridor. Only one window lighted

this room; three or four chairs, a table, and a poor bed formed all the furniture.

"Which of you is the king's servant?" asked the municipal officer.

"I am his valet de chambre," said M. Chemilly.

"Valet de chambre or servant, it's all the same."

Then he showed them the bed.

"Here," he added, "is where your master will sleep." And the man with the lantern threw on a chair a coverlet and a pair of sheets, lighted with his lantern two candles on the mantel-piece, and left the two valets alone.

Then he went to prepare the queen's apartments, situated on the first floor.

MM. Hue and Chemilly looked at each other, stupefied. They still had in their tearful eyes the reflection of the splendor of royal households; it was not even a prison the king was thrust in—he was lodging in a hovel.

The majesty of a *mise en scène* was wanting for this affliction.

They examined the room.

The bed was in an alcove without curtains; an old osier sledge, leaning against the wall, indicated a precaution against bugs; an insufficient precaution, as might be seen.

They were not discouraged, however, and cleared the room and made the bed to the best of their ability.

As one was sweeping and the other dusting, the king entered.

"Oh, sire!" they said in the same voice, "what infamy!"

The king—was it from fortitude or was it indifference?—remained impassible. He looked around, but said nothing.

The wall was covered with pictures; as some of them were of an obscene character, he took them off.

"I do not wish," he said, "to leave such objects before my daughter's eyes."

Then, his bed made, the king slept as tranquilly as if he had still been in the Tuileries—perhaps more so.

It is very certain that if, at this moment, they had given the king thirty thousand livres income, a country residence with a forge, a library of travels, a chapel where mass was said, a chaplain to tell him what to do, a park of ten acres where he could live free from all intrigue, surrounded by the queen, the dauphin, Mme. Royale; that is to say—the sweetest words on earth—his wife and children, the king would have been the happiest man in his kingdom.

It was not thus with the queen. If she did not rage at the sight of her cage, that proud lioness, it was because so cruel a sorrow filled her heart that she was blind and insensible to all her surroundings.

Her apartments were composed of four rooms: an ante-chamber, where Mme. de Lamballe remained; a chamber where the queen was installed: a cabinet which was given up to Mme. de Tourzel; and a second chamber which was Mme. Elizabeth's and the two children's. All these were little better than the king's.

Afterward, as if Manuel was ashamed of the manner in which he had tricked the king, he announced that the architect of the commune, Citizen Palloy—the same who had been intrusted with the

demolition of the Bastille—would consult with the king, to make their future residence as comfortable as possible.

Meantime, while Andrée lays in the tomb the remains of her well-beloved; while Manuel installs in the temple the king and the royal family; while the carpenter builds the guillotine in the Place du Carroussel—the field of victory which was soon to be transformed into the Place de Grève—let us glance into the interior of the Hôtel de Ville, where we have already gone two or three times, and see the power that succeeded Bailly and Lafayette, which tended as a substitute for the legislative assembly toward a dictatorship.

Here are the men—we will explain their acts.

On the evening of the 10th, when everything was finished, when the noise of the cannon had died away; when the noise of the fusillading was extinguished; when there were no more assassinations, a troop of drunken, ragged vagabonds carried in their arms, into the midst of the council of the commune, the man of shadows—the owl with the closed eyes—the prophet of the populace—the divine Marat.

He let them take him—there was nothing more to fear; victory was decided and the way open for wolves, owls, and vultures.

They called him the “Conqueror of the 10th of August.” They had caught him the instant he put his head out of his cave to breathe.

They had crowned him with laurel, and, like Cæsar, naïvely kept the crown on his head.

They came, the citizens, sans-culottes, and tossed, as we have said, their god Marat in the midst of the commune.

It was thus they threw lame Vulcan into the council of the gods.

At the sight of Vulcan, the gods laughed. At the sight of Marat, some laughed—others were disgusted—some trembled.

The last were right.

And as yet Marat was not a member of the commune; he had not been, as yet, elected a member; he had only been carried there, and he remained there.

They made for him—entirely for him—a journalistic office; only, instead of journalism under the hand of the commune, as the “Logographer” had been under the hands of the assembly, it was the commune that was the claw in Marat’s paw.

As in the beautiful drama of Victor Hugo, Angela was over Padua, but felt Venice was over him, so the commune was over the assembly, but felt Marat was over it. It was thus they obeyed Marat, that common altar; the assembly also obeyed it. Here is one of the first decisions it made: “First, the press of the poisonous royalists will be confiscated and given to the patriot printers.” The morning after the decree was passed, Marat put it in execution; he went to a royal printing establishment, had the press dragged to his house, and carried in a bag all the matter belonging to it. Was he not the first of patriot printers?

The assembly was horrified at the massacre of the 10th; it had been powerless to prevent it; the massacres had taken place in its corridors, its court, at its doors, even. Danton had said:

“We have begun to do justice, from hence popular vengeance

must cease. Before this assembly, I take an oath to protect the men within its walls; I will march at their head; I will be responsible for them."

Danton said this before Marat arrived at the commune. The moment Marat appeared at the commune, he answered nothing further. Before the serpent the lion bows; he tries to play fox.

Lacroix, that old officer, that athletic deputy, one of Danton's hundred arms, ascended the tribune and asked that the commandant of the National Guard, Santerre—the man whom the royalists themselves felt in a certain way a pity for—Lacroix asked that he should call for a court-martial, to judge without favor the Swiss, both officers and soldiers.

The following was Lacroix's idea, or, rather, Danton's: That court-martial was to be taken from the men who had been beaten; these men who had been beaten were men of courage—or men who appreciated or respected courage.

Otherwise, if taken from those who were conquerors, they would have scorned the idea of condemning the vanquished.

Have we not seen those conquerors, delirious with blood, reeking with carnage, sparing the women, protecting them, guiding them?

A court-martial chosen among the federated Bretons or Marseillais, among the conquerors, in fact, would have been the salvation of the prisoners: as a proof, it was a measure of clemency, and the commune repudiated it. Marat preferred massacre; it was sooner over. He wanted heads, more heads, always heads! His sum, instead of diminishing, always increased; it was fifty thousand heads at first, then a hundred thousand, then two hundred thousand; at the close he asked for two hundred and seventy-three thousand.

Why that bizarre amount, those strange fractions? It would have embarrassed him even to answer. He wanted a massacre, that was all, and the massacre was organized.

Thus, Danton no longer put his foot in the commune; his work as minister absorbed him, he said.

What did the commune do?

It expedited the assembly's deputation. On the 16th three deputations succeeded one another; the 17th a new deputation presented itself.

"The people," it said, "were tired of not being avenged. Is there danger that they will not have justice? That night at midnight the tocsin would sound. There would be a criminal tribunal at the Tuileries; a judge for each section. Louis XVI. and Antoinette wanted blood. Let them see the blood of their satellites flow!"

That audacious movement made two men start—the Jacobin Choudieu, the Dantonist Thuriot.

"Those who come here to demand a massacre," said Choudieu, "are not the people's friends; they are flatterers. They want an inquisition; I will resist it to the death."

"You want to dishonor the revolution!" cried Thuriot; "the revolution is not only in France, but throughout humanity!"

After the petitions came threats; then those from the districts entered in their turn, saying:

"If, after two or three hours, a director of the jury is not named, if the jurors are not in a condition to judge, great misfortunes will be let loose over Paris."

At this last threat the assembly felt forced to obey; it voted the creation of an extra tribunal.

The demand was made on the 17th. On the 19th the tribunal was created. On the 20th the tribunal was installed, and condemned a royalist.

On the 21st the condemned of the day before was executed by torch-light on the Place du Carroussel.

The effect of this first execution was terrible—so terrible that the executioner himself could not resist it.

At the moment he showed the people the head of the first victim that was to open so large a route to funeral chariots, he uttered a cry, let the head fall on the pavement, and fell backward.

His aids raised him; he was dead.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE REVOLUTION OF BLOOD.

THE revolutions of 1789, that is, those of Necker, Siève, and Bailly, ended in 1790, those of Barnave, Mirabeau, and Lafayette finished in 1792; the great revolution, the bloody revolution, Danton's, Marat's, and Robespierre's revolution, was beginning.

In joining together these three names, it must be understood that they are not to be merged or confounded together; on the contrary, they represent three very distinct individuals—the three heads and fronts of the three years. Danton's began in 1792, Marat's in 1793, Robespierre's in 1794.

Events crowded upon one another, as we have seen. To notice the means by which the commune and the National Assembly precipitated them will be our next task.

As for the personages themselves, we seem to have fallen into history itself. All the heroes of our book, with few exceptions, have been engulfed in the revolutionary tempest. What has become of the three Charny brothers, George, Isidore, and Olivier? They are dead. What has become of the queen and Andrée? They are prisoners. What has become of Lafayette? He is a refugee.

The 17th of August, Lafayette, by an address, called upon the army to march upon Paris, re-establish the Constitution, overthrow the 10th of August, and restore the king. Lafayette, like the other royalists, had lost his head. What he wanted to do, was to conduct the allies directly to Paris.

The army instinctively repulsed the idea; but eight months later, they repulsed Dumouriez.

History would have connected the names of these two men—we would have said joined—if Lafayette, detested by the queen, had not had the good fortune to have been arrested by the Austrians and sent to Olmutz: captivity made the desertion forgotten.

On the 18th, Lafayette passed the frontier. On the 21st, those enemies of France, those allies of royalty against whom the 10th of August was inaugurated, against whom the 2d of September was

to be celebrated; those Austrians that Marie Antoinette called to her aid during that moonlit night, when she watched the day-break on her bed, those Austrians invested Longwy.

After a bombardment of twenty-four hours, Longwy surrendered. The evening of that capitulation, at the other extremity of France, La Vendée rose; the insistence of the ecclesiastical oath was the pretext.

To strengthen these resolutions, the assembly nominated Dumouriez to the command of the Army of the East, and declared Lafayette to be under arrest.

It declared as soon as the city of Longwy returned to the French denomination, all its houses, with the exception of national ones, should be destroyed and razed; they passed a law banishing from the territory all priests not under oath; it authorized domiciliary visits, confiscated and sold the property of the refugees.

During this time, what was the commune about? We have said who their oracle was—Marat.

The commune had its guillotine on the Place Carroussel. They gave him a head a day; it was not many; but, in a brochure that appeared at the end of August, the members of the tribunal showed the enormous work that was necessary to obtain this result, unsatisfactory as it was. It was true the brochure was signed, Fouquier Tinville! Thus we see what the commune was dreaming about. We will help them after awhile to realize that dream.

The evening of the 23d, the prospectus was out. Followed by a mob gathered from the gutters of the faubourgs and markets, a deputation from the commune presented itself, in the assembly, at midnight.

What did they want? The Orleanists prisoners sent to Paris, to be submitted to the torture. But the Orleanists prisoners had not been sentenced. That was of no consequence, the commune could dispense with that formality.

The fête of the 10th of August came to their aid. Sergent, its artist, was the designer; he had already arranged the "procession of the country in danger," and you know the result.

This time, Sergent surpassed himself.

He tried to fill with mourning, vengeance, murder, the hearts of all those who had lost a dear one, the 10th of August.

Opposite the guillotine, fulfilling its functions, on the Place du Carroussel, he raised, in the midst of the grand fountain of the Tuilleries, a gigantic pyramid, entirely covered with black serge; each side recalled the massacres the royalists had been guilty of—the massacres of Nancy, Nimes, Montauban and the Champs de Mars

The guillotine said: "I will kill!" the pyramid said: "Kill!"

It was the evening of Sunday, the 27th of August, five days after the insurrection of La Vendée by the priests; four days after the capitulation of Longwy, which General Clerfayt took possession of in Louis XVI.'s name, that the expiatory procession began to march its mysterious majesty enhanced by the shade of night. At first, between clouds of burning incense, advanced the widows and orphans of the 10th of August, draped in white robes, with black belts, carrying under an arch, constructed on the model of an an-

tique arch, Mme. Roland's petition, whose blood-stained leaves were found scattered throughout the Champs de Mars, and which from the 17th of July called for a republic. Then came a gigantic black sarcophagus, containing allusions to those hearses, with their burdens leaving the Tuileries the evening of the 10th of August for the faubourgs, creaking from the weight of the corpses; then banners of mourning and danger, demanding blood for blood; then Law, a colossal statue, armed with a sword. She was followed by the judges of the tribunes, at whose head marched the revolutionary tribunal of the 10th of August, the one who excused itself for only taking off one head a day. All this advanced majestically, in the midst of Chenier's sad chants, Gossac's severe music, keeping time with an assured step. Arrived at the commune, the bloody mother of this bloody tribunal, carrying in its ranks a statue of Liberty, as high as that of Law, then the assembly, carrying its civil crown, that perhaps consoled the dead, but was insufficient for the living. A portion of the night of the 27th and the 28th of August passed, in the accomplishment of this expiating ceremony, this funereal fête of the crowd, during which time they shook their fists at the empty Tuileries, threatening the prisons, those strong fortresses given to the king and the royalists in exchange for their palaces and châteaux.

Then at length, the last lamp extinguished, the last torch reduced to smoke, the people retired.

The two statues of Law and Liberty alone remained to guard the immense sarcophagus; but as no one was left in charge, during the night the two statues were stripped of all their vestments; in the morning the two poor goddesses were less than women. At this sight, the people uttered a cry of fury; they accused the royalists, rushed to the assembly demanding vengeance, taking their statues with them, redrapping them, and carrying them as a reparation to the Place Louis XV.

Later the scaffold followed, and gave them, the 21st of January, a terrible reparation for the outrages committed on the 28th of August. That same day, the 28th of August, the assembly passed a law inaugurating domiciliary visits. The report began to spread among the people of the vicinity of the Austrian and Prussian armies, and the taking of Longwy by General Clerfayt.

Thus the enemy, called by the king, the nobles, the priests, were marching on Paris, and if nothing stopped them, would be there in six days march. Then, how would it be in Paris, boiling like a crater, whose eruptions for three years had shaken the world? What Bouilles had said, the insolent pleasantry at which every one had laughed, would become a reality; not one stone would remain upon another. There was more: they spoke as a certainty of a terrible, inexorable, general judgment, which, after destroying Paris, would destroy the Parisians. By what means and by whom would this judgment be rendered? The writings of the times say: The bloody hand of the commune was to be seen throughout that legend, which, instead of relating the past, recounted the future. Else, why was this legend not believed? This is what they saw in a letter found in the Tuileries the 10th of August, which is yet to be seen in the archives:

"The judges will arrive behind the army; the parliamentary refugees will hold on the road, in the camp of the King of Prussia, a Jacobite court, and prepare sentences. So that when the Prussian and Austrian armies arrive in Paris, the necessary instructions will have been given, and judgment rendered. All that will remain will be to put it in execution."

As if to confirm this letter, the official bulletin of the war published the following:

"The Austrian cavalry in the neighborhood of Sarrelouis have carried off prominent patriots and republicans. The Uhlans, having taken municipal officers, have cut off their ears and nailed them to their foreheads."

If such acts were committed in the unoffending provinces, what would they do in revolutionizing Paris?

What they would do was no longer a secret.

This was the news that spread, was discussed at every corner, spreading from every center to the extremities.

A grand throne was to be built for the allied kings in sight of the ruins which once was Paris; all the population prisoners were to be dragged, pushed, chased as captives to the foot of the throne; there, as at the day of judgment, there would be a division of the good and evil: the good, that is to say the royalists, the nobles, the priests, would pass to the right, and France would be given to them to do what they pleased; the wicked, which meant the revolutionists, were to pass to the left; there they would find the guillotine, that instrument invented by the revolutionists, and by which the revolution was to perish.

The revolution, that was to say France, and not only France, for that existed no longer; the people were made only to serve as a holocaust to an idea; not only France, but the ideas France gave rise to.

Why was France the first to utter the word liberty? She thought she was proclaiming something holy, light to the eyes, life to the soul, when she said: "Liberty for France! Liberty for Europe! Liberty for the world!" She thought she was doing a great thing in emancipating the earth. See how mistaken she was, how she ended. See how God has requited her; how Providence has turned against her. See, when thinking herself innocent and sublime, she was guilty and infamous. See, when she thought herself capable of something great, she committed a crime. See how she is convicted, condemned, decapitated, dragged to the ends of the earth; and the earth, for whose safety it has died, applauds its death.

Thus Jesus Christ, crucified to save the world, died in the midst of railleries and insults. But perhaps as a plea for the foreign powers, these poor people may have had some influence over them? Those that they liked, that they had enriched, those that they had prayed to defend them perhaps? No.

Their king had conspired with the enemy, and from the temple, where he was shut up, continued to correspond with the Austrians and Prussians; their nobility marched against them, organized un

der their princes; their priests made the peasants revolt. From the depths of their prisons, the condemned royalists clapped their hands at the defeats of France; the Prussians at Longwy made those at the temple and the Abbaye utter a cry of joy.

Thus Danton, a man of extremes, wrathfully entered the assembly.

The Minister of Justice thought justice powerless, and came to demand force; thus justice took up the march leaning on force.

It mounted the tribunals, it bearded the lion in its den, it stretched out its powerful hand that on the 10th of August crushed in the door of the Tuileries.

"There must be created a national convulsion to put an end to despots," it said. "Until now we have only had a simulated war: it is no longer a question of that miserable trifling. The people must rise *en masse* to exterminate their enemy at a single blow; at the same time, every conspirator must be put in chains, they must be prevented from mischief."

Danton demanded a rising *en masse*, nocturnal perquisitions, domiciliary visits, with pain of death against whoever conspired against the operations of the provisional government.

Danton obtained all he asked for.

If he had asked for more, he would have obtained more.

"Never," says Michelet. "has a nation been so dismembered before death. When Holland, with Louis XIV. at its doors, with no other resource but to inundate and drown itself, she was in less danger; entire Europe was for her. When Athens saw the throne of Xerxes on the rock of Salamis, and losing ground, threw herself in the waves, with nothing but water for country, she was in less danger; she was entire on her fleet, powerful, organized under the hand of the great Themistocles, and more fortunate than France, for she had no treason in her midst."

France was disorgauized, dissolute, betrayed, bought and sold. France was like Iphigenia under the knife of Calchas. The sovereigns surrounding it only awaited its death to wing their flight through it on the pinions of despotism; she stretched out her hands to the gods, but the gods were deaf.

But at last, when she felt the cold hand of death touch her, by a violent and terrible contraction she rallied herself; then the volcano of life lighted in her entrails that flame which for half a century lighted the world.

It was true, to sustain that sun required blood.

The blood stains of the 2d of September; that is approaching; then we will see who spilled this blood, if France is to bear the blame. But before we finish this chapter let us borrow two pages from "Michelet," as follows:

"Paris looked like a stronghold; one would have thought one's self at Lille or at Strasbourg. Throughout were consignees, functionaries, military precautions to be seen, premature though it was; the enemy was yet fifty or sixty leagues away. What was more serious, really touching, was the sentiment of deep, admirable unanimity that revealed itself throughout; all the addresses, speeches, and prayers were for the country; every one became a

recruiter, went from house to house, offering to those who could go uniforms and arms. All the world turned orators, preaching, discoursing, and singing patriotic songs. Who was not an author, a printer, an actor, a bill-poster at this time? The most touching scenes took place on all the public squares; the enlisting offices, the tribunals where every one enrolled themselves; everywhere were heard songs, cries, tears of enthusiasm or adieus; and above all these voices one great voice sounded in all hearts, in a minute voice, but all the more deep—the voice of France, eloquent in all its terms, pathetic in its most tragic tones; the holy and terribly patriotic signal of the country's danger hung in the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, an immense banner, floating to the winds, as if urging the patriotic legions to hasten on their march from the Pyrenees to the Escaut, from the Seine to the Rhine.

“To fully comprehend what this sacrifice meant, it was necessary to see in each hut, in each house, the agony of the women, the travail of the mothers, in this second birth, which was a hundred times more cruel than when the babe made its first entrance in the world; to see the old women, with broken hearts and dry eyes, hastily gathering their savings for the children to carry off, the touching economies, the pennies saved from thrift, robbing themselves for their sons, for that day of utter sorrow, giving their children up to that war that opened with so little chance, immolating them on that desperately extreme situation, it was asking too much. They succumbed to their wives, then by a natural reaction fell into an accession of fury; they let all their affairs go, they feared nothing; what could harm them while they were waiting for death?

“One day has been brought down by tradition—no doubt in August or September—when a band of these incensed women met Danton in the street, heaped opprobrium upon him as they did upon the revolution, reproaching him for it, the blood that had been spilled, their children's death, cursing him, invoking God to punish him. He did not seem surprised, though he almost felt their fingers on him, but he turned suddenly and looked at the women pityingly.

“Danton had a good deal of heart; he mounted a stump, and to console them, began to insult them in their own language; the first words were violent, exaggerated, obscene. They were stunned; his zeal or simulated fury disconcerted theirs. This wonderful orator, both impulsive and calculating, had at the bottom a strong sensual temperament. He was all material, dominated by the things of time and sense. Danton was before everything else an athlete—there was a good deal in him of the lion and the bull-dog. His mask frightened them, the overweening ugliness of his rough-hewn face lent to his brusque words, sharpened by anger, a sort of savage influence. The masses, who loved force, felt before him all that fear and pity could experience; then under that violent, furious mask, they saw there was a heart, and finally, that this terrible man, who only spoke by threats, was at heart brave and good. The excited women around him, in their agitation felt all this, and allowed themselves to be harangued, dominated, mastered; he led them where he liked; he explained hastily what was the duty of

woman love, humanity; they did not bring children into the world for themselves, but for their country. Then he no longer spoke of them, but of himself. All his heart went out in words of agitated pity for France, and his peculiar face, pitted with small-pox resembling the scarified fields of Vesuvius and Mount Etua, was wet with tears. The women could no longer contain themselves, they wept for France instead of their children, and sobbing, hid their faces in their aprons."

Oh, thou great Michelet, where art thou? At Nervi?

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE EVE OF THE SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

"WHEN the country is in danger," Danton said, the 28th of August, in the National Assembly, "everything belongs to the country."

They knew to what he referred: the domiciliary visits were about taking place.

As if by the stroke of a magic wand, at the first rolling of the drum, Paris underwent a wonderful change; populous before, it became a desert.

The open stores closed; each street was closed and occupied by a platoon of sixty men.

The barriers were guarded; the river was guarded.

At one o'clock in the morning, the visits began.

The commissioners of the districts knocked at the street doors in the name of the law, and the door was opened.

They knocked at each apartment, always in the name of the law, and opened by force the lodgings that were unoccupied.

They seized two thousand guns, arrested three thousand persons.

They wanted terror; they had it.

There was one result they had never expected, or perhaps had overestimated.

These domiciliary visits opened the dwellings of the rich to the poor; the men following the magistrates looked with amazement on the decorated and gilded suites in the magnificent hotels, still inhabited by their proprietors, or perhaps vacant. It redoubled their hatred if it gave them no inclination to pillage.

There was so little pillaging that Beaumarchais, who was already in prison, relates, that in the magnificent gardens of the Boulevard St. Antoine, a woman picked a rose, and for that they wanted to throw her into the water.

And that at the moment the commune declared the venders of silver would be punished with capital imprisonment.

Thus was the commune substituted for the assembly; it decreed capital punishment. It gave Chaumette the right of opening the prisons and freeing the confined; it arrogated to itself the right of pardon. It ordered at last that at the door of each prison a list should be posted of those within; it was an appeal to their hatred and vengeance; every one guarded the stronghold of his enemy. The assembly saw the abyss that menaced them; against their own wishes they were about to soil their hands with blood.

Whence came this? Its enemy, the commune.

Only the occasion was wanting for a terrible war to break out.

On the 29th of August, the day of the domiciliary visits, the commune, by its journal, called to the bar Girey Dupré, one of the boldest, because one of the youngest Girondists.

Girey Dupré took refuge at the Ministry of War, not having time to go to the assembly.

Huguenin, president of the commune, surrounded the home of the minister to take the Girondist minister by force.

The Girondists were always in the majority in the assembly; insulted through some of its members, it rose, and demanded in its turn President Huguenin at the bar.

President Huguenin did not respond to the assembly's appointment.

On the 30th they passed a law which crushed the municipality of Paris.

A deed which showed the horror they had at that time of robbery contributed greatly to the decree.

A member of the commune, or an individual stating he was a member, opened the arsenal and took from it a small silver cannon, a gift from the city to Louis XIV., when a child. Cambon, who had been appointed guardian of the arsenal, had the man brought to the public bar; the man did not deny it or excuse himself, merely saying, so precious an object ran the risk of being stolen, and he thought it was safer at his house than elsewhere.

That tyranny on the part of the commune weighed heavily, and seemed far-fetched to many. Louvet, a man of courageous impulses, president of a section of the Rue des Lombard, declared in his district that the council general of the commune had been guilty of usurpation. Finding themselves upheld, the assembly then announced that the president of the commune, that Huguenin, who would not of himself come to the bar, should be brought there by force, and within twenty-four hours a new commune should be appointed by the districts.

The resolution was passed the 30th of August, at five o'clock in the evening.

The hours must now be counted; for, from this moment, we are marching to the massacre of the 2d of September; every moment a forward step is taken by that bloody goddess, with extended arms, disheveled hair, horrified eyes, that is called Terror.

It was not very good logic, but the assembly declared, in breaking up the commune, that it was well deserving of the country; that it was probably from some remnants of fear. *Ornandum, tollendum!* said Cicero, speaking of Octavius.

The commune followed Octavius's example. They all allowed themselves to be elevated, but not overthrown.

Two hours after the decree was given, Tallien, the little secretary, boasted loudly that he was Danton's man; Tallien, secretary of the commune, proposed marching against the Thernes district, to the Lombards.

Ah! this time it was in reality civil war, no longer the people against the king, bourgeois against the aristocracy, huts against

châteaux, homes against palaces, but districts against districts, pikes against pikes, citizens against citizens.

At the same time Marat and Robespierre, the latter as a member of the commune, the first as an amateur, raised their voices.

Marat demanded the massacre of the National Assembly; that was nothing; they were accustomed to have him make such motions. But Robespierre, the prudent, the wily one; Robespierre, the vague, generalizing denunciator, insisted on taking up arms, and not only in self-defense, but to attack.

Robespierre must have known the commune was very strong to dare speak thus.

In fact, it was so strong, that the same evening his secretary, Tallien, went to the assembly with three thousand men armed with pikes.

"The commune," he said, "and the commune alone, has raised the members of the assembly to the rank of representatives of a free people; the commune passed resolutions against the disaffected priests, and arrested those men against whom no one dare raise a hand; the commune," said he, finally, "should within a few days purge the soil of liberty of their presence."

Thus it was during the night of the 30th and 31st of August, before the assembly even, who was about to crush it, that the first word of massacre was uttered.

Who uttered the first word? who, thus to speak, reddened the yet white programme? We have seen it was Tallien, the man of the 9th Thermidor.

To do the assembly justice, be it said at this they rose. Manuel, the steward of the commune, saw that they had gone too far; they arrested Tallien, and insisted that Huguenin should make reparation to the assembly.

All the while Manuel, who arrested Tallien, who insisted Huguenin should make the *amende honorable*, knew very well what was taking place, for this is what he did, the poor pedant with the little mind but honest heart.

He had a personal friend at the Abbaye: Beaumarchais.

Beaumarchais, the great critic, had criticised Manuel; as he passed Manuel by gorged with others, they would have attributed this murder to a mean vengeance of his pride. He ran to the Abbaye and called on Beaumarchais. When the latter saw him he tried to excuse himself by giving explanations to his literary victim.

"We are not debating here literature, criticism, or journalism. There is an open door; save yourself to-day if you do not want to be strangled to-morrow!"

The author of "Figaro" needed no other hint; he slipped through the half-open door and disappeared.

If it had been Collot d'Herbois he was talking about instead of criticising the author Manuel, Beaumarchais would have died.

It was the 31st of August, that great day that had decided the assembly against the commune—that is to say, between moderation and terror. The commune decided to remain at any price. The assembly had given it its dismissal in favor of a new assembly.

The commune naturally went further than the decision intended. Without knowing where they wanted to go, the people wanted to go somewhere. Thrown to the front on the 20th of June, thrown still further on the 10th of August, they felt a vague need of blood and destruction.

It must be said, Marat on one side, and Hebert on the other, led them a frightful dance. There was only Robespierre who was anxious to reconquer his shaking popularity; entire France wanted war; Robespierre advised peace—it was only Robespierre who tried something new, and who, by the absurdity of his ideas, surpassed himself.

A powerful party, he said, had offered the throne to the Duke of Brunswick.

Who were the three powerful parties now fighting? The assembly, the commune, the Jacobins; and yet the commune and the Jacobins at a pinch could be called one.

It was neither the commune nor the Jacobins; Robespierre was a member of the club and of the municipality; he was not criminated. This powerful party was the Girondists. We have said Robespierre surpassed in absurdity the most absurd innovations; what in fact could be more absurd than to accuse the Girondists, who had declared war on Prussia and Austria, of offering the throne to the common enemy?

And who were the men they accused of this? The Vergniauds, the Rolands, the Clavières, the Servans, the Gensonnés, the Guadets, the Barbarouxes, that is to say, the most ardent patriots, and at the same time the most honest men in France.

But there are moments when a man like Robespierre says everything, and the worst of it is, these are moments when people believe everything.

They were in this condition the 31st of August. A physician who could have had his fingers on the pulse of France, he would have felt that day the pulsations augmenting every moment.

The 30th, at five o'clock in the evening, the assembly, as we have said, broke up the commune; the decree stated that in twenty-four hours the districts must nominate a new general council.

Then, on the 31st, at five o'clock in the evening, the decree was put in execution.

But Marat's vociferations, Hebert's menaces, Robespierre's calumnies, weighted the commune so heavily on Paris, that the districts did not dare to vote. They gave as a pretext of their abstaining, that the decree had not been officially announced.

The 31st of August, about noon, the assembly were advised their decree of the day before had not been executed, and would not be. Force was necessary, and one knows what force would have been for the assembly.

The commune had Santerre by his brother-in-law Panis. Panis, one must remember, was that fanatic of Robespierre who had proposed to Rebecqui and Barbaroux to name a dictator, and who had hinted that he should be the incorruptible; Santerre represented the faubourgs; the faubourgs were as irresistible as the ocean itself.

The faubourgs broke in the doors of the Tuileries; they would equally as well break in the assembly.

Then the assembly feared, if it armed itself against the commune, not only to be abandoned by the extreme patriots, by those who wished for a revolution at any price; but more—and what was more—to be sustained, spite of themselves, by the moderate royalists.

Then it would be completely lost.

About six o'clock the rumor spread through its benches that there was a great tumult around the Abbaye.

They had just liberated one M. de Montmorin; the people believed it came from the minister who had signed the passports by which Louis XVI. had attempted to fly; they went *en masse* to the prison, calling with loud cries for the traitor's death. They had the greatest difficulty in making them see their error; all night the streets of Paris were in a state of frightful fermentation.

Any one could see that by the next day the slightest event would be sufficient to make this excitement assume colossal proportions.

This event, which will be recited somewhat in detail, as it treats of one of the heroes of our history, occurred in the prisons of Châtelet.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MONSIEUR DE BEAUSIRE.

As the day closed on the 10th of August, a special tribunal had been organized to examine into the robberies committed at the Tuileries. The people had, as Peltier relates, shot on the spot two robbers taken in the very act; but beside those there were others, as might easily be imagined, who were not caught.

Among the number of these *chevaliers d'industrie* was M. de Beausire, an old soldier of the king's, who entered the château after every one else; he was a man of too good sense to be silly enough to be among the first to enter, or even one of the first, if there was the slightest danger.

It was not M. de Beausire's political opinions that led him to the king's palace, or for the sake of mourning over the royal fall, or to applaud the triumph of the people. No; M. de Beausire came there as an amateur, to give those whom he met the benefit of his opinions on the mutability of human events, and, still another aim, to see if those who had just lost a throne had not left behind them some bijou, more easily carried and put in a place of safety.

To save appearances, M. de Beausire wore the red bonnet, was armed with an enormous sword, after having slightly stained his shirt and hands in the blood of the first dead man he met; like a wolf following the conquering army, like a boaster planted after the combat on the battle-field, a superficial glance might take him for the conqueror.

It was indeed for a conqueror to take the part of those who were heard crying: "Death to the aristocrats!" who were to be seen ferreting under the beds, opening armoires, even the drawers of the bureaux, in order to assure themselves no aristocrat was concealed there.

Unfortunately for M. de Beausire, there entered a man with him who neither shouted, nor looked under the beds, nor opened the

wardrobes, but was in the midst of the firing, though he was unarmed, with the victors, though he had conquered nothing, promenaded, his hands behind his back, as if he was in one of the public gardens on a fête night, calm and cold, under his black clothes, so precise and neat; he occasionally raised his voice to say:

"Do not forget, citizens, you must not kill the women, nor touch the jewels!"

To those who killed the men, and threw the furniture in the street, he did not think he had the right to say anything. He noticed at the first glance that M. de Beausire was not one of these latter. Thus, about half past nine o'clock, Pitou, as we have already seen, having obtained, as a post of honor, the guarding of the vestibule of the Horloge, saw coming toward him a sort of colossal giant, melancholy and polite, but firm as if he had a mission to bring order out of disorder, justice from revenge, who said:

"Captin, you will see a man descending with a red bonnet on his head, holding a sword in his hand, and gesticulating wildly; arrest him, and have him cared for by your men. He has stolen a tiara of diamonds."

"Yes, Monsieur Maillard," replied Pitou, carrying his hand to his head.

"Ah! sh!" said the old huissier, "you know me, my friend?"

"I should think I did remember you!" said Pitou. "You don't remember me, Monsieur Maillard? We took the Bastille together."

"Is it possible?" asked Maillard.

"Then on the 5th and 6th of October we were at Versailles together."

"That is true, I was there."

"The devil! I remember how you protected the women, and had a duel at the door of the Tuileries with a guardian who would not let you pass."

"Now, you will do," said Maillard, "all that I ask you, will you not?"

"That is another thing, Monsieur Maillard; all that you order! Ah! you are a patriot!"

"I never boast," said Maillard; "and for that reason we must not allow the name we bear to be dishonored. Look! here is the man."

At that moment M. de Beausire descended the staircase, waving his great sword, and crying, "Long live the nation!"

Pitou motioned to Tellier and Maniquet, who, without any apparent intention, placed themselves before the door and waited for M. de Beausire on the last step.

He had noticed the preparations, and without doubt those preparations worried him, for he stopped as if he had forgotten something, and began to ascend the stairs.

"Excuse me, citizen," said Pitou, "but they pass here."

"Ah! they pass here, do they?"

"They have ordered the Tuileries to be evacuated."

Beausire nodded his head and continued on his way, carrying his hand to his red bonnet and affecting a military air.

"You see, comrades," he said; "can I pass, or not?"

"Pass; but first," said Pitou, "you must submit to a little formality."

"Humph! And what is that, captain?"

"You must be searched, citizen."

"Searched?"

"Yes."

"Search a patriot, a conqueror, a man who comes to extirpate the aristocracy?"

"That is the countersign; so, comrade, if you are a comrade," said Pitou, "put up your sword—it is useless, as all the aristocrats are killed—do it willingly, or I will be obliged to use force."

"Force?" said Beausire. "Ah! you talk that way, my fine captain, because you have twenty men under your orders; if we were alone—"

"If we were alone, citizen," said Pitou, "this is what I would do: I would take your sword from your hand and break it under my foot, as not worthy to be touched by the hand of an honest man, having been held by a robber!"

And Pitou, putting his theory in practice, broke the blade of the sword as he snatched it away from Beausire, and threw the rest away.

"A robber!" cried the man with the red bonnet; "I a robber—I, Monsieur de Beausire?"

"My friends," said Pitou, pushing the old soldier in the midst of his men, "search Monsieur de Beausire."

"Very well, search me!" said the man, stretching his arms out like a victim; "search me."

They did not require M. de Beausire's permission to proceed with the search; but, to Pitou's great astonishment and M. Maillard's, after a thorough search, turning out his pockets, penetrating into the most secret recesses, they only discovered a pack of playing-cards, the figures almost invisible from age, then eleven sous.

Pitou looked at Maillard, who made a gesture as much as to say, "What can you do?"

"Begin again!" said Pitou, whose principal quality was patience.

They began again, but with no more success than the first time: all they found were the same pack of cards and eleven sous.

M. de Beausire was triumphant.

"Well, sir," he cried, "is the sword dishonored because it was in my hands?"

"No, sir," said Pitou; "and to prove it, if you are not satisfied with my apology, one of my men will lend you his, and I will give you any other satisfaction you please."

"Thanks, young man," said M. de Beausire, putting on his coat; "you acted according to your orders, and an old soldier like myself knows that is a sacred thing. Now, I expect Madame de Beausire is anxious at my long absence, and if I am allowed to retire—"

"Go, sir," said Pitou; "you are at liberty."

Beausire bowed nonchalantly and left.

Pitou looked around for Maillard; he was gone.

"Have you seen Monsieur Maillard?" he asked.

"I thought," replied one of the guardsmen, "I saw him ascend the stairs."

"That is true," said Pitou, "for he is coming down."

Maillard was indeed descending the staircase; thanks to his long limbs, he only took every other step, and in a moment he was in the vestibule.

"Well," he asked, "have you found anything?"

"No," replied Pitou.

"I have been more fortunate than you. I have found the diadem."

"Then we were wrong?"

"No, we were right."

And Maillard displayed the tiara, the gold mounting only, all the precious stones that enriched it having been taken out.

"What does that mean?" said Pitou.

"That means that the scoundrel was on the lookout. He took out the diamonds, and thinking the mounting too embarrassing, threw it in the cabinet where I found it."

"Very good!" said Pitou; "and the diamonds?"

"He found a way to dupe us."

"Ah! the wretch!"

"How long has he been gone?" asked Maillard.

"As you came down he went through the middle door."

"Which way did he go?"

"Toward the quay."

"Adieu, captain."

"You are going, Monsieur Maillard?"

"I want to satisfy myself," said the ex-huissier.

And opening his long legs like a compass, he started in pursuit of M. de Beausire.

Pitou remained buried in thought over what had occurred, when he saw the Comtesse de Charny, and with her sad search forgot the trifling incident, whose finale requires an entire chapter to unravel successfully.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE EXPURGATION.

RAPID as were his footsteps, Maillard could not see M. de Beausire, who had three things in his favor: first, ten minutes in advance; next, the shades of night; lastly, the numbers constantly crossing the court of the Carroussel, in the midst of which M. de Beausire had disappeared.

Once arrived on the quay of the Tuileries, the ex-huissier of Châtelet no longer continued advancing. He lived, as we have said, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and his road, or nearly his road, was to follow the quay as far as the Place de la Grève.

A great concourse of people were crowding on the Pont Neuf and the Pont au Change. There had been an exposition of bodies on the square of the Palais de Justice, and every one rushed there, in hopes, or rather in fear, of finding a brother, a relative, or a friend.

Maillard followed the crowd.

At the corner of the Rue de la Barillerie and the square of the palace, he had a friend, a druggist; at that time, they called them apothecaries. Maillard went to his friend's, sat down, and talked about the affair of the day, while the surgeons came and went, procuring bandages, unguents—everything necessary to succor the wounded; for among the dead were occasionally heard, from time to time, a cry, a sigh, a gasp for breath, from an unfortunate living being, who was instantly dragged from the midst of the bodies, his wounds dressed, then carried to the Hôtel Dieu. There was consequently great excitement in the offices of the worthy apothecary; but Maillard felt no uneasiness; on such days, a patriot of Maillard's stamp was received with pleasure, when "others flourished like a green bay-tree," in the city and faubourgs.

He had been there scarcely a quarter of an hour, his long limbs folded under him, when a woman of thirty-seven or thirty-eight years entered, who, under an aspect of most abject misery, preserved a certain appearance of former opulence—a certain something betrayed her aristocracy more natural than acquired.

But what struck Maillard particularly was the woman's strange resemblance to the queen; he would have uttered a cry of amazement if he had not restrained himself.

She held by the hand a small boy of eight or nine years of age, and approached the counter with a sort of timidity, hiding as she best might the misery of her drapery, which was the more striking from her delicate hands and face. For some time it was impossible to make herself heard, the crowd was so great; at last, speaking to the master of the establishment:

"Have you," she said, "a purgative for my husband, who is sick?"

"What sort of a purgative do you want?" asked the apothecary.

"Anything you have, sir, as long as it only costs eleven sous."

That sum of eleven sous struck Maillard; that was exactly the sum that had been found in M. de Beausire's pocket.

"Why do you only want one that costs eleven sous?" asked the apothecary.

"Because that is all the money my husband has."

"Make a mixture of tamarind seed and senna," said the apothecary to his assistant.

The assistant mixed the preparation, while the apothecary attended to other demands.

But Maillard, who had nothing to distract him, concentrated all his attention on the woman with the purgative and the eleven sous.

"Here, citoyenne," said the assistant, "here is your medicine"

"Now, Toussaint," said the woman, in a drawling voice, which seemed habitual, "give me the eleven sous, my child."

"Here they are," said the little boy.

And, laying his coins on the counter:

"Come, Mamma Oliva," he said, "come quick, papa is waiting."

And he tried to drag away his mother repeatedly:

"Now, come, Mamma Oliva! come now!"

"Pardon me, citoyenne," said the assistant, "but here are only nine sous."

"Only nine sous—how is that?" said the woman.

"Count them yourself," said the assistant.

The woman counted them—there were only nine sous.

"What have you done with the two others, naughty child?" asked the woman.

"I don't know," replied the child; "come, Mamma Oliva!"

"You should know, because you wanted to carry the money, and I gave it to you."

"I have lost it," said the child; "come, now!"

"You have a charming child there, citoyenne," said Maillard; "he seems full of intelligence, but you must take care he does not become a robber."

"A robber!" said the woman whom the little boy had designated by the name of Mamma Oliva. "Why that, I beseech you, sir?"

"Because he has not lost the two sous, but has them hid in his shoe."

"I have not," said the child. "It is not true!"

"In the left shoe, citoyenne; in the left shoe," said Maillard.

Mamma Oliva, in spite of young Toussaint's cries, took off his left shoe and found the money. She gave the two pieces to the assistant, and threatened the child with a punishment that seemed terrible to the hearers, if they had not faith in the softening influence of a mother's tenderness.

This event, unimportant in itself, would certainly have passed unperceived in the midst of the more serious circumstances that were occurring, had not the remarkable resemblance of that woman to the queen struck Maillard.

And the result of this preoccupation was that he approached his friend, the apothecary, and seizing him in a moment of leisure:

"Did you notice?" he said.

"What?"

"The resemblance of the citoyenne that went out from here—"

"To the queen?" said the apothecary, laughing.

"Yes; you noticed it as I did."

"Long time ago?"

"How, a long time ago?"

"Certainly; it is a historical resemblance."

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you recollect Collier's famous story?"

"Oh! there is not a huissier in the Châtelet who could have forgotten that story."

"Then you must remember a certain Nicole Legay, called Made-moiselle Oliva!"

"Ah! the devil! that is true! who took the part of the queen, by Cardinal Rohan."

"And who lives with a black sheep, an old soldier, a scoundrel, a spy, called Beausire."

"What?" exclaimed Maillard, as if stung by a serpent.

"Called Beausire," repeated the apothecary.

"And it's this Beausire she calls her husband?" asked Maillard.

"Yes."

"And it was for him she came for the medicine?"

"The knave has indigestion, probably."

"A purgative medicine?" continued Maillard, like a man following out an idea and not daring to lose sight of it.

"A purgative medicine, yes."

"Ah!" cried Maillard, striking his forehead, "I have my man!"

"What man?"

"The man with the eleven sous."

"Who is the man with the eleven sous?"

"Monsieur de Beausire, hang it!"

"You want him?"

"Yes; if I only knew where he lived."

"I know, if you do not."

"Good! Where is it?"

"Rue de la Juiverie, No. 6."

"Here—close by?"

"A step or so."

"Well. I am not surprised now."

"At what?"

"That the young Toussaint stole two sous from his mother."

"Why are you no longer astonished?"

"It is Monsieur de Beausire's son, is it not?"

"His living picture."

"A chip of the old block! Now, my dear friend," continued Maillard, "with your hand on your conscience, how soon will your medicine take effect?"

"Seriously?"

"Most decidedly."

"Not before two hours."

"That is all I want; I have the time."

"Then you are interested in Monsieur de Beausire?"

"So great an interest, that, fearing he will not be taken good care of, I am going—"

"For what?"

"Your trained nurses. Adieu, my dear friend."

And leaving the apothecary's with a quiet smile much greater than his lugubrious face ever indulged in, Maillard went toward the Tuileries.

Pitou was away; we remember how he had followed Andrée's steps, while looking for the Comte de Charny; in his absence Maniquet and Tellier were in command.

They recognized each other.

"Ah! it is you, Monsieur Maillard," said Maniquet; "well, did you find your man?"

"No," said Maillard; "but I am on his track."

"Faith, that's lucky," said Tellier; "though there was nothing found on him, I'll wager he has the diamonds!"

"Bet, citizen," cried Maillard; "bet, and you will win."

"Good!" said Maniquet; "and do you think you can get him?"

"I hope so, if you will assist me."

"How, Citizen Maillard? We are at your orders."

Maillard motioned to a lieutenant and sub-lieutenant to draw near.

"Choose two good men from your platoon for me."

"Do you mean brave?"

"No, honest."

"Oh! then take them as they come."

Then returning to his post:

"Two good, willing men," said Désiré.

A dozen men rose.

"Here, Boulanger," said Maniquet, "come here!"

One of the men approached.

"And you, Molicar."

A second stepped to the side of the first.

"Do you want any more, Monsieur Maillard?" asked Tellier.

"No, that's sufficient. Come, comrades!"

The two Haramontors followed Maillard.

Maillard led them to the Rue de la Juiverie, and stopped before No. 6.

"Here is the place," he said; "let us go upstairs."

The two men passed into a corridor with him, then up the stairs, then to the fourth floor.

These, guided by Toussaint's cries, not yet consoled for the correction, anything but maternal, he had suffered—for M. de Beausire, on learning the extent of his fault, had thought it necessary to interfere and add some more blows with his hard dry hands, to the whipping not quite so severe, given her dear son by Mlle. Oliva.

Maillard tried to open the door.

The bolt was slipped inside.

He knocked.

"Who is it?" asked Mlle. Oliva's drawing voice.

"Open in the name of the law!" answered Maillard.

There ensued some conversation in a loud voice, that resulted in the young Toussaint keeping quiet, believing it was for the two sous he had stolen from his mother that the law was thus agitated, while Beausire, putting it to the account of domiciliary visits, uneasy though he was, tried to assure Oliva.

At length Mme. de Beausire decided, and the moment Maillard knocked for the second time, opened the door.

The three men entered, to the great terror of Mlle. Oliva and Toussaint, who ran to hide behind a big straw chair.

M. de Beausire was lying down, and on the table, lighted by a poor candle, in an iron candlestick that was smoking, Maillard perceived with satisfaction an empty bottle. The medicine had been taken; nothing remained but to await its effect.

During the discussion, Maillard related to Boulanger and Molicar what had occurred at the apothecary's; so that, arrived finally in M. de Beausire's room, they were acquainted with the situation of affairs. Then, after installing them each side of the bed, "Citizens," he contented himself by saying, "Monsieur de Beausire is precisely in that condition which the princess in the 'Thousand and One Nights' found herself, who, only speaking when obliged to, dropped a diamond every time she opened her mouth. Let

nothing fall from Monsieur de Beausire's mouth without ascertaining what the contents are. I will wait for you at the municipality; when this gentleman has nothing more to say to you, conduct him to the Châtelet, where you can recommend him to Citizen Maillard, then join me at the Hôtel de Ville with whatever he has given you."

The two guardsmen bowed, and carrying arms, placed themselves on each side of M. de Beausire's bed.

The apothecary was not mistaken; in two hours the medicine took effect, lasting about an hour.

About three o'clock Maillard saw the two men coming.

They brought with them a million francs' worth of diamonds, of the first water, from the result of M. de Beausire's medicine. Maillard laid in his and the names of the two Haramonters the diamonds on the desk of the procureur of the commune, who gave them a certificate stating the three had deserved well of the country.

CHAPTER L.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

THE result of the serio-comic event just related was:

M. de Beausire, thrown in the prison of the Châtelet, had been tried by a jury specially charged to examine into the thefts committed on the 10th of August and the days following.

There was no escape for him; the thing was too clearly proved.

Thus, the accused humbly confessed his guilt, and implored pardon from the court.

The court ordered an examination into M. de Beausire's antecedents, and not particularly edified by the result of the examination, condemned the old soldier to five years at the galleys, and to be branded.

In vain M. de Beausire alleged he had been drawn into the theft by the most honorable sentiments, that of assuring a tranquil future to his wife and son; nothing could palliate the sentence, and in its capacity of a Supreme Court, there was no appeal; the next day judgment was to be executed.

Alas! it should have been executed instantly. Fate willed the evening of the day M. de Beausire was to be branded they introduced into the prison one of his ancient comrades. After the recognition, came mutual confidences. The new arrival said there was a completely organized plot about breaking out on the Place de Grève or the Palace Square.

The conspirators were to rally in considerable numbers, on the pretext of seeing the first branding which was to take place at that time—at that time they branded prisoners both in the Place de Grève or in front of the Palace of Justice—and, on the cries of "Long live the king!" "Long live the Prussians!" "Death to the Nation!" they would seize upon the Hôtel de Ville, call to their aid the National Guard, half of whom were royalists, or at least Constitutionalists, maintain the abolition of the commune, and finally accomplish a royalist counter-revolution.

Unfortunately, it was M. de Beausire's friend who was to give the signal; the conspirators, ignorant of his arrest, would go to the

spot the day the branding was to take place, and as no one would be there to cry "Long live the king!" "Long live the Prussians!" "Death to the Nation!" the rising would fall to the ground.

It was the more to be regretted, added the friend, as a conspiracy had never been better organized or promised a result more certain.

M. de Beausire's friend's arrest was the more deplorable, as certainly, in the midst of tumult, the condemned man could not help but be delivered, fly, and escape the double punishment of branding and the galleys. M. de Beausire, without having any settled opinions, had always at the bottom inclined toward royalty; he began by sympathizing for the king in the first place, and himself in the second, that the movement could not succeed. Suddenly he struck his head; he was inspired with a bright idea.

"But," he said to his comrade, "this first branding is to be mine."

"Certainly; as I told you, this would have been a great thing for you."

"And you say *your* arrest is yet unknown?"

"Entirely so."

"The conspirators ~~will~~ rally the same as if you were not arrested?"

"Exactly."

"So that in case any one gave the signal the conspiracy would break forth?"

"Yes; but to whom could I give it, now I am arrested and can not communicate with any one?"

"To me?" said Beausire, in the tone of Medea in Corneille's tragedy.

"You?"

"Certainly! I will be there, as I am the one to be branded. Very well, I will cry: 'Long live the king! Long live the Prussians! Death to the Nation!' That is not very difficult, I think."

Beausire's comrade remained as if astounded.

"I always said," he declared, "that you were a man of genius!" Beausire bowed.

"If you do that," continued the royalist prisoner, "you will not only be delivered, not only pardoned, but more, I will proclaim that to you is due the success of the conspiracy, and you may be assured beforehand of receiving a handsome recompense."

"It is not for that object I would undertake it," replied Beausire, with the most disinterested air in the world.

"The devil!" said his friend; "never mind, the recompense will be offered; I would advise you not to refuse it."

"If you advise it," said Beausire.

"I do more. I beg, if necessary; I insist!" majestically declared the friend.

"So be it!" said Beausire.

"Now we will breakfast together. The jailer will not refuse that last favor to two comrades. We must drink a good bottle of wine to the success of the conspiracy."

Beausire had some doubts as to the jailer complying with their request. But if he breakfasted or not with his friend, he had decided to keep his promise.

To their great satisfaction, their request was granted.

The two friends breakfasted together. They not only drank one bottle of wine, but two, three, and four.

At the fourth, M. de Beausire was a furious royalist. Fortunately, they came to take him to the Place de Grève before the fifth bottle was begun.

He ascended the cart of the condemned as a triumphal chariot, looking contemptuously on the crowd for whom he was preparing so great a surprise.

At the edge of the Notre Dame Bridge a woman and small boy waited to see him pass.

M. de Beausire recognized poor Oliva in tears; and the young Toussaint, who, seeing his father in the hands of the gendarmes, cried:

“That is right. Why did he beat me?”

Beausire sent them a protecting smile, with a gesture which would have been full of majesty if his hands had not been tied.

The square of the Hôtel de Ville was filled. Every one knew the condemned man was to expiate a theft committed at the Tuileries. From the account of the trial, the circumstances accompanying the theft were known, and there was no pity for the condemned man.

When the cart stopped at the foot of the pillory, the guards had the greatest difficulty in keeping back the people.

Beausire regarded the excitement, the tumult, the crowd, with an air which seemed to say:

“You will see; it will soon be different.”

When he appeared on the pillory there was a universal “Hurrah;” but when the moment approached when the hangman exposed the culprit’s shoulder, and stooped to take the hot iron from the furnace, what always happens occurred, and that was before the supreme majesty of the law—all the world was awed.

Beausire profited by this moment, and, rallying all his strength, with a full, sonorous, resonant voice, cried:

“Long live the king! Long live the Prussians! Death to the Nation!”

The tumult M. de Beausire created surpassed his expectations; there were not only cries, but roars.

The entire crowd, with a unanimous rush, made for the pillory.

This time the guard was powerless to protect M. de Beausire; their ranks were broken, the scaffold overrun, the hangman thrown to the foot of the railing, the condemned man seized from the stake and thrown into that devouring caldron called the multitude.

He would have been killed, pounded, pulled to pieces, when, fortunately, a man precipitated himself, girded with a scarf, from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, where he was overlooking the branding.

This man was the procureur of the commune—Manuel.

He was a most tender-hearted man, though often obliged to conceal his sentiments; on such occasions his feelings escaped him. With great difficulty he reached M. de Beausire, laid his hand upon him, and in a loud voice:

“In the name of the law,” he said, “I claim this man!”

The people hesitated to obey. Manuel took off his scarf, and, letting it float to the wind, cried:

“ Help! every good citizen.”*

Twenty men rushed close to him.

They took Beausire from the hands of the crowd. He was nearly dead.

Manuel had him carried to the Hôtel de Ville. That, however, was soon seriously threatened, the exasperation was so great.

Manuel appeared on the balcony.

“ This man is guilty,” he said, “ but of a crime for which he has not been tried. Call a jury from among yourselves; that jury can assemble in one of the halls of the Hôtel de Ville, and give a verdict as to his guilt. The sentence, whatever it is, will be executed, but let there be a sentence.”

Was it not strange that, on the eve of the massacre of the prisoners, one of the men accused of the massacre held, at the peril of his life, such language?

There are an anomalies in politics, explain them who may.

This promise appeased the crowd. A quarter of an hour after, they announced they had a jury composed; it consisted of twenty-one members; these twenty-one members appeared on the balcony.

“ Are these your delegates?” asked Manuel of the crowd.

Their response was a clapping of hands.

“ That is well,” said Manuel; “ here are your judges. Now justice will be done.”

And, as he had promised, he installed the jury in one of the halls of the Hôtel de Ville. M. de Beausire, more dead than alive, appeared before the improvised court. He tried to defend himself, but the second crime was more patent than the first; only in the people's eyes it was more serious.

To cry “ Long live the king!” when the king was known to be a traitor, and was a prisoner in the temple; to cry “ Long live the Prussians!” when the Prussians had taken Longwy, and were only sixteen leagues from Paris; to cry “ Death to the Nation!” when the nation was writhing on its bed of agony, was a heinous crime, and merited the severest punishment.

Thus the jury decided he was not only guilty of capital punish-

* We have not the slightest intention of glorifying Manuel, one of the most abused men of the revolution, we only wish to tell the truth. Michelet speaks of it thus:

“ The first of September, a frightful scene took place on the Place de Grève.

“ A thief was branded, and without doubt being drunk, was advised to cry: ‘ Long live the King! Long live the Prussians! Death to the Nation!’ He was instantly seized from the pillory, and would have been torn to pieces; the procureur of the commune, Manuel, threw himself among the people, took him from their clutches, and took him to the Hôtel de Ville; he was himself in extreme peril, and was obliged to promise that a popular jury would give their verdict on the criminal. The jury's verdict was death. The authorities declared the sentence was good and valid; it was put in execution; the man perished the next day.”

ment, but to attach to his death the shame that the law felt itself necessary to use in substituting the guillotine for torture for having despised the law, the culprit would be hung in the place where he had committed the crime.

Consequently, on the scaffold the pillory was erected, and the executioner had orders to prepare the torture. The sight of this work, and the knowledge that the prisoner was also in sight, guarded, succeeded in calming the crowd.

This was the event, as we stated in the preceeding chapter, that occupied the assembly.

The next day was Sunday, an aggravating circumstance. The assembly understood everything was tending toward a massacre. The commune intended maintaining itself at all hazards; the massacre—that is to say, terror—was its surest way.

The assembly recoiled before their decision taken a day or so previously; they reconsidered their decree.

Then one of the members rose.

“It is not sufficient to recall your decree,” he said. “Two days since, in giving it, you declared the commune deserved praise from the country; that eulogy was too vague; while in the future, you can say the commune deserved praise from the country, at present, however, some of the members of the commune are not comprised in the eulogy. These members should be particularized. It should state, not the commune, but the representatives of the commune.”

The assembly voted that the representatives of the commune deserved praise from the country.

At the time the assembly produced this decree, Robespierre made at the commune a long discourse, in which he stated that the assembly had, by infamous maneuvers, lost the public confidence for the general council; it was time for them to retire, and to employ the only means remaining to save the people, that is to say, “Put the power in the hands of the people.”

Put the power in the hands of the people; what did that phrase signify?

Did they mean to subscribe to the assembly's decree and accept the re-election? Not likely. Was it to dispose of the legal power, and, in disposing of it, declare by that very act that the commune, after enacting the 10th of August, regarded itself as powerless to continue that great work of the revolution, and intrusted the people to finish it?

The people, without restraint, their hearts full of vengeance, determined to continue the work of the 10th of August—the massacre of the men who had fought against them that day, and who, since then, had been shut up in the different prisons in Paris.

Such was the condition of things the 1st of September, in the evening. There was a storm coming; already the lightnings and thunder-bolts were seen and heard.

CHAPTER LI.

THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST AND SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

SUCH was the state of things, when on the 1st of September, at nine o'clock in the evening, Gilbert's office-boy (the name of serv-

ant had been abolished as anti-republican)—Gilbert's office-boy entered the doctor's room, saying:

"Citizen Gilbert, the carriage is at the door."

Gilbert pulled his hat over his eyes, buttoned up his overcoat to the throat, and started to go, but at the door of the apartment stood a man, enveloped in a cloak, his face shaded by a large hat.

Gilbert recoiled a step or two; in the obscurity, and at such a moment, every one was an enemy.

"It is I, Gilbert," said a familiar voice.

"Cagliostro!" cried the doctor.

"Good! See that you don't forget I am no longer called Cagliostro, but the Baron Zanoni! It is true that for you, dear Gilbert, I neither change my name nor heart—I am always, I hope, Joseph Balsamo."

"Oh, yes!" said Gilbert; "and the proof is, I was just going to your house."

"I doubted it," said Cagliostro, "and for that reason came here; you might be sure, in these days, I would not, as Mousieur de Robespierre has just done, go to the country."

"I scarcely recognized you, and am delighted to see you. Come in, I beg, come in."

"Well, here I am. Tell me, what do you want?" asked Cagliostro, following Gilbert into the most retired apartment of the doctor's.

"Sit down."

Cagliostro sat down.

"You know what has passed?" said Gilbert.

"You mean to say, what is to happen," replied Cagliostro; "for at this moment nothing is taking place."

"No, you are correct; but something terrible is to take place, is there not?"

"Terrible, indeed! It is one of those times when the terrible becomes a necessity."

"Sir, when you pronounce those words with such inexorable coolness, you make me tremble," said Gilbert.

"What will you have? I am but an echo—the echo of Fate."

Gilbert bowed his head.

"Do you recollect, Gilbert, what I told you when I saw you at Bellevue, the 6th of October, when I predicted the Marquis de Favras' death?"

Gilbert trembled.

He, so strong before men, and even events, felt, before that mysterious individual, feeble as an infant.

"I told you," continued Cagliostro, "that if the king had in his poor body a grain of that spirit of conservatism, which I hoped he had not, he would fly."

"Well," replied Gilbert, "he did fly."

"Yes, but I told you, when there was time. When he did go—damn it!—you know it was too late. I added—you have not forgotten it—that if the king resisted, if the queen resisted, if the nobles resisted, we would have a revolution."

"Yea; you are right again this time. The revolution is an accomplished fact," said Gilbert.

"Not exactly," replied Cagliostro; "but it is progressing, as you see, Gilbert. You remember, I spoke of an instrument invented by one of my friends, Doctor Guillotin? Have you passed by the Tuileries, in Carroussel Square? Well, that instrument, that I showed to the queen at the château of Taverny in a carafe, you remember—you were there, a little boy, no higher than that, already the admirer of Mademoiselle Nicole—wait! whose husband, Monsieur de Beausire, has just been sentenced to be hung—well, that instrument is in operation."

"Yes," said Gilbert, "but too slowly it seems, as they are adding to it swords, pikes, and poniards."

"Listen!" said Cagliostro; "one thing must be admitted. We have a headstrong obstinacy to deal with. The aristocracy, the court, the king, the queen, have had all kinds of warning given them; they paid no heed to them; the Bastille was taken, that made no difference; the 5th and 6th of October occurred, that was of no consequence; the 20th of June, that was the same; the 10th of August, it made no difference; the king was placed in the temple, the aristocracy in the Abbaye, La Force, and the Bicêtre; it was of no consequence. The king, in the temple, rejoiced at the taking of Longwy by the Prussians; the aristocracy, at the Abbaye, cried: 'Long live the king! Long live the Prussians!' They drank champagne in the very face of the poor people who drank water; they eat their pâtes de truffes before them, when they were starving! It is not only to King William of Prussia they write: 'Take care! If you pass Longwy—if you step a foot nearer the heart of France—it will be the sentence of death for the king!' And the answer: 'Frightful as is the situation of the royal family, the armies can not go back. I hope, with all my heart, to arrive in time to save the King of France; but, first of all, my duty is to save Europe!' And they will march on Verdun. It must be finished."

"How finished?" cried Gilbert.

"With the king, the queen, the aristocracy."

"You will assassinate the king, the queen?"

"Oh, no, not that! that would be a great mistake; they must be judged, condemned, and publicly executed as was Charles I.; but as for the rest, they must be disposed of, and that, doctor, as soon as possible."

"And what has decided that?" cried Gilbert. "Is it enlightenment, is it humanity, is it the conscience of these people of whom you are speaking? When you have Mirabeau as its genius, Lafayette for its loyalty, and Vergniaud for its justice, if you come to me in the name of those three men, saying, 'They must be killed!' I would tremble as I have trembled; but I would have my doubts. In whose name to-day do you come to tell me this? In the name of Hébert, a seller of checks; of Collot d'Herbois, a venomous historian; Marat, with his morbid mind, whose physician is obliged to prescribe, every time he asks for it, fifty, a hundred, two hundred thousand heads! Let me, dear master, except these mediocre men, who must have these rapid and pathetic crises, this change of base, these miserable actors, impotent rhetoricians, who are pleased with sudden distractions, who consider themselves skillful magicians,

because, simple mortals, they have overthrown the work of God who consider it wonderful, grand, sublime, to turn back the stream of life that sustains the world, and exterminate with a word, a sign, a glance—to overwhelm in a breath a living obstacle that has taken twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years to create! These men, dear master, are miserable—you do not belong to these men.”

“My dear Gilbert,” said Cagliostro, “you do these men too much honor; you are again mistaken in calling them men; they are only instruments.”

“Instruments of destruction!”

“Yes, but blessed with one idea. That idea, Gilbert, is the freedom of the people—it is liberty, it is a republic—not a French one. God keep me from any such egotistical idea!—but the universal republic, the fraternity of the world! No, these men are not geniuses; no, they have no loyalty; no, they have no mind; but they have what is stronger, more inexorable, more irresistible than all that—they have instinct.”

“The instinct of an Attila.”

“Exactly so, as you say. Attila, who has been entitled *God's hammer*, who, with the barbarous blood of the Huns, the Alains, the Surabians, revolutionized the Roman civilization, corrupted by four hundred years of Nero's, Vespasian's, and Heliogabalus's, reign.”

“But now,” cried Gilbert, “instead of generalizing, what will we gain by massacre?”

“Oh! a very simple thing; the assembly, the commune, the people, entire Paris. Paris must be steeped in blood; you understand that Paris, the brain of France, that dream of Europe, that heart of the world, knowing there is no more pardon for them, will rise like a single man, and, pushing France before them, will throw the enemy far from the sacred soil of the country.”

“But you are not French,” cried Gilbert; “what difference does it make to you?”

Cagliostro smiled.

“You, too, Gilbert; you, a superior intelligence, you, a powerful organization, you can say to a man, ‘Do not mix up yourself in the affairs of France, for you are not French?’ Are not the affairs of France, Gilbert, the world's affairs? Is France to suffer for herself alone, poor egoist? Did Jesus die for Jews alone? What right have you to say to an apostle, ‘Thou art not a Nazarene?’ Listen, listen, Gilbert; I have discussed all these things with a genius stronger than my own, than yours, with a man or a demon who is called Althotas, one day when he calculated how much blood must flow before the sun rose on the liberty of the world. Well, that man's reasonings did not shake my conviction; I walked, and walked, and walked, overthrowing everything before me, saying, with a calm voice and serene glance ‘Perdition seize all obstacles! I am the future!’ But you want to demand pardon for some one, do you not? That pardon I grant in advance. Tell me, who is it you want to save?”

“I want to save a woman that neither you nor I can allow to die.”

“You want to save the Comtesse de Charny?”

"I want to save Sebastian's mother."

"You know that Danton, as Minister of Justice, holds the keys of the prison."

"Yes; but I also know you can tell Danton, 'Open or shut that door.'"

Cagliostro rose, approached the secretary, traced on a piece of paper a sort of cabalistic design, and gave the paper to Gilbert.

"Take this, my son," he said; "go to Danton and ask him anything you like."

Gilbert rose.

"Afterward," asked Cagliostro, "what do you intend to do?"

"After what?"

"After these days have passed; when the king's turn has come."

"I expect," said Gilbert, "if I can, to be appointed member of the convention, and with all my might oppose the king's death."

"Yes," said Cagliostro, "I understand that. Do as your conscience dictates; but promise me one thing, Gilbert."

"What is that?"

"There was a time when you promised without conditions, Gilbert."

"Then you come to tell me people are to be cured by assassination, a nation by murder."

"The devil! Well, Gilbert, promise me that when the king is judged and executed you will follow my advice."

Gilbert gave him his hand.

"Any advice from you will be precious, master."

"Will you follow it?" asked Cagliostro.

"I swear it, if not against my conscience."

"Gilbert, you are unjust," said Cagliostro. "I have offered you a good deal; have I ever exacted anything from you?"

"No, master," said Gilbert; "and even now you have given me a life that is dearer than my own."

"Then go," said Cagliostro; "and may the genius of France, of whom you are one of the noblest sons, guide you!"

Cagliostro left. Gilbert followed him.

The carriage had waited; the doctor got in, and ordered the driver to stop at the Ministry of Justice; Danton was there.

Danton, as Minister of Justice, had a special reason for not appearing at the commune. Why should he appear? Marat and Robespierre, were they not there? Robespierre would not be outdone by Marat; together they marched toward their aim—murder. Besides, Tallien was keeping watch.

Two things awaited Marat; supposing he decided for the commune, a triumvirate with Marat and Robespierre; supposing the assembly decided for him a dictatorship as Minister of Justice.

He did not want Robespierre or Marat; but the assembly did not want him.

When Gilbert was announced, he was with his wife, or, rather, his wife was at his feet; the massacre was so well known beforehand that she was supplicating him not to permit it. She died of grief, poor woman, during the massacre.

Danton could not make her, however, comprehend one thing that was very clear, and that was his inability to accomplish any-

thing without a dictatorial authority conferred by the assembly; with the assembly was a chance of victory; without the assembly there was certain defeat.

"Rather die! die! die! if necessary," cried the poor woman; "but do not let the massacre take place."

"A man in my position does not die uselessly," replied Danton; "I would be willing to die, if my death could be of use to my country."

Dr. Gilbert was announced.

"I will not leave," said Mme. Danton, "until you promise me you will do all in your power to prevent that abominable crime."

"Stay, then," said Danton.

Mme. Danton stepped back and allowed her husband to meet the doctor, whom she knew by sight and reputation.

"Ah, doctor!" he said, "you come in the very time; if I had known your address, I would have sent for you."

Gilbert bowed to Danton, and seeing behind him his wife, he bowed.

"This is my wife, the wife of Citizen Danton, Minister of Justice, who thinks I am capable alone to prevent Messieurs Marat and Robespierre, urged by all the commune, to do as they please—that is to prevent them from killing, exterminating, plundering."

Gilbert looked at Mme. Danton; she was crying, her hands clasped.

"Madame," said Gilbert, "will you allow me to kiss those merciful hands?"

"Good!" said Danton, "here is a re-enforcement!"

"Oh, tell him then, sir," cried the poor woman, "that if he permits that, it will be a stain of blood for all his life!"

"If it was only that," said Gilbert, "if that task fell to a man, and thinking himself necessary to his country, necessary for France to fulfill that duty, and that stain should attach itself to his name, that man should devote himself to that task, and throw his honor into the gulf as Decius threw himself. In circumstances like these, what is the honor, the reputation, the life even of a citizen? Only a drop to France!"

"Citizen," said Danton, "when Vesuvius overflows, tell me where is the man strong enough to stop the tide of lava, or when the sea rises, where is the arm strong enough to repulse the ocean?"

"When they call Danton, they do not ask who is this man; they say, 'Behold him!' They do not ask whose arm it is; they take it."

"Stop," said Danton; "you are both beside yourselves. I must tell you what I never intended saying. 'Tis true, I have the will; 'tis true, I have the genius; also, if the assembly desires it, force. But do you know what would happen to me then? What happened to Mirabeau; his genius could not triumph over his bad reputation. I am not the fanatic Marat to inspire the assembly with terror; I am not the incorruptible Robespierre to inspire it with confidence; the assembly refuses to give me the means to save the state. I must carry the stigma of my bad reputation; it adjoins, it drags along. It is whispered that I am a very immoral man, a man to whom the absolute, entire, arbitrary power could not be given to

for three days even; a commission of honest men has been appointed, and during that time the massacre will take place, and, as you have said, the blood of a thousand criminals, the crime of three or four hundred drunkards, will illuminate the scenes of the revolution with a crimson cloud that will rise to heights sublime! Then," he added, with a magnificent gesture, "it shall not be France that is accused of this; no, it shall be me; I will turn aside the malediction of the world, and let it roll around my head."

"And I, and the children?" cried the unhappy woman.

"You," said Danton; "you will die, you say; and they can not accuse you of being my accomplice, as my crimes have killed you. As for my children, they are boys; they will be men one day, so be tranquil; they will have their father's heart, and they will carry the name of Danton with an uplifted brow; or they may be weak and deny me. All the better; my race is not weak, and I will deny them beforehand."

"But, at least," cried Gilbert, "you will ask for authority from the assembly?"

"Do you think I waited for your advice? I have sent to Thuriot to Tallien. See if they are there; let Thuriot come in."

Mme. Danton left quickly.

"I have placed my intentions before you, Monsieur Gilbert," said Danton; "you will be a witness to posterity as to the efforts I made."

The door opened.

"Here is Citizen Thuriot," announced Mme. Danton.

"Come here," said Danton, holding out his large hand to him who sustained to Danton the rôle of an aid-de-camp to a general. "You uttered sublime words the other day at the tribune: 'The French Revolution does not belong to us alone; it belongs to the world, and we are responsible for it to humanity entire.' Well, for this revolution we are about making a last effort to sustain it in all its purity."

"Speak," said Thuriot.

"To-morrow, at the opening of the session before any discussion arises, this is what you must ask: that three hundred members of the general council of the commune may be so advised that, in maintaining the old members, created on the 10th of August, they may also annihilate them. They became members on a basis fixed by the Paris representatives; we will aggrandize the commune, but at the same time neutralize it; we will augment their numbers, but we will modify their opinions. If this proposition does not pass, if you can not catch my idea, then wait with Lacroix; tell him frankly the entire plan; that punishment of death is the sentence of those who, directly or indirectly, refuse to execute or further the orders given, or the measures taken by the executive power. If the proposition passes, it is the dictatorship; the executive power is myself; I will enter, claim it; if they hesitate to give it to me, I will take it."

"How will you do it?" asked Gilbert.

"I will seize a flag; instead of the bloody and hideous demon of massacre, whom I will consign to the shades, I will invoke the noble and serene genius of battle, who, without fear or anger,

strikes, who regards death with peace. I will ask all that band if they have assembled to destroy unarmed men; I will declare those who menace the prisons infamous. Perhaps many approve of massacres; but those willing to massacre are few. I will take advantage of the military excitement reigning throughout Paris; I will surround the small number of murderers with a whirlwind of real volunteer soldiers, who only await orders to leave, and I will march to the frontier, that is, against the enemy, with a foul element, but dominated by a worthy element."

"Do that! do that!" cried Gilbert, "and you will accomplish something grand, magnificent, sublime!"

"Eh! my God!" said Danton, shrugging his shoulders with a singular mixture of strength, nonchalance, and doubt; "it is the easiest thing in the world. I only want help, then you will see."

Mme. Danton kissed her husband's hands.

"You will be helped, Danton," she said. "Who would not be on your side, hearing you talk thus?"

"Yes," replied Danton; "but, unfortunately, I can not talk thus; for if I should make a mistake in thus speaking, they would begin the massacre by me."

"Well, would it not be better to perish that way?" said Mme. Danton, quickly.

"Woman, you talk like a woman! If I were dead, what would become of the revolution, between that sanguinary fool called Marat and that deceitful schemer called Robespierre? No, I ought not, I do not want to die yet; it is my duty to prevent the massacre if I can. If the massacre takes place in spite of me, to exonerate France and shoulder it myself. I will reach, just the same, my aim, but the road will be more terrible. Call Tallien."

Tallien entered.

"Tallien," said Danton to him, "to-morrow, perhaps, the commune may write to ask me to go to the municipality. You are the secretary of the commune. Arrange it in such a manner that the letter does not reach me, and that I can prove that it has not arrived."

"The devil!" said Tallien; "how can I do that?"

"That is your affair. I only tell you what I wish—what I must have done—what can be done. It is for you to find the means. Now, Monsieur Gilbert, you have something to ask?"

And, opening the door of a small cabinet, he made Gilbert enter, and followed him.

"Now," said Danton to him, "how can I be of service to you?"

Gilbert took from his pocket the paper that was given him by Cagliostro, and gave it to Danton.

"Ah!" said the latter, "you come from him? Well, what do you want?"

"The liberty of a woman imprisoned in the Abbaye."

"Her name?"

"The Comtesse de Charny."

Danton took a paper and wrote an order to have her set at liberty.

"Stop," he said; "you have others to save. Speak! I wish I could partly save all those unfortunate victims."

Gilbert bowed.

"I have all I want," he said.

"Go, then, Monsieur Gilbert, and if you have need of me at any time, come to me personally, without any mediator. I will be only too happy to do what I can for you."

Then, conducting him to the door, he murmured:

"Ah! if I had only for twenty-four hours your reputation as an honest man, Doctor Gilbert!"

And, sighing, he shut the door behind the doctor, wiping away the perspiration that rolled down his face.

Carrying the precious paper that was to give Andrée her life, Gilbert went to the Abbaye.

Although it was nearly midnight, threatening groups had stationed themselves in the environs of the prisons.

The massive door of the lower vault opened. Gilbert passed in shaking; that lower vault was not like a prison, but a tomb. He gave his order to the jailer.

The order stated to immediately liberate the person designated by Dr. Gilbert.

Gilbert designated the Comtesse de Charny, and the jailer ordered the turnkey to lead Citizen Gilbert to the prisoner's chamber. Gilbert followed the turnkey, ascending three flights by a small spiral stair-way, and entered a cell lighted by a lamp.

A woman, entirely dressed in black, white as marble in her mourning habiliments, was seated at a table on which was a lamp, and was reading in a small book bound in shagreen and ornamented with a silver cross.

The remains of a fire burned in the fire-place. Notwithstanding the noise the door made in opening, she did not raise her eyes; notwithstanding the noise Gilbert made in approaching, she did not raise her eyes; she seemed absorbed in thought, or in her subject, for Gilbert remained three or four minutes before her ere she turned a page.

The turnkey closed the door behind Gilbert, and remained outside.

"Madame la Comtesse—" at length said Gilbert.

Andrée raised her eyes, and looked at him a moment without seeing him, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts.

"Ah! it is you, Monsieur Gilbert?" said Andrée; "what do you want of me?"

"Madame, sinister rumors are in circulation as to what may take place in the prisons to-morrow."

"Yes," said Andrée; "it seems we are to be killed; but you know, Monsieur Gilbert, I am ready to die."

Gilbert bowed.

"I have come for you, madame," he said.

"You have come for me?" said Andrée, with surprise; "to take me where?"

"Wherever you like, madame; you are free." And he showed her the order of release.

She read the order, but instead of returning it to the doctor she kept it in her hand.

"I would not have expected this of you, doctor," she said, trying to smile, though her face refused to obey.

"Expected what, madame?"

"That you would try to prevent my dying."

"Madame, there is an existence in the world more precious than would have been my father and mother, if God had spared my father or mother; it is yours."

"Yes, and that is why once before you did not keep your word to me."

"I kept my word, madame; I sent you the poison."

"By my son?"

"I did not tell you by whom I would send it."

"To show me that you thought of me, Monsieur Gilbert? to show me, for my sake, you would enter the lion's den? for my sake you would obtain a talisman that would open any door?"

"I told you, madame, that while I lived you could not die."

"Oh! this time, Monsieur Gilbert," continued Andrée, with a more successful smile than the first, "I think I deserve death. Go."

"Madame, I swear to you, if I dared employ force to take you from here, you should not die."

Andrée, without answering, tore up the order of release in four pieces, and threw it in the fire.

"Try!" she said.

Gilbert uttered a cry.

"Monsieur Gilbert," continued Andrée, "I have given up the idea of suicide; but I have not renounced that of death."

"Oh, madame, madame!" said Gilbert.

"Monsieur Gilbert, I want to die."

Gilbert sighed.

"All that I ask of you is that you will try to recover my body, to save it in death from the injuries I could not have escaped living. Monsieur de Charny sleeps in the tomb of his château at Boursonnes; there I spent the only happy days of my life; I would like to lie by his side."

"Oh! madame, I beseech you in Heaven's name."

"And I, sir, in the name of my misfortune beseech you!"

"It is well, madame; you told me I should obey you in everything. I will retire, but I am not defeated."

"Do not forget my last wish, sir," said Andrée.

"If I do not save you, spite of yourself, madame," said Gilbert, "it shall be done."

And, bowing once more to Andrée, Gilbert left.

The door closed with that lugubrious sound peculiar to prisons.

CHAPTER LII.

THE SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

WHAT Danton predicted came to pass; at the opening of the session, Thuriot proposed to the assembly the motion the Minister of Justice suggested the day before. The assembly did not understand it; instead of voting at nine o'clock in the morning, they discussed it, and dragged it along till one o'clock.

It was too late.

Those four hours retarded the liberty of Europe one century.

Tallien was more adroit.

Intrusted by the commune to give an order to the Minister of Justice to go to the municipality, he wrote:

“To THE MINISTER,—At the receipt of this you will present yourself at the Hôtel de Ville.”

Only he made a mistake in the address; instead of putting “To the Minister of Justice,” he put “To the Minister of War.”

They waited for Danton; it was Servan that presented himself, very much embarrassed, asking what they wanted of him.

The *quid pro quo* broke forth; but it was too late.

We have said that the assembly, voting at one o'clock, voted too late; in fact, the commune, never allowing anything to drag, had made good use of its time.

What did the commune want? It wanted massacre and the dictatorship.

This was the way it proceeded.

As Danton had said, the assassins were not as numerous as one supposed.

During the night of the 1st and 2d of September, while Gilbert was vainly trying to take Andrée from the Abhayé, Marat was promulgating his clamors in the clubs and districts; outrageous as they were, they produced very little effect in the clubs, and in forty-eight sections, only two, Poissonniere and that of Luxembourg, voted for the massacre.

As for the dictatorship, the commune well knew they could not seize upon it without the aid of three names—Marat, Robespierre, and Danton. That was why they sent for Danton to come to the municipality.

We have seen how Danton evaded the blow; Danton did not receive the letter, and consequently did not come.

If he had received it, it Tallien's error had not carried the letter to the Minister of War when it should have gone to the Minister of Justice, perhaps Danton would not have dared to disobey.

In his absence, force was used to oblige the commune to decide.

They decided to appoint a vigilance committee, only the vigilance committee could not be appointed outside of the members of the commune.

They tried to put Marat on this committee of massacre, for it was nothing else; that was the true name that belonged to it. But how accomplish it? Marat was not a member of the commune.

Panis had charge of this affair. Through his god, Robespierre, and his brother-in-law, Santerre, Panis was such a heavy weight on the municipality—it was easy to understand that Panis, the ex-procureur, the deceitful, hard-hearted spirit, a little miserable author of some ridiculous verses, could not of himself have any influence—but through Robespierre and Santerre he was such a heavy weight on the municipality, that he was authorized to choose three members to complete the vigilance committee.

Panis alone did not dare to use this strange responsibility.

He consulted three of his colleagues—Sergent, Duplain, and Jourdeuil.

These, on their side, consulted five persons—Deforgues, Lenfant, Guermeur, Leclerc, and Durfort.

The original deed had the four signatures of Panis, Sergent, Duplain, and Jourdeuil; but on the margin is another name signed in the same manner as one of the above—though in a trembling style the handwriting of Panis can be made out. This name is that of Marat. Marat, who had no right to be on that committee, was not even a member of the commune.* With that name murder was enthroned. And now it extended itself in all the frightful development of its mighty power.

We have said the commune was not as the assembly; they did not linger on the way. At ten o'clock, the vigilance committee was established and had given its first order; this first order was that they should transport to the Mayoralty, where the committee was sitting (the Mayoralty was then what the Prefecture of Police is to-day), twenty-four prisoners from the Abbaye. Of these twenty-four, eight or nine were priests—that is, eight or nine wore the dress of those most execrated, the most hated of all, the dress of the men who organized the civil war in La Vendée and in the south—the ecclesiastical dress.

They were taken from their prisons by the federals of Marseilles and Avignon; they had four carriages; they made six prisoners get in each carriage, and carried them thus. The signal of departure had been given by three discharges from the cannon. The commune's intention was easy to understand; that slow and funereal procession was to excite the people's anger; it was probable that either in its route or at the door of the Abbaye the carriages would be stopped and the prisoners murdered; then there would be nothing to do but let the massacre take its course; beginning on the route or at the door of the prison, it could easily step over the threshold.

The moment the carriages left the Mayoralty, Danton entered the assembly.

Thuriot's proposition had become useless; it was too late, as we have said, to pass a decree at the commune which was already in practice.

A dictatorship remained.

Danton ascended the tribune; unfortunately he was alone—Roland was too honest a man to accompany his colleague.

Every one looked for Roland—he was not there.

They said force was to be used, but needlessly demanded morality.

Mannuel came to announce to the commune the danger Verdun was in, and proposed the same evening the enrolled citizens should

* See Michelet, the only historian who can carry light into those moody shades of September. See also at the Prefecture of Police, the deed that we have quoted from, and that our learned friend, Monsieur Labat, the keeper of the records, takes pleasure in showing to the curious, as he showed it to us.

assemble on the Champs de Mars, to be able to leave the next day at day-break to march on the enemy.

Manuel's proposition was received.

Another member proposed, seeing the urgency of the danger, to discharge the alarm cannon, to ring the tocsin, to beat the general alarm.

This second proposition, put to vote, was also passed like the first. It was a nefarious, murderous, terrible massacre, under the circumstances; the drums, the bells, the cannons, had a somber clanging, raising funeral vibrations in the stoutest hearts; what would their effect be in those hearts already so excited?

This also had been foreseen.

At the first discharge of the cannon, M. de Beausire was to be hung.

At the third, the carriages of which we have spoken were to leave the Prefecture of Police, or, in other words, to be discharged every ten minutes; those who came to see M. de Beausire hung were thus in time to see the prisoners pass and take part in the massacre.

Danton had been kept *au courant* of everything that passed by Tallien. He already knew of the danger of Verdun; he knew about the encampment on the Champs de Mars; he knew the cannons were to be discharged, the tocsin sounded, a general alarm given. He rose to reply to Lacroix (who it will be remembered had demanded the dictatorship); he took as an excuse the danger the country was in, and proposed the vote "that whoever refused to serve personally, or gave up their arms, would be punished with death." Thus, that no one should despise his intentions, nor confound his projects with those of the commune:

"The tocsin," he said, "that is about to strike, is not a signal of alarm; it is to charge upon the enemies of the country! To conquer them, gentlemen, we need audacity, more audacity, always audacity, and France is saved!"

A thunder of applause greeted these words. Then Lacroix rose and demanded in his turn that "all those who directly or indirectly refused to execute or further the orders given, or the measures taken, in any manner whatever by the executive power, should suffer death." The assembly now understood this time what they would be asked to vote would be the dictatorship; outwardly they approved of it, but appointed a committee of Girondists to consider the decree. The Girondists, unfortunately, like Roland, were too honest to have confidence in Danton. The discussion dragged on till six o'clock. Danton grew impatient; he was anxious to allow them to begin their evil deeds. He whispered a word to Thuriot, and went out.

What was it he whispered? Where he might be found in case the assembly conferred the power upon him.

Where was he to be found? At the Champs de Mars in the midst of the volunteers.

What was his intention in case the power was given him? To be recognized as dictator by that mass of armed men, not for massacre, but for war; to re-enter Paris with them, and to carry, as in an immense net, the assassins to the frontier.

He waited till five o'clock; no one came.

What happened during this time to the prisoners taken to the Abbaye?

We will follow them; they make slow progress; it is easy to join them.

At first, the carriages in which they were in protected them; a premonition of the danger they ran made them throw themselves back in the carriage, and show themselves as little as possible at the door; but those who were intrusted to take charge of them denounced them; the anger of the people did not rise quick enough; they whipped it up with their words.

"Here," they said to the passers-by who stopped to look, "see them, the traitors! see the accomplices of the Prussians! see those who mob our cities, who will murder your wives and children, if you leave them behind you when you march to the frontier!"

As yet all this was powerless, for, as Danton had said, assassins were rare; they were angry, threatened them with cries and menaces, but stopped there.

The procession followed the route of the quays, the Pont Neuf, and the Rue Dauphin.

As yet the prisoners had not lost patience; as yet the people's hand had not been raised in murder; they approached the Abbaye; they were on the Place Bussy—it was time to act.

If the culprits entered the prison, if they were killed after entering, it was evident it would be a reflection on the commune who had killed them, and not the spontaneous indignation of the people.

Fortune came to the aid of these wicked intentions, these bloody projects.

On the Square Bussy was one of those platforms where voluntary enrollments took place. There was a stoppage; the fiacres were forced to stop.

The opportunity was superb; if they lost it they would never have another.

A man passed through the escort, who let him pass. Mounting the step of the first carriage saber in hand, he plunged it in several times at hazard, and brought it out covered with blood.

One of the prisoners had a cane; with that cane he tried to parry the blows; he struck one of the escort in the face.

"Ah! brigands!" he cried, "we protected you and you strike us! Help, comrades!"

Twenty men, waiting for that appeal, rushed from the crowd, armed with pikes and knives fastened on long sticks; they darted these pikes and knives in the doors, from whence cries of anguish issued; and the blood of the victims began to roll from the carriage, and leave its trace through the streets.

Blood called for blood; the massacre had begun; it was to last four days. The prisoners in the Abbaye had, in the morning, judged from their guardians' faces and from words that escaped them, that something dreadful was in store for them. An order from the commune had made them advance the hour of the repasts. What did this change in the habits of the jail portend? Nothing but evil, certainly. The prisoners waited with anxiety.

Toward four o'clock the distant murmur of the crowd began to

be heard, like the first roar of the sea in rising. Some of them whose barred windows on the tower opened in the Rue St. Marguerite perceived the carriages, then the cries of rage and anguish entered the prison through all the openings, and the cry, "Behold the assassins!" spread through the corridors and penetrated the chambers as far as the innermost dungeon. Then was heard this cry:

"The Swiss! the Swiss!"

There were one hundred and fifty Swiss in the Abbaye; they had experienced the greatest difficulty in saving them from the anger of the people on the 10th of August. The commune knew the people's hatred of the red uniforms. It was a good plan to keep the people in practice by beginning to massacre the Swiss.

They were nearly two hours killing these one hundred and fifty unfortunates.

Then, the last one killed—and the last was Major Reading—they asked for the priests. The priests replied they were ready to die, but first wished to receive absolution.

Their desire was gratified; they gave them two hours' respite.

How did they employ these two hours? In forming a tribunal.

Who presided at this tribunal? Maillard.

CHAPTER LIII.

MAILLARD.

THE man of the 14th of July, the man of the 5th and 6th of October, the man of the 20th of June, the man of the 10th of August, should also be the man of the 2d of September. Only the old huissier of the Châtelet would like to have given a solemn assurance, a form and appearance of legality to the massacre; he wanted to have the aristocrats killed, but he wanted to kill them legally, kill them under sentence from the people, whom he regarded as the only infallible judge, who only had the right to acquit them. Before Maillard started this tribunal, two hundred persons had already been killed. Only one was saved—the Abbé Sicard. Two other persons, favored by the tumult, broke through a window, and found themselves in the midst of the committee belonging to a district holding its sessions at the Abbaye; it was the journalist Parisot and the superintendent of the king's house La Chapelle. The members of the committee made the refugees sit down by them, and in this manner saved them; but they had no gratitude toward the insurgents for letting these two escape.

We have said that one of the curious deeds among the archives of the police was the nomination of Marat to the vigilance committee; another not less curious is the registry at the Abbaye, stained even to-day with blood, which reflects back to the members of the tribunal.

You who are in search of tragic souvenirs, look at this registry and you will see, every few lines, on the margins, underneath one another, these two sentences, written in a large, handsome, even, perfectly legible hand, calm, exempt from any appearance of fear or remorse: "Killed by the judgement of the people;" or, "Absolved by the people." "Maillard."

The last sentence is repeated forty-eight times.

Maillard saved, then, at the Abbaye, forty-eight lives.

While they are still in session, toward nine or ten o'clock at night, let us follow two men who, leaving the Jacobins, take their road toward the Rue St. Anne. It was the high priest and his disciple; it was the master and the scholar; it was St. Just and Robespierre.

St. Just, with a wan, doubtful complexion, too white for a man's skin, too pale for a woman's with his cravat starched and stiff; the pupil of a cold, hard, dry master—harder, dryer, colder than his master.

As for the master, there was still some feeling in him in those political combats where man is pitted against man; there was passion.

As for the pupil, this was a game of chess on a grand chess-board, and the chess-men were alive.

You who play with them must be careful they do not gain; for they will be inflexible and grant no grace to the losers.

Robespierre, no doubt, had his reasons that evening for not entering Duplay's. He had said in the morning he would probably go to the country.

The little room in St. Just's apartments, a young man, we might almost say, a child yet unknown, seemed to him no doubt safer than his own, that terrible night of the 2d and 3d of September.

They both entered about eleven o'clock.

It would be useless to ask those two men what they talked about; they talked of the massacre, only while one spoke with all the sensibility of a philosopher of Rousseau's school, the other expressed himself with all the dryness of a mathematician of Condillac's school.

Robespierre, like the crocodile, cried over those whom he had condemned.

On entering his room, St. Just threw his hat on a chair, took off his cravat, then his coat

"What are you doing?" asked Robespierre.

St. Just looked at him with so much astonishment that Robespierre repeated:

"I asked you what you were doing?"

"I am going to bed, parbleu!" answered St. Just.

"And why are you going to bed?"

"What people generally go to bed for, to go to sleep."

"What!" cried Robespierre, "you expect to sleep on such a night?"

"Why not?"

"When thousands of victims are falling or will fall, when to-night will be the last for many men, who, breathing to-night, to-morrow will have ceased to live—and you expect to sleep!"

St. Just remained for a moment pensive. Then, as if in that short moment of silence his heart had experienced a new sensation:

"Yes, that is true," he said; "I know that; but I also know that it is a stern necessity, as you yourself authorized it. Suppose there should be a pest, the yellow fever, an earthquake, and more

men perish than will now, and there would be no good result to society; while in the death of our enemies, the result will be security for us. I would advise you to go to your room, to go to bed as I am going to bed, to go to sleep as I am going to sleep."

Saying these words, the impassable and cold politician went to bed.

"Adieu," he said, "till to-morrow."

And he slept.

His sleep was as long and as calm and as peaceful as though nothing extraordinary was taking place in Paris; he went to sleep about eleven o'clock in the evening and awoke about six o'clock in the morning.

St. Just saw a shadow between himself and the sun; he turned to his window and saw Robespierre.

"What brought you back this morning?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Robespierre; "I have not been out."

"What, you have not been out?"

"No."

"You have not been in bed?"

"No."

"You have not been asleep?"

"No."

"Where did you pass the night?"

"At the window; my head at the window, listening to the noise in the streets."

Robespierre did not lie; either doubt, or fear, or remorse had kept him awake all night.

As for St. Just, sleep had made no difference to him that night from any other.

At the other side of the Seine, in the court of the Abbaye, there was a man who had, like Robespierre, been awake the entire night.

This man was leaning in a corner of the last cell opening on the court, almost lost in shade.

Behold the spectacle the interior of this cell presented, transformed into a court.

Around a large table covered with swords, sabers, pistols, lighted by two bronze lamps, whose aid was required even at noon, sat a dozen men.

Their dull faces, robust forms, the red bonnets that covered their heads, the scarfs on their shoulders, showed them to be patriots. A thirteenth in their midst, with a soiled black costume, white vest, short pantaloons, with a solemn and lugubrious expression, presided, and the only one perhaps who could read and write. He had before him paper, pens, and ink, and a jailer's book.

These men, the judges of the Abbaye, terrible judges, from whose decisions there was no appeal, employed a hundred executioners, armed with sabers, knives, and pikes, awaiting their victims in the court running with blood.

The president was the Huissier Maillard. Had he come there voluntarily? or was he sent by Danton, who wanted to save a few persons from Carmes, the Châtelet, La Force, and the Abbaye?

No one knew.

On the 4th of September Maillard disappeared; he was no longer

seen or heard of; it was as if he had been drowned, swallowed up in blood.

Since ten o'clock the evening before he had presided at the tribunal. He had arrived, arranged the table, had the jailer's book brought to him; among the first comers, he had appointed twelve judges; then he took his seat in the middle of the table; six of his assistants at his right hand, six at his left, and the massacre continued with a sort of system.

The name was read out of the book; the jailers went for the prisoner; Maillard gave the history of his imprisonment; the prisoner appeared; the president consulted his colleagues; if the prisoner was condemned, Maillard contented himself with saying:

“To La Force!”

Then the outside door opened, and the victim fell into the hands of the assassins. If, on the contrary, the victim was given his freedom, the black phantom rose, and, laying his hand on his head, said:

“Let him be released!”

And the prisoner was saved.

At the moment Maillard presented himself at the prison door, a man came toward him from the wall, and spoke to him.

At the first word Maillard recognized the man, and bowed his tall form with more condescension than cordiality.

Then he made him enter the prison, and when the table was arranged, the tribune established, he said to him:

“Stand there, and when the person whom you are interested in appears, make me a sign.”

The man leaned in a corner, and since the night before had remained there, mute, immovable, waiting.

That man was Gilbert. He had sworn to Andrée he would not let her die, and he came to keep his oath.

From four to six o'clock in the morning the judges and executioners took some rest. At six o'clock they had something to eat. During the two hours' respite for sleep and repose, the undertakers, sent by the commune, came and took the dead away.

Then, as there were three inches of blood curdling in the court, as their feet slipped in the blood, and it would have taken too long to wash it, they brought a hundred bundles of straw, that were scattered over the pavements and covered with the victims' clothes, particularly those of the Swiss.

The clothes and straw absorbed the blood.

While the judges and executioners slept, the prisoners watched, sustained by terror. Only when the cries stopped and the appeals ceased they had some hope. Perhaps only a certain number of victims were destined for the sacrifice; perhaps the massacre was confined to the Swiss and the king's guards. But that hope was of short duration.

About half past six o'clock in the morning, the cries and appeals again began.

Then a jailer came in and told Maillard the prisoners were ready to die, but wanted to hear mass first.

Maillard shrugged his shoulders; nevertheless, he granted their demand.

He was, however, occupied in listening to the congratulations sent them from the commune by a messenger of the commune, a man of short stature, with a supple figure, clad in a plum-colored suit, and small perruque.

That man was Billaud Varrennes.

"Worthy citizens," he said to the executioners, "you are purging society of miserable culprits. The municipality does not know how to acquit itself toward you. Without a doubt the property of the dead belong to you; but that would resemble theft. As an indemnity for that loss, I am deputed to offer each of you twenty-four livres, that will be paid you on the spot."

In fact, Billaud Varrennes at the same moment distributed to the executioners the salary for their bloody deed.

The following will explain the above act of the commune:

During the night of the 2d of September, some of those who took the office of executioner—a small number, as the majority of the assassins belonged to the class of small shop-keepers in the environs;* some of these executioners were without shoes and stockings; and looked with envy upon those of the aristocrats. The result was they asked permission from the district to take the shoes from the dead. The district consented.

From that time Maillard saw they considered themselves absolved from asking leave, and were consequently taking not only shoes and stockings, but anything that was worth while.

Maillard found his massacre was becoming lawless

From this came Billaud Varrennes' embassy, and the religious silence with which it was listened to.

During this time the prisoners heard mass; he who read it was Abbé Lenfant, the king's preacher; the celebrant was Abbé Rastignac, a religious writer.

They were both elderly men, with white hair and venerable figures, and the words of resignation and faith which they uttered had a most soothing and elevating influence over these unfortunates.

At the moment they were on their knees receiving the benediction from Abbé Lenfant, the call recommenced.

The first name was that of the abbé.

He made the sign of the cross, finished his prayer, and followed those who came for him.

The second priest remained, and continued the funeral exhortation.

Then he was called in his turn; and in his turn followed those who called him.

The prisoners remained together.

Then the conversation became weird, somber, terrible.

They discussed the manner of death, and the agonies of torture more or less long.

Some wished to have their heads taken off, to fall at a single blow; others, to raise their arms, that death might penetrate their breasts on all sides; others, to hold their hands behind their backs, to offer no resistance.

* See the archives of the police on the 2d of September.

A young man left the group, saying:

"I will see which is best."

He mounted into a small tower, whose barred window opened on the court of massacre. Then he returned, saying: "Those who die the quickest are those who have the good fortune to be struck in the chest."

At that moment the words, "My God, I come to Thee!" might be heard followed by sighs on all sides.

A man fell to the earth and rolled in the gutter. It was M. de Chaptreine, a colonel of the Constitutional Guard.

He had given himself three cuts in the chest with a knife.

The prisoners inherited the knife; but they were struck with hesitation, and only one succeeded in killing himself.

There were three women there; two young, frightened girls, clinging to the side of two old men, a woman in mourning calmly kneeling, praying, and smiling in her prayers. The two young girls were Mlles. de Cazotte and de Sombreuil.

The two old men were their fathers. The young woman in mourning was Andrée.

M. de Montmorin was called.

M. de Montmorin it will be remembered, was the old minister who had delivered the passports by whose aid the king had tried to fly; he was so unpopular a person, that the evening before a young man of that name came near being killed by mistake. He had not gone to listen to the exhortation of the two priests; he remained in his cell, furious, desperate, anathematizing his enemies, calling for arms, wrenching the iron bars of his prison, and breaking an oaken table whose wood was two inches thick. He was obliged to be carried by force before the tribunal; he entered the cell, pale, with inflamed eyes and clinched fists.

"To La Force!" said Maillard.

The old minister took the phrase in its literal meaning, and thought he was simply being transferred.

"President," he said to Maillard, "as it pleases you to be called such, I hope you will have me taken there in a carriage, and to spare me the insults of your assassins."

"Call a carriage for the Comte de Montmorin," said Maillard, with ironical politeness.

Then to M. de Montmorin:

"Please be seated, while waiting for your carriage."

The count seated himself, grumbling.

Five minutes after, they announced the carriage was ready. A conspirator understood the part he was to play in this drama, and gave the answer.

The fatal door was opened, and the one that ushered him to his death, and M. de Montmorin went out; he had not taken twenty steps before he fell pierced with twenty pikes.

Then came other prisoners, whose unknown names remain shrouded in oblivion.

In the midst of these obscure names, one burns out brilliantly like a flame; it was that of Jacques Cazotte; the bright light Cazotte, who ten years before the revolution predicted to each one the fate that awaited him; of Cazotte, the author of "The Amor

ous Devil," "Olivier," and "The Thousand and One Follies;" an ardent, unimaginative, ecstatic soul, warm heart, who had embraced with enthusiasm the cause of the counter-revolution, and who, in his letters addressed to his friend Pouteau, employed as superintendent on the civil list, had expressed those opinions that, at the time we have arrived at, had brought him to his death.

His daughter had been his secretary, and her father arrested, Elizabeth Cazotte came to the prison in her turn.

If the opinions of a royalist were to be permitted to any one, it certainly would have been to that aged man of seventy-five years, whose feet were rooted in Louis XIV.'s monarchy, and who, to rock the Duke of Burgundy to sleep, had composed the two popular songs of "Tout au beau milieu de Ardennes," and "Commère il faut chauffer le lit!" But these were reasons to give to philosophers, not to the assassins at the Abbaye; thus Cazotte was condemned beforehand.

Perceiving the old man, with his white hair, his eyes on fire, inspired look, Gilbert stepped from the wall, and motioned to Maillard, who caught it; Cazotte advanced leaning on his daughter, who, entering the cell, comprehended she was before her judges.

Then she left her father, and with clasped hands besought that tribunal of blood in such sweet words, that Maillard's assistants began to hesitate; the poor child saw under those rude forms there were hearts, but to reach them it was necessary to descend into the depth; she went with bowed head, with compassion for her guide. These men who did not know what tears meant, wept. Maillard wiped with the back of his hand his dry and hard eyes, that in twenty hours had contemplated massacre without a quiver.

He extended his hand and laid it on Cazotte's head.

"You are released!" he said.

The young girl did not know what to think.

"Have no fear," said Gilbert, "mademoiselle, your father is saved."

Two of the judges rose and accompanied Cazotte as far as the street, fearing some fatal error would expose to death the victim they had just released.

Cazotte, for this time at least, Cazotte was saved.

The hours passed, the massacre continued. They had brought in the court benches for spectators; the wives and children of the murderers were allowed to be present; others, actors from conscience' sake, it was not enough for these men to be paid, they wanted to be applauded.

Toward five o'clock in the evening M. de Sombreuil was called.

He was, like Cazotte, a well-known royalist, and what made it impossible to save him, was, that as Governor of the Invalides he had on the 14th of July fired on the people. His sons were with the foreign powers, in the enemy's army; one had acquitted himself so well at the siege of Longwy that he had been decorated by the King of Prussia. M. de Sombreuil appeared also, nobly resigned, carrying his head high, while his white hair, in curls, hung on his uniform; he also leaned on his daughter. This time Maillard did not dare order the prisoners' release, but making a supreme effort, he said.

"Innocent or guilty, I consider it unworthy of the people to soil their hands in the blood of this old man."

Mlle. de Sombreuil heard those noble words that held the weights in the divine balance; she took her father, and dragging him to the street door cried: "Saved! saved!"

No judgment had been pronounced either for condemnation or absolution.

Two or three of the assassins put their heads in the door of the cell, to ask what they should do.

The tribunal remained silent.

"Do what you like," said a member.

"Well," cried the murderers, "let the young girl drink to the nation's health."

Then a man, red with blood, with turned-up sleeves, and a ferocious visage presented mademoiselle with a glass, some say of blood, others that it was simply wine.

Mlle. de Sombreuil cried, "Vive la nation," put the liquid to her lips as best she might, and M. de Sombreuil was saved.

Two hours passed.

Then Maillard's voice—as impossible in evoking the living as was that of Minos in evoking the dead—Maillard's voice uttered these words:

"The citoyenne Andrée de Taverney, Countess de Charny."

At that name Gilbert felt his limbs fail him, and his heart stop.

A life dearer to him than his own was to be tried in the balance, judged, condemned or saved.

"Citizens," said Maillard, to the members of this terrible tribunal, "she who will now appear before you is a poor woman who was formerly devoted to the Austrian, but whom the Austrian, ungrateful like a queen, repaid with ingratitude; she lost everything by that friendship, her fortune and her husband. You will see her enter, dressed in black, and that mourning she owes to the prisoner in the temple. Citizens, I demand the life of that prisoner."

The members of the tribunal made a sign of assent.

Only one of them said:

"We must see her."

"There," continued Maillard, "look at her."

The door opened, and in the depths of the corridor was perceived a woman, all dressed in black, her face covered with a black veil, advancing alone, without help, with a firm step.

It might have been an apparition from the other world—only, as Hamlet says, "from whence no traveler returns."

At that sight all the judges trembled.

She arrived before the table and raised her veil.

Never had she appeared more irresistible, never had her pale beauty appeared to such advantage; she was a marble divinity. Every eye was fixed upon her; Gilbert scarcely breathed.

She spoke to Maillard in a firm voice:

"Citizen," she said, "it is you who are president?"

"Yes, citoyenne," replied Maillard, astonished that he, the interrogator, should in his turn be interrogated.

"I am the Countess de Charny, the wife of the Count de

Charny, killed on that infamous day, the 10th of August—an aristocrat, a friend of the queen. I deserve death, and I have come for it."

The judges uttered a cry of surprise.

Gilbert grew pallid, and shrunk as far as possible in the corner of the cell, trying to escape Andrée's looks.

"Citizens," said Maillard, who saw Gilbert's horror, "this woman is crazed; her husband's death cost her her reason. Let us pity her and watch over her life. The justice of the people can not punish the irresponsible."

And he raised her and wanted to place his hand on her head as he had with those he had released.

But Andrée stopped Maillard's hand. "I have all my senses," she said; "if you want to pardon any one, pardon those who ask and deserve it, but do not pardon me. I do not deserve it, and will refuse it."

Maillard turned toward Gilbert, who had his hands clasped.

"That woman is crazy," he said; "let her go." And he motioned to a member of the tribunal to push her out of the street door.

"Innocent!" cried the man; "let her pass!"

They made way for her; swords, pikes, and pistols were lowered before that statue of mourning.

But after taking ten steps, while Gilbert at the window gazed at her through the bars, she suddenly stopped.

"Long live the king!" she cried. "Long live the queen. Down with the 10th of August!"

Gilbert uttered a cry and threw himself in the court. He saw a sword brandished; and like a flash the blade disappeared in Andrée's bosom. He received the poor woman in his arms.

Andrée turned her fast-fleeting looks toward him, and recognized him.

"I told you I would die, notwithstanding," she murmured.

Then, in a scarcely intelligible voice:

"Love Sebastian for both of us!" she said.

Then, more feebly:

"Near him, will you not? near my Olivier—near my husband—for eternity?"

And she expired.

Gilbert took her in his arms and raised her. A hundred bare arms covered with blood menaced him.

But Maillard was behind him, and extending his hand over his head, he said:

"Let Citizen Gilbert pass, to carry the corpse of a poor unfortunate killed by mistake."

Every one made way for Gilbert, who, carrying Andrée's body, passed through the midst of the executioners without one disputing his road, for Maillard's word was omnipotent with the people.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE MASSACRE AT THE TEMPLE.

THE commune, while organizing the massacre we have just related; the commune, while wishing to subjugate the assembly and the press by terror, were afraid some misfortune might happen to the prisoners at the temple.

In fact, in the situation they found themselves—Longwy taken, Verdun surrounded, the enemy within fifty miles of Paris—the royal family were the most precious hostages possible for the most compromised lives.

Two commissioners were sent to the temple. Five hundred armed men would have been insufficient to guard this prison, and they, perhaps, would have opened it themselves to the people; the commissioners found a better way than all the pikes and bayonets in Paris; it was to surround the temple with a tricolored band with this inscription:

“Citizens, you who know how to systematize your revenge, respect this barrier—it is necessary for our safety and our responsibility.”

What an epoch, when oaken doors were broken open, and iron bars forced, yet they knelt before a ribbon.

The people knelt before the tricolored band around the temple and kissed it; no one disturbed it.

The king and queen were ignorant of what was going on in Paris; though there was around the temple more excitement than usual, they were becoming accustomed to the sight of occasional mobs.

The king usually dined at two o'clock; at two o'clock to-day he dined as usual, then after dinner descended in the garden, as was also his custom, with the queen, Mme. Elizabeth, Mme. Royale, and the dauphin. During the promenade the clamors redoubled. One of the officers that followed the king whispered in the ear of one of his colleagues, not so low, however, but that Clery could hear:

“We did wrong to allow them to walk here to-day after dinner.”

It was three o'clock, and at that moment they began to murder the prisoners transferred to the Abbaye.

The king no longer had near him as valets any one except Clery and M. Hue.

Poor Thierry, whom we have said lent his room to the queen to interview M. Rœderer, was at the Abbaye, and was to be killed on the 3d of September.

It seemed to be also the opinion of the second officer that they had made a mistake in allowing the royal family to go out, for they both gave an order to have them re-enter their abode.

They obeyed

Hardly had they reached the queen's apartment when two other municipal officers, not on duty at the tower, entered, and one of

them, an ex-Capuchin priest, named Mathieu, advanced toward the king, saying:

"You are not aware, sir, of what is taking place. The country is in the greatest danger."

"How do you expect me to know anything, sir?" said the king; "I am in prison—shut up."

"Then I can tell you something you don't know: that is, the enemy has entered Champagne, and the King of Prussia is marching on Chalons."

The queen could not repress a joyful exclamation.

The officer saw the gesture, rapid as it was.

"Oh, yes," he said, addressing the queen; "we and our wives and our children can perish, but you are responsible for all; you will die first, and the people will be avenged!"

"Let God's will be done," replied the king. "I have done everything for the people; I have nothing to reproach myself for."

Then the same officer, turning toward M. Hue, who had turned to the door:

"As for you," he said, "the commune has ordered me to arrest you."

"What is that—an order of arrest for whom?" asked the king.

"Your valet."

"My valet? Which one?"

"This one." And the officer designated M. Hue.

"Monsieur Hue!" said the king; "what has he been accused of?"

"That is not my affair; but he is to be taken away this evening and his effects sealed up." Then going out, he said to Clery: "Be careful of what you do, least something worse happens you, if you do not walk straight."

The next day, the 3d of September, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the king was with his family in the queen's apartment; an officer ordered Clery to ascend to the king's chamber.

Manuel and several other members of the commune were there.

Every face expressed great anxiety. Manuel, as we have said, was not a man of blood, for there was a moderate party even in the commune.

"What does the king think of his valet being taken?" asked Manuel.

"His majesty is very much disturbed," replied Clery.

"Nothing will happen to him," replied Manuel; "nevertheless, I am ordered to say to the king that he will not return, but the council will replace him. You can tell the king."

"I do not consider it my affair, sir," replied Clery; "be kind enough to dispense with my services on so sad an occasion as this."

Manuel reflected a moment, then said:

"Let it be so. I will go to the queen's apartments."

And he descended to her chamber, and found the king.

The king received calmly the news announced to him by the procureur of the commune; then, with the same expression of impassibility he had worn on the 20th of June and the 10th of August, and that he wore on the scaffold:

"That is well, sir," he said; "thank you. I will avail myself

of my son's valet; and if the council oppose that, I will wait upon myself."

Then, with a slight movement of his head:

"I am resolved!" he said.

"Have you any demands to make?" asked Manuel.

"We are in need of linen," said the king; "that to us is a great deprivation. Do you think you could obtain it from the commune?"

"I will refer it to the council," replied Manuel.

Then, seeing the king asked him nothing more, Manuel retired.

At one o'clock the king signified his desire to take a walk.

During these promenades, they always had some marks of sympathy from some window or roof, or behind some shutters; and that was a consolation.

The officers refused to let the royal family go out.

At ten o'clock, they sat down to dinner.

In the midst of it they heard the beating of drums, and the noise increased as they approached the temple.

The royal family rose from the table, and united in the queen's apartment.

The noise continued to approach.

What was the occasion of it?"

The massacre was being conducted at La Force as at the Abbaye, only it was not presided over by Maillard, but by Hebert; thus it was more cruel.

And yet there the prisoners would have been saved with less trouble; there were fewer political prisoners at La Force than at the Abbaye; the executioners were less numerous, the spectators not so fierce; but while at the Abbaye Maillard superintended the massacre, at La Force Hebert was mastered by the massacre.

Forty-two persons were saved at the Abbaye; only six at La Force.

Among the prisoners at La Force was the poor little Princess de Lamballe, who throughout had been devoted to the queen.

She was called the "queen's counselor." She was her confidante, her intimate friend, something more perhaps—some say, less—but never her counselor. The mignonne grandchild of Savoy, with her small but firm mouth and her fixed smile, was capable of loving, as she showed; but as a counselor, and to advise an obstinate, headstrong, haughty woman like the queen, she was incapable of it.

The queen had loved her as she had loved Mme. de Guemene, Mme. de Marsan, Mme. de Polignac; but light, frivolous, inconstant in all her sentiments, she had perhaps made her suffer as a friend more than Charny had suffered as a lover; only, as we have seen, Charny left her; the friend, on the contrary, remained faithful.

Both perished for the one they loved.

Some time afterward Mme. de Lamballe went to England; she could have remained there, probably led a long life, but the sweet, lovely creature knew the Tuileries was threatened, and she returned to her place at the queen's side.

On the 10th of August she was separated from her friend; con-

ducted first to the temple with the queen, she was almost immediately transferred to La Force.

There she sunk under the burden of her devotion; she wanted to die near the queen, with the queen; under her eyes death would have been sweet; from her, she had not the courage to die. She was not a woman of Andrée's determination. She was overwhelmed with terror.

She was not ignorant of the hatred expressed against her. Shut up in one of the high rooms of the prison with Mme. de Navarre, she saw, on the night of the 2d of September, Mme. de Tourzel go; it was the signal that she would be next.

Thus, lying on her bed, cowering under the covering as each burst of excitement came to her ears, like a frightened child, every few moments she fainted. When she regained her senses:

"Oh, my God!" she said, "I hoped to die!"

Then she added:

"If one could die as they faint! It is not very sad or very difficult!"

Everywhere was murder; in the court, at the door, in the lower rooms; the odor of blood rose like a funeral vapor.

At eight o'clock in the morning the door of her room opened.

Her terror this time was so great she did not faint or hide herself under the bed clothes. She turned her head and saw two National Guardsmen.

"Come! get up, madame," brutally said one of them to the princess; "you must go to the Abbaye."

"Oh, gentlemen!" she said, "it is impossible for me to leave the bed; I am so feeble I can not walk."

Then she added, in a scarcely intelligible voice:

"If you want to kill me, you can do it as well here as anywhere."

One of the men whispered in her ear, while the other guarded the door:

"Obey us, madame; we wish to save you," he said.

"Then leave me, while I dress myself," said the prisoner.

The two men retired and Mme. de Navarre helped her to dress, or, rather, put on her clothes. In ten minutes the men re-entered.

The princess was ready; only, as she had said, she could not walk; the poor woman trembled from head to foot. She took the arm of the man who had spoken to her, and leaning upon him, descended the stairs.

Arriving at the cell, she suddenly found herself before the bloody tribunal presided over by Hebert.

At the sight of the men with their sleeves turned back—the self-constituted judges—at the sight of the executioners with their bloody hands, she fainted.

Interrogated three times, three times she fainted.

"But they want to save you!" whispered the man who had spoken to her before.

These words gave a little strength to the unfortunate woman.

"What do you want of me, gentlemen?" she murmured.

"Who are you?" asked Hebert.

"Marie Louise de Sarois Carignan, Princess de Lamballe."

"Your position?"

"Superintendent of the queen's household."

"Did you know of the plots of the court on the 10th of August?"

"I did not know there were any plots on the 10th of August; but if there were, I was completely ignorant of them."

"Swear to liberty, equality, hatred to the king, queen, and entire royalty."

"I will easily swear to the first two, but I can not swear to the rest; it is not in my heart."

"Swear!" whispered the National Guardsmen to her, "or you are dead!"

The princess extended her two hands, and made, trembling, a few instinctive steps toward the tribunal.

"But swear it!" said her protector.

Then, as if, in her terror of death, she was afraid to pronounce a shameful oath, she put her hands to her mouth to stifle the words if they escaped her accidentally. Some sounds passed her fingers.

"She has sworn!" cried the National Guardsman by her side.

Then he added, lower:

"Go out quickly by the door before you, and going out cry: 'Long live the nation!' and you are saved."

Going out she found herself in the arms of an executioner awaiting her; it was the huge Nicolas who had cut off the heads of the two body-guards at Versailles.

This time he had promised to save the princess. He drew her toward something strange, shaking, bleeding, and said to her in low tones.

"Cry: 'Long live the nation!' Now then, cry: 'Long live the nation!'"

No doubt she would have cried; but unfortunately she opened her eyes; she found herself before a mountain of bodies, upon which a man was standing with iron shoes, while from under his feet the blood ran, as a wine-maker squeezes the wine from the grapes.

She saw this frightful spectacle, and turned away, unable to resist crying:

"Fi! l'honneur!"

Cue more they stifled her cries.

Cue hundred thousand francs had been given by M. de Penthièvre, her step-father, to save her.

They pushed her in the narrow passage leading from the Rue St. Antoine to the prison, and which was called the *cul-de-sac* of the priests, when a wretch, a hair-dresser named Charlot, who had engaged himself as a drummer in the volunteers, broke through the circle around her and struck off her bonnet with a pike.

Did he only want to take her bonnet off? Did he want to hit her face?

Her blood ran; blood calls for blood. A man threw a log of wood at the princess. The log struck her behind the head. She tottered and fell on her knees.

It was then impossible to save her. From all sides sabers and long pikes struck her. She never uttered a cry; in fact, she was dead before the last words left her lips almost.

Hardly had she died—perhaps she still lived—when they pro-

cipitated themselves upon her. In a moment her clothes were torn from her, and, palpitating with the last agonizing shudders, she was naked.

An obscene sentiment presided over her death and hastened this spoliation; they wanted to see this beautiful body, whom the women of Lesbos might have worshiped. Naked as when God made her, she was displayed to all eyes on a bier. Four men were installed by the bier to wash and dry the blood that flowed from seven wounds; a fifth showed them with a stick, pointing out the beauties which made her so popular once, but now most certainly caused her death.

She remained thus exposed from eight o'clock till midday; then they grew tired of this dreadful scene by a corpse; a man came and cut off her head.

Alas! that long and flexible neck, like a swan's, made but little resistance. The wretch who committed this crime, more hideous, perhaps, upon a corpse than upon a living being, was called Grison.

History is more inexorable than fate. She picks a plume from her wing, dips it in blood; she writes a name, and that name is forever execrated by posterity.

That man was guillotined later, as the leader of a band of thieves.

A second, named Rodi, opened the princess's bosom and took out her heart.

A third, named Mamin, took another part of her body.

It was from her love for the queen they thus mutilated the poor woman. The queen must have been warmly hated.

They raised on pikes the three parts detached from the body, and went toward the temple.

An immense crowd followed the three assassins; but with the exception of some children and drunken men, who vomited forth both wine and insults, the procession guarded a profound silence.

A hair-dresser's shop was on the road; they entered. The man who carried the head put it on the table.

"Dress that head," he said; "she is going to see her mistress at the temple."

The hair-dresser dressed the magnificent hair of the princess; then they went on their way to the temple, this time with loud cries.

Those were the cries the royal family heard. The assassins arrived; they had the atrocious idea of exhibiting the portions of the princess they had cut off.

These murderers—such men—did not dare to penetrate beyond a ribbon.

They asked if a deputation of six assassins—three of them carrying the portions we have mentioned—could enter the temple and make a tour through the dungeon, before showing those bloody relics to the queen.

The request was so reasonable, it was granted without the slightest discussion.

The king was sitting, seemingly playing tric-trac with the queen.

They frequently made use of the pretext of this game to ex-

change some words without being understood by the officers. Suddenly the king saw one of them close the door and precipitate himself toward the window, and close the curtains.

His name was Danjou, an old theologian, a sort of giant, and who, on account of his great height, was called Abbé Six Pieds.

"What is the matter?" asked the king.

The queen's back was toward him; the abbé signed to the king not to question him.

The cries, insults, and threats reached the room spite of closed doors and windows; the king comprehended something dreadful was taking place; he laid his hand on the queen's shoulder, that she might not rise.

At that moment they knocked at the door, and spite of himself, Danjou was obliged to open it. It was the officers of the guard and the municipality.

"Gentlemen," demanded the king, "is my family safe?"

"Yes," replied the man in the uniform of the National Guard, wearing a double epaulet; "but there is a report there is no one left in the tower, that you had fled. Show yourself at the window to reassure the people."

The king, ignorant of what was taking place, saw no reason why he should not obey. He accordingly made a movement toward the window, but Danjou stopped him.

"Do not go there, sire!" he cried. "The people," he added, "should have more confidence in its magistrate."

"Well," said the man with the epaulets, "that is not all; they want you to come to the window to see the head and heart of the Princess Lamballe they have brought, to show you how the people treat traitors. I beseech you to show yourself, if you do not wish them to bring them here."

The queen uttered a cry, and fell fainting into the arms of Mme. Elizabeth and Mme. Royale.

"Ah! sir," said the king, "you could have dispensed with telling the queen this frightful misfortune."

Then, pointing toward the three women:

"See what you have done!" he added.

The man shrugged his shoulders and left, singing the "Carmagnole."

At six o'clock Petion's secretary presented himself, to count out to the king two thousand eight hundred francs.

Seeing the queen standing motionless, he thought it was out of respect to him she thus stood, and he had the goodness to ask her to be seated.

"My mother held herself thus," says Mme. Royale, in her "Memoirs," "from the time of that frightful scene, upright and perfectly motionless, seeing nothing that passed around her. Terror had changed her into a statue."

CHAPTER LV.

VALMY.

Now, turning our eyes from the terrible scenes of the massacre, we will follow in the defiles of Argonne one of those important personages on whose shoulders rested the fate of France.

It is not necessary to say it is Dumouriez.

Dumouriez, as we have seen, on leaving the ministry, had again taken up his work as general, and since Lafayette's flight, he had received the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East.

Dumouriez's appointment by those in power had been a sort of intuition.

Dumouriez had, in fact, been detested by some, despised by others; but, more fortunate than Danton on the 2d of September, it was universally acknowledged he was the only man who could save France.

The Girondists, who nominated him, hated Dumouriez; they had forced him to enter the ministry, had made him go out, and now that he was in the north, they went after him and appointed him general in-chief.

The Jacobins hated and despised Dumouriez; they, nevertheless, understood that this man's first ambition was glory; if he was vanquished, he would be killed. Robespierre, not daring to sustain him on account of his bad reputation, had Conthon support him.

Danton neither hated nor despised Dumouriez; he was one of those men of robust temperament, who, judging men from his own standpoint, did not inquire into their reputations, ready as they might be to utilize their vices, provided they could obtain the desired result. Only Danton, knowing what he could expect from Dumouriez, defied his stability, and sent him two men; one was Fabre d'Eglantine, his inspirator, the other Westerman, his right-hand man.

All the strength of France was placed in the hands of an intriguer. Old Luckner, a German dotard, who displayed his incapacity in the beginning of the campaign, was sent to Chalons to raise recruits. Dillon, a brave soldier, a distinguished general, of higher rank than Dumouriez, received orders to obey him. Kellermann was also put under this man's orders, and tearful France suddenly gave him her sword, saying: "I know of no one else able to fight my battles: defend me."

Kellermann groaned, swore, cried, but obeyed; only he obeyed very badly, and it required the sound of the cannon to make him what he really was, a patriotic son of the country. Meantime, why did the allied sovereigns, making forced marches, suddenly stop after the taking of Longwy, after the surrender of Verdun? A specter stood between them and Paris—the specter of Beaurepaire.

Beaurepaire, an ancient officer of carbiniers, had formed and commanded the battalion of Maine-et-Loire. The moment they learned the enemy had set their foot on the soil of France, he and his men scoured the country from west to east.

They met on their route a patriot deputy returning to their part of the country.

"What shall I say to your families for you?" asked the deputy.
 "That we are dead men," replied one.

No Spartan marching on Thermopylæ ever made a more sublime speech.

The enemy arrived before Verdun, as we have said.

It was on the 30th of August, 1792; the city was summoned to surrender on the 31st.

Beaurepaire and his men, assisted by Marceau, wished to fight to the death.

The council of war, composed of the members of the municipality and the principal inhabitants of the city, who were invited to join it, ordered him to surrender.

Beaurepaire laughed disdainfully.

"I have taken an oath to die rather than surrender," he said.
 "Proceed with your shame and dishonor if you like; but I will be faithful to my oath. This is my last word. I die."

And he blew his brains out.

This specter was as grand and terrible as the giant Adamastor.

Then the allied sovereigns, believing from the refugees' representations that France would fly before them, saw something very different. They saw that land of France, so fertile and smiling, changed as if by a magician's wand; their grain disappeared as if in a whirlwind. They went to the west.

The peasant, armed, alone remained on his threshold; those who had guns took their guns; those who had only their scythes took them, and those who had only pitchforks used them.

Then the weather was in our favor; a long rain wet the men through, destroyed the roads, and literally soaked the earth. No doubt this rain fell on both the French as well as the Prussians; only everything worked together to favor the French, and was hostile for the Prussians. The peasant, who had for the enemy only his gun, scythe, or pitchfork, had for his friends the bottle of wine hidden in the wood-pile, the cask of beer concealed in the corner of the cellar, and dry straw for his bed.

Of course, mistakes on mistakes were made, and Dumouriez was the first to make them. In his "Memoirs" he relates them both, his own as well as his lieutenants'.

He wrote to the National Assembly: "The defiles of Argonne is the Thermopylæ of France; but let not your heart be troubled; more fortunate than Leonidas, I shall not perish." He had not defended as carefully as he might the defiles of Argonne; one of them was taken, and he had been obliged to beat a retreat. Two of his lieutenants were taken and slain; he was nearly taken and slain himself, with fifteen thousand men only, and fifteen thousand men so completely demoralized that twice he fled before fifteen hundred Prussian hussars. But he did not despair, keeping his own counsel, and his good spirits, even writing to the ministers: "I will be responsible for everything." And, in fact, though pursued, turned from his path, very much cut up, he was able to make a junction with Beurnonville's ten thousand and Kellermann's fifteen thousand. He rallied his scattered generals, and, on the 19th of Sep-

tember, he found himself encamped at St. Menebould, having under his control seventy-two thousand men, while the Prussians had but seventy thousand. It is true, this army murmured; it was often two or three days without bread. Then Dumouriez, mixing with the soldiers: "My friends," he would say, "the famous Marshal Saxe has written a book on war, in which he states that once a week at least bread should not be served to the troops, to render them, in case of necessity, less sensible to that privation; you see you are more fortunate than the Prussians before you, who are sometimes four days without bread, and who eat their dead horses. You have lard, rice, and flour; make cakes out of them; liberty will season them."

Then there was another thing: it was that mob of Paris, that scum of September the 2d that, after the massacre, had gone to the army. The wretches came, singing the "Ça ira," crying that, although without epaulets, with the Cross of St. Louis, or embroidered uniforms, it would make no difference, they would take them if they felt inclined.

Thus they arrived at the camp, and were surprised at the wide berth given them; no one deigned to reply either to their threats or their advances; the general merely announced a review for the next day. The next day the new-comers found themselves, by an unexpected maneuver, between a numerous cavalry, ready to cut them in pieces, and a threatening artillery.

Then Dumouriez advanced toward these men; they formed seven battalions.

"You!" he cried, "for I will not call you either citizens or soldiers or my children. You see before you that artillery, behind you that cavalry; it is for you to say which death you will die! You have been dishonored by crimes; I will not allow here either assassins or executioners. The least mutiny will be punished. If you will reform and conduct yourselves like this brave army you have the honor to be admitted into, you will find in me a good father. I know there are among you scoundrels capable of urging you to any crime; fly from them, or deliver them up to me. I will be responsible for one and the other."

These men not only curbed their pride and became good soldiers, not only drove the disaffected ones away, but they cut in pieces that miserable Charlot who had struck the Princess de Lamballe with a log and carried her head on a pike. Such was the situation awaiting Kellermann, without whom no one dared to risk a battle. On the 19th Dumouriez received word that his lieutenant was two miles from him on his left. Dumouriez sent immediate instructions to him. He asked him to occupy the next day the camp between Dampierre and Elize, behind the Aube. The route was perfectly designed.

At the same time he sent his instructions to Kellermann, Dumouriez saw unfolding before him the Prussian army on the Mountains de la Lune; in such a manner that the Prussians found themselves between Paris and Dumouriez, consequently, nearer Paris than Dumouriez. In all probability, the Prussians wanted to fight. Dumouriez ordered Kellermann to then make the Heights of Valmy and Gizaucourt his battle-field. Kellermann confounded

his camp with the field of battle; he stopped on the Heights of Valmy.

It was a great mistake or terrible luck. Placed as he was, Kellermann could not retreat without taking his army over a narrow bridge; he could not even rely on Dumouriez's right without traversing a swamp, where he would have been engulfed; he could not reach his left except by passing through a deep valley, where they would have been slaughtered. There was no possible retreat.

Was that what the old Alsatian soldier wanted? If so, he must have been satisfied. It was a grand spot to be overwhelmed or die.

Brunswick looked at his soldiers with astonishment.

"Those who are caught there," said he to the King of Prussia, "will never leave the place."

They let the Prussian army believe Dumouriez was cut in pieces, and assured them that the army of tailors, vagabonds, and run-aways had dispersed at the first boom of the cannon.

They had neglected to have the Heights of Gizaucourt occupied by General Chazot, who had been stationed on the Chalons road—heights where he could have beaten the flank of the enemy's columns; the Prussians profited by this negligence and carried the position.

In fact, it was they who attacked Kellermann's flank.

The day broke, darkened with a thick fog; that made no difference; the Prussians knew where the French army was; they were on the Heights of Valmy, and could not well get away.

Sixty fiery mouths opened at once; the Prussian artilleries fired at hazard; but they reached the masses; it made no difference if they aimed correctly.

The first shock was terrible for that enthusiastic army, who knew admirably well how to attack, but could not wait.

By accident, it was not luck—luck was against us—the howitzers of the Prussians set two caissons on fire—they exploded; the drivers jumped from their horses to go beyond the explosion—they took them for refugees.

Kellermann spurred his horse toward that place of confusion where smoke and fog were mingled.

Suddenly the horse and the rider were overthrown.

The horse had been struck by a bullet; the man, fortunately, was not hit; he jumped on another horse and rallied several battalions that were in disorder.

It was then eleven o'clock in the morning; the fog began to rise.

Kellermann saw the Prussians forming in three columns to attack the plateau of Valmy; in his turn, he found his soldiers in three columns, galloping before the line.

"Soldiers," he said, "not a gun must be fired; wait till the enemy reaches you, and then receive them with a bayonet."

Then, putting his hat on the end of his sword:

"Long live the nation! and strike for victory!"

Like a flash, all the army followed his example; every soldier put his hat on the end of his bayonet, crying:

"Long live the nation!"

The fog dissipated, the smoke rose, and Brunswick saw with his field-glass an unheard-of, extraordinary, strange spectacle—thirty

thousand immovable Frenchmen, with bare heads, waving their arms and only replying to their enemies' fire by cries of "Long live the nation!"

Brunswick bowed his head; if he had been alone, the Prussian army would not have taken another step; but the king, who wanted to fight, was there; he must obey. The Prussians rose, firm and somber, under the eyes of the king and the Duke of Brunswick; they crossed the space separating them from their enemies with the solidity of Frederick's old army; each man seemed attached to the other by an iron shackle. Suddenly, in the midst, the immense serpent broke in the middle; but the ends soon rallied.

Five minutes after they were broken again, and again united.

Twenty pieces of Dumouriez's cannon took the flank of the column, and mowed them down with their iron hail. The head of the column could not rise, torn as it was by the pitiless fire.

Brunswick saw the day was lost, and sounded a retreat.

The king ordered a charge, put himself at the head of his soldiers, and urged his courageous and obedient infantry under the double fire of Kellermann and Dumouriez; he threw himself against the French lines. Something ecstatic and splendid inspired this young army, such was their faith.

"I have not seen such fanatics since the religious wars!" said Brunswick.

These were sublime fanatics, the fanatics of liberty.

These heroes of '92 were beginning the grand conquest of the war that was to terminate by the conquest of minds. Dumouriez saved France on the 20th of September. The next day the National Convention emancipated Europe in proclaiming the Republic.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

THE 21st of September, at noon, before Dumouriez's victory was known in Paris, the doors of the assembly opened, and there slowly entered, casting interrogatory, solemn looks around, the seven hundred and forty-nine new members that composed the assembly.

Only two of these members belonged to the old assembly.

The National Convention had been elected under the *coup d'état* of September; they had little faith in a reactionary assembly. But they did better than they expected; several nobles were elected; the idea of a democracy made all the servants vote; some of them nominated their masters.

Among these deputies there were, beside countrymen, physicians, lawyers, professors, priests who had taken the oath, literary men, journalists, and merchants. The condition of this multitude was uneasy and restless: five hundred representatives, who were neither Girondists nor Montagnards; future events would determine the position they would have in the assembly, though they were all unanimous, however, in a double hatred—a hatred against the September doings, against the Paris deputation, and against the commune who had accomplished such terrible work. One would have

said the blood that had been shed had flowed through the hall, isolating the hundred Montagnards that remained in the assembly.

It was these Montagnards—let us recall the men and glance at the events they were passing through—that presented so formidable an aspect.

As we have stated, the commune was gathered from the inferior ranks; above them was this famous vigilance committee that incited the massacre; then, like a hydra with its three heads, on the highest summit of the triangle, were three terrible figures, each wearing his characteristic mask. First came the cold, impenetrable face of Robespierre, with his parchment-like skin drawn over his spare figure; his blinking eyes hid under their lashes, with his clutched hands extended on his knees like those Egyptian figures carved in the hardest of marble, porphyry—a sphinx who seemed alone to know everything about the revolution, but whom none dared to interrogate.

Near him was Danton's rough-hewn visage, with his distended mouth, mobile mask, fabulous body—half man, half bull—but attractive, notwithstanding, for it was evident the slightest quiver or trembling of that immense body came from the heart of a profound patriot, and that large hand that always obeyed his every impulse was extended with the same facility to strike an enemy or to raise an enemy.

By the side of these two countenances with such different expressions, appeared—not another mad—it was not possible for a human being to reach such a height of deformity, a monster, a chimera, a ridiculous and sinister vision—Marat! Marat, with his leather face, his bloated, insolent eyes, his thick lips, always open as if disposed to vomit forth insults; his twisted nose, that showed by the open nostrils that he was ambitious and vain; the tide of popularity had increased these passions to the destruction of every other. Marat, attired in much more slovenly raiment than any of his admirers; his linen always wrinkled; his hob-nailed shoes, without buckles or strings often; his pantaloons of coarse material, torn and soiled; his shirt open over his thin chest; his black, dirty, oily, narrow cravat, which, however, allowed the hideous tendons of his neck to be fully seen, that drew his head to the left; his thick, dirty hands, always threatening something, always clinched at some one, in the intervals of these threats working in his gray hair. With a giant's body on a dwarf's legs, hideous to behold, one's first impulse on beholding him was to turn aside; but the eyes did not turn so quickly that they could not read. "September the 2d!" then the eyes remained fixed and appalled, as before the head of a Medusa.

These were the three men the Girondists accused of aspiring to the dictatorship.

They, on their side, accused the Girondists of desiring federalism.

Two other men, who were attached by interest and by different opinions to the revolution, were sitting on the two opposite sides of the assembly—Billot and Gilbert. Gilbert at the extreme right, between Lanjuinais and Kersaint; Billot at the extreme left, between Thuriot and Conthon.

The members of the old Legislative Assembly escorted the con-

vention; they had solemnly abdicated, remitting their power in the hands of their successors.

François de Neufchâtel, the last president of the dissolved assembly, mounted the tribune and spoke as follows:

"Representatives of the nation, the Legislative Assembly has ceased its functions; she leaves the government in your hands. Your efforts should aim to give France liberty, law, and peace—liberty, without which France can not live; law, the surest foundation of liberty; and peace, the sole and only aim of war.

"Liberty, Law, and Peace, those three words were engraved on the doors of the Temple of Delphos. Let the entire soil of France be permeated with it!"

The Legislative Assembly had lasted one year. It had seen great and frightful events during that time—the 29th of June, the 10th of August, the 2d and 3d of September. It left France with her war against the two northern powers, civil war in La Vendée, a debt of two billion two hundred million promissory notes—and the victory at Valmy as yet unknown in Paris.

Petion was appointed president by acclamation. Condorcet, Brissot, Rabaut, St. Etienne, Vergniaud, Canmu, and Lasource were the secretaries—five Girondists out of the six.

The entire convention, perhaps thirty or forty members, wanted a republic; only the Girondists had decided, at a meeting at Mme. Roland's, to admit no discussion as to a change of government, except in the proper time, place, and circumstances—that was to say, when they were free from executive and constitutional affairs. But the 20th of September, the same day the battle of Valmy took place, other combatants passed through a battle that was very different in its results.

St. Just, Lequinio, Billaud, Varennea, Collot d'Herbois, and several other members of the future assembly, dined at the Palais Royal. They resolved the next day the word Republicanism should be mooted.

"If they rise," said St. Just, "they are lost, for that word will be pronounced for the first time by us; if they evade it, they are also lost, for in opposing that fancy, they will be submerged by the unpopularity that will fall on their own heads.

Collot d'Herbois had charge of the resolution. Thus, scarcely had François de Neufchâtel remitted the power from the old to the new assembly, when Collot d'Herbois demanded permission to speak.

It was granted.

He ascended the tribune. Order was called for.

"Representative citizen," he said, "I have this to propose—that the first decree of the assembly that has just been appointed should be the abolition of royalty."

At these words immense applause broke forth in the assembly.

Two opponents alone rose—two well-known Republicans, Barrière and Quinelle. They asked for the consent of the people upon the question.

"The consent of the people? Why?" asked an obacure curé from the provinces. "Why deliberate when every one is agreed? Kings, in the moral law, are as monsters in physical law; their

courts are manufacturers of every crime; the history of kings is the martyrdom of nations."

They asked who the man was who made this short but powerful speech on royalty.

Hardly any one knew his name; it was Gregoire.

The Girondists felt the blow about to fall upon them; they were to be at the mercy of the Montagnards.

"Recall the decree advocated by this session," cried Ducos, from his place, Vergniaud's friend and scholar. "The decree has no occasion to be taken into consideration; after the light of the 10th of August the consideration of the decree of the abolition of royalty is a history merely of Louis XVI.'s crimes."

In this manner quiet was re-established. The Montagnards had asked for the abolition of royalty; but the Girondists had demanded the establishment of the Republic. The motion for the Republic was not passed, it was voted for by acclamation.

They did not merely throw themselves into the future to escape from the past, but into the unknown from hatred toward the known.

The proclamation of the Republic filled an immense public necessity; it was consecrating the long battle the people had had against the commune; it was the absolution of pole-axes, spears, of the Ligne of the Fronde, of the revolution; it was the coronation of the masses to the detriment of royalty.

They would say, when each citizen breathed freely, that he had thrown off from his chest the weight of the throne.

Their hour of illusion was short but splendid; they imagined they had proclaimed a Republic; instead, they had consecrated a revolution. It was of no consequence; they had accomplished a great thing, that was destined for more than a century to set the world on fire.

True Republicans, the most disinterested, at least those who wanted the Republic free from crimes, those who, the next day, were to slap the face of the triumvirate, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat—the Girondists, were at the height of joy. The Republic was the realization of their dearest hope; thanks to them, there would be established in the *débris* of twenty centuries a perfect type of human government. France had been an Athens under Francis I. and Louis XIV.; with them she would be a Sparta. It was a beautiful, a sublime dream.

In the evening they united in a banquet at Minister Roland's. There were Vergniaud, Guadet, Louvet, Petion, Boyer, Fonfrède, Barbaroux, Gensonne, Grangeneuve, Condorcet, convivialists, who, before the year was over, were to unite in a much more solemn banquet than this. But at this moment every one turned their back on the morrow, closing their eyes to the future, voluntarily throwing a veil over the unknown ocean on which they were entering, the roar of whose waves seemed like the maelstrom of the Scandinavian fables, who were to engulf, not only the ship, but the entire crew.

Every one's ideas had taken a shape, form, aim of some kind; they could put their finger on it; the young Republic started armed with a helmet and pike, like Minerva; what more could they ask? During the two hours of this solemn feast there was an exchange

of elevated ideas, around which were gathered the grandest devotions. These men spoke of their life as something no longer belonging to them, but the nation. They reserved honor, that was all; if need be, they could abandon renown also.

There were those who, in the foolish delirium of their ardent hopes, saw opening before them those blue, infinite horizons only found in dreams; there were the young, the ardent; those who had entered that most enervating of all wars, the wars of the tribune, and were composed of Barbaroux, Rebecqui, Ducos, Boyer, Fonfrède.

There were others who stopped, halting midway, to gather strength for the race before them; they were those who had struggled through the rude days of the legislature; it was Guadet, Gensonne, Grangeneuve, Vergniaud. Finally, those who felt they had reached their goal, who understood that their popularity had reached its height, and was now about to abandon them; lying in the cool shade of the budding foliage of the Republican tree, they asked, with melancholy, if it was worth while to rise, to newly gird up their loins, to again take up the pilgrim's staff, only to shrink at the first obstacle—that was Roland and Petion.

But in the eyes of all men, who was their future leader? who was the principal actor? who was the future moderator of the young Republic? It was Vergniaud. At the end of the dinner he filled his glass.

“Now,” he said, “a toast.”

Every one rose.

“To the eternity of the Republic!”

Every one repeated:

“To the eternity of the Republic!”

“Wait!” said Mme. Roland.

She wore on her bosom a fresh rose, just opening, like the new era they were entering; she took it, and, as an Athenian shook the petals of a rose in Pericles' glass, she shook hers in that of Vergniaud.

Vergniaud smiled sadly, emptied the glass, and, leaning toward Barbaroux, who was at his left, whispered:

“Alas! I fear that great heart is mistaken. It is not rose-leaves, but branches of cypress should be dropped in our wine to-night. In drinking to a Republic, whose feet stood in the blood of September, God only knows if we are not drinking to our death. But what matters it?” he added, glancing rapturously at the heavens; “if this wine was my blood, I would drink it in the cause of liberty and equality!”

“Long live the Republic!” cried the convivialists.

At the same moment Vergniaud gave this toast and a chorus of convivialists responded: “Long live the Republic!” there was a sound of trumpets before the temple, followed by a profound silence. Then, in their chambers, through the open windows, the king and queen heard an officer proclaiming in a firm, powerful, sonorous voice, the abolition of royalty and the establishment of the Republic.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE MARTYR KING.

OUR readers have seen the impartiality with which, in the form of a romance, we have placed before their eyes all that was terrible, cruel, good, beautiful, grand, sanguinary, low, in the men and events that have just passed.

As generations have passed away, the men we write of have passed away with them; events which do not die, immortalized by history, remain forever.

We can call from the tomb all those sleepers, so few of whom fulfilled their course. We can say to Mirabeau, "Tribune, raise thyself!" to Louis XVI., "Martyr, arise!" we can say, "Arise, thou multitude, wherein is Favras, Lafayette, Bailly, Fournier the American, Jourdan, Coupe Tête, Maillard, Théroigne de Méricourt, Barnave, Bouillé, Gamain, Petion, Manuel, Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Vergniaud, Dumouriez, Marie Antionette, Madame Campan, Barbaroux, Roland, Madame Roland, king, queen, workmen, tribunes, generals, executioners, publicists, arise! and say if I have not presented you as you really were to my readers, particularly to those who would add romance to history."

We can say to the events scattered on both sides of the road we have traveled: "Great and brilliant day of the 14th of July, somber and threatening nights of the 5th and 6th of October; the sanguinary storm of the Champs de Mars, where the powder mingled with the lightning, and the noise of cannon with the claps of thunder; the prophesied invasion of the 20th of June, the terrible victory of the 10th of August, the execrable souvenirs of the 2d and 3d of September—have I told the whole story? have I related it well? have I invented anything? have I sought to absolve or calumniate you?" And the men would answer—and the events would answer:

"You have sought for the truth, without hatred or anger; you have remained faithful to all the glories of the past, deaf to all the blandishments of the present, confiding in all the hopes of the future; though criticised, you are absolved." What has already been related, not as by a suborned judge, but by an impartial narrator, will be continued to the end; that end, each step of which we now take rapidly. Events come thick and fast; there is no intermission from the 21st of September, the death of royalty, till the 21st of January, the death of the king. We have heard the Republic proclaimed under the windows of the royal prison by the strong voice of officer Lubin, and that proclamation takes us to the temple.

Let us enter the somber edifice, which incloses a king become a simple man, a queen who remained a queen, a virgin who was to be martyred, and two poor children, innocent from years, if not by birth. The king was in the temple; how did he happen to go there? had it been a premeditated thing?

No.

Petion at first thought of taking them to Chambord, in the center of France, and to there treat them as overthrown royalty.

Suppose that all the sovereigns of Europe imposed silence on their ministers, their generals, their manifestoes, and contented themselves with looking on at the events in France, without a wish to participate in its interior politics, that overthrow of the 10th of August, that existence spent in a beautiful palace, in a superb climate in the midst of what was called the Garden of France, would not have been a sufficiently cruel punishment for the man who had not only his own faults, but those of Louis XV. and Louis XIV. to expiate.

La Vendée was about rising; they feared a sudden outbreak on the Loire; the reason was obvious, they objected to Chambord.

The assembly thought of the Luxembourg; the Luxembourg, Marie de Medicis' Florentine palace, with its solitude, its gardens rivaling those of the Tuileries, was a residence open to the same objections as Chambord for an overthrown king. They objected to the cellars of the palace that opened on the Catacombs; perhaps it was only a pretext of the Communists, who wished to keep the king in their own hands; but it was a plausible pretext.

The commune then voted the temple. By that they did not mean the tower of the temple, but the palace, the old fortress of the chiefs of the order, one of the pleasure-houses of the Count d'Artois.

At the very moment of their departure, when Petion even had led the royal family to the palace, and they were installed there, Louis XVI. had allotted the various apartments to the members of his household, when the order was countermanded, and Manuel was expedited to change once more the municipal order to substitute the donjon for the château. Manuel arrived, examined the locality destined for the lodgings of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and left mortified.

The donjon was uninhabitable, occupied only by a porter, offering most insufficient accommodations, narrow rooms, dirty beds infested with vermin.

There was, however, throughout this, more fatality for a dying dynasty than premeditated infamy on the part of the judges.

The National Assembly had not, for their part, taken into calculation the table expenses of the king. The king eat a good deal; he could not help it; it was the temperament of the Bourbons to be great eaters; but the king eat at the wrong time. He eat with a good appetite while the massacre of the Tuileries was taking place. His judges not only reproached him for his intemperate appetite, but what was much more serious, the implacable historian has registered it in his archives.

The National Assembly passed an order allowing the king five hundred thousand livres for table expenses.

During the four months the king remained at the temple, his expenses were forty thousand livres; ten thousand francs a month, three hundred and thirty-three francs a day; in bonds, it was true, but at that period bonds were falling at the rate of six or eight per cent. Louis XVI. had at the temple three servants and three officers. His dinner every day was composed of four *entrées*, two

roasts, each of three pieces, four *entremets*, three *compotes*, three plates of fruit, a decanter of Bordeaux, Malvoisie, and Madeira. He, alone with his son, drank wine; the queen and the princesses only drank water. On his part, certainly the king had nothing to complain of. But what he essentially missed was air, exercise, sunshine, and shade. Accustomed to the hunts at Compiègne and Rambouillet, to the parks of Versailles, and the Grand Trianon, Louis XVI. found himself suddenly reduced, not only to one court, not only to one garden, not one sole promenade, but to a terrace dry and bare, with four plots of dried grass, several dwarfed trees, through which the autumn winds moaned and stripped of their foliage.

There every day at two o'clock the king and his family promenaded; we are mistaken; there every day the king and his family were promenaded.

It was unheard of, cruel, ferocious, but less ferocious, less cruel, than the caves of the inquisition at Madrid, than the results of the Council of Ten at Venice, or the dungeons at Spielberg. We do not excuse the commune, nor do we excuse the king; we only say: the temple was a reprisal, a terrible, fatal, unfortunate reprisal, for they turned judgment into a persecution, a culprit into a martyr.

At this time what was the aspect of the different personages we have endeavored to follow through the principal events of their life. The king, with his bleared eyes, flabby cheeks and hanging lips, his heavy, hesitating walk, looked like a big farmer overcome with ill-luck; his melancholy was that of an agriculturalist whose barns had been burned, or whose crop destroyed by a storm.

The queen's attitude was, as ever, erect, proud, provokingly sovereign-like; Marie Antoinette had inspired love in the midst of her grandeur; in the hour of her fall she inspired devotion, not pity; pity is born of sympathy, and the queen was not sympathetic.

Mme. Elizabeth, with her white robes, symbol of the purity of her heart; with her blonde hair more beautiful than ever, now that it was suffered to float at its own will without powder; Mme. Elizabeth, with her azure ribbons on her bonnet and robes, seemed like the guardian angel of the family.

Mme. Royale, notwithstanding the charm of her age, was not very interesting; entirely Austrian like her mother, all Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, she already had in her glance all the disdain and pride of the royal race, and of birds of prey.

The little dauphin, with his golden hair, with white and delicate skin, was interesting, nevertheless; he had a bright and hard blue eye and a precocious look; he understood everything, following his mother's wishes by a look, and he had games of childish politics that often drew the tears to the eyes of the executioners themselves. He had already reached Chaumette, poor child! Chaumette, that pointed-nosed weasel.

"I would give him an education," said an ex-clerk of the procureur to M. Hue, the king's valet; "but it would be necessary to take him away from the family, to make him forget his rank."

The commune was at the same time cruel and imprudent; cruel in surrounding the royal family with bad treatment, vexations,

and even insults; imprudent in exhibiting them, feeble, broken prisoners as they were.

Each day they sent new guardians to the temple under the name of officers; they entered furious enemies of the king, but left enemies of Marie Antoinette, pitying the king, the children, and worshipping Mme. Elizabeth. What was there to see in the temple instead of the wolf, the she-wolf and the little wolves? A courageous bourgeois family, a mother rather proud, allowing no one to touch even the hem of her garments; but of tyrants there was no trace.

How did the royal family pass their time?

Cléry has left a touching account.

But first let us glance at the prison; we will then make a report of the prisoners.

The king was shut up in a small tower; this small tower was connected with the large one, without any interior communication; it formed a parallelogram flanked by two turrets; in one of these turrets was a small staircase that, leaving the first floor, led to a gallery on a platform; in the other were cabinets corresponding to each floor of the tower. The body of the building had four stories. The first contained an ante-chamber, a dining-room, and a cabinet; the second was divided in nearly the same manner; the largest chamber was the queen's and the dauphin's sleeping apartment; the second, separated from the first by an obscure ante-chamber, was occupied by Meses. Elizabeth and Royale.

The king lived in the third story, which was composed of the same number of rooms; he slept in the large room; the little cabinet in the tower was his reading-room; by its side was the kitchen, preceded by a dark room, which at first had been occupied by MM. Chamilly and Hue, and in which, since M. Hue's departure, had been put seats.

The fourth floor was shut up; the ground floor consisted of kitchens that were not used.

How did the royal family live in this confined place, half prison, half apartments?

We will see.

The king rose from habit at six o'clock in the morning; Cléry dressed him and arranged his hair; then he passed into his reading-room, that is to say, into the library of the archives of the Order of Malta, that contained fifteen or sixteen hundred volumes.

One day the king, looking over the books, pointed out to M. Hue Voltaire's and Rousseau's works. Then, in a low voice:

"There," he said, "are the two men who have ruined France!"

On entering this room, Louis XVI. knelt and prayed for five or six minutes, then read or occupied himself for two hours, while Cléry attended to the king's room, prepared the breakfast, and went to the queen. Left alone, the king occupied himself in translating Virgil or Horace. To continue the dauphin's education he was obliged to study Latin himself.

This room was very small; the door was always open; an officer remained in the sleeping apartment, and through the open door saw every movement the king made.

The queen did not open her door till Cléry's arrival, and the door being closed, the officer could not enter her room.

Then Cléry arranged the young prince's hair, the queen's toilet, and passed into the chamber of Mmes. Elizabeth and Royale to render them the same service. That hour of the toilet was rapid and precious, for in it Cléry could tell the queen and the princesses any news he had learned; a sign from him showed he had something to say; the queen or one of the princesses talked to the officer, and Cléry profited by this distraction to rapidly mention what he had to say. At nine o'clock, the queen, the two children, and Mme. Elizabeth ascended to the king's apartment, where breakfast was served; during the dessert, Cléry attended to the rooms of the queen and princesses; one called Tison, and his wife, had been appointed to assist Cléry, but in reality they were placed there to watch, not only the royal family, but the officers. The husband, an old clerk from the barriers, was a hard and wicked old man, incapable of a solitary human sentiment. His wife, separated from her child, pushed her maternal love so far as to denounce the queen, in the hope of serving her child.

At ten o'clock in the morning the king descended into the queen's apartment, and there passed the day, occupying himself in educating the dauphin, making him repeat passages from Corneille and Racine, giving him a lesson in geography, and teaching him to draw and trace maps. France, for the past three years, had been divided into departments, and it was the geography of the kingdom the king was very particular in showing his son.

The queen, on her part, occupied herself in Mme. Royale's education, interrupted sometimes by her falling into deep and sad reveries. When this happened, Mme. Royale would leave her a prey to this unspoken sorrow, that at least was relieved by tears, then, stepping on her toes, and motioning to her brother to be quiet, Mme. Royale would steal away; the queen would remain absorbed in her reflections for a longer or shorter period, then a tear would leave her eyes and roll down her cheeks, to fall on her hands, which had become the color of ivory; then, almost always, the poor prisoner, free for an instant in the immense domain of thought—in the illimitable retrospect of the past—the poor prisoner would hurriedly start from her dreams, and, looking around, would re-enter, with bowed head and broken heart, the prison.

At noon the two princesses entered Mme. Elizabeth's room to change their morning-ropes. That moment the modesty of the commune gave them for solitude. No officer was there.

At one o'clock, when the weather permitted, the royal family went into the garden. Four municipal officers and a chief of the Legion of the National Guard accompanied or else watched them. As there was a number of workmen employed in the demolition of houses and the construction of new walls, the prisoners could only use a portion of the avenue of chestnut-trees.

Cléry was always one at these promenades. He exercised the young prince in flying balloons and other convenient games.

At two o'clock they reascended the tower. Cléry served the dinner, and every day at that hour Santerre came to the temple, accompanied by two aids-de-camp. He visited carefully the apart-

ments of the king and queen. Sometimes the king spoke to him; the queen never. She had forgotten the 20th of June and all she cared for this man.

After this repast they went down to the first floor, the king taking part in a game of piquet or tric-trac with the queen or his sister, and Cléry, in his turn, dined. At four o'clock the king took a nap on a large fauteuil, while the greatest silence was observed. The other members of the royal family took their books or their work.

Louis XVI. passed from sleeping to waking, or from waking to sleeping, with the greatest ease. His physical needs, as we have said, tyrannized over him. The king slept regularly an hour and a half or two hours. On his awaking, conversation was resumed. Cléry, never very far off, was called, and gave a writing lesson to the little dauphin. That over, he took him to Mme. Elizabeth's room, and they played at ball and other in-door games. In the evening they gathered around a table. The queen read aloud from a book that would instruct or amuse the children. Mme. Elizabeth relieved her when she was tired. The reading lasted till eight o'clock. At that time the young prince took supper in Mme. Elizabeth's apartment. The royal family assisted at this supper; while the king, taking a collection of the "Mercure de France" that he had found in the library, gave the children enigmas and charades to guess.

After the dauphin's supper, the queen made her son repeat the following prayer:

"All-powerful God, who has created and kept me, I worship you. Preserve the lives of the king, my father, and those of my family; protect us against our enemies. Give Madame de Tourzel the strength she requires to support what she has to endure on our account."

Then Cléry undressed and put the dauphin to bed, while one of the two princesses remained with him till he fell asleep.

Every evening a paper-carrier cried, in passing, the news of the day; Cléry would put himself at the window and tell the king all the carrier cried.

At nine o'clock the king supped in his turn. His repast finished, the king entered the queen's apartment, and gave her, as well as his sister, his hand, in token of adieu, kissed his children, then retired into the library, where he read till midnight.

On their side, the princesses shut themselves up within their rooms; one of the officers remained in the little room between the chambers; the other followed the king.

Cléry placed his bed near that of the king; but before sleeping, Louis XVI. waited till the new officer had ascended to ascertain who he was—if he had seen him before. The officers were relieved at eleven o'clock in the morning, at five o'clock in the evening, and at midnight.

This mode of life, without any change, lasted till the 30th of September—while the king remained in the tower.

The condition of things was sad, but more worthy of pity in that it was supported with dignity; the most hostile softened at that sight; they came to watch over an abominable tyrant who had

ruined France, massacred the Frenchmen, appealed to the foreign powers; over a queen who had united Messaline's conduct to that of Catherine II.; they found a comfortable-looking man attired in gray that they confounded with his valet de chambre, who eat, drank, and slept well, who played at tric-trac and piquet, instructed his son in Latin and geography, and gave charades to his children. A woman, proud and disdainful without doubt, but dignified, calm, resigned, still beautiful, teaching her daughters tapestry-work, her son his prayers, speaking softly to the servants, and calling a valet "my friend."

The first moments were those of hatred; each of those men came with sentiments of animosity and revenge, and gave full rein to their feelings at first, then slowly they began to pity. Leaving their homes in the morning, carrying their heads high, and breathing threats, they returned sadly in the evening with lowered heads. Their wives waited for them with curiosity.

"Ah! it is you!" she would cry.

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

"Well, have you seen the tyrant?"

"I have seen him."

"Does he look very ferocious?"

"He looks like a farmer from the Marais."

"What did he do? Was he in a rage? Did he curse the Republic? Did he—"

"He spent his time studying with his children, teaching them Latin, playing piquet with his sister, guessing charades to amuse his family."

"He has, then, no remorse, the wretch?"

"I saw him eat, and he eat like a man with a good appetite and a tranquil conscience; I saw him sleep, and I'll wager he never has the nightmare."

And the wife became pensive in her turn.

"Then he is not," she said, "as cruel and guilty as they say?"

"Guilty, he may be, not cruel, I can answer for that; unfortunate he certainly is."

"Poor man!" said the woman.

The more the commune abased their prisoner, the more they showed he was in no way different from other men, the more pity was felt for him. That pity manifested itself directly to the king himself, the dauphin, and to Cléry.

One day a stone-cutter was working in the wall of the ante-chamber to replace the stones.

While the workman was at breakfast, the dauphin amused himself with playing with his tools; the king then taking them from the child's hands, showed him how to use the chisel and hammer in a useful manner.

The mason, from the corner where he was eating his bread and cheese, looked on with astonishment. He had not risen before the king and prince, but he rose before the man and child; then, approaching them, his mouth still full, but hat in hand:

"Well," he said to the king, "when you leave this tower you will be able to boast that you worked in your own prison."

"Ah!" replied the king, "when and how will I leave?"

The dauphin began to cry; the workman wiped away a tear; the king let the tools fall, entered his chamber, where he walked for a long time up and down.

Another day an officer ascended, as was the custom, to guard the queen's door; it was a man from the faubourg, in coarse clothes, but nevertheless cleanly in appearance.

Cléry was alone in the room, reading; the functionary looked at him attentively.

In a few moments Cléry was called; he rose and wanted to leave the room, but the officer, while presenting arms, said, in a low, timid, almost trembling voice:

"No one is allowed to pass."

"Why is that?" asked Cléry.

"Because I am ordered to keep my eyes upon you."

"Upon me!" said Cléry. "Surely you are mistaken."

"Are you not the king?"

"Do you not know the king?"

"I have never seen him, sir; and if the truth be told, I would rather see him anywhere else than here."

"Speak low!" said Cléry.

Then, pointing to a door:

"I will enter that room, and you will see the king; he is sitting by a table reading."

Cléry entered and told the king what had taken place. The king rose, and walking from one room to another, gave the man an opportunity of looking at him.

Then, seeing that it was for him the king had thus disturbed himself:

"Ah, sir," said the man from the faubourg to Cléry, "how good the king is! I will never believe that he has done all the harm people say."

Another functionary, placed at the end of the avenue that was used as a promenade for the royal family, one day showed the illustrious family that he had some news to give them. At the first round of the promenade, no one appeared to pay the slightest attention to his signs; but at the second round, Mme. Elizabeth approached the man to see if he would speak to her. Unfortunately, through fear or respect, the young man, who had a distinguished figure, remained mute; only two tears rolled down his cheeks, and he pointed to some bushes, where, doubtless, a letter was hid. Cléry, under pretext of looking for some stones for the little prince to play with, tried to reach these bushes; but the officers, imagining what he was looking for, ordered him to retire, and forbid him, under pain of being separated from the king, to ever speak to the sentinels. But it was not every one who approached the prisoners in the temple that showed the same sentiment of respect and pity. With a great many, hate and vengeance were so profoundly rooted that the spectacle of royal misfortune, supported with bourgeois virtues, could not eradicate it; and often the king was obliged, together with all the royal family, to put up with coarseness, injuries, and even insults.

One day the officer in charge was a man called James, a professor of the English language. This man attached himself to the

king like a shadow, and never left him; even when he entered his little reading cabinet the officer followed and sat down near him.

"Sir," then said the king, with his habitual mildness, "your colleagues are in the habit of leaving me alone in this room; the door is always open; I could not escape from their glances."

"My colleagues," replied James, "have their way, and I have mine."

"Have you noticed, sir," replied the king, "that this room is so very small it is impossible for two to remain here?"

"Then go into a larger room," brutally replied the officer.

The king rose without a word, and entering his sleeping apartment, the English teacher followed, and continued to watch him till he was relieved.

One morning the king took the officer on guard for the one who had watched him the day before. We have said they were changed three times a day. He went to him with an air of interest.

"Ah, sir," he said, "I regret they have forgotten to relieve you."

"What do you say?" roughly asked the officer.

"I wanted to say that you must be fatigued."

"Sir," replied the man, whose name was Meunier, "I have come here to watch over your actions, not for you to trouble yourself about mine."

Then, settling his hat on his head and approaching the king:

"No one, and you least of all, has any right to meddle."

Once, in her turn, the queen hazarded a remark to an officer:

"What portion of the country do you live in, sir?" she asked of one of the men who assisted at her dinner.

"The country!" fiercely replied the officer.

"But it seems to me the country is France," continued the queen.

"Except that portion occupied by the enemies you have called here."

Some of the commissioners never spoke to the king, the queen, the princesses, or the young prince, without adding some obscene epithet or gross joke.

One day an officer named Turlot said to Cléry, loud enough for the king to hear:

"If the executioner does not guillotine that abominable family, I will guillotine them myself!"

On going out for a promenade, the king and royal family were obliged to pass before a number of sentinels placed in the interior of the little tower. When the officers of the legion and the guard passed, those on duty presented arms; but when the king passed in his turn, they grounded arms and turned their backs.

It was the same way with those in the exterior of the court, at the foot of the tower; when the king passed they put on their hats and sat down, but scarcely had the prisoners passed, when they arose and uncovered their heads.

Their insulters went still further: one day a guardsman, not satisfied with presenting arms to the municipality and the officers, and not to the king, wrote on the inside of the prison door: "The guillotine is permanent, and awaits Louis XVI." It was a new idea, and met with great success, and several imitators; soon the

walls of the temple, and particularly those of the staircase where the royal family ascended and descended, were covered with inscriptions in the following style:

"Madame Veto will dance!"

"We know how to put the big pig on diet."

"Down with the *cordon rouge*! the little wolves must be strangled!"

Other inscriptions, below drawings, explained the threatening designs.

One of these represented a man hanging; underneath which were these words:

"Louis taking an air bath."

But the most dreadful tormentors were two commissaries of the temple: one, the shoe-maker Simon; the other the sapper Rocher.

Simon was a busy man; not only a shoe-maker, but a municipal officer, and one of the six commissioners of inspection on the works and improvements at the temple. His triple title kept him constantly at the tower. This man, whose cruelties toward the royal child have made him celebrated, was the personification of insult; every time he appeared before the prisoners it was to submit them to new outrages.

If the valet asked for something for his master:

"See to it," he said, "that Capet asks at once for everything he wants; I have no idea of taking the trouble to go upstairs a second time."

Rocher was not quite so bad; he was not a wicked man; on the 10th of August he had taken the young dauphin in his arms and had placed him on the president's desk. Rocher became porter at the tower while the royal family were there, and was ordinarily dressed in the costume of a sapper, with a beard and long mustache, a hat of black straw on his head, a large sabre at his side, and around his waist a belt from which hung his bunch of keys. He had been placed there by Manuel, more to watch over the king and queen, to see no harm came to them, than to do them harm himself; he was like a child to whom a cage of birds is given and he is told not to torment them, but to amuse himself. he pulls out their feathers. When the king wanted to go out, Rocher came to the door, but he did not open it till the king had waited for some time, looking over, all the while the king waited, his big bunch of keys; then he drew the bolts noisily; then, the bolts drawn, the door open, he descended precipitately near the last wicket, his pipe in his mouth; then, as each member of the royal family went out, particularly the women, he puffed tobacco-smoke in their faces.

These cowardly insults were witnessed by the National Guards, who, instead of preventing these vexations, often took chairs and assisted like spectators at the spectacle.

This encouraged Rocher, who said everywhere: "Marie Antoinette is the proudest, but I will force her to be humble. Elizabeth and the little one, spite of themselves, are polite to me; the wicket is so low they are obliged to bend before me. Every day I give them each a puff from my pipe. The sister asked why Rocher smoked all the time. 'Apparently, because it pleases him,' was the answer."

There are always, in any grand expiation, beside the torture inflicted on the victims, a man who makes the condemned drink gall and vinegar: for Louis XVI., there was Rocher or Simon; for Napoleon, Hudson Lou. But when the victim has succumbed to his agony—when the sufferer has ended his life—these are the men who idealize his sacrifice, who sanctify his death. St. Héléne—would she have been St. Héléne without the jailer in the crimson costume? The temple—would it have been the temple without its sapper and shoe-maker? These are the real actors in this legend; thus they have a right to a long and somber recital.

But, unfortunate as the prisoners were, they still had an immense consolation—they were united.

The commune resolved to separate the king from his family.

The 26th of September, five days after the proclamation of the Republic, Cléry learned through an officer that the apartment destined for the king, in the big tower, would soon be ready.

Cléry, overcome with grief, told this sad news to his master; but with his usual courage:

“Try,” he said, “to hear beforehand the day of this dreadful separation, and tell me of it.”

Unfortunately, Cléry knew nothing, and could say no more to the king.

The 29th, at ten o'clock in the morning, six officers entered the queen's apartment at the moment all the family were united there; they came to bring an order of arrest from the commune, and took from the prisoners paper, ink, pens, and pencils. A search was made, not only in the rooms, but on the persons of the prisoners even.

“When you require anything,” said the spokesman, whose name was Charbonnier, “your valet will descend and write your requests in a register which will remain in the council chamber.”

The king and queen said nothing; they undressed themselves, and gave up for inspection everything they had on them; the princesses and domestics followed their example.

It was then that Cléry, from some words dropped from an officer, heard that the king would be the same evening transferred to the large tower. He told Mme. Elizabeth, who repeated it to the king.

Nothing new transpired till the evening; at each noise, each opening door, the hearts of the prisoners fluttered, and their stretched hands joined in a nervous clasp.

The king remained longer than usual in the queen's apartment. As he was thinking of leaving, the door opened, and six municipal officers, who had been there in the morning, re-entered with a new order of arrest, which was read to the king. It was the official order from the commune for the king's removal to the larger tower.

This time the king's impassibility left him. Where would this new step lead to in this terrible and somber gulf? They were approaching the mysterious and unknown; and they approached it with shuddering and tears.

Their adieus were long and heartrending. Force had to be employed at length to take away the king. Never had the door, closing behind him, resounded with so funereal a sound.

They were so hasty to impose this new trial on the prisoners, that the apartment they took the king to was not finished; all that it contained was a bed and two chairs. The paint and plaster, not yet dry, gave an almost insupportable odor.

The king slept without a complaint. Cléry passed the night near him on a chair.

Cléry rose and dressed the king as usual; then he tried to go to the little tower, to dress the dauphin. He was stopped, and one of the officers, named Veron, said to him:

"You are to have no more communication with the other prisoners; the king will not see his children again."

This time Cléry had not the courage to tell the fatal news to his master.

At nine o'clock the king, who was ignorant of the decision of the commune, asked to be taken to his family.

"We have not received any orders for that," said the commissioners.

The king insisted; but they did not answer him, and retired.

The king remained alone with Cléry, the king sitting down, Cléry leaning against the wall; both were overcome.

Half an hour afterward, two officers entered; a boy from a café followed, bringing the king a piece of bread and a glass of lemonade.

"Gentlemen," asked the king, "can I not dine with my family?"

"We have our orders from the commune," replied one.

"But if I can not descend, can not my valet? He takes care of my children; nothing will prevent, I hope, his continuing to do so."

The king asked for the favor so simply, with so little animosity, that the men, astonished, knew not what to say; his tone, his manner, that resigned look, was so different from what they expected, that it fairly bewildered them. They merely said it did not depend upon them, and left.

Cléry remained motionless near the door, looking at his master with deep anguish. He saw the king take the piece of bread that had been brought, and break it in two; then he offered him one of the pieces.

"My poor Cléry," he said, "it seems they have forgotten your breakfast. Take half of my bread; I will have enough with the other."

Cléry refused; but the king insisting, he took the bread, but could not help bursting into tears.

The king also wept.

At ten o'clock an officer brought the workmen into the apartment; approaching the king, he said, kindly:

"I have just assisted at the breakfast of your family and have a message to say they are all in good health."

The king's heart leaped; this man's pity was more than he had hoped for.

"Thank you," he replied; "and I beseech you to tell my family that I also am well. Meanwhile, can I have some books I left in the queen's apartment? If so, you will confer a favor by sending them to me."

The officer was greatly embarrassed, not knowing how to read. At last he spoke to Cléry, begging him to accompany him, and bring the books the king desired.

Cléry was only too glad; it was a means to carry to the queen news of her husband. Louis XVI. glanced at Cléry; that glance contained a world of meaning.

Cléry found the queen in the room with Mme. Elizabeth and her children. The women wept; the little dauphin began to weep also; but tears are easily wiped away when one is young.

On seeing Cléry enter, the queen, Mme. Elizabeth, and Mme. Royale rose and interrogated him, not by words, but by looks.

The little dauphin ran to him, saying:

"It's my good Cléry!"

Unfortunately, Cléry could only talk in the most reserved manner—two officers had followed him into the room.

But the queen could not contain herself, and, speaking directly to them:

"Oh, gentlemen!" she said, "for mercy's sake, if we can not live with the king, can not we see him a few moments during the day and at meal-time?"

The others did not speak, but clasped their hands.

"Gentlemen," said the dauphin, "let my father come to us, if you please, and I will pray to the good God for you."

The officers looked at them without speaking; that silence brought sobs and moans from the women's hearts.

"Ah, by my faith!" said the one who had spoken to the king, "they will dine together to-day."

"But to-morrow?" said the queen.

"Madame," said the officer, "our actions are in accordance with the decrees of the commune; to-morrow we will do as the commune orders. Is not that your opinion, citizen?" asked the officer of his colleague.

His brother officer nodded.

The queen and the princesses, who had waited for this sign with anxiety, uttered a cry of joy. Marie Antoinette took her two children in her arms, and pressed them against her heart; Mme. Elizabeth, with her hands raised to heaven, thanked God. That unexpected joy, bringing tears and sobs from them, had the aspect of grief.

One of the officers could not retain his tears, and Simon, who was present, cried:

"I believe these silly women will make me cry, too."

Then, speaking to the queen:

"You did not cry thus," he said, "when you assassinated the people on the 10th of August."

"Ah, sir," said the queen, "the people are much mistaken as to our feelings. If they knew us better they would do as you have—cry over us."

Cléry took the books the king asked for, and ascended. He hastened to announce the good news to his master; but the officer also hastened—it is so good to be good!

Dinner was served in the king's apartments; all the family were

there. It was like a fête—they believed in gaining a day they had gained everything.

They had, in fact, gained everything, for nothing more was heard of the arrest from the commune, and the king continued, as in the past, to see his family during the day, and take his meals with them.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MAITRE GAMAIN.

THE same day these things were taking place at the temple, a man dressed in a *carmagnole* and a red bonnet, leaning on a staff that helped him to walk, presented himself at the Ministry of the Interior.

Roland was tolerably accessible; but accessible as he was, he was obliged to have, as if he had been minister of a monarchy instead of a republic, a guard in his ante-chamber. The man with the staff, the *carmagnole*, and the red bonnet was obliged to stop in the ante-chamber before the soldier that barred his passage, asking:

“What do you want, citizen?”

“I want to speak to the citizen minister,” replied the man with the *carmagnole*.

For fifteen days the title of citizen and citizenne had been substituted for monsieur and madame. Soldiers are always soldiers—that is to say, very impertinent personages. We are now speaking of ministers' guardsmen; if we spoke of soldiers in the field, rather than of soldiers on guard-duty, it would be a very different thing. The soldier answered in a patronizing manner:

“My friend, learn one thing: one does not speak in that way to a citizen minister.”

“How, then, do you speak to a citizen minister, citizen soldier?” asked the citizen with the red bonnet.

“They speak to him when they have a letter of audience.”

“I thought all that passed away with the reign of tyrants; but under a republic, where men are all equal, they are not so aristocratic?”

These remarks made the soldier reflect.

“It is not,” continued the man with the red bonnet, the *carmagnole*, and the staff, “it is not pleasant, you see, to come from Versailles to do a favor to a minister, and then not be received by him.”

“You came to be of use to Citizen Roland?”

“A little.”

“What sort of service can you render him?”

“I came to tell him of a conspiracy.”

“Good! we have all the conspiracies by heart.”

“Ah!”

“You came from Versailles for that?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then, you can return to Versailles.”

“All right; I will return; but your minister will be sorry not to have received me.”

“Damn it! that is the rule. Write to him, and return with a letter appointing an audience that will speak for itself.”

"That is your last word?"

"That is my last word."

"It seems to me it is more difficult to see Citoyen Roland than it was His Majesty Louis XVI."

"How is that?"

"I have said all I have to say."

"Go on; what did you say?"

"I said there was a time when - entered the Tuileries as I pleased."

"You?"

"Yes; and for that I had but to mention my name."

"What do you call yourself? The King Frederic William, or the Emperor Francis?"

"No, I am not a tyrant, a slave-dealer; I am simply Nicolas Claude Gamain, a master-workman, a master over all."

"Master of what?"

"Of locksmiths, then. Don't you know Nicolas Claude Gamain, Monsieur Capet's old coppersmith?"

"Ah! what, is it you citoyen, that is—"

"Nicolas Claude Gamain."

"The ex-king's locksmith?"

"His master in copper-work, do you hear, citoyen?"

"That is what I am saying."

"In flesh and blood, it is I."

The soldier looked at his comrades as if to interrogate them; they replied by an affirmative sign.

"Then," said the soldier, "that is another thing."

"What do you mean by another thing?"

"I mean that you will write your name on a piece of paper, and I will send that in to the citoyen minister."

"Write? yes, write; that was my forte before they poisoned me, those brigands; and now it is out of the question. See what arsenic has done for me."

And Gamain showed his twisted legs, his spinal column bent, his hands cramped and crooked as a griffin.

"What! is that the way they have treated you, my poor man?"

"The very way; and that is what I have come to denounce to the citoyen minister, and other things also. As they say they are about bringing that brigand Capet to trial, what I have to say will not perhaps be of loss to the nation under the circumstances."

"All right; sit down there and wait, citoyen; I will send in your name to the citoyen minister."

And the soldier wrote as follows on a piece of paper:

"Claude Nicolas Gamain, an old master-locksmith of the king, asks for an immediate audience on an important revelation."

Then he gave the paper to one of his comrades, whose special mission it was to introduce visitors.

Five minutes after, the soldier returned, saying:

"Follow me, citoyen."

Gamain made such an effort in rising as to bring moans from his lips, then he followed the soldier.

The man led Gamain not into the official cabinet of the Citoyen

Roland, but into the cabinet of the real minister, Citoyenne Roland. It was a small, very simple room, covered with green paper, lighted by a single window, in the embrasure of which Mme. Roland worked. Roland was there before the fire.

The soldier announced Citoyen Nicholas Claude Gamain, and that individual appeared. The master-locksmith had never, in the time of his most robust health and highest fortunes, had very good looks; but the illness to which he had been a prey—an inflammatory rheumatism—while it twisted his limbs and disfigured his face, added nothing, it was apparent, to his looks.

The result was, while the soldier closed the door behind him, never had an honest man—and no one deserved that title better than Roland—as we have said, no honest man with a calm and serene face, ever found himself opposite a scoundrel with a more diabolical visage.

The first feeling the minister experienced was that of profound repugnance. He looked at Gamain from head to foot, and noticing he trembled on his staff, a sentiment of pity for the sufferings of one of his kind—if Gamain could be said to be one of his kind—urged him to say:

“Sit down, citoyen; you appear to be suffering.”

“I should think I was suffering,” said Gamain, sitting down.

“I have been, ever since that Austrian poisoned me.”

At these words, an expression of deep disgust passed over the minister's face; he exchanged a glance with his wife, who sat in the window.

“Is it to denounce this poisoning,” said Roland, “you have come here?”

“For that, and other things.”

“Have you brought proofs?”

“Ah! as for that, you have only to go with me to the Tuileries, and I will show you the wardrobe.”

“What wardrobe?”

“The wardrobe where that wretch hid his treasure. Oh, I ought to have known, when the task was finished, and the Austrian said to me in her deceitful voice, ‘Here, Gamain, you are warm, drink this glass of wine, it will do you good,’ I might have known the wine was poisoned.”

“Poisoned?”

“Yes. I knew beforehand,” said Gamain, with an expression of undying hate, “that the men who assisted kings in concealing their treasures did not live long.”

Roland went to his wife and glanced in her eyes.

“There is something at the bottom of this,” said she. “I remember, now, it is the king's master-locksmith.”

“And that wardrobe?”

“Ask him what that wardrobe was.”

“What it was?” replied Gamain, who had heard. “The devil! I will tell you. It was a wardrobe of iron, with a rim-lock, in which Citoyen Capet hid his gold and papers.”

“How did you know the existence of this wardrobe?”

“Because he sent for me and my companion at Versailles to show me a lock he had made himself.”

"But that wardrobe must have been opened, destroyed, pillaged on the 10th of August."

"Oh," said Gamain, "no danger!"

"What do you mean, there was no danger?"

"No; I defy anybody in the world, except he and I, to find it, or, what is more, open it."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure. As it was at the hour he left the Tuileries, so it is to-day."

"When did you help the king to make this wardrobe?"

"I can not exactly say; but it was three or four months before the departure for Varennes."

"How did this happen? Come—excuse me, my friend, but it looks like such an extraordinary thing to me, that before I go with you to find it, I must ascertain some of the details."

"Oh! those details are easy to give you, Citoyen Minister; I have not forgotten them. Capet sent for me at Versailles; my wife did not want me to go. Poor woman! she had a presentiment. She said to me: 'The king is in a bad position; he will compromise you.' 'But,' I said, 'as he has sent for me about my own affairs—as he is my scholar—I must go.' 'Very well,' she replied; 'there are politics behind it; there are other things to be attended to beside making locks at this time.'"

"Be as brief as you can, my friend. Notwithstanding your wife's advice, you went?"

"Yes; and I should have done better to have followed her advice. I would not be in the condition I am in. But they paid well, those poisoners."

"Well?"

"Ah! to go back to the wardrobe—"

"Yes; my friend, and try not to detain us. All my time belongs to the Republic, and I have very little leisure."

"Then he showed me a rim-lock which did not answer; he made it himself, which proved to me if it had answered he would not have sent for me, the traitor!"

"'He showed me a rim-lock, which would not answer,'" repeated the minister, insisting on maintaining Gamain on the question at issue.

"He said to me: 'Why won't that do, Gamain?' I said: 'Sire, I must examine the lock.' He said: 'You are right.' Then I examined the lock, and said: 'Do you know why the lock will not answer?' 'No,' he said, 'I ask you.' 'Well, it will not do, sire' (they called him 'sire' at that time, the brigand!), 'it is easy to see it will not do—' Do you follow me? you are not so learned as the king in locksmithing; perhaps—you can not understand me—that is to say, I remember now—it was not a rim-lock; it was a chest-lock."

"It makes no difference, my friend," replied Roland; "as I am not as strong in locksmithing as the king, and I do not know the difference between a rim and a chest-lock."

"The difference—I can show you how you can put your finger on it—"

"It is useless. You explained to the king, you said."

"Why the lock would not close. Must I tell you why it would not close?"

"If you please," replied Roland, who began to believe it was better to abandon Gamain to his prolixity.

"Well, it did not close, do you understand, because the key-bit of the lock caught on the great wheel, the great wheel describing a portion of its circle; but when it arrived there, as it was not cut on a true angle, it could not recoil alone; that is all. You understand me, do you not? The course of the wheel was six inches, and it should have been but one. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly!" replied Roland, who did not understand one word.

"That is my fault," said the king (that title was still given to that infamous tyrant); "well, Gamain, do what I did not know how to accomplish—thou, my master." "Oh! not only your master, sire, but master over everything."

"So well?"

"So well that I put myself to the task, while Monsieur Capet talked with my boy, whom I always suspected of being an aristocrat in disguise; at the end of ten minutes it was finished. Then I went down with the iron door, in which was the lock, and I said: 'Here it is, sire!' 'Very well, Gamain,' he said; 'come with me!' He went first, I following; he led me first into a sleeping apartment, then into a dark corridor which led from his alcove to the dauphin's chamber; it was so dark, they lighted a candle. The king said to me: 'Hold this candle, Gamain, and light me.' Then he raised a panel of the wood-work in which was a round hole about two feet in diameter at the opening; then, as he remarked my astonishment: 'I made this stronghold to contain money,' he said to me; 'now you see, Gamain, you must close the opening with this iron door.' 'That won't take long,' I replied; 'the bolts and lock are both there.' I closed the door; I had only to push it, to make it close itself; then putting the panel in place, no closets, no door, no locks were to be seen."

"And do you think, my friend," asked Roland, "that this wardrobe had no other aim but for a money-chest, and that the king took all this pains to hide silver?"

"Wait a minute; it was a trap—he thought himself very clever, the tyrant; but I was as clever as he. This is what happened: 'Now,' he said, 'Gamain, help me to count the money I want to hide in this stronghold.' And we counted thus two millions in double louis, which we divided in four leather bags; but while I was counting his gold, I saw out of the corner of my eye, his valet, who put in papers, and papers, and papers, and I said: 'Good! this little stronghold, it is to inclose papers; the money is for appearance's sake.'"

"What do you think of that, Madeleine?" asked Roland of his wife, leaning toward her in such a manner that this time Gamain did not hear.

"I think this revelation is of the highest importance, and there is not an instant to lose."

Roland rang.

An officer appeared.

"Have you a carriage ready in the court of the hotel?" he asked.

"Yes, citizen."

"Have it brought around."

Gamain rose.

"Ah!" he said, vexed, "it seems you have had enough of me?"

"Why?" asked Roland.

"Because you called your carriage—ministers then have carriages under the Republic?"

"My friend," replied Roland, "ministers have carriages at all times; a carriage is not a luxury for a minister; it is an economy."

"An economy of what?"

"Of time—that is to say, the most precious commodity there is in the world."

"Then, must I return again?"

"What for?"

"Damn it! to take you to the stronghold where the treasure is."

"It is useless."

"Why useless?"

"Because I sent for the carriage to go there."

"To go where?"

"To the Tuileries."

"We are going there, then?"

"Right away."

"Good!"

"But first," said Roland.

"What?" asked Gamain.

"The key."

"What key?"

"The key of the stronghold. It is not likely Louis XVI. left it in the door."

"Oh! certainly not; it is not likely he is as foolish as he looks, that big Capet."

"Now, then, take your tools."

"For what?"

"To open the wardrobe."

Gamain took an entirely new key from his pocket.

"What is that?" he asked.

"A key."

"The key of the stronghold, that I made from memory; I studied it well, thinking one day—"

"That man is a great wretch," said Mme. Roland to her husband.

"You think—" he asked, with hesitation.

"I think we have no right, in our position, to refuse any recompense that fortune sends us in the search of truth."

"That is so, that is so!" said Gamain, radiant, flourishing the key.

"And you think," asked Roland, with a disgust he found impossible to hide, "you think this key, made from memory, after eighteen months, will open an iron closet?"

"The first trial, I am almost sure," said Gamain.

"It is not every one who is master over all."

"The carriage of the citizen minister waits," said an officer.

"Shall I go with you?" asked Mme. Roland.

"Certainly; if there are any papers, I shall confide them to you are you not better than the most honest man I know?"

Then, turning toward Gamain:

"Come, my friend," said Roland to him.

And Gamain followed him, grumbling:

"Ah! I said I would be revenged for that, Monsieur Capet."

That?—what was that?

The good the king had done him.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE RETREAT OF THE PRUSSIANS.

WHILE Citoyen Roland's carriage rolled toward the Tuileries; while Gamain found the hidden panel in the wall; while, notwithstanding the terrible promise that he made, the key manufactured from memory opened the iron closet with marvelous ease; while the iron closet gave up the fatal deposit that had been placed there— notwithstanding the absence of the papers confided to Mme. Campan by the king himself—which was to have so cruel an influence over the destiny of the prisoner at the temple; while Roland carried these papers home, read them one by one, weighed and balanced them, uselessly looking among all these manuscripts for a trace of the treason so denounced by Danton, this was what the late Minister of Justice was about:

We say the late Minister of Justice, because, the convention once installed, Danton had nothing more important than to send in his resignation. He ascended the tribune, and said:

"Before expressing my opinion on the first decree given by the convention, allow me permission to resign the office delegated to me by the Legislative Assembly. I have received a notice from the seat of war; the junction of the armies is made, the junction of the representative is in operation. I am but the mouth-piece of the people, and it is in that capacity that I speak."

At these words, "The junction of the armies is made," Danton might have added, "and the Prussians are beaten;" for he said this on the 21st of September, and on the 20th the battle of Valmy had taken place; but Danton did not know it. He contented himself by saying:

"Let us cast away those vain phantoms of dictatorship employed to frighten the people; declare that there is but one constitution. Until to-day they have fought for it; we must watch against the tyrant; meanwhile, let the laws be as terrible against those who violate them as the people have been in overthrowing tyranny. May all the guilty be punished! Down with all exaggeration; proclaim that all territorial and industrial property will be maintained forever!"

Danton, with his usual skill, answered in few words the two great fears of France. France feared for her liberty and her property; and, strange to say, those who feared most for their property were those new proprietors who had, as it were, bought yesterday, and owed for three quarters of their acquisition; it was these who had become conservative rather than the ancient nobility, than the

ancient aristocracy, than the ancient land-holders; the latter preferred their lives to their immense domains, and the proof was they had abandoned their riches to save their lives; while the peasants, the acquirers of national wealth, recent proprietors, preferred their little spot of earth to their lives, watched over it gun in hand, and nothing in the world would have induced them to emigrate. Danton understood that; he understood that it was well to reassure not only those who had been recent land owners, but also those who would become such to-morrow; for the great idea of the revolution was this:

“All Frenchmen should be land-owners; proprietorship does not always make a man better, but it makes him more dignified, in making him feel his own independence”

The entire spirit of the revolution was contained in Danton's last words: “Abolish all dictatorship; preserve all proprietorship; that is to say—no more changes; a man has a right to govern himself; but a man has a right to protect the results of his free toil.”

And who was it said this? The man of the 20th of June, the 10th of August, and the 2d of September; that giant of tempests, that pilot who threw in the sea those two anchors of the nation's salvation—liberty and proprietorship.

The Girondists did not understand; the honest Girondists had an invincible repugnance for the—what shall we say?—for the too easy Danton; we have seen they had refused the dictatorship to him when he asked them after preventing the massacre.

A Girondist rose, and, instead of applauding the man of genius who had just thundered forth the two great fears of France, he cried to Danton:

“Whoever tries to protect any property, compromises it; to touch it, even to save it, is to destroy it. Proprietorship is below everything else.”

The convention passed these two decrees:

“There can be no constitution, unless it is adopted by the people.”

“The safety of person and property is under the surveillance of the nation.”

It was, and it was not. Nothing is more terrible in politics than “nearly.”

Thus Danton's resignation was accepted. But the man who considered himself strong enough to take, on his own responsibility, the 2d of September; that is to say, the fright of Paris, the hatred of the provinces, the execration of the world, that man was certainly most powerful.

In fact, he held, at the same time, the threads of diplomacy, war, and the police force.

Dumouriez, and, consequently, the army, he held in his hand.

The news of the victory at Valmy arrived at Paris, and was the cause of great rejoicing. It had arrived on eagle wings, and they looked upon it with much more importance than there was any occasion for.

The result was, France ascended into supreme audacity; the clubs breathed only war and battle.

“Why, if the King of Prussia was vanquished—why was he not

a prisoner, bound, garroted, or more or less dismantled on the other side of the Rhine?"

This is what they said out loud.

Then they whispered:

" 'Tis very plain. Dumouriez has betrayed us. He has been bought by the Prussians!"

Dumouriez received already his recompense for great service—ingratitude.

The King of Prussia did not regard himself as beaten. He had attacked the Heights of Valmy, and had not taken them; that was all. Each army had kept its own camp. The French, who, since the beginning of the campaign, had constantly retreated, pursued by panics, by defeats, by reverses, this time had done well, gaining nothing, and losing nothing. As for the losses, both sides were nearly equal.

This was what they did not dare to say in Paris, France, or Europe, so much we needed a grand victory; but that was what Dumouriez made Westerman tell Danton. The Prussians were so far from being vanquished, that twelve days after Valmy they were still immovable in their camp.

Dumouriez had written to know, in case the King of Prussia made proposals, if he was to treat with him. This demand had two answers: one from the minister, haughty, official, dictated by the enthusiasm of victory; the other, wise and calm, but from Danton alone.

The letter from the minister took high ground. It said:

"The Republic will not treat with the enemy until they have evacuated the territory."

That of Danton's said:

"Provided the Prussians evacuate the territory, make any terms you choose."

Holding a parley was not an easy thing with the King of Prussia in his state of mind; the same time the news of the victory of Valmy arrived in Paris, the news of the abolition of royalty and the proclamation of the Republic reached Valmy. The King of Prussia was furious.

The consequences of this invasion, undertaken to save the King of France, and which so far had resulted, on the 10th of August, the 2d and 21st of September, or, in other words, the captivity of the king, the massacre of the nobles, and abolition of royalty, had the effect of throwing Frederic William in the utmost fury; he was anxious to fight at any cost, and gave orders for a battle without quarter on the 29th of September.

He was very far, as will be seen, from abandoning the Republic.

Instead of a combat on the 29th, there was a council. Dumouriez was prepared for every emergency. Brunswick, very insolent in his language, was prudent enough when it was a question of proving facts; in fact, Brunswick was more English than German; he had married a sister of the Queen of England; it was more from London than Berlin that he received advices. If England wanted to fight, he would fight with two arms—one arm for Prussia, the other for England; but if the English, his masters, did not draw the sword from the scabbard, he was equally ready to replace his

On the 29th Brunswick produced, at the council, letters from England and Holland refusing to join in the coalition. Besides, Custine had marched on the Rhine and was threatening Coblenz. Coblenz taken, the door of Prussia would be closed against Frederic William's return.

Besides, there was something much more serious than all that. The King of Prussia had a mistress, the Countess of Lichtenau. She had followed the army like every one else—like Goethe, who had sketched, in his Prussian majesty's camp-wagon, the first scenes of his Faust—she was counting on the famous military parade; she wanted to see Paris.

While waiting, she stopped at Spa. There she learned of the march to Valmy, the dangers her royal lover had run. She was supremely afraid of two things, this beautiful countess: the bullets of the French and the smiles of the French; she wrote letters upon letters; the postscripts of these letters, that is to say, the *résumés* of them, was ever the word "return."

The King of Prussia was only restrained to tell the truth in his position from shame of abandoning Louis XVI. All these considerations weighed upon him; only the most powerful were the tears of his mistress, and the danger Coblenz was in. He no longer insisted on their giving Louis XVI. his liberty. Danton hastened to send him, by Westerman, all the decrees of the commune, showing the prisoner was surrounded by kind treatment. That satisfied the King of Prussia; they saw it was not very difficult to appease him. His friends assert that before leaving he made Dumouriez and Danton promise to save the king's life; nothing, however, proves that assertion.

The 29th of September, the Prussian army put themselves in retreat, and made one mile; on the 30th, another mile

They were escorted by the French army, as if closing the horrors of the country in escorting them. Every moment our soldiers wanted to attack them, cut off their retreat, at the risk of being left food for the beasts, or having their heads thrown to the dogs. Danton's soldiers held them back.

All Danton wanted was the Prussians to leave France.

The 22d of October, that patriotic desire was accomplished.

The 6th of November, the cannon of Jemmapes announced the judgment of God upon the French revolution.

On the 7th, the Girondists began the king's trial. Something of the same nature took place six weeks before; the 20th of September Dumouriez gained the battle of Valmy; on the 21st the Republic was proclaimed.

Each victory was in some way its own coronation, and pushed France a step further in the revolution. This time it was a terrible step. They were approaching the end, as yet unknown, to which they had been for the last three years marching like blind men; as in nature, one begins as they advance to distinguish the contours of things, where before had been only the masses.

What was that looming up on the horizon? A scaffold! and at the foot of the scaffold, the king!

In this entirely material epoch, where the inferior instincts of hate, destruction, and vengeance dominate over the elevated ideas

of superior minds; where a man like Danton, that is to say, who takes into his own keeping the bloody days of September, is accused of being the leader of indulgents, it is difficult for the idea to prevail over the fact. What the convention did not understand, or what was only understood among a few, some from reasoning, others instinctively, was that the trial should have been for royalty, and not the king!

Royalty itself was a somber abstraction, a threatening mystery, whom no one wanted longer; an idol gilded in front, but like the whitened sepulcher of which Christ speaks, full of dust and worms within.

But the king was a different thing; the king was a man; a man not interesting in the days of his prosperity, but misfortune had purified him, captivity had ennobled him; his feelings had developed in his disgrace. It was the same with the queen; the experience of adversity was such, that either through a premonition or repentance, that poor prisoner in the temple had learned at last not to like with a love—that poor broken heart had lost all that it had ever contained of love, as a vase, broken, loses its contents drop by drop—but at least to respect, to adore in the religious sense of the word, that king, that man, whose material appetites, whose vulgar instincts, had so often caused her to blush for him.

One day, the king entering the queen's apartment, found her occupied in sweeping the dauphin's room, who was sick.

He stopped on the threshold, let his head fall on his breast, then, with a sigh:

"Oh, madame!" he said, "what a task for the Queen of France! If they could see at Vienna what you are doing here! Who would have said in uniting yourself to me that I would have made you descend so low?"

"And do you think it nothing," replied Marie Antoinette, "to have the glory of being the wife of the best and most persecuted of men?"

That was what the queen replied, and without a witness, not imagining she was overheard by a poor valet de chambre, who had followed the king; who remembered the words that, like black pearls, were to make a diadem, not for the king's head, but the already condemned one.

Another day it was Mme. Elizabeth that Louis XVI. saw cutting, in default of scissors, with her beautiful enameled teeth, the thread with which she was mending the queen's robe.

"Poor sister!" he said, "what a contrast with that pretty little house at Montrieux, where you lacked for nothing!"

"Ah! my brother, can I regret anything when I am sharing your misfortunes?" replied the devoted woman.

And all this was known; all this spread abroad; all this embroidered, in arabesques of gold, the dark legend of the martyr.

Royalty struck with death, but the guarded king living, was, in itself, a powerful, a grand idea; so grand, that it only entered the heads of few men, and hardly entered then—as it would have been unwise did they dare to explain it.

"A nation requires to be saved; but it does not require to be avenged!" said Danton to the Cordeliers.

"Certainly, the king must be brought to trial," said Gregoire, at the convention; "but he has shown himself so far below contempt, there is no room for hate."

Paine wrote:

"I want the process to be made out, not against Louis XVI., but against the band of kings; of those individuals we have one in our power; he has put us on the track of a general conspiracy—Louis XVI. is very useful to demonstrate to every one the necessity of revolutions."

Thus, lofty minds like Thomas Paine, and noble hearts like Danton and Gregoire, were agreed on this point; there must be, not a trial of the king, but a trial of kings, and it would be necessary in this trial to call Louis XVI. as a witness. The French Republic—the majority—were about to proceed in their own and the nation's name against royalty, that is to say, the minority. France thus would sit, not as a terrestrial judge, but as a divine arbiter; she would soar among celestial spheres; no longer will her pleadings reach the throne splashed with mud and blood; she will fall upon the kings like a thunder-bolt. Imagine such public proceedings, supported by proofs, began by Catherine II., her husband's murderer, and the executioner of Poland; imagine the details of that monstrous life brought to the light of day as was Mme. de Lamballe's corpse; see the Pasiphæ du Nord chained to the pillory of public opinion, and say what would be the result in instructing the people by such a process?

As for the rest, it is well, in that it is not yet done, that it is yet to be accomplished.

CHAPTER LX.

THE TRIAL.

THE papers in the iron safe delivered up by Gamain—to whom the convention awarded twelve hundred livres pension for life for this work—the papers in the iron safe, purified by the sorting out of those which we have seen Louis XVI. give to Mme. Campan; these papers, we say, to the great disappointment of M. and Mme. Roland, contained nothing against Dumouriez and Danton. They compromised, above all, the king and the priests. They denounced that sour, narrow, ungrateful spirit of Louis XVI., which hated only those who had wished to save him—Necker, Lafayette, Mirabeau. There was nothing in them against the Gironde.

The debate upon the *procès* commenced the 13th of November.

Who opened this terrible debate? Who made himself sword-bearer of the "Mountain?" Who hovered over the somber assembly like the angel of extermination?

A young man, or rather a child of twenty-four years, sent before the required age to the convention, and whom we have already seen appear several times in this history.

He was a native of one of the roughest districts of France, of Nièvre. In him was that sharp and bitter sap which makes, if not great men, at least dangerous men. He was the son of an old soldier, whom twenty years of service had raised to the cross of St.

Louis, ennobled, consequently, with the title of chevalier. He was born gloomy, heavy, grave. His family had a little property in the department of Aisne, at Blèrancourt, near Noyou, and lived in a modest residence, which was far from being the golden mean of the Latin poet. Sent to Reims to study law, he paid little attention to his studies there, and composed a licentious poem in the style of "Orlando Furioso" and "La Pucelle," published unsuccessfully in 1789. This poem was republished, without greater success, in 1792.

He made haste to leave his province, and came to Camille Desmoulins, the brilliant journalist, who held in his closed hands the future reputations of the unknown poets. The latter, a sublime gamin, full of wit, saw one day enter his room a supercilious scholar, full of pretensions and pathos, with slow and measured words, falling, one by one, like drops of freezing water, which pierce the rocks, and that from the mouth of a woman. As to the rest of his face, there were eyes blue, fixed, hard, and strongly marked with black eyebrows; a complexion white, but rather sickly than pure. His residence at Reims might have given to the law student the scrofulous malady that kings have the pretension to cure on the day of their coronation; a chin, losing itself in an enormous cravat, tied tight around the neck, when every one wore them loose and fluttering, as if to give the hangman every facility; a torso, rigid, automatic, ridiculous as a machine, if it did not become terrible as a specter: all this, crowned with a forehead so low, that the hair descended to the eyes.

Camille Desmoulins saw one day this strange figure enter his house.

The young man read his verses to him, and told him, among other social thoughts, that the world had been empty since the Romans.

The verses seemed bad to Camille, the thought seemed to him artificial; he laughed at the philosopher, he laughed at the poet; and the poet-philosopher came back to his solitude of Blèrancourt. "Striking down à la Tarquin," said Michelet, the great portraitist of this king of men, "the poppies with a stick, in one perhaps Desmoulins, in the other Danton."

The opportunity came to him, however: the opportunity never fails certain men. His village, his market-town, his little city, Blèrancourt, was threatened with the loss of a market which kept it alive; without knowing Robespierre, the young man wrote to Robespierre, prayed him to press the communal demand which he transmitted to him, offering him, besides, to give, to be sold for the benefit of the nation, his like property, that is to say, all that he possessed.

This, which made Camille Desmoulins laugh, made Robespierre think; he sent for the young fanatic, studied him, recognized him to be of the temper of those men with whom revolutions are made, and by his credit with the Jacobins, had him named a member of the convention, although by no means of the requisite age. The president of the electoral corps, Jean de Bry, protested, and in protesting, sent the baptismal record of the newly elected member. The latter was, in fact, only twenty-four years and three months

old; but under the influence of Robespierre this objection disappeared.

It was this young man to whom Robespierre came on the night of the 2d of September; it was this young man who slept when Robespierre slept not. This young man was St. Just.

"St. Just," said Camille Desmoulins, "do you know what Danton says about you?"

"No."

"He says that you carry your head very steady."

A wan smile appeared on the feminine mouth of the young man.

"Well," said he, "I will make him carry his like a St. Denis!"

And he kept his word.

St. Just descended slowly from the "Mountain;" he slowly mounted the tribune, and slowly asked for death. We are mistaken. He *ordered* death.

It was an atrocious speech which was made by this handsome, pale young man, with the lips of a woman. Dignify him who will; paint him who can—we have not the courage.

"We must not try the king at length; we must kill him!"

"We must kill him, for there are no laws by which to try him; he himself has destroyed them.

"We must kill him as an enemy; we only try citizens. To try the tyrant, we must first make him a citizen.

"We must kill him, as a culprit taken in flagrante delicto, his hands in the blood. Royalty, besides, is an eternal crime. A king is outside of nature; between people and king there is no natural relation."

He spoke thus for an hour, without animation, without heat, with the voice of a rhetorician, with the gestures of a pedant; and at the end of each phrase recurred these words, which fell with a singular weight, and which produced among the auditory a shock like that of the knife of the guillotine: "We must kill him!"

This speech caused a terrible sensation; there was not one of the judges who did not feel the coldness of the steel penetrating to his heart! Robespierre himself was frightened to see his disciple, his pupil, plant so strongly beyond the most advanced republican outposts the bloody flag of the revolution.

From that time not only was the trial resolved upon, but also Louis XVI. was condemned.

To try to save the king was to devote one to death.

Danton had this idea, but not this courage; he had patriotism enough to lay claim to the name of assassin, but he had not stoicism enough to accept that of traitor.

On the 11th of December the trial began. Three days before, a municipal officer had presented himself at the temple at the head of a deputation of the commune, and had entered the king's apartment, then had read to the prisoners a decree ordering to be taken from them their knives, razors, scissors, penknives—in fine, all sharp instruments of which prisoners are deprived when condemned to death.

In the interval, Mme. Cléry having come, accompanied by a friend, to see her husband, the valet de chambre, was as usual sent down to the council chamber; there he commenced talking to his

wife, who pretended to give him, in a loud voice, the details of their domestic affairs; but while she was speaking in a loud tone, her friend was saying in a low voice:

"On Tuesday next they bring the king to the convention. The trial is about to begin. The king will be permitted to have counsel; all this is certain."

The king had forbidden Cléry to conceal anything from him; had as the news was, the faithful servitor resolved to communicate it to his master. Consequently, in the evening, while undressing him, he repeated to him the words we have just reported, adding that, during the whole course of the trial, the commune had the intention of separating him from his family.

Four days then remained for Louis XVI. to consort with the queen.

He thanked Cléry for his fidelity in keeping his word.

"Continue," said he to him, "to seek to discover something as to what they wish to do with me; do not fear afflicting me. I have agreed with my family not to appear informed in the least, so as not to compromise you."

But the nearer the day of the trial approached the more mistrustful the municipal officers became. Cléry had, therefore, no other news to give to the prisoners than that which was contained in a newspaper sent to him; this newspaper published the decree ordering that, on the 11th of December, Louis XVI. should appear at the bar of the convention.

On the 11th of December, at five o'clock in the morning, the general call was beaten by the drums all over Paris; the gates of the temple were opened, and cavalry and cannon were sent into the court-yards. If the royal family had been in ignorance of what was to happen, they would have been greatly alarmed by such a din; they feigned, however, to be ignorant of the cause, and asked explanations of the commissioners on duty, who refused to give any.

At nine o'clock, the king and the dauphin went up to breakfast in the apartment of the princesses; one last hour was passed together, but under the eyes of the municipal officers; at the end of one hour they were obliged to separate and to lock up everything in their hearts upon separating, as they were supposed to know nothing.

The dauphin himself, in fact, knew nothing; they had spared this grief to his youth. He insisted upon having a game of siam; all preoccupied, as he must have been, the king wished to afford this distraction to his son.

The dauphin lost all the games, and three times stopped at number sixteen.

"Detestable number sixteen!" he cried; "I believe that it brings me bad luck."

The king made no response, but the expression struck him as a bad omen.

At eleven o'clock, while he was giving the dauphin his reading lesson, two municipal officers entered, announcing that they had come for the young Louis to take him to his mother; the king wished to know the motive of this kind of abduction; the commis-

sioners contented themselves with answering, that they were executing the order of the council of the communes. The king embraced his son and charged Cléry to take him to his mother.

Cléry obeyed and returned.

"Where have you left my son?" demanded the king.

"In the arms of the queen, sire," answered Cléry.

One of the commissioners reappeared.

"Monsieur," said he to Louis XVI., "Citizen Chambon, Mayor of Paris (he was the successor of Petion), is at the council and is about to come up."

"What does he wish of me?" asked the king.

"I do not know," answered the officer.

He went out, leaving the king alone.

The king walked for a moment rapidly across the room, then sat down in an arm-chair at the head of his bed.

The municipal officer had retired with Cléry to the room adjoining, and said to the valet de chambre:

"I dare not go into the prisoner's room again, for fear he will question me."

However, such a silence prevailed in the king's room, that the commissioner was alarmed at it. He entered softly, and found Louis XVI., his head resting on his hands, and appearing profoundly preoccupied.

At the noise of the door turning on its hinges the king raised his head, and in a loud tone asked:

"What do you wish of me?"

"I feared," answered the officer, "that you were ill."

"I am obliged to you," said the king; "no, I am not ill; only, the manner in which my son was taken away from me has greatly affected me."

The officer retired.

The mayor did not make his appearance until one o'clock; he was accompanied by the new attorney-general of the commune, Chaumette, by Secretary-Clerk Coulombeau, by several municipal officers, and by Santerre, himself accompanied by his aids-de-camp.

The king rose.

"What do you wish of me, monsieur?" demanded he, addressing the mayor.

"I have come to seek you, monsieur," answered the latter, "by virtue of a decree of the convention, which the secretary clerk will now read to you." In fact, the secretary unrolled a paper and read:

"Decree of the National Convention, which orders that Louis Capet—"

At this word the king interrupted the reader.

"Capet is not my name at all," said he; "it is the name of one of my aucestors."

Then, as the secretary wished to continue the reading:

"It is useless, monsieur. I have read the decree in a newspaper," said the king.

And turning to the commissioners:

"I would have desired," added he, "that my son might have been left me during the two hours that I have passed waiting for

you; out of two cruel hours you would have made for me two most sweet hours. Besides, this treatment is a continuation of that which I have experienced for the last four months. I shall follow you, not to obey the convention, but because my enemies have the power to compel me at their disposal."

"Then come, monsieur," said Chambon.

"I only ask time to put on an overcoat. Cléry, my overcoat."

Cléry passed to the king the overcoat which he asked for, and which was hazel colored. Chambon went out first; the king followed him. At the bottom of the stairs the prisoner saw with uneasiness the guns, the pikes, and, above all, the troop of horsemen in sky-blue, of whose formation he was ignorant; then he cast a last look upon the town, and they took their departure.

It was raining.

The king was in a carriage, and made the journey with a calm face.

Passing before the Porte St. Martin and St. Denis, he asked which of the two it was proposed to demolish. At the threshold of the Manege, Santerre placed his hand upon his shoulder and conducted him to the bar, to the same place and same chair where he had sworn to the Constitution.

All the deputies remained seated at the moment of the entry of the king; one alone, when he passed before him, arose and bowed. The king, astonished, turned and recognized Gilbert.

"Good-day, Monsieur Gilbert," said he.

Then to Santerre:

"You know Monsieur Gilbert," said he; "he was formerly my physician; you will bear him no ill will, I hope, for having bowed to me?"

The examination commenced.

There the prestige of misfortune commenced to disappear before publicity; not only did the king answer the questions that were put to him, but he even answered them badly—hesitating, shuffling, denying, chicaning his life, as a provincial lawyer would have done pleading a question of a party wall.

Broad daylight did not suit the poor king. The examination lasted until five o'clock. At five o'clock Louis XVI. was conducted to the Salle des Conférences, where he waited for his carriage. The mayor approached him:

"Are you hungry, monsieur?" asked he, "and will you take something?"

"I thank you," said the king, with a gesture of refusal. But almost immediately afterward, seeing a grenadier take a piece of bread from his bag and give half of it to the attorney-general of the commune, Chaumette, he approached the latter:

"Will you be kind enough to give me a piece of your bread, monsieur?" he asked.

But as he had spoken in a low tone, Chaumette drew back.

"Speak up—loud! monsieur," said he to him.

"Oh! I can speak loud," replied the king, with a sad smile; "I ask for a piece of bread."

"Willingly," answered Chaumette.

And holding out his bread:

"Here, cut!" said he; "this is a Spartan repast; if I had a root, I would give you the half of it."

They went down into the court-yard.

At the sight of the king, the crowd took up the refrain of the 'Marseillaise,' dwelling with emphasis upon this verse:

"Qu'un sang impur abreve nos sillons!"

"Let an impure blood water our fields!"

Louis XVI. paled slightly, and re-entered the carriage.

There, he commenced to eat, but only the crust of his bread; the inside remained in his hand, and with this he did not know what to do.

The substitute of the attorney-general of the commune took it in his hands and threw it out of the carriage window.

"Ah! that is bad," said the king, "to throw it away like that; above all, at a time when it is so scarce."

"And how do you know that it is scarce?" said Chaumette; "you yourself have never wanted for it."

"I know that it is scarce, because that which they gave me tasted a little of the ground."

"My grandmother," replied Chaumette, "was always saying to me, 'Little boy, you must never lose a crumb of bread, for you will never be able to make another in its place.'"

"Monsieur Chaumette," said the king, "your grandmother was, it appears to me, a woman of great good sense."

A silence ensued. Chaumette was mute in the back of the carriage.

"What is the matter with you, monsieur?" asked the king; "you are growing pale."

"In fact," answered Chaumette, "I do not feel well."

"Perhaps it is the rolling of the carriage?" asked the king.

"Perhaps, indeed!"

"Have you been at sea?"

"I served with La Motte Picquet."

"La Motte Picquet," said the king, "was a brave man."

And, on his part, he kept silence.

Of what was he dreaming? Of his fine navy, victorious in India; of his port of Cherbourg, conquered from the ocean; of his splendid uniform of admiral, red and gold, so different from that which he wore at that moment; of those cannons howling joy at his passing in the days of his prosperity?

He was far from there, poor King Louis XVI., jolted in a miserable, slow hackney coach, cleaving before him the waves of the people, who crowded to see him, an infectious and rough sea, whose tide rose from the sinks of Paris; blinking his eyes at the broad daylight, with his long, thin beard, of a dull blonde, and his shrunken cheeks hanging upon his wrinkled neck; clothed in a gray suit and a hazel-coloured overcoat and saying, with the automatic memory of children and of Bourbons: "Ah! there is such a street—and there such a street—and there such a street."

When they arrived at the Rue d'Orleans:

"Ah!" said he, "there is the Rue d'Orleans."

"Say the Rue Egalite" (Equality Street), said one of them.

“ Ah! ” said he, “ on account of Monsieur— ”
 He did not finish, but relapsed into silence, and from the Rue de l'Egalite to the temple did not utter a single word.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE LEGEND OF THE MARTYR KING.

THE first care of the king, upon his arrival, had been to ask to be conducted to his family; he was told there were no orders on that subject.

Louis understood that, like every convict who was undergoing a trial for his life, he was in close confinement.

“ Inform, at least, my family of my return, ” said he.

Then, without paying any attention to the four municipal officers who surrounded him, he began his customary reading.

The king had one hope left: that at the supper hour his family would come up to him.

He waited in vain; no one appeared.

“ I suppose, however, ” said he, “ that my son will pass the night with me, since his things are here. ”

Alas! the prisoner had no longer, with regard to his son, that certainty which he affected to have.

He received no more answers to this questions than he had to the others.

“ Come, ” said the king, “ let us go to bed, then. ”

Cléry undressed him as usual.

“ Oh, Cléry! ” murmured he, “ I was far from expecting the questions which they put to me. ”

And, in fact, almost all questions put to the king had their source in the iron safe; and the king, ignorant of Gamain's treason, had no suspicion that the iron safe had been discovered.

Nevertheless, he went to bed, and was scarcely in bed before he slept with that tranquillity of which he had already given so many proofs, and which, under certain circumstances, one might take for lethargy.

It was not the same with the other prisoners; this absolute close confinement was for them frightfully significant; it was the close confinement of the condemned.

As the dauphin had his bed and his clothes in the king's room, the queen put the child in her own bed, and all the night, standing at the head of the bed, watched him sleeping.

She was so dejected in her grief, this pose resembled so much that of the statue of a mother at the tomb of her son, that Mme. Elizabeth and Mme. Royale resolved to pass the night on chairs at the side of the standing queen; but the officers intervened and forced the two women to lie down.

The next day, for the first time, the queen addressed a prayer to her guardians.

She asked for two things: to see the king, and to receive the newspapers, so as to be kept informed of the progress of the trial.

They carried these requests before the council.

One was refused completely—that of the newspapers; the other was half granted.

The queen could no longer see her husband, nor the sister her brother; but the children could see their father on condition of not seeing their mother nor their aunt.

The king was informed of this ultimatum.

He reflected an instant; then, with his accustomed resignation:

"Well," said he, "whatever happiness I feel in seeing my children, I will renounce. The grand business which occupies me would prevent me, besides, from consecrating to them the time which they need. The children will remain with their mother."

After this answer the bed of the dauphin was put in his mother's room, who, in her turn, only quitted her children when she went to be condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, as the king had gone to be condemned by the convention.

It was necessary to devise some means of communication in spite of this close confinement.

It was again Cléry who charged himself with organizing the correspondence, with the aid of a servitor of the princesses, named Turgy.

Turgy and Cléry met each other going and coming in the discharge of their duties, but the surveillance of the municipal officers rendered all conversation between them difficult. The only words which they could exchange were confined to these: "The king is well," "The queen, the princesses, and the children are well."

However, one day Turgy delivered a little note to Cléry.

"Madame Elizabeth slipped this into my hand while returning a napkin to me," said he to his colleague.

Cléry ran to carry the note to the king.

It was traced with pricks of a pin; for a long time the princesses had neither ink, pens, nor paper. It contained these two lines:

"We are well, brother. Write to us in your turn."

The king answered; for since the opening of the trial, he had been allowed pens, ink, and paper. Then giving the letter, open, to Cléry:

"Read it, my dear Cléry," said he to him, "and you will see that this note contains nothing which can compromise you."

Cléry respectfully refused to read it, and pushed back the hand of the king with a blush.

Ten minutes afterward Turgy had the answer.

The same day, the latter, while passing Cléry's room, rolled through the partly opened door of that room, under the bed, a ball of thread; this ball of thread covered a second note of Mme. Elizabeth.

A plan was agreed upon.

Cléry rewound the thread around the king's note, and concealed the ball in the closet for dishes. Turgy found it and put the answer in the same place.

The same maneuvers were repeated for several days; only, each time that his valet de chambre gave him some new proof of his fidelity or of his address in this business, the king shook his head, saying:

"Take care, my friend, you are exposing yourself."

The means were indeed too precarious. Cléry sought another.

The commissioners sent to the king his candles in packages tied up with strings. Cléry carefully preserved these strings, and when he had a sufficient quantity of them, he announced to the king that he had the means of rendering his correspondence more active; this was to pass his string to Mme. Elizabeth. Mme. Elizabeth, who slept below him, and who had a window corresponding vertically to that of a little corridor adjoining Cléry's room, could, during the night, fasten her letters to this string, and by the same means receive those of the king. A revolving shade masked each window, and would prevent the letters from falling in the garden.

Besides, by this same string, pens, paper, and ink could be let down, which would enable the princess to dispense with writing with pin points. It was thus permitted to the prisoners to have news every day; the princesses of the king, the king of the princesses and of his son.

As to the rest, the position of Louis XVI. had grown morally much worse since he had appeared before the convention.

Two things were generally believed: either that, following the example of Charles I., whose history he knew well, the king would refuse to answer the convention, or that if he did answer, would answer haughtily, proudly, in the name of royalty, not as an accused who is undergoing a trial, but as a knight who accepts the challenge and picks up the gauntlet of battle.

Unfortunately for him, Louis XVI. was not of a nature royal enough to fix upon one or the other of these two sides.

He answered badly, timidly, awkwardly, as we have already said, and feeling that with all his papers in the hands of his enemies he was being ruined, poor Louis ended by demanding counsel.

After a tumultuous deliberation, which followed the departure of the king, counsel was granted.

The next day, four members of the convention, appointed commissioners for that purpose, went to ask the accused who was the counsel chosen by him.

"Monsieur Target," he answered.

The commissioners retired, and M. Target was informed of the honor the king had done him.

Unheard of thing! this man—a man of great ability, an old member of the Constituante, one of those who had taken the most active part in drawing up the Constitution—this man was afraid.

He refused, like a coward, growing pale with fear before his century, to redden with shame before posterity.

But the next day, after the king had appeared, the president of the convention received this letter:

"CITIZEN PRESIDENT,—I do not know whether the convention will give Louis XVI. a counsel to defend him, and whether it will leave the choice of one to him; in that case, I desire Louis XVI. to know that if he chooses me for that, I am ready to devote myself to it. I do not ask you to inform the convention of my offer; for I am far from thinking myself a person of sufficient importance for them to occupy themselves with, but I have twice been called as counsel for him who was my master at a time when that office

was aspired to by every one; I owe him the same service when it is an office which many people think dangerous.

"If I knew any possible way of making known to him my desire, I would not take the liberty of addressing you.

"I thought that, in the place you occupy, you have, more than any one, the means of letting him know of the offer.

I am, with respect, etc. etc.,

"MALÉSHERBES."

Two other requests arrived at the same time; one from an advocate of Troyes, M. Sourdat. "I am," said he, boldly, "prompted to defend Louis XVI. by the feeling I have of his innocence."

The other, from Olympe de Gouges, the strange southern improvisatrice, who dictated her comedies because, they said, she could not write.

Olympe de Gouges had constituted herself the advocate of the women; she wanted to have them given the same rights as men, that they could canvas for a deputation, discuss the laws, declare peace and war; and she had supported her pretensions with a sublime *mot*, "why should not women mount the tribune? they certainly mount the scaffold."

She mounted it, in fact, the poor creature; but at the moment when judgment was pronounced she became a woman again, that is to say, weak, and wishing to profit by the privileges of the law, she declared herself with child.

The tribunal sent back the condemned to a consultation of doctors and midwives; the result of this consultation was, that if there was any pregnancy, it was too recent to be declared formally.

At the scaffold she became a man again, and died as a woman like her ought to die.

As to M. de Malésherbes, he was that same Lamoignon de Malésherbes who had been a minister with Turgot and had fallen with him. As we have said elsewhere, he was a little man of seventy or seventy-two years of age, born naturally awkward and absent-minded, round, vulgar, with "a true apothecary's face," said Michelet, "and in which you would be far from suspecting a heroism of ancient times."

Before the convention he never called the king anything but *sire*.

"What makes you so bold as to speak in that way before us?" a member of the convention asked him.

"Contempt for death," Malésherbes answered simply.

And he really despised it, that death to which he went chatting with his companions in the cart, and which he met as if he was going, according to the *mot* of M. Guillotin, to feel only a slight coolness upon the neck.

The concierge of Monceaux—it was to Monceaux that the bodies of the executed were carried—the concierge of Monceaux stated a singular proof of his contempt of death: in the fob of the breeches of his decapitated body he found Malésherbes' watch; it marked two o'clock. According to his habit, the condemned had wound it up at noon, that is to say, at the hour when he was going to the scaffold.

The king, upon the failure of Target, took Malésherbes and

Tronchet; these pressed for time associated with them Deséze the advocate.

On the 14th of December it was announced to Louis that he had permission to communicate with his defenders, and that the same day he would receive a visit from M. de Malésherbes.

The devotion of the latter had touched him greatly, although his temperament rendered him little accessible to those kind of emotions.

Upon seeing come to him, with a sublime simplicity, this old man of three-score and ten years, the heart of the king swelled, and his arms—those royal arms which were opened so rarely—were extended, and all in tears:

“My dear Monsieur de Malésherbes,” said the king, “come and embrace me.”

Then, after having clasped him affectionately to his breast:

“I know with whom I have to deal,” continued the king; “I am expecting death, and I am prepared to receive it, as you see me at this moment—and I am very calm, am I not? Well, so will I walk to the scaffold.”

The 16th, a deputation presented itself at the temple; it was composed of four members of the convention; they were Valazé, Cochon, Grandpré, and Duprat.

Twenty-one deputies had been named to examine the proceedings against the king; all four were a part of this commission.

They brought to the king his act of accusation and the documents relating to his trial.

The whole day was employed in the verification of these documents.

Each paper was read by the secretary; after the reading, Valazé said, “Have you any knowledge of this?” The king answered, yes or no, and all was said.

Some days after that, the same commissioners returned and read to the king fifty-one new documents, which he signed and paraphrased as the preceding.

In all, fifty-eight papers, copies of which were left with him.

In the meantime, the king was attacked by an inflammation.

He remembered the bow of Gilbert at the moment when he entered the convention; he asked of the commune that his old physician Gilbert might be permitted to pay him a visit. The commune refused.

“Let Capet drink no more ice water,” said one of the members, “and he will have no more inflammations.”

It was on the 26th that the king was for the second time to appear at the bar of the convention.

His beard had grown; we have said that this beard was ugly, of a lightish color, badly placed. Louis asked for his razors; they were returned to him, but on the condition that he should only make use of them before four municipal officers.

On the 25th, at eleven o'clock in the evening, he commenced writing his will. This paper is so well known, that, touching and Christian-like as it is, we do not give it here.

Two wills have often attracted our attention: the will of Louis XVI., who found himself face to face with the Republic and only

saw royalty; the will of the Duke of Orleans, who found himself face to face with royalty, and only saw the Republic.

We will cite only one phrase of the will of Louis XVI., because it will aid us in throwing light upon a question of standpoint. Each one sees, it has been said, not only the reality of the thing, but according to the standpoint at which he is placed.

"I finish," wrote Louis XVI., "by declaring before God, and am ready to appear before Him, that I do not reproach myself with any of the crimes which have been brought forward against me."

Now, how Louis XVI., for whom posterity has made a reputation of an honest man, which he owes, perhaps, besides, to this phrase; how Louis XVI., perjured to all his oaths, flying abroad, leaving a protestation against the oaths he had taken; how Louis XVI., who had discussed, annotated and appreciated the plans of Lafayette and of Mirabeau, calling the enemy into the heart of France; how Louis XVI., ready to appear, as he himself said, before the God who was to judge him, believing, consequently, in this God, in His justice, in His renumeration of good and of bad actions; how was Louis XVI. able to say, "I reproach myself with none of the crimes which have been brought forward against me?"

Well, the construction of the phrase explains it. Louis XVI. does not say at all: "The crimes which have been brought forward against me are without foundation;" no, he says: "I do not reproach myself with any of the crimes which have been brought forward against me," which is not at all the same thing.

Louis XVI., ready to march to the scaffold, is always the pupil of M. de la Vauguyon. To say: "The crimes which are brought forward against me are false," was to deny those crimes, and Louis XVI. could not deny them; to say, "I do not reproach myself with the crimes which are brought forward against me," was strictly to say, "These crimes exist, but I do not reproach myself with them."

And why did not Louis XVI. reproach himself with them?

Because he was placed, as we have just now said, at the standpoint of royalty; because, thanks to the way in which they are educated, thanks to this coronation of legitimacy, to this infallibility of divine right, kings do not see crimes, and, above all, political crimes, from the same standpoint as other men. Thus, for Louis XI., his rebellion against his father is not a crime; it is war for the public welfare.

Thus, for Charles IX., St. Bartholomew is not a crime; it is a measure counseled for the public safety.

Thus, to the eyes of Louis XIV., the revocation of the Edict of Nantes is not a crime; it is simply a *raison d'état*—a reason of state.

This same Malésherbes who to-day was defending the king, formerly, while minister, wished to rehabilitate the Protestants. He found in Louis XVI. an obstinate resistance.

"No," replied the king to him, "no, the proscription of the Protestants is a law of state, a law of Louis XIV.; let us not move the ancient landmarks."

"Sire," answered Malésherbes, "policy never prescribes against justice!"

"But," cried Louis XVI., like a man who does not comprehend, "where is there, pray, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, an offense against justice? Is not the revocation of the Edict of Nantes the safety of the state?"

Thus, for Louis XVI., this persecution of Protestants, raised up by an old devotee and a spiteful Jesuit, this atrocious measure which made the blood run in streams in the valleys of the Cevennes, which lighted the stakes of Nîmes, of d'Albi, and of Béziers, was not a crime, but, contrary, a reason of state.

Then there is yet another which we must examine from the royal standpoint; it is, that a king, born almost always of a stranger princess, from whom he draw the most of his blood, is always a little of a stranger to his people; he governs them, that is all; and yet by whom does he govern them? By his ministers.

Thus, not only are the people not worthy of being his relations, not worthy of being his allies, but they are not worthy of being governed directly by him; while, on the contrary, the stranger sovereigns are the relations and allies of the king, who has neither relations nor allies in his own kingdom, and who corresponds directly with them without an intermedium of ministers. Bourbons of Spain, Bourbons of Naples, Bourbons of Italy ascend to the same source, Henry IV.; they were cousins.

The Emperor of Austria was brother-in-law, the Princes of Savoy were allies of Louis XVI., Saxon though his mother was.

Then, the people, in having got so far as to want to impose upon their king conditions which he did not believe for his interest to observe, to whom did Louis XVI. appeal against his revolted subjects? To his cousins, to his brother-in-law, to his allies; for him the Spaniards and the Austrians were not enemies of France because they were his relations, friends of him, the king, and, from the standpoint of royalty, the king was France.

These kings, what did they come to defend? The holy cause of royalty unattackable because divine.

That is why Louis XVI. did not reproach himself for the crimes which were brought forward against him.

As for the rest, royal egotism had brought forth popular egotism; and the people who had carried their hate of royalty so far as to suppress God because it had been said that royalty emanated from God, had without doubt, they too, by virtue of some reason of state, estimated from their standpoint, made the 14th of July, the 4th and 5th of October, the 20th of June, and the 10th of August.

We will not say the 2d of September; we repeat it, it was not at all the people who made the 2d of September; it was the commune.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE TRIAL.

THE 22d arrived, and found the king prepared for everything, even for death. He had made his will the night before. He feared, we know not why, that he would be assassinated while going the next day to the convention.

The queen was informed, for the second time, that the king would go before the assembly.

The movement of the troops, the noise of the drums might have frightened her beyond measure, if Cléry had not found means to let her know the cause.

At ten o'clock in the morning Louis XVI. left under the surveillance of Chambon and Santerre. After coming to the convention he was obliged to wait an hour; the people revenged themselves for having had, for five hundred years, to dance attendance at the Louvre, at the Tuileries, and at Versailles.

A discussion was taking place at which the king could not be present; a key delivered by him, on the 12th, to Cléry, had been seized in the hands of the valet de chambre; the idea occurred to some one of trying this key in the iron safe, and it had opened it.

This key had been shown to Louis XVI.

"I do not recognize it," he had answered.

Beyond all probability he had foremade it himself.

It was in this kind of details that the king completely lacked greatness.

The discussion ended, the president announced that the accused and his defenders were ready to appear at the bar.

The king entered, accompanied by Maléherbes, Tronchet, and Deseze.

"Louis," said the president, "the convention has decided that you be heard to-day."

"My counsel will read my defense," answered the king.

A profound silence ensued; all the assembly understood that a few hours might well be granted to this king, whose royalty they were destroying; to this man, whose life they were cutting off.

Then perhaps this assembly, some members of which had given proof of such superior ability, expected to see a great discussion burst out; royalty, ready to lie down in its bloody sepulcher, already robed in its shroud, was perhaps about to spring up suddenly and appear with the majesty of the dying, and utter some of those words which history records and which centuries repeat.

It was not so at all; the speech of Deseze, the lawyer, was a veritable lawyer's speech.

It was, however, a splendid cause to defend—that of the heir of so many kings, whom fatality brought before the people, not only in expiation of his own crimes, but in expiation of the crimes and mistakes of his whole race.

It seems to us that if, on this occasion, we had had the honor of being M. Deseze, we would not have spoken in the name of M. Deseze at all.

It was for St. Louis and for Henry IV. to speak; it was for these two great chiefs of the race to wash Louis XVI. of the weaknesses of Louis XIII., of the prodigalities of Louis XIV., of the debauches of Louis XV.

It was not so at all, we repeat.

Deseze was a quibbler, when he ought to have been enthusiastic; the question was, not to be concise, but to be poetic; it was necessary to address the heart, and not the reason.

But perhaps, this flat speech finished, Louis XVI. would speak; and since he had consented to defend himself, would defend himself like a king, worthily, grandly, nobly.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my grounds of defense have just been stated to you; I will not repeat them in speaking to you perhaps for the last time. I declare to you that my conscience reproaches me in nowise, and that my defenders have told you nothing but the truth.

"I have never been afraid of having my conduct publicly examined; but my heart is torn at having found in the act of accusation the imputation of having wished to shed the people's blood, and, above all, that the misfortunes of the 10th of August were attributed to me.

"I avow that the multiplied proofs which I have given in all time, and the manner in which I have conducted myself, appear to me to be sufficient to prove that I little feared to expose myself in order to spare their blood and to free me forever from such an imputation."

Do you understand the successor of sixty kings, the descendants of St. Louis, of Henry IV., and of Louis XIV., finding only this to respond to his accusers?

But the more unjust the accusation was from your point of view, sire, the more indignation ought to have made you eloquent. You ought to have left something to posterity, were it only a sublime malediction on your executioners!

So the convention in astonishment, asked:

"You have nothing else to add to your defense?"

"No," answered the king.

"You can retire."

Louis XVI. retired.

He was conducted to one of the halls adjoining the assembly. There he took M. Deseze in his arms and pressed him to his heart; then, as M. Deseze was in a sweat, more from emotion than from fatigue, Louis XVI. pressed him to change his linen, and he himself warmed the shirt which the advocate put on.

At five o'clock in the evening he returned to the temple.

An hour afterward his defenders entered his room, at the moment when he was leaving the table.

He asked them to partake of some refreshments; M. Deseze alone accepted.

While the latter was eating:

"Well," said Louis XVI. to M. de Maléherbes, "you see now, that from the first moment I was not mistaken, and that my condemnation was pronounced before I had been heard."

"Sire," answered M. de Maléherbes, "as I came out of the assembly I was surrounded by a crowd of good citizens, who assured me that you would not lose your life, or that if you did, it would at least be after them and their friends."

"Do you know them, monsieur?" the king quickly asked.

"I do not know them personally, but I would certainly recognize their countenances."

"Well," replied the king, "try to find some of them again, and say to them that I would never pardon myself if there was one drop of blood shed on my account. I have never wished it to be shed when this blood would perhaps have preserved my throne and my life; with much greater reason I now make the sacrifice of both."

M. de Malésherbès left the king at an early hour with the view of obeying the order which had been given him.

The first of January, 1793, arrived.

Kept in the most rigorous close confinement, Louis XVI. had but one attendant with him.

He was thinking with sadness on this isolation on such a day, when Cléry came to his bed.

"Sire," said the valet de chambre, in a low voice, "I ask permission to present to you my most ardent wishes for the termination of your misfortunes."

"I accept your wishes, Cléry," said the king, extending his hand to him.

Cléry took that hand which was extended to him, kissed it and covered it with tears, then he assisted his master to dress.

At this moment the municipal officers entered. Louis looked at them one after another, and seeing one of them whose face showed a little pity, approached him.

"Oh, monsieur!" said he, "render me a great service!"

"What?" answered the man.

"Go, I pray you, on my part, and bring me some of my family, and present them my good wishes for the coming year."

"I will go," said the officer, visibly affected.

"Thanks!" said Louis XVI. "God, I hope, will return to you what you do for me!"

"But," said one of the other officers to Cléry, "why does not the prisoner ask to see his family? Now the interrogations are finished, I am sure that this will meet with no difficulty."

"To whom is it necessary to apply for that?" said Cléry.

"To the convention."

A moment afterward, the officer who had been to the queen, returned.

"Monsieur," said he, "your family thank you for your good wishes, and send you theirs."

The king smiled sadly.

"What a New Years-day!" said he.

That evening, Cléry informed the king of what the officer had said with regard to the possibility which perhaps there might be of his seeing his family.

The king reflected a moment and appeared to hesitate.

"No," said he, finally, "a few days from now they will not refuse me this consolation; I must wait."

The Catholic religion has these terrible macerations of the heart which it imposes on its elect.

It was the 16th on which judgment was to be pronounced.

M. de Malésherbès remained quite a long while with the king during the morning; toward noon, he went out, saying that he would return to give him information of the call of the house as soon as the call was finished.

The vote was to be taken on three frightfully simple questions:

1st. Is Louis guilty?

2d. Shall an appeal be taken from the judgment of the convention to the judgment of the people?

3d. What shall be the punishment?

It was necessary, besides—in order that future times might plainly see, that if a vote was not given without hate, it was at least given without fear—it was necessary for the vote to be public. A Girondist name Birotteau, moved that each member should ascend to the tribune and pronounce his judgment aloud.

A Montagnard, Leon Bourdon, went further; he had it decreed that the votes should be signed.

Finally, a member of the Right, Rouyer, moved that the lists make mention of those absent on committees, and that those who were absent without being on committees, should be censured and their names sent to the departments.

Then commenced that grand and terrible session which was to last seventy-two hours.

The hall presented a singular aspect little in harmony with what was taking place. What was taking place was sad, somber, lugubrious; the appearance of the hall gave no idea of the drama.

The back part of the hall had been transformed into boxes, in which the handsomest women of Paris, in their winter toilets, covered with velvets and furs, eat oranges and took ices.

The men went to bow to them, talked with them, returned to their places and exchanged signs with them; one would have called it a theater in Italy.

The side of the "mountain" above all was remarkable for its elegance. It was among the Montagnards that the millionaires sat; the Duke of Orleans, Lepelletier de St. Fargeau, Hérault de Séchelles, Anarcharsis Clootz, and the Marquis de Châteauneuf. All these gentlemen had tribunes reserved for their mistresses; they came plumed with tricolored ribbons, with private cards or letters of recommendation to the court officers, who played the part of box-openers.

The high galleries opened to the people were full during the three days; they drank there as if in drinking-shops, they eat there as if in restaurants, and they harangued there as if in clubs.

On the first question, "Is Louis guilty?" six hundred and eighty-three votes answered, "Yes."

On the second question, "Shall the decision of the convention be submitted to the ratification of the people?" two hundred and eighty-one voters voted for an appeal to the people; four hundred and twenty-three voted against it.

Then came the third question, the grave question, the supreme question. "What shall be the punishment?" When this was reached it was eight o'clock in the evening of the third day—a gloomy, rainy, and cold day of January; they were tired, impatient, fatigued—human strength, with the actors as with the spectators, succumbed to forty-five hours of continuous attendance.

Each deputy ascended the tribune in his turn and gave one of the four judgments; imprisonment—transportation—death with reprieve and appeal to the people—death.

Every sign of approbation and disapprobation had been forbidden, and yet when the people in the galleries heard anything else than the word death, they murmured.

Once, however, this word was heard and followed by murmurs,

and hootings, and whistlings; it was when Philippe Egalité ascended the tribune and said:

"Prompted solely by my duty, and being convinced that all those who have attacked or shall attack in future the sovereignty of the people merit death, I vote for death."

In the midst of that terrible act, a sick deputy, named Duchâtel, was carried into the convention with his night cap on his head, and in his dressing-gown. He came to vote for banishment, a vote which was received because it leaned to mercy.

Vergniaud, president on the 10th of August, was still president on the 19th of January; after having proclaimed forfeiture, he was also to proclaim death.

"Citizens," said he, "you have just exercised a great act of justice. I hope that humanity will prompt you to keep the most religious silence; when Justice has spoken, Humanity ought to be heard in its turn."

And he read the result of the ballot.

Out of seven hundred and twenty-one voters, three hundred and thirty-four had voted for banishment or imprisonment, and three hundred and eighty-seven for death, some without reprieve, and others with postponement.

There were then for death fifty-three more votes than for banishment.

Only, deducting from these fifty-three votes the forty-six which had voted for death with postponement, there remained in all, for immediate death, a majority of seven votes.

"Citizens," said Vergniaud, with an accent of profound grief, "I declare, in the name of the convention, that the punishment which it pronounces against Louis Capet is death."

It was on the evening of Saturday, the 19th, that death was voted, but it was not until that of the 20th, at three o'clock in the morning, that Vergniaud pronounced the judgment.

During this time Louis XVI., deprived of all communication from without, knew that his fate was being decided, and alone, far from his wife and children—whom he had refused to see with a view of mortifying his soul, as a monk who has sinned mortifies his flesh—he placed, with a perfect indifference, in appearance, at least, his life and his death in the hands of God.

On Sunday morning, the 20th of January, at six o'clock, M. de Maléshèrbes entered the king's room. Louis XVI. had already risen, he was seated with his back turned to a lamp upon the mantel-piece, his elbows resting on the table, and his face covered with his two hands.

The noise which his defender made on entering aroused him from his reverie.

"Well?" he asked, on perceiving him.

M. de Maléshèrbes dared not answer, but the prisoner could see by the despondent expression of his face that all was over.

"Death!" said Louis. "I was sure of it."

Then he opened his arms, and all in tears, pressed M. de Maléshèrbes to his breast. Then:

"Monsieur de Maléshèrbes," he said, "for the last two days I have been busying myself trying to find out if, in the course of

my reign, I have deserved the slightest reproach from my subjects; well, I swear to you, in all the sincerity of my heart, as a man who is about to appear before God, that I have always desired the happiness of my subjects, and that I have never entertained a single wish contrary to it."

All this passed before Cléry, who was weeping hot tears; the king took pity on this grief; he took M. de Maléshèrbes into his private room, and shut himself up with him for nearly an hour, then came out, embraced his defender a second time, and begged him to come back again in the evening.

"The good old man has moved me greatly," said he to Cléry on re-entering his room. "But you—what is the matter with you?"

This question was caused by a violent trembling which had seized Cléry since M. de Maléshèrbes, whom he had received in the antechamber, had told him that the king was condemned to death.

Then, Cléry, wishing to disguise as much as possible the state in which he was, prepared everything that was necessary for the king's shaving himself. Louis XVI. himself applied the lather, and Cléry, standing before him, held the basin in his two hands.

Suddenly a frightful pallor passed over the king's cheeks; his lips and his ears grew white. Cléry, fearing that he would faint, put down the basin, and prepared to hold him up; but the king, on his part, took both his hands, saying:

"Come, come! have courage."

And he shaved himself with calmness.

Toward two o'clock the executive council came to inform the prisoner of the judgment. At its head was Garat, Minister of Justice; Lebrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Grouvelle, Secretary of the Council, the president and attorney general of the department, the mayor and attorney of the commune, the president and public accuser of the criminal tribune.

Santerre was in front of all.

"Announce the executive council," said he to Cléry. Cléry was about to obey, but the king, who had heard a great noise, spared him the trouble; the door opened and he appeared in the corridor.

Then, Garat, his hat on his head, became the spokesman, and said:

"Louis, the National Convention has charged the provisional executive council to notify you of the decrees of the 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, and 20th of January. The secretary of the council will read them to you."

Upon which Grouvelle unfolded a paper and read in a trembling voice:

"ARTICLE I.—The National Convention declares Louis Capet, last king of the French, guilty of conspiracy against the liberty of the nation and of an attempt against the general safety of the state.

"ARTICLE II.—The National Convention decrees that Louis Capet shall suffer the punishment of death.

"ARTICLE III.—The National Convention denies the motion of Louis Capet, made at the bar by his counsel, and called an appeal to the nation from the judgment rendered against him by the National Convention.

ARTICLE IV.—The provisional executive council will notify Louis Capet of this decree, and take the necessary measures to assure its execution within twenty-four hours, to commence from its notification, and will make report of everything to the National Convention immediately after it shall have been executed."

During its reading, the face of the king remained perfectly calm; only his countenance exhibited two perfectly distinct expressions; at the words, "guilty of conspiracy," a smile of disdain appeared on his lips; and at these, "suffer the punishment of death," a look which seemed to put the condemned into communication with God was turned to heaven.

The reading finished, the king took a step toward Grouvelle, took the decree from his hands, folded it, placed it in his portfolio, and took from it another paper, which he presented to Minister Garat, saying:

"Monsieur le Ministre de Justice, I pray you to immediately deliver this letter to the National Convention."

And as the minister appeared to hesitate:

"I will read it for you," said the king.

And he read the letter in a voice which formed a striking contrast to Grouvelle's:

"I ask a delay of three days to prepare myself to appear before God; I ask for that purpose authorization to see freely the person whom I shall indicate to the commissioners of the commune, and that this person shall be guaranteed against all fear and inquietude, on account of the act of charity which he shall perform for me. I ask to be delivered from the constant surveillance which the general council has established for some days past.

"I ask, in that interval, to be permitted to see my family when I shall request it, and without witnesses; I would greatly desire that the National Convention would occupy itself immediately with the fate of my family, and that it would permit them to retire freely whither they may see fit.

"I recommend to the benevolence of the nation all the persons connected with me; there are a great many of them who have put their whole fortune in their places, and who, having no longer any salaries, must be in want. Among the pensioners there were a great many old men, women, and children who had but that to live upon.

"Done at the tower of the temple, the 20th of January, 1793.

"LOUIS."

Garat took the letter.

"Monsieur," said he, "this letter shall be delivered to the convention this very instant."

Then the king again opened his portfolio and took from it a little square piece of paper.

"If the convention grants my request with regard to the person whom I desire," said he, "here is his address."

The paper bore in effect this address, all in the handwriting of **Mme. Elizabeth**:

"MONSIEUR EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT.

"No. 483 Rue du Bac."

Then, having nothing more to say nor to hear, the king took a step backward, as in the times when giving audience, he indicated by this movement that the audience was terminated.

The ministers and those who accompanied them went away.

"Cléry," said the king to his valet de chambre, who, feeling his limbs fall him, had leaned against the wall, "Cléry, order my dinner."

Cléry passed into the dining-room to obey the king's order; he found there two municipal officers who read to him an order by which it was forbidden to the king to make use of knives or forks. A knife only was to be confided to Cléry to cut the bread and meat of his master in the presence of two commissioners.

The order was repeated to the king, Cléry having refused to charge himself with telling him that these measures had been taken.

The king broke his bread with his fingers and cut his meat with his spoon; contrary to his custom, he eat little; the dinner only lasted a few minutes.

At six o'clock the Minister of Justice was announced.

The king rose to receive him.

"Monsieur," said Garat, "I have taken your letter to the convention, and it has charged me to notify you of the following answer:

"Louis is free to call upon whatever minister of religion he may think proper, and to see his family freely and without witnesses.

"The nation, always great and always just, will occupy itself with the fate of his family.

"Proper indemnities will be accorded to the creditors of his house.

"The National Convention has decided the order of the day with regard to the respite."

The king made a movement of the head and the minister retired.

"Citizen Minister," asked the municipal officers on duty, "how will Louis see his family?"

"Why, in private," answered Garat.

"Impossible! By an order of the commune we must not lose sight of him, neither day nor night."

The matter, in fact, was embarrassing enough. However, everything was reconciled by deciding that the king should receive his family in the dining-room, so as to be seen through the glass windows of the partition; but that the door should be closed, so that he would not be heard.

During this time the king was saying to Cléry:

"See if the Minister of Justice is still there, and recall him."

At the end of a moment the minister re-entered.

"Monsieur," said the king to him, "I forgot to ask you if Monsieur Edgeworth had been found at home, and when I could see him."

"I have brought him with me in my carriage," said Garat. "He is in the council hall, and is just coming up."

In fact, at the moment in which the Minister of Justice pro-

nounced these words, M. Edgeworth de Firmont appeared in the frame of the door.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF JANUARY.

MONSIEUR EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT was Mme. Elizabeth's confessor. It was already six weeks ago that the king, foreseeing the condemnation with which he was to be stricken, asked his sister for her advice with regard to the choice of a priest who should be with him in his last moments, and Mme. Elizabeth had with tears advised her brother to fix upon the Abbé de Firmont. This worthy ecclesiastic, of English origin, had escaped the massacres of September and had retired to Choisy le Roi under the name of Essex. Mme. Elizabeth knew his double address, and, having given him notice at Choisy, she hoped that at the moment of the condemnation he would be found in Paris.

She was not mistaken.

The Abbé Edgeworth had, as we have said, accepted the mission with a resigned joy.

On the 21st of December, 1792, he thus wrote to one of his friends in England:

"My unfortunate master has cast his eyes upon me to prepare him for death, if the wickedness of his people should go so far as to commit parricide. I myself am preparing for death, for I am convinced that popular fury will never allow me to survive this horrible scene one hour; but I am resigned; my life is nothing. If by losing it I could save the one that God has placed for the ruin and the resurrection of many, I would willingly make the sacrifice, and I would not die in vain."

Such was the man who was to leave Louis XVI. only at the moment he quitted the earth for heaven. The king took him to his private room and shut himself up with him.

At eight o'clock in the evening the king left his room, and, addressing the commissioners:

"Gentlemen," said he, "have the kindness to take me to my family."

"That can not be," answered one of the commissioners, "but we will send for them to come down, if you desire it."

"So be it," replied the king, "provided that I can see them in my room, freely and without witnesses."

"Not in your room," observed the same officer, "but in the dining-room. This order has just been given us by the Minister of Justice."

"However," said the king, "you have heard that the decree of the convention permits me to see my family without witnesses."

"That is true; you will be in private. We will close the door, but will have our eyes upon you through the glass."

"It is well; proceed."

The officer went out, and the king passed into the dining-room. Cléry followed him there, putting the table aside and placing the chairs at the end to give more room.

"Cléry," said the king, "bring a little water and a glass, in case the queen should be thirsty."

There was upon the table one of those little decanters of iced water with which a member of the commune had reproached the king. Cléry, therefore, only brought a glass.

"Give me ordinary water, Cléry," said the king; "if the queen drank iced water, as she is not accustomed to it, it might make her ill. Then—wait a moment, Cléry—ask, at the same time, Monsieur de Firmont not to leave my room. I fear that the sight of him would make too great an impression upon my family."

At half past eight the door opened. The queen came first, holding her son by the hand; Mme. Royale and Mme. Elizabeth followed her.

The king stretched out his arms; the two women and the two children, weeping, threw themselves into them.

Cléry went out and closed the door.

For some minutes a mournful silence prevailed, interrupted only by sobs; then the queen tried to lead the king into his room.

"No," said Louis XVI., checking her, "I can only see you here."

The queen and royal family had heard of the sentence passed, but they knew nothing of the details of the trial; the king related these to them, excusing those who had condemned him, and pointing out to the queen that neither Petion nor Manuel had voted for death.

The queen listened, and each time that she tried to speak burst into sobs.

God gave a compensation to the poor prisoner; He made him, in his last hours, adored by all those about him, even by the queen.

As can have been seen, in the romantic part of this work, the queen allowed herself to be easily drawn to the picturesque side of life. She possessed that lively imagination which, much more than temperament, makes women imprudent. The queen was imprudent all her life; imprudent in her friendships, imprudent in her amours. Her captivity saved her in a moral point of view; she came back to the pure and holy affections of the family, from which the passions of her youth had withdrawn her, as she could never do anything unless passionately. She came to love this king in his misfortune passionately—this husband whose dull and vulgar sides only she had seen in the days of prosperity. Varennes and the 10th of August had shown Louis XVI. to her as a man without initiative, without resolution, heavy, almost cowardly; at the temple she commenced to perceive that not only had the wife wrongly judged her husband, but also that the queen had wrongly judged the king; at the temple, she saw him calm, patient at outrages, gentle and firm as a Christ; all the dry worldliness in her softened, melted, and turned to the profit of right feeling. Just as she had disdained too much, she loved too much. "Alas!" said the king to M. de Firmont, "can it be that I love so much, and am so tenderly loved!"

So, in his last interview, the queen allowed herself to be influenced by a sentiment which resembled remorse. She had wished to lead the king to his room to remain there a single instant alone

with him; when she saw that it was impossible, she drew the king into the recess of a window.

There, without doubt, she was going to fall at his feet, and in the midst of tears and sobs ask pardon of him; the king understood all, stopped her, and drawing his will from his pocket:

"Read this, my well beloved wife!" said he.

And with his finger he pointed out the following paragraph, which the queen read in a low tone:

"I pray my wife to pardon all the ills which she suffers for me, and the sorrows that I may have caused her in the course of our union, as she can be sure that I harbor nothing against her, if she thinks that she has anything with which to reproach herself."

Marie Antoinette took the hands of the king and kissed them; there was a very merciful pardon in this phrase, "as she can be sure that I harbor nothing against her;" a delicacy truly grand in these words, "if she thinks she has anything with which to reproach herself."

Thus she died peacefully, this poor royal Magdalen; her love for the king, late as it was, procured for her divine and human mercy, and her pardon was given to her, not in the lowest tones, mysteriously, as an indulgence of which the king himself was ashamed, but loudly and publicly.

Who would dare to reproach with anything her who was going to present herself to posterity, doubly crowned with the halo of a martyr and the pardon of her husband?

She felt that; she comprehended that henceforth, from that moment, she was strong before history; but she only became weaker before him whom she loved so late, fully conscious that she had not loved him enough. They were no longer words that escaped from the breast of the miserable woman, they were sobs, they were broken cries. She said that she wished to die with her husband, and that if they refused her that favor, she would let herself die of hunger.

The officers—who were looking at this scene of grief through the glass door—the officers could not endure it; they first turned away their eyes; then, as though no longer seeing them, they still heard the groanings; they allowed themselves to become men again, and burst into tears.

The mournful adieux lasted an hour and three quarters.

Finally, at a quarter past ten, the king rose first; then wife, sister, and children hung about him like fruit upon a tree. The king and the queen each held the dauphin by a hand; Mme. Royale, at the left of her father, embraced his waist; Mme. Elizabeth, on the same side as her niece, but a little further behind, had seized the king's arm; the queen—and it was she who had a right to the most consolation, for she was the least pure—the queen had her arm placed around the neck of her husband, and the whole of this sorrowful group walked with a uniform movement, uttering groans, sobs, and cries, in the midst of which only these words were heard:

"We shall see one another again, shall we not?"

"Yes, yes. Be calm!"

"To-morrow morning—to-morrow morning at eight!"

"I promise it."

"But why not at seven o'clock?" asked the queen.

"Well, then, yes; at seven o'clock," said the king; "but now, adieu, adieu!"

And he pronounced this adieu with a voice so expressive that one felt that he was afraid of having his courage fail him.

Mme. Royale could endure it no longer; she gave a sigh and slid to the floor—she had fainted.

Mme. Elizabeth and Cléry raised her up.

The king felt that it was for him to be strong; he tore himself from the arms of the queen and returned to his room, crying:

"Adieu! adieu!"

Then he closed the door behind him.

The queen, altogether entirely distracted, clung to the door, not daring to ask the king to open it, but with tears and sobs striking the panel with her extended hand.

The king had the courage not to come out.

The officers then invited the queen to retire, renewing to her the assurance which she had already received, that she could see her husband the next day at seven o'clock in the morning.

Cléry wished to carry Mme. Royale, still in a swoon, back to the queen's apartment, but at the second step of the stairs the officers stopped him, and forced him to go back again.

The king had rejoined his confessor in the room in the tower, who, at his request, related to him the manner in which he had been brought to the temple. Did this recital penetrate to his mind, or did the confused words only hum in his ear, extinguished by his own thoughts? It is something that no one can tell.

At any rate, this is what the abbé told him.

Forewarned by M. de Maléshèbes, who had met him by appointment at Mme. de Senozan's, that the king was to have recourse to him if he was condemned to suffer death, the Abbé Edgeworth, risking the danger which he ran, had returned to Paris, and knowing the sentence pronounced on Sunday morning, was waiting in the Rue du Bar.

At four o'clock in the evening, an unknown man had presented himself to him, and had handed him a note couched in these terms:

"The executive council, having business of the highest importance to communicate to Citizen Edgeworth de Firmont, invites him to call at the place for holding the sittings."

The unknown had orders to accompany the priest; a carriage was waiting at the door.

The abbé descended and left with the unknown.

The carriage stopped at the Tuileries.

The abbé found the ministers in council. On his entrance they rose.

"Are you the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont?" asked Garat.

"Yes," replied the abbé.

"Well, Louis Capet," continued the Minister of Justice, "having signified to us his desire to have you near him in his last moments, we have sent for you to know if you consent to render him the service which he asks of you."

"Since the king has designated me," said the priest, "it is my duty to obey him."

"In that case," replied the minister, "you will go with me to the temple; I am going there directly."

And he took the abbé into his carriage.

We have seen how the latter, having gone through the usual formalities, had come to the king; how, afterward, Louis XVI. had been visited by his family, and then had returned to the Abbé Edgeworth, of whom he had asked the details which we have just read.

When the recital was finished:

"Monsieur," said the king, "let us now forget everything, to think of the great, the sole business of my salvation."

"Sire," answered the abbé, "I am ready to do my best, and I hope that God will supply the place of the little merit that I have; but do you not think that it would, in the first place, be a great consolation for you to hear mass and take the communion?"

"Yes, without doubt," said the king; "and believe me that I would feel all the preciousness of such a favor; but how will you obtain it?"

"That concerns me, sire, and I insist upon proving to your majesty that I am worthy of the honor he has done me in choosing me for his support. Let the king give me *carte blanche* and I will answer for everything."

"Go, then, monsieur," said Louis XVI.

Then shaking his head:

"Go," repeated he; "but you will not succeed."

The abbé bowed, and went out, asking to be conducted to the council hall.

"He who is to die to-morrow," said the Abbé Edgeworth to the commissioners, "desires, before his death, to hear mass and to confess himself."

The officers looked at one another in utter astonishment; it had never even entered their mind that it was possible for such a request to be made.

"And where the devil," said they, "are you to find a priest and church ornaments at this hour?"

"The priest is found since I am here," said the abbé; "as for the ornaments, the nearest church will furnish them; it is only a question of sending after them."

The officers hesitated.

"But," said one of them, "if this were a trap?"

"What trap?" asked the abbé.

"If, under the pretext of administering the communion to the king, you are going to poison him?"

Abbé Edgeworth looked fixedly at him who had given utterance to the doubt.

"Hear me, I beg of you," continued the officer. "History furnishes us examples enough in this respect, to oblige us to be circumspect."

"Monsieur!" said the abbé, "I was searched so thoroughly when I came here, that every one ought to be convinced that I have introduced no poison here; if, then, I have any to-morrow, it is from

you that I shall have received it, since nothing can come to me without passing through your hands."

They convoked the absent members and deliberated.

The request was granted upon two conditions: the first was, that the abbé should draw up a petition which he should sign with his own name; the second, that the ceremony should be finished the next morning at seven o'clock at the latest, as the prisoner was at precisely eight o'clock to be conducted to the place of execution.

The abbé wrote his petition and left it upon the desk; then he was taken back to the king, to whom he announced the good news that his request was granted.

It was ten o'clock; the Abbé Edgeworth remained closeted with the king until midnight.

At midnight the king said:

"Monsieur l'Abbé, I am tired; I would like to sleep. I have need of strength for to-morrow."

Then he called twice:

"Cléry! Cléry!"

Cléry entered, undressed the king, and wished to roll up his hair, but the latter said, with a smile:

"It is not worth the trouble."

Upon which he lay down, and as Cléry was drawing the curtains of the bed, said:

"You will awaken me at six o'clock."

Scarcely was his head upon the pillow when the prisoner fell asleep; such a power had material wants over this man.

M. de Firmont threw himself upon Cléry's bed, who himself passed the night upon a chair.

Cléry slept a sleep full of terrors and starts; in this way he heard five o'clock strike.

He immediately arose and commenced to light the fire.

The king awoke at the noise he made.

"Eh, Cléry!" asked he, "has five o'clock struck?"

"Sire," answered the valet de chambre, "it has by many clocks, but not yet by the mantel-piece clock."

And he approached the bed.

"I have slept well," said the king. "I had need of it; yesterday had fatigued me horribly. Where is Monsieur de Firmont?"

"On my bed, sire."

"On your bed! And where have you yourself passed the night?"

"On this chair."

"I am sorry for it. You must have been uncomfortable."

"Oh, sire!" said Cléry, "could I think of myself in such a moment?"

"Ah, my poor Cléry!" said the king.

And he extended to him his hand, which the weeping valet de chambre kissed.

Then, for the last time, the faithful servitor commenced to dress the king. He had prepared a brown coat, breeches of gray cloth, stockings of gray silk, and a quilted vest.

When the king was dressed, Cléry arranged his hair.

During this time, Louis XVI. detached from his watch a seal, put it in a pocket of his vest, and deposited his watch upon the

chimney-piece; then, taking a ring from his finger, he put it in the same pocket in which the seal was.

At the moment when Cléry was putting on his coat, the king took from it pocket-book, his lorgnette, and his snuff-box, and placed them upon the chimney-piece, as well as his purse.

All these preparations were made in the presence of the municipal officers, who had entered the condemned man's room as soon as they perceived a light there.

Half past five struck.

"Cléry," said the king, "awake Monsieur de Firmont."

M. de Firmont was awake, and had risen. He had heard the order given to Cléry, and entered.

The king saluted him with a gesture, and prayed him to follow him into his room.

Then Cléry made haste to arrange the altar. It was the chest of drawers covered with a table-cloth. As to the sacerdotal ornaments, they had been found, as the Abbé Edgeworth had said, in the first church to which application was made; this church was that of the Capucins du Marais, near the Hôtel Soubise.

The altar arranged, Cléry went to inform the king.

"Will you be able to assist the priest at the mass?" Louis asked him.

"I hope so," answered Cléry, "only I do not know the responses by heart."

Then the king gave him a mass-book, which he opened at the Introit.

M. de Firmont was already in Cléry's room, where he was dressing himself.

In front of the altar, the valet de chambre had placed a fauteuil, and had put a large cushion before the fauteuil; but the king made him take it away, and went himself to get a small one covered with horse-hair, which he ordinarily used when saying his prayers.

As soon as the priest entered, the officers, who, no doubt feared to be contaminated by a churchman, retired to the ante-chamber.

It was six o'clock; the mass commenced. The king heard it from one end to the other on his knees, and with the most profound composure. After mass he took the communion, and the Abbé Edgeworth, leaving him to his prayers, went into the next room to divest himself of his priestly garments.

The king profited by this moment to thank Cléry, and to bid him adieu; then he returned to his room. Monsieur rejoined him there.

Cléry sat down on his bed and commenced weeping.

At seven o'clock the king called.

Cléry ran to him.

Louis XVI. drew him into the embrasure of a window, and said to him:

"You will give this seal to my son, and this ring to my wife. Say to them that I leave them with pain. This little package contains the hair of all our family. You will also give this to the queen."

"But," asked Cléry, "will you not see her again, sire?"

The king hesitated an instant, as if his heart was leaving him to go to her; then:

"No," said he, decidedly; "no. I promised, I know, to see them this morning, but I wish to spare them the grief of such a cruel situation. Cléry, if you see them again, you will tell them how much it has cost me to leave them without receiving their last embraces."

At these words the king wiped away his tears.

Then he said, with the most dolorous accent:

"Cléry, you will make them my last adieus, will you not?"

And he re-entered his room.

The officers had seen the king hand to Cléry the different objects we have mentioned; one of them demanded them, but another proposed to let Cléry keep them until the decision of the council.

This proposition prevailed.

A quarter of an hour afterward the king came again out of his private room.

Cléry was there at his orders.

"Cléry," said he, "ask if I can have a pair of scissors."

Then he went back into the room.

"Can the king have a pair of scissors?" asked Cléry of the officers.

"What does he want to do with them?"

"I do not know; ask him."

One of the officers entered the room; he found the king on his knees before M. de Firmont.

"You have asked for a pair of scissors; what do you want to do with them?"

"For Cléry to cut my hair," answered the king.

The officer descended to the council chamber.

They deliberated half an hour, and at the end of the half hour refused the scissors.

The officer went upstairs again.

"The council has refused," said he.

"I would not have touched the scissors," said the king; "and Cléry would have cut my hair in your presence. See yet, monsieur, if it can be done, I pray you."

The officer went down again to the council, and anew laid before it the king's request; but the council persisted in its refusal.

Then an officer, approaching Cléry, said to him:

"I believe that it is time for you to be making preparations to accompany the king to the scaffold."

"Good heavens! for what?" asked Cléry, all trembling.

"Eh! no," said another; "the executioner is enough for that!"

Day began to break; the *general* resounded, beaten in all sections of Paris; this movement and this noise reverberated even to the tower, and froze the blood in the veins of the Abbé Firmont and Cléry.

But the king, calmer than they, listened an instant, and said, without emotion:

"It is probably the National Guard, which is beginning to assemble."

Some time afterward, the detachments of cavalry entered the

court-yard of the temple; they could hear the stamping of the horses, and the voices of the officers.

The king listened again, and said, with the same calmness:

"It seems they are coming this way."

From seven to eight o'clock in the morning, people came at different times and on different pretexts, and knocked at the door of the king's private room. And each time M. Edgeworth trembled at its being the last; but each time Louis XVI. rose, without any emotion whatever, went to the door, answered tranquilly the persons who came to interrupt him, and returned and sat down by his confessor.

M. Edgeworth did not see the persons who came, but he caught some of their words. Once he heard one of the interrupters, who said to the prisoner:

"Oh! oh! All this was very well when you were king, but you are one no longer!"

The king returned with the same expression of face, only he said:

"See how these people treat me, mon père. But it is necessary to be able to know how to endure everything."

Some one knocked again and again. The king went to the door; this time he came back, saying:

"These people see daggers and poison everywhere; they know very little about me. To kill myself would be weakness; they would think that I do not know how to die."

Finally, at nine o'clock, the noise increased, the doors opened with a crash, Santerre entered, accompanied by seven or eight officers, and by ten gendarmes, who drew themselves up in two lines.

At this moment, without waiting for any one to knock at the door of the room, the king came out.

"You have come for me?" said he.

"Yes, monsieur."

"I ask one minute."

And he went in again, closing the door.

"This time all is finished, mon père," said he, throwing himself at the feet of the Abbé de Firmont. "Give me your last blessing, then, and pray God that He will sustain me even unto the end!"

The blessing given, the king rose, and, opening the door, advanced toward the officers and the gendarmes, who were in the middle of the bed-chamber.

All had their hats on their heads.

"My hat, Cléry," said the king.

Cléry, all in tears, hastened to obey.

"Is there among you," asked Louis XVI., "some member of the commune? You, I think?"

And he addressed himself, in fact, to an officer named James Roux, a priest, who had taken the oath.

"What do you want of me?" said the latter.

The king drew his will from his pocket.

"I pray you to give this paper to the queen—to my wife."

"We have not come here to take your commissions," answered James Roux, "but to conduct you to the scaffold."

The king received the insult with the same humility as Christ would have done, and with the same gentleness as the God-man; turning toward another officer name Gobeau:

"And you, monsieur," asked he; "will you too refuse me?"

And, as Gobeau appeared to hesitate:

"Oh!" said the king, "it is my will; you can read it; there are even provisions contained in it with which I desire the commune should become acquainted."

The officer took the paper.

Then, seeing Cléry, who, fearing, like the valet de chambre of Charles I., that his master would tremble with cold, and that they would think that it was from fear—seeing, we say, Cléry, who brought him not only the hat he had asked for, but also his overcoat:

"No, Cléry," said he, "give me only my hat."

Cléry gave him the hat, and Louis XVI. improved this opportunity of pressing for the last time the hand of his faithful servant.

Then, with that tone of command which he had so rarely used in his life:

"Let us go, gentlemen," said he.

These were the last words which he pronounced in his apartment.

Upon the stairs he met the concierge of the tower, Mathay, whom, two days before, he had found seated before the fire, and whom he had asked, in a somewhat brusque tone, to give him his place.

"Mathay," said he, "I was, the day before yesterday, a little hasty with you; do not owe me any ill-will for that."

Mathay turned his back to him without answering.

The king crossed the first court-yard on foot; and while crossing the court-yard he turned two or three times to say adieu to his only love, his wife; to his only friend, his sister; and to his only joy, his children.

At the entrance of the court-yard was a hackney coach painted green; two gendarmes held the door open. At the approach of the condemned, one of them entered first and placed himself upon the front seat; the king afterward got in and made a sign to M. Edgeworth to sit at his side on the back seat; the other gendarme took his place, the last, and closed the door.

Two rumors were then current: the first was, that one of these two gendarmes was a disguised priest; the second was, that both of them had received orders to assassinate the king at the slightest attempt which should be made to rescue him. Neither the one nor the other of these two assertions rest upon a solid basis.

At a quarter past nine the procession moved.

One word more with regard to the queen, Mme. Elizabeth, and the two children, whom the king had, as he was going away, saluted with a last look.

The evening before, after that interview, at once sweet and terrible, the queen had scarcely the strength to undress the dauphin and put him to bed. She had, all dressed, thrown herself on her bed, and during this long winter night Mme. Elizabeth and Mme. Royale had heard her shiver with cold and with grief. At a quar-

ter after six the door of the *fremière* was opened, and some one came to look for a mass-book. From this moment, the whole family was prepared, believing, after the promise made the night before by the king, that he intended coming down; but the time passed. The queen and the princess, always standing, heard the different noises which had left the king calm, and made his valet de chambre and his confessor tremble. They heard the noise of the doors opening and closing; they heard the cries of the populace, who welcomed the coming out of the king; they heard, finally, the increasing noise of the horses and of the cannons.

The queen then fell upon a chair, murmuring: "He has gone without bidding us farewell."

Mme. Elizabeth and Mme. Royale sunk on their knees before her.

Thus all their hopes had flown one by one. First, they had hoped for banishment or the prison, and this hope had vanished; then a respite, and this hope had vanished; finally, they no longer hoped for anything, but an attack upon the route, and that hope was also about to vanish.

"My God! my God! my God!" cried the queen; and in this last appeal of despair to the divinity, the poor woman exhausted all her remaining strength. The carriage was rolling on during this time, and had arrived at the boulevard.

The streets were almost deserted, the shops half closed; no one at the doors, no one at the windows.

An order of the commune forbid all citizens, not forming a part of the armed militia, passing through the streets which led to the boulevard, or to show themselves at the windows when the procession passed.

A lowering and foggy sky, besides, exposed to view only a forest of pikes, in the midst of which shone some few bayonets. Before the carriage marched the horsemen, and before the horsemen a multitude of drums.

The king had wished to confer with his confessor, but he could not, on account of the noise. The Abbé de Firmont lent him his breviary. He read.

At the Porte St. Denis he raised his head, thinking he heard some peculiar cries.

In fact, a dozen young men rushed from the Rue Beauregard, cutting through the crowd, sabers in hand, and crying:

"Come with us, those who wish to save the king!"

Three thousand sworn men should have answered this appeal made by the Baron de Batz, adventurer, conspirator; he gave the signal bravely, but out of three thousand sworn men, only a few answered. Baron de Batz and these eight or ten forlorn hopes of royalty, seeing that there was nothing for them to do, profited by the confusion caused by their attempt, and were lost in the network of streets in the neighborhood of the Porte St. Denis.

It was this incident which had drawn the attention of the king from his prayers, but it was of so little importance that the carriage did not even stop.

When it stopped, at the end of two hours and ten minutes, it had arrived at the end of its course.

As soon as the king felt that the motion had ceased, he leaned toward the ear of the priest, and said:

"We have arrived, monsieur, if I am not mistaken."

M. de Firmont kept silence.

At the same moment, one of the three brothers Samson, hangmen of Paria, came to open the carriage-door.

Then the king, placing his hand upon the Abbé de Firmont's knee:

"Messieurs," said he, in the tone of a master, "I recommend to you this gentleman whom you see here. Have a care that, after my death, no harm is done him. It is you whom I charge to watch over him."

During this time the other executioners had come up.

"Yes, yes," answered one of them; "we will take care of him. Let us alone for that."

Louis got out of the carriage.

The valets of the executioner surrounded him and wished to take off his coat, but he repulsed them with disdain, and commenced to undress himself alone.

An instant the king remained isolated in the circle which had been formed, throwing his hat on the ground, taking off his coat, and unloosening his cravat; but then the executioners approached him.

One of them held a cord in his hand.

"What do you want?" said the king.

"To tie you," said the executioner who was holding the cord.

"Oh," said the king, "I will never consent to that; give that up. Do what you are ordered to do; but you will not tie me! no, no, never!"

The executioners raised their voices; a hand-to-hand struggle was, in the eyes of the world, about to take from the victim the merit of six months' calmness, of courage, and of resignation, when one of the three brothers Samson, moved with pity, but, however, condemned to execute the horrible task, approached, and in a respectful tone:

"Sire," said he, "with this handkerchief—"

The king looked at his confessor.

The latter made an effort to speak.

"Sire," said the Abbé de Firmont, "this will be one more point of resemblance between your majesty and the God who is about to be your reward."

The king raised his eyes with a supreme expression of grief.

"Surely," said he, "no less than his example is necessary for me to submit to such an outrage."

And, turning toward the executioners, extending to them his resigned hands:

"Do what you will," added he, "I will drain the cup to the dregs."

The steps of the scaffold were high and slippery; he mounted them, supported by the priest. For an instant the latter, feeling the weight with which he leaned upon his arm, feared some weakness in this last moment; but when he came to the last step, the

king escaped, so to say, from the hands of his confessor, as the soul escapes from the body, and ran to the other end of the platform.

He was very much flushed, and never had he appeared so lively nor so animated.

The drums were beating; he imposed silence upon them with a look. Then, with a strong voice, he pronounced the following words:

"I die innocent of all the crimes which have been imputed to me; I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may never fall upon France."

"Beat, drums!" said a voice which was for a long time believed to be Santerre's, and which was that of M. de Beaufranchet, Count d'Oyat, bastard son of Louis XV. and the courtesan Morphise.

He was the natural uncle of the condemned.

The drums beat.

The king stamped with his foot.

"Be silent!" cried he, with a terrible accent. "I have yet something to say."

But the drummers continued their roll.

"Do your duty," howled the pikemen who surrounded the scaffold, addressing themselves to the executioners.

These threw themselves upon the king, who came back with slow steps to the knife, casting a look upon this level-edged iron for which, a year before, he himself had furnished the design.

Then he cast a look back at the priest, who was on his knees praying at the edge of the scaffold.

There was a confused movement behind the two posts of the guillotine; the lever was turned, the head of the condemned appeared at the sinister opening, a flash of light shone out, a dull thud was heard, and nothing was seen but a broad jet of blood.

Then one of the executioners, picking up the head, showed it to the people, sprinkling the sides of the scaffold with the royal blood.

At the sight of this the pikemen howled with joy, and, darting forward, soaked in this blood, some their pikes, some their sabers, and those who had them, their handkerchiefs. Then they cried "Vive la République!"

But for the first time, this grand cry, which had made the people tremble with joy, died away without an echo. The Republic had on its forehead one of those fatal stains which would never be effaced. It had just, as a great diplomatist said later, committed something worse than a crime; it had just committed a blunder. There prevailed in Paris a great feeling of stupor; with some it amounted to despair; one woman threw herself in the Seine; a wig-maker cut his throat, a librarian went mad, an old officer died of the shock. Finally, at the opening of the sitting of the convention, a letter was opened by the president; this letter was from a man who asked that the body of Louis XVI. be given to him in order that he might bury it next to his father.

That body and that head remained separated from each other; let us see what became of them.

We know of no recital more terrible than the text of the *procès-verbal* of interment; here it is as it was drawn up that same day:

Procès-verbal of the Interment of Louis Capet.

“ On the 21st of January, 1793, year II. of the French Republic, we, the undersigned administrators of the department of Paris, empowered by the general council of the department, by virtue of the decrees of the provisional executive council of the French Republic, repaired, at nine o'clock in the morning, to the residence of Citizen Ricave, Curé of St. Madeleine, and having found him at home, we asked of him if he had provided for the measures which had been intrusted to him the day before by the executive council and by the department, for the interment of Louis Capet. He answered that he had executed in every particular what had been ordered by the executive council and by the department, and that everything was at that moment prepared.

“ From thence, accompanied by Citizens Renard and Damoreau, both vicars of the parish of St. Madeleine, charged by the Citizen Curé to proceed with the interment of Louis Capet, we repaired to a place in the cemetery of the said parish, situated in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, and there being, we witnessed the execution of the orders given by us the day before to the Citizen Curé, by virtue of the commission which we had received from the council general of the department.

“ Soon afterward there was deposited in the cemetery, in our presence, the dead body of Louis Capet, which we recognized to be entire in all its members, the head being separated from the trunk; we remarked that the hair of the back part of the head had been cut, and that the body was without cravat, coat, and shoes, as to the rest, it was clothed in a shirt, a quilted vest, a pair of breeches of gray cloth, and a pair of gray silk stockings.

“ Thus clothed, it was placed in a coffin, which was lowered into a grave, which was instantly filled up. All has been done and executed in a manner conformable to the orders give by the provisional executive council of the French Republic, and we have signed with Citizens Ricave, Renard, and Damoreau, Curé and Vicars of St. Madeleine.

“ LEBLANC,	} <i>Administrators of the Department.”</i>
“ DUBOIS,	
“ DAMOREAU,	
“ RICAVE,	
“ RENARD.	

Thus, on the 21st of January, 1793, died and was buried King Louis XVI.

He was thirty-nine years, five months, and three days old; he had reigned eighteen years; he had remained a prisoner five months and eight days.

His last wish was not accomplished, and his blood has fallen back not only on France, but upon all Europe.

CHAPTER LXIV.

AN ADVICE OF CAGLIOSTRO.

THE evening of that terrible day, while the pikemen were running about the deserted and illuminated streets of Paris, rendered

still more gloomy by their illumination, and carrying at the end of their arms the rags of handkerchiefs and shirts stained with red, and crying, "The tyrant is dead! Look at the blood of the tyrant!"—two men occupied the first floor of a house in the Rue St. Honoré, in equal silence, but in very different attitudes.

One of them, clad in black, was seated before a table, his head resting between his hands, and plunged in a profound reverie—it might be in profound grief. The other, clothed in the costume of a countryman was walking up and down with long strides, with a somber eye, wrinkled forehead, and with his arms crossed upon his breast; only each time that, in his walk, which cut the room diagonally in two, the latter passed near the table, he cast stealthily upon the other a glance of interrogation.

How long had these two been thus? We can not say. But finally the man dressed as a countryman, with the crossed arms, wrinkled forehead, somber eye, appeared to grow weary of the silence, and stopping in front of the man in black with his head between his hands:

"Ah! so, Citizen Gilbert," said he, fixing his eyes upon him whom he addressed, "that is to say I am a brigand; I, because I voted for the death of the king?"

The man in the black coat raised his eyes, shook his melancholy head, and extending his hand to his companion:

"No, Billot," said he; "you are no more a brigand than I am an aristocrat. You voted according to your conscience, and I voted according to mine; only I voted life and you voted death. Then, it is a terrible thing to take from a man that which no human power can give back to him."

"So, in your opinion," cried Billot, "despotism is inviolable, liberty is rebellion, and there is no justice here below but for kings; that is to say, for tyrants? Then, what will be left for the people? The right to serve and to obey! And is it you, Monsieur Gilbert, the pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the citizen of the United States, who says that?"

"I do not say that at all, Billot, for that would be to utter an impiety against the people."

"Come," replied Billot, "I am going to speak to you, Monsieur Gilbert, with the brutality of my gross common sense, and I permit you to answer me with all the subtlety of your cleverness. Do you admit that a nation which believes itself oppressed has the right to dispossess its Church, to put down or even to suppress the throne, to fight and free itself?"

"Without doubt."

"Then, it has the right of consolidating the results of its victory?"

"Yes, Billot, it has this right, incontestably; but one consolidates nothing with violence, with murder. Remember that it is written, 'Man, thou hast not the right to kill thy fellow-man!'"

"But the king is not my fellow-man," cried Billot, "the king is my enemy! I recollect when my poor mother read me the Bible, I recollect what Samuel said to the children of Israel, who asked of him a king."

"I recollect it too, Billot; and, yet, Samuel crowned Saul and did not kill him."

"Oh! I know if I enter into an argument with you as to a matter of science, I am lost. So I simply say this to you: Had we the right to take the Bastille?"

"Yes."

"Had we the right, when the king wanted to take away from the people freedom of deliberation, to make the day of the *Jeu de Paume*?"

"Yes."

"Had we the right, when the king wanted to intimidate the Constituent Assembly by the fête of the body-guard, and by an assembling of troops at Versailles, had we the right to go after the king at Versailles and bring him back to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Had we the right, when the king tried to fly and pass over to the enemy, had we the right to arrest him at Varennes?"

"Yes."

"Had we the right, when, after he had sworn to the Constitution of 1791, we saw the king coming to terms with *émigrés* and conspiring with foreigners, had we the right to make the 20th of June?"

"Yes."

"Had we the right, when, shut up in the temple, the king continued to be a living conspiracy against liberty; had we, or had we not, the right to arraign him before the National Convention appointed to judge him?"

"You had it."

"If we had the right to judge him, we had the right to condemn him."

"Yes, to exile, to banishment, to perpetual prison, to everything except to death."

"And why not to death?"

"Because, guilty in the result, he was not in the intention. You judge him from the standpoint of the people, you do, my dear Billot; he acted from the standpoint of royalty. Was he a tyrant, as you call him? No. Was he an oppressor of the people? No. An accomplice of the aristocracy? No. An enemy of liberty? No."

"Then, you yourself have judged him from the standpoint of royalty?"

"No; for from the standpoint of royalty I would have absolved him."

"And have you not absolved him by voting for life?"

"Yes, but with perpetual confinement. Billot, believe me, I have judged him yet more partially than I would have wished. A man of the people, or, rather, a son of the people, the balance which I held in my hand has leaned to the side of the people. You have looked at him from a distance, Billot, and you have not seen him as I have: ill satisfied with the part of royalty he was obliged to play; pestered on one side by the assembly, which found him too powerful, on another by an ambitious queen; on another by a restless and humiliated nobility; on another by an implacable clergy; on another by an egotistical emigration; on another, finally,

By his brothers, going through the whole world, to seek, in his name, the enemies of the revolution. You have said, Billot, that the king was not your fellow man, that he was your enemy. Now, your enemy was vanquished, and one does not kill a vanquished enemy. A murder in cold blood is not a judgment—it is an immolation. You have just given to royalty something of martyrdom; to justice, something of vengeance. Take care! take care! in doing too much you have not done enough. Charles I. was executed, and Charles II. was king. James II. was banished, and his sons died in exile. Human nature is full of pathos, Billot, and we have just alienated from us for fifty years, for a hundred years, perhaps, that immense part of the population who judge revolutions with the heart. Ah! believe me, my friend, it is the Republicans who ought to deplore the blood of Louis XVI. the most, for the blood will fall upon them and will cost them the Republic."

"There is truth in what you are saying, there, Gilbert," answered a voice which came from the entrance door. The two men trembled, and turned with one and the same movement; then, with one and the same voice:

"Cagliostro!" said they.

"Yes, my goodness, yes," answered he; "but there is also truth in what Billot said."

"Alas!" answered Gilbert, "there is the misfortune that the cause which we are pleading has a double face, and that each one, looking at it from his side, can say, 'I am right.'"

"Yes; but he ought also to permit himself to say that he is wrong," replied Cagliostro.

"Your opinion, master?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes, your opinion?" said Billot.

"You have just judged the accused," said Cagliostro, "and I am going to judge the judgment. If you had condemned the king, you would have been right. You have condemned the man, and you have been wrong."

"I do not understand," said Billot.

"Listen, for I guess at it," said Gilbert.

"You ought to have killed the king," continued Cagliostro, "when he was at Versailles or at the Tuileries, unknown to the people, behind his net-work of courtiers and his wall of Swiss. You ought to have killed him the 7th of October or the 11th of August; he was a tyrant in those days. But after having left him five months in the temple, in communication with all, eating before all, sleeping under the eyes of all, comrade of the proletarian, of the workman, of the tradesman; raised by this false abasement to the dignity of a man, in fine, you ought to have treated him as a man—that is to say, to have banished him or imprisoned him."

"I did not understand you," said Billot to Gilbert; "but I understand Citizen Cagliostro."

"Without doubt, during these five months of captivity, they tell you how touching, innocent, and worthy of respect he was; they tell you that he was a good husband, a good father, a good man. The simpletons! I thought them more sensible than that, Gilbert. They even change, they remake him; as the sculptor brings the statue from a block of marble by dint of blows upon it, by dint of

striking upon the prosaic, vulgar being, not all bad, not all good, entirely self-willed in his sensual habit, strictly devout, in the manner, not of a lofty spirit, but of a parish church-warden—see how they have cut from this dull nature the statue of courage, of patience, and of resignation. See how they have placed this statue upon a pedestal of grief; see how they have elevated this poor king, how they have made him great, how they have crowned him; see how it happened that his wife loved him! Ah! my dear Gilbert," continued Cagliostro, bursting into a laugh, "who would have said to us on the 11th of July, on the 5th and 6th of October, on the 10th of August, that the queen would ever love her husband?"

"Oh!" murmured Billot, "if I could only have guessed that!"

"Well, what would you have done, Billot?" asked Gilbert.

"What would I have done? I would have killed him, whether it was on the 14th of July, the 5th and 6th of October, or on the 10th of August; that would have been very easy for me."

These words were pronounced with such a somber accent of patriotism, that Gilbert pardoned them and Cagliostro admired them.

"Yes," said the latter, after a moment of silence; "but you did not do it. You, Billot, voted for death, and you, Gilbert, voted for life. Well, now, will you listen to a last piece of advice from me? You, Gilbert, had yourself named a member of the convention only to accomplish a duty; you, Billot, to accomplish a vengeance; duty and vengeance, all is accomplished, there is no need of you here—leave!"

The two men stared at Cagliostro.

"Yes," he resumed, "you are, neither of you, party men; you are men of instinct. Now, when the king is dead the parties will find themselves face to face, and once face to face, the parties will destroy one another. Which will succumb the first? I know nothing about it; but I know that, one after the other, they will succumb; to-morrow, then, Gilbert, they will impute as a crime to you, your indulgence, and the day after to-morrow, and perhaps before that, to you, Billot, your severity. Believe me, in the mortal struggle which is preparing between hate, fear, vengeance, fanaticism, very few will remain pure; some will stain themselves with mud, others with blood. Leave, my friends, leave."

"But France?" said Gilbert.

"Yes, France?" repeated Billot.

"France, materially, is saved," said Cagliostro; "the enemy outside is beaten; the enemy inside is dead. However dangerous the scaffold of the 21st of January may be for the future, it is uncontestedly a great power in the present—the power of acts not to be reconsidered."

"The punishment of Louis XVI. devotes France to the vengeance of thrones, and gives to the Republic the convulsive and desperate strength of nations condemned to death. Look at Athens in ancient times, look at Holland in modern times. Compromises, negotiations, indecisions have ceased since this morning; the revolution holds the ax in one hand, the tricolored flag in the other. Leave in peace; before it lays down the ax, the aristocracy will be

decapitated; before it lays down the tricolored flag, Europe will be conquered. Leave, my friends, leave."

"Oh," said Gilbert, "God is my witness that if the future which you prophesy to me is true, I do not regret France. But where shall we go?"

"Ungrateful!" said Cagliostro, "do you forget your second country, America? do you forget those immense lakes, those virgin forests, those prairies vast as oceans? Have you not need, you who can rest, of the rest of nature, after these terrible agitations of society?"

"Will you follow me, Billot?" said Gilbert, rising.

"Will you forgive me?" asked Billot, taking a step toward Gilbert.

The two men threw themselves in each other's arms.

"It is well," said Gilbert; "we will leave."

"When, pray?" asked Cagliostro.

"In—in a week."

Cagliostro shook his head.

"You will leave this evening."

"Why this evening?"

"Because I leave to-morrow."

"And where are you going?"

"You will know some day, my friends."

"But how can we leave?"

"The 'Franklin' sails in thirty-six hours for America."

"But our passports?"

"Here they are."

"My son?"

Cagliostro went to the door and opened it.

"Come in, Sebastian; your father is calling for you."

The young man entered and threw himself into the arms of his father.

Billot sighed profoundly.

"We only lack a post-chaise," said Gilbert.

"Mine is already, with the horses before it, at the door," answered Cagliostro.

Gilbert went to the writing-desk which contained the common purse—a thousand louis—and made a sign to Billot to take his share.

"Have we enough?" said Billot.

"We have more than enough to buy a province."

Billot looked about him with embarrassment.

"What are you looking for, my friend?" asked Gilbert.

"I am looking," answered Billot, "for a thing which would be useless to me if I found it, since I can not write."

Gilbert smiled, and took pen, ink, and paper.

"Dictate," said he.

"I wish to bid farewell to Pitou," said Billot.

"I charge myself with it for you."

And Gilbert wrote.

When he had finished:

"What have you written?" asked Billot.

Gilbert read:

"MY DEAR PITOU,—We are leaving France, Billot, Sebastian, and I, and we embrace you tenderly, all three.

"We think that as you are at the head of Billot's farm, you will be in want of nothing.

"Some day, probably, we will write for you to come and join us. Your friend,

"GILBERT."

"Is that all?" asked Billot.

"There is a postscript," said Gilbert.

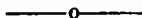
"What?"

Gilbert looked the farmer in the face, and said:

"Billot commends Catherine to you."

Billot uttered a cry of gratitude, and threw himself into Gilbert's arms.

Ten minutes afterward the post-chaise which carried Gilbert, Sebastian, and Billot was rolling along the road to Havre.



EPILOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT ANGE PITOU AND CATHERINE BILLOT DID ON THE 15TH OF FEBRUARY, 1793.

A LITTLE more than a year after the execution of the king and the departure of Gilbert, Sebastian, and Billot, on a fine and cold morning of the terrible winter of 1794, three or four hundred persons, that is to say, the sixth part, nearly, of the population of Villera Cotterets, were waiting at the square of the château and in the court-yard of the mayoralty for the appearance of two fiancés whom our old acquaintance, M. de Longpré, was about to make husband and wife.

The two fiancés were Ange Pitou and Catherine Billot.

Alas! very grave events must have occurred to have brought the former mistress of the Vicomte de Charny, the mother of little Isidore, to becoming Mme. Ange Pitou.

These events each one recounted and commented on in his own fashion; but in whatever fashion they commented and recounted, there was not a single one of these recitals, which were current in the square, which was not to the great glory of the devotion of Ange Pitou and of the discretion of Catherine Billot.

Only the more interesting the future man and wife were, the more they pitied them.

Perhaps they were happier than any of the persons, male or female, composing the crowd; but as a crowd is thus constituted, it must always pity or envy.

On that day it pitied.

In fact, the events predicted by Cagliostro on the evening of the 21st of January had marched with a rapid step, leaving after them a long and indelible stain of blood.

On the 1st of February, 1793, the National Convention had passed

a decree ordering the creation of the sum of eight hundred millions of assignats; which brought the total of the assignats issued up to the sum of three thousand and one hundred millions.

On the 28th of March, 1793, the convention, upon the report of Treilhard, had rendered a decree which banished forever the *émigrés*, which declared them civilly dead, and confiscated their property for the benefit of the Republic.

On the 7th of November the convention had rendered a decree which charged the Committee on Public Instruction to present a proposition tending to substitute a civic worship conformable to reason for the Catholics.

We do not mention the proscription and death of the Girondists. We do not mention the execution of the Duke of Orleans, of the queen, of Bailly, of Danton, of Camille Desmoulins and of many others, these events having resounded even as far as Villers Cotterets, but having had no influence upon the personages with whom it remains for us to occupy ourselves.

The result of the confiscation of property was that, Billot and Gilbert being considered as *émigrés*, their property had been confiscated and put up for sale.

It was the same with the property of the Count de Charny, killed the 10th of August, and of the countess, massacred the 2d of September.

In consequence of this decree, Catherine had been put out-of-doors at the Pisselieu farm, which was considered as national property.

Pitou had been anxious to claim the farm in the name of Catherine, but Pitou had become a moderate.

Pitou was a little under suspicion, and the prudent persons gave him the advice not to put himself in opposition, either in action or in thoughts, to the orders of the nation.

Catherine and Pitou had then retired to Haramont. Catherine had at first entertained the idea of going to live, as before, in the hut of Father Clovis; but when she presented herself at the door of the ex-guards of M. the Duke of Orleans, he had placed his finger upon his mouth as a sign of silence, and had shaken his head as a sign of impossibility.

This impossibility resulted from the fact that the place was already occupied.

The law with regard to the banishment of the priests who had not taken the oath had been vigorously put in force, and as you will well understand, the Abbé Fortier, not having been willing to take the oath, had been banished, or, rather, had banished himself.

But he had not thought proper to cross the frontier, and his banishment was limited to leaving his house at Villers Cotterets, where he had left Mlle. Alexandrine to watch over his furniture, and going to ask an asylum of Father Clovis, which the latter was eager to grant him.

The hut of Father Clovis, you will remember, was but a simple grotto dug under the ground, which only a single person could occupy, and that with but little comfort; it was, therefore, difficult to add Catherine Billot and little Isidore to the Abbé Fortier

Then you will recollect the intolerant behavior of the Abbé For-

tier at the death of Mme. Billot. Catherine was not good Christian enough to pardon the abbé for his refusal of burial to her mother, and, had she been good Christian enough, the Abbé Fortier himself was too good a Catholic to pardon her.

It was necessary, therefore, to renounce the idea of living in Father Clovis's hut.

There remained the house of Aunt Angelica at Pleux, and the little cottage of Pitou at Haramont.

There was no need of even thinking of Aunt Angelica's house; in proportion as the revolution followed its course, Aunt Angelica had become more and more crabbed, which seemed incredible, and thinner and thinner, which seemed impossible. This moral and physical change was the cause of the churches at Villers Cotterets, as elsewhere, being closed, while waiting until a reasonable and civil worship had been invented by the Committee on Public Instruction.

Now, the churches being closed, the hire of the chairs, which was the main income of Aunt Angelica, had fallen to nothing. It was this drying up of her resources which made Aunt Angelica thinner and more crabbed than ever.

Let us add that she had heard the taking of the Bastille so often told by Billot and Ange Pitou, that she had so often, during the epoch of great events in Paris, seen the farmer and her nephew leave suddenly for the capital, that she had not the least doubt but that the French Revolution was conducted by Ange Pitou and Billot, and that Citizens Danton, Marat, Robespierre and others were only the secondary agents of these chief leaders. There was no use, therefore, of thinking of placing Catherine at Aunt Angelica's.

The little cottage of Pitou at Haramont remained. But how were two people, or even three, to live in this little cottage without giving rise to scandal? It was more impossible than to live in Father Clovis's hut.

Pitou had therefore resolved to ask the hospitality of his friend, Désiré Maniquet, a hospitality which the worthy Haramontese had granted him, and for which Pitou paid in all kinds of work. But all this did not give a position to poor Catherine. Pitou showed her all the attentions of a friend and all the tenderness of a brother; but Catherine felt that it was neither as a brother nor as a friend that Pitou loved her.

Little Isidore felt this also; he, poor child, who, never having had the happiness of knowing his father, loved Pitou as he would have loved the Comte de Charny—better, perhaps, for we must confess that Pitou was the adorer of the mother, but he was the slave of the child.

One would have said that he understood, the clever strategist, that there was but one way to enter into Catherine's heart; that was to enter it at the heels of Isidore.

But let us make haste to say it, no calculation of this kind tarnished the purity of honest Pitou's feelings. Pitou has remained such as we have seen him, that is to say, the ingenuous and devoted lad of the first chapters of our book, and if a change had taken

place in him, it was that upon attaining his majority Pitou had become yet more devoted and more candid than ever.

All these qualities moved Catherine to tears.

She felt that Pitou loved her ardently, loved her to adoration, even to fanaticism; and sometimes she said to herself that she would willingly recognize such a great love, such a complete devotion, by a sentiment more tender than of friendship.

By dint of saying this it happened that, little by little, poor Catherine, feeling herself—with the exception of Pitou—completely isolated in this world; comprehending that, if she should die, her poor child—still with the exception of Pitou—would be left alone.

It happened that, little by little, Catherine had come to give to Pitou the sole reward that was in her power to give; to give him her friendship and her person.

Alas! her love, that brilliant and perfumed flower of youth, her love, now, was in heaven!

Nearly six months passed, during which Catherine, hardly conscious yet of this thought, kept it in a corner of her mind rather than in the bottom of her heart.

During these six months Pitou—who, although each day received with a sweeter smile, although bidden good-bye each evening by a more tender grasp of the hand—had not entertained the idea that such a sudden change in the feelings of Catherine could occur in his favor. But it was not in the hope of a reward that Pitou was devoted, that Pitou was loving: Pitou, although he was ignorant of the feelings of Catherine toward him, was none the less devoted to Catherine, none the less in love with Catherine.

And that would have lasted thus until the death of Catherine or of Pitou, had Pitou attained the age of Philemon and Catherine that of Baucis, without causing the least alteration in the feelings of the Captain of the National Guard of Haramont.

So it was for Catherine to speak first, as women speak.

One evening, instead of giving him her hand, she gave him her forehead.

Pitou thought this was absence of mind on Catherine's part; he was too honest a man to profit by absent-mindedness.

He drew back a step.

But Catherine had not let go his hand; she drew him to her and offered, not her forehead, but her cheek

Pitou hesitated still more.

Seeing which, little Isidore said:

"But kiss Mamma Catherine, Papa Pitou."

"Oh! good heavens!" murmured Pitou, growing pale, as if he were going to die.

And he placed his cold and trembling lips upon Catherine's cheek.

Then, taking her child, she placed him in Pitou's arms.

"I give you the child, Pitou; will you take the mother with him?" said she.

This time Pitou's head turned; he closed his eyes, and pressing the child against his breast, he fell upon a chair, crying out with that delicacy of heart which the heart alone can appreciate:

"Oh, Monsieur Isidore! oh, my dear Monsieur Isidore, how I love you!"

Isidore called Pitou Papa Pitou; but Pitou called the son of the Vicomte de Charny M. Isidore.

And then, as he felt that it was above all for love of her son that Catherine was willing to love him, he did not say to Catherine:

"Oh, how I love you, Mademoiselle Catherine!"

But he said to Isidore:

"Oh, how I love you, Monsieur Isidore!"

This point fixed, that Pitou loved Isidore yet more than Catherine, they spoke of the wedding.

"I do not press you, Mademoiselle Catherine; take your time; but if you wish to make me happy, do not put it off too long."

Catherine took a month.

At the end of three weeks, Pitou, in full uniform, went respectfully to pay a visit to Aunt Angelica, with the view of informing her of his approaching union with Mlle. Catherine Billot.

Aunt Angelique saw her nephew coming from a distance, and made haste to lock the door.

But Pitou continued none the less to approach the inhospitable door, at which he rapped gently.

"Who is there?" asked Aunt Angelica, in her most supercilious voice.

"I, your nephew, Aunt Angelica."

"Go your way, Septemberist!" said the old woman.

"Aunt," continued Pitou, "I have come to announce to you some news that can not fail to be agreeable to you, since it makes me happy."

"And what is this news, Jacobin?"

"Open your door, and I will tell you."

"Tell me through the door. I do not open my door to a sans-culotte like you."

"This is your last word, aunt?"

"This is my last word."

"Well, my little aunt, I am going to be married."

The door was opened as if by enchantment.

"And to whom, poor wretch?"

"To Mademoiselle Catherine Billot," answered Pitou.

"Ah, wretch! ah, infamous wretch!" said Aunt Angelica, "he is going to marry a ruined girl. Go away, poor wretch! I curse you!"

And with a gesture full of nobility, Aunt Angelica stretched out her two yellow, dry hands toward her nephew.

"Aunt," said Pitou, "you understand that I am too much accustomed to your curses to have them affect me more than the others have. Now, I owed you the civility of announcing my marriage to you; I have announced it to you; the civility has been performed. Adieu, Aunt Angelica."

And Pitou, bringing his hand in military fashion to his three-cornered hat, made his bow to Aunt Angelica, and took his way across Le Pleux.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE EFFECT PRODUCED UPON AUNT ANGELICA BY THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE MARRIAGE OF HER NEPHEW WITH CATHERINE.

PITOU had to inform M. de Longpré, who lived in the Rue de l'Ormet, of his future marriage. M. de Longpré, less prejudiced against the Billot family than Aunt Angelica, congratulated Pitou upon the good act he was performing.

Pitou listened, utterly astonished. He did not comprehend that in securing his happiness he was at the same time doing a good act.

As for the rest, Pitou, pure Republican, was more than ever grateful to the Republic, all delays being done away with by the fact of the doing away with marriages in the church.

It was, therefore, understood between M. de Longpré and Pitou that the Saturday following Catherine Billot and Ange Pitou should be married at the mayoralty.

It was the next day, Sunday, that, by adjudication, the sale of the Pisselieu farm and of the Château de Boursonne would take place.

The price of the farm had been fixed at the sum of four hundred thousand francs in assignats.

The assignats were beginning to fall frightfully; a louis d'or was worth nine hundred and twenty francs in assignats.

But no one had any longer a louis d'or.

Pitou had returned, running all the way, to announce the good news to Catherine. Permission had been given to advance by two days the time fixed for the marriage, and he was very much afraid that this advance would vex Catherine.

Catherine did not appear vexed, and Pitou was with the angels.

Only, Catherine insisted that Pitou should make a second visit to Aunt Angelica, to announce to her the precise day of the marriage, and to invite her to be present at the ceremony.

It was the only relative that Pitou had, and although she was not a very tender relative, it was necessary for Pitou to behave handsomely on his part.

Consequently, on Thursday morning, Pitou went to Villers Cotterets, with the intention of making a second visit to his aunt.

Nine o'clock was striking when he came in sight of the house.

This time Aunt Angelica was not at the door, and even, as if Aunt Angelica had expected Pitou, the door was closed.

Pitou thought that she had already gone out, and was delighted at the circumstance. The visit was paid, and a very tender and respectful letter would supply the place of the speech which he intended to make to her.

But as Pitou was a lad, conscientious above everything, he knocked at the door, closed as it was, and no one answering to his knocks, he called out.

At the double noise that Pitou made, calling and knocking, a neighbor appeared.

"Ah, Mother Fagot," asked Pitou, "do you know whether my aunt has gone out?"

"Does she not answer?" asked Mother Fagot.

"No; you see for yourself; no doubt she has gone out."

Mother Fagot shook her head.

"I would have seen her go out," said she; "my door is opposite hers, and it is very seldom that upon awakening she does not come to us to put a little ashes in her shoes; with that, poor woman, she warms herself all day. Is it not so, neighbor Farolet?"

This question was addressed to a new actor, who, in his turn, opening his door at the noise, came and joined in the conversation.

"What were you saying, Madame Fagot?"

"I say that Angelica has not gone out. Have you seen her?"

"No; and I even affirm that she is still in her room, for if she was up and had gone out, the blinds would be open."

"That is true," said Pitou. "Ah! good heavens! can it be that an accident has happened to my poor aunt?"

"It is very possible," said Mother Fagot.

"It is more than possible, it is probable," said M. Farolet, sentimentously.

"Ah! upon my word, she was not very tender to me," said Pitou; "but no matter, it would grieve me."

"How shall we find out about it?"

"Well," said a third neighbor, "it is not a very difficult thing; it is only a matter of sending for Monsieur Rigolet, the locksmith."

"If it is to open the door," said Pitou, "it is useless; I was in the habit of opening it with my knife."

"Well, open it, my lad," said M. Farolet; "we will be witnesses that you have not opened it with a bad intent."

Pitou took out his knife; then, in presence of a dozen persons drawn together in the court, he approached the door with a dexterity which proved that more than once he had made use of this means to enter the home of his youth, and shot the bolt from the staple.

The door opened.

The room was in the most complete darkness.

But, once the door opened, the light entered little by little—the sad and funereal light of a winter morning—and by this daylight, somber as it was, they could distinguish Aunt Angelica lying upon her bed.

Pitou called twice:

"Aunt Angelica! Aunt Angelica!"

The old woman remained motionless, and did not answer.

Pitou approached and felt of the body.

"Oh!" said he, "she is cold and stiff!"

They opened the window.

Aunt Angelica was dead.

"Here is a misfortune!" said Pitou.

"Well," said Farolet, "not such a great one; she didn't love you very much, my boy, this Aunt Angelica."

"That is possible," said Pitou; "but I myself loved her."

Two great tears rolled down the cheeks of the worthy young fellow.

"Ah, my poor aunt Angelica!" said he.

And he fell upon his knees before the bed.

"Say, Monsieur Pitou," said Mother Fagot, "if you are in want of anything, we are at your disposal. Indeed, one has neighbors, or one hasn't them."

"Thanks, Mother Fagot. Is your boy there?"

"Yes. Hey! Fagotin!" cried the good woman.

A lad of fourteen appeared at the threshold of the door.

"Here I am, mother," said he.

"Well," continued Pitou, "beg him to run to Haramont, and to tell Catherine not to be anxious, but that I have found Aunt Angelica dead. Poor Aunt—"

Pitou dried up his fresh tears.

"And what is it that keeps me at Villers Cotterets?" added he.

"You have heard, Fagotin?" said Mother Fagot.

"Yes."

"Well, decamp."

"Go through the Rue de Soissons," said the sententious Farolet, "and inform Monsieur Raynal that there is a case of sudden death to authenticate, that of Aunt Angelica."

"You understand?"

"Yes, mother," said the boy.

And taking to his heels, he scampered away in the direction of the Rue de Soissons, which is at the end of the Pleux.

The crowd had increased; there were a hundred persons before the door, each one giving his opinion upon the death of Aunt Angelica; some leaning toward fulminant apoplexy, others toward a rupture, and others toward consumption in its last stages.

"If Pitou is not a blunderer, he will find a good pile of money on the highest shelf of a cupboard in a pct of butter, or at the bottom of a straw mattress in a woolen stocking."

While this was going on, M. Raynal arrived, preceded by the receiver-general.

They came to ascertain of what Aunt Angelica died.

M. Raynal entered, approached the bed, examined the corpse, placed his hand upon the epigastrium and the abdomen, and declared, to the great astonishment of all the audience, that Aunt Angelica had died simply of cold, and probably of hunger.

Pitou's tears redoubled at this declaration.

"Oh! poor aunt, poor aunt!" cried he: "and I, who believed her rich—I am a wretch for having abandoned her! Oh, if I had known that! It is not possible, Monsieur Raynal! it is not possible!"

"Look in the bread-trough, and you will see if there is any bread in it: look in the wood-box, and you will see if there is any wood in it. I have always predicted that she would die like that, the old miser!"

They looked: there was not a stick of wood in the box, not a morsel of bread in the trough.

"Oh! why did not she tell that?" cried Pitou; "I would have gone to the woods to warm her; I would have poached to feed her. It is your fault, too," continued the poor lad, accusing those about him. "Why did you not tell me that she was poor?"

"We did not tell you that she was poor, Monseigneur Pitou," said Farolet, "for the very simple reason that everybody thought her rich."

M. Raynal had thrown the sheet over Aunt Angelica's head, and was making his way to the door.

Pitou ran to him.

"You are going away, Monsieur Raynal?" said he to him.

"And what do you want me to do here, my lad?"

"She is, then, positively dead?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh! good heavens! good heavens!" said Pitou; "and dead of cold! dead of hunger!"

M. Raynal made a sign to the young man, who came to him.

"My lad," said he, "I advise you, none the less, to look high and low—you understand?"

"But, Monsieur Raynal, since you say that she died of hunger and cold—"

"Misers have been known," said M. Raynal, "who have died of hunger and cold lying upon their treasure."

Then, putting his finger upon his mouth:

"Hush!" said he.

And he went away.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT ANGELICA'S ARM-CHAIR.

PITOU would have, perhaps, reflected more profoundly upon what M. Raynal had just said to him, had he not seen at a distance Catherine running up with her child in her arms.

As soon as it was known that, according to all probability, Aunt Angelica had died of hunger and cold, the eagerness on the part of the neighbors to pay their last duties was a little less great.

Catherine arrived there in the nick of time. She declared that, looking upon herself as Pitou's wife, it was for her to pay the last duties to Aunt Angelica; which she did with the same respect with which she had, poor creature, done eighteen months before for her mother.

Pitou, during this time, went to order everything for the burial, which was necessarily fixed for the third day after, the case of sudden death not allowing Aunt Angelica to be buried until the expiration of forty-eight hours.

There was nothing more to be done than to have an understanding with the mayor, the undertaker, and the grave-digger, religious ceremonies having been suppressed with regard to burials as well as marriages.

"My friend," said Catherine to Pitou, at the moment when he was taking up his hat to go to M. Longpré's after the accident which had just happened, "would it not be proper for us to postpone our marriage for a day or two?"

"Just as you wish, Mademoiselle Catherine," said Pitou.

"Would it not look singular if, the very day you had borne your aunt to the grave, you should perform an act as important as that of marriage?"

"Very important for me, indeed," said Pitou, "since my happiness is at stake."

"Well, my friend, consult Monsieur de Longpré. and whatever he tells you to do, you will do."

"So be it, Mademoiselle Catherine."

"And then, it could not but bring us ill-luck, marrying so near a tomb."

"Oh!" said Pitou, "from the moment in which I shall become your husband, I defy ill-luck to attack me."

"Dear Pitou," said Catherine, holding out her hand to him, "let us put this off until Monday. You see, I am trying to reconcile your wishes as much as possible with propriety."

"Ah! two days, Mademoiselle Catherine? it is a very long time."

"Nonsense!" said Catherine, "when one has waited five years—"

"A great many things happen in twenty-four hours," said Pitou.

"It will not happen that I love you less, my dear Pitou; and as that is, as you pretend, the only thing that you have to fear—"

"The only one? Ah, yes, the only one Mademoiselle Catherine."

"Well, in that case—Isidore."

"Mamma?" answered the child.

"Say to Papa Pitou, 'Have no fear, Papa Pitou; mamma loves you dearly, and mamma will love you always.'"

The child repeated in his little sweet voice:

"Have no fear, Papa Pitou; mamma loves you dearly, and mamma will love you always."

Upon this assurance, Pitou made no more objections to going to M. Longpré's.

Pitou returned at the end of an hour; he had made arrangements for everything, burial and marriage; everything had been paid for in advance.

With the remainder of his money he had bought a little wood and provisions for two days.

It was time that the wood came; one can understand that, in this poor house of Pleux, where the wind entered from all sides, one could die of cold.

On his return, Pitou found Catherine half frozen.

The marriage, in accordance with Catherine's wish, had been postponed until Monday.

The two days and the two nights rolled around without Catherine and Pitou quitting each other an instant; they passed the two nights watching at the bedside of the dead.

In spite of the enormous fire which Pitou had been careful to keep up in the fire-place, the wind penetrated sharp and glacial, and Pitou said to himself, that if Aunt Angelica did not die of hunger, she might easily have died of cold.

The moment to take away the body came; the transportation would not be long; Aunt Angelica's room almost adjoined the cemetery.

All Pleux and a part of the city followed the defunct to her last resting-place. In the provinces the women go to burials; Pitou and Catherine led the mourners.

The ceremony finished, Pitou thanked those present in the name of the deceased and in his own name, and after having sprinkled some holy water on the grave of the old woman, each one, as was customary, defiled before Pitou.

Remaining alone with Catherine, Pitou turned to the place where he had left her, but Catherine was no longer near him; she was on her knees, with little Isidore, upon a grave, at the four corners of which four cypress-trees rose.

The tomb was that of Mother Billot.

It was Pitou who had got the four cypresses from the forest, and who had planted them.

He did not wish to disturb Catherine in this pious occupation; but thinking that, her prayer finished, Catherine would be very cold, he ran to the house with the intention of making an enormous fire.

Unfortunately, one thing opposed his realizing his good intentions. Since morning, the supply of wood had been exhausted.

Pitou scratched his ear. The rest of his money, we remember, had been spent in laying in a supply of bread and wood.

Pitou looked round about him, trying to find some article of furniture which he could sacrifice to the necessities of the moment.

There was the bed, the bread trough, and the arm-chair of Aunt Angelica.

The trough and the bed, without having any great value, were not, however, without use; but the arm-chair? It was a long time since any one, except Aunt Angelica, had dared to sit in it, so frightfully dislocated was it.

The arm-chair was therefore condemned.

Pitou proceeded like the revolutionary tribunal—scarcely condemned, the arm-chair was to be executed.

Pitou placed his knee upon the morocco leather blackened by age, seized with both hands one of the uprights, and drew it toward him.

At the third effort the upright yielded.

The arm-chair, as if it was in pain at this dismemberment, gave forth a strange wail. If Pitou had been superstitious, he would have thought that the soul of Aunt Angelica was shut up in this arm-chair.

But Pitou had but one superstition in the world, that was his love for Catherine, and had it shed as much blood and uttered as many wails as the enchanted trees in the Forest de Tasso, the arm-chair would have been broken to pieces.

Pitou, therefore, seized the second upright with as vigorous an arm as he had seized the first, and with an effort similar to that which he had already made, he tore it from the body, three quarters disjointed.

The arm-chair made the same strange, singular, metallic noise.

Pitou remained impassible. He took the mutilated piece of furniture by one leg, raised it above his head, and, to give the finishing stroke to it, he struck it with all his strength against the stone floor.

This time the arm-chair burst asunder, and, to Pitou's great

astonishment, through the open wound vomited, not floods of blood, but floods of gold.

It will be remembered that, as soon as Aunt Angelica had got together twenty-four livres in silver, that she changed these twenty-four livres for a gold louis, and introduced the louis d'or into her arm chair

Pitou remained wonder-struck, tottering with surprise, crazy with astonishment.

His first thought was to run after Catherine and little Isidore, to bring both of them there and show them the treasure he had just discovered.

But a terrible reflection kept him back.

Would Catherine, knowing him to be rich, still marry him?

He shook his head.

"No," said he, "no; she would refuse."

He remained an instant motionless, reflecting, anxious.

Then a smile passed over his face.

Without doubt, he had found a way of getting out of the perplexity in which these unexpected riches had put him.

He picked up the louis which were on the floor, succeeded in disemboweling the arm-chair with his knife, and examined the smallest nooks of the horse-hair and of the tow.

Everything was stuffed with louis.

He found fifteen hundred and fifty of them

Pitou was, therefore, worth fifteen hundred and fifty louis, that is to say, thirty-seven thousand two hundred livres.

Now, as the louis d'or was worth at that epoch nine hundred and twenty clear livres in assignats, Pitou was therefore worth one million three hundred and twenty-six thousand livres.

And in what a moment had this colossal fortune come to him! At the moment when he was obliged, having no more money to buy wood, to break up, in order to warm Catherine, Aunt Angelica's arm-chair.

What a blessing it was that Pitou should have been so poor, that the weather should have been so cold, and that the arm-chair should have been so old!

Who knows, without this combination of apparently fatal circumstances, what would have become of this precious arm-chair?

Pitou commenced by stuffing the louis in all his pockets; then, having excitedly given each fragment a shake, he piled them up in the fire-place, struck the steel partly on his fingers and partly on the flint, and succeeded with great trouble in lighting the tinder, and with a trembling hand set fire to the pile.

It was time. Catherine and little Isidore came back shivering with cold.

Pitou strained the child to his heart, kissed Catherine's cold hands, and went out, saying:

"I am going on an indispensable errand; warm yourselves and wait for me."

"Where is Papa Pitou going?" asked Isidore.

"I know nothing about it," answered Catherine, "but most certainly, when he runs away so quickly, it is not for himself, but for you or for me."

Catherine could have said:
 "For you *and* for me."

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT PITOU DID WITH THE LOUIS FOUND IN AUNT ANGELICA'S
 ARM-CHAIR.

THE reader will not have forgotten that it was the next day that the sale at auction of the Billot farm and of the château of the Count de Charny was to take place.

He will also remember that the price of four hundred thousand francs had been put upon the farm, and six hundred thousand francs upon the château, in assignats.

When the morrow arrived, M. Longpré bought, for an unknown purchaser the two parcels for the sum of thirteen hundred and fifty louis d'or, that is to say, of one million two hundred and forty-two thousand francs in assignats.

He paid cash down.

This took place on Sunday, the day before that upon which the marriage of Catherine and Pitou was to take place.

That Sunday, Catherine, early in the morning, had left for Haramont, either because she had some arrangements of coquetry to make, as the most unpretending of women have on the eve of a marriage, or because she had not wished to remain in the city while the beautiful farm where she had passed her youth was being sold then at auction, the farm where she had been so happy and where she had suffered so much.

What was the cause, at eleven o'clock the next day, of all this crowd assembled before the door of the mayoralty, pitying and praising Pitou so loudly for having married a girl so completely ruined, who, into the bargain, had a child who, with prospects of being some day richer than she, was even more completely ruined than she was?

During this time M. de Longpré asked, according to usage, of Pitou:

"Citizen Pierre Ange Pitou, do you take for your wife Citizeness Anne Catherine Billot?"

And of Catherine Billot:

"Citizeness Anne Catherine Billot, do you take for your husband Citizen Pierre Ange Pitou?"

And each answered, "Yes."

Then when both had answered, "Yes," Pitou, in a voice trembling with emotion, Catherine, in a voice full of serenity, when M. de Longpré had proclaimed, in the name of the law, that the two young people were united in marriage, he made a sign to little Isidore to come and speak to him.

Little Isidore, perched on the mayor's desk, went straight to him.

"My child," said M. de Longpré to him, "here are some papers which you will give to Mamma Catherine when your father Pitou shall have brought you home."

"Yes, monsieur," said the child.

And he took the two papers in his little hand.

All was finished; only, to the great astonishment of those pres-

ent, Pitou drew from his pocket five louis d'or, and handing them to the mayor:

"For the poor, Monsieur le Maire," said he.

Catherine smiled.

"We are rich, then?" asked she.

"One is rich when one is happy, Catherine," remarked Pitou; "and you have just made me the richest man on earth."

And he offered her his arm, upon which the young woman leaned tenderly.

On going out, all this crowd was, as we have said, at the door of the mayoralty.

They saluted the married couple with unanimous acclamations.

Pitou thanked his friends, and gave many hand-shakes.

Catherine saluted her friends, and distributed many nods.

During this time Pitou was turning to the right.

"Where are you going, my friend?" asked Catherine.

In fact, if Pitou was going to return to Haramont, he should have gone to the left by the park.

If he was going back to Aunt Angelica's house, he should have gone straight ahead by the Place du Château.

Where was he going by way of the Place de la Fontaine?

It was that which Catherine asked him.

"Come, my well beloved Catherine," said Pitou; "I am taking you to visit a place which you will be very glad to see again."

Catherine allowed herself to be led on.

"Where can they be going?" asked those who were looking at them as they went.

Pitou crossed the Place de la Fontaine without stopping, took the Rue de l'Ormet, and when he came to the end of it, turned by that little lane in which, six years before, he had met Catherine upon her donkey, the day when, driven out of the house by Aunt Angelica, he knew not of whom to ask for hospitality.

"We are not going to Pisselieu, I hope?" asked Catherine, stopping her husband.

"Come along, Catherine," said Pitou.

Catherine drew a sigh, following the little lane, and came out into the plain.

At the end of ten minutes' walk they arrived at the little bridge where Pitou had found her in a swoon, the evening of the departure of Isidore for Paris.

There she stopped.

"Pitou," said she, "I will go no further."

"Oh! Mademoiselle Catherine," said Pitou, "only to the hollow willow-tree."

It was the willow to which Pitou came to get Isidore's letters.

Catherine drew a sigh and continued her way.

When she came to the willow:

"Let us return," said she, "I beg of you!"

But Pitou, placing his hand upon the young girl's arm:

"Yet twenty steps, Mademoiselle Catherine," said he; "I only ask that of you."

"Ah, Pitou!" murmured Catherine, with such a dolorous tone of reproach that Pitou stopped in his turn.

"Oh! mademoiselle," said he, "and I who believed that it would make you so happy."

"You thought you were making me happy, Pitou, by showing me a farm where I have been brought up, which belonged to my parents, which ought to belong to me, and which, sold yesterday, now belongs to a stranger, whose name, even, I do not know?"

"Mademoiselle Catherine, yet twenty steps; I only ask that."

In fact, these twenty steps, upon turning the angle of a wall, unmasked the great door of the farm-house.

At this great door of the farm-house were grouped all the old day-laborers, plowmen, stable boys, and farm-girls, with Father Clovis at their head.

Each one held a bouquet in his hand.

"Ah! I understand," said Catherine; "before the new proprietor arrives you have wished to bring me here for the last time, in order that all these old servants should bid me adieu! Thanks, Pitou."

And letting go of her husband's arm and little Isidore's hand, she went to meet these good people, who surrounded her and fairly dragged her into the great hall of the farm-house. Pitou took little Isidore tenderly in his arms—the child all the while was holding the two papers in his hand—and followed Catherine. The young girl had sat down in the great hall, and was rubbing her head with her hands, as of one trying to awake from a dream.

"In the name of Heaven, Pitou," said she, "what are they saying to me? My friend, I don't understand at all what they are saying to me!"

"Perhaps these papers which our child will hand to you will give you more information about it, dear Catherine," said Pitou.

And he pushed Isidore toward his mother.

Catherine took the two papers from the little hands of the child.

"Read, Catherine," said Pitou.

Catherine opened one of the two papers at hazard, and read:

"I acknowledge that the Château de Boursonne, and the lands thereto appertaining, have been bought and paid for by me, for the benefit of Jacques Phillippe Isidore, minor son of Mademoiselle Catherine Billot; and that it is, consequently, to this child that the said Château de Boursonne, and the said lands thereto appertaining, belong in full ownership.

"Signed: DE LONGPRÉ,

"Mayor of Villers Cotterets."

"What does this mean, Pitou?" asked Catherine. "You well know that I do not understand a word of all this. Is it not so?"

"Read the other paper," said Pitou.

And Catherine, unfolding the other paper, read as follows:

"I acknowledge that the farm of Pisselieu and its dependencies have been bought and paid for by me yesterday, on account of Citoyenne Anne Catherine Billot, and that it is, consequently, to her that the farm of Pisselieu and its dependencies belong in full ownership.

"Signed: DE LONGPRÉ,

"Mayor of Villers Cotterets."

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Catherine, "tell me what this means, or I shall go crazy."

"This means that, thanks to the fifteen hundred and fifty louis d'or found the day before yesterday in my aunt Angelica's old arm-chair (the arm-chair which I broke to pieces to warm you on your return from the burial), the land and the Château de Boursonne will not leave the Charny family, nor the farm-house and the lands of Pisselieu the Billot family."

And then Pitou related to Catherine what we have already related to the reader.

"Oh!" said Catherine; "and you had the courage to burn the old arm-chair, dear Pitou, when you had fifteen hundred and fifty louis to buy wood with?"

"Catherine," said Pitou, "you would soon be back; you would have been obliged to wait, to warm yourself, until the wood was bought and brought in, and you would have been cold while waiting."

Catherine opened her arms; Pitou pushed Isidore into them.

"Oh! you also, you also, dear Pitou!" said Catherine.

And in one and the same embrace Catherine pressed to her heart her child and her husband.

"Oh, good Heaven!" murmured Pitou, suffocating with joy, and at the same time giving a last tear to the old woman; "when one thinks of her dying of hunger and cold! Poor Aunt Angelica!"

"Faith," said a big, good-natured plowman to a fresh and pretty farm-girl, pointing to Pitou and Catherine, "faith, there are two who do not appear to me to be destined to die that death."

THE END.

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