

THE  
UNKNOWN COUNTESS;

OR,

CRIME AND ITS RESULTS.

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CHAPTER I.

Dark was the night, and wild the storm,  
And loud the torrent's roar.—PERCY.

It was a dark, dreary night on the 18th of November, 18—, as the clock of old St. Paul's chimed forth the hour of eleven; the wind moaned piteously among the roofs and chimneys of the houses, or swept past the dimly-lighted and almost deserted streets of New York, with a howl that made those within, feel thankful they were safely housed, and those without, to draw their cloaks more closely, and press eagerly forward in the hope of soon obtaining a shelter. Signs creaked, shutters groaned as they swung to and fro, doors and windows rattled, while the rain beat against them with all the fury of a cold Autumnal storm.

The guardians of the city had already forgotten their nocturnal rounds, in the (to them) more important matters of self, and were snugly ensconced in their old favorite corners, perhaps dreaming of

the duties they should have been performing.

Before a bright, blazing fire, which seemed even more so, contrasted with the cold, dismal aspect without, in a finely-furnished apartment of a large building standing near what is now called "City Hall Place," sat a dark-complexioned man, of the middling size, apparently about thirty years of age. At the moment he is introduced to reader, his chair was leaning back, supported in its position by his feet, which were placed against the fender—his head bent forward, resting on his left hand, in a manner so as to shade his face, seemingly in a deep study.

As the clock of St. Paul's tolled the hour of eleven, he started from his recumbent position, revealing, as he did so, a countenance little calculated to prepossess a stranger in his favor, had there been one present. His face was somewhat of an oval shape—his features regular, well formed, and withal rather handsome, but for a dark sinister expres-

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sion which they conveyed, and a slight sneering smile hovering around his upper lip, engrossing the little beauty there in the more powerful trait of character developed. His forehead was about the medium height, a little sloping toward the back of the head, surrounded by dark brown hair, parted carelessly from the left, and falling off each way in negligent profusion. His eyes were black and piercing, shaded by dark, heavy brows, at this moment contracted into a sullen frown, resulting, evidently, from some dark thoughts then passing through his mind. His mouth was rather diminutive in size; his lips thin and compressed, and, when taken all in all, the whole expression conveyed was such as is seen only in the most accomplished villains.

His cloak, which was thrown across a chair, from which the water was dripping—his boots, drawn and laid before the fire, together with the steam arising from various parts of his dress, were indications of his having been out in the late storm.

In a chair to the right, within reaching distance, was a small box, the lid of which was thrown back, displaying a motley assortment of vials, papers, &c., bearing Latin inscriptions, interspersed with pill-boxes, denoting his profession, which was that of an M. D.

After raising his head, he sat for a moment with his eyes fixed on the fire, then muttering, "It must be done," he leaned forward, dropped his feet from the fender, and struck his knee with his clenched fist, as

if by way of giving force to his assertion. Then pausing for a moment, he resumed—"And yet I do not exactly like the business. I would there were some other way. Pshaw! What is it? Only one spasm, and all is over; and what physician does not kill more or less every year?" And as this seemed to be a satisfactory argument, which he had carried on with himself—for there was no other person present—he reached forth his hand and drew the before-mentioned box to him. Here fumbling for a moment, he drew forth a small paper, containing some poisonous drug, and closing the box, returned it to its former place. "This," continued he, holding it toward the light, while a dark smile flitted over his countenance, "*this* will accomplish my purpose. Now, let me see, how shall I manage it?" and rising from his chair, he commenced pacing the room. "Ah! I have it!" exclaimed he, after a pause of some minutes, during which he had walked hurriedly to and fro; "I have it!" and returning to the fire, he was about resuming his seat, when a ring from the bell connected with the street made him alter his determination, and proceeding at once to the door, he opened it, giving admittance to a figure closely muffled in a hood and cloak, which strode directly past him and approached the fire, throwing off, as it did so, the above-mentioned garments, and revealed the thin, pale features of a woman of twenty-five.

"Ha! Mary!" exclaimed the

doctor, with a start, closing the door and walking directly in front of her; "what brings you here in a night like this?"

"I come from my mistress," was the reply.

"And what of your mistress?" asked he quickly.

"She is dying, and has sent for you."

"Dying!" muttered he: "Thank Heaven, I have saved my dose!" Then turning to Mary, "Art sure she's dying, girl?" and he grasped her arm and looked steadily in her face.

"As sure as I am"—you're a villain, she was about to reply, but thinking it not exactly prudent, she checked the expression, and merely said, "as sure as I am here."

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "if she is dying, of course my skill cannot save her, and as it is a little windy out, why, you may return, and tell her I am *very* much obliged for her invitation, but think for the present I will remain within." As he said this, a slight sneer for a moment curled his lip, and resuming his seat by the fire, he requested her not to disturb his evening meditation.

"And do you refuse to go?" said Mary, indignantly.

"Most assuredly I do, my pretty one," replied he, coolly.

"Villain! coward!" exclaimed the other, with a vehemence that made him start, "Is this your treatment of one whom you have ruined; and does your cowardly soul shrink from meeting the victim of your

damnable treachery? For shame! for shame!"

"Softly, girl—softly, remember where you are," put in the doctor.

"Oh, that I were a man," continued she, without heeding the interruption, "if it were only to chastise such inhuman monsters as *you*!"

"Cease!" ejaculated the doctor, in a tone of suppressed rage, springing from his seat, his face livid with passion, his eyes flashing with a demoniacal fury that made the other involuntarily start. "Cease, and do not rouse the tiger in his den, or," he added, in another tone, while his features resumed their habitual calm, sneering smile, "I might have occasion to dispense with your agreeable company rather prematurely."

"Fool!" exclaimed the woman, passionately; "I see 'tis useless to bandy words with you."

"Spoken like yourself," returned he, ironically; "and as you are quite an adept in eventually arriving at the truth, have the goodness to return and present your mistress with my compliments. Tell her I should be extremely happy to call and see her, but the weather is so rough without that I must omit it, at least for the present."

"And can you, who call yourself a human being—can you be so lost to all moral feelings as to send such a message to a dying woman, and one whom *you*—ha! you need not look so fierce—I repeat it, *you* have ruined, degraded, and brought to a premature death!"

"Leave the room, girl," said he, stamping his foot in rage. "How dare you speak to me in this manner?"

"Dare?" repeated she scornfully. "Who speaks of *dare*? Think you to frighten me? No! were you a hundred times the fiend you are, I would tell you so!"

"Leave the room!" again repeated he, in a voice of thunder, his passion getting complete mastery of him.

"I shall go when I please," said she, haughtily, drawing herself up to her full height.

"I will stand this insolence no longer. Go peaceably, if you will—if not, by force you shall!"

"Until I have had my say, I move not an inch, though you were ten times what you seem."

"Ha! say you so!" exclaimed he, springing toward her like a tiger bounding upon his prey.

"Hold!" cried she fiercely, in a tone that made him pause; "for if you do but lay hands on me, by the heavens above us, I swear to plunge this to your heart's core!" And drawing a dagger from the folds of her dress as she spoke, she brandished it before his eyes. The doctor, evidently not prepared for this, started back in amazement. "Ha, coward! you thought I was unarmed, did you? You should have known me better than to think I would venture into the presence of such a scoundrel without some

means of securing me from violence, if not insult. People generally go armed when they visit the *tiger's den*—do they not?" This last was said tauntingly, but ere he had time to reply, she resumed in a more serious tone—"You have refused the request of a dying woman—one, too, whom you have basely and treacherously dishonored. Now mark me"—and she raised her finger, speaking in a low, distinct voice: "I know her well, and if you would not have all the curses of hell invoked upon your guilty head, you must see her within half an hour. Ha! you start—turn pale—you tremble! *Remember*, I have said!" and resuming her cloak and hood, she abruptly left the room.

The doctor, for a moment, seemed stupified with horror, so much had her last words and manner affected him; for, like most all great villains, he was a coward at heart, and Mary adopted the only course that would have gained her purpose. Recovering himself, he muttered, "I must go." Drawing on his boots rather hastily, and wrapping his cloak, which was still wet, about him, he rang a small bell, and as the servant entered, bade him await his return, saying he had a call which he must attend, and proceeding to the door, he was soon lost in the darkness of the night, buffeting with the storm.

## CHAPTER II.

There jealous Fury drowns in blood the fire  
That sparkled in the eye of young Desire;  
And lifeless Love lets merciless Despair  
From his crush'd frame his bleeding pinions  
tear. HAYLEY.

THAT part of New York lying between two of its greatest thoroughfares, viz: Bowery and Broadway, in and about the vicinity known as the "Five Points," presents at the present day a scene of the utmost degradation and misery. Those who have never visited this part of the city can have but a faint conception of the wretchedness which there exists. The houses (if such they can be called) are for the most part of low, wooden structure, and, to judge by their appearance, have stood for more than a century. They are fast sinking to decay, and already, in many places, the timbers have rotted away, the buildings have settled, thereby leaning the upper parts in a manner so as to appear in the act of falling.

The windows present a motley assortment of boards, tin, glass, and old cast-off garments. The doors, as they swing on their rusty hinges, send forth harsh, discordant sounds, altogether in keeping with the wretchedness of the place.

They are the abodes of human beings sunk in the lowest grades (for there are grades even in this) of filth and debauchery, lost to all moral or virtuous feelings, eking out a miserable existence, their voices cracked and harsh, loaded with obscene jests, oaths, and blasphemies

of the most infamous character. Many of them, in the winter season, are without food or fire, with barely garments sufficient to cover their nakedness, and not unfrequently do they die of starvation.

Yes, reader, 'tis no idle assertion in that great emporium, known a New York, queen of this western world, while the glittering carriage of some wealthy aristocrat is rolling over the pavements of Broadway, the sounds of its wheels are, perhaps, grating harshly on the ears of some poor human being who is dying for the want of food. However startling these things may seem to one unacquainted with such scenes, they are, we regret to say it, too true.

If there was not so much of misery and destitution at the time of which we write, it was owing, undoubtedly, to the population being far less, and of course these dens of infamy were not as densely crowded as at the present day. Still then, as well as now, they were the haunts of dissipation, where crime threw off the mask, and stalked boldly abroad, the hideous, but acknowledged, monarch of these fallen beings.

From time immemorial such things have existed, and down to the end of time they will undoubtedly continue, (unless mankind should become regenerated either by the Millenium, Fourierism, Millerism, or some other ism,) wherever there is a population like New York; and as there has as yet been found no remedy, they have become to be

considered as among the necessary evils contingent upon the human race. As such we must beg leave to consider them, and pass on without further comment.

In a narrow, filthy alley, winding in a serpentine manner among several blocks of low, dingy buildings, not far distant from the "Five Points," stood, at the time of which we write, a two-story wooden building, of somewhat better appearance than its neighbors, but evidently the abode of poverty. At the same hour which opens our tale in the preceding chapter, from a small patched window in the second story of this building, might be seen a faint light, indicating its being inhabited.

To this, then, we must transport the reader, without any of those flourishes attendant upon a performer of magic, but in a car of an instant's creation, riding the air with the speed of thought, and known by the name of Fancy. Passing at once up a flight of narrow, creaking stairs, and turning to the left, we open a crazy door, through the crevices of which a faint light is struggling, as if with an effort to overcome the darkness, and enter the room already mentioned.

Lying on a miserable pallet, in one corner of this apartment, and literally covered with rags—her head resting on her left hand, with her elbow inclined downward, in a manner so as to support it with as much ease as possible—was a woman, in what might be termed the prime of life. From the outlines of

her features, she might once have been handsome; but whatever she might have been, no beauty was there now. Her cheeks were thin, pale, and sunken; her eyes wild, even to madness, and glared about with a maniacal fury that told the wreck of all earthly hopes; her hair, loose and dishevelled, clustered about her face and neck; and at this moment her features were distorted, as if with pain, while the death-rattle in her throat announced the misery of life to be near its final close. The tempest without raged with a tremendous fury, making the house rock on its foundations; while the wind rushed through here and there a crevice, with a low, moaning sound, well suited to the gloom within.

Standing near the bed, with her face turned toward the sufferer, was a female, enveloped in a long, dark mantle and hood, from the former of which the water was dripping, and forming little puddles on the floor, denoting her late arrival from without. A few paces distant from where she stood was a small trundle bed, on which lay a child—happily too young to be conscious of its misery—locked in the sweet embraces of sleep. A few indispensable articles, one or two broken chairs, a rough table, on which burnt a small tallow candle, completed the furniture of the apartment.

"And what said he, Mary?" inquired the invalid to some previous conversation which had passed between her and the other.

"He refused," was the reply.

"Refused?" repeated the woman, raising herself still more in the bed, her eyes glaring fiercely. "Refused, said you?"

"Even so."

"And—and did you tell him all?" said she, breathlessly.

"I did."

"And what said he then?"

"I waited not for his reply, but left him pale and trembling."

"Then he will come," returned the invalid; "nothing like working upon his fears;" and as she spoke with evident exertion, she sank back upon the bed completely exhausted.

For a few minutes neither spoke; the sufferer was the first to break the silence. "Hark!" exclaimed she, springing up suddenly, "I hear his step already on the stairs!" and the next moment the door opened and a middle-sized man, wrapped in a cloak, strode into the room and approached the bed.

"Well, Edward Barton, you have come at last," said the dying woman, glancing upon him with her fire-like eyes.

"Yes, I have come," returned the doctor—for the reader will at once recognize that it was he—"and I would fain know *why* I have come. Why have I been sent for in a night like this?"

"The first, because you feared to stay away; the last, to see me die!" replied the other, in a deep, hollow voice.

"And could not you *die* as well without my being present?"

"No! I would have you wit-

ness the misery which you have created?"

"If that is *all*, I may as well return," said the doctor, sneeringly.

"Tis *not* all," returned she, with emphasis, raising herself in bed and pointing to where the child lay sleeping. "Look there!"

"And what of that?" inquired he unable to comprehend her meaning.

"There sleeps my child—my sweet, innocent child. I would fain have it provided for when I am gone, and you, Edward, must be its guardian."

"Me!" exclaimed he, in amazement. "Me be its guardian?"

"Ay! Edward Barton *must*, and swear to protect it!"

"And what if I refuse?"

"You dare not."

"Say you so? Then know I *do* refuse."

"Refuse!" screamed she, her eyes glaring still more wildly, and raising her right hand, "Refuse! Then may all the direst curses of—"

"Hold! cried he. "Do not curse me! Sooner than that, I will take the oath."

"Then swear," said she, "in the sight of Heaven, as God shall be your judge, and as you hope for salvation, to honor, cherish and protect that child, called Marianne La Roix."

"I swear."

"And," continued she, in a kind of prophetic voice, "as you fulfill your sacred vow, so may your past crimes be forgiven. But if you disregard it, may your life be a life of penury and woe, loathed by your own kind, an outcast upon the world

abhorred by yourself, and your death a death of infamy and disgrace. So invoke the powers of darkness to see it fulfilled." As she ceased she sank back completely exhausted; while the storm-rocked house seemed to groan to its very center, as if in witness of this solemn invocation. For a few minutes no one spoke, and the moaning wind and the rustling storm were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the chamber of death.

During this time the invalid seemed to recover her strength, and with much effort she again raised herself in bed; but the unwonted fire of her eyes was gone, and in its place was the fixed, dull, glassy look of death. "Water—water," she murmured, in a faint and almost inaudible voice, while she reached forth her hand and seemed beckoning to some one at a distance. Water was quickly given her by Mary, who, since the entrance of the doctor, had remained a silent spectator of the whole proceedings. This revived her, and she said, in a low, but distinct voice, "Where is my child?"

"Here," replied Mary, walking at once to where the child lay sleeping, throwing off her cloak as she did so, and, raising it in her arms, she brought it to the side of its mother. It was a sweet little thing, of three years, and, opening and rubbing its eyes, looked first at Mary and then at the sufferer, and murmured, "Mother."

"Give it me—give it me!" cried the dying woman, almost frantic,

and supporting her while she did so, Mary placed the child in her arms. Covering it with kisses, in which the icy chill of death already mingled, she pressed it to her bosom again and again, with all the fond and passionate devotion of a mother.

"Alas, Marianne! I must leave you," said she, struggling to be calm.

"Leave me?" repeated the child, in a soft, sweet voice, not comprehending its mother's meaning.

"Yes, Marianne, I am dying."

"Dying?" again repeated the child,

"Yes, my dear—you will never see me again."

"Mother!" exclaimed Marianne, passionately, the tears starting in her little eyes, at the same time nestling to her bosom, where she clung as if in fear of being torn away.

"Oh, God! oh, God!" cried the dying woman, wringing her hands in agony; "I could have borne anything but this!" while the tears streamed down Mary's face, and even the doctor, who stood as if rooted to the spot, seemed also somewhat affected. In a moment she regained her former calmness, and in a low, tremulous voice, said,

"Edward, to you I now resign the last tie of affection that could bind me to this world. Remember your oath."

At the altered voice of her mother the girl again looked up, and in the same sweet voice, said—

"You will not leave me, mother?"

"I must, my child."

"But you will come back again?"

"No, I can never come back,"

said she, her voice choked with emotion.

"Then what will become of little Marianne?" said the child—an appellation often used by her mother.

"That gentleman," pointing to the doctor, "will take care of you; you must be his child."

Marianne turned, and fastening her eyes upon the doctor, drew back with an instinctive shudder. Nestling still closer to her mother, she exclaimed—

"No, no, no! I can never be his child. I will go with you!"

"I would to God you could," murmured she, faintly gasping for breath.

Mary, who now saw she was in the last struggles of death, eased her down and took Marianne from her arms—not, however, without considerable reluctance on the part of the child.

"Mary," said the feeble voice of the dying woman, after the lapse of perhaps a minute, "come here."

"I am here—what is your wish?"

"Come nearer—I cannot see you."

Mary now came close to the bed, and took the invalid's hand in her own. It was already cold.

"Stoop down," said she; and as Mary bent over her, she continued—"If that man should forget his oath, you will sometimes look after my child, will you not?"

"I will," replied the other, squeezing her hand.

"God bless you," she sighed, faintly struggling for breath; then partly raising herself in bed, she gasped, "Ma-ri-anne"—the name died on her lips.

"Mother," said the child.

Alas! poor thing! Its mother could never answer it again. She sank back, dead! The storm howled on—she heeded it not—she was dead! The struggles and trials of life (and poor woman, they had been many with her) were now over. She had fallen a prey to misfortune—she had tasted of the bitter cup—ay, and drained it to its very dregs. But her account, whether for good or bad, was now closed—sealed till the great day of judgment. \* \* \*

When the doctor returned that night, the servant was much surprised on perceiving with him a small child. Curiosity was much excited within him to know whence it came, and for what purpose it was there; but knowing his master was not one of the most amiable persons in the world, he deemed it the most prudent course to be silent and have patience, and therefore received his orders passively, which were to have the child well taken care of, call it Marianne, and ask no questions.

### CHAPTER III.

And well the imposter knew all lures and arts  
That Lucifer e'er taught, to tangle hearts.  
MOORE.

It now becomes our duty, for the further development of our tale, to go back somewhat in the history of the individual who closed her unfortunate career in the preceding chapter, not only to gratify the curiosity of the reader, but also to clear up some points which otherwise must ever remain clouded in mystery.

Born of respectable parents, in one of the Eastern States, she had been well educated, and was married at the somewhat early age of eighteen. Her husband dying within the year, left her a widow at nineteen. Two years from this, she wedded Eugene La Roix, a Frenchman, who, at the time, was traveling on a pleasure excursion through the country. Falling in with her in one of his travels, he sought and obtained her hand within three months from their first interview. He was by birth a nobleman, but owing to some new party coming into power, he was obliged to leave his country, and, managing to take a considerable amount of money with him, he had thus far spent his time in traveling; but quitting this on his marriage, he with his wife removed to New York, where they were enabled to live in a state of easy independence.

They had been married about three years, and had one child, a daughter, on whom they doted with all the fond affection of two loving parents, when some sickness in the family requiring the aid of a physician, the nearest one was sent for, which unfortunately for them, chanced to be Doctor Barton.

Not even the serpent who tempted our first mother to partake of the forbidden fruit, possessed more cunning and guile than this same individual. Without any principle himself, he deemed all of the same stamp, and no sooner had he planned some hellish scheme, than he set his wits to work, sparing neither time

nor money,—not caring by what means it was accomplished, so that his end was finally gained. By cunning and intrigue, he had amassed considerable property, and had married a woman about five years previous, merely because she was rich, neither caring for the other farther than their mutual interests were concerned.

Among his associates—and they were few, of a similar character—he was known as an accomplished rake. Rather handsome in appearance than otherwise, and, possessed of great affability of manner—of a lively, witty turn, when such was requisite to further his designs—he rarely, if ever, failed of his intended victim.

On the other hand, no sooner was his purpose gained, than he threw off the mask and stood revealed the damnable hypocrite he was. His taciturn disposition, his sullen and morose temper, soon left his victims open to his true character; but alas! only in time to know they were irrevocably lost.

Such is but an imperfect sketch of the individual with whom we open our tale, and who, by his profession, was introduced into the family of La Roix some time previous.

Had Madame La Roix been like the generality of her sex, it is more than probable she would have lived and died the happy and acknowledged wife of her husband. But there was a something about her, although it might not be termed beauty, which was very fascinating;

and the doctor, at once struck with her appearance, resolved from the first to work her ruin. Being successful in the case which had required his aid, and, as we before remarked, possessing that faculty which could win the favor of all whom he sought, it is scarcely to be wondered at that an intimacy should spring up between him and Madame La Roix, which, of course, he embraced every means to cultivate; and so well did he finally succeed, that they considered him as an intimate friend, and he passed in and out as one of the family. Both Monsieur and Madame La Roix were people of high spirits, and withal possessed of a touch of jealousy. This the doctor perceived, and determined to use these as weapons to complete his villainous scheme. As yet not a word of discord had ever passed between them, and, delighted with each other's society, they lived together (as the phrase goes) as happy as heart could wish.

It had now been six months since the introduction of the doctor in the way already related, and everything went on smoothly. About this time La Roix had some business which required his attendance at Albany, and learning this some days prior to his departure, and learning also that he expected to receive some letters there through the post-office, Barton determined to improve this opportunity to achieve his long-meditated design, and accordingly devised a scheme which gained his end, and at the same time ruined the peace of a happy family.

As it was La Roix's intention of being absent some considerable length of time, Barton addressed a letter to him, dated the second day from his leaving New York, wherein it stated, if he would save his wife from disgrace, he must immediately return, as the writer had overheard of her intended elopement with Doctor Barton, (who, by the way, it stated was a most consummate villain;) that they were already collecting the plate and preparing to leave; and, finally, concluded by saying, unless he returned without the least possible delay, he would find his house deserted. This epistle appeared to be written in a female hand, and was signed "A Friend."

La Roix received and read this in astonishment. At first he seemed disposed to doubt it; but calling to mind the close intimacy of his wife and the doctor, it flashed upon him like a truth, the more so as he believed it came from Mary, the servant, and with indescribable feelings of love, hatred, and jealousy, he set out upon his return. In the meanwhile, Barton, rightly judging the effect such information would produce on one of La Roix's jealous disposition, prepared a similar dose for his wife. By sending his servant to Albany, a letter was placed in the post-office there, (dated there of course,) and directed to Madame La Roix, which she in due time received. It read as follows:

"DEAR MADAME.—I am extremely loth to be the writer of unwelcome



intelligence, (which to a woman of your proud bearing and high standing in society I know must be) but, sooth to say, your husband is playing you a villainous trick, having already agreed to elope with a woman, who is no better than she should be; and is even now on his return to collect his most valuable articles, under pretence that he is jealous of you. I would advise you to collect and secrete your plate, jewelry, &c., ere his return. You may rely upon this intelligence as the truth, which his sudden return will prove—and nothing save my abhorrence for such proceedings, my strict adherence to justice, and your personal welfare, could have induced me to indite this epistle. My name, or how I obtained this information, must ever remain a secret. Sufficient for you that I remain your

FRIEND.

"P. S.—I understand this woman is from New York—that she and your husband have held secret correspondence of late—and that her maiden name is Caroline."

The doctor was present when Madame received this letter, and at the time was carelessly conversing upon some light topic, merely remarking as it was handed her, "From your husband, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied she, her eyes lighting up with joy, and eagerly breaking the seal; but as she glanced at the contents her countenance changed, and Barton read in the proud, haughty flash of her eyes the success of his plot.

"Ah!" said he, inquiringly, appearing to misunderstand the meaning of her looks—"Bad news?"

"Yes!" returned she, abruptly.

"Your husband—nothing has befallen him, I hope!"

"No—yes—that is—read that letter," stammered she, handing it to him—"read that, and judge."

The doctor took the letter, and pretending to read it, suddenly sprang up from his seat, and striking his clenched fist on the table near which he was sitting, indignantly exclaimed, "Villain! How could he dare thus treacherously to treat a loving and affectionate wife!" Then seeming to think for a moment, he resumed—"Yes, and now I recollect I have another proof of his villainy—read this;" and taking a crumpled letter from his pocket, bearing date about a week previous, he handed it to Madame La Roix, who, perceiving it was addressed to her husband, hurriedly opened it, and read thus:

"MY DEAR EUGENE.—I think in a week from this I shall be prepared to leave, and will meet you in Albany, where you can pretend you have gone upon important business. Be as loving as ever to your wife, so as to avoid all suspicion. Should anything happen to delay my departure, I will give you due notice of the same. Adieu until we meet.

"CAROLINE."

"That," said the doctor, in continuation,—as having read it she murmured "Scoundrel,"—"That I

picked up on the morning of his departure, near the door of his library, and placed it in my pocket, with the intention of showing it to you, thinking it must have been intended as a joke, where, sooth to say, it has remained forgotten until this moment."

It is needless to add that this was likewise a forgery; but coming so suddenly upon Madame La Roix; and the singular coincidence of the two letters, she would as soon have doubted the verity of holy writ as one line which they contained; for not the least shade of suspicion crossed her mind regarding the doctor, he being, as before remarked, considered only as an intimate friend, and having as yet, never in any way, by word or actions, said or done aught in the least repugnant to the most delicate feelings of a loyal wife. It is not surprising then, that, placed in such a dilemma, and scarcely knowing what would be proper for one so circumstanced, she should naturally turn to the doctor for advice, which she did.

This was the consummation of his long secret hopes, and when he heard the question, "Doctor, how would you advise me to act?" he felt his intended victim was already caught in the net which must prove her ruin; and it was, therefore, with an almost irrepressible gleam of triumph sparkling in his eyes that he answered:

"Leave him at once; collect your most valuable articles and leave here; in doing thus you will wound him with his own weapons."

"But what if there should be some mistake?" said she, doubtfully.

"There can be no mistake," said the doctor, "where two such letters go to prove the same thing; and even if there were, no harm could accrue to being in readiness for such an emergency; and if, as you hope, they should prove false, you will only have had some little unnecessary trouble; whereas, on the other hand, should it prove as you fear, and your husband return in the manner stated in the letter and for the purpose therein represented, you will at least have a noble revenge by counteracting his villainous design."

"True," said she, thoughtfully; "but my child—what of her?"

The doctor mused a moment, and then replied, "Why take her with you, of course."

"Take her with me?" repeated the woman, sorrowfully. "Where shall I go. Pride forbids me to seek my friends, who are, in fact, but friends of money. To whom can I look for protection?"

"Madame," returned the doctor, soothingly, "I will provide for you—ay, and if needs be, protect you with my life. I have long admired—yes, loved; nay, start not, turn not away; I repeat it, I have fondly, devotedly and passionately loved you, and, were my life required to prove my devotion, it should be freely given. Owing to my strict code of honor, I have thus far refrained from this declaration, and had your husband proved true, I should have gone down to my grave



with this secret closely locked within my breast. Nor even now would I avow my passion, but I feared, a false delicacy might debar you the privilege of looking to me for that protection which, to render, will prove one of the happiest and proudest moments of my life."

At any other time, and under any other circumstances, such an avowal would have been met with the contempt it deserved. As it was, it was received coldly and in silence.

But why need we recount all the wiles, intrigues, and soft persuasions of this villain; so well was his plot laid, and so well did he play his part, that not even a suspicion of the real facts crossed the minds of either party. Each believed the other to blame; nor were they ever undeceived, the doctor being one shrewd enough to keep his own secrets.

When La Roix returned, he found his wife in company with the doctor, all the articles of value packed away, and they seemingly on the eve of departure, as the letter had stated. Being, as we before remarked, of a proud, jealous disposition, high words ensued, each accusing the other, until, as the doctor had foreseen, it resulted in their final separation,—she taking with her the child and the servant, who preferred following the fortunes of her mistress to seeking a new home.

They never met again. He, a short time afterward receiving notice of his titles being restored to him, sailed for France, glad to leave a country which had nearly proved

fatal to his peace; and she, becoming the victim of the doctor's passion, learnt, alas! too late, that soft words do not always spring from tender hearts. Her money failing her within a year, and receiving nothing from her seducer, she was barely able to subsist by what little Mary earned; and being constantly exposed, she caught a violent cold, and fever setting in, she terminated her existence, as has already been seen, in the utmost degradation and misery. The doctor previously becoming tired of his victim, had deserted her, and fearing an issue in which he might figure publicly, he was, when first introduced to the reader, secretly planning her destruction, which fate prevented, and saved him the additional crime of MURDER!

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Sardanapalus.*—I speak of woman's love.

*Myrrha.*—The very first

Of human life must spring from woman's breast,  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,

Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs

Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

*Sardanapalus.*—My eloquent Ionian, thou speakest music.

TRAGEDY OF SARDANAPALUS.

THE mighty stream of time flows on, and fifteen years have been numbered with the past since the opening of our tale. And what are fifteen years? A mere speck upon

the stream of time, and lost, completely lost, beside the boundless ocean of eternity. And yet, withal, how many changes may be wrought in that short space of time! Let but the mighty womb of Time be pregnant with events, and fifteen years may bring them forth so that the nations of the earth will stand aghast and wonder! Trace back five years previous to the glorious '76, and see what wondrous change was wrought in fifteen years!

America, our own dear, happy land was wrenched from out the tyrant's grasp,—her sons, her noble sons, made free—and she became a nation of the earth! The soaring eagle sought her new-born flag and waved it over the world, exulting that there was a land, a nation, free as her own native eyrie!

And tyrants read in every stripe and star,  
That God was with us in that glorious war.

Take but the common course of events, and how many thousands—ay, millions—who but fifteen years ago were in the pride and glory of their strength, and who bid fair for long and useful life, are now sleeping in their cold and silent tombs, save by a kindred few, forgotten!

To-day is ours—so reads the world—and we whirl along amid the giddy, and, we might say, maddening vortex of busy life, heedless and unthinking;

And soon with those who've gone before  
We're numbered, and are known no more.

It was a lovely morning in June, and the sun was just peeping o'er the eastern hills, throwing abroad

his golden rays, tipping the hills and tree-tops with his mellow light, and giving to nature that fascinating beauty which only the sun of a summer's morn can give. All nature was alive with music. The little minstrels had tuned their silvery voices, and were pouring forth their sweet, enchanting strains, as if to thank their Maker for the glorious day. A soft and balmy breeze swept over the fields, here and there stealing the perfume of some lovely flower with a gentle kiss, and, wafting on, diffused it where it went—then pouring in among the trees, stirred the young leaves to dance, and made them rustle forth a chorus to the joyful song of nature.

All was life and commotion in the great metropolis of New York. There were thousands hurrying to and fro along the noisy streets to commence their daily tasks. Here might be seen the merchant, with anxious look and absent gaze, deep in study for some plan of future gain; there the clerk, thrice charged with the important business of his master, together with the mechanic and laboring man. Rich and poor, old and young, male and female, all passing on to their destined ends,

Each in his own  
Thoughts wrapped up, and heeding not the other.

Omnibuses, cabs, drays, carts, &c., rolled over the pavements, with their horses fiercely urged, as though life and death were hanging on the issue, creating a din and confusion known only to city life; while ever and anon above the thunder-like rumble rose the shrill voices of the hawkers,

as he or she named the articles of which they would dispose.

About a stone's throw distant from where we first opened our tale, there stands—or stood at the time of which I write—a large elegant building, entered by five marble steps, and fronting one of the most pleasant, as well as popular, streets of the city. In the second story of this building was a large airy room, both tastefully and costly furnished, to which, for the present, we must direct the reader's attention.

The floor of this apartment was concealed under a rich Turkey carpet, on which stood several mahogany chairs, one or two sofas—all of which were arranged along the walls in tasteful order. In the center stood a round marble-top table, on which lay a guitar, several pieces of music, together with a collection of gilt-bound books, most of which were poems. Directly opposite to each other, so as to give a double reflection, were two large mirrors, on either side of which hung several portraits in beautiful gilt frames; while the remainder of the marble-like walls were relieved by other paintings of various descriptions, some of which had undoubtedly been executed by old masters. At the windows hung rich damask silk curtains, through which poured in a golden flood of light, softened and mellowed, giving to all within a rich and beautiful appearance.

At one of these windows, which was partly open, sat a lovely blooming damsel, apparently about eighteen years of age, her lily-white

hand resting upon the sill, gazing forth into the street, but altogether unconscious of what she saw, for her thoughts had wandered far away to another, and to her more pleasing theme. Beautiful she was alike in form and feature; but there was even more than that—there was an expression, a soul-like expression, in her countenance, which told of thoughts and feelings superior to most of her sex. Her eyes (and what are eyes, but mirrors of the mind?) were bright, of a dark blue color, shaded with soft silken lashes, and varying according to the mood of their owner. If roused to ire, their expression was flashing and fiery; if mirthful, sparkling and animating; if sad, (and at present they were of the latter cast,) they were soft and gentle as those of a lamb. Her hair was of a dark auburn color, and hung over her snowy neck in long golden ringlets, on which the gentle rays of the rising sun lingered and trembled as it waved to and fro in the balmy breeze, giving to it the beautiful variation of light and shade so far superior to the most delicate touches of the pencil. Her cheeks had caught the rosy tint of morning, but drawn with a finer and lovelier hue, it seemed but the reflection in miniature. About her mouth there was a sweet, smiling expression, over which presided two cherry lips, which might tempt even a rigid monk to forego awhile the thoughts of spiritual for a taste of such earthly bliss. And there she sat gazing forth into the street—a thing so

lovely, so gentle—she seemed rather an angel awaiting to bear away the spirit of the just, than one of mortal mold.

Unperceived by her, another entered the room and approached, gazing the while upon her lovely countenance with an admiration he could ill conceal, had he been so disposed. This was a comely young man of twenty, of fine form and noble bearing, dressed in the uniform of an American naval officer. His most remarkable feature was an open frankness, so clearly expressed in his countenance, that it required no great adept in the study of human nature to tell that his was an easy conscience and guileless heart. Resolved not to disturb her meditations, he stood a few paces distant, watching her with intense interest, and, as 'twere, reading her very thoughts, for he rightly imagined those thoughts were of him.

At length, starting from her reverie with a sigh, she pushed back her glossy ringlets, and, without altering her position, seemed to give her thoughts vent in words. "Ah, me! why am I thus sad? Why doth everything wear a gloom? All nature is lovely and joyful without. I see the crowd of passers-by—each wears a pleasant look; I hear the merry laugh ring loud and long—and yet all falls upon my senses shadowed o'er with gloom. What is the cause? Alas! I fear it bodes no good. Oh, Henry! I would that thou wert here. I—"

"My own dear Marianne!" exclaimed the young man, springing

forward, unable to control himself any longer.

With a bound like that of the startled roc, with an exclamation of surprise and joy, Marianne sprung from her seat, and the next instant the lovers were locked in each other's embrace. O, joyful moment that, when heart unites with heart—when soul with soul commingles! It is the acme of earthly bliss. Years of toil were deemed repaid in one sweet moment such as that. Let none despise pure, virtuous love. Love is a noble passion, planted within our breasts by Him who made us—a holy flame, lit by the torch of the Eternal. 'Tis our redeeming trait—the very essence of our being—and if we ever reach that happy place, 'twill be our triumphant song in Heaven.

There is a joy too deep for words. The fountains of the heart may be so stirred as to o'erflow with thoughts and feelings gushing in one mighty flood for utterance, until the tongue, o'erborne with numbers, will be choked to silence. Such was the joy of the lovers, as, withdrawn from each other's embrace, they stood for a moment gazing upon each other. Marianne was the first to speak.

"O, Henry!" exclaimed she, the gentle blush mantling her face, and her eyes lighting up with pleasure, "what prosperous breeze wafted you back so soon? It lacks three months to a day of the time you told of returning, for I have counted the days over and over again—ay, and divided them into hours, and

counted even the hours. But, tell me, what brought you back so soon?"

"In fact, I scarcely know," replied Henry; "for in my joy of meeting with you, Marianne, I heeded not the cause which gave me the pleasure, though I believe it was an order from government."

"Very like; but when did you arrive?" inquired Marianne.

"We anchored off the Battery at an early hour this morning," replied the young man, "and anxious to see you as soon as I could, I obtained leave of absence and hurried hither. Looking up to this apartment as I came near, I caught sight of your lovely form at the window, and, finding the outer door ajar, I thought I would surprise you, and so stole cautiously up, unbeknown to any one, and took up my position where you found me."

"And heard, perhaps, what you should not," returned Marianne.

"I heard what I would had been otherwise," said Henry.

"Indeed! and what was that?" asked she quickly.

"I heard my Marianne was sad," replied he; "I would know the cause; has anything happened of serious import?"

"Nothing, as far as I know," said Marianne. "As for the cause, I know as little as yourself. For the last two days there has hung over me a gloom—a foreboding—which in vain I try to shake off. I feared, Henry—and yet I scarce know why—that something had happened to you."

"And did I then hold the upper-

most place in your thoughts, my sweet Marianne?"

"I should be less than woman, Henry, were not my first care for him I love!"

"My own dear Marianne," exclaimed he, passionately, "and do you really love me, then?"

"Do you doubt it, Henry?"

"No, no—I do not, nor would I for worlds. And yet to hear it from your own sweet lips, would give it a double charm, and fill the already brimming cup of joy to overflowing."

"Then frankly, Henry, I do love you, although I might not have told you so—at least not yet—but that circumstances conspired in part to draw it from me."

"Dearest!" said Henry, giving her a kiss, "let that seal the bond of mutual love; for dearly and devotedly do I love you in return, and you shall never have cause to regret your love as misplaced. I would have sought your hand ere I left for my last voyage, but that I feared our acquaintance was of so late a date, you might think me presumptuous; but now that you have consented to be mine—"

"But, Henry, you mistake," interrupted Marianne. "In saying that I love you, I have given no consent to be other to you than I am."

"And what would you have me infer by this remark?"

"That at present there is a bar to our union."

"A bar to our union?" exclaimed Henry, in astonishment. "Surely you jest!"

"I would 'twere a jest," replied she, sorrowfully; "but, alas! it is too true."

"Heavens! This is madness! Am I in an instant to be thrown from my high pinnacle of hope into the yawning gulf of despair! Tell me—tell me quickly—what is it? What mean you?"

"That your rich connections will never consent to your union with a nameless orphan girl."

"A nameless orphan girl, Marianne? You speak in mysteries."

"I speak the truth, nevertheless. I am called Marianne."

"But surely you have another name?" exclaimed Henry, quickly.

"I do not doubt it," returned she; "but what it is I know not."

"Why you were introduced to me as—"

"Doctor Barton's ward," continued she, as he halted in his remark.

"True, true," said Henry, musingly; "I have never thought of this before."

"But I have," sighed she, "and it has given me much uneasiness."

"Have you ever inquired of your guardian concerning this?"

"Yes—once! He was at the time sitting in his library. I entered the room, but as I often came to look for books, he merely raised his eyes from the book wherein he was reading, and seeing me, resumed his study, making no remark. I felt a little delicate upon the subject, and thought I would retire and leave it to some future time. I turned to go, when he, ob-

serving my hesitation, inquired if I came with any message to him. I replied, my errand was to learn of my parents and name. Oh, never, to my dying day, shall I forget his look. The book fell from his hands—his countenance changed to a deadly pale—and rising from his chair, in a harsh tone he bade me be gone, and never speak to him of the like again!"

"Indeed, this is strange," returned Henry, "and there is mystery in it likewise. Have you no recollection of how you came here?"

"Nothing distinct. There is a vague something running in my mind, and sometimes I think it a dream and sometimes reality. I was in a dark and gloomy place—so dark and gloomy I often shudder when I think of it; methought I was in the arms of some being, who was caressing me, calling me her child, and telling me she was dying; presently another took me away from her, and told me my mother was dead; then came a dark, stern-looking man, and said I must go with him; I was much afraid, and tried to escape him, when methought he caught me in his arms and bore me away, I knew not whither. It was dark—dreadful dark—the wind blew and the rain poured down in torrents. From this my ideas became confused, and I can recollect nothing further, save that I was in elegant apartments and was treated kindly."

"It all seems very strange," remarked Henry; "and so you know not who you are?"

"Truly I do not."

"Well, consent to be mine, and I will give you a name."

"Henry," said Marianne, "you would do that now, led away by your generous nature, which in after years you would regret. Perchance"—and her voice faltered—"perchance I am of mean birth, not worthy of you. I know 'not but my birth hath been disgraced—but that—"

"Marianne," returned he, calmly, "I know, under the existing circumstances, you can bring many arguments against our union; but truly you know not Henry Neville if you deem such of any weight with him. We are in part the creatures of circumstance, and over our births have no control. Are we, then, to set our own faults or virtues aside, and be rated according to the manner and by whom we obtained our existence? Discard the thoughts! Let us remember we are the creatures, not the creator—and who speaks against our birth speaks against Him who made us! What though your parentage is enwrapt within the mystic veil? It stands for nought with me. I love you for yourself alone; therefore, consent to be mine, and speak no more of birth."

"No," said she, firmly, "it cannot be. Although I admit your arguments are just, yet the world sees not as you see, and I would not have my husband pointed at with the finger of scorn for marrying one beneath him. Until my name is known, I will never wed. Find but that out, and prove it honorable—

my hand is yours—my heart you have already."

"Alas! then," sighed he, "I fear there is no hope."

"Not so. Go to my guardian, tell him of your intentions, and perhaps he may inform you."

"Ay, I will, and know the worst," said Henry, quickly, turning to leave the room.

"But stay, Henry—you forget this is too early an hour for my guardian to be stirring, were he at home, besides, at present he is absent, and will not return before eve; so come you and take a seat by me, nor deem that I can spare you so soon after your long absence. Let me hear of your adventures; come, I am impatient."

And Henry did come, and did sit beside her, and did rehearse his adventures—and as he saw her gentle eyes beaming upon him, he grew eloquent—he grew enraptured—his manly countenance became lit up with a noble enthusiasm—he became, as it were, inspired. And there sat the lovely Marianne—her countenance, too, beaming with pleasure—drinking, as it were, his very thoughts—treasuring each word as though it were an oracle—and both for awhile forgot their cares, the things around them, and even themselves, so enwrapt were they in thoughts of each other.

Three hours later, and the lovers had parted with mutual sighs, yet with a dawning of hope that all would in the end be right; and Marianne might be seen seated at the window with a look less sad

## CHAPTER V.

His face is muffled in his cloak, but both  
His voice and gestures seem familiar to me.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Tis a strange hour and a suspicious bearing.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
More mysterious, and awful ones!

MARINO FALIERO.

In the evening of the same day mentioned in the preceding chapter, between the hours of eleven and twelve, two figures might be seen moving along the northern side of the Park, and, to judge from the wary glance occasionally thrown around, as well as the suppressed tone of voice in which they conferred, their subject was one not likely to gain them credit for honesty by reaching the ears of a third party.

Although the weather was very warm, yet both wore cloaks, of the Spanish order, being made long and brought around from the right side, and thrown across the left shoulder, crossing the breast, so as to leave it to the option of the wearer to conceal his features beneath it or not. One, from some motive, had taken this precaution, concealing the lower part of his countenance as far up as practicable without interfering with his breathing. He was a man of the middling size, and in this respect much inferior to his companion, who was of large stature, being full six feet in height, and well proportioned.

Moving along in a westerly direction, until within the distance of fifty paces from Broadway, they made a halt, as with mutual consent, under a large tree, which threw its shadow some forty paces distant to the

than before, while Henry Neville, with graceful step, was pacing the deck of the far-famed Constitution.

Perhaps, ere we close the scene, it will not be deemed amiss to say a word of Henry Neville. Born of rich parents, in one of those beautiful villages which adorn the banks of the Hudson, he had been early sent to school, and was a graduate, at the age of eighteen, from one of the Eastern Colleges. Fancying that the sea was better suited to his taste than the land, his parents sought and obtained for him a midshipman's berth on board the noble Constitution, and already, by his gallant conduct, was he in a fair way of promotion.

About three weeks previous to his last cruise, being much on shore, he attended a ball, where for the first time he beheld the lovely Marianne. Struck with her appearance, he sought and obtained an introduction to her, and a mutual liking springing up between them, they soon grew passionately fond of each other, and the remainder of his leisure hours were, up to the time of his sailing, devoted exclusively to her. Thus love unconsciously sprang up between them, and not until their separation was either aware how much of their happiness depended on the society of the other. These are relative positions in which they stood to each other when introduced into our tale. With the rest the reader has already become acquainted.

north over the sidewalk of Chambers street.

"Here," said the former, addressing his companion, "is a place where we may confer together with little danger of being interrupted or overheard, lying, as it does, so far out of the way of the more frequented paths."

"Well then," returned the other, in an accent that bespoke him both a foreigner and a Frenchman, "let us proceed with our business at once. You have heard my proposition; I await your answer."

"It is a business," remarked the first speaker, "which requires much thought, attended as it is with much danger, as well as difficulty. In fact I scarcely know how to reply. The girl's of a fiery spirit, of quick intelligence, and one not easily duped."

"Yet can you not find a way?" inquired the other. "You know the reward is ample: two hundred and fifty thousand francs is no ordinary sum for a business like this."

"And, for the matter of that, this is no ordinary business," returned the first. "Call you running a man's head into a noose, and dancing on nothing, an ordinary business?"

"But there is no danger of that, doctor—not in the least," rejoined the other. "You are not required to take her life."

"No," said the doctor, sarcastically, "I am not required to take her life—I'm only required to rob her of that which is dearer to her than life—her virtue. How long think you, she would live dishonored, worthy Monsieur?"

"Not long, I trust," replied his companion; "but with that we have nothing to do. If she commits suicide, why, the world will wonder, and say it was a suicide. I see no way that can implicate you."

"And think you my conscience would be less easy on that account?"

"Oh, as to your conscience, you must settle that with yourself. If you have come to preaching morality, why, our business is at an end!"

"Well, you are certainly very frank about it," remarked the doctor.

"And why not?" exclaimed the Frenchman.

"I own I have been paid for it—the same as I offer you, or shall be, if I succeed—and why not be frank about it? I like not your hypocritical villain, who, like Iago, consoles and stabs his friend at the same time. No! I undertook the business, knowing exactly what it was, and setting conscience entirely aside; for had that been in my way, perchance I should have left it to some more fortunate individual, who had less of the troublesome article to contend with. I thought you were a man like myself, or I should have saved myself the trouble of rehearsing much which you have learned."

"And so I am a man like yourself," resumed the doctor, "as you shall find anon. I like you the better for your frank, open manner, and only remarked about it because I thought it so singular for a man to own himself a villain. But how say you, reads the will?"

"Well, I cannot repeat it word for word, but the substance of it is this,

that his daughter receive one million of francs at the age of eighteen, or upon her marriage, (with the interest of the same from the date of the will,) or in such amounts as she may please to draw after the above-mentioned time; provided her character stands fair, with no proof of dishonor. But if otherwise, or in case of her decease, the property falls to the next heir at law."

"It is a very singular will," remarked the doctor; "very singular, and seems made as a plaything for villains!"

"Yes, it is singular," returned the other, "and 'tis reported there, and I doubt not with truth, that it was occasioned by his own wife proving dishonorable when in this country, of which, perhaps, you have heard?"

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, hastily; "enough of that. But, tell me, how found you out she was living with me?"

"From a note appended to the will."

"From a note appended to the will!" exclaimed the doctor. "Was my name and residence written there?"

"It was," replied the other.

"You astonish me! How knew he the girl lived with me?"

"From a correspondent in this country he received the information, if I mistake not."

"Indeed! I knew of but one who could have given that intelligence, and she I believed long since dead."

"Was it then so secret?" inquired the other.

"Ay, so secret it was, and is, that even the girl herself does not know her father's name."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "Who was the villain that seduced the count's wife?"

"And heard you not of that, also?" asked the doctor, quickly.

"Not a syllable," was the reply.

"Well, well, then, of that anon: Let us attend now to the business of more importance. If the girl dies, or is dishonored," repeated the doctor, "the property falls to the next heir at law. Monsieur, who may that scoundrel be, who stands next heir at law?"

"No matter. He is a man; let that suffice. Come, to business—to business. Tell me, without prevarication, will you undertake this business or not?"

"And if I undertake it, and succeed, what proof have I that I shall receive the two hundred and fifty thousand francs spoken of?"

"Proof?" exclaimed the other indignantly; "My honor!"

"Yes, your honor!" repeated the doctor. "Such is this world. Men talk of honor, even when plotting schemes well worthy of the fiends of hell! *Honor*, indeed! Pshaw! But I will undertake the business; for money I want, and money I must have. So here, Mr. or Monsieur, (I believe I am not burdened with your name as yet,) I——"

"My name is Cartene," interrupted the other.

"Well, Monsieur Cartene, here is my hand upon it, and you may rely

upon my *honor* that what can be done shall be done. Meet me here to-morrow eve at this hour. In the mean time, I will see what can be done, and will be prepared to report progress. Till then, adieu!"

"Adieu," said Cartene, as he turned away; "I will be here at the hour."

"And now," muttered the doctor, "now for my scheme. First I must manage to get rid of this lover—this Henry Neville. Oh, cursed breeze that, which wafted him back so soon—at this time, too, of all others, when I most desired his absence. Ha! A thought strikes me. Perchance he——. No, no! He is too honest—there is not villain enough in his countenance for that, and besides he loves the girl. No, no; 'twould not do to try him. He might turn and blow the scheme. No, I must get rid of him, and then perchance, I may succeed."

And muttering thus, went one whom the reader has already recognized as the plotting, scheming villain, Doctor Barton. As his form became indistinct in the darkness, and his retreating footsteps no longer audible, there was a stir in the grass about ten paces distant from where he and Cartene had held their conference, and a moment after, from the shadow of the tree into the sickly light of a neighboring lamp, emerged a dark figure, clad in a rough female dress, which one superstitious might fancy was a lineal descendant of one of the witches who foretold Macbeth his destiny.

"Oh, you villain! You thrice-cursed, doubly-damned villain!" muttered the woman, shaking her clenched fist in the direction where the doctor was last seen. "So, so; this is your scheming is it? to ruin an innocent girl! You little think you were overheard. So you thought I was dead, did you? Thank heaven, I live to frustrate your plot. Yes, I'll watch ye—I'll watch ye! I'll be here to-morrow night. Ha! ha! ha! You thought I was dead, did you? Ha! ha! ha! I'll watch ye! Oh, you scoundrel!" and muttering in like, manner sometimes curses, and sometimes threats, she turned in an opposite direction from the one taken by the doctor, and, like him, was soon lost in the mazes of the night.

## CHAPTER VI.

Time softens much,  
But the stern heart, when 'tis on evil bent,  
Grows callous more by years.—ANON.

On the following day, about the hour of ten, Doctor Barton might be seen seated in his study. Around him were piled books, grim with age—keys to unlock the mind, perchance to blazon forth the fame of those whose names they bore.

Fifteen years had flitted past, and save now here and there the deepening of some furrow on his cheek, or the sprinkling of the silver gray, time had left him the thing he was when first introduced to the reader. There was the same stern look, dark

smile, as then—and within his breast beat the same cold, unfeeling, treacherous heart. He was seated near the window of his library, with his eyes rivetted upon a book lying on the table before him; but the marble look, and unvarying gaze, bespoke him unconscious of what he saw, and lost in the abyss of thought. Raising his eyes from the book, after the lapse of perhaps a minute, he fastened them upon a small hand-bell, which stood a few feet distant from the former on the same table, and seemed about sinking into another reverie, when, as if a sudden thought had struck him, started, reached forth his hand, and, giving the bell a hearty ring, resumed his former position, and when the servant entered he found him lost in reverie. As soon, however, as the doctor became aware of his presence, he started, and, turning to him, in a stern calm tone, said—"Tell Marianne I would speak with her here; and, mark you, let no one, upon any plea or consideration whatever, break in upon our conference, as you value your safety. If any in the mean time would see me, tell them to wait in the parlor. In an hour you may admit them. Go, and remember your instructions."

"Yes, I have pledged my word, and it must be done," soliloquized he, as the servant left the room. "Yes, it must be done. Oh, man, man! what a thing thou art! A prey to thine one passions—a weak, short-sighted mortal! I would that I could raise the mystic vail and

glance into the future. And yet what boots it? Would it alter aught? Would it make me other than I am? No! I must fulfill my destiny—the die is cast, and I'll abide my time. I am now standing on the brink of ruin. Nothing but money can save me. If I succeed, money I shall win; and then away from this corrupted atmosphere—away to merry England or sunny France. But if I fail, I——. No, no! I will not fail! I will say, with Richelieu, 'there is no such word as *fail*!' But, hark! she comes."

While soliloquizing thus, Doctor Barton had risen from his seat, and paced with hurried step to and fro the apartment. As he heard her step near, he resumed his seat—and when Marianne entered, she found his eyes bent on the book, as previously described, apparently engaged in reading. Turning to her, he motioned her to a seat, and rising, he proceeded to the door, which he shut and bolted, then returning resumed his own.

"Marianne," began he, "I have sent for you to speak on matters which, to you, will undoubtedly seem of importance, as well as to myself. But first, ere I proceed, let me inquire if I have not been to you all that you could wish—all that you could expect—even were I your father?"

"You have, indeed," replied she, affectionately, looking upon him with a tender smile, that, stern as he was, went to his heart, and for the moment almost unnerved him.



"Well, well," said he, recovering, "let that pass; I did but my duty. What I would say now, relates more particularly to yourself, and your future welfare. First, you love Henry Neville. Nay, do not blush and turn away. You should not be ashamed to own a virtuous love."

"Ashamed!" exclaimed she, springing from her seat, her eyes flashing fire. "Ashamed to own my love for Henry Neville? No! Were all the world to hear my answer, and were life and death hanging on my decision, I would proclaim it with a trumpet voice, I love him. Ashamed, indeed! Does not the modest blush o'ersteal the features, but that shame must lurk beneath, think you?"

"Nay, Marianne," said he, in a gentler tone, "you take it too much to heart—pray be seated. I meant no wrong in my hasty expression, which was drawn forth by the deep interest I take in your welfare. I only feared, for many a flower as fair as yourself has been plucked by the ruthless destroyer from its virgin stem, and left to perish, forgotten and alone, amid the blasts and storms of a changing, heartless world. Believe me, dear girl, I only feared for your safety."

"Forgive me, dear guardian," murmured Marianne, as she sank upon her seat, melted even to tears by his affectionate appeal. "Forgive me—I was too hasty. But such is woman's love, that, let but a shadow of doubt rest upon the character of him she loves, she will bare her heart even to the scoffs and scorn of

thousands, so that it but shield him from reproach."

"Well, well," resumed the doctor again, "let that pass. That you love Henry Neville, you admit—that he loves you in return may or may not be. Nay, no remark," said he, as he saw her about to speak; "no remark, but hear me through. I say he may love you in return or he may not; for men are such heartless, selfish beings, that but few are worthy to be trusted with that delicate thing, a woman's heart. *If* he loves you, as you would fain believe, why is he gallanting other women about? Why does he resort to public houses, and over his wine make it a bar-room jest, that he has caught the heart of *another* lovely female? Mind, I say *another*; and that this last will soon be added to the accumulated list of his victims."

"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed she, "this is not truth! no, no, 'tis not truth—'tis not reality—no, 'tis a slanderous lie—a lie as black as night; and whoever first told the tale should fain repent him soon, for 'tis enough alone to damn him! Dear guardian, unsay the scurrilous report, and on my knees will I bless you!"

"I would unsay it—but"—

"But what?" asked she breathlessly.

"'Tis true."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed she, and fell senseless from her chair. Barton instantly sprang to and raised her in his arms. As he looked upon her pale, lovely countenance, seeming even more lovely for the gentle

melancholy shade of grief pictured there—his lip quivered—his eye dimmed, and for a moment there was a fearful struggle of conscience within, and he seemed about relenting from his fell design. Alas! the demon triumphed, the softness passed from his heart, and he became even sterner than before. "I fear I've gone too far, too sudden," muttered he, "I must be more careful, or in doing much I may overdo, and be myself overdone. Thus far my plot works well, and by a skillful turn, I'll yet succeed. Love is but a step from hate; and if I can make her believe he loves her not, then amid the wreck of baffled love and ruined hopes, I'll strike the fearful blow. Yet while I deepest strike, she must believe I am her dearest friend, and each counsel must be such as would seem meet from a parent to his child. Ah! she returns to conscious life." As he spoke he placed her in the chair as before. Opening her eyes with a vacant stare, she murmured, "It was a dream! a terrible dream!" Then as she became conscious of where she was, and saw the doctor standing near her, a cold shudder passed over her, and she continued, "No, no! 'twas not a dream, it was horrible, fearful reality!"

"You are ill," said the doctor in a soothing tone, "but do not let what I have said, weigh too heavy on your heart, my child. I call you child, for I feel for you the affection of a parent, and would fain give you a parent's counsel. Think no more of the wretch who would thus

dishonor you; let him be erased from your memory; or if you think of him at all, let it be as of the scorpion, or the deadly serpent, with horror, loathing, and disgust."

"Hold! hold! no more, no more!" exclaimed she, "you know not what you do, or say, or ask! Each word you utter, pierces like a dagger to my wounded heart! Ask *me* to blot him from my memory? 'Twould be to blot out memory's self! No, while reason holds her throne, and memory her sway, I'll think—I'll love—I'll pray for him, and when I cease the one, I'll cease the three; nor cease the three, until my brain be flooded with the deadly waters of the Lethean pool. Yet I may never see him more, but ask me not to forget him."

"I would not have asked you to do thus—but that another loves you dearly," said the doctor.

"And if he love as dearly as I love, then Heaven pity him, for to all others will my heart henceforth be rock—ay, adamant."

"And that he does love thus, with me there is no doubt," returned the doctor. "But you must see him, and then decide what way you choose."

"See him," repeated she, "what need is there of that? It would only be a painful interview, and effect nothing. No! better for him, for me, I do not see him."

"And yet withal, you *must* see him. I have pledged my word to that effect, and hold that word too sacred to be broken without cause, or cause so slight. In this will



command—commanding, be obeyed.”

“Certainly,” returned she gently, “if you have pledged your word, I’d have the pledge redeemed. But when shall this interview take place.”

“That will I learn anon, and so inform you; and now, before you go, I would exact a pledge that you will hold no farther intercourse with Henry Neville.”

“If,” said she, in a calm, proud tone, “if Henry Neville is what my guardian represents him, that guardian need have no fear that his ward will throw a shade upon her character, even by intercourse with one she loves, for that character is her all, and sooner than disgrace which, would she with her own hands clip the brittle thread of life and launch from time into the unknown world beyond.”

“Yes, well thou sayest *that* character is thy *all*,” muttered the doctor, aside, under his ground teeth. “And little dost thou know or dream how much *that all*!” Then turning to her, “You say *if*, Marianne. Do you then doubt your guardian’s word?”

“Nay,” returned she, “I meant not so; you may yourself have been deceived. Love is an exacting master, and requires proof. As the drowning man will cling to a straw, so will love cling even to a doubt, and until I shall have the most positive proof, will I still doubt but that even you have been deceived.”

“Foolish girl,” said the doctor, angrily, “even were it *not* true, what could Henry Neville be to you?”

Would your proud spirit let you wed with one above you? What think you would be his feelings when the slanderous tongue should ask ‘Who was his wife?’ You once asked me of your birth and name. I then refused the tale, from fear of wounding your tender feelings. But since things have gone so far, ’twere better now you hear it. Listen! Fifteen years ago your mother died, where it matters not—suffice that it was in a den of misery and degradation. Called by my profession, I attended her in her last illness, not with the expectation of being rewarded for my services, but because I believed it to be my duty. I stood beside her bed when her spirit winged its flight to the eternal world. But ere she died, she gave me some account of her past life. I will not pain you by going through the details, farther than concerns you to know. She, like yourself, loved, and loved one far above her. They met often and in secret, and he swore he loved her as he loved his own existence, that without her life would be a blank, and many other like protestations, such as lovers generally use. She believed, confided, and in an evil moment, fell a victim to an unholy passion. He deserted her, and she was thrown upon the wide world alone, friendless, and dishonored.

In hopes of revenge, she lived, and you were born, an offspring of her guilt. But Heavens! you are ill!” exclaimed he, as he saw Marianne struggling for breath. “I have gone too far?”

“No, no, go on,” gasped she, “I’m better now.” And she buried her face in her hands, while the convulsive shudders passing over her slender frame, told how great was the trial.

“Well,” continued the doctor, “how she lived from this time forth were a fearful tale to tell to one in your present condition. I will pass it by. Her last request was, that I should take her child and rear it as my own. You were then a sprightly thing of three years, and knowing her without friends, I consented. She then gave me much advice relating to you; and begged me, with her dying breath, to watch over and guard you from the snares and temptations of the world; but, above all things, not to let you set your affections upon one above you, or, if you did so, not to permit you to hold any intercourse with such whatever, fearing you might, like her, be betrayed and lost. Then, taking you in her arms, she blessed you and expired. Such is the tale. And now tell me, have I done right in requesting you not to see this Neville again?”

For a moment there was no answer. Marianne sat with her head bent forward—her face buried in her hands, and, save a slight quivering, motionless as a statue. The doctor, in the meanwhile, watched her with intense interest, and when, at length, she raised her head, he started back with an exclamation of surprise, so great was the change wrought by a few minutes of such mental agony.

All color had entirely vanished from her face, leaving it as white as the “driven snow.” A fearful luster shone in her eyes, which glared about with a maniacal wildness, while the deep inward agony pictured in her countenance, which she in vain had tried to conceal, made her a truly melancholy spectacle to behold.

“’Tis done,” said she, in a deep, hollow voice, that made the doctor involuntarily start, for he fancied it the voice of her mother, and ten thousand thoughts of his guilty career came rushing upon him with a whirlwind force, and for a moment, the stern man was unmanned and trembled, as did the ancient king when he beheld the hand write his destiny in unknown characters upon the palace wall. “’Tis done, and all is lost, lost, lost—my sad forebodings are fulfilled.”

“Marianne! Marianne!” exclaimed the doctor.

“Who calls Marianne?” said she, staring at him with an idiotic gaze, that made his very blood run chill through his veins. “Who calls Marianne? Is it you? you—you?” (pointing with her finger.) “My name is Marianne! Who calls me?”

“Marianne, do you not know me?” asked the doctor, in alarm.

“Know you?” repeated she, regaining her senses. “Why, yes; you are my guardian. But I am ill—very ill; I would retire to my room.”

“Yes, girl, you had better retire,” said he, relieved by her returning

reason. "You look pale. I fear I have said too much."

"No; 'tis better as it is," returned she, in a melancholy tone. "I know my fate. It has been a fearful trial, and for awhile did reason totter on her throne; but 'tis over now."

"And have I done wrong in requesting you not to see Henry Ne——"

"Hold!" exclaimed she, rising from her chair, and speaking with energy. "As you value my peace, speak not that name again."

"Enough," returned he; "I am satisfied. Now go, my child, and may heaven help you to bear your ills with fortitude."

"Amen!" responded she, and, unbolting the door, left the room with a feeble step.

As her form disappeared, the doctor again rang the bell.

"Has any one called?" inquired he, as the servant entered.

"Two," was the reply.

"Their names?"

"One a stranger, the other Mr. Neville."

"Ha! Did he inquire for Marianne?"

"He did."

"And you told him —"

"She was in the library with you."

"Right. Well, what then?"

"He said he would speak with you."

"Does he wait?"

"He does, sir."

"Admit him."

"So, so," said the doctor, as the servant left the room, rubbing his

hands with delight; "So, so — just in time — my scheme works nobly. Now, then, to put him on the wrong scent. I scarcely know what passion predominates with him; however that I will soon learn. He comes."

"Good morning, Master Neville," said the doctor, approaching him with a bland smile, extending his hand at the same time. "I am most happy, sir, to be honored with your company. Pray, be seated." And such command had he over his features, and so great was the change from the dark, stern, scheming villain, to the easy, polite, affable gentleman, that one to have seen him in both characters, would have doubted his being the same individual. "You have returned somewhat sooner than you told of, have you not?" inquired the doctor, as Henry took the proffered seat.

"I have, sir," replied Henry, "much sooner."

"How long have you been absent?"

"Nine months."

"Indeed! so long? Time passes fast. So much am I engaged in study that the seasons roll around almost ere I am aware. Well, I suppose you were glad to behold your native land again; for home will ever feel like home, however short the absence."

"You say truly, I was glad — ay, my heart leapt for joy as I looked again upon my native hills," returned Henry. "Nor did the time seem short; for there was one, a lovely being, whom I held most dear, and

whom I longed to clasp unto my heart again. I come even now to speak with you of her."

"With me?" exclaimed the doctor, in pretended astonishment. "Pray, whom mean you?"

"And have you not guessed my secret yet? I mean no other than your ward, Marianne. I love her dearly."

"My ward, Marianne? Surely you jest! Does she know of this?" inquired the doctor, his countenance wearing an anxious look.

"She does."

"But did not return that passion?" said the doctor, inquiringly.

"Even so."

"What say you, did she pretend to love you in return?"

"*Pretend!* No, she did *not* pretend, but *loved* without pretending," replied he, indignantly.

"Oh, the deceitfulness of woman!" ejaculated the doctor. "Henry, you have been deceived."

"Deceived, sir? Pray, explain."

"Why, Marianne is already betrothed to another."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed he, starting from his seat.

"Nay, young man — pray, calm yourself, and again be seated. I assure you it is the truth; for just before you came she was with me, and talked the matter over, and even named the day of marriage."

"Betrothed to another?" repeated Henry. "Am I in my senses? Surely, I did not hear aright. There is — there *must* be some mistake."

"Then the mistake lies with yourself, Mr. Neville."

"Where is Marianne? Let me speak with her; for until I hear it from her own lips, I'll not believe it."

"Nay, Mr. Neville, I should be sorry to wound your feelings, for I feel toward you as a friend, and yet I fear I must. By request of Marianne herself, I inform you that henceforth all intercourse between yourself and her must cease."

"By heavens, this is a plot — a trick! I'll not believe it!"

"Be not rash, young man. Remember, when you doubt the *truth* of this, you doubt my word. For *honor's* sake, you should forbear."

"I humbly crave your pardon, sir," returned Henry, bowing. "My feelings were so overwrought that my tongue gave utterance to words the import of which I was not aware. Pray, tell me what reasons gave Marianne for this?"

"First," replied the doctor, "that her hand is promised to another."

"Again I say it is false!" interrupted Henry.

"Second, that her *birth* was far beneath you," concluded the doctor, not heeding the interruption.

"Ha! her birth!" said Henry, with a start; "that seems more reasonable. My errand hither was to speak of *that*."

"I have him now," thought the doctor; "I've touched the secret chord."

"Tell me what know you of her birth?"

"That she is the offspring of *guilt*," replied the doctor, speaking in a slow, distinct voice, that it

might have more effect, "and therefore not meet to mate with Henry Neville."

"Then she is, indeed, lost to me," sighed Henry; "for her proud spirit will not let her wed with one she deems above her."

"Lucky for me she does not know her name," thought the doctor.

"Yes, she is lost to me; but ere I go, I'll speak with her again, and take, perchance, (his voice faltered,) a last farewell!"

"It is impossible," returned the doctor; "she will not see you."

"Oh, say not thus! She will at least grant one last interview."

"No! I know her too well. She even charged me not to mention your name again in her presence."

"Notwithstanding, I will make the trial," said Henry, in a determined tone. "She shall know that I am here and would speak with her. Then, if she refuse to see me, will I believe there is no constancy in woman, and not till then."

"As you like," said the doctor, ringing the bell. "Here comes the servant, who will convey your message."

"Go," said Henry, turning to the servant, "tell Marianne, Henry Neville awaits in the library and would speak with her again, perchance for the last time."

As he left to obey his orders, there was a few moments of anxious suspense, amounting almost to agony. Neither Barton nor Neville were disposed to break the death-like stillness, for both were occupied with thoughts and feelings difficult

to describe, but each as different from the other as is day from night. In the breast of Henry was the pure and refined feelings of confiding love, saddened with grief, and alternately wavering between the conflicting emotions of doubt and fear—doubting, yet fearing, the truth of what he had heard. With the guilty doctor, fear was the most predominant. Fear, that for once Marianne might give way and grant an interview, well knowing if such took place, his villainy would be discovered, the two hundred and fifty thousand francs, which he had already begun to consider as his, lost, and he exposed to the scoffs and scorn of all honest people, his property torn from him by his creditors, (for nought but this money could save him,) and he either confined within the walls of a prison, or left to roam the world a beggar. So woven was his web of fate, he fancied all hung on the decision of Marianne—and so intense his feelings, that when he heard the returning footsteps of his servant, respiration with him became difficult. Not so with Henry; he believed this interview (not doubting it would be granted, the doctor to the contrary, notwithstanding,) would alter nothing, save that he should behold the being dearest to his heart, and hear her voice once more, though that voice should utter but the final parting word, farewell!

As the servant entered the room, both held their breath, as 'twere, to catch the slightest sound that might

shape itself in answer to their fears. Walking directly to Henry, the servant placed a slip of paper in his hand, and, bowing, left the room. With a trembling hand and beating heart, Henry glanced at the light pencil marks traced thereon, and as he did so, his gaze became riveted there, as though by a charm; his lips quivered, and his face paled to an ashy hue; while athwart the doctor's features, who had watched him intently, shot a gleam of triumph, the contracted brow relaxed, and a dark smile played around his mouth—his breathing became easy, for he had read in Henry's every look the success of his scheme.

"Am I not right?" inquired the doctor, a malicious smile stealing over his countenance; "did I not tell you true?"

"You did," groaned Henry, sinking into a chair. "Alas! you did. There is her answer," handing Doctor Barton the paper. It contained but a few syllables, and read as follows:

"DEAR HENRY:—There are circumstances which debar you all further intercourse with her who pens these lines. Go and forget her. Go and be happy. We must never meet again on the shores of time. God bless you! Farewell.

"MARIANNE."

"Yes, go, Neville, and forget her," said the doctor, as he read it. "Go and forget her—she is not worthy of you."

"Yes, I will go," rejoined Henry, gloomily. "I will go, but I never

can forget her; where one loves, one cannot forget."

"And can you love after such perfidiousness?" inquired the doctor.

"Love," replied Henry, "is not a school-boy's toy, to be used and laid aside at pleasure. Love, enkindled within our breasts, becomes a part and being of ourselves, and, unless by other passions counteracted, burns unquenchless as Vesuvius' fires. We love, without knowing why we love, and the same secret cause which creates that love, may serve, perchance, to fan the flame; so that others, who see not as we, will wonder at our feelings, when we would wonder, too, did we but see as they. You ask if I can love, after such perfidiousness? Did I see the perfidy of which you speak, it might, perchance, be different. I know not but that love may blind my eyes; but whatever the cause, as I do not see her false, therefore, I love."

"You do not see her false, because you *will* not," returned the doctor, sarcastically. "If she be not false, why does she treat you thus?"

"I see it all. She deems her birth beneath me, and therefore —"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the doctor, "you should not be thus duped!"

"Duped?" exclaimed Henry: "What mean you?"

"That she used that only as a feint."

"A feint?"

"Ay, a feint! If she loved as you believed, her whole soul must

have gone with that love; and think you she would have sacrificed her own, and the happiness of him she loved, merely on the plea that he was better born than she? Pshaw! Discard such silly reasoning; and, if you have any pride or self-respect; be a man. Believe me no woman would refuse a lover because she believed him above her; for when she marries, she becomes an equal with him; instead of his sinking to her, she rises to him; and what woman would not be better than she is, think you, if she possessed the power to be so, provided there was no other whom she better liked?"

"True, true," said Henry, musingly. "By heavens! if I thought her false. But, no, no—it cannot be; for even when I returned, I stole in upon her, unbeknown, and in her heart musings heard her make mention of my name, which she would not have done, had I not occupied her thoughts."

"Did she mention *all* your name?" inquired the doctor quickly.

"I heard but Henry,"

"As I thought!" returned he, with a gleam of triumph flashing in his eyes. "You should have known that her betrothed is Henry, likewise."

"Her betrothed!" gasped Henry, "and is it really true, then?"

"As holy writ," returned the doctor.

For the space of two or three minutes Henry made no remark; his features became deathly pale, over which settled a shade of

gloom, as a dark cloud is seen to shoot athwart the sun, when in the zenith of his glory, giving to the day a melancholy cast. Rising from his seat, with the calm, settled look of one who has determined upon some point with unshaken firmness, he thanked the doctor for his advice and information, bade him good morning, and, with a heavy step, and as heavy a heart, left the mansion of Doctor Barton.

"Fool!" muttered the doctor, as he saw him disappear, "thou hast indeed been duped; and fool thou art, a blinded fool, or thou hadst seen through my shallow scheme! But such is mankind—they ever believe the story told the last, the nearest truth. Well, well, the better it is for me; for only by such dupes can I ever gain my end. So far, my plot goes well, and if I can succeed in one more plan, my scheme is then complete. Now, then, for that;" and sinking into another reverie, the doctor was soon engaged in studying measures to carry out his base design. As these will be made known in the succeeding chapter, we for awhile will leave him and turn to that.

## CHAPTER VII.

How oft the wisest, on misfortune's shelves,  
Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves!  
CAMPBELL.

"WELL, doctor, what success?" inquired Cartene, as they met agreeable to appointment on the following evening.

"The best," replied the doctor, cheerfully; "everything has worked to my best desire thus far, and even exceeded my most sanguine expectations."

"Indeed! That is good news, certainly. Pray, tell me of your proceedings."

"First, then, my plan was to break off all intercourse between Marianne and her lover."

"Ha!" interrupted the other, "has she then a lover?"

"She *had*," replied the doctor, with emphasis on the latter word. "She had a lover—one Henry Neville, a stripling officer aboard the Constitution—though I much doubt if there is any love between them now. But to my story. Well, then, you must know my first and chief plan was to break off all intercourse between them. To effect this, I sent for Marianne, and, under the pretence of giving her parental advice, I, among other things, cautioned her against the said Neville—told her his whole intention was to ruin her, &c., &c. Finding this did not exactly answer the turn I desired, and knowing her to be of a lofty spirit, I determined to work upon her pride what I had failed to do upon her affections. I told her he was far above her in birth, and that for her to wed with him, would but entail misery upon them both. With a serious countenance, I then informed her she was of low birth—in fact, the offspring of guilt; that I acted but from her mother's dying injunctions in what I did; and, finally, wound up by appealing to her-

self if I had done wrong in requesting her not to see this Neville again. Ere I had fairly concluded the sentence, she interrupted me, and bade me, as I valued her peace, never to mention his name again in her presence. This was what I most desired, and, leaving me on the plea of illness, she retired to her own apartment."

"But how did she bear this in the meanwhile?" inquired the other.

"As well as could be expected. Of course she fainted once or twice; but that, you know, is generally the ladies' resource, when they hear unpleasant news."

"Fainted?" repeated the other. "How did that at first affect you?"

"Affect me?" replied the doctor, sarcastically. "Umph! I mind not such trifles."

"Trifles? Ah, I perceive you are an accomplished villain," returned Cartene, approvingly.

"I said you would find me out anon," resumed the doctor. "But to proceed. As soon as Marianne had retired, I was informed by my servant that Neville was awaiting an opportunity of speaking with me. This, of course, was good news, being the very one I most wished to see. At first I was at a loss how to proceed to sow the seeds of discord in his unsuspecting breast; but Fortune favored me—for once the heartless jade was true. He commenced speaking of his return, his joy of again meeting with his ladylove, and then said he had come to speak with me of her. Of course, I feigned astonishment that I should

know of whom he spoke, when he could do no less than inform me it was my ward, Marianne. I then told him he had been deceived—that she was already betrothed to another. This I saw he was too much disposed to doubt, so, changing my manner of attack, I touched upon her birth, and found this the very thing of which he wished to learn. I informed him, as I previously had her, that she was an offspring of guilt. This seemed to have the desired effect, for he muttered something about her being lost to him, as her proud spirit would not let her wed with one above her, which led me to conjecture this had been previously discussed by them, and that she had decided not to wed with him, at least unless her birth proved honorable; and upon this conjecture I acted with good effect afterward. Although I struck upon this mode of argument by chance, yet it proved of more service in furthering my scheme than any I could have devised. He then requested to have an interview with her, which I in vain tried to dissuade him from; so, making a virtue of necessity, I called the servant, and bade him convey his message to Marianne. Never, in the course of my life, did I undergo more agony of mind, than in the few minutes of my servant's absence; for I truly felt all hung on the decision of Marianne; and I feared she might give way and grant an interview, and my hard-studied scheme, on the point of succeeding, be detected. But, thanks to her proud spirit, she was true as steel.

The messenger returned and presented Henry with a slip of paper, whereon was traced, in fine pencil marks, a declination of all further intercourse with him, bidding him go and forget her, &c. This, together with what I had told him, and a little additional argument, settled his business, and he left, with the firm determination pictured on his countenance, of never confiding in woman again."

"Capital! capital!" returned the other, as the doctor concluded his account of the affair. "You seem a perfect master of human nature. You must have studied much."

"Ay, I have—and had some little practice, too," rejoined the doctor.

"Well, I suppose this last affair concluded your business for to-day so now how do you intend to proceed?"

"Nay, there you are too fast; it did not conclude my business for to-day. I have done more—much more."

"Indeed! You have not already completed your scheme?" said Cartene, inquiringly.

"Well, no—I have not completed it, exactly; but I have gone so far that I already feel confident of success. But, hark! Methought I heard a noise."

"What was it like?" inquired the other.

"Like the groan of some person in distress."

"O! The breeze rustling through the trees, perhaps. But go on with your story. I'm impatient for the sequel."

"Well, then, soon after Henry left, I sent for a young man whom I had formerly known, and who I knew to be an accomplished rake. I first swore him to the most solemn secrecy as to what I should reveal, and then informed him there was a lovely female within, who, for some important reason, must be dishonored, and agreed to give him one thousand dollars, in case he would complete her ruin; to which he readily agreed. I had almost forgotten to mention, that, previous to this, I had told Marianne of one who had fallen in love with her, and made her promise to see him, on the grounds that I had already pledged my word to that effect, &c. This, of course, smoothed the way for their interview, which took place at an early hour this evening; and although she treated him very coldly, so well is he acquainted with the sex, that he assures me he is confident of success. I then told him to use his most seductive arts, and if he could complete his design without using force, I would double the sum; but that it must be done, by force, if necessary, even at the peril of her life."

"But when is this to take place?" inquired the other.

"I have determined upon one week from to-night," replied the doctor; "at which time a vessel sails for France, in which I have already secured a passage, for it will be very unsafe for me to remain longer here. I have planned everything to a nicety. He is to meet her every day during the time, and

make what impression he can upon her, by a frank, guileless manner, which he can assume at will. I shall, on the evening in question, despatch my servants in various quarters, so that no one may be near to render her any assistance, should it become necessary for him to use violence."

"But if she scream, may it not be heard by some one without?" inquired Cartene.

"Care has been taken to provide for that," replied the doctor. "Under the pretence the room she now occupies will be wanted for some special purpose, I have so arranged it, that she occupies a center room of the rear wing, where the loudest cries are insufficient to reach the ears of any one standing close beside the walls without."

"Well, I must admit your scheme is admirably arranged, and every part shows the work of a master hand."

"Yes," returned the doctor, "I think it well arranged; and now, as for yourself, I would have you here on that evening about this hour."

"Yes, I understand," said Cartene, "and will be here with the money."

"Well, then, as our business is all and satisfactorily arranged, we will adjourn until that hour. So, adieu; and when we again meet, I trust my news will be most welcome."

"Adieu, and success attend you," returned Cartene, and the next moment these two dark, though petty, conspirators had parted.

Again the same female figure, previously described, might be seen stealing from her place of concealment and hurrying away with an agitated step, as though there was something of importance to be done, requiring caution, decision, and energy. But as at present we can follow none, individually, we will leave all three for a time, and open upon another scene.

## CHAPTER VIII.

And speak, mysterious stranger! (Gertrude cried);

It is! it is! I knew—I knew him well!

And art thou here? or is it but a dream?

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

A WEEK has elapsed since the close of the preceding chapter, and we must now turn our attention to one who holds no inferior part in this drama of life.

Seated within a small, but well-furnished apartment, beside a table, on which rested her arm, supporting her head, in a position not unfrequently used for study, and apparently lost to all external objects, was the pale, care-worn, but still lovely Marianne. Ay, lovely, indeed, she was, which even the most fastidious critic must have admitted, were it only to show himself as such. But it was not the loveliness on which we like to gaze, nor, in fact, on which we could have gazed unmanned, with a heart less

hard than adamant. There was beauty—there was loveliness—but it was the beauty and loveliness of grief. Had we beheld it in marble—had we seen the soft, sweet shade of melancholy, pictured in her countenance, chiseled in stone—long, long, would we have gazed, admired, praised, ay, and perchance have loved the artist for his beautiful conception, his masterly execution, and the soft and tender feelings gushing o'er his soul as a thing so angelic was pictured to his mental perception, on which he must have gazed, himself entranced, and chiseled while he gazed. A great change has been wrought since last observed by the reader—a change far more easy to behold than describe. There are no striking points on which we can dwell, and picture forth by description; but, like the gentle rose, plucked from its virgin stem, there is a gradual fading and drooping throughout her lovely countenance.

The room, as before remarked, was well, and, we may add, richly furnished; but as the reader, like ourself, is undoubtedly anxious for the sequel of the story, we will not pain him or her, by going through a lengthy description of what concerns neither, but leave such things to some more fortunate author, whose patience and brains far exceed ours, and pass on—merely remarking, by the way, that the floor was covered with a carpet—that on one side stood a bed, denoting it a sleeping apartment—and upon the table burnt a small lamp, sending

forth a sickly light, as if that, too, had partaken of the grief of the fair occupant.

It was evening—and the great bell of the City Hall had just pealed forth the hour of ten, and, as its heavy tones died away, Marianne started from her trance-like musings, and brushing back the golden locks clustering around her lily cheeks, murmured,

“Ten o'clock, and have I thus unconsciously sat here two hours, which have seemed but as many minutes, when at other times even the minutes lengthen themselves, as 'twere, to hours? But I was thinking of *him*! And yet, why should I? He can never be aught to me? No; there is an insurmountable barrier between us! And yet to think—to let memory dwell on him—is the only comfort I now enjoy! Alas! I shall not enjoy even that long. Yet why do I sigh, alas? Will it not be better for me when I have passed the rugged bounds of time? when I have landed on that blissful shore, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest? And yet, dear Henry, could I but see thee once again—ask thee to forgive me, methinks I could die happy. But, no! no! that can never be! I, perchance, will never see thee more until we meet (for we must meet again) at the great seat of Judgment, or before the throne of the Eternal! And I shall soon be there. This inward grief is wearing me away; and, at the longest, but a few more suns can roll athwart the boundless blue,

ere I shall number one with those who are themselves unnumbered. Yes—all my bright and happy dreams have vanished—fled as dew before the morning sun; the cloud of sorrow is hovering over me, blighting my hopes and darkening the future. Why am I thus selected as the mark, the target, for the deadly shafts of fate? Deadly, did I say? No! I will not say deadly—far, far worse than that; for they pierce even to my very heart, giving the pain, but without sending death to give relief. Why do all treat me coldly, even to my guardian, who was once so kind? What have I done to merit this? Why does this stranger persist in his advances when he must see they are repugnant to my feelings? Alas! alas! There is a mystery I cannot fathom—a foreboding of coming ill! The heavy cloud of destiny seems hanging over me, charged with the artillery of heaven! I see the forked lightnings of anger flashing around—I hear the howling winds of despair mingled with the rumble of the mighty thunder of conflicting passions—while, methinks, a voice is speaking above the roar, ‘Thy doom of woe is sealed.’ Yes, there is no escape—I am hemmed in on every side—all, all is lost! But, ah! I see a light in the distance—the cloud breaks way—it is! it is the dawning of hope! O, blessed, blessed Hope! that ever comest to cheer—to break the heavy gloom! Without thee we were lost, indeed! Thy very emblem should be the noble form of the



great archangel, standing midway between heaven and earth, bearing in one hand the trumpet, to proclaim joyful tidings, and in the other, the golden torch, to light us o'er the rocks and shoals of life's uncertain, stormy ocean."

As Marianne concluded her soliloquy, she bent forward and buried her face in her hands, and for a few minutes remained thus motionless. A light, quick tap, at the door, startled her, and rising, she hurried thither with an agitated step, and, as she opened it, to learn the cause, a tall figure glided past her; as she turned to observe the intruder, the door was shut with violence, and quickly bolted, the lock sprung, and the key removed—all of which was the work of an instant, and completed ere she had time to recover from the astonishment caused by such proceedings.

"Great heavens! Merton! and here! What is the meaning of this?" cried she, in alarm, as she recognized in the individual before her the one previously alluded to, as being employed by the doctor to accomplish his hellish design.

He was a tall man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, rather high of forehead, of a dark complexion, black glossy hair, which he wore long, curled in a manner not unlike the gamblers and pick-pockets of the present day. His features were well formed, and by many would have been considered handsome; but there was an expression in his small black eyes, which was anything but

flattering in regard to his moral character.

"Hist!" replied he, in answer to her interrogation. "Pray, be seated. I merely came to have a few minutes' conversation with you; be not alarmed."

"But this is not the time nor place to talk with me, sir," returned she, sternly. "You forget I am a woman, and have a character to lose. Why is that door bolted and locked?"

"To prevent intrusion from without, and egress from within," replied Merton, coolly.

"Ha! your words have a secret meaning. What would'st thou with me?"

"Much."

"Say on."

"I would have thee mine."

"That can never be — thou hast had thy answer before. Go and leave me."

"But I say it *must* be so; thou must be mine."

"*Must!*" cried Marianne, contemptuously, drawing herself up to her full height. "Villain, begone, ere I expose thee to the contempt thy actions and thy words deserve. Go!"

"Nay, young lady, not so fast. Again I tell thee, thou *must* be mine," returned he, calmly and firmly. "Seek not to alter it—it is said."

"Art thou a *man*? Hast thou the feelings of a man?" said she, indignantly. "If so, *pride*, at least, should teach thee not to ask again of her who has thrice denied thee"

"Ay, my haughty beauty, *pride* has so taught me; and know I am not here to *ask*, but to command."

"What! dost thou dare heap insolence on insolence? Begone, or I will call my guardian."

"Then call, 'twill be in vain."

"Gracious heavens! What mean you?" exclaimed she, wildly, as a sudden thought flashed upon her.

"Well, then, I will tell you what I mean," replied he, deliberately folding his arms, and fastening his keen black eyes upon hers, until she shrank from their gaze as she would from those of the deadly serpent. "I will tell you what I mean. I am paid by your affectionate guardian, to dishonor you. For some reasons, unknown to myself, he considers such a course requisite. Whatever his reasons are, I care not; I have agreed to fulfill my part, and I am now here for that purpose. I pray you be resigned to your fate: there is no escape. Care has been taken to have all the servants absent; so that even should you be foolish enough to scream, which I trust you will not, it can reach the ears of none who will render you the least assistance."

"Oh, God! oh, God!" exclaimed she, "to what am I destined! But, no! no! you do not—you cannot mean what you say! My guardian, too, he would not thus attempt to destroy my peace forever."

"Lady, it is true—all I have said is true. Come, consent, peaceably; otherwise, force must be used."

"Fiend! tempter! devil! away

—away!" cried she, as he moved toward her. "Consent to my own degradation—consent to become a thing to be by honest people loathed! Never! Had I a thousand deaths to die, I'd die them all, sooner than be such a *thing!*"

There was a dignity in her manner—a holy fire in her eye (if we may so use the expression,) as she spoke, that overawed Merton, and for a moment the stubborn villain trembled before the innocent, helpless girl, as the culprit might be supposed to tremble before the judge about to give him his sentence. It was the secret power which virtue, at times, will exercise over vice. Recovering himself, in a moment—ashamed and angry at the cowardice thus displayed, and, as if to atone for this—he sprang toward her with the desperation of a madman, exclaiming—

"By heavens! I'll have thee now, nor hell itself shall wrench thee from my iron grasp, until thou art the *thing* thou loathest!"

With one wild scream of despair, Marianne sprang back, to elude his grasp—when, with a tremendous crash, the door parted in its very center, through which sprang a form with the rapidity of lightning, and, ere the startled occupants had time to comprehend the meaning, Merton, with a mighty blow, was stretched senseless upon the floor, and Marianne was caught to the bosom of Henry Neville.

Starting back, and looking wildly into his face, then rubbing her eyes, as if to assure herself it was reality,



Marianne rushed back to his arms, exclaiming—

"It is no dream! It is—it is my own dear Henry!" and overcome by the sudden transition from despair to joy, she fainted upon his breast.

"Yes, poor girl, it is thy Henry!" murmured he, as he bent over and implanted a kiss upon her marble-like forehead; and as he gazed upon her, and thought of the agony she must have suffered to work a change so visible in one short week, tears started to his eyes, and, for the moment, the man was as the child. But action was necessary, for Merton was fast returning to consciousness; and laying her gently upon the bed, he again bent over her and implanted a second kiss; at the same instant the sharp report of a pistol rang through the room, and, whizzing past his head, a ball was lodged in the wall a few feet beyond. Starting and whirling around, his gaze encountered Doctor Barton standing in the doorway.

"Ha! have I missed thee?" cried the doctor, with a look that, courageous as he was, made Henry's blood run chill, and for a moment held him in check. "I have missed thee? Then take that!" and dashing down the discharged pistol, he raised another, and deliberately glancing along the barrel, his finger touched the trigger. At this instant, when Henry's fate seemed inevitable, Barton's arm was beat down by some one from behind; and as the second report rang out, Merton, who was rising from where he had

been felled by Henry, uttered a groan, and fell back again, senseless, the ball having pierced his side.

"And would'st thou add murder to thy crimes?" cried a shrill voice in his ear, that made the doctor start and tremble—for well he remembered that voice, although its tone had been silent to him for fifteen years.

"Who speaks?" cried he, wheeling around and confronting the figure, already spoken of as overhearing the conference between the doctor and Cartene.

"Ay, well you may ask who speaks," said the woman, in a heavy, solemn voice. "'Tis the spirit of your victim, the mother of Marianne, which does and will speak to your guilty soul forever. Dost thou not remember her curse, if you wronged her daughter?"

"I do—I do!" replied the doctor, turning pale, his gaze sinking to the floor, for the moment losing his wonted self-control.

"Ah, you need not speak! Your pale countenance and downcast eye would tell as much," returned the woman. "*Remember*, that curse shall be fulfilled!"

"Who art thou, old hag?" cried the doctor, angrily, making an effort to appear collected. "Who art thou that durst enter my dwelling and talk to me thus?"

"Who am I? Canst thou not guess who I am? Behold!" As she spoke, she threw off the covering, and revealed her features to the doctor.

"Ha! Mary!" muttered the doctor, with a start; "It is as I suspected. So all my villainy will be discovered; but I may yet escape." Saying this, he turned and made for the stairs, down which he seemed to fly, rather than run, until he had nearly reached the bottom, when a misstep precipitated him upon the floor, and as he regained his feet, Henry (who had closely watched him during his conversation with Mary, and perceiving his intention, had sprung after him with the agility of a cat,) now seized him roughly by the collar, exclaiming—

"Hold! thou more than devil! Not thus shalt thou escape!" and, forcing him back in spite of his resistance, returned to the room of Marianne.

During his absence, which had been but a minute, Marianne had partly recovered from her swoon; and when he returned, Mary was bending over and unloosing her dress, to give her air, while the tears standing in her eyes told, far more than words, the feelings of her heart.

Starting up, like one awakened from a startling dream, yet doubts whether it be a dream or reality, Marianne gazed hurriedly around the apartment, and perceiving Henry and the doctor, the truth flashed upon her, a gentle blush mantled her cheeks, and sinking back, she murmured, "It is no dream." Then fastening her eyes upon Mary, they became riveted there, as though by a spell; her breathing came quick and heavy; and, partly rising, with-

out withdrawing her gaze, she gasped, "Who art thou? Surely—surely I have seen thy face before; yet when or where I cannot tell."

"Yes, child," said Mary, gently, "thou hast seen my face before, for I nursed thee when an infant. I was a servant in thy father's mansion, and stood beside the deathbed of thy mother."

"My father!" exclaimed she, "Oh! do not—do not mention him."

"And why not? His name was never sullied with dishonor."

"What!" gasped she; "Was he—was he—my—my legal father?"

"He was."

"Speak—speak!" cried Henry; "His name?"

"Count La Roix."

"Marianne!"

"Henry," cried she, rushing into his arms, "take me—take me—I am thine!" and locked in each other's embrace, for a moment the lovers forgot, in their ecstasy of joy, there was such a thing as mortality—and that it was but the word of a poor woman, and that woman a stranger, on which rested their hopes.

"Here is much mystery," said Henry, who was the first to speak. "I pray you, good woman, explain."

"Yes, I will explain," returned Mary; "but first, I would tell you, there (pointing to the doctor) stands the author of all your misery."

"My guardian!" said Marianne, affectionately. "Is it possible that you, who, until of late, have treated me thus kindly—is it possible that you can be that villain?"

"Yes, girl," replied the doctor

calmly, "it is not only possible, but true. When I told you of your mother, I told you the truth but in part. I am the villain who seduced and brought her to an ignominious death; but you were then a child—a legal child of Count La Roix, late deceased, and by whom you not only inherit the title of Countess, but with it one million of francs, willed to you in case you married, or arrived at the age of eighteen—provided, there was no blemish upon your character; but, in case of that, or your decease, this fell to the next heir at law. This said heir at law, or his agent, learned that you lived with me, sought me out, and found me at a time when I expected every day my property to be torn from me by my creditors, laid his plan open to, and offered me an immense sum, could I succeed in staining your fair name. Goaded by my almost unnatural desire to obtain this money, in an evil moment I consented. How far I have succeeded, you already know. *Had* I succeeded, this night would I have sailed for France. But fate decreed it otherwise; I yield to fate."

"But why, dear guardian," said Marianne, tenderly,—"why did you listen to that villain, who was plotting against my eternal peace? Why did you not tell me of my name, and that I was an heiress? Half, willingly, would I have given you, had you required it. Ay, *all*, rather than you should have been thus dishonored. As yet, you can escape the eyes of the world. You say you would have sailed for France.

Go, then, now; if you lack the means, money shall be provided you. Go, live and repent, and become a better man." Ere she concluded, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her voice became choked with emotion.

At first, the doctor listened calmly and coldly, as one who expects nothing but contempt and reproaches; but as he saw her disinterested kindness—saw the look of tenderness she cast upon him—his heart seemed to creep to his throat—tears started to his eyes—tears, the first he had shed for long, long years—and, unable to stand, he leaned against the wall for support.

"And you—you would have done this," said he, as soon as he recovered strength to speak. "You would do this—you would set me free—me, who have been plotting your destruction? Recall, recall those words—they pierce my heart like daggers. Say you hate, you loathe, detest, abhor me: I can bear anything but kindness, and that from you. Oh, God! what a wretch have I been!" and his whole frame shook, convulsed with inward emotions,

It was a noble sight, to see that dark, stern man, whose very heart had been but the receptacle of crime, trembling and affected even to tears by a few tender words of an innocent girl, and both Henry and Mary found it difficult to restrain the emotions caused by such a spectacle.

Recovering his former composure, and turning to Marianne, the doctor said, "Dear girl, had I met with such as you when I was young

perchance I should have been saved the commission of crimes which are now weighing me down, as 'twere to hell; for already do I feel the fires of my coming torment—the seven times heated fires of a guilty conscience. You ask me to go and screen myself from the world: I will obey you, for I would not be held up to the public gaze. You ask me to repent and become a better man: that cannot be—my sins have reached even to heaven—my name is blotted from the book of life. Your mother's curse rings in my ears; for that must be fulfilled—and all, all, all is lost! But, ere I go, let me do one just act," and, approaching Marianne, he took her hand and placed it in that of Henry's. "You are worthy each of the other. May the blessings of heaven rest upon you! Farewell! farewell!"

Turning upon his heel, he had glided from the room ere the listeners were aware he had done speaking. They never saw him more. A short time after, a paragraph appeared in the papers, announcing the death, by suicide, of Dr. Barton; his name being discovered by papers found upon the body.

We must now draw our tale to a close. But little more need be said. Merton, upon examination, was found to be seriously, but not dangerously, wounded. He was taken to the hospital, where, after a long confinement, and much bodily and mental suffering, he recovered, reformed, and became a useful member of society.

Cartene, who, in fact, was "the

next heir at law," finding matters had taken a wrong turn, made for the South, where, in attempting to rob a bank, he was afterward shot.

Mary afterward related to the lovers, the whole particulars concerning herself and Marianne; but, as the reader is already acquainted with nearly all that appertains to our story, we will conclude by touching upon a few points. After the decease of Madame La Roix, Mary (although she had never made herself known to Marianne), had watched her in secret, according to the promise made to her mother when on her deathbed, and had written to Count La Roix, informing him of the whereabouts of his daughter. Passing through the Park, on the evening of Cartene's first introduction to the reader, she, by chance, heard the name of Marianne mentioned, and, observing the speaker closely, thought she recognized the features of Doctor Barton. Determined to be satisfied, she followed, and, as has already been seen, discovered the whole plot. Sending for Henry, she had explained to him, in part, how matters stood, which, together with what he had heard himself from the doctor, determined him to follow her advice. By bribing the servants, they had secreted themselves within the mansion on the evening in which the doctor had intended to complete his design. Finding the room which Marianne was to occupy, Henry had taken up his position near the door, provided with an axe, in case it should become necessary to force a

passage by splitting the door. He had seen Merton enter, but, fearing lest there might be some mistake, had anxiously waited without, until, hearing Marianne's scream, with one blow of his axe he severed the door, and rushed in just in time to save her. The doctor, who had also been anxiously awaiting the result of his scheme, hearing the noise, came to learn the cause, and perceiving how matters stood, enraged, and fearing lest his villainy should be exposed, attempted Henry's life, from which he was prevented, as has been shown, by Mary.

Doctor Barton's wife having been dead several years, his property was divided among his creditors, and in a few days from the foregoing events, the splendid mansion had passed into other hands. \* \* \*

Years had rolled away, and in a

retired part of France, living in genteel, though not extravagant splendor, might be seen a gentleman and lady, who, whenever they went abroad, were generally accompanied by an elderly female, acting in the capacity of a servant, though treated as an equal. Had curiosity led you to inquire who they were, you would have received the appropriate, though somewhat singular answer, "The fair foreigners."

They mingled but little in society, occasionally an American called to see them, and was treated with much politeness. If Yankee curiosity led one to inquire of the gentleman "who was his wife previous to his marriage" (and occasionally it did), his answer invariably was, "When I wooed her, she was the UNKNOWN—when I won her, COUNTESS MARIANNE."

THE END.

## BLANCHE DE BEAULIEU.

### I.

WHOEVER, on the evening of the fifteenth of December, 1795, might have left the little town of Clisson, to go to the village of Saint Crepin, and had stopped upon the crest of the mountain at the foot of which runs the river la Moine, would have seen a strange sight on the other side of the valley.

At first, in the spot where he would have looked for the village hidden among the trees, in the midst of the horizon, already dusky in the twilight, he would have perceived three or four columns of smoke, which, separate at their base, joined in widening, floated a moment like a burnished dome, and, yielding quietly to a damp west wind, rolled in that direction, lost in the clouds of a lowering, hazy sky. He would have seen this base redden slowly, then all smoke cease, and, in its place, forked tongues of flame burst from the roofs of the houses, with a dull roaring, then twisting spirally, then again curving and raising itself like the mast of a vessel. It would have appeared to him, that soon after all the windows opened to belch forth fire. Occasionally, when a roof fell in, he might have heard a dull sound, he might have seen a brighter flame filled with thousands of sparks, and, by the red glare of the increasing conflagration, the shining of arms, a circle of soldiers extending afar. He might have heard shouts, and bursts of laughter; and, he might have said in his fright, "God pardon me! It is an army warming themselves by burning a village."

In fact, a republican brigade of some

twelve or fifteen hundred men had found the village of Saint Crepin deserted, and had set it in flames.

This was not cruelty, but an expedient of war; a plan of the campaign, as any other might have been; and the one which experience had proved to be the best.

Nevertheless, a cottage standing by itself was not consumed; they appeared even to take every necessary precaution to prevent the fire from reaching it. Two sentinels guarded the entrance, and every moment orderly officers and aids-de-camp went in and out carrying orders.

He, who issued these orders, was a young man; he appeared to be from twenty to twenty-two years old; with long, light-colored hair, parted on his forehead, which fell wavily on each side of his pale and thin cheeks; his entire face bore the impress of that fatal sadness which is to be seen upon the brow of those destined to an early grave. His blue cloak, while enveloping him, did not entirely conceal the badge of his rank, two General's epaulettes; though these epaulettes were made of worsted—the Republican officers having made a patriotic offering to the Convention of all the gold ornaments about their dress. He was leaning upon a table, with a geographical chart spread out before him, on which he was tracing in pencil, by the light of a lamp, which was itself eclipsed by the glare of the conflagration, the route that his soldiers were about to follow. It was General Marceau, who, three years later, was killed at Altenkirchen.

"Alexandre!" called he, raising him-

self half-way, "Alexandre! everlasting sleeper, are you dreaming of San Domingo, that you sleep so long?"

"What's the matter?" inquired he to whom this was addressed, starting upright in surprise, and whose head almost touched the ceiling of the cabin. "What's the matter? is the enemy upon us?"—and these words were pronounced with that light creole accent which preserved its softness, even in the midst of the threatening tone.

"No, but an order has arrived for us from the commander-in-chief, General Westermann."

And whilst his colleague read the order, for he to whom he had spoken was his colleague, Marceau looked with childish curiosity upon the muscular form of the herculean mulatto before him.

He was a man twenty-eight years old, with short, crisp hair, brown complexion, high forehead and white teeth; whose almost supernatural strength was well known to the army, which had seen him in a fight split a helmet down to the cuirass, and once upon a parade strangle a fractious horse, which he was riding, between his thighs. Nor had he long to live, but, less fortunate than Marceau, he must die far from the battle field, poisoned by the order of a king. This was General Alexandre Dumas—my father.

"Who brought this order?" asked he. "The people's representative, Delmar."

"'Tis well, and where are these poor devils going to meet?"

"In a wood, a league and a half from here; look at the map, there it is."

"Yes; but on the map there are no ravines, no mountains, no tree stumps, no by ways, embarrassing the true route, where one can scarcely find one's self even in the daytime. Infernal country! and withall that it is always so cold."

"Look!" said Marceau, pushing the door open with his foot and showing the village on fire, "go out and warm yourself—Ha! what is the matter, citizens?"

This question was addressed to some soldiers, who, in seeking for provisions, had discovered, in a sort of kennel attached to the cottage where the two Generals were, a Vendean peasant, who seemed so drunken, that it was probable he was unable to follow the villagers when they had abandoned their homes.

Let the reader figure to himself, a stupid faced farmer, with a large hat, long hair, and grey waiscoat; a being, formed in the image of a man, but a degree lower than the brute; for it was evident that instinct was wanting to this mass of flesh. Marceau put a few questions to him; his patois and the wine rendered his answers unintelligible. He was about to give him up as a laughing stock to the soldiers, when General Dumas, briskly ordered the cottage to be evacuated, and the prisoner to be shut up in it. He was still at the door, a soldier pushed him inside; he went staggering against the wall, tottered an instant, swaying about on his half bent legs; then, falling heavily, stretched himself out and remained without moving. A single sentinel remained before the door, and they did not even take the trouble to close the window.

"We shall be able to leave in an hour," said General Dumas to Marceau, "we have a guide."

"Where is he?"

"That man."

"Yes, if we start to-morrow, that may be. There is sleep enough in what that fellow has drunken to last him twenty-four hours."

Dumas smiled, "Come," said he, and he led him to the shed where the peasant had been found; a single partition separated it from the interior of the cabin, and it was filled with cracks which allowed everything that occurred there to be seen, and the least word of the Generals, who an instant before had been there, to be overheard.

"And now," added he lowering his voice, "look!"

Marceau did so, giving way to the ascendancy which his friend exercised over him, even in the most common af-

fairs of life. He had some difficulty in distinguishing the prisoner, who had accidentally fallen into the darkest corner of the cottage. He laid like a sick man, still in the same spot; Marceau looked around to seek his colleague; he had disappeared.

When he again looked into the cottage, it appeared to him that the fellow had made a slight movement; his head had been moved to a place whence he could see at once all the inside of the room. Soon after he opened his eyes with the long yawn of a man just awaking, and he saw that he was alone.

A single flash of joy and intelligence passed over his features.

Then it was evident to Marceau that he had been the dupe of this man, if a look, still more scrutinizing, had not already convinced him of it. He examined him then with renewed attention; his face had resumed its former expression, his eyes had closed again, his movements were those of a man about to fall asleep again; in one of these movements, he struck the small table upon which were the map and the order of General Westermann, which Marceau had thrown upon it; it fell with a crash; at the noise, the soldier on duty opposite the door, put his head in, saw what had caused it, and said laughingly to his comrade, "Tis that citizen dreaming."

The prisoner heard these words; his eyes re-opened, a look of hatred, for an instant, followed the sentinel, then, with a rapid movement, he seized the paper upon which the order was written, and concealed it in his bosom.

Marceau held his breath; his right hand seemed to clutch his sword hilt, his left hand and his forehead only supported his body against the partition.

The object of his attention was at this time resting on his side; soon, by means of his elbow and knee, he advanced slowly, still lying down, toward the door of the cabin; through the opening between the door and the sill he saw the legs of a group of soldiers;

who were in front of it. Then patiently and slowly he began to glide toward the open window; then, when he had reached within three feet of it, he sought in his bosom for his arms, concealed there, gathered himself up, and with a single spring, the spring of a panther, threw himself out of the cabin. Marceau shouted; he had not had time to foresee or prevent this flight. An other shout replied to his; it was a curse. The Vendean, in falling out of the window, found himself face to face with General Dumas; he tried to stab him with his knife, but the latter seized him by the wrist, turned it against his own breast, so that the Vendean had but to push to stab himself.

"I promised you a guide, Marceau, here he is; and a knowing one, I hope." "I can have you shot, my fine fellow," said he to the peasant, "but it is more convenient for me to let you live. You have heard our conversation, but you shall not carry it to those that sent you—citizens," he addressed himself to the soldiers whom this curious scene had gathered, "some two of you take each a hand of this man, and place yourselves with him at the head of the column; he shall be our guide; if you perceive that he deceives you, if he makes an attempt at flight, blow his brains out and throw him over the hedge."

Then a few orders, given in a low tone, passed throughout this broken line of soldiers, which extended itself around the ashes of what was once a village. These groups arranged themselves; each platoon seemed to fasten itself upon the one before it. A black line was formed; it descended along the deep road which separates Saint-Orepin from Montfaucon, fitted into it like a wheel into a rut, and when, a few moments after, the moon shone out between two clouds and was reflected for an instant by this string of silent shining bayonets, one would have believed that he saw an immense black serpent with steel scales, gliding in the darkness.

## II.

A night march is a melancholy thing for an army. War is a beautiful thing, on a fine day when the sky shines upon the mêlée; when people arrange themselves around the battle-field like the seats in a circus, and applaud the conquerors; when the quivering tones of brass instruments cause the undaunted heart-strings to thrill; when the smoke of a thousand cannon covers you like a shroud; when friends and enemies are by to see how bravely you die: it is sublime! But at night! Ignorant how you are attacked, and how to defend yourself; to fall without seeing who struck the blow, or whence it came; to feel those still standing wounding you with their feet, and marching over you without knowing who you are! Oh! then, 'tis no time to take positions like a gladiator; one rolls, and twists, bites the ground, and tears it up with his fingers—'t is horrible!

The reason why that army marched sadly and silently, was because it knew that on each side of its route extended high hedges and entire fields of broom and thorn bushes; and that, at the end of this road, there would be a fight—a fight in the dark.

It marched on for half an hour: from time to time, as I have already said, a ray of the moon would shine between the clouds, and show the peasant who acted as guide at the head of that column, his ear attentive to the least noise, and constantly guarded by the two soldiers that marched at his side. Sometimes they would hear on the flanks a rustling of leaves; the head of the column would stop suddenly, and many voices cry out, "*Who goes there?*" Nothing replied, and the peasant said, laughing, "*'T is a hare starting from its resting place.*" Sometimes the two soldiers thought they saw something move before them, which they could not make out; they said to each other, "*Look there!*" and the Vendean replied, "*'T is your shadow, let us keep on.*" Suddenly, at a turn in the road, they saw two men stand before them;

they essayed to shout; one of the soldiers fell without having time to speak a word; the other staggered a second, and had only time to say, "*Help!*"

Twenty muskets were fired in an instant; by the glare of this light, they could see three men running; one of them staggered, and drew himself along the declivity for a moment, hoping to reach the other side of the hedge. They ran up to him, it was not the guide; they questioned him, he made no answer; a soldier pierced his arm with his bayonet, to see if he were really dead; he was.

Marceau then became the guide. The study which he had made of the localities, gave him a hope that he would not lose himself. At last, after a march of a quarter of an hour, they saw the black mass of the forest. It was there, according to the information which the Republicans had received, that the inhabitants of a few villages, the remnants of a number of armies, some eighteen hundred men were to assemble, to hear mass.

The two generals divided their little band into a number of columns, with orders to surround the woods, and to follow all the paths which led toward its center; they calculated that half an hour would suffice to take up these respective positions. A platoon stopped on the road which they found before them; the others extended themselves in a circle upon its wings; for a moment, the noise of their regular tramp could be heard, and then it grew fainter as they receded; it ceased suddenly, and all was silent. The half hour which precedes a battle passes rapidly. Scarcely has the soldier time to see that his musket is in order, and to say to his comrades, "*I have twenty or thirty francs in the corner of my knapsack; if I am killed, you will send them to my mother.*"

The command, "*Forward!*" sounded, and each one trembled, as though he had not been awaiting it there.

As they advanced, it seemed to them that the cross-roads, which formed the center of the forest, were lighted up;

on approaching, they perceived torches shining; soon objects became more distinct, and a sight, which none of them had any idea of, presented itself to their view.

Upon an altar, clumsily represented by a few stones heaped together, the Curé of Sainte-Marie de Rhe was saying mass; old men surrounded the altar, torch in hand; outside of them, women and children prayed on their knees. Between the Republicans and this group was placed a wall of men, which, upon a smaller scale, presented a plan of battle prepared for defense or attack; it was evident that they had been forewarned, even if the runaway guide had not been recognized in the front rank; now he was a Vendean soldier, in full uniform, bearing upon his left breast the red heart, which served as a rallying badge, and in his cap, the white handkerchief which replaced the plume.

The Vendean did not wait to be attacked: they had spread sharpshooters throughout the woods; they commenced firing: the Republicans advanced with carried arms, without firing a shot; without replying to the continued fire of their enemies; without offering any words after each discharge, other than these "*Close up the ranks! close up the ranks!*"

The priest had not terminated mass, he still continued; his audience seemed unconscious of what was passing around them, and remained upon their knees. The Republican soldiers still advanced. When they were some thirty paces from their enemies, the front rank knelt; three rows of muskets were levelled, like corn bent by the wind. The firing commenced: they saw the ranks of the Vendean grow thin; and a few balls, passing through them, reached the foot of the altar, killing women and children. There was then a moment of shouting and tumult in the crowd. The priest raised the Host, all heads bowed to the earth, and all was silent.

The Republicans made a second discharge at the distance of ten paces, as calmly as if on review, with as much

precision as if before a target. The Vendean replied smartly, but neither had time to reload: it was now work for the bayonet; and here, all the advantage was on the side of the regularly armed Republicans. The priest still continued to perform mass.

The Vendean gave way. Entire ranks fell without noise other than curses. The priest perceived this; he made a sign; the torches were extinguished, the combat continued in the darkness. Thenceforth it was a scene of disorder and carnage, where each one struck blindly and fiercely, and died without asking quarter; quarter, so seldom given, even when demanded in the same language.

Nevertheless these words: "*Mercy! Mercy!*" were pronounced in an imploring voice at Marceau's feet, as he was about to strike.

It was a Vendean youth, an unarmed child, who was striving to get out of this horrid mêlée.

"*Mercy! Mercy!*" cried he; "*Save me! in the name of heaven, in the name of your mother!*"

The General drew him some paces from the battle-field, out of view of the soldiers, but he was soon compelled to stop; the young man had fainted. This excess of fright on the part of a soldier astonished him; he did not hasten the less however to relieve him; he opened his coat to give him air—it was a woman!

There was not a moment to lose; the orders of the Convention were strict; all Vendean found with arms in their hands, or taking part in any assemblage, whatever the age or sex, must perish upon the scaffold. He seated the young girl at the foot of a tree, and ran to the field of battle. Among the dead, he perceived a young Republican officer, whose height seemed to be near that of the unknown; he quickly took the uniform and chapeau and returned to her. The coolness of the night soon brought her out of her fainting fit.

"*Father! Father!*" were her first words; then getting up and putting her hands to her forehead, as if to collect her wandering thoughts. "*Oh! this is*



frightful: I was with him,—I have left him;—my father! my father! he will be killed!"

"My young mistress,—Mademoiselle Blanche," said a voice which came from a head which appeared suddenly behind a tree, "the Marquis de Beaulieu lives, he is safe. Hurrah for the king and the good cause!"

He who uttered these words disappeared like a shadow; but not so quickly, however, but that General Marceau had time to recognize the peasant of Saint-Crepin.

"Tinguey! Tinguey!" cried the young girl, extending her arms toward the farmer.

"Silence! a word will denounce you; I will not then be able to save you, and I wish to do so! Put on this coat and this chapeau, and await me here."

He returned to the field of battle, gave his soldiers orders to retire upon Chollet, left his colleague in command of the troops and returned to the side of the young Vendean girl.

He found her ready to accompany him. Both directed themselves toward a kind of road which crosses Romagne, where Marceau's servant awaited him with led horses, which could not traverse the interior of the country where the roads were ravines and gulleys. There, his embarrassment was increased: he feared that his young companion could not bestride a horse, and would, therefore, be compelled to walk; but she soon re-assured him by managing her horse, with less strength, perhaps, but with all the grace of the best cavaliers.\* She noticed Marceau's surprise and smiled.

"You will be less astonished," said

\* Though what follows will not account for this skill, so rare among our women, yet the custom of the country justified it. The ladies of the castle bestrode a horse, literally speaking, like a fashionable gentleman of Long Champs; they wore under their dresses, which were raised by the saddle, pantaloons similar to those which are put on children. The women of the common people did not take even this precaution, although the color of their skin made me believe to the contrary for a long time.

she to him, "when you know me; you will see by what a train of circumstances the exercises common to men have become familiar to me; you appear to be such a good man, that I will tell you the events of my life, so young yet so full of trouble."

"Yes, yes, by and by," said Marceau; "we shall have plenty of time, for you are my prisoner, and on your own account I do not wish to set you free. Now we must get to Chollet as soon as possible. So seat yourself securely in your saddle and gallop my cavalier."

"Gallop it is," replied the Vendean girl, and three quarters of an hour afterward they entered Chollet. The Commander-in-chief was at the Mayor's office. Marceau ascended, leaving his servant and his prisoner at the door. In a few words he gave an account of his mission, and returned with his little escort to seek a lodging at the hotel *Sans Culottes*, an inscription which had replaced the one formerly on the sign—*Au Grand St. Nicholas*.

Marceau engaged two rooms; he led the young girl to one of them and advised her to throw herself, still dressed, upon the bed, to take a few moments repose, of which she must have been in great need after such a frightful night as she had just passed, and then went to shut himself in his own room, for now he had a life dependent upon him, and it was necessary that he should find means to preserve it.

Blanche, on her part, had need of thought also; first of her father, and then of this young Republican General, with his sweet face and soft voice. It all seemed a dream to her. She walked about to assure herself that she was really awake, stopped before a mirror, to convince herself that it was truly she, then she wept to think of the deserted situation in which she found herself; the idea of her death, death upon the scaffold, did not occur to her; Marceau had said with his soft voice, "I will save you."

And then, why should they cause her, born but yesterday, to die? Beau-

tiful and inoffensive, why should men desire her head and her blood? Scarcely could she convince herself that she was in any danger. Her father on the contrary, a Vendean chief—he slew and might be slain; but she, poor young thing, still hand in hand with childhood—oh! far from believing in these sorrowful prestiges—life was beautiful and joyous, the future immense; this war would cease, the deserted castle would see its master return. Some day, a young man, fatigued, would come there to ask hospitality; he would be twenty-four or five years old, with a sweet voice, light hair, and a general's uniform; he would stay a long time;—dream on, dream on, poor Blanche!

There is a time in youth, when misfortune is so much a stranger to existence, that it appears they never can become acquainted; however melancholy an idea may be, 'tis cast aside with a sigh. It is because they see life only on one side of the horizon; it is because the past has not had time to make them suspect the future.

Marceau dreamed likewise, but he had already looked into life; he knew the political hatreds of the time; he knew the unreasonableness of revolutions, he sought a way to rescue the sleeping Blanche. One only presented itself to his mind: that was to conduct her himself to Nantes, where his family dwelt. For three years he had not seen either his mother or his sister, and finding himself only a few leagues from that city, it would appear very natural that he should ask leave of absence, of the General-in-chief. He stopped at this thought. Day began to break, he presented himself at General Westermann's quarters; that which he asked was granted without difficulty. He wished to be allowed to go at once, thinking that Blanche could not leave any too soon; but it was necessary that his leave of absence should bear a second signature, that of the representative of the people, Delmar. Not an hour since he had arrived from the expedition, with the troops; he was taking a short repose in an adjoining room, and as

soon as he awoke the General-in-chief promised Marceau to send it to him.

On re-entering the inn he met General Dumas, who was seeking him. The two friends had no secrets from each other, he soon knew all the adventures of the night. Whilst breakfast was preparing, Marceau ascended to the room of his prisoner, who had already asked for him; he announced the visit of his colleague, who hastened to present himself; his first words reassured Blanche, and, after a short conversation, she felt only the bashfulness natural to a young girl, seated between two men whom she scarcely knows.

They were about to seat themselves at the table, when the door opened. The people's representative, Delmar, appeared upon the threshold.

Scarcely have we had time at the commencement of this story, to say a single word about this new personage.

He was one of those men whom Robespierre placed as an arm, at the end of his own, in order to reach into the provinces; whom he thought had learned his system of regeneration, because he had said to them: We must regenerate; and under whose hands the guillotine was more active than discriminating.

This sinister apparition made Blanche tremble, even before she knew who he was.

"Ah! ah!" said he to Marceau, "you wish to leave us already, citizen General, but you behaved so well last night that I cannot refuse you anything; nevertheless, I am a little vexed with you for allowing the Marquis de Beaulieu to escape—I had promised to send his head to the Convention."

Blanche stood up, pale and frigid as a statue of terror. Marceau placed himself before her, without attracting attention.

"But that which is deferred is not lost," continued he. "The grey-hounds of the Republic have good noses and sharp teeth, and we will follow his trail. Here is your leave-of-absence," added he; "it is countersigned; you may depart when you please; but, before you go,

I have come to breakfast with you: I do not wish to part with so brave a man as you, without drinking to the safety of the Republic, and to the extermination of all brigands."

"In the position in which the two generals found themselves, just then, this mark of esteem was any thing but agreeable. Blanche had seated herself and had gained some little courage. They seated themselves at the table, and the young girl, to avoid facing Delmar, was obliged to take a place at his side. She seated herself far enough away not to touch him, and was reassured, by degrees, as she perceived the people's representative was more occupied by the meal, than by the guests who partook of it with him. Nevertheless, from time to time, one or two bloody words fell from his lips and caused a chill to pass through the frame of the young girl; but, beside this, no real danger seemed to threaten her: the generals hoped he would leave without speaking a word to her directly. The desire to set out was a pretext, on Marceau's part, for shortening the meal; it was nearly finished. Each one began to breathe more freely, when a volley of musketry was heard in the city square, opposite the inn; the generals jumped to their arms, which they had laid aside near them. Delmar stopped them—"Well done, my brave fellows," said he, laughing, and balancing himself in his chair. "Good! I like to see you on your guard; but re-seat yourselves: there is nothing for you to do there."

"What is this noise, then?" asked Marceau.

"Nothing," replied Delmar, "only shooting the prisoners taken last night."

Blanche screamed with fright.

"Oh! the unfortunate beings!" cried she.

Delmar put down the glass which he was about to carry to his lips—turned slowly toward her.

"Ah! this is mighty fine," said he; "now if soldiers tremble so like women, we must dress women like soldiers; you are very young, 'tis true," added he, tak-

ing her two hands and looking in her face, "but you'll get used to it."

"Oh! never! never!" cried Blanche, without thinking how dangerous it was for her to manifest such sentiments before such a witness. "Never could I get used to such horrors."

"Child!" said he, letting her hands drop, "do you think that a nation can be regenerated, without letting blood? repress factions, without building scaffolds? Have you ever witnessed a revolution pass the level of equality over a people, without cutting a few heads off? Woe then, woe to the great, for the wand of Tarquin has pointed them out!"

He was still a moment; then continued:

"Besides, what is death? A sleep without dreaming, without awaking; what is blood? a red liquid, almost like that in this bottle, and which produces its effect upon our mind, only by the ideas we attach to it. Sombriuel has drunken it. Well! you are silent! Let us see, have you not, at your tongue's end, some philanthropic argument? In your place a Girondist would not be silent."

Blanche was now compelled to continue the conversation.

"Oh!" said she, tremblingly, "are you sure that God has given you the right to kill thus?"

"Does not God himself kill?"

"Yes, but he sees beyond life; but man, when he kills, knows not what he gives or what he takes away."

"Well! so be it; the soul is either immortal, or it is not; if the body is only matter, is it a crime to return, a little sooner, to matter, that which God has loaned it? If a soul inhabits it, and this soul be immortal, I cannot kill it; the body is but a covering, that I take from it, or, rather, a prison from which I release it. Now, listen to advice, for I really wish to give it to you; keep your philosophical reflections, and your school-boy arguments, to defend your own life, should you ever fall into the hands of Charette or Bernard de Marigny; for they will grant you no

more mercy than I have to their soldiers. As for myself, you will repent the repeating them a second time in my hearing: bear this in mind." He went out.

There was a moment's silence. Marceau laid down his pistols, which he had loaded during this conversation.

"Oh!" said he, following him with his finger, "Never did man, surely, come so near death as you have just done, and miss it. Blanche, do you know that if a word or a gesture had escaped him which could have proved that he had recognized you, do you know, I would have blown his brains out?"

She did not listen. A single thought possessed her; it was that this was the man commissioned to follow the remnant of the army commanded by the Marquis de Beaulieu.

"Oh my God!" said she, concealing her face in her hands—"Oh! my God! when I think that my father may fall into the hands of this tiger; that if he had been made prisoner last night, it is possible that there, before—I is execrable, 't is atrocious; is there then no pity in this world? Oh! forgive me, forgive," said she to Marceau: "who ought to know to the contrary better than I? My God! oh God!"

At this moment the servant entered, and announced that the horses were ready.

"Let us go; in heaven's name let us go! There is blood in the very air we breathe here."

"Let us go," said Marceau, and the three descended at once.

### III.

Marceau found a detachment of thirty men at the door, which the General-in-chief had caused to be mounted to escort him as far as Nantes. Dumas accompanied them some distance; but, a league from Chollet, his friend strongly insisted that he should return; further on, and it might be dangerous to

return alone. He then took leave of them, put his horse to the gallop, and disappeared soon after at a corner of the road.

Then Marceau wished to find himself alone with the young Vendean. She had the story of her life to relate to him, and it seemed to him that her life ought to be full of interest. He rode up to the side of Blanche.

"Well!" said he, "now that we are quiet, and have a long journey before us, let us talk—let us talk of yourself; I know who you are, and that is all. How came you in that assemblage? Where did you become accustomed to wear men's clothes? Speak. We soldiers are accustomed to hear short and hard words. Speak to me now at length—of yourself, of your childhood, I pray you."

Marceau, without knowing why, could not accustom himself, in speaking to Blanche, to use the Republican language of the time.

Blanche then related to him the events of her life: how her mother died while she was yet young, and left her still a child in the hands of the Marquis de Beaulieu; how her education, superintended by a man, had familiarized her with those manly exercises, which, since the breaking out of the insurrection of La Vendée, had been very useful to her, and had enabled her to follow her father. She unfolded to him all the incidents of that war, from the émuette at Saint-Florent up to the fight in which Marceau had saved her life. She spoke at length, as he had wished, for she saw he listened with satisfaction. At the moment she finished her recital, Nantes appeared on the horizon, its lights trembling in the haze. The little troop crossed the Loire, and, a few moments after, Marceau was in the arms of his mother.

After the first salutations, he presented his young fellow-traveler to his family; a few words sufficed to interest his mother and sisters deeply in her behalf. Scarcely did Blanche manifest a wish to retake the dress of her sex, ere the two young girls, carried away by



emulation, disputed between themselves which should have the pleasure of acting as her femme-de-chambre.

This conduct, simple as it might seem at first sight, was nevertheless greatly enhanced by the circumstances of the time. Nantes was struggling under the pro-consulate of Carrier.

'Tis a strange sight to the mind and the eye, to witness a whole city bleeding in the grasp of a single man. One asks whence came this strength, that takes its own way over the eighty thousand souls which it governs? and how is it that when this single being says, "*I will it*," they do not all rise to say "*'Tis well! but we do not wish it*." It is because there is in the souls of the mass a habit of slavishness—though single individuals may sometimes have ardent desires to be free. It is because the people, as Shakspeare has said, know no other way of recompensing the assassin of Cæsar than by making Cæsar of him. This is why there are tyrants of liberty, as there are monarchal tyrants.

Then blood ran through the streets of Nantes, and Carrier—who was to Robespierre what the hyena is to the tiger, and the jackal to the lion—gorged himself with the purest of this blood, waiting till he should pay it back mingled with his own.

There were entirely new modes of massacring; the guillotine did its work too quickly. He invented the *Noyade*,\* the name of which is synonymous with his; boats were built expressly for it in the port; it was well known for what purpose, and the people came to see them in the dock-yard; it was a new and curious thing, with its twenty feet trap doors, which opened to precipitate the unfortunate beings, destined to this punishment, into the depths of the sea, and the day on which the trial was made, there were almost as many people on the banks of the river as when they launch a vessel with a bouquet at her main-mast and flags on every yard.

Oh! three times woe to men, who

\* A machine for drowning several persons at once.

like Carrier, apply their genius to the invention of various instruments of death; for all ways of destroying man is easy to man! Woe to those who, without reflection, have caused useless murders! They have made our mothers tremble on pronouncing the words revolution and republic, synonymous with them, with the words massacre and destruction. And, our mothers made men of us at fifteen years of age, which of us, on leaving the hands of his mother, did not, like them, tremble at the words revolution and republic? Which of us had not his political education to remodel before daring to look those figures—93—which he had regarded so long as fatal, coolly in the face? Which of us did not need the strength of mind of a man of twenty-five to look steadily at those three Collossuses of our revolution, Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre? But now we have become accustomed to the sight of them, we have studied the ground upon which they trod, the principles upon which they acted, and we involuntarily recall to mind those terrible words of another time—"*chaque un d'eux n'est tombé que parce qu'il a voulu enlever la charette du bourreau qui avait encore besogne à faire*;"\* it was not they who went ahead of the revolution, but the revolution went ahead of them.

Nevertheless, let us not complain, modern rehabilitations are quickly made, for now people write the history of the people. It was not so in the time of the gentleman historians of the crown; have I not heard it said, while yet a child, that Louis XI was a bad king, and Louis XIV a great prince?

Let us return to Marceau and to a family, whom his name protected even against Carrier himself. Such was the reputation of the young General for pure republicanism, that suspicion dared not even attach to his mother and sisters. This is why one of them, a young girl of sixteen, like one ignorant of what was passing around her, loved and

\* Each of them fell only because he wished to clog the wheel of the executioner, which still had work to do.

was beloved, and the mother of Marceau, timid as all mothers are, saw a second protector in a husband, and hurried as much as she could, a marriage just on the point of being accomplished, as Marceau and the young Vendean arrived at Nantes; so his return at that time was a source of double rejoicing.

Blanche was placed between these two young girls who became her friends on kissing her—for there is an age when each young girl thinks she finds an eternal friend in the acquaintance of an hour. They went out together; a thing almost as important as a wedding occupied them—a woman's toilette. Blanche ought no longer to wear her male attire.

Soon they brought her back—dressed by their double assistance. She had to wear the dress of one, and the shawl of the other. Foolish girls! 'tis true that the ages of the three did not equal that of Marceau's mother, though she was still handsome.

When Blanche re-entered, the young General took a few steps toward her, and stopped astonished. In her first dress he had scarcely remarked her celestial beauty and elegance, which she seemed to have resumed with her woman's dress. She had, 'tis true, done all she could to appear beautiful; for a moment, she had forgotten war, La Vêndée and carnage, before her glass; it was because the most innocent soul has its coquetry when it begins to love, and because it wishes to please him it loves.

Marceau endeavored to speak, but could not utter a word; Blanche smiled and held out her hand to him joyfully, for she saw she had appeared as beautiful to him as she wished to appear.

In the evening, the betrothed of Marceau's sister came, and, as all love is selfish, from self-love to maternal affection, there was one house in the city of Nantes, an only one, perhaps, where all was joy and happiness, whilst around them all was grief and tears.

Oh! how Blanche and Marceau gave themselves up to this new life! how far beneath them did any other seem! it was almost a dream; occasionally only

would Blanche's heart beat and tears tremble in her eyes; it was when, suddenly, she thought of her father; Marceau reassured her; then, to wean her attention from these thoughts, he would recount to her his early campaigns; how the collegian became a soldier at fifteen, an officer at seventeen, a colonel at nineteen, and a general at twenty-one. Blanche would make him repeat these things frequently, for, in all that he said, there was not a word of loving another.

And yet, Marceau had loved, loved with all the power of his soul—at least he thought so. Then, soon he had been deceived, betrayed; contempt, after much struggling, had taken possession of a young heart filled with prejudices. The blood which burned in his veins cooled slowly; a gloomy lethargy had replaced excitement; Marceau, in fine, before becoming acquainted with Blanche was only a sick man, deprived, by the sudden absence of fever, of energy and strength, which he owed only to its presence.

Well, all those dreams of happiness, all those elements of a new life, all those fascinations of youth, which Marceau had believed lost to him forever, returned upon him in a future still in distinct, but which he could attain some day; he was himself astonished that a smile would sometimes come and pass across his lips without a cause; his lungs played freely, and he no longer felt any of that difficulty in breathing which, only yesterday, wasted his strength and made him wish for an early death as the only relief from his sufferings.

Blanche on her part, first drawn toward Marceau by a natural feeling of obligation, attributed to this sentiment the various emotions that agitated her. Was it not perfectly natural that she should constantly wish for the presence of the man who had saved her life? Words coming from his mouth, could they be indifferent to her? his features, stamped with so deep a melancholy, ought they not to awake pity? and when she saw that he sighed on looking at her, was she not always ready to

say, "What can I do for you, my friend, for you who had done so much for me?"

Thus, agitated by these various feelings, which every day gained new strength, Blanche and Marceau passed the first days of their stay at Nantes; at last the time appointed for the marriage of the young general's sister arrived.

Among the jewels ordered for her, Marceau had selected a costly brilliant ornament, which he offered to Blanche. Blanche looked at it with the coquetry of a girl, then quickly closing the casket,

"Do jewels become my situation?" said she, sorrowfully; "jewels for me! whilst my father is perhaps flying from farm-house to farm-house, begging a morsel of bread to keep life in him—a barn for his sleeping place! whilst proscribed myself. No let my plainness conceal me from all eyes; think I might be recognized."

Marceau urged in vain, she would consent to accept nothing but an artificial red rose which she found among the ornaments.

The churches were closed, the marriage was performed at the Hotel de Ville; the ceremony was short and sad, the girls regretted the absence of the choir, ornamented with wax tapers and flowers; the dais hung over the heads of the newly married couple, under which they exchanged smiles with those that held it; and the blessing of the priest who says: "Go children, may you be happy."

At the door of the Hotel de Ville, a deputation of watermen awaited the newly married couple. The rank of Marceau had caused this mark of respect for his sister; one of the men, whose features did not seem unfamiliar, had two bouquets; he presented one to the bride; then advancing to Blanche, who looked attentively at him, he offered her the other.

"Tinguey, where is my father?" asked Blanche, growing pale.

"At St. Florent," replied the waterman, "take this bouquet, there is a letter inside of it. Hurra for the king and the good cause, Mademoiselle Blanche!"

Blanche wished to stop him, to speak

to him, to question him, but he had disappeared. Marceau had recognized the guide, and could not but admire the devotedness, the skill, and the boldness of the peasant.

Blanche read the letter anxiously. The Vendéans had sustained defeat after defeat; an entire population had emigrated, retreating before fire and famine. The remainder of the letter was filled with thanks to Marceau. The Marquis had learned all through the watchfulness of Tinguey. Blanche was very sad, that letter had carried her back into the midst of the horrors of war; she leaned on Marceau's arm more than usual; she spoke to him nearer and in a tone more soft. Marceau would have wished her still more sorrowful; for the greater the sorrow, the more do we give way to it, and, as I have already said, there is a great deal of selfishness in love.

During the ceremony, a stranger, who had, he said, something of the utmost importance to communicate to Marceau, had been introduced into the hall. On entering, Marceau, whose head was bent over Blanche, whose arm was resting on his, did not perceive him at first, suddenly felt that arm tremble, he looked up; Blanche and he were face to face with Delmar.

The representative of the people advanced slowly, his eyes fixed upon Blanche, a smile on his lips; Marceau, with perspiration on his brow, saw him approach, as Don Juan saw the statue of the commander.

"Citizeness, have you a brother?"

Blanche stammered, and was ready to throw herself into the arms of Marceau. Delmar continued.

"If my memory and your likeness do not deceive me, we breakfasted together at Chollet. How is it that since that time I have not seen him in the ranks of the Republican army?"

Blanche felt her strength about to fail; the piercing eye of Delmar followed every movement, and she was on the point of falling under his gaze, when he turned from her and fixed his eyes upon Marceau.

Then it was that Delmar trembled in his turn. The young General had his hand upon the hilt of his sword which he grasped convulsively. The features of the representative of the people soon retook their habitual expression; he appeared to have entirely forgotten what he had just been saying, and taking Marceau by the arm, he led him to the recess of a window, conversed with him some time upon the present situation of La Vendée, and told him that he had come to Nantes to concert with Carrier new measures of severity which it was necessary to take on account of the revolts. He told him that General Dumas had been recalled to Paris, and soon leaving him, he passed with a bow and a smile before the couch upon which Blanche had fallen on quitting the arm of Marceau, and where she still remained, cold and pale.

Two hours afterward, Marceau received orders to start without delay to rejoin the army of the West, and there resume the command of his brigade.

This sudden and unlooked for order astonished him; he thought he saw some connection between this and the scene which had taken place a short time before; his leave did not expire for a fortnight yet. He hastened to Delmar to get some explanation of the affair; he had left, immediately after his interview with Carrier.

He must obey; to hesitate was to be lost. At this time the generals were subject to the power of the representatives of the people sent by the Convention, and, if some reverses were caused by their want of experience, more than one victory also was due to the alternative constantly before these chiefs, either to conquer, or lose their heads upon the scaffold.

Marceau was near Blanche when he received that order. Stupified by a blow, so unexpected, he had not the courage to tell her of his departure, which would leave her alone and unprotected in the center of a city each day sprinkled with the blood of her countrymen. She saw he was troubled, and her uneasiness surmounted her timid-

ity; she approached him with the anxious look of a well beloved wife, who knew that she had a right to question, and she did question him. Marceau handed her the order which he had just received. Scarcely had Blanche cast her eyes upon it, ere she understood to what danger want of obedience would expose her protector; her heart broke; nevertheless she found strength to prevail on him to set off without delay. Women possess this sort of courage more strongly than men, because at home they lay bashfulness aside. Marceau looked at her sorrowfully, "And you too, Blanche," said he, "do you order me to go away? Indeed," said he, rising, and as if speaking to himself, "who could make me believe to the contrary? Madman that I am! When I thought of this departure, I sometimes believed it would cause regrets and tears." He strode rapidly. "Fool! regrets, tears! As if I was not indifferent to them!" On turning about he found himself opposite to Blanche; two tears rolled down the cheeks of the silent girl, whose bosom heaved with suppressed sobs. In his turn Marceau felt tears in his eyes.

"Oh! pardon me, Blanche, pardon me," said he; "I am so unhappy, and unhappiness makes us suspicious. Always at your side, my life appeared to be mingled with yours; how then can I separate my hours from your hours, my days from your days? I had forgotten every thing; I thought it would be forever thus. Oh! misery, misery! I dreamed, and now I awake. Blanche," added he, more calmly, and in a sadder tone, "the war which we carry on is a cruel and bloody one, it may be that we shall never see each other again." He took the hand of the sobbing Blanche. "Oh! promise me, that if I fall, stricken down far from you—Blanche, I have always had a presentiment that my life would be short—promise me that your memory will sometimes recall me to your thoughts, my name to your lips, that it was not a dream; and I promise you, Blanche, that if there be time with me, between life and death, to pro-

nounce a name, a single name, it shall be yours."

Blanche was choked with tears; but in her eyes shone a thousand promises, more tender even than those Marceau asked of her. With one hand she pressed that of Marceau, who was at her feet, and with the other she showed the red rose in her hair.

"Always, always!" murmured she, and she fell fainting. Marceau's cries brought his mother and sisters. He thought Blanche dead; he rolled in agony at her feet. In affection, hopes and fears, every thing is exaggerated. The soldier was but a child.

Blanche opened her eyes, and blushed at seeing Marceau at her feet, and his family around her.

"He goes" said she, "perhaps to fight against my father. Oh! spare my father; if he should fall into your hands, remember that his death would kill me.—What would you more?" added she, lowering her voice; "I thought of my father only after having thought of you." Then, soon gathering fortitude, she prayed Marceau to depart; he, even, comprehended the necessity of doing so, and no longer resisted her entreaties and those of his mother. The necessary orders for his departure were given, and, an hour after, he had received the farewell of Blanche and his family.

In leaving Blanche, Marceau followed the road which he had traveled with her; he advanced, without hastening or slackening the pace of his horse; and each locality recalled to his mind some word of the story of the young Vendean girl; he reviewed, in a manner, the history which she had related to him; and the danger which she ran, of which he had not thought much while near her, but which, now that he was away from her, appeared to him very great. Each word of Delmar's rang in his ears; each moment he was about to stop his horse, and return to Nantes; and he had need of all his strength of mind, not to give way to his wish of returning to see her.

If Marceau had been able to occupy himself with any thing but what was

passing in his own mind, he would have perceived, at the end of the road, and coming toward him, a cavalier, who, after having hesitated a moment to assure himself that he was not mistaken, had put his horse to the gallop to meet him, and he would have recognized General Dumas as soon as he had been recognized by him.

The two friends jumped from their horses and threw themselves into each other's arms.

At the same instant, a man, his hair reeking with perspiration, his features bloody, clothes torn, jumped over the hedge, rolled, rather than walked the length of the slope, and fell without strength and almost voiceless at the feet of the two friends, uttering the single word, "arrested!" It was Tinguely.

"Arrested! who? Blanche?" cried Marceau.

The peasant made an affirmative gesture; the unhappy man could no longer speak. He had come five leagues, running over fields, hedges, furze and thorns; perhaps he might have run a league or two further, if necessary, to overtake Marceau, but having reached him, he fell.

Marceau looked upon him, with his gaping mouth and staring eyes.

"Arrested! Blanche arrested!" repeated he, constantly, while his friend applied his wine-flask to the closed teeth of the peasant. "Blanche arrested! This, then, is why they sent me away. Alexandre," cried he, taking his friend's hand and compelling him to rise, "Alexandre, I return to Nantes. You must follow me there, for my life, my fortune, my happiness, all is there." His teeth chattered violently; his whole body shook with convulsive movements. "Let him tremble who has dared to place hand upon Blanche. Do you know that I love her with all my heart; that life without her is nothing to me; that I will save her or die? Oh! fool! Oh! madman that I was to leave! Blanche arrested! And where have they taken her?"

Tinguely, to whom this question was addressed, had begun to recover. The

veins on his forehead could be seen to swell as if they were about to burst; his eyes were blood-shot; and so oppressed was his breathing that scarcely could he, to the question, "Where was she taken?" a second time repeated, reply—

"To the prison at Bouffays."

Scarcely were these words uttered ere the two friends had taken the road to Nantes, at a gallop.

#### IV.

There was not a moment to lose; it was toward Carrier's house, Place de Cours, then, that the two friends directed their steps. When they reached it, Marceau threw himself from his horse, mechanically took his pistols, which were in the holsters, concealed them under his coat and rushed to the apartment of him who had the fate of Blanche in his hands. His friend followed him more coolly, though ready, nevertheless, to defend him if he had need of his aid, and to risk his life with as much carelessness as if on the battle-field. But the deputy from La Montagne,\* knew too well how he was execrated not to be unjust, and neither by importunity nor threats could the Generals obtain an interview with him.

Marceau descended more tranquilly than his friend had expected. He appeared within a moment to have adopted a new plan which he had hastily matured. And there was no longer any doubt of it, when he suddenly stopped, and requested General Dumas to go instantly to the post-house, and with two horses and a carriage, await him at the gate of Bouffays.

The rank and the name of Marceau gave him admittance into that prison; he ordered the jailer to conduct him to

\* *La Montagne, or Les Montagnards, the Mountain, or the Mountaineers, a party of the French revolution, so called from their occupying the higher benches of the hall. The Deputies of the Mountain faction sent into the departments, as Carrier was, were called in derision, proconsuls.—Trans.*

the dungeon where Blanche was confined. The latter hesitated a moment, Marceau reiterated his order in a more imperative tone, and the keeper obeyed, making a sign to him to follow.

"She is not alone," said his conductor, on opening the low arched door of a dungeon, the darkness of which made Marceau shiver; "but she will not be long in getting rid of her companion—they guillotine him to-day." With these words, he closed the door upon Marceau, making him promise to shorten, as much as possible, an interview which might compromise him.

Still blinded from his sudden passage from the light of day to the darkness of night, and not being able to see into the obscurity which surrounded him, Marceau reached out his hands like a man in a dream, endeavoring to pronounce the word Blanche, which he could not articulate; he heard a scream: the young girl threw herself into his arms; she had recognized him instantly; her sight had already become habituated to the darkness.

She cast herself into his arms, for it was a moment when terror made age and sex forgotten; it was a question of life or death. She fastened herself upon him like a shipwrecked man upon a rock, with inarticulate sobs and convulsive grasp,

"Ah! ah! you have not forsaken me, then!" cried she, at last. "They arrested me—dragged me here; in the crowd that followed me I saw Tinguely; I cried to him 'Marceau! Marceau!' and he disappeared. Oh! I was far from hoping to see you back—here—but you are here—you are here. You will not leave me again?—You will take me with you, will you not?—You will never leave me here."

"I would snatch you away this instant at the price of my life; but—"

"Oh! look; feel these streaming walls, this dirty straw; you, who are a General, can you not—"

"Blanche, this is what I can do; I can knock at this door, dash out the brains of the keeper who may open it; lead you to the yard, let you breathe

the fresh air, see the sky, and be killed in your defense; but I dead, Blanche, they would bring you back to this dungeon, and there would not exist upon this earth a single man who could save you."

"But can you?—you?"

"Perhaps."

"Soon?"

"Two days, Blanche, I ask two days. But now reply in your turn,—reply to a question upon which depends your life and mine—answer as you would answer to your God—Blanche, do you love me?"

"Is this a time and a place where such a question should be put, and where it should be answered? Do you think that these walls are accustomed to hear avowals of love?"

"Yes, this is the time—for we are between life and the grave, between existence and eternity. Blanche, hasten and reply to me—each moment steals a day from us, each hour a year, — Blanche, do you love me?"

"Oh! yes, yes."—These words escaped from the heart of the young girl, who, forgetting that her blushes could not be seen, hid her head in the arms of Marceau.

"Well then! Blanche, you must accept me as your husband this moment."

The body of the girl shook with emotion.

"What can be your intention?"

"My intention is to snatch you from death; we will see if they dare to send the wife of a Republican general to the scaffold."

Blanche then comprehended his thoughts. She shuddered at the danger to which he would expose himself to save her. Her love gained new strength from it; but collecting her fortitude, "It is impossible," said she, firmly.

"Impossible!" interrupted Marceau, "impossible! But this is folly—and what obstacle can intervene between us and happiness, since you tell me you love me? Do you believe, then, that this is play? But listen, then, listen, it is thy death! See! the death of the

scaffold, the executioner, the axe, the cart!"

"Oh! pity! pity! 'tis frightful! But yourself—once your wife, if that title will not save me, it will lose you with me!"

"This, then, is the motive that has caused you to reject the only way of safety left you! Well! now listen to me, Blanche; for I have an avowal to make; on seeing you, I loved you; love has become a passion; I look upon it as my life; my existence is yours, and my lot shall be yours; happiness or the scaffold, I will share all with you; I will not leave you again—no human power shall separate us; or, if I quit you, I have only to shout, *Hurrah for the King!* these words would re-open to me your prison doors, and we would go out again only together. Well! so be it; it will be something to be a night in the same dungeon, a passage in the same cart, and a death upon the same scaffold."

"Oh! no, no—go then; leave me, in heaven's name leave me."

"Go away! Take care what you say, and what you wish—for if I go hence without your being mine, without your having given me the right to defend you, I will go and find your father; your father, of whom you no longer think, and who weeps for you, and I will say to him: 'Old man, thy daughter could have saved herself, and she would not; she wished that thy last days should pass in mourning, and that her blood should spurt out even upon thy white hairs. Weep, old man, weep—not that thy child is dead, but that she did not love thee enough to live.'"

Marceau had repulsed Blanche; she had fallen upon her knees some distance from him, and he walked about with his teeth clenched, his arms across his breast, with the laugh of a maniac or the damned. He heard the sobs of Blanche; tears came to his eyes; his arms dropped lifeless, and he fell at her feet.

"Oh! in pity,—by that which is the most sacred in this world, by the grave of your mother, Blanche, Blanche, con-

sent to become my wife: you must; you ought."

"Yes, you ought, young girl," interrupted a strange voice, which made them tremble, and both rise. "You ought, for it is the only way of preserving a life, scarcely begun; religion commands it, and I am ready to bless your union."

Marceau, astonished, turned around and recognized the Curé of Saint-Marie-de-Rhé, who took part in the assembly which he had attacked the night Blanche became his prisoner.

"Oh! father," cried he, seizing his hand and drawing him toward her, "O father! obtain from her, her consent to live."

"Blanche of Beaulieu," replied the priest, in a solemn tone, "in the name of thy father, whom my age and the friendship uniting us gives me the right of representing, I adjure you to accede to the importunity of this young man; for your father himself, if he were here, would do what I am doing."

Blanche seemed actuated by a thousand and opposite feelings; at last she threw herself into the arms of Marceau;

"Oh! my friend!" said she to him, "I have not strength to resist you longer. Marceau, I love you! I love you, and I am your wife."

Their lips joined; Marceau was at the height of joy; he seemed to have forgotten every thing. The voice of the priest soon snatched him from his ecstasy.

"Hasten, children," said he, "for my moments are numbered here below; and if you still delay, I can no longer bless you, except from heaven."

The two lovers trembled, that voice called them back to earth.

Blanche walked to him with looks of affright,

"Oh! my friend," said she, "what a time to unite our destinies! What a temple for a marriage ceremony! Do you believe that an union consecrated under these dark and dismal vaults can ever be a durable and happy one?"

Marceau trembled, for he was himself touched with a superstitious dread. He

led Blanche toward a place in the dungeon where the light, shining through the cross-bars of a narrow window, made the darkness less deep; and there, both, upon their knees, awaited the benediction of the priest.

The latter extended his arms and pronounced the sacred words. At the same moment, a sound of arms and of soldiers was heard in the passage; Blanche, frightened, threw herself into Marceau's arms.

"Can it be that they have come for me already?" cried she. "Oh my friend, my friend, how frightful death would be at this time."

The young General had thrown himself before the door, a pistol in each hand. The soldiers fell back astonished. "Reassure yourselves," said the priest, presenting himself, "it is I they seek—it is I who am about to die."

The soldiers surrounded him.

"Children," said he, in a strong voice, addressing the newly married couple; "children, kneel; for, with one foot in the grave I send you my last blessing, and the blessing of a dying man is sacred."

The astonished soldiers kept silent; the priest had taken from his breast, a crucifix, which he had succeeded in concealing from all their searches; he extended it toward them; about to die himself, it was for them he prayed. There was a moment of silence and solemnity in which all there believed in God. "Let us go," said the priest.

The soldiers surrounded him; the door was closed, and all disappeared like a vision of the night.

Blanche threw herself into Marceau's arms.

"Oh! if you leave me, and they should come for me like this—if I have you not to assist me to pass this door. Oh! Marceau, think of it,—the scaffold! I, I upon the scaffold! far away from you, weeping and calling upon you, without your answering me. Oh! do not go away, do not go away! I will throw myself at their feet, I will tell them I am not guilty,—that if they will leave me in prison all my life with you, I will



bless them. But if you leave me — Oh! do not leave me then."

"Blanche, I am certain of saving you, I will answer for your life; in less than two days I will return with your pardon, and then it will not be a whole life in a prison and a dungeon, but in the free air, in happiness—a life of freedom and love."

The door opened, the jailer appeared. Blanche held Marceau more closely in her arms; she would not let him go, though each moment was precious; he softly loosed his hands from the chain that held them, promised her that he would return before the expiration of the second day: "Love me always" said he, rushing out of the dungeon. "Always," said Blanche, falling back, and showing him, in her hair, the red rose which he had given her; and then the door closed upon her like that of hell.

## V.

Marceau found General Dumas at the house of the keeper, he asked for ink and paper.

"What are you going to do?" asked General Dumas, alarmed at his agitation.

"To write to Carrier, to request two days delay of him, and to tell him that his life shall answer to me for the life of Blanche."

"Unhappy man," replied his friend snatching the letter from him which he had just commenced, "you threaten, when you are in his power; have you not disobeyed the order you have received to join the army? do you think that once doubting you, his fears will even stop to seek for a plausible excuse? In less than an hour you would be arrested; and what then could you do for her or yourself? Believe me, your silence will induce forgetfulness on his part, for his forgetfulness alone can save her."

Marceau's head rested upon his hands; he seemed to reflect deeply.

"You are right," said he getting suddenly up, and he led his friend into the street.

A few persons were collected about a post-chaise. "If it should be foggy this evening," said a voice, "I do not know what would prevent a score of good lads entering the city and carrying off the prisoners; it is a pity to see how Nantes is guarded." Marceau trembled, turned around, recognized Tinguey, exchanged looks of intelligence with him and hastened into the carriage. "Paris!" said he to the postillion giving him gold; and the horses started off with the speed of lightning. Everywhere the same diligence, everywhere by dint of money Marceau obtained promises that horses should be ready for the morrow, that no obstacle might prevent his return.

It was on this journey that he learned that General Dumas had sent in his resignation, demanding, only as a favor, to be employed as a soldier in some other army; he had consequently been placed at the disposal of the committee of Public Safety, and was on his way to Nantes when Marceau met him upon the road to Clisson.

At eight o'clock in the evening the carriage which held the two generals entered Paris.

Marceau and his friend separated at the Palace Egalité. Marceau went on foot to the street Saint Honoré, turned down it on the side of Saint-Roch, stopped before the house number 366, and asked to see citizen Robespierre.

"He is at the Theatre de la Nation," replied a young girl, some sixteen or eighteen years of age, "but if you will return in two hours, citizen General, he will have returned."

"Robespierre at the Theatre de la Nation! are you not mistaken?"

"No citizen."

"Well, I will go and seek him there, and if I do not find him I will return and await him here. Here is my name; Citizen General Marceau."

The Theatre François had just split into two troupes; Talma, accompanied by the patriotic comedians had gone to the Odeon. It was to this theatre,

then, that Marceau went, quite surprised to find that he should have to look for the austere member of the Committee of Public Safety at a play. The play was the *Death of Caesar*. He entered the balcony; a young man offered him a seat by his side in the front row. Marceau accepted it hoping to be able from that position to see him whom he sought.

The play had not commenced, a strange uneasiness was visible among the audience, bursts of laughter and an exchanging of signs proceeded from a group seated near the orchestra, as from headquarters; that group overlooked the house, a man overlooked that group—that man was Danton. Around him, speaking when he was silent, and silent when he spoke, were Canille Desmoulins, his idol, Phillippaux, Hérault d' Séchelles and La Croix, his apostles.

This was the first time Marceau had been in the presence of this Mirabeau of the people; he had recognized his loud voice, his imperious gestures, his domineering brow, even before his name had been frequently pronounced by his friends.

We must now be permitted to say a few words on the state of the different factions into which the Convention was divided; they are necessary to a full understanding of what is about to follow.

The Communes and the Mountain had united to effect the revolution of the thirty-first of May. The Girondists after having vainly tried to federalize the provinces, had fallen, almost without defense, in the midst of those whom they had elected, and who dared not even give them an asylum in the days of their proscription. Before the thirty-first of May, power was nowhere; after that day, the need of an unity of strength was felt, to effect a promptness of action; the Assembly possessed the most extended authority; a faction had made itself master of the Assembly; a few men commanded this faction; power naturally fell into the hands of these men. The Committee of Public Safety, up to the thirty-first of May, had been

composed of neutral members of the Convention; the time of its renewal arrived, and the extreme Mountaineers took their seats there: Barrère remained as representative of the old Committee, but Robespierre was elected a member of it; Saint-Just, Collot d' Herbois, Billaud-Varennés, sustained by him, were checks upon their colleagues, Hérault de Séchelles and Robert Lindet. Saint-Just took upon himself the office of surveillance, Couthon that of softening those propositions the most violent in their principles, Billaud-Varennés and Collot d' Herbois, directed the preconsulates of the departments; Carnot busied himself with the war department; Cambon with that of finance; Prieur (Cote d' Or) and Prieur (of the Marne), with the business of the interior and the administrative departments, and Barrère, who soon united with them, became the daily spokesman of the party. Whilst Robespierre, without having any definite functions, watched over the whole, directing this body politic as the head directs the body corporal, and moved each limb at will.

It was in this party that the revolution was embodied—it wished it with all its consequences, that the people might some day enjoy its results.

This party had to contend with two others; one of which wished to go all lengths, the other to curb it—these two parties were,

That of the Communes, represented by Hébert.

The other of the Mountain, represented by Danton.

Hébert made himself popular in the *Père Duchesne* by obscenity of language; insults followed the victims there—laughter, the executions. In a short time his progress became formidable. The Bishop of Paris and his Vicars abjured Christianity; Catholic worship was replaced by that of reason; the churches were closed; Anacharis Klotz became the apostle of the new goddess. The Committee of Public Safety was alarmed at the power of this ultra-revolutionary faction which they

thought had fallen with Marat, and which based itself upon immorality and atheism; Robespierre determined to attack it alone. On the fifth of December, '93, he attacked it from the tribune, and the Convention, who had strongly applauded his abjuration against the demands of the Communes, decreed, at the request of Robespierre, who also had his religion to establish, that all violence and measures against the liberty of worship were forbidden.

Danton, in the name of the moderate party of the Mountain, demanded the cassation of the revolutionary government. The *Vieux Cordelier*, edited by Camille Desmoulins, was the organ of the party. The Committee of Public Safety, that is to say, the dictatorship, had not been, according to him, created but to repress disorders within and conquer without; and, as he believed it had repressed in the interior and conquered on the frontier, he demanded that this power, now, in his opinion, useless, should be broken, to the end that hereafter it might not become dangerous; the revolution had been put down, and he wished to re-establish it upon ground not yet cleared.

It was these three factions, which, in the month of March, '94, the time at which the events of our story occurred, divided the Convention. Robespierre accused Hébert of atheism and Danton of venality; and, in his turn, was accused by them of being ambitious, and the word dictator began to circulate.

This then was the state of affairs when Marceau, as we have said, saw Danton for the first time, making a tribune of the orchestra, and casting upon those that surrounded him, his powerful sentiments. The play was the *Death of Caesar*; a kind of word of command had been given to the Dantonists; they were all at the representation, and, upon a signal to be given by their chief, they were to apply the following lines to Robespierre:

"Où, que César soit grand, mais que Rome soit libre.  
Dieu! Maitresse de l'Inde, esclave au bord du Tibre,

Qu'importe que son nom commande à l'univers.  
Et qu'on l'appelle reine alors qu'elle est aux fers?  
Qu'importe à ma patrie, aux Romains que tu braves,  
D'apprendre que César a de nouveaux esclaves?  
Les Persans ne sont pas nos plus fiers ennemis,  
Il en est de plus grands; je n'ai pas d'autre avis."

This is why Robespierre, who had been informed of this by Saint-Just, was at the Theatre de la Nation that evening, for he comprehended what a weapon this would be in the hands of his enemies if they could make the accusation they had against him popular with the people.

In the meantime, Marceau looked vainly for him in this brilliantly illuminated house, where the single row of boxes remained in the slight shadow caused by the projection of the gallery above them, and his eyes, wearied with the fruitless search, reverted every moment to the group in the orchestra, whose noisy conversation attracted the attention of the entire audience.

"I saw our Dictator to-day," said Danton; "they wished to reconcile us."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At his house; I was compelled to go up to the third story room of the 'Incorruptible.'"

"And what did you say?"

"That I was aware of the hatred the Committee bore me, but that I did not fear it. He replied that I was wrong, it had no bad intentions toward me, but it was necessary I should explain myself."

"Explain yourself! Explain yourself! that were well with men of good faith."

"Exactly what I replied to him; then his lips contracted, his brow wrinkled."

"\* Yes, let Caesar be great, but let Rome be free. God! Mistress of the Indies, yet a slave on the banks of the Tiber. What matters it that her name commands a world, and that they call her queen, while she is in chains? What matters it to my country, to you brave Romans, to know that Caesar has new slaves? The Persians are not our fiercest enemies—there are greater ones. This is my opinion."

I continued, 'Certes the royalists must be repressed; but necessary blows only should be struck, and the innocent ought not to be confounded with the guilty.' 'Eh! who has told you,' replied Robespierre, sharply, 'that we have caused one innocent one to perish?'—'What do you think of that? not an innocent one has perished!' exclaimed I, addressing Hérault de Sechelles, who was with me, and I left."

"And was Saint-Just there?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He passed his hands through his fine black hair, and from time to time arranged the tie of his cravat like that of Robespierre."

Marceau's neighbor, whose head was resting on his hands, trembled, and that kind of hissing which comes from between the closed teeth of a man restraining himself, was heard. Marceau took no further notice of him, but turned his attention again to Danton and his friends.

"The fop!" said Camille Desmoulins, speaking of Saint-Just. "He thinks so much of himself that he carries his head as high on his shoulders as the consecrated Host."

Marceau's neighbor removed his hands; he recognized the soft and handsome face of Saint-Just, pale with rage.

"And I," said the latter, rising in all his pride, "Desmoulins, I will make you carry yours like a Saint Dennis." He turned about, they opened to let him pass out, and he left the balcony.

"Eh! who thought he was so near?" said Danton, laughing. "Ma foi, the packet reached its destination that time."

"Apropos," said Phillippeaux to Danton, "have you seen De Laya's pamphlet against you?"

"What! De Laya write pamphlets! Let him re-write *L'Ami des Lois*; I would like to read it: is the pamphlet sensible?"

"Here it is," Phillippeaux handed him a small work.

"What! he has put his signature to

it, pardieu! But don't he know, then, that if he, do n't come under my protection, they will cut his throat? Hush! hush! the curtain rises."

"Hush!" was heard throughout the house; a young man, who was not in the conspiracy, nevertheless kept up a private conversation, although the actors were on the stage. Danton reached out his arm, touched him on the shoulder with the end of his finger, and with a courtesy in which there was a slight tinge of irony,

"Citizen Arnault," said he to him, "allow me to listen as though they were performing *Marius à Minturnes*."

The young author had too much pride not to accede to a wish expressed, in these terms; he ceased, and the most perfect silence allowed one of the worst exhibitions that ever took place in a theatre to be listened to,—that of *The death of Caesar*.

Notwithstanding this silence, it was evident that not one member of this little conspiracy, which we have pointed out, had forgotten the object for which he came; glances were exchanged; signals crossed each other, and became more frequent as the actors approached the lines which were to cause the explosion. Danton said to Camille in a low voice, "T is Scene Third," and he even repeated the lines at the same time with the actor, as if to hurry his delivery, when he came to those which preceded them,—

"Caesar, we await thy august clemency,  
A gift most precious, a boon most just,  
Above all the offices bestowed by thy goodness."

"Caesar.—What do you dare to ask, Cimber?"

"Cimber.—Liberty."

Three rounds of applause welcomed these words.

"All goes well," said Danton, half rising.

Talma commenced—  
"Oui, que César soit grand, mais que Rome soit libre."

Danton rose upright, looking about him with the glance of a general at the head of an army, who wishes to assure

himself that every one is at his post, when his eyes suddenly rested upon a point in the house; the grating of a box had just risen; Robespierre drew his sharp, livid features into the shade. The eyes of the two enemies met, nor could they withdraw them from each other; there was in the expression of Robespierre's all the irony of triumph, all the insolence of security. For the first time, Danton felt a cold sweat over his body; he forgot the signal he was to have given; the lines passed by without applause or disapprobation, he fell vanquished. The grating of the box closed, and all was finished. The *Guilotineurs*\* got the better of the *Septembriseurs*: † ninety-three fascinated ninety-two.

Marceau, whose pre-occupied mind thought of any thing but the tragedy, was perhaps the only one who saw this scene, which lasted, but a few seconds, without comprehending it; yet he had had time to recognize Robespierre; he threw himself out of the balcony, and arrived in time to meet him in the lobby.

He was as calm and cool as though nothing had occurred; Marceau presented himself, giving him his name. Robespierre extended his hand to him; Marceau, giving way to his first impulse, drew back his own. A dark smile passed across the lips of Robespierre.

"What is your business with me?" said he to him.

"A few minutes' interview."

"Here, or at my house?"

"At your house."

"Come, then."

And these two men, agitated by emotions so different, walked beside each other; Robespierre indifferent and calm, Marceau anxious and agitated.

This, then, was the man who held the fate of Blanche in his hand—the man of whom he had heard so much said—whose incorruptibility alone was evident, but whose popularity would seem problematical. Indeed, to gain it,

\* Robespierre's party.

† The Jacobin party, who justified the murder of the prisoners at Paris and Versailles, on the 3rd September, 1793.

he had not used any of the means employed by his predecessors. He had neither the stirring eloquence of Mirabeau, nor the paternal firmness of Bailly, nor the impetuosity of Danton, nor the smutty eloquence of Hébert: if he worked for the people, it was without parade, and without accounting to the people. In the midst of the general leveling of language and dress, he had preserved his polished language and fastidious dress.\* In fine, as much pains as others took to lose themselves in the mass, so much he appeared to take to raise himself above it; and it was perceptible, at first sight, that this singular man could only be to the multitude an idol or a victim: he was both.

They arrived; a narrow stairway led them to a room in the third story; Robespierre opened the door; a bust of Rousseau, a table, upon which the *Social Contract* and *Emile* lay open, a bureau and a few chairs formed all the furniture of the apartment. The greatest order was visible throughout it.

Robespierre noted the effect that this sight had upon Marceau.

"Here is the palace of Cæsar," said he, smiling—"what have you to ask of the dictator?"

"The pardon of my wife, condemned by Carrier."

"Your wife, condemned by Carrier! the wife of Marceau the Republican of ancient days! the Spartan soldier! What is he doing at Nantes, then?"

"Committing atrocities."

Marceau then drew for him the picture which we have placed before the eyes of the reader. Robespierre, during the recital, moved uneasily in his chair, without interrupting him; then Marceau ceased.

"This is how I am always compro-

\* The habitual costume of Robespierre is so well known, that it has become almost proverbial. The 20th Prairiel, the day of the *fête de l'Être Suprême*, of which he was the pontiff, he was dressed in a dark blue coat, muslin vest, embroidered upon a rose-colored ground; breeches of black satin, white silk stockings, and shoes with buckles completed his costume. It was in this same dress he went to the scaffold.

mised!" said Robespierre in a hoarse tone, for the internal emotion which he felt, sufficed to effect this alteration in his voice. "Every where, where my eyes are not to see, or my hand to arrest, is there useless bloodshed! There is, nevertheless, enough blood which must be shed, and we have not yet reached the end."

"Well, then, Robespierre, my wife's pardon!"

Robespierre took a sheet of white paper.

"Her maiden name?"

"Why do you wish it?"

"It is necessary to assure her identity."

"Blanche de Beaulieu."

"The daughter of the Marquis de Beaulieu—the brigand Chief?"\*

"Blanche de Beaulieu, the daughter of the Marquis de Beaulieu."

"And how did she become your wife?"

Marceau related the circumstances to him.

"Young fool! young idiot!" said he, "you ought —"

Marceau interrupted him,

"I want neither abuse nor advice; I ask you for a pardon, will you give it to me?"

"Marceau, the ties of family, the influence of love, will they never lead you to betray the Republic?"

"Never."

"If you should find yourself, in arms, opposed to the Marquis of Beaulieu?"

"I would fight him, as I have already done?"

"And, should he fall into your hands?"

Marceau reflected a moment—

"I would send him to you, and yourself should be his judge."

"You swear that to me?"

"Upon my honor."

Robespierre retook his pen.

"Marceau," said he to him, "you have had the good fortune to keep yourself uncontaminated in the eyes of all; for a long time I have known you, for a

\* The Vendean leaders were called Brigands.

long time I have wished to see you." Perceiving Marceau's impatience, he wrote the first three letters of his name, and then stopped. "Listen: in my turn," said he, looking at him fixedly, "I ask five minutes of you; I give you a life for five minutes; 't is well paid for."

Marceau signified that he would listen; Robespierre continued:

"I have been calumniated to you, Marceau; nevertheless, you are one of those rare men, by whom I desire to be known; what matters to me the opinions of those I care not for? Listen, then; three Assemblies have in turn managed the destinies of France, have placed them in the hands of one man, and have accomplished the mission with which the time had charged them. The Constituent, represented by Mirabeau, has shaken the throne; the Legislative, embodied in Danton, has overturned it. The labor of the Convention is immense, for it must complete its overthrow, and it must begin to rebuild. I have high hopes there: 't is to become the representative of that epoch, as Mirabeau and Danton have been the types of theirs. There will be three men in the history of France, represented by three different figures—91, 92, 93. If the Supreme Being gives me time to finish my work, my name will be above all these names; I will have done more than Lyeurgus among the Greeks, than Numa at Rome, than Washington in America; for all of these had but a new-born people to still, and I!—I have an old society to regenerate. If I fall,—my God! spare me any blasphemy against Thee in my last hours; if I fall before the wished for time arrives, my name, which will not have accomplished one half of what it had to do, will retain the bloody stain, which the other half would have obliterated; the revolution will fall with it, and both will be calumniated.—This is what I had to say to you, Marceau, for I wish, at all events, that there shall be a few men, who will keep my name living and pure in their hearts, like the flame in the tabernacle,—and you are one of those men."



He finished writing his name.

"Now here is your wife's pardon—you can go without even taking my hand."

Marceau took it and pressed it strongly; he wished to speak, but tears prevented his articulating a word, and Robespierre himself spoke first and said to him:

"Come, you must go—there is not a moment to be lost; *Au revoir*."

Marceau rushed down the stairs; General Dumas came up as he was going down.

"I have her pardon!" cried he, throwing himself into his arms. "I have the pardon, and Blanche is saved—"

"Congratulate me in my turn," replied his friend; "I have been appointed General-in-chief of the army of the Alps, and I come to thank Robespierre for it."

They embraced each other. Marceau hurried into the street, ran to the Palais Egalité, where his carriage awaited him, ready to return with the same speed with which it had brought him.

Of what a weight was his heart relieved! what happiness did he anticipate! what felicity, after so many trials! His imagination plunged into the future; he saw the moment when, from the threshold of the dungeon, he would shout to his wife—"Blanche, you are free! you are free through my means; come, Blanche, and let your love and your kisses repay me this debt of life."

Nevertheless, an indefinable uneasiness would cross his mind—occasionally, a sudden shivering would seize his heart; then he would urge the postillions, promise them gold—shower it upon them, and promise them still more; the wheels rolled, the horses dashed at full speed. Still it appeared to him that he scarcely advanced. Every where relays were ready,—no delays; all seemed to share the agitation which tormented him. In a few hours he had left Versailles, Chartres, Le Mans, La Flèche behind him! he perceived An-

gers; suddenly he felt a terrible, dreadful shock—the carriage was overturned and broken; he got up, wounded and bloody, separated the traces of one of the horses with his sabre, jumped upon him, reached the first post-house, there took a race-horse, and continued his journey still more rapidly.

At last he has crossed Angers; he sees Ingrande, reaches Varades, passes Ancenis—his horse streaming with foam and blood. He discovers Saint-Donatien, then Nantes—Nantes! which holds his soul, his life, his future! A few moments more, he will be in the city—he reaches the gates; his horse falls before the prison of Bouffays: what cares he—he has arrived!

"Blanche! Blanche!" "Two carts have just gone from the prison," replied the keeper—"she is in the first."

"Curses upon him!" and Marceau rushed, on foot, into the midst of the people, who crowd about him, who hurry to the Grand Square; he overtook the last of the carts; one of the condemned men recognized him.

"Save her, General! I could not, and I have been taken! Hurrah for the King and the good cause!" It was Tinguéy.

"Yes! yes!" and Marceau opened a way for himself; the crowd wounds him, presses him, but drags him on; he reaches the Grand Square with it; he is opposite the scaffold, he waves the paper in the air, shouting "Pardon! pardon!"

At this instant the executioner, seizing the head of the young girl by its light hair, showed the hideous sight to the people: the crowd, terrified, turned away in affright, for they thought they saw her vomit streams of blood! Suddenly, in the midst of this silent crowd, a fierce cry, which appeared to exhaust the entire human strength, was heard: Marceau had recognized, between the teeth of that head, the red rose which he had given the young Vendean.

## A MASKED-BALL.

I HAD given the order—"not at home to any body;" one of my friends forced himself upon me.

My servant announced Mons. Antony R—. I perceived, behind Joseph's livery, the corner of a black riding coat; it was probable that the wearer of that riding coat had also seen the flap of my robe-de-chambre—it was impossible to deny myself; "Very well! ask him in," said I aloud, "Let him go to the devil," said I to myself.

When at work, it is only the woman we love that can disturb us with impunity, for she is always desirous of knowing what we are doing.

I advanced to meet him, then, with the half sulky face of an author interrupted in one of those moments when he wishes least to be so. But when I saw him so pale and wan, the first words I uttered were these:

"What is the matter with you? what has happened?"

"Oh! let me breathe," said he, "I am going to tell you about that; besides it may be a dream, or perhaps I am a fool."

He threw himself upon a sofa, and let his head fall into his hands.

I looked at him with astonishment; his hair was damp with the rain—his boots, his knees, and the lower parts of his pantaloons, were covered with mud. I went to the window; I saw his servant and his cabriolet at the door; I could not comprehend it.

He saw my surprise.

"I have been to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise," said he.

"At ten o'clock in the morning?"

"I was there at seven — Cursed masked-ball!"

I could not guess what a masked-ball and Père La Chaise had to do with each other. I decided upon my course, and turning my back to the chimney, I began to roll up a cigarette, between my fingers with all the phlegm and patience of a Spaniard.

When I had completely finished it, I handed it to Antony, who I knew was ordinarily very susceptible to this sort of attention.

He made me a sign of thanks with his head, but pushed back my hand.

I stooped to light the cigarette for myself; Antony stopped me.

"Alexandre," said he to me, "I pray you, listen to me."

"But you have been sitting there a quarter of an hour and have said nothing to me."

"Oh! 't is a strange adventure!"

I arose, put my cigar upon the mantel and crossed my arms like a man resigned to his fate; and I began to believe, like himself, that he must have become a fool.

"Do you remember the ball at the Opera, where I met you?" said he to me after an instant's silence.

"The last, where there were some hundred persons or more?"

"The same—I left you with the intention of visiting the one at the Varieties, which had been spoken of to me as a curiosity, in the midst of the many curious things of our time; you tried to dissuade me from going there; but a fatality urged me on. Oh! why were you not there to see—you who have the faculty of description? Why was not Hoffman, or Collet, there to paint the picture, at once fantastic and burlesque,

which was spread out before my eyes? I had left the Opera empty and sad, I found the hall full and joyous; lobbies, boxes, pit, all were full. I made a tour of the hall; twenty masks called me by my name and told me theirs. There were some of the highest aristocracy and richest men in the disguises of clowns, postillions, harlequins, or fishermen. They were all young people of worth, good hearts, and good families, and there, forgetting family, arts, politics, reenacting a night of the Regency, in the midst of our grave and strict age. I had been told it, but I did not believe it!—I went up a few steps, and resting myself against a column, half concealed by it, I fixed my eyes upon this sea of human beings moving beneath me. Those dominos of every color, those mingled costumes, those grotesque disguises, formed a spectacle which resembled nothing human!—The music began to play—oh! it was then!—These strange beings moved to the sound of the orchestra, whose harmony reached me, mingled with shouts, laughter, and huzzas; they seized each other by the hands, by the arms, around the neck, a large circle was formed; beginning by a circular movement, the dancers, male and female, stamped with their feet, raising a dust, with the noise, whose atoms were visible in the dim light of the lustres; turning in their rapid crossings with fantastic postures, obscene jestures, and shouts full of debauchery; turning more and more rapidly, staggering like drunken men, shrieking like lost women, with more of delirium than joy, more of madness than pleasure; like a chain-gang of the damned, accomplishing an infernal penance under the rod of demons. All this passed before my eyes, under my feet. I felt the wind caused by the rapidity of their course; each one of those that knew me, threw at me as they passed, words to make me blush.

All this noise, all this buzz, all this confusion, all this music, was in my head as well as in the hall! Suddenly, I did not know whether what I saw before my eyes was a dream or reality. I be-

gan to ask myself if it was not I that was foolish and they who were in their senses; strange desires to throw myself into the midst of that Pandemonium seized me, like Faust among the witches, and I felt that then I would have cries, gestures, postures, laughter like theirs. Oh! from thence to madness was but a step. I was frightened, I rushed out of the hall, pursued even to the street door, with yells which resembled the roarings of love which comes from the caves of wild beasts.

"I had stopped an instant under the portico to collect my thoughts, I was unwilling to risk myself in the street in such a confusion of mind; perhaps I should have lost my way; perhaps been thrown under the wheel of some vehicle which I might not have seen coming. I was as a drunken man must be when he begins to recover reason enough in his darkened brain to perceive the state he is in, and who, feeling that he is recovering his senses, but not yet his strength, remains immovable, his eyes fixed in astonishment on some post in the street, or on a tree in some public walk.

"At this time a carriage stopped in front of the door, a woman got out of the door, or, rather, threw herself out. She entered the portico, turning her head right and left like one lost; she was dressed in a black domino, had her face covered with a velvet masque. She presented herself at the door.

"Your ticket?" said the door-keeper.  
"My ticket?" replied she "I have none."

"Then get one at the office."

"The domino returned to the portico, searching rapidly in all her pockets, "No money!—Ah this ring—a ticket of admission for this ring," said she.

"Impossible," replied the woman who distributed the tickets, "we do not make those kind of bargains here." She pushed back the brilliant, which fell to the ground and rolled to my feet. The domino remained without moving, forgetting the ring, lost in thought.

"I picked up the ring and handed it to her. I saw her eyes fix on mine

through the mask, she looked at me a moment with hesitation; then suddenly passing her arm through mine,

"You must procure me an entrance," said she to me—"in pity you must."

"I am just going out, Madam," I replied.

"Then give me six francs for this ring, and you will have rendered me a service for which I will bless you all my life."

"I put the ring back upon her finger; I went to the office, I bought two tickets—we entered together.

"Arrived in the lobby, I felt that she staggered; she then formed with her other hand a kind of ring about my arm.

"Do you suffer?" asked I.

"No, no, 'tis nothing—a dizziness, that is all," replied she.

"She led me into the hall.

"We entered this joyous Charenton.

"Three times did we make a tour of it, avoiding with much trouble those seas of masks which rushed upon each other; she, trembling at each obscene word she heard; I blushing to be seen with a woman on my arm who dared to hear such words; then we returned to the end of the hall, she fell upon a seat, I remained standing before her, my hand resting on the back of the seat.

"Oh! this must appear to you strange," said she, "but not more so than to me, I assure you; I had not any idea of that (she looked at the ball), for I have never seen such things, even in my dreams. But they wrote me, look you, that he would be here with a woman; and what a woman must she be who can come to such a place as this?"

"I made a gesture of surprise, she understood it.

"I am here, you would say, would you not? Oh! but with me, 'tis a different thing; I seek him, I am his wife. These people, 'tis madness and debauchery which brings them here; oh! with me—with me—'tis infernal jealousy! I would have gone anywhere to seek him; I would have passed a night in a cemetery; I would have been

at the Grève, on a day of execution; and yet I assure you, while a girl, I was never once in the street without my mother; as a wife, I have not taken a step out of doors unattended by a lackey; and, nevertheless, here I am, like these women who know the place, behold me taking the arm of a man whom I do not know, blushing under my mask at the opinion with which I must inspire him! all this I know!—Have you ever been jealous, Monsieur?"

"Frightfully so," replied I.

"Then you will pardon me—you know all; you know that voice which shouts to you, go! as in the ears of a madman; you have felt that arm which urges you on to shame, to crime, like that of fate; you know how, at such a moment, we are capable of doing anything, provided we can revenge ourselves."

"I was about to reply; she got up suddenly, her eyes fixed upon two dominos passing at this moment before us.

"Be silent," said she, and she drew me after them. I was thrown into the midst of an intrigue of which I did not comprehend anything; I felt all the strings vibrate, but none of them could lead me to the end; but this poor woman seemed so agitated, so very interesting, I obeyed her like a child, so imperious is true passion, and we began to follow the two dominos, one of whom was evidently a man, the other a woman. They spoke in low tones; the sounds scarcely reached our ears.

"'Tis he!" murmured she, 'tis his voice; yes, yes, 'tis his height."

"The taller of the two masks began to laugh.

"'Tis his laugh," said she, "'tis he, Monsieur, 'tis he! the letter spoke truly. Oh God! oh God!"

"The masks kept on, we followed them continually; they left the hall, we went out after them; they took the stairs to the boxes, and we ascended in their company; they did not stop till they reached the highest row; we seemed their shadows. A little box with a grating door opened; they went in; the door closed upon them.

"The poor creature that I held upon my arm frightened me by her agitation; I could not see her face; but pressed against me as she was I could feel her heart beat, her body shiver, her limbs tremble. There was something very strange in the way in which this spectacle of unheard of sufferings, which I had before my eyes, of which I did not even know the victim, and the cause of which I was completely ignorant, had happened with me, yet for nothing in the world would I have abandoned this woman at such a moment.

"When she had seen the two masks enter the box, and the door close upon them, she remained a moment perfectly still, as if thunder struck; then she threw herself against the door to listen. Placed as she was the least movement would betray her presence and lose her; I drew her away violently by the arms, I opened, by pushing the spring, the box adjoining, I drew her in there with me, I lowered the grating and shut the door.

"If you will listen," said I to her, "at least listen here." She fell upon her knees and glued her ear to the partition, and I stood upon the other side, my arms folded, head bowed, and thoughtful.

"All that I had been able to see of this woman, had appeared the very type of beauty. The lower part of her face, not concealed by the mask, was youthful, finely colored, and rounded; her lips vermillion and fine; her teeth, which the velvet reaching to them, made appear still more white, were small, separated and shining; her hands, perfect models; her two hands could span her waist; her hair, fine, black and silky, escaped in profusion from the hood of her domino, and the child's foot which peeped out from her dress seemed scarcely able to sustain her body—light, graceful, aerial as it was. Oh! she must be a wonderful creature! Oh! he who had held her in his arms—had seen all the faculties of that soul employed in loving him—who had felt against his heart those palpitations, those tremblings, those nervous spasms,

and who could say 'all that—all that is from love—from love of me, for me, alone among men, for me, angel elect, oh! that man!—that man!—'

"Such were my thoughts, when I saw this woman suddenly rise, turn toward me and say in a broken and angry voice:

"Monsieur! I am handsome. I assure you; I am young; I am nineteen. Up to this time I have been as pure as an angel of creation—well!" she threw her two arms around my neck, "Well! I am yours,—take me!"

"At the same moment I felt her lips glued to mine, and the effect of a bite rather than a kiss, ran throughout her trembling and distracted body; a cloud of flame passed before my eyes.

"Ten minutes afterward, I held her in my arms fainting, half-dead and sobbing.

"She recovered slowly. I perceived her haggard eyes through her mask; I saw her pale face, I heard her teeth chatter as in the shiverings of a fever. I saw all that.

"She recalled to mind what had just passed, she fell at my feet.

"If you have any compassion," said she to me sobbing, "any pity, turn your gaze from me, do not seek to know me; let me depart and forget all; I will remember for both of us!"

"At these words she got up, rapid as a thought that escapes us, rushed to the door, opened it, and turning once more toward me,

"Do not follow me; in heaven's name Monsieur, do not follow me!" said she.

"The door, pushed violently, shut itself between us, robbing me of her like an apparition. I have never seen her again!

"I never saw her again! and during the six months that have passed since then, I have sought her everywhere, at balls, at the play, on the public walks; every time that I saw at a distance, a woman with a small waist, with a child's foot, with black hair, I have followed her, I have approached her, looked into her face, hoping that her blushes would betray her. In no instance did I meet

her, no where did I see her again, except in the night, except in my dreams! Oh! there, there she returns, there I feel her, I feel her embraces, her kisses, her caresses, so ardent that they have something infernal in them; then the mask drops, and a most strange face appears to me, sometimes indistinct as if covered with a cloud; sometimes shining as if surrounded with glory; sometimes pale, with a skull, white and bare, with the sockets of the eyes empty; with teeth few and loose. In fine, since that night, I have not lived; burning with a senseless love, for a woman whom I do not know, hoping ever, and ever deceived in my hopes, jealous without any right to be so, without knowing of whom I ought to be so, not daring to avow such folly, and yet followed, undermined, consumed, devoured by it."

On finishing these words he took a letter from his bosom,

"Now that I have told you all," said he to me, take this letter and read it."

I took it and I read,

"Perhaps you have forgotten a poor woman who has forgotten nothing, and who dies because she cannot forget?"

"When you receive this letter, I shall no longer be. Then go to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise, ask the keeper to show you among the last graves, that which will bear upon its tomb-stone, the simple name of Marie,

and when you are opposite to it kneel down and pray."

"Well!" continued Antony "I received this letter yesterday, and I have been there this morning. The keeper led me to the grave, and I kneeled there two hours, praying and weeping. Do you understand? she was there, this woman! The burning soul was stolen; the body, gnawed by it, had bent until it broke under the weight of jealousy and remorse; she was under my feet; she had lived, and she had died unknown for me; unknown!—and taking a place in my life, as she has taken one in the grave, unknown; and shutting up my heart in a cold and inanimate corpse, as she has been shut in a tomb. Oh! do you know of anything like this? Do you know of any event so strange? So now there is no more hope. I shall never see her again. I would dig open her grave, but I should not find the features with which I could recompose her face, and I love her always! Do you understand, Alexandre? I love her like a madman; and I would kill myself this moment to rejoin her if she would not remain unknown to me in eternity as she has been in this world."

At these words he snatched the letter from my hands, kissed it many times, and began to weep like a child.

I took him in my arms, not knowing what to reply to him. I wept with him.

# JAMES I. AND JAMES II.

## HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS.

### I.

INTRODUCTION, by the aid of which the reader will become acquainted with the principal personages of this history, and with the author who wrote it.

IN 1830, passing by Chevet's door, I perceived an Englishman in the shop, who was turning about and turning about, in every sense of the words, a tortoise which he was bargaining for, with the evident intention, when it should become his property, of making turtle-soup of it.

The air of profound resignation with which the poor animal allowed itself to be examined by the cruelly gastronomical looks of its enemy, without even withdrawing itself by entering its shell, touched me. A sudden wish to snatch it from the pot, into which its hind legs were already plunged, seized me, and I entered the shop, where I was well known at that time, and winking at Madame Beauvais, I asked her if she had kept the tortoise for me that I had engaged yesterday in passing.

Madame Beauvais comprehended me with that quick wit which characterizes the class of Parisian shop-keepers, and, politely sliding the animal from the hands of the customer, she gave it to me, saying, in English, with a very marked accent, to the Islander who looked at her with astonishment,

"Pardon, Milord, the petite tortue, it was sold to Monsieur this morning."

"Ah!" said our impromptu lord to me, in very good French; "does this beautiful animal belong to you, Monsieur?"

"Yes, yes, Milord," replied Madame Beauvais.

"Well! Monsieur," added he, "you have a little animal that will make beau-

tiful soup; I am only sorry that it is the only one of the kind which Madame has at this time."

"We have the hope of them to receive others to-morrow," replied Madame Beauvais.

"To-morrow will be too late," carelessly replied the Englishman; "I have arranged all my affairs to blow out my brains to-night, and I desired to eat a bowl of turtle-soup before that."

On uttering these words, he bowed to me and departed.

"Pardie!" said I to myself, after a moment's reflection, "it is no more than right that so gallant a man should be humored in his last wish."

And I rushed out of the shop shouting, like Madame Beauvais, "Milord! Milord!" But I could not tell where Milord had gone; I could not put my hand upon him.

I went home quite thoughtful: my humanity toward an animal had become inhumanity to a man. What a singular machine is this world, where good cannot be done to one without doing harm to another. I reached la rue de l'Université, I mounted to my third story, and placed my purchase upon the carpet.

It was only a tortoise of the most common species; *Testudo Lutaria*, sive *aquarium dulcium*; which means, according to Linnaeus among the ancients, or Ray among the moderns, the marsh, a fresh-water tortoise.\*

\* It is known that reptiles are divided into four classes: the Chelonians, or tortoise, forming the first class; the Saurophians, or lizards, the second; the Ophidians, or serpents, the third; and last, the Batracians, or frogs, the fourth.

Now, the fresh-water tortoise, holds nearly the same place in the social order of the Chelonians, that grocers do among us in the civil rank, and the National guard in the military order.

It was, besides, the most singular body of a tortoise, that ever drew its four feet, its head and its tail under the cover of a shell. Scarcely did it feel itself upon the floor, ere it gave me evidence of its eccentricity, by sparring right toward the fire-place with a speed that entitled it, at that moment, to the name of *Gazelle*, and by using all its exertions to get through the wires of the fender, to reach the fire, the light of which attracted it; at last, after an hour's trial, seeing that what it desired was impossible, it concluded to go to sleep, first passing its head and fore feet through the openings nearest to the fire, thus selecting for its own peculiar enjoyment, a temperature of some fifty or fifty-five degrees of heat, which made me think that, whether it was its inclination, whether it was its fate, it was destined to be roasted some day or another, and that I had only altered its mode of cooking in rescuing it from the seething pot of the Englishman, to carry it to my room. What follows in this history will show that I was not mistaken.

As I was compelled to go out, and fearing some mishap might befall *Gazelle*, I called my servant.

"Joseph," said I, when he appeared, "take good care of that animal."

He approached it with curiosity.

"Ah! look," said he, "it is a turtle—it would bear a carriage on its back."

"Yes, I know it would; but I desire you may never undertake to make a trial of it."

"Oh! it would n't do it any harm," replied Joseph, who was anxious to display his knowledge of natural history before me; "the *Laon* diligence might pass over its back without breaking it." Joseph mentioned the *Laon* diligence because he was from Soissons.

"Yes," said I to him, "I believe that the great sea-turtle, the *testudo mydas*, would be able to support such a weight,

but I doubt if this one, which is of a smaller species——"

"No matter for that," replied Joseph, "these little animals are like Turks; and, look you, a carrier's cart might pass over——"

"Well, well; you will buy salad and snails for him."

"What! snails! has he got the belly-ache? The master with whom I lived before coming with you, used to take snail broth because he was sick. Well! even that did n't prevent——"

I went out without listening to the rest of the story; half way down the stairs, I noticed I had left my pocket-handkerchief. I returned immediately. I found Joseph, who did not hear me re-enter, acting Apollo Belvidere—one foot on the back of *Gazelle*, the other suspended in the air, so that not a grain of the one hundred and thirty pounds that the scamp weighed, was lost to the poor animal.

"What are you doing there, fool?"

"I told you so, Monsieur," said he, proud of having demonstrated to me in part, what he had advanced.

"Give me a handkerchief, and let that animal alone."

"Here it is, Monsieur," said Joseph, bringing me the handkerchief, "but there is not the least fear for him—a waggon might pass over——"

I escaped as rapidly as possible, but I had not descended twenty steps when I heard Joseph, as he was closing my door, mutter between his teeth—

"Pardie! I know what I say—and then, besides, it can be seen by the conformation of these animals, that a cannon loaded to the mouth might——"

Fortunately the noise in the street prevented my hearing the termination of this confounded speech.

In the evening, as usual, I returned quite late. The first step I took in my room I felt something crack under my boot. I quickly raised my foot, throwing all the weight of my body on the other leg; the same cracking was heard again; I thought I was walking on eggs. I lowered my light—my carpet was covered with snails.

Joseph had obeyed me to the letter; he had bought salad and snails, had put them all in a basket, in the middle of my room; ten minutes after, whether it was that the heat of the apartment had enlivened them; or whether it was the fear of being devoured had put them all in motion, the whole caravan had started, and had already made considerable headway, which it was very easy to judge of by the shining traces left upon the carpet and on the furniture.

As to Gazelle, she was resting at the outside of the basket, the sides of which she could not climb. But some empty shells convinced me that the flight of the Israelites had not been so rapid but that she had had her teeth upon some of them, before they had had time to cross the Red Sea.

I soon began a critical review of the battalion which manoeuvred in my room, and by which I had no wish to be charged during the night; then with my right hand delicately picking up the promenaders, I put them, one after another, into their guard-house, which I held in my left hand, the cover of which I closed upon them.

In about five minutes I saw that if I left all this menagerie in my room, I should run the risk of not sleeping a minute; there was a noise as though a dozen mice had been shut up in a bag of nuts. I decided upon taking them all to the kitchen.

Walking along, I thought that, in the way Gazelle was going on, I should find her dead of indigestion in the morning if I left her in the midst of a store-house of provisions so well filled; at that instant, as if by inspiration, I remembered a certain tub, placed in the yard, and in which the Restaurateur, on the lower floor, put his fish to clean; that seemed to me such an admirable hotel for a *testudo aquarium dulcium*, that I thought it useless to break my head in seeking another for her, and on taking her from her refectory, I carried her directly to the place of her destination.

I went up again quickly and went to sleep, persuaded that I was the most in-

genious man in France, in the way of expedients.

In the morning Joseph aroused me quite early.

"Oh! Monsieur, here is a farce!" said he, planting himself before my bed.

"What kind of a farce?"

"Something your tortoise has done."

"What?"

"Well! Do you believe that she left your room, I don't know how, that she went down the three stories, and coolly put herself into the Restaurateur's fish-tub?"

"Simpleton! Could you not guess that I had put her there myself?"

"Ah well! You have made a pretty piece of business of it, any how!"

"How so?"

"How so! because she has eaten a Tench, a beautiful Tench weighing three pounds."

"Go and find Gazelle, and bring me the scales."

While Joseph executed this order, I went to my library, opened my Buffon at the article, Tortoise, for I was determined to convince myself whether these Chelonians were Icthyophagists, and I read as follows:

"This fresh water tortoise, *Testudo aquarium dulcium* [that was it] loves marshes and still waters particularly; when it is in rivers or ponds, it attacks all kinds of fish indiscriminately, even the largest; it bites them under the belly, wounding them severely, and when they are weakened by the loss of blood, it devours them with great avidity, and scarcely leaves the bones, the head, and even the swimming bladder, which sometimes ascends to the top of the water."

"The devil!" said I "the Restaurateur has Mons. Buffon on his side; what he says may indeed be true."

I was in a train of reflection upon the probability of the accident, when Joseph returned, holding the accused in one hand and the scales in another.

"You see," said Joseph, "they eat a good deal, these kind of animals do, to keep up their strength, and of fish in particular, because it is very nourish-

ing; do you believe without that they would be able to bear a carriage on their backs? See how hearty the sailors are in the seaports, it is because they eat nothing but fish."

I interrupted Joseph.

"How much did the tench weigh?"

"Three pounds—the fellow demands nine francs."

"And Gazelle has eaten it all up?"

"Oh! she has only left the bones, the head, and the bladder."

"It must be so; Mons. Buffon must be a great naturalist.\* Nevertheless," continued I, in a low voice, "three pounds—that seems a great deal."

I put Gazelle in the scales, she weighed but two pounds and a half, shell and all.

The result of this experiment was, not that Gazelle was innocent of the act of which she was accused, but that she must have committed the crime upon a whale of much smaller dimensions.

This seemed also to be the opinion of the fellow himself for he appeared very well content with the five francs that I gave him as an indemnity.

The adventure with the snails, and the accident with the tench, rendered me less of an enthusiast about my new acquisition; and, as chance would have it, that same day I met one of my friends, an original, and a painter of genius, who, at this time, had turned his study into a menagerie, I told him that on the morrow I would augment his collection by a new specimen, belonging to the estimable class of Chelonians, which seemed to please him very much.

Gazelle slept that night in my room, where everything passed very quietly, seeing the snails were absent.

In the morning Joseph came into my room, as usual, rolled up the carpet at the foot of my bed, opened the window and began to shake it to beat out the dust, but suddenly he screamed, and leaned out of the window as if about to jump out.

\* As we must give to each one their due—it was the continuator of Buffon, Mons. Daudin, that should receive this eulogy.

"What is the matter Joseph?" asked I, half awake.

"Ah! Monsieur, your tortoise was asleep upon the carpet and I did not see it —"

"And —"

"And, without intending it, I shook it out of the window."

"Simpleton," and I jumped out of bed.

"Look!" said Joseph, whose face and voice assumed an expression of ease quite encouraging. "Look! she is eating a cabbage!"

Indeed the animal had instinctively withdrawn its body within its cuirasse and had fallen upon a heap of oyster-shells, the looseness of which had weakened the blow, and finding at her door a vegetable to her taste, she had gently put out her head from her shell, and occupied herself with a breakfast as tranquilly as though she had not just fallen from a third story window.

"I told you so, Monsieur!" repeated Joseph in the gladness of his heart, "I told you that nothing could hurt these animals. Well! while she is eating, look you, a carriage might pass over —"

"No matter, go down quickly, and bring her to me."

Joseph obeyed. During this time I dressed myself, an occupation which I had finished before Joseph reappeared. I went down then to meet him, and found him haranguing in the midst of a circle of inquisitive folks, to whom he was explaining the circumstance which had just occurred.

I took Gazelle from his hands, jumped into a cab, which took me to faubourg Saint Denis, No. 109. I mounted to the fifth story, and I entered the study of my friend who was about to paint.

He had around him a bear lying on his back and playing with a faggot, an ape seated upon a chair, tearing the hairs out of a brush one after another, and in a large jug, a frog squatted upon the third round of a little ladder by means of which it could reach the surface of the water.



My friend was named Decamps, the bear Tom, the ape James I,\* and the frog Mademoiselle Camargo.

## II.

How James I vowed a deadly hatred to James II, and that on account of a Carrot.

My entrance created a sensation.

Decamp raised his eyes from that wonderful little picture of the learned dogs, which you all know, and which he was then finishing.

Tom let the faggot, with which he was playing, fall upon his nose, and fled growling to his niche, built between the two windows.

James I quickly threw the brush behind him, and picked up a straw which he innocently carried to his mouth with his right hand, whilst he scratched his thigh with his left and raised his eyes piously to heaven.

Indeed Mademoiselle Camargo languidly ascended another step of her ladder, which, under other circumstances, would have been considered as a sign of rain.

I placed Gazelle at the door upon the threshold of which I had stopped, saying, "My dear friend, there is the animal—you see I have kept my word."

Gazelle was not happy in a moment; the motion of the cab had so disarranged her, that, probably to collect her thoughts and to reflect upon her situation during the journey, she had retired all of her person within her carapace; so that when I put her down, she had every appearance of an empty shell.

Nevertheless, when Gazelle felt, by the retaking of her center of gravity, that she was on solid ground, she ventured to show her nose at the largest opening of her shell; for greater security, however, this portion of her person was prudently accompanied by her two fore feet, and as though all her limbs

\* Thus named to distinguish him from James the Second, an individual of the same species, belonging to Mr. Tony Johannet.

had simultaneously obeyed the elasticity of a hidden spring, the two hinder feet and the tail appeared at the hinder end of the carapace. Five minutes later and Gazelle had spread all her sails.

Nevertheless she remained a moment lying-to, moving her head from right to left, as if to take her bearings; then her eyes became suddenly fixed, — she advanced as rapidly as though she was disputing the race with the hare of La Fontaine, toward a carrot laying at the foot of the chair which served as a footstool to James I.

This latter, saw the new arrival advance toward him indifferently enough, at first, but when he saw the end she had in view, he gave signs of real uneasiness, which he manifested by low growling, which changed as she advanced, into sharp cries, interrupted by the chattering of his teeth. At last, when she was not more than a foot distant from the precious vegetable, James' agitation became real despair; he seized the back of his chair with one hand and the cross-piece covered with straw with the other, and probably with the hope of frightening the spunging animal that was about to rob him of his feast, throwing out his two feet like a kicking horse, accompanying these evolutions with all the gestures and all the grimaces that he thought likely to non-plus the automaton-like impassability of his enemy. But all in vain, Gazelle did not move a step slower for all that James I. did not know to what saint he should now apply.

Happily for James I. unexpected assistance arrived at this moment. Tom, who had retired to his den, on my arrival, had become accustomed to my presence, and like us, lent some attention to the passing scene; astonished at first to see the unknown animal move, now become, thanks to me, a messmate in his lodgings, he had followed him in his course toward the carrot with growing curiosity. Now, Tom did not dislike carrots, and when he saw Gazelle about to reach the precious vegetable, he took three steps, trotting, and raising

his big paw, he placed it heavily upon the back of the poor animal, who, laying flat upon her shell, incontinently entered her carapace, and remained immovable two inches from the eatable which at this time had a tripple struggle in play for it. Tom seemed very much surprised to see head, legs, and tail disappear as if by enchantment. He placed his nose near the shell, smelled noisily at the openings; at last, and as if to be perfectly satisfied with the singular organization of the object he had before him, he took it up, turning it about and around between his paws; then as though convinced that he had been deceived in conceiving so absurd an idea as that such a thing was endowed with life and could walk; he let it fall carelessly, took the carrot between his teeth and started to regain his den.

This was not what James wished, he had not thought that the service which his friend Tom had rendered him would be spoilt by such an exhibition of selfishness; but as he did not have the same respect for his comrad as for the stranger, he jumped rapidly from the chair, where he had prudently remained during the scene we have just described, and seizing by its green top, the carrot which Tom held by the root, he pulled with all his strength, grimacing, scolding, chattering his teeth, whilst with the hand which was still free, he struck strong blows upon the nose of his pacific antagonist, who, without replying, but also without letting go the object of the contest, contented himself with lowering his ears upon his neck, shutting his little black eyes every time the nimble hand of James came in contact with his big face; at last victory remained as things usually happen, not with the strongest, but with the most impudent. Tom opened his teeth, and James, possessor of the unhappy carrot, jumped upon a shelf, carrying the spoils of the fight which he hid behind a bust of Malagutti, on a shelf six feet from the floor; this operation accomplished, he descended more tranquilly, certain that neither bears nor tortoises could reach it there.

On reaching the last step, and when he was about to put his foot upon the floor, he prudently stopped, and, looking toward Gazelle whom he had forgotten in the heat of his quarrel with Tom, he perceived that she was in a position anything but offensive.

Indeed, Tom, instead of replacing her carefully in the position in which he had found her, had, as we have already said, negligently let her fall hap-hazard, so that on coming to her senses the unhappy animal, instead of finding herself in her proper situation, that is to say upon her belly, was turned upon her back, a position, as every one knows, repugnant in a supreme degree to every individual of the race of Chelonians.

It was easy to see, by the expression of confidence with which James approached Gazelle, that he had decided at first sight, that her accident had put it out of her power to make any defense. Notwithstanding, arrived within some six inches of this *monstrum horrendum*, he stopped a moment, looked into the opening on his side and began with an appearance of apparent carelessness to make a tour of cautious inspection, examining her as a general would a city he wished to besiege. The reconnaissance finished, he stretched out his hand, touched the extremity of the shell with the end of his finger; then soon throwing himself boldly backward, he began, without losing sight of the object that occupied him, to dance joyously on his feet and hands, accompanying the movement with a kind of song of victory, habitual to him whenever, by a difficulty overcome or a danger boldly met, he thought he ought to felicitate himself upon his skill or courage.

Nevertheless, this dance and song was suddenly broken off; a new idea crossed James' brain, and seemed to absorb all his thinking faculties. He looked attentively at the tortoise, to which his hand, in touching it, had imparted a rocking motion, which was rendered still more lengthy by the spherical form of its shell, he approached her, walking sideways like a crab; then, when near her, he raised himself upon



his legs, straddled her like a man would his horse, saw her move for a moment between his legs; at last, perfectly assured by the searching examination he had just made, that all was as it appeared, he seated himself upon this moveable seat, and, without taking his feet from the ground, he imparted an oscillating movement to it, balanced himself joyously, scratching his side and winking his eyes—gestures which, to those who knew him, were the expression of exquisite happiness.

Suddenly James uttered a piercing cry, made a perpendicular bound of three feet, fell upon his back, and rushing to his shelf, went to take refuge behind the head of Malagutti. This revolution was caused by Gazelle, who, fatigued with a game where it was evident none of the pleasure was hers, had at last given signs of life by scratching the naked legs of James I with her cold and sharp claws, who was the more confused by this aggression, as an attack from that quarter was the last thing he expected.

At this moment a customer entered, and Decamps signed to me that he wished to be left alone with him. I took my hat and cane and went away.

I had already reached the landing-place, when Decamps called me back.

"Apropos," said he to me, "come to-morrow and spend the evening with us."

"What are you going to do to-morrow?"

"We have a supper and reading."

"Bah!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle Camargo is going to eat a hundred flies, and Jadin to read a manuscript."

### III.

How Mademoiselle Camargo fell into the possession of Mons. Decamps.

Despite the verbal invitation from Decamps, on the morrow I received a printed one. This double notice was to

remind me to be punctual, and that the guests were admitted only in robes-de-chambre and slippers. I was prompt at the hour and exact as to uniform.

It is a curious thing to see the study of a painter when he has coquettishly decorated his four walls, to do honor to the invited guests with his holiday gems furnished by the four quarters of the globe. You think you are entering the dwelling of an artist, and you find yourself in the midst of a museum, that would do honor to an incorporated French city. That armor representing Europe in its earliest days, dating from different reigns, and, by their forms, betraying the time of their fabrication. This one, burnished on the two sides of the breast, with its sharp and shining angle, and its engraved crucifix, at the foot of which is a virgin, praying, with this inscription—*Mater Dei, ora pro nobis*, was made in France and presented to Louis XI, who had it hung upon the walls of his old chateau at Plessis-Tours. That one, whose convex breast still carries the marks of blows from the mace, from which it had shielded its owner, was embossed at the tourney of Maximilian, and came to us from Germany. That other one, which shows the labors of Hercules in relief, has perhaps been worn by king Francis I, and certainly came from the Florentine study of Benvenuto Cellini. That Canadian tomahawk and this scalping-knife, came from America; the one had broken French heads, and the other taken off perfumed locks. Those arrows and this dagger, are East-Indian; the point of the one and the blade of the other are deadly, because they have been poisoned by the juice of herbs of Java. This crooked sabre was tempered at Damascus. That yataghan, which carries upon its blade as many notches as it has cut off heads, was snatched from the dying grasp of a Bedouin. And last, that long gun, with the butt-plate and bands of silver, was brought from Casaba by Isabey perhaps, who may have got it from Yousouf in exchange for a sketch of the bay of Algiers; or a drawing of the Emperor's fort.

Now that we have examined in succession these trophies, each one of which represents a nation, let us cast our eyes upon those tables, where a thousand different objects are scattered pell-mell, all astonished at finding themselves gathered there. Here are Japanese porcelains, Egyptian figures, Spanish knives, Turkish poniards, Italian stillets, Algerine slippers, Circassian pantaloons, idols from the Ganges, crystals from the Alps; look well; there are enough of them to occupy a day.

Under your feet are skins of the tiger, the lion and the leopard, brought from Asia and Africa; over your head, with wings extended, and as if endowed with life, there are the sea-gull, who, at the instant when a wave curves itself, ready to break, passes through its vault as through an arch; the margat, which, when it sees a fish appear near the surface of the water, folds its wings and falls like a stone upon it; the sea-turtle-dove, which, at the instant the hunter aims at him, dives to reappear at a distance that puts him out of reach; and last, the king-fisher, this halcyon of the ancients, whose plumage shines with the brightest colors of the beryl and the lapis lazuli.

But that which, on a reception evening at a painter's study, is most worthy of fixing the attention of an amateur, is the heterogeneous collection of carved pipes which await, like Prometheus' man, that the fire of heaven should be stolen for them. For, you must know, that nothing is more fantastic and capricious than the minds of smokers. One prefers the plain earthen pipe, to which our old grumblers have given the name of *burn-mouth*; another fills with common government tobacco, called corporal tobacco; another cannot bring anything in contact with his delicate lips, except the amber mouth-piece of an Arabian chibouque, and that filled with the black tobacco of Algiers, or the green of Tunis. This one, solemn as one of Cooper's Indian Chiefs, methodically draws from the peaceful calumet, whiffs of the Maryland weed; that one, more sensual than a nabob, winds the

flexible tube of his Indian hucca like a serpent around his arm, which permits only the smoke of the latakia, cooled and perfumed with rose and benzoin, to reach his lips. There are those who, from habit, prefer the foam pipe of the German student and the strong Belgian cigar cut fine, to the Turkish narghile, extolled by Lamartine, and to the tobacco of Sinai, the reputation of which is enhanced or depreciated according to where it is cultivated, whether on the mountains or on the plain. Others there are, in fine, who would break their necks to keep the gourouri of the negroes in an upright position, whilst an accommodating friend, mounted on a chair, endeavors, with a full supply of live coals and of breath, first to dry, then to light the clayey grass of Madagascar.

When I entered the house of this Amphytrion, the selections had all been made, and all the places occupied; on seeing me they all moved closer to each other; and, by a movement which, by its precision, would have done honor to a company of the National Guard, every pipe, whether of wood or earthen, horn or ivory, jasmin or amber, was taken from the loving lips that embraced them and extended toward me. I made a sign of thanks with my hand, drew a paper of regulation tobacco from my pocket, and began to roll up between my fingers the Andalusian cigarrito, with all the patience and skill of an old Spaniard.

Five minutes after, we swam in an atmosphere sufficiently dense to support a steamboat of an hundred and twenty horse power.

As soon as the smoke would allow, there were seen, besides the guests, the ordinary inmates of the house with whom the reader has already become acquainted. There was Gazelle, who, from the evening of her arrival, had taken up a singular occupation; it was no less than attempting to climb the marble chimney-piece, to reach a lamp by which to warm herself, and who gave herself up obstinately to this futile exertion. There was Tom, of whom Alex-

ander Decamps had made a resting place, somewhat as one would use the cushion of a divan, and who occasionally raised his head sadly under his master's arms, breathing loudly to expel the smoke which had entered his nostrils, then laid himself down again with a heavy sigh. There was James I. seated upon a stool by the side of his old friend Fau, who had, by dint of the whip, brought his education to the perfection which it had attained, and for which he had the greatest thankfulness, and above all the most submissive obedience. And last, in the midst of the circle, in her jar, was Mademoiselle Camargo, whose exercises, gymnastic and gastronomic, were more particularly to be the subject of the evening's entertainment.

It is important, on reaching the point at which we are, to glance back, and show our readers by what a strange concurrence of circumstances Mademoiselle Camargo, who was born on the plains of Saint-Denis, found herself in company with Tom, who had his origin in Canada, with James, who saw day on the coast of Angola, and Gazelle, who was fished out of the marshes of Holland.

It is well known what a commotion is to be witnessed at Paris in the neighborhood of Saint-Martin and Saint-Denis, when the month of September ushers in the hunting season; one then meets none but citizens returning from the canal, where they have been to *try their hands* upon swallows, leading dogs in leashes, carrying guns upon their shoulders, hoping to be less *bungling* this year than last, and stopping all their acquaintances to say to them—“Are you fond of quails and partridges?”—“Yes.”—“Well! I will send you some by the third or fourth of next month.”—“Thank you.”—“By-the-by, I killed five swallows in eight shots.”—“Well done.”—“That was not bad shooting, was it?”—“Excellent.”—“Adieu.”—“Good night.”

Now, toward the end of the month of August, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, one of these hunters entered the great gate of the house No.

109, Faubourg Saint-Denis, asked the porter if Decamps was at home, and, on his replying affirmatively, went up the five flights of stairs leading to the study of our celebrated painter, leading his dog, step by step, and knocking the barrel of his gun against the wall as he went.

He found no one there but the brother Alexander.

Alexander is one of those intellectual and original men, who would be recognized as artists only from seeing them pass, who are capable of any thing, if they were not too inveterately idle ever to busy themselves seriously about any one thing; having an appreciation of the beautiful and just, recognizing them wherever they may find them, without inquiring whether a work with which they are pleased, is acknowledged by a coterie or is signed with a name; otherwise, a good fellow in every acceptance of the term, ever ready to empty his pockets for his friends, and, like all men préposessed with one idea (who are worth the trouble), easy to lead, not by weakness of character, but by a distaste for argument and by fear of fatigue.

With this disposition of mind, Alexander allowed himself to be easily persuaded by his newly arrived friend that he would take great pleasure in hunting with him on the plain of Saint-Denis, where there were, they said, this year, bevvies of quail, covvies of partridges and flocks of hares.

In consequence of this conversation, Alexander ordered a hunting coat of Chevreuil, a gun of Lepage and gaiters of Boivin; all costing him six hundred and sixty francs, without reckoning the shooting license which was given to him by the Prefect of the Police on his presenting a certificate of good moral character, which the Commissioner of his district gave him without hesitation.

On the thirty-first of August, Alexander perceived that he still needed one thing more to become a complete sportsman, that was a dog. He immediately went to the man who, with his pack, had sat to his brother for the picture of the

learned dogs, and asked him if he had not what he wanted.

The man replied that he had some animals of wonderful instinct in that way, and, passing into a room on the same floor, communicating with his kennel, he, in a trice, took off the three-cornered hat which decorated a kind of black and white briquet,\* returned immediately and showed him to Alexander as a dog of the true breed. The latter remarked that this dog of the true breed had straight, pointed ears, which was contrary to all received opinions in such matters; but to this the man replied that Love was an English dog, and that it was the height of fashion among English dogs to have ears like these. As, all things considered, this might be so, Alexander was satisfied with the explanation, and carried Love home with him.

The next morning at five o'clock, our Sportsman came to waken Alexander, who was sleeping like a happy fellow; he rated him soundly for his idleness, reproached him on account of the delay, thanks to which, they would find the plains, on their arrival, all alive with shooters.

In fact, as they approached the barrier,† the detonations became more frequent and noisy. Our sportsmen quickened their steps, passed the custom-house, turned into the first lane that led to the fields, throw themselves into a cabbage bed, and fell at once into the midst of a very busy scene.

It is necessary to have seen the fields of Saint-Denis on the opening day of the shooting season, to form an idea of the mad scene which is there presented. Not a lark, not a sparrow, passes that is not saluted with a thousand shots. If it falls, every game-bag is opened, thirty shooters claim it, and thirty dogs quarrel about it; if it continues its flight, all eyes are fixed upon it; if it alights, every body runs; if it rises again, every body fires. It sometimes happens that

\* Untranslatable, meaning something similar to our terms whiffet, or pheiss-dog.

† Gates, where duties are collected from persons bringing provisions, etc., into the city.

here and there a few pellets of shot, aimed at animals, reach the men—this must not be minded; besides, there is an old proverb current among the sportsmen of Paris, which says, that “lead is man's friend.” On this score, I can count three friends whom a fourth has lodged in my thigh.

The smell of the powder and the noise of the guns produced their usual effects. Scarcely had our Sportsman snuffed the one and heard the other, ere he threw himself into the mêlée and immediately began to take his part in the infernal racket which had surrounded him in its circle of attraction.

Alexander, less susceptible than he, advanced with a more moderate gait, closely followed by Love, whose nose did not leave his master's heels. Now, every one knows that the duty of a sporting dog is to beat the fields, and not to examine if there be any nails missing in one's boots. This reflection naturally occurred to Alexander in about half an hour. Consequently, he made a motion with his hand to Love and said, “Seek!”

Love immediately raised himself up on his hinder legs and began to dance. “Look!” said Alexander, placing the butt of his gun upon the ground and looking at his dog; “it seems that Love, besides his University education, possesses some very amusing talents. I think I have made an excellent purchase.”

Nevertheless, as he had bought Love to hunt, and not to dance, he took advantage of his being once more on his four feet to make another motion to him more expressive, and to say to him in a louder tone, “Seek!”

Love laid himself out full length, closed his eyes and imitated death.

Alexander took his eye-glass, and looked at Love. The knowing animal was immovably itself; not a hair of his body stirred; one would have thought he had died some twenty-four hours since.

“This is very fine,” said Alexander; “but, my dear friend, this is not the time to give ourselves up to this kind

of amusement; we came here to hunt, let us hunt. Hie on! beast, hie on!"

Love did not budge.

"Mind! mind!" said Alexander, drawing from the ground a pole which had been used to support pea-vines upon; and advancing toward Love with the intention of applying it to his shoulders.

Scarcely did Love see this pole in the hands of his master, whose movements he had followed with an expression of remarkable intelligence, ere he got upon his feet. Alexander, who saw this, deferred the punishment, hoping that he was now about to be obeyed; he held out the pole before Love, and said to him for the third time, "Seek!"

Love took a run and jumped over the pole.

Love understood three things admirably; how to dance upon his hinder legs, how to imitate death, and how to jump for the king.

Alexander, who at this time did not appreciate this last talent any more than the others, broke the pole upon Love's back, who ran howling to the side of our Sportsman.

Now, just as Love reached him, our Sportsman fired, and, by the greatest chance, an unhappy lark, killed by the shot, fell into Love's mouth. Love thanked Providence for sending him such a blessing; and, without troubling himself as to whether it was roasted or not, he made but one mouthful of it.

Our Sportsman threw himself upon the unfortunate dog with the most terrible imprecations, seized him by the throat and squeezed it so tightly that he was compelled to open his mouth, whatever wish he might have had to the contrary. The Sportsman frantically plunged his hand into the gullet and drew out three feathers from the lark's tail. As to the body that was safe enough.

The owner of the lark sought in his pockets for his knife to disembowel Love, and by that means regain possession of his game; but, unfortunately for him, and fortunately for Love, he had lent it the evening before to his wife to sharpen the skewers, in advance,

with which she should have to spit the partridges, and she had forgotten to return it to him. Compelled, in consequence, to resort to some less violent mode of punishment, he gave Love a kick sufficient to break down a gate, carefully put the three feathers which he had saved into his game-bag, and shouted at the top of his voice to Alexander—"Make yourself easy, my dear friend, I will never hunt with you in future. Your shabby Love has just eaten up a fine quail for me. Ah! come here, rascal!"

Love had no desire to return there. On the contrary, he ran, as fast as his legs would carry him, to his master's side, which proved that, all things considered, he preferred the blows from the pole to the kicks of the foot.

Nevertheless, the lark had given Love an appetite, and, as he saw individuals that seemed to him to belong to the same species rise before him from time to time, he began to run every where, in the hope, no doubt, that he would finally meet with a second windfall like the first.

Alexander could scarcely keep up with him, and cursed while following him; this was because Love hunted in a way entirely contrary to that adopted by other dogs—that is to say, with his nose up and his tail down. This denoted that his sight was better than his smell; but this exchanging of physical faculties was intolerable to his master, from whom he always kept some hundred paces distant, raising the game at double gun-shot distance, and chasing and barking till it was out of sight.

This way of acting lasted the entire day.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, Alexander had traveled about fifteen leagues, and Love more than fifty; the one was weakened by shouting and the other by barking; as to the Sportsman, he had accomplished his purpose, and had separated from the others, to go and shoot snipe in the marshes of Pantin.

All at once Love pointed.

But it was a point so staunch, that one would have said, like the dog of Cheph-

alus, he was changed into stone. At this sight, so strange for him, Alexander forgot his fatigue, ran like a madman, fearing all the time that Love would break his point before he could arrive within gun-shot. But of this there was no danger; Love was as if nailed to the earth.

Alexander reached him, took the direction of his eyes, saw that they were fixed upon a tuft of grass, and under this tuft of grass he saw something brown. He thought it was a young partridge separated from its company; and, trusting more to his cap than to his gun, he laid his piece upon the ground, took his cap in his hand and approached softly as a child wishing to catch a butterfly, then lowered the cap upon the unknown object; quickly inserted his hand under it, and drew out a—frog.

Any one else would have thrown the frog away; Alexander, on the contrary, thought that since Providence had sent this interesting animal to him in a manner so wonderful, it was because it had some ulterior, hidden design in view, and that it was destined to great things.

So he put it carefully into his game-bag, carried it safely home, put it, on his arrival, into a jar, out of which we had the day previous eaten the cherries, and poured upon its head all the water in the decanter.

These cares for a frog would have appeared extraordinary on the part of a man who might have found it in a manner less complicated than Alexander had done; but Alexander knew what this frog had cost him, and he treated it accordingly.

It cost him six hundred and sixty francs, without reckoning anything for his shooting licence.

#### IV.

Continuation of the history of Mademoiselle Camargo.

"Ah! ah!" said Doctor Thierry on entering the study the next day, "you have a new lodger."

And without paying any attention to the friendly growling of Tom, or the forward grimaces of James I, he advanced to the jar containing Mademoiselle Camargo and plunged his hand into it.

Mademoiselle Camargo, who did not know that Thierry was a very learned Doctor, and a very intelligent man, began to swim, in circles, as fast as she could, which did not prevent her being seized in an instant by the end of her left leg, and drawn out of her domicile feet first.

"Look," said Thierry turning it about, somewhat as a country woman does her lace bobbin, "it is the *Rana temporaria*: so called because of those black spots reaching from the eye to the tympanum; which sees as well in running water as in still; that some authors call the dumb frog, because it croaks only under water, whilst the green frog can croak only out of water. If you had some two hundred like this, I would advise you to cut off their hind legs, serve them up like a chicken fricasee, send to Corcelet's for two bottles of Bordeaux-Mouton, and invite me to dinner; but having but one we will content ourselves, with your permission, with clearing up, by its means, a still uncertain point in Natural History, though many authors hold it as a fact; it is that this frog can remain six months without eating."

At these words he let Mademoiselle Camargo fall, who immediately began, with that joyous suppleness of which her limbs were capable, to make the circuit of her jar two or three times; after which perceiving a fly that had fallen into her domain, she sprang to the surface of the water and swallowed it.

"I will let you have that one," said Thierry, "but understand, that is all you will get for one hundred and eighty-three days," for, unfortunately for Mademoiselle Camargo, 1830 was leap year; science gained twelve hours by this solar accident.

Mademoiselle Camargo did not appear at all troubled by this threat, but remained boldly with her head out of

water, her four legs hanging carelessly, and with the same perpendicularity as though she was resting on solid ground.

"Now," said Thierry opening a drawer, "let us provide furniture for the prisoner."

He took out two cartridges, a gimblet, a penknife, two brushes and four matches. Decamps watched him in silence, and without comprehending anything of the work to which the Doctor paid as much attention as if he were preparing for a surgical operation; then he emptied the powder into a snuffer-tray, and kept the balls, threw the feather and badger hair to James and kept the brush handles.

"What devilish nonsense are you about there?" said Decamps snatching his two best brushes from James, "you will ruin my establishment."

"I am making a ladder," said Thierry gravely.

In fact, by the aid of the gimblet he had just pierced the two leaden balls, had fitted the ends of the brush handles into the holes, and, in these, intended for the uprights, he fitted the matches cross ways to serve for steps. In about five minutes the ladder was completed and lowered into the jar, on the bottom of which it rested fixed there by the weight of the two bullets. Mademoiselle Camargo had scarcely become proprietress of this piece of furniture, ere she made a trial of it, as if to be assured of its strength, by mounting to the topmost round.

"We shall have rain," said Thierry.

"The Devil!" said Decamps, "do you think so? And my brother wished to go hunting to-day."

"Mademoiselle Camargo would not advise him to do so," replied the Doctor.

"How so?"

"I have just made you an economical barometer, my dear fellow. Each and every time Mademoiselle Camargo shall climb her ladder, it will be a sign of rain; whenever she shall descend it, you may be sure of fine weather; and when she shall keep herself in the middle, do not venture out without a parasol or a cloak: changeable, changeable."

"Well, well, surely!" replied Decamps.

"Now," continued Thierry, "we will close the mouth of the jar with parchment as if it still contained all its cherries."

"Here," said Decamps, handing him what he asked for.

"We will tie it with a string."

"Here is some."

"Then I must ask you for some sealing-wax; good: a light; that's it; and, for my own satisfaction (he set fire to the wax, covered the knot, and placed the signet of his ring upon it); there, that will do for six months."

"Now," added he, making a few holes in the parchment with the penknife, "now, a pen and ink?"

Did you ever ask for pen and ink of an artist? No?—well!—never do so, for he will do as Decamps did; he will offer you a pencil.

Thierry took it and wrote upon the parchment.

"2 SEPTEMBER, 1830."

Now, on the evening of this party, of which we have been trying to give our readers an idea, one hundred and eighty-three days—that is to say, six months and twelve hours was completed, during which time Mademoiselle Camargo had invariably, and without being once mistaken, indicated rain, fine and changeable weather; a regularity so much the more astonishing, as, during that lapse of time she had not imbibed an atom of nourishment.

So when Thierry, drawing out his watch, announced that the last second of the sixtieth minute of the twelfth hour had expired, and the jar had been produced, a universal feeling of pity spread through the company on seeing to what a miserable state the poor animal was reduced, who, at the expense of its stomach, had just thrown so great and important a light upon an obscure point of science.

"Look," said Thierry, triumphantly, "Schneider and Roesel were correct."

"Correct, correct," said Jadin, taking the jar and raising it to the height of

his eye, "I am not satisfied yet that Mademoiselle Camargo is not *défunct*."

"We must not listen to Jadin," said Flers; "he was always very hard upon Mademoiselle Camargo."

Thierry took a lamp and held it behind the jar; "Look," said he, "and you will see her heart beat."

And truly, Mademoiselle Camargo had become so thin; that she was as transparent as crystal, and all the circulatory vessels could be distinguished; it could even be seen that the heart had but one ventricle and but one auricle; but these organs performed their functions so feebly, and Jadin was so near correct, that it was scarcely worth while to contradict him, for no one would have given the poor creature ten minutes to live. Her legs had become as slender as a thread, and the hind legs held to the hinder part of the body only by the bones which formed the spring, by the aid of which frogs jump instead of walk. A kind of moss had grown upon her back, which, through a microscope, appeared a real marine vegetable, with its stems and flowers. Thierry, in his character as a botanist, even pretended that this almost imperceptible moss belonged to the class of lentisks and water-cresses. No one discussed the point with him.

"Now," said Thierry, when we had all examined Mademoiselle Camargo, "we must let her sup quietly."

"And what is she going to eat?" asked Flers.

"I have her supper in this box," and Thierry, raising the parchment, introduced into the space filled with air so large a number of flies, deprived of one wing, that it was evident he had passed the entire morning in catching them, and the whole of the afternoon in mutilating them. We thought that Mademoiselle Camargo had sufficient for the remaining six months; one of us made a remark to that effect.

"Mistake," said Thierry, "fifteen minutes hence there will not be one left."

The most incredulous of us manifested some doubt of this. Thierry, strong

in his recent success, carried Mademoiselle Camargo back to her resting place, without even deigning to reply to us.

He had not yet reseated himself when the door opened, and the keeper of a neighboring restaurant entered, bearing a waiter upon which was a tea-pot, a sugar-dish and some cups. He was closely followed by two lads carrying a two handled willow basket, in which were munition-bread, *brûche*,\* a head of salad, and a large number of small cakes, of every shape and of all kinds.

The munition-bread was for Tom; the *brûche* for James I., the salad for Gazelle, and the little cakes for ourselves.

They began by waiting upon the animals first; then they told the gentlemen that they were at liberty to help themselves as they could; which seemed to me, for want of a better plan, to be the best possible way of doing the honors of the house.

There was a moment of seeming disorder, whilst each one helped himself to his liking and according to his ability. Tom, growling, carried his bread to his den; James, with his *brûche*, hid behind the busts of Malagutti and De Rata; Gazelle drew the salad slowly under the table; and as for ourselves, we took, as is usual in such cases, a cup in the left hand and a cake in the right, and *vice versa*. In about ten minutes, the tea and the cakes had disappeared. Consequently, the keeper of the restaurant was summoned; he appeared with his acolytes,—"More," said Decamps; and the Restaurateur went out backward and bowing to fulfill this order.

"Now, gentlemen," said Flers, looking at Thierry with a bantering smile, and at Decamps with a respectful air,—"while waiting for Mademoiselle Camargo to finish her supper, and whilst they are bringing some more cakes, I think it will be well to fill up the time by reading Jadin's manuscript. It treats upon the early years of James I., whom we all have the honor of knowing intimately, and in whose welfare we have

\* A kind of cake.



so great an interest that the smallest details collected concerning him, acquire great importance in our eyes. *Dixi.*"

Each one of us bowed in token of approbation; one or two even clapped their hands.

"James, my friend," said Fau, who in his character of teacher, was the most intimate of any of us with the hero of this story, "you see they are talking about you; come here." And immediately after these two words he whistled in a peculiar manner, which was so well understood by James that the intelligent animal made but one jump from his shelf to the shoulders of him that spoke to him.

"Well done, James; 't is very nice to be obedient, particularly when you have your cheek-pouch full of brioche. Salute these gentlemen,"—James carried his hand to his forehead military fashion,—and should your friend Jadin, who is going to read your history, utter any calumny about you, tell him he is a liar."

James bowed his head up and down in token of a perfect understanding.

This was because James and Fau were bound in the bonds of harmonious friendship. It was, on the part of the animal more especially, a love such as is seldom seen much of among men; and to what was this owing? We must acknowledge, to the shame of the monkey tribe be it said, it was not by embellishing his mind as Fenelon did for the Grand Dauphin, but by flattering his vices, as Catharine did with Henry III, that the teacher had acquired such a deplorable influence over his pupil. Thus James, on arriving at Paris, was but an amateur in good wines, Fau had made a drunkard of him; he was a sybarite only after the manner of Alcibiades, Fau had made a cynic of him of the school of Diogenes; he was delicate like Lucullus, Fau had rendered him a glutton like Grimaud de la Reyniere. It is true that he had gained by this moral corruption a crowd of physical enjoyments, which made a very distinguished animal of him. He knew his right hand from his left, imitated

death for the space of ten minutes, danced upon a rope like Madame Saqui, went to hunt with his gun upon his shoulder and a game-bag on his back, showed his shooting license to the forest-keepers and his backside to the *gend'armes*. In short, he was a charming wild fellow, whose only mischance was, that he was born under the Restoration instead of having been born under the Regency.

So, if Fau knocked at the street door, James would tremble; if he ascended the stairs, James would feel that he was coming. Then, he uttered short cries of joy, jumped about on his hind feet like a kangaroo; and, when Fau opened the door, he jumped into his arms in the way they do at the Theatre Francaise in the play of the *Two Brothers*. In fact, all that was James was Fau's, he would have taken the brioche out of his mouth to offer it to him.

"Gentlemen," said Jadin, "seat yourselves if you please, and light your pipes and cigars. I am ready."

Each one complied. Jadin hemmed, opened the manuscript and read what follows.



## V.

How James I was torn from the back of his expiring mother, and taken on board of the trading brig *Rozeland*, Captain Pamphile.

On the twenty-fourth of July, 1827, the brig sailed from Marseilles to load with coffee at Mocha, spices at Bombay, and tea at Canton; it stopped to renew its provisions at the bay of Saint-Paul de Loanda, situated, as every body knows, in the center of Lower Guinea.

Whilst this change was being made, Captain Pamphile, now on his tenth voyage to the Indies, took his gun, and, with the thermometer at seventy, amused himself by ascending the banks of the river Bango. Captain Pamphile was the greatest hunter before God that had appeared upon the earth since Nimrod.

He had not advanced twenty steps into the tall grass bordering the banks of the river, when he felt his foot turn upon something round and slippery like the trunk of a young tree. At the same moment, he heard a sharp whistling, and saw the head of an enormous boa, upon whose tail he had trodden, raised some ten steps before him.

Any other than Captain Pamphile would certainly have felt some fear on seeing himself threatened by that enormous head, whose bloody eyes shone like two carbuncles while looking at him; but the boa did not know Captain Pamphile.

"God's throne, reptile, do you hope to scare me?" said the Captain; and at the instant the serpent opened his jaws, he sent a ball, which passed through the palate and out at the top of its head. The serpent fell dead.

The Captain began by quietly reloading his gun; then, taking his knife from his pocket, he went toward the animal, opened its belly, separated the liver from the entrails, as the angel Tobias did, and, after a moment's active search, he there found a little blue stone about the size of a hazel-nut.

"Good," said he, and he put the stone into his purse where there was already a dozen similar ones. Captain Pamphile was as learned as a Mandarin; he had read the *Thousand-and-one-Nights*, and sought for the Bezoard enchanted by the prince Caramalzaman.

Since he thought he had found it, he started again to hunt.

In about fifteen minutes he saw the grass shake some forty paces in front of him, and heard a terrible roaring. At this noise every living creature seemed to recognise the master of creation. The birds ceased singing; two gazelles, frightened, jumped up and rushed over the plain; a wild elephant, which could be distinguished at the distance of a fourth of a league from there, upon a hill, raised his trunk to be ready for the fight.

"*Prrrrrou! Prrrrrou!*" said captain Pamphile, as if he was about to flush a bevy of partridges.

At this noise, a tiger that was lying down till then, got up lashing his flanks with his tail, it was a royal tiger of the largest size. He made a leap and neared the hunter some twenty paces.

"Scoundrel!" said captain Pamphile, "do you think that I am going to shoot at that distance, and spoil your hide? *Prrrrrou! Prrrrrou!*"

The tiger made a second spring which brought him twenty paces nearer; but the instant he touched the ground the gun was fired, and the ball entered his left eye. The tiger rolled over like a rabbit and immediately expired.

Captain Pamphile quietly reloaded his gun, took his knife from his pocket, turned the tiger on his back, cut its skin open on the belly, and took it off as a cook would a hare's, then he wrapped himself in the hide of his victim, as, four thousand years before then, the Nemean Hercules had done, from whom, as a Marseillais, he pretended he was descended; then he started again to hunt.

Half an hour had not passed when he heard a great noise in the waters of the river whose banks he was following. He ran quickly to the brink and saw that it was a hippopotamus, swimming against the current, and which from time to time came to the surface to breathe.

"Bagasse!" said Captain Pamphile, "here is what will save me six francs in glass ware;" that being the price of cattle at Saint-Paul de Loanda, and Captain Pamphile was considered very economical.

Consequently, guided by the air bubbles which showed when it was coming to the surface to breathe, he followed the course of the animal, and, when its enormous head was out of the water, the hunter, selecting the only vulnerable part, put a ball into its ear. Captain Pamphile could have hit Achilles heel at five hundred paces.

The monster turned about several seconds, groaning frightfully, and lashing the water with its feet. For one moment one would have thought it was about to be swallowed up in the vortex

which it made in its agony; but soon its strength failed, it rolled over like a bale; then by degrees the white and shining skin of its belly appeared in place of the black and rough skin of its back, and in the last effort it made it grounded on its back among the grass which grew at the edge of the river.

Captain Pamphile quietly reloaded his gun, took his knife from his pocket, cut down a small tree about the size of an axe-helve, sharpened it at one end, split it at the other, pushed the pointed end into the belly of the hippopotamus, and put a sheet from his memorandum book into the split end, upon which he wrote with a pencil "*To the cook of the trading brig Roxelana, from Captain Pamphile, hunting upon the banks of the river Bango.*"

Then he pushed the animal with his foot, which, taking the current, quietly descended the river ticketed like the portmanteau of a commercial traveler.

"Ah!" said captain Pamphile, when he saw his provisions well under way for his vessel, "I think I have well earned my breakfast." And as though this were a truth only necessary to be known to himself for all the consequences that could be deduced therefrom at that time, he spread out the skin of the tiger, seated himself upon it, took a flask of rum from his left hand pocket which he placed at his right side, took from his right hand pocket a magnificent guava which he placed at his left side, and from his game-bag a bit of biscuit which he put between his knees; then he began to fill his pipe that he might have nothing fatiguing to do after his meal.

It may be that you have seen Deburau prepare with great care his breakfast for the harlequin to eat;—you recollect his face, do you not, when turning around he saw his glass empty and his apple stolen?—yes?—well! look at Captain Pamphile who found his flask of rum overturned and his guava gone.

Captain Pamphile, to whom the Minister of the Interior had not interdicted the use of speech, uttered the most

wonderful "*Throne of God!*" that ever issued from the mouth of a provincial since the foundation of Marseilles; but as he was less credulous than Deburau, had read the ancient and modern philosophers and had learned, in Diogenes and in Mons. Voltaire, that there was no effect without a cause, he began at once to seek for the cause, the effect of which had been so injurious to him, but without appearing to do so, without moving from the spot where he was, and seeming all the time to be munching his dry bread. His head only moved for nearly five minutes like that of a Chinese doll, and that fruitlessly, when suddenly something fell upon his head and stuck in his hair. The Captain raised his hand to the spot and found the rind of the guava. Captain Pamphile raised his head and saw directly over him an ape grimacing among the branches of a tree.

Captain Pamphile stretched out his arm for his gun without losing sight of the thief; then placing the butt against his shoulder, he fired—the ape fell at his side.

"Robber!" said captain Pamphile looking upon his new prey, "I have killed a double-headed ape."

In fact the animal lying at Captain Pamphile's feet had two distinct and separate heads, and the phenomenon was the more remarkable as one of these two heads was dead, and had the eyes closed, whilst the other was living and had its eyes open.

Captain Pamphile, who was desirous of clearing up this strange point in natural history, took the monster by the tail, examined it attentively; but at the first glance all astonishment ceased. The ape was a female, and the second head, that of its young one, which she had upon her back at the moment when she was shot, and which had fallen with her without leaving its maternal back.

Captain Pamphile, whom even the devotedness of Cleobis and Biton would not have caused to shed a tear, took the little monkey by the skin of its neck, tore it from the dead body which it held in its embrace, examined it a moment

attentively as Monsieur Buffon would have done, and, pinching his lips with an air of internal satisfaction.

"Bagasse!" cried he, "it is a green-monkey; it is worth fifty francs if a farthing, delivered at the port of Marseilles;" and he put it into his game-bag.

Then as captain Pamphile was fasting, in consequence of the incident we have related, he concluded to return to the bay. Besides, although the hunt had lasted only about two hours, he had killed in that time, a boar, a tiger, a hippopotamus, and carried back a living green-monkey. There are a great many Parisian shooters who would be content with such luck for all their lives.

On reaching the deck of the brig, he saw the entire crew engaged about the hippopotamus, which had fortunately reached its destination. The surgeon of the vessel pulled out its teeth to make knife handles for Villenave and false teeth for Désirabode; the boatswain took off the skin and cut it into strips to make dog-whips and gaskets to punish the youngers; and lastly, the cook cut off some steaks from the chine, and some broiling pieces from the ribs, for Captain Pamphile's table; the rest of the animal was to be cut up and salted for the use of the crew.

Captain Pamphile was so well pleased with this activity that he ordered an extra distribution of rum to the crew, and deducted five lashes of the gasket from the count of a younger condemned to receive seventy.

That night they sailed.

In view of the extra supply of provisions, Captain Pamphile judged it useless to stop at the Cape of Good Hope, so, leaving Prince Edward's Islands to the right and Madagascar to his left, he launched himself upon the Indian seas.

The *Roxelana* sailed bravely on before the wind, making her eight knots an hour, which (so sailors say) is a good rate for a trading vessel, when a sailor on the look-out at the mast-head cried "Sail ho!"

Captain Pamphile took his glass,

pointed it at the reported vessel, looked at it with his naked eye—again pointed his glass at it, then after a moment of attentive examination he called his mate and silently put the instrument into his hands. This latter immediately put it to his eye.

"Well! Poliear," said the Captain, when he thought that he, whom he spoke to, had had time to examine the object in question at his ease, "what do you make of this patache?"

"Faith, Captain, I say she is of a curious build; as to her colors (he carried the glass once more to his eye), Devil burn me if I know what power she represents; it is a green and yellow dragon upon a white ground."

"Well, bow to the ground, my friend, for you have before you a vessel belonging to the son of the Sun, to the father and mother of the whole human family, to the king of Kings, to the sublime Emperor of China, and of Cochinchina; and, further, I notice, by her round bows and slow sailing, that she does not return to Pekin with an empty hull."

"The devil! the devil!" said Poliear, rubbing his ear.

"What say you to attacking her?"

"I think it would be funny——"

"Would n't it? Well, I think so, too, my child."

"Then we must——"

"Get our old iron upon deck, and spread every rag of sail."

"Ah! she sees us now."

"Then let us wait till dark; until then let us keep upon our course that she may suspect nothing. As well as I can calculate by her sailing, before five hours we shall be up with her; we will sail side by side all night and in the morning, we will say 'Good day' to her."

Captain Pamphile had adopted a system—instead of ballasting his vessel with rocks and pig-iron, he placed at the bottom of the hold a half dozen of swivels, four or five twelve pound caronades and a long eight pound piece; then by mere chance, he had added a

\* A small light vessel.



few thousand cannon cartridges, some fifty muskets and a score of boarding cutlasses. Whenever an occasion like the present offered itself, he had all his little ballast brought upon deck, fixed the swivels and carronades upon their pivots, trained the long eight-pounder to the rear, distributed the muskets among his men, and began to establish what he called his "system of barter." It was in this commercial attitude that the Chinese vessel found him the next morning.

The astonishment on board of the Imperial ship was great. Yesterday the captain had recognized a merchant vessel, and had gone to sleep upon it, smoking his pipe of opium; but, behold, in the night, the cat had become a tiger, and showed his claws of iron, and his teeth of brass.

They went to tell captain Kao-Kiou-Koan what a fix they found themselves in. He had just finished a delicious dream; the son of the Sun had just given him one of his sisters in marriage, so that he found himself brother-in-law to the Moon.

So he could scarcely comprehend what Captain Pamphile wanted. "It is true, this latter spoke Provengal, and the newly married one replied in Chinese. At last a native of Provence was found on board of the *Roxelana* that could speak Chinese a little, and on board of the sublime Emperor's vessel a Chinese that could speak Provengal tolerably, so that the two captains were at length enabled understand each other.

The result of this dialogue was that one-half the cargo of the Imperial vessel Captain Kao-Kiou-Koan passed at once into the hold of the trading brig *Roxelana*, Captain Pamphile.

And as this cargo was composed entirely of coffee, rice and tea, the result was that Captain Pamphile had no occasion to stop at either Mocha, Bombay

or Pekin; which was a great saving to him in time and money.

This put him into such good humor that, on passing the Island of Rodriga, he bought a parrot.

"Gentlemen," said Jadin, breaking off, "as it has been impossible for me to learn whether this parrot was a Jacot or a Cacatoès, and as the thing was important, I wrote to Captain Pamphile to obtain from him the most exact information relative to the family of this new personage that we have brought upon the stage; but, after having disposed of his merchandise to advantage he had departed on his eleventh voyage to the Indies. Madam Pamphile did me the honor to reply, that her husband would return about the months of September or October next. I am compelled, then, to defer, till that time, the continuation of the history of James I and James II."

This declaration of Jadin's naturally recalled the minds of all of us to the present, and our eyes to the clock. It was midnight, the military hour for nearly all of us that lodged above the fifth story.

Each one got up to retire, when Fat reminded Doctor Thierry, that there was still a verification of his assertion to be made.

The Doctor took the jar, exposed it to the view of all of us. There was not a single fly left; in exchange Mademoiselle Camargo had reached the size of a turkey egg, and seemed to have come out of a pot of wax.

Each one went away complimenting Thierry on his extensive erudition.

Next morning we received a letter conceived in the following words:

"Messrs. Louis and Alexander Decamps have the honor of informing you of the grievous loss they have just suffered in the death of Mademoiselle Camargo, of indigestion, during the night of the second of September."