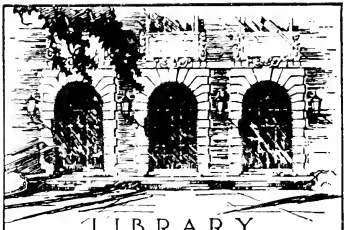

CITOYENNE JACQUELINE

IN THREE VOLUMES

"*Old footsteps trod the upper floors,*
Old faces looked in through the doors,
Old voices called me from without."

TENNYSON.

CITOYENNE JACQUELINE

A Woman's Lot in the Great French Revolution

By SARAH TYTLER

VOLUME II.

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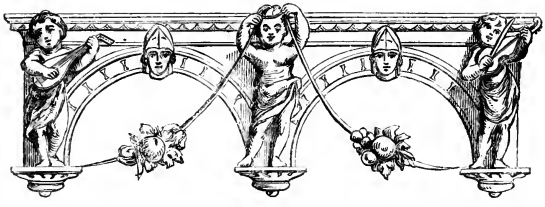

CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT THE CHEVALIER, MONSIEUR, MADAME, AND BABETTE SAY OF JACQUELINE'S DEGRADATION — HOW THE WIFE OF MAÎTRE MICHEL FARES, SEPTEMBER, 1792.

"TO the fire! to the sword! A hundred deaths and a hundred devils! I will blow the fellow's brains out, one of the canaille as he is. To have had a registrar, an aubergiste's son, the cock of a village, succeed me! And possibly, he may all along have been my rival; for the little girl, though sweet, was always spouting republicanism. Why not that ruffian, the butcher?

That would make the thing complete. But I will settle it. I will punish the low-born dog, the sneaking scoundrel, and rescue the wretched girl; and then—ah! well, then let her be put into a convent to hide her depraved taste. There are still convents abroad, though there are none in France."

"But, Monsieur the Chevalier, this is my affair," said Monsieur de Faye coldly, with only a little yellower sallowness of complexion, and a little blueness of the lips. "You forget that you have now no right to interfere. Madame de Croï's future should run no risk. My Chevalier, I forbid you to lift a finger in the matter; she was my daughter: the business is mine."

Achille remonstrated and resisted, but he was forced to submit. He was to turn his back on Faye the following morning; so he would have no opportunity of countermining Monsieur in what he persisted in regarding as his own quarrel, and which he burned to avenge. And besides, Madame de Croï occupied and consoled him. "It does not signify; here am I," Madame's

manner said significantly, while her tongue said coquettishly, "What a girl! brutal, vulgar. I thought she was only stupid and sulky. I never heard of such an esclandre. But, Monsieur, I shall be frightened to try a De Faye now. What do I know? It may run in the blood." And Achille, put on his mettle, was at her feet again with a thousand vows and protestations. He burned with love, while it lasted, for the coquette; at all events he could not afford to lose the second wife promised to him: his finances would never stand that.

The Marquise looked upon the affair as being almost as horrible as the massacres, and smelt at her flacon as if to keep off infection. At the same time she congratulated herself that it was no business of hers, but only of her high-minded, clever, amiable friend, the Baronne.

And the Marquis held that this came of neglecting the kitchen: De Faye's kitchen was in a very unsatisfactory state. On his parole, and in confidence, he would not have believed it. He could do nothing for the pretty, brutal Made-

moiselle (even the affable Marquis called Jacqueline brutal) who preferred cheese of pig and raw artichokes. He rather thought a cell at Bicêtre was the place for her. But he would arrange appropriate dishes for the other sufferers while he stayed: refined sorrel soup, as on a day of fasting; bread with tears; and lamb sacrificial, which would at once induce them to eat, and compliment and console them.

These were the side performers in the retribution; it is harder to speak of the main actors.

Maître Michel had remained at the auberge fully expecting to get his dismissal as registrar, be raved at, reviled, disgraced, persecuted, as far as Monsieur's circumscribed power could reach him. But instead of this a wonderful silence followed the dire news that Jacqueline had dishonoured the family, thrown herself into the plebeian arms of Michel Sart, wedded him according to the new forms of the country, and taken up her residence at the auberge. The very gossips in the hamlet were faint and quaking. The destruction of the Bastille, the bringing in of the

King and Queen to Paris, their lodgment in the Temple, was nothing to this portent at Faye. Their own young lady, so grand, and at the same time so modest, and their Michel Sart, their man of principle, who did the smallest thing conscientiously, and who was as humble as he was strong,—it was incredible. And would Monsieur not yet find a way by which the terrible wrath of a nobleman should fall headlong and relentlessly on his registrar, and all concerned?

After a short interval Michel Sart brought himself to face Monsieur, and deliver up to him his accounts, with a list of the wages which were becoming due to the poor people. It was like walking into a lion's den, but Michel did it.

The great departure had taken place from the Tour, but Monsieur was still there, and had Maître Michel shown to his room in the tourelle. The old scene and the old reception. Monsieur met the servant who had become his son-in-law without rising, but with no symptom of indignation. He at once spoke of business, distinctly and sensibly, while Michel's head and heart hung fire as

they never did before, or after. To Michel's great surprise, almost to his greater discomfiture and consternation, he discovered, after the first few words, that Monsieur neither stormed at him, turned him out of office, nor called on Paul to pinion his arms, drag him to the old guard-room, scourge, stab, or starve him there. Monsieur appeared bored and blasé, and did not banter his registrar, as he had sometimes amused himself by attempting to do. That was the only difference. He made no allusion to the advantage taken of him, the wrong he had suffered. He ignored it. But at the end of the interview he leaned forward and addressed Michel, curling his lips and displaying his teeth as he spoke: "Michel Sart, if you had been a gentilhomme, or if my rights had remained, there would have been another little account to settle between us. And if the King ever create you gentilhomme, or if the country restore the rights of the sieurs, I will not forget. One way or another I will repay. Until then, good day, Monsieur my registrar," with a wave of the hand.

Michel Sart did not protest, or plead excuses, or implore grace. He did not say, "Monsieur, I have saved your domain, and it may be I shall save your life. I will be a loyal, devoted husband to Jacqueline. She besought my intervention, she led me into the act." None of these assertions would have suited the old feudal code; they would but have added insult to injury. Michel had nothing left him to do but to bow and retire, and serve Monsieur still.

Madame was the last to hear the frightful scandal, the disgrace, worse than poverty, danger, or death, that had fallen on the great old family. Even Agathe feared to tell her mistress the story which concerned her so nearly. It was Monsieur who took upon himself the trying duty.

Madame said not a word even to Monsieur. She sat silent for an hour and more. A slight working of her fine features and a twitching of her hands alone proved that the daughter's evil behaviour had not killed the mother at a stroke. At last Madame began to speak, to marvel, to mourn: "What misery! What shame! Can I

have survived it? The foundations of society are broken up; the world is coming to an end. Petronille de Croï's vulgarity is but a blade of grass to this forest of horror. What can it be that is at the root of the malady? Noble blood used to vindicate itself in noble minds and manners, as well as noble faces; it was our distinction, our privilege. And I thought the child generous! But to make me the mother of a domestic! Why did she not slay me with her father's sword? Whence comes it? I am not low, am I? Monsieur is not low, whatever sins he may have committed. In the old régime there would have been a dungeon for the fellow in the Tour, as well as in the Bastille; and there were always the convents for the wretched girls who forgot their honour. But what matters it? The two are gone for ever; they will be punished enough. If my lost daughter had committed sin, it might have been forgiven her; but to be guilty of treachery to her class, to ally herself with the canaille,—she is swallowed up for ever! I do not know whether the saints will acknowledge her,

and restore her to her rank in another world, if she be penitent. The etiquette of Heaven may be different. But here on earth there is no restoration."

"Mademoiselle Jacqueline was always a malicious, high-headed, foolish child," muttered Agathe; "and that unruly ostrich Babette is at the bottom of it."

Madame looked up sharply and chid her maid: "Do you speak ill of the dead, Agathe? My little daughter is dead and gone. Do you think I will suffer ill to be said of her?—I? I go to wear mourning for her, to pray for the pardon and peace of her soul." And Madame kept her word. She had out all her sables, played cards in hearse-like plumes and pall-like velvet, and went through all the appointed seasons and shades of mourning punctiliously, as for a dead and buried child. She desisted from all reference to Jacqueline in speech or occupation, unless she remembered her when she spent an additional half-hour over her book of offices where it had a mark placed at the service for the dead.

Had Michel Sart looked over his shoulder, when he came out from his audience with Monsieur, he would have seen two flaming eyes glaring down upon him from a lurking-place on the terrace. They were Babette's. "Malediction upon him! Insolent! And she, too, is insolent, and false, and low,—oh! low as the dust beneath my feet. I spurn her. A demoiselle to stoop to wed a wretched rustic of a registrar, and live as his woman with his peasant mother in a hovel of an auberge! And I believed she was so noble, I would have gone down on my knees to her, imbecile fool that I was. But why is he not to be hung? I should rejoice to see him hung, and her too, and dance the tricotée at their execution."

Thus was Jacqueline completely severed from her friends. For some weeks she saw nobody connected with them, near as she was. And then, when she did encounter Babette, she trembled with agitation,—longed to ask after the inmates of the Tour, and to fling herself on her old servant's neck, and weep out her sorrow there.

Babette walked up to her, but looked her through and through with her bold black eyes before she spoke: "I served a Demoiselle de Faye once, and none can say I did not serve her faithfully. I have no salutation to make to the wife of the registrar, who has not even got peasant flesh and blood by her change of diet. You are a poor spindle of a creature, Madame Registrar. I have no envy of your lot. Shall I tell at the Tour that Michel Sart and his mother treat you to famine and beatings?" and then she wheeled about to leave her.

Jacqueline shrank back. "And thou, Babette!" she protested, with upraised, pleading eyes.

"Citoyenne Babette if you please, Citoyenne Registrar," Babette corrected her, imperiously. "I should wish you to know that I will allow no liberties from a person like you. Our positions are changed, my old little mistress."

There was worse behind. The first time Jacqueline ventured to any distance from the auberge, in the opposite direction from the Tour, she was overtaken by the old coach of the Fayes, which

was not out once in three months,—the coach with the tassels at each corner, the foot-board, the coloured worsted trappings, and the four work-horses, two not being able to drag it over the heavy roads. Her morbidly acute ears not only identified the rumble, but knew the coach was stopping as it approached her, that Paul might clamber stiffly down and unbar the gate of the cross-road in front.

Jacqueline dropped upon her knees on the earth and held up her hands. She could do nothing else. She saw Monsieur; she saw that he recognised her in spite of the altered costume which she then wore, and which was as far removed from what she had formerly worn as a nun's habit is from a Court gown. She remarked, with an agony of observation, the torrent of emotion that swept over the usually impassive face. She waited for a word, a curse, it might be.

"Hold!" called Monsieur; and then, in hard, haughty tones, "Woman, open that gate."

Paul, who did not know her, coming upon her unexpectedly in her change of dress, stopped in

his slow process of alighting, and repeated the command roughly. "Get up, you, and say your prayers at the next laure. Clear the way for Monsieur, and don't be such a snail about it," and he pointed the plaited thong of his whip at her. Jacqueline crept forward and bunglingly unclosed the gate. As the coach passed, Monsieur flung her a small coin.

Michel Sart found his wife leaning against the bars of the gate, the piece of money lying in the dirt beside her. He took her home, only saying softly to her, "You have me, Jacqueline." But what was Michel Sart, humble, patient friend and servant, to fill up the chasm which yawned between the mad young girl and all she had formerly reverenced and loved passionately? It was her cruel jealousy of the love of father and mother, as well as of the light love of the Chevalier, which had hurled her over the precipice.

Now Jacqueline saw that she had become an outcast and an alien from her people, and that henceforth her life must belong to the auberge and the Sarts. She tried to comport herself accord-

ingly, to accommodate herself to the fall which had been her own work; but the struggle was too difficult for her; she failed. After a while she grew weary of trying, and yielded to despondency.

The fact was, the foundations of Jacqueline's nature were broken up, and she only a child of sixteen. The lessons and warnings of Monsieur Hubert; the very principles and feelings which had taught her to loathe the heartless expediency of her departure with the Lussacs, and her residence abroad with the Chevalier and Madame de Croï, were all wildly uprooted, and tossed to the winds. Filial obedience, in France, is so much regarded as the virtue of virtues, in girls especially, that to want it or lose it constitutes the offender a hopeless reprobate, worse than an infidel. Monsieur Hubert's teaching of humility, care for others, resistance of the levity and worldliness of her class, fasting and mortification at fit seasons, to act as an antidote against too great self-indulgence at others,—all these precepts, as well as the whole course of her education, had to do with the condition she had quitted for

ever. She was like one called suddenly from the artificial brilliance of a banqueting-room to the cold grey of the common day and the common world. The bearing of her faith on her altered circumstances, and on all ordinary wifely duty, was an enigma to her. She had a regard and respect for Maître Michel as Maître Michel, and she had married him with infinitely less scruple in one sense than an English girl would have done. It is the received idea in France that marriages are good without love; that all that is needed for the happiest marriage is esteem; that passion is an intruder, and, like other intruders, undesirable. And however hearts may have their misgivings and rebellions, this idea exerts its influence. But what had Jacqueline to do with thoughts of faith or duty so long as her crime against her parents was unatoned for and unforgiven?

Still she sought, when she had struggled back to new life, to behave as a wife chosen from another auberge, or from one of the neighbouring farms would have behaved. In this line of

conduct La Sarte meant to bear her out, by adopting towards her the hardening process of lending her no support. From the time the old woman had called Jacqueline her daughter, she, with her characteristic righteousness and disposition to austerity, treated her as her daughter-in-law, and nothing more. She rechristened her by the homely name of Jacquette, which Michel never used. She procured for her "field clothes," of La Sarte's class, and approved and applauded the young wife's wish to put them on. Michel was annoyed by this trial of the peasant's cap, corset, and petticoat, in which Jacqueline looked exactly like a noble girl returning from a masked ball at the Hôtel de Ville, very sick and sorry for her prank; and he said openly that he did not know her in them. And he expressed his satisfaction when, with the waywardness and fickleness of girlhood, she threw off the intolerable burden, and returned to her long trains and her loose, uncovered hair.

La Sarte did not object either, though in her heart she condemned; it was not her place to con-

trol her son's wife's dress, since he did not find fault with it. And so strict was La Sarte in keeping her own place, that not only did she not meddle by counselling her daughter, but she appointed Jacqueline her duties in the auberge, and when she had shown her how to fulfil them she let her alone.

Jacqueline and Michel occupied one of those little travellers' rooms opening into the wooden gallery which ran round the back of the house. Jacqueline had to keep it clean and in order. And as to the lighter work of the establishment, she had the spinning of the finer flax, the darning of the finer household linen, the care of the pot-au-feu in the morning when La Sarte was busy with the labours of the dairy. Jacqueline might forget or fail; she might shred no vegetables in the pot, or scald the milk brown, or neglect the logs till they were ashes in the stove; or she might let the work accumulate, and get into the direst messes. La Sarte remained immoveable, though she must have seen Jacqueline's incapacity in a household such as Maître Michel's, for the young wife could not even dispense the brown bread and

the piquette for the labourers' meals, while her want of a trousseau made her the poorest bride Michel could have brought to the auberge. Of a truth it would have been more to his profit to have taken home a workwoman. Ah! well, La Sarte submitted, and was obstinate in refusing to put to her hand. She preferred to eat raw vegetables, drink burnt milk, and contemplate patiently what went to her heart—cobwebs in the cupboards, holes in the tablecloths, and general dust and disorder. La Sarte was as rigid as Monsieur and Madame in refusing to continue the obligation of Jacqueline's quality.

Had Jacqueline fallen ill La Sarte would have nursed her night and day, with a mother's tenderness; had she confided to La Sarte her spiritual darkness and sore repentance, she would have received noble-minded, gentle-toned consolation. But, sadly enough, sympathy was missing between them where it was most required. Jacqueline, as La Sarte's bru, was altogether different from the exalted Demoiselle whom the old aubergiste had contributed to spoil. La Sarte set herself now

against Jacqueline as against a child of her own, on whom the rod should not be spared; so that Michel's mother,—Jacqueline called her by no other name for many a long day,—was an altogether different friend from the La Sarte to whom Mademoiselle had graciously presented her little chain.

Michel secretly fretted at his mother's treatment of Jacqueline, but he said nothing. And he too left Jacqueline to herself, even while he preserved for her his delicate worship. He loved her with as great a love as man can bear woman, but it was an undemonstrative love. Among those lively, vain, gasconading Frenchmen, there are to be found some characters as still and as constant as ever existed among the ancient Romans, or Goths. And with their strength and calmness are generally combined much singleness of heart and patience; qualities which the French themselves say are more conspicuous in country than in town lovers. And with their strength and calmness are also united the most watchful attention, the most loving ingenuity, so quietly lavished, that they may never be noticed

or valued till they are lost, and the object looks round in dismay to see, too late, what it was that had been the shelter and brightness of her existence, and find that it is gone from her for ever.

Such was the love of Michel Sart,—a brooding, fostering, retiring love, spending itself on another and claiming nothing in return. He studied Jacqueline's wishes, regretted that she expressed so few, and was eager to gratify them, though it were only in sitting mute by her side, night after night, in the gallery; or riding after the marchand colporteur when Jacqueline signified she would rather weave with bobbins than twirl a distaff, and lacked patterns for her weaving; or standing for hours to the top of his boots in water, fishing in the Mousse after a day's hard work, because she had just tasted some of the trout from his basket the evening before.

This was the man Jacqueline overlooked, was disappointed in, and even went a little way towards scorning. Poor little girl, she was a far way from perfection, though she was generous and warm-hearted, and, like a pondering pitiful girl, had

stretched out tendrils of her nature to republicanism. She was so accustomed to be served, that. it is to be feared, she got somewhat into the way of thinking that service from such as the registrar was a pleasure and honour to the servant, and there was an end of it. All that was expected of her, she thought, was transcendent grace and courtesy; and truly Michel had done his best to keep up this illusion. But still she had been conscious of something unique in Maître Michel's service, something passionate and pensive, like the song of the nightingale in the bocage, before the summer woods were sombre, or the red earth became a slough of mud and mire; and it was this something she ceased to trace in her bourgeois husband's repressed, deferential, almost distant homage.

Indeed, there was a fault in Michel Sart's freedom from self-assertion, in his long-suffering. Either it was too fine for mortal woman to distinguish, or it partook of the reaction of a strong man's weakness. Why should he, a noble, brave fellow, of intelligence enough, and of truth and purity infinitely raised above the sullied coats of

many a nobleman, woo Jacqueline with doubt and fear, after she had entered into an unequa marriage with him to humour her rage and obtain his protection? But slaves, though they may become licentious in an hour, do not attain freedom in a day; and it was not the first lava burst of the Revolution that could place the noblest bourgeois on a level with Jacqueline de Faye.

In her heart, Jacqueline thought Michel sluggish, indifferent. The rash, impulsive girl, without a particle of the discrimination and tact which Petronille de Croï possessed to a nicety, and with only flashes of instinct and inspiration to guide her, misjudged her husband as she had misjudged her father and mother. With her partial fine lady's education, she grossly under-estimated his sagacious intellect, his thorough appreciation of country interests, his steady pursuit of the beauty which lies in use, his exact discharge of his common duties as registrar and steward, and his satisfaction in their perfect fulfilment. For although Jacqueline professed to hate philosophy, yet the brilliant fritter of idle speculation, and a

thousand polished tastes and studies, with no aim and no belief at their core, had dazzled her, and impaired her vision. It was true that her brief, fanciful love for Achille de Faye had sobbed itself out in the tide into which it had plunged her, and which had borne her far away from all her old landmarks, landing her on the shores of a new country, with rockbound coasts, savage forests, rude huts, and primitive, dull inhabitants. Still Achille de Faye, the gallant, elegant cousin, spouting poetry, describing the Comédie Française, fencing, dancing, making easy ardent love, with his long perfumed love-locks, his rank, his bearing, his beauty, and his danger, had no superior in her imagination.

Jacqueline had but one habit, as a wife, which she formed from choice, and adhered to throughout languor, oppressive dreariness, and occasional disgust. Ay, the homely things which the noble girl had taken to kindly in her happiness, and which it was in her to take to kindly again, if her troubled conscience were but at rest, excited her dislike and aversion now, when her heart was sick

and broken. The habit was to sit every moment of leisure, this same September, in the gallery behind the auberge. That was a pleasant seat morning and evening, and the brown little room beyond, which was Jacqueline's and her husband's, might have been a tiny paradise to many a humble girl,—Babette, for instance, who, by the way, came no more to the auberge to call for her mother's friend La Sarte, and even looked stony and disdainful as she stamped up the hamlet street.

The brown little room, containing the straw seats, the Indian calicot hung bed, the empty bow-pots, was either dismally tidy and formal, or lay untouched and forlorn. When the latter was the case, Jacqueline must have forgotten it, for she was too pure-minded, however brought up and however run wild, to be a sloven. But the court below was passing pleasant in the silver mornings and golden evenings, which broke in upon the rainy season. The well, with its high green tree and the white sand strewn round its mouth; and the cavernous opening of Marlbrook's kennel, with Marlbrook, wolf-sized, liver-coloured, and unfurling

a tail like a general's feather, his nose between his paws, or his ears cocked, barking at a beggar or baying at the moon,—were constant features. As intermittent accessories there were horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs, all jingling, pattering, leaping, trotting; and poultry, cackling, crowing, strutting, scraping. Then there were the human figures, the farm servants, with an occasional traveller of the humbler class. These were always to be seen leaning against the posts, eating great slices of bread and preserves, and talking and gesticulating at their ease; or moving about with loads of fodder and grass on their heads and shoulders, or with baskets slung over their arms full of mottled, scarlet, russet, and oat-coloured fruit from the orchard, hard bright nuts from the walnut trees, or gushing grapes from the vineyard. Michel had nailed a trellis against the gallery, and had trained the house vine, above the reach of the farm animals. Its broad leaves were now hanging tinged with the loveliest crimson; and mingling with them were rich bunches of grapes, cool and tempting, mellow and luscious.

Jacqueline hardly ever allowed her eye to rest on any of these home treasures, on the lowly sunshine of the place, on its sweet, gay, varied tints and tones. How could she, when her gaze was constantly fixed in the direction of the cloud-laden blue sky, over the olive thatch roof, where, framed by the entrance to the auberge, was that corner of the terrace, and that girouette of the Tour, which Michel had watched, and where, once a week or so, a figure would now flit across the terrace, pacing it to and fro. Then Jacqueline would half spring up, stifle a low cry, and look as if this glimpse of the past, with its bitter sweetness and cherished anguish, was worth all the rest of the world to her, the reward of many a morning and evening's vigil.

Michel Sart sat beside Jacqueline every evening, not smoking, not speaking to her often to disturb her, though she was always very civil and gentle in her listless, heedless fashion. He might have been a disregarded stone giant gazing at the evening star, which had shone on the gardeners, Adam and his wife, in Eden, long before it had shone on the

Court of the Bourbons, and the feudal lords and ladies in their châteaux. He started from another point than Madame, but he wondered, as Madame wondered, if there would be equality in another world, or only the *haute noblesse* of godliness and holiness; and also why people loved their equals best, for it had not been so with him. It appeared as if Michel was there solely to examine himself as to whether this was the happiness which he had never dared in his most sanguine moments to aspire to; for beyond occasionally fetching and carrying Jacqueline's chair for her, and wrapping her in her cloak when the dews began to descend, he did not make his presence felt at all.

It was Michel's will that Jacqueline should not appear to any of the guests of the auberge. La Sarte, since her husband's death, had discharged the entire functions of aubergiste with success. Still, had Jacqueline been a mere ordinary, active bru, she would have assisted her mother-in-law in receiving orders and attending to company, and would have taken pride in the task. But Michel positively forbade any approach to

that. "I will not suffer it, my mother. Few strangers of rank come here now, but there might be rencontres. And rather than that such rencontres should happen I would quit the place, and push my fortune in the world, with her on my arm. She is not a dead weight, though she is so much above us, my old woman,—a weight to work for,—ah! well if that were all!"

Jacqueline accompanied La Sarte to vespers and angelas. Sometimes Michel, republican though he was, went with them. Monsieur Hubert's successor, Monsieur Tilleul, officiated, as he had pronounced the wedding benediction at La Maille, with a dim attention and but half an eye to his duties. It always seemed as if there was little in heaven or earth for him but the Fathers, and the "History of Communism," which he was writing in his solitude.

Yet, in spite of the remissness of the ecclesiastic, Jacqueline would shed torrents of tears, prostrate herself in prayer, and come home a little lightened of her sense of guilt, although it was only to fall back into remorse and distress.

Neither did Jacqueline refuse to sit with La Sarte, and the other women of the village, under the walnut trees when the sun was going to bed, to watch the young people playing ninepins or dancing rondes. To join in the rustic pleasures had been an old frolic of the Demoiselle de Faye; but Michel Sart's wife did not join in them; she no longer led game or jest. Still not to have sat with La Sarte would have been ungracious; and the high-born lady of the old régime, however come down in the world, could not be ungracious. Only Jacqueline was somebody apart without designing it, even by her old quality dress, so objectionable to the villagers.

And Michel did not dance the bourrée now, and offend or scandalize his partners by holding them at arm's length like a boy. He talked of markets and agriculture with the old men, or he stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, as he had stood with his hand on his mother's, causing malicious people to hint slyly that Maître Michel was still serviteur to his wife.

It was a dangerous experiment which Jacqueline had tried on these honest people. To descend

from a pedestal among addle-brained, wooden-headed mortals, is, as a rule, to be first stared at, then hooted, and at last stoned. So would Jacqueline have fared had it not been for Maître Michel, with his hand at her back. The natives of Faye-aux-Jonquilles contented themselves with turning up their noses, and making a continual comédie of the craziness, inefficiency, and impropriety of the Citoyenne. With the knack at nicknames of their class, they termed her the Citoyenne of the citoyennes of Faye, as they had formerly termed her the Mademoiselle.

Jacqueline now saw the villagers when they came to the auberge, not as customers, but as friends. She was in the centre of the circle now; and how strange their conversation, not restrained as formerly, sounded to her! The great talk was of crops and hiring fairs; how Marion had been cured by a wonderful woman who knew the secret of healing; how Landriche had put his left arm à l'envers, and so, poor fellow, had fallen under the power of a sorcerer; how the Père Brune had been teased by the lutin, in the shape of the Will-o'-the-

wisp; and how it was feared Georgeon and his fifty wolves, invisible when hunted by honest men, were driving about the colts at night. Jacqueline did not know why La Sarte and Michel tolerated this conversation, or what elements separated it from the causerie of the Tour, or wherein lay the loss, or the gain. She only knew the peasants' speech was a dead language to her. The very dogs that escorted their masters, Finot and Médor, shaggy sheep dogs and rough hounds, were of a different species from Nerina and Tristaine. Among the dogs Jacqueline best liked the watch-dog, Marlbrook, because he held himself aloof in his kennel, like a surly bear of a gentilhomme. Among the men and women she preferred an old servant, Dominique, who had fallen asleep many years ago among the balm-scented hay at noon, lain an hour or two sleeping exposed to the light and heat, awoke with shooting pains in his head and a burning fever in his blood, and ever since had suffered from a partial loss of memory, and gone about in a dazed state. Dominique could remember what was said

to him for five minutes or so, after which his memory always suffered an eclipse; or rather it threw off all the encumbering events of the intervening years, and returned to that May morning in the hay-field, about the time when cannons were roaring and flags waving for the young German Princess, who was crossing the frontiers to win two hundred thousand new lovers the day she made her entrance into Paris. Dominique's affliction rendered him a solitary man. But he was still strong and able-bodied, though his hair was white and his glassy eye had the vacancy of age; and as he was peaceable and submissive, he could do a good turn of work when he was under surveillance. He had been told repeatedly that Jacqueline was Maître Michel's wife and the young mistress at the auberge; but on the first occasion on which he met her after each telling, he glanced at her train and her hair, took off his cap, bowed to the ground, and stood asking what Mademoiselle would please to command him.

Nobody plagued Jacqueline, with her unob-

trusive, powerful protector hovering about, except Sylvain and Mère Jullien. And Sylvain merely troubled her with those satyr eyes of his, so hideous in their leer, so unfathomably melancholy under their unclean mockery. As for Mère Jullien, she made forward advances to her out of a magpie-like curiosity; and on finding that these were coldly received, she substituted for them tosses of the head and chatter of ci-devant aristocrats, of cattle that had left their fold, and birds their nests, and of pride getting a greater humiliation before the day was done. True, these were but gadflies' stings; still they were vexatious, for all enmity, however groundless and petty, pricks and galls a sensitive spirit.

While the people of Faye were buying and selling, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, the September of 1792, with its dreadful days and weeks, was passing over the capital of wit and luxury; and the first of a series of tragedies was being played, the sound of which shook the whole Continent with horror and dismay. "Sans-culottism reigning in all its grandeur

and in all its hideousness; the Gospel (God's message) of man's rights, man's might or strength, once more preached irrefragably broad; along with this, and still louder for the time, the fearfullest devil's message of man's weaknesses and sins."

Several hours after the news that Verdun was taken had reached Paris, the Committee of Inspection had done its work by arresting suspected persons, to the number of four thousand, out of the imaginary thirty thousand plotting against the Republic. The old capital, which had heard so many *Te Deums* for Louis the Great's victories; where the great masters had performed their dramas in salons and theatres, and the philosophers had wrangled and glittered in the women's bureaux; which had seen so many royal progresses from the Louvre to Chantilly, from Versailles to Saint Cloud;—this old volcanic Paris then burst into the flames of madness and murder. The tocsin pealed on a September Sunday,—not that the soldiers or the people might arm to defend beleaguered France, but that the assassins might do their

work. From Sunday till Thursday the massacres continued. The black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre Dame. The grinding-stone for sharpening the weapons whirled and whizzed in every street. Men ran about with their arms stripped like butchers, while women decked themselves in the spoils of the dead; and before the four days were over, both men and women were stained and dyed red with a redness not of wine. The judges, in their tricoloured scarfs, sat in the neighbourhood of every prison—La Force, Châtelet, the Abbaye. Not one was overlooked; all were searched. And from them were taken one thousand and eighty-nine helpless prisoners (of whom upwards of two hundred were priests, and thirteen women). They were briefly examined before the judges in the scarfs, then led out, and at a given signal were stabbed and hacked with axes, pikes, and sabres.

The old Marquis Cazotte's young daughter, clasping him in her loving arms, won pity even from the hearts of the murderers, and saved her father for the time.

The daughter of De Sombreuil, the Governor of the Invalides, pleaded for him, and cried that she and her father were no aristocrats. She was asked to drink aristocrats' blood in proof of her words. Poor shuddering, desperate heart, she drank the red current with which the gutters were flowing, was acknowledged to have proved her truth, and was conducted home in triumph with her rescued father.

The beautiful and faithful Princess de Lamballe was led out of the gate. When she shrank back, relenting voices in the hall bade her cry, "Live the Nation!" But before she could utter the words, she was struck down from behind. Her body was cut in pieces; and her head, with its long blonde tresses, was fixed on a pike, and borne in procession before the windows of the Temple, to meet the eyes of her friend, whose sole protection was the frail tricoloured riband drawn round the walls.

The dead, erring and innocent, were piled in heaps; and carts of naked human corpses were driven through the streets to the burying-grounds

of Clomart, Montrouge, Vaugirard, and the quarries of Charenton.

When dim rumours of the massacres of September reached the auberge at Faye, even calm Michel groaned and gnawed his lips. La Sarte, on the other hand, grew talkative and restless: "Is my Jonquille consenting to these wicked cruelties, for which the good Lord, and our Lady, and the saints will yet take vengeance? Why does he not forbid them,—cry aloud against them? I have a great mind to go up to Paris, and tell the wretches such things must not be." La Sarte must have been a little mad, like the rest of the women of France in her day, for she would have undertaken anything, even to the facing of one of those furious tribunals, lifting up her handsome olive face amidst the tumult, and summoning it to cease in the name of the religion that was being trampled on, and the God that was being blasphemed.

Jacqueline covered her face. Why did none of those saints who had changed persecutors into stags, and arrested falling men in mid-air that they

might not fracture a bone or bruise a limb, refuse to interfere when there was a call so much louder for interference? They who had blinded multitudes, or, what was better, converted them by a stroke, why did they not wield their power and work miracles to deliver a nation, the children of this unhappy France? Nay, why did not God, the Maker and Preserver of the universe, and the Blessed One who died for the human race, arise and reign?

Questions not to be answered, except by the lessons, slow to be believed, of Him, the great Example, "who learned obedience in that He suffered."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRIPE OF THE WINTER—LOUIS CAPET DEAD FOR THE SINS OF HIS FATHERS—THE SANS-CULOTTES AT FAYE.

INTER and dearth have come together. The latter is so great that it is proposed in the newspapers that all classes should live two days of the week on potatoes, and that every man should hang his dog. The army is threadbare and famine-struck, except where rapine feeds and clothes the soldier, and at the same time completes his demoralization. The dismal anarchy after the stormy harvest results in bread riots worse than ever in Paris, though the poor chief baker is about to pay all his debts to the nation. At Faye the pinching has commenced, not at the

auberge, where everything is well ordered, and where the supplies have not been cut off; nor in the cottages, which the auberge helps, in the stead of the Tour; but at the Tour itself, on the domain of which neither Michel at Faye, nor Jonquille at Paris, have been able to prevent farther confiscations and fines. Michel tries to foist provisions on the Tour from the auberge farms, but they are carefully picked out, and sent back with polite but haughty astonishment at his error.

Monsieur announces to his registrar, by the way, that in future he will dispense entirely with domestics, except Paul the rheumatic, and the two waiting-women, Agathe and Babette.

Michel has a miserable perception, into which he dreads Jacqueline may penetrate, that the round cheek of Babette is getting hollower and hollower. She has constituted herself maid-of-all-work, and is seen by glimpses in the village, at the magazine of eatables where Citizen Pepin presides, generally sitting astride a cask and devouring a journal. Maître Michel waylays her, humbles himself to her, solicits her good offices;

but in vain. She carries herself defiantly, with a look that says she will starve with pleasure at the Tour, and will not, to keep in her life, accept a grain of the store on which the rats are feeding abundantly at the auberge.

Jacqueline soliloquises half aloud,—"I rebelled and turned from them in their adversity. Why did I not find some hiding-place from which I could have issued and succoured them, though I had begged over all France for it? God will desert me in my calamity. It may be that the eagles of the valley will pluck out my eyes."

Thus the weary months rolled on till spring came with its consolations. Then the boughs broke into blossom, and Faye was steeped in the fairness and fragrance of its jonquilles; while the spontaneous fruits and herbs afforded a prospect of relief to hungry men.

These rolling months had their annals complete. The Convention had assembled, the Mountain had been all returned again, as had been the Girondists. Philippe Egalité, late of Orleans, was there, ready with his pen to sign away his cousin and king's

head, if so be he might save and raise his own. The galleries were crowded with the Poissardes and Tricoteuses, the fishwomen and knitters, who having lately figured as slaughterers, and acquired a thirst for blood, thundered down their disapprobation or applause.

Dumourier and Kellerman, with their ragged ranks, had held Valmy against the remains of ancient chivalry, princes and kings, and won the battle of Jemappes.

Louis had walked patient and devout in the Temple garden, his vacillations over for ever. Men everywhere were reading the trial of Charles the First of England. The false locksmith, who had helped Louis to make his iron press, had opened it, and disclosed its contents. Louis, in his walnut-coloured greatcoat, had been placed at the bar of the Convention to listen to his accusation; and sat there on another and a sadder day, hearing brave Desèze and good Malesherbes plead his defence. The defence concluded, and Louis gone, the votes were taken three times. Was Louis Capet guilty? What punishment? Should there

be delay? All went against him. The house was crowded with members. The galleries that day were flashing with jewels, and floating with laces, and echoing with soft voices, which mingled with the discordant holàs and clicks of the knitting-needles. High above the hubbub resounded the "Death! death!" of the vote,—death violent and immediate.

Louis had taken farewell over night of his loved ones amidst sobs and swoons; had passed in the bleak January morning through the streets, with their eighty thousand armed men; read his prayers; and mounted the scaffold. There that gentle man cried "Silence!" in a terrible voice, stripped off his coat, struggled against being bound, struggled again when they interrupted him, telling the people he was innocent, and forgiving his enemies, desiring France—— The drums beat again, the six executioners struggled with the one man, and bound him to the plank. "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven," said the Abbé Edgeworth. "The axe clanks down, a king's life is shorn away; the hapless son of

sixty kings has died for the crime of being a king. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged thirty-eight years, four months, and twenty-eight days."

In the month of May, Michel Sart had imperative business which he could not neglect. He received a summons to contribute to the taxes, which, for the convenience of the commissary, had to be paid at the town of Ligné. This place was so many leagues distant that he could not, in the state of the roads, hope to go and return in much less than two days. With a kiss to his young wife, and an anxious charge to his old mother to take care of the idol on whom he threw back lingering, unmarked glances, he set out leaving all things quiet at Faye.

On the morning of the following day, a coach with three horses abreast, and splashed with mud, passed along the chaussée, without halting, to the Tour. The women at the doors wondered, but soon put the subject from them, concluding that it was merely an officer from the capital on business with Monsieur. But the same afternoon,

though the events could have no relation, La Sarte said to Jacqueline, "Jacquette, do not go abroad. Dominique tells me there is a strange crowd of men and women coming along the road from La Maille. The poor fellow thinks it is the old hunter's guard of some of the gentilhommes, returned from a great venerie. But there have been no forest laws since we became a nation. I wish we may not become something worse, my bru. I doubt if this new tintamarre presages well to Faye. I would that my Michel were at home again."

La Sarte was outspoken when she did speak, was transparent in her meaning as Madame, and given to contemplate calamities beforehand with a courage overwhelming to those who had not the heart's ease, far above the storms of the earth, in her velvet eyes. But she did not confide to Jacqueline that it would have been a mercy to know that the Tour had the old number of men in its service, or else that it did not rise so conspicuously out of its tender green. It did not matter, however, as the announcement brought

Jacqueline flying, as she had never done before, to the front of the auberge, with her eyes fixed on the high road.

Jacqueline's first dreadful panic was uncalled for, as before the tramp of feet and the hoarse rising murmur of voices could arrive opposite the auberge, the mob quitted the chaussée, which ascended through the round walnut trees, and took the way to the bridge by the willows, the little church, and the house of the curé.

"If Monsieur Tilleul had remained at his post he might have been a blessed martyr this day," reflected La Sarte, with a shade of jealous reprobation.

Monsieur Tilleul had anticipated the promotion, and the orders of the Convention, had closed his church, and carried his books and manuscripts to a more secure retreat, not a little contented and comforted that, since he could do nothing for his parishioners, he should now have a little more time to devote to his interesting theory of the heresies of the Middle Ages.

Jacqueline could regard the procession from the

higher windows of the auberge with comparative coolness and self-command. It was a procession of men drunk with revenge, of frail women transformed into furies, and abandoned to all excesses. They had flags and an occasional scarf. They kept a kind of rude step and rude time as they shouted, and broke into the warlike "Let us go, children of the country," which had replaced the "Gay, gay, let us marry," of the old village dances. The men were mechanics mixed with loose vagabonds in carmagnoles, rough hairy jackets, aprons, and the red cap. The women were workwomen on their own account, women of the Halle, and the haggard wives of the poorest of the men. They had coloured handkerchiefs knotted round their heads, turned up gowns half torn from their shoulders, sabots clanking and falling from their feet. The faces were eager and inflamed; the arms bare to the elbows, tossing, wild and fierce. Many of the men, and some of the women, carried bright, glancing pikes, or rusty ones, scythes mounted on poles, and guns. But there were no ghastly tokens on the pikes, no fresh stains of

red on the dusty and filthy garments. This was but a small detachment of the great national procession, a faint echo of the national hymn, traversing the length and breadth of the land.

All the inhabitants of Faye, except those at the Tour, were prepared to shout, "Live the Republic!" They had shouted it this many a day, the more willingly that they did not quite comprehend its import. Still there were but three who came forward to volunteer into the Corps of Deliverance, as this section of a mob called itself. Fiery little Citizen Pepin, when the demonstration was announced to him, thought that now his day of reprisals and triumph was come. He dressed himself in what spruce habiliments he had as member of the National Guard, and started in the full prospect of being elected one of the leaders of the band, in consideration of his distinguished support to the Revolution. But just when he was about to clap on his casquette, he caught sight of the front rank, and stopped bewildered. Were these his heroes—the sordid, soiled scum of the workshops and pave-

ments of the larger towns, thus bawling themselves hoarse. And as for the women, the she-wolves,—Bast! they turned Pepin sick. Babette at the Tour would never forgive him. Pepin halted, but not from fear, for he was as valiant as his great namesake Pepin the Curt, to whom, in spite of his republicanism, he was fond of comparing himself. But the recollection of Babette, after the sight of these women of the procession, was too much for him. He stood at ease half a minute, and dashed his hand against his forehead. Then, instead of issuing into the village street and fraternizing with the marauders, he let himself out by a back door from his maisonnette, and ran away by a by-path through the fields as fast as his little legs could carry him.

Sylvain was not so nice. He appeared fresh from the shambles, filthier than the worst, with his axe aloft. He linked his arms through the arms of the most reduced and dissolute. "Have with you, my friends; you are come for me at last. You are about to introduce me to my brother, Monsieur Coupe-Tête,—to the national window through

which the bravest, most discreet faces grin queerly. Ah! life has yet some excitement, some new thing left for a tired man. 'Live the Revolution!'" He was foremost in the work of spoliation, blending a grotesque originality with his blows.

Mother Jullien was the third candidate. She approached the crew wheedling and fawning, with a meagre infant in her meagre arms. "Ah! you good people, have you come so far to rid us of the tyrants? See, I hold up my child to look at our deliverers. But know you there is here the daughter of an aristocrat, who gives herself airs, though she has sunk to be the wife of the aubergiste's son? I do not say, kill her; I have the tender heart, I. But to lead her through the village would do her no harm, none in the world."

"The aubergiste is the mother of Jonquille Sart the deputy," growled a man's voice in objection to the petition, which had been received at first with some favour. "The Sarts are honest people. This woman must be honest also, since she has married one of them. Go, we cannot

molest her." And no one was yet sufficiently insubordinate to overrule the mandate.

"My bibiche," said one of the most wretched of the women, impudently turning the current of ideas, "if we are your deliverers, lend me that cap; it takes my fancy." And stretching out a dirty hand with talons at the end of it, she snatched off Mother Jullien's cap and left her scant hairs exposed, while she perched the trophy on the top of her own coils of hair, amidst a roar of laughter.

Mother Jullien, with her cheeks sucked in and her chin protruding in pure amazement and wrath, found voice at last: "Your bibiche, indeed! Widow Dufosse, I know you; ouais! your husband was drummed out of La Maille for robbing henroosts. Give me back my cap this instant!"

"Scaramouche! there are two words to a bargain; it is my booty. Screech-owl, we are all equals. Who gives herself airs now, my sisters?"

With this Mother Jullien was hustled aside, shrieking, "Antoine, Antoine! coward, rogue! to suffer your wife to be despoiled thus. But

you would not stir, you tun, though you were here. You would be afraid of ruffling your round cheeks, your bulk which shakes like a jelly, of which they say I am jealous, the liars! I stamp with rage, I spit at the thought." No Antoine was there to hear the clamour, and La Jullienne might be thankful that she lost only her cap, and not the foolish head within it, in the combat which so soon drove her from the ranks of the Corps of Deliverance.

When the corps began to batter the door of the church, and succeeded in forcing it, roving here and there, breaking, tearing, and polluting the simple furniture, though it was sacrilege in the eyes of the women, and La Sarte burned to rebuke the profanity, yet La Sarte herself did not think any altar-cloth or chalice, however blessed, was so sacred as God's image in flesh and blood, which these rude assailants would have destroyed also, in the person of a "calotin" in priestly vestments, had they found him clinging within the sacred rails.

After the demolition of church property, the

sans-culottes seemed contented with their work. They squatted themselves in the porch for the beggars, and began to cry for refreshments to clear their dusty throats and re-invigorate their tired limbs. There was a probability that some of them might repair to the auberge. Jacqueline crept away to her little pigeon-hole at the back of the house, and then, in the heat of the May evening, with her calèche drawn over her head, went out into the gallery. But there was not a sign of the swaggering guests, not a solitary straggler invaded the great entrance; and the distant tumult at the church died away rather than increased, so that Jacqueline thought the Corps of Deliverance had forgotten their fatigue and need of refreshment, and resumed their march back to La Maille. She was thankful for the escape of those dearer than her life. She was not aware of a danger which pointed specially to herself, and was saying her prayers fervently for the safety of the helpless family at the Tour, when through habit her eyes wandered to that corner of the terrace seen through the doorway and over the

cottage roof. Suddenly she leaped up, clenched her hands, and screamed aloud. A body of people were crossing the terrace at that very moment, and far-away shouts rose on the spring air. The sans-culottes had changed their minds, and directed their course to the Tour. Perhaps at first they thought it uninhabited, and only at the last moment detected the slender wreath of smoke from its chimneys; or they had taken the precaution of sending out scouts to ascertain its state of defence, before placing themselves in order of attack; or they had received late information of the totally unprotected state of Citizen Faye in the absence of Michel Sart. But however it was, the sans-culottes were at the Tour of Faye, with their appetites whetted for plunder, ruin, and crime.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VICISSITUDES OF A NIGHT.

WILD with love and grief, and bent on sharing the fate of those from whom she had shut herself out, but not daring to tell La Sarte and thus risk being detained, Jacqueline darted down one of the outer flights of stairs, and passed through the gateway into the empty street. With no shield or disguise but her calèche on her head, she sped like lightning to the Tour.

More by instinct than design, she took the road of the ravine,—a doomed road to her. It seemed so long now since the May anemones were nodding there, the summer flowers blooming, and the thoughtless girl sporting with her lover; so long even since Michel brought her down in the

mist of her wedding morning, with all the events of her past life looming behind her as spectral and unreal as the trees and the village houses before her, distorted and magnified by the mist.

The ravine was strewn with blossoms of plum and acacia like summer snow, while the wind rustled and moaned among the treetops. Jacqueline ran on demented, for what could a single girl do to save Monsieur and Madame from a host of implacable enemies? And then she was not her own; she belonged, by law and gospel, as anybody could have told her, to her absent husband, Michel Sart.

The sans-culottes had not chanced on the ravine, and no other traveller was pursuing it; so the road was deserted, until, about halfway up, the coach with three horses, which Jacqueline had observed in the morning, was seen toiling down. All by-roads in France were then so execrable that this bridle road of the ravine was not worse than the rest; but the driver and his company avoided notice and interruption when they preferred it to the chaussée.

Jacqueline's progress was impeded; she stood aside; the spattered coach struggled on, none of the travellers remarking her in their preoccupation. Yet Monsieur was there, safe out of the throng; but not so Madame. Though the sun had set, Jacqueline saw Monsieur plainly, for the second time since she had quitted the Tour nine or ten months before. There were two strange men sitting opposite him, but it was Monsieur who was in the seat fronting the horses. And at the same glance she recognised, on the box behind the postillions, his old valet Paul, without whom her father never took a journey. The strangers were in riding coats and small cocked hats, such as bourgeois and noblemen wore alike now; but Monsieur was in the full dress of the old gentilhomme, even to the cordon bleu, the Order of St. Louis, worn conspicuously across his velvet coat. He did not see Jacqueline this time; he was pointing back with his hand, and at the same time bending forward and speaking urgently to the two men in the coach with him.

Jacqueline stood and looked after the coach,

stricken stupid, repeating mechanically to herself the name and number on the panel. Where Mars and Venus, and the grand old clouds of gods and goddesses used to flourish, there was now the inscription, "No. 11, Joseph Heune, Faubourg St. Denis, Propriétaire." The words said over by her tongue at last reached her brain. The spattered vehicle was a hackney coach from Paris, which the postillions had spurred and dragged through the provinces for many days. The strangers were clerks of the commune. Monsieur was arrested. He was gone, in his cordon bleu, to die like a gentleman, not like a rat dragged from its hole, though he had been philosophical. The coach was avoiding the sans-culottes, as being a vehicle of justice, and having pretensions to law and order.

She drew a long gasping sigh, and then, with another piteous cry, "My mother! my mother! doubly exposed, doubly destitute!" she continued her course.

Fortunately for Jacqueline, the terrace on the ravine side was screened by thickets of budding

roses and hawthorn ; and by the time she reached it the twilight had descended like a veil, while another light was blinding the eyes of the mob.

A bonfire of all the billets of wood left from the winter stock, and many a green bough torn ruthlessly from the trees of the bocage, was sparkling and blazing against one of the tourelles. Every door and window yawned open, and greedy and wanton hands were gutting the old residence of the Fayes. They were not only bearing away whatever they coveted, but making irreparable havoc of the rest. Down into the fire were flung Gobelin tapestry, richly wrought pendules, marble tables, coats of mail from the armoury, suits of silk brocade from the wardrobes,—combustible or non-combustible, no matter. Monsieur's stuffed wild beasts and birds were leaping and flying heavily through the night air, like the stone falcons on the armorial bearings above the door, while the savages that had so long guarded them seemed to a distempered fancy to be starting forward and beating them down with their clubs. But the pictures were the most striking feature in the scene.

How the fiery tongues leaped up on those painted effigies, and illuminated the magic touch of Le Brun's or Mignard's hand! There were Marshal and Abbé, with truncheon and Book of Offices in their unrelaxing grasp, Baronne and Demoiselle, with coroneted and garlanded heads, and swan-like swelling necks, now pale, now glowing red, indignant and threatening at the eruption and demolition.

But no Madame, no Agathe, no Babette,—not a creature who had an interest in arresting the work of spoliation if they dared, was here, witnessing the destruction,—no one, except the prodigal child, the disinherited, disowned daughter, hiding in the familiar thickets of myrtles and laurels, flowering roses and thorns of the Tour de Faye.

A marked man among the uncouth figures, seen by fits and starts amongst the black smoke and the scarlet and crimson of the earth and the sky, by the showers of vivid sparks, or the living white heat of the fire, was Sylvain the butcher, his face grandly ugly and imposing, to Jacqueline's fixed, horrified eyes. Growing tired with

his exertions, he took his ease in the middle of the Pandemonium. He stretched himself out, and lolled on the relics of Madame's silk and gauze curtained bed, with its satin coverlet and cambric sheets. He had a flower of orange blossom from Madame's stand, which he brandished in his greasy, foul-smelling hand, and sniffed at luxuriously. He laughed short laughs when Madame's bird-cages, the doors swinging open, were toppled over from the sill; and when the little birds,—Eglantine and Rosette, with their broods,—their necks wrung, their wings ruffled, were tossed after them like single feathers in the hot blast. "Little Bastilles, the governor fled, and the prisoners strangled without loss of time!" he shouted. "Are you for roasted larks, my masters? quick, snatch them out of the oven. Me? Not I, but I should like to see some of you burn your fingers." He kicked his heels like a madman. At length something larger than a bird was hoisted out transfixed on a pike,—something which gave a perceptible convulsion, and uttered one high-pitched cry. Sylvain half started up. Jacqueline took a delirious step

forward which nearly betrayed her. It was only her little pampered dog Nerina, which had followed her on the morning she left the Tour, but had not taken kindly to the raw air and the common earth. It had been found crouching under some chair or stool, and was sacrificed with the rest of the property to the manes of an exorbitant creditor, a basely wronged, brutally retaliating nation.

Sylvain fell back discontentedly: "It is only marauding, after all. Knocking the beasts on the head is as good. The nest is here, but the human birds are flown. My faith! and I had hoped to see sport. I had thought of a pot with roses for myself. There is a fine foreign bird down at the auberge, which Michel Sart, when he is at home, has failed to tame. The blaze here might have attracted it. I should like to have the taming of that bird, I should."

Very soon after Jacqueline had thus run away without the knowledge of her friends, Babette burst into the auberge, which had not seen her for many a day, all blown and dis-

ordered, and fiery red with haste. "Where are you, La Sarte? Where is Maître Michel? You have reason to keep him away. Madame comes! Here, quick! you must make ready for her! Little Pepin and fat Jullien bring her. We got her out to the bocage on the first alarm, kept her lying there a while, and now they lead her down. Poor soul! she cannot walk fast, not even for her life. Old Paul went off with Monsieur on his arrest. Yes, we were arrested this morning, the first thing, by dirt of lawyers from Paris, but they were civil people compared with these vagabonds from La Maille. Paul says, 'I go with Monsieur; I do for him.' 'Better stay at home, my man,' replies the griffe, behind Monsieur's back, 'or he may do for you; comprehend you?' 'Oh! ça, but the rheumatism would do that, any way. I am good for no other master with this infernal rheumatism, and no master but an old friend would have helped me to endure it. I assure you Monsieur and I are two contemporary institutions,' maintains Paul, looking quite sweet at his own wit, and speaking like a scholar

and a soldier, our old vinegar-cruet, Paul. 'Blue head! then go and get finished together, if you will have it so,' grumbles the advocate, or whatever he is. But what do you think the monster Agathe does? She has got word of both visits, —I believe she lodged information herself,—and she has her trunks ready packed and despatched. For what? Hi! they were not stuffed with her own goods alone. I never missed her or them, I was so taken up with Monsieur's departure, until a friend gave me warning the Philistines were upon us, too. Then when I fly to Agathe's garret, and bid her come and prepare Madame, and dress her and take her out by force if necessary, I find,—what do you think I find, La Sarte?"

"My heart, I cannot tell," responded La Sarte, who was hurriedly shaking out a clean coverlet on her bed, drawing forward the fauteuil of the great chamber to the side of the stove, and telling over the contents of her larder on the fingers of her mind. Even La Sarte was flurried, the occasion was such a great one.

"I find," said Babette, "an affiche to this

effect, dictated by Agathe,—she could not write any more than a spider,—and pinned on her pincushion. I have it here," and she held at arm's length a slip of paper. "Listen, La Sarte: 'Gentlemen citizens, I am sorry I cannot remain to welcome you, but I wish you joy of your just vengeance. I think it right to tell you that Citoyenne Faye, last harvest, pinched black with her fingers the shoulder of me who am a free fellow-citoyenne, because I spoke one, two, three words against her wicked daughter and her accomplice Babette Benest. Also five years since, at the feast of St. Jean, I said to Madame—that is, to the Citoyenne—that she need not give the women new gowns for the hiring fairs and the Grand Mass as she had been accustomed to do, or that she might get them of an inferior material, the silly butterflies, being so elevated by the prospect of the pleasure, would not know the difference. Though she had the very moment before refused me an old used-up sacque, Madame the Citoyenne committed the enormity of flinging a glass of sugared water in my face, saying, "Take that, Agathe, to

recall you to your senses, and to the consideration whether a Baronne de Faye is likely to palter like a huckster in her gifts to peasant women." I trust, gentlemen citizens, that you will remember these my injuries, besides the degradation of living twenty years at the call of another woman —and, mind you, citizens, months after livery servants were forbidden by decree of the Assembly; which fact, with the other scandals, I have not found it in my conscience to conceal from you. I rest your humble servant, AGATHE ROUSSY.'"

"Poor miserable one!"

"No, don't pity her, La Sarte; she is a villanous hypocrite who quotes the Scriptures like the diable, —an ungrateful beast, who, after having eaten of the family's bread and drunk of their cup since she was a girl,—bah! she was born as old as my grandmother,—lifts up her heel against them. But where is Mademoiselle? is she too much occupied, or too much affronted, to receive her mother?"

"She does not know, the child; she must be in her chamber, or in the gallery where she is so fond of sitting."

"In the gallery at this hour of the clock, and in the twilight! Miséricorde! she will be chilled, she will catch fever. We took better care of her up at the Tour. Ah! the changed days."

Babette ran to the gallery, but instantly returned, crying, "She is not there; she is not in the auberge; she has discovered the rapine; she is up in the mêlée, insulted and abused in her own Faye, which the little Mademoiselle cried for, and prattled about, and doted upon. Oh, you are fine keepers, La Sarte and Maître Michel! I wished ill to my old little mistress, but rather than that she should have put her finger in yon hell-fire up at the Tour, I would have thrust my whole body into it."

Away rushed Babette in another whirlwind, without waiting to dwell on probabilities, or to organize a plan of search and rescue with the sore-tried La Sarte.

Bravely but discreetly did she retrace her steps back to the riot at the Tour, with her apron turned over her head to screen her identity. Halfway up the chaussée, in her haste she ran foul of a man

on horseback. It was Maître Michel (his business concluded sooner than he expected), galloping home, pricked on by fear and care, to the auberge.

He recognised Babette, when his horse's feet had nearly struck her to the ground. He pulled up, and leaped down beside her.

"Heaven and earth! what is that yonder, Babette?" he cried, pointing to the lurid sky. "What has come to the Tour? Where are Monsieur and Madame? They are not in the hands of assassins—they are not slain?"

Babette stood still and squared her shoulders, her eyes flaming with their accusation. "And where is my Mademoiselle, Michel Sart—tell me that, then? My mistress is safe; where is yours? Mademoiselle Jacqueline quitted me, and she went to you; and you are gone away, and this crew has come, and she has run to her father and mother, and she is in the hands of the sans-culottes now. What horror!"

He staggered slightly, strong man as he was. "Do you say my mother let Jacqueline go there?" he demanded, sternly.

"Truly, there would be no letting wanted. If you knew Mademoiselle Jacqueline de Faye as well as I, her servant, know her, you, who are her husband, might have guessed there would be no asking liberty when her friends were in extremity, and you would have taken her out of the temptation and the peril with you, my fine big fellow."

Michel clenched his hands and gnashed his teeth at his own impotence, but he spent no further time examining Babette. He set loose his horse to find its own way to the auberge stable, it being too hard ridden to further his purpose by its speed, and too much a mark for observation. He then started with Babette to the Tour, running so fast that she had difficulty in keeping up with him. Once he threw her some words over his shoulder,—bitter, mournful words, —with his head on his breast, and his yellow hair drenched with sweat falling over his brow: "Yes—there, Babette, I loved my mistress, and my love has brought about her ruin, perhaps her death, this night."

By the time Babette and Maître Michel gained

the Tour, the Corps of Deliverance, having stripped the château, and thus earned a little more refreshment, had penetrated to Monsieur's cellar, better filled than his larder. Some were drinking red Burgundy and white Moselle, cognac, and absinthe; others were singing, howling, and rioting in heathenish orgies; while others again were lying down and sleeping off the fumes of their intoxication. One unhappy reveller thrust himself so near the fire, still blazing, that he kindled like a log, and like a log was charred before the accident was found out, — the only victim who perished in the gutting of the grey old Tour of Faye. In former days it had resisted attacks successfully, when its dead foes lay thick as the autumn leaves in the bocage, among cast-away swords and musquetoons, balls from culverins, and stones from battering-rams.

In order that Babette and Maître Michel might not become additional victims, and spill their blood too lavishly, they had to be wary in their advances. It would not do to ask questions, or to push into the thick of the turmoil to

judge for themselves whether or not they had come too late, or if they had been mistaken as to Jacqueline's having returned to her early home, to the scene of her sin. So great was the confusion, and so heavy the task, that the spring night was far through, and the dawn of another day in the sky, ere Maître Michel and Babette, assured of nothing, and only taking comfort that "no news was good news," hied them home to the auberge. By this time the main body of the rioters had recruited their strength, had re-formed, and were marching back on their road to La Maille.

Babette had hardly bounded off in her paroxysm of generous reaction and old affection, when Madame was supported into the auberge by little Pepin and fat Antoine Jullien, both bare-headed and respectful, and not sparing their bodies. Indeed, little Pepin's scarecrow arms must have tingled and ached, and big Antoine must have lost a few ounces of that comely fat of which his lean vixen of a wife was really, in French fashion, inordinately jealous.

Madame, poor woman! had never walked so far before, perhaps not even in a summer day in the Tuileries gardens, or at Longchamps. Certainly never in the dews of a spring twilight; but of course she had never before to escape from the ghastliest of dangers and of deaths.

Her fine feathers were woefully draggled; her head had a little of a palsied shake and a delirious cast about it; but still her bearing was intact, irreproachable. She sank down in the chair by the stove in her denaturalized daughter's bourgeois abode. She bowed her thanks right and left; she did not appear to miss Jacqueline, she did not ask for her, perhaps she did not remember that she ought to have met her lost child here, for her first words startled her listeners as if she were out of her mind. "My good La Sarte, the Baronne de Faye perished in the assault of the rabble on the Tour de Faye this night of May, 1793," she said.

"God be praised! no, Madame," La Sarte assured her, "you are safe, and all at the auberge are at your service."

"No, no, my noble Madame, you are quite entire in life and limb. You are only a little fatigued, a weakness from which the quality among the saints up yonder will soon restore you," Pepin and Jullien confirmed soothingly.

"I tell you, La Sarte,—and I am not accustomed to contradiction,—the Baronne perished. She who speaks to you is no more than Diane Ligny, without a servant or a sou in the world, a woman who has no home, no wardrobe, nothing. Fy! I am dressed out in unbecoming finery," taking her robe disapprovingly between her finger and thumb; "you must lend me some of your clothes to-morrow, La Sarte, that I may dress as suits my rank, and you must find some work for me, a poor old woman, for charity's sake."

Madame, to the distress of her hearers, stuck to her point. Either her mind was slightly affected by her misfortunes, or, as was more probable (for she was perfectly rational and acute on all the details), the theatrical impulse which is strong in the French nation possessed her. Finding that she had a new rôle to play, she threw herself into

it instantly, and acted it so thoroughly that she succeeded in identifying herself with her part.

In this she was a true type of her nation, for there is about the French people a childlikeness which is half sublime, half ludicrous. Witness their credulity in the two opposite extremes of superstition and scepticism, their vanity, and their passion for stage effect. These were rampant throughout the Revolution. Men must legislate, struggle, and die as ancient Greeks and Romans; women must sympathize with them, strike their own blows, and die too like Greeks and Romans. Mirabeau must ask, when he hears the cannon fire, from where he lay sobbing out his soul, "Have we the Achilles funeral already?" Le Pelletier, assassinated for his vote of death against the King, must be borne to the Pantheon of great men, his body in its shroud half bare, his death-wound exposed, while oak crowns are cast down from windows as the procession passes, in the style of Julius Cæsar. Manon Roland, amidst the forebodings of the Girondists at her banquet, must shed the rose-leaves from her bouquet in true classic fashion,

over the wine in which Barbaroux ought to drink to the welfare of the Republic; must sigh for writing materials at the foot of the scaffold to record for posterity her thoughts on the last journey. Saddest, most terrible theatricality of all, that ghastly half pleasantry with which Charlotte Corday answered the foreigner who sheltered her from the shower, and brought her the fiacre, on her return from the Convention, where she had hoped to meet Marat,—"You will know my name before long." Has any one ascertained what the French Revolution would have been like, had there been no Greek and Roman models?

Scared from the Tour by Sylvain's horrible hints, and satisfied in a dim way from what she had heard that Madame was not there, Jacqueline wandered home within half an hour after her mother had arrived, and found her seated by the stove in the great chamber of the auberge.

Jacqueline fell at her knees, weeping, thanking God once more, and crying, "My mother, my mother, pardon me."

Madame, in her new character, put out her hand, not to pardon and bless the penitent, but to raise her up. Her degradation had given her back her daughter. "Yes, Jacqueline, for, see, I am a low woman too. You and I will dwell together, and work, and go to market, my daughter; La Sarte will be so good as to teach us how. We are poor, but we are honest, and we will not be obliged to our neighbours for our life, and they shall run no risk."

Jacqueline was forced to be content. She did not comprehend whether this was Madame's raillery, indomitable to the end, or madness. Another thought caused her to spring up and wring her hands anew. "Oh! my father, my father! he is not here, he is in arrest, he is on his way to prison and to death!"

"Assuredly," acquiesced Madame, in her stoicism, but growing greyer in complexion as she spoke, and moving her lips stiffly; "Monsieur did not perish. His arrest happened before the swarm of rats climbed to the Tour. He departed for Paris like a noble in peril."

"I must follow him, Madame; I must save him."

"To whom do you speak, my little one? There is no Madame here," corrected her mother, on the alert against self-betrayal. "As to going to Paris, to serve Monsieur is the chief duty of his retainers. The king is our first father on earth,—the good God guard my little father in the Temple!" exclaimed Madame, in pathetic parenthesis; "Monsieur is the second, for us who are people of the people. But you can do very little, poor girl," argued Madame plaintively, dissuasively. "Why should you go the long way to Paris? Peasant girls go on foot and have no fear; but you are so young, and the roads are so encumbered."

"I can go to Jonquille Sart. Oh, I can do something. I may have a charrette and a man, and La Sarte is known in the auberges in the provinces. I must go, I must go. Think of Monsieur alone, with nobody to cite friends to plead for his release, to receive his last commands, and kiss his cheeks before he die, if they kill him. Let me go on the instant, lest I be too late."

"Alas! I dare not refuse," granted Madame, heroically. "It would not have been for the Demoiselle de Faye; but if Jacqueline Sart, the registrar's wife, can do anything to repair his misfortunes and save Monsieur, again I say I dare not refuse. And you will say to him, Jacqueline," and Madame's voice broke a little and vibrated strangely in its silvery pitch,—"the late Madame could not go to him. She was a great lady that Madame, and had been reared like a princess, when princesses had courts and vassals. Monsieur was always very noble and considerate, and kissed her hands, and expected nothing from her save that she should preserve his honour, and shine in her sphere. But she has perished, and in her stead there is an old woman, Diane Ligny, who would have walked every foot of those leagues to be near Monsieur, and would have brushed his shoes for him and counted it an honour, and cut his bread, and faced his enemies, and stood by him as long as those enemies would have left her life. But she is very frail this old woman, and never thinks to

walk more. She does better; she sends him her young daughter."

"Hold," interposed La Sarte; "wait till Michel returns. It is impossible you can go without seeing your man, Jacquette."

In the teeth of the responsibility lately brought home to her, La Sarte spoke faintly. Filial duty reigned paramount in France, even conjugal duty did not compete with it. Here was a marvellously fine opportunity, all things considered, for Jacqueline, with her mother's consent, doing the last duty to her father, and atoning for the guilt of rebellion. La Sarte, who had the soul of an enthusiast and a martyr, was disposed in all single-heartedness, in spite of her words, to suffer Jacqueline to lay hold of the opportunity. It was only doing as La Sarte would be done by.

"Wait till after to-morrow! Oh, La Sarte! lose twenty-four, forty-eight hours, and six lost already, and Monsieur's hours perchance numbered! Michel will understand; you will explain. I set out this night. It is not yet supper-time, and there is a moon takes me to Champs, while the roads

are still clear, and the sans-culottes detained at the Tour. Dominique drives me; I see him in the entrance. He knows nothing of the event, or he has forgotten it already; but he does everything I tell him, and manages the cart and the horse to a marvel. Mother of Michel, you will not say no to me? You have never heard Michel say no to me," and Jacqueline would have knelt to La Sarte next.

The mother of Michel did not say no. The journey to and from Paris, which the auberge carts had often made before under the care of Dominique (whose affliction did not disqualify him for their safe conduct, while it rendered him, like a child, the safest messenger on a dangerous errand), did not present itself to the hardy peasant-born woman as a great adventure even in those unsettled days. La Sarte's Jonquille, Jacqueline's brother-in-law, would protect her in the wild capital. The wonderful young deputy would do Monsieur's business if it could be done, uphold Jacqueline in the trial, tell whose wife she was, send her back in safety, when all was over for life or death, to Faye.

Thus these women at the auberge, so different in rank and character, acted alike, just because they were women, and leaped at conclusions. Indeed, notwithstanding all their disappointments, sins, and repentances, they were romantic, self-sacrificing, pure, and trustful as children or angels. For there are no wrinkles in a woman's heart, however old and artificial. With all her proverbial guile and cunning, she has no real craft, no thorough coldheartedness. Madame and La Sarte settled Jacqueline's matter without delay. They sent her away by the light of the moon, dressed in bourgeois clothes, in a peasant's cart driven by an able-bodied imbecile, among hordes of sans-culottes, and worse dangers still. They did not wait for Michel, who had so great a stake in the expedition. They did not wait for Babette, who, being a woman, might have behaved no better than themselves, but who was at least eminently practical.

CHAPTER IX.

JACQUELINE'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

THUS it happened that Jacqueline was as many hours in advance of her husband, as the coach with Monsieur and his captors was in advance of Jacqueline and Dominique. Michel immediately followed his young wife, but missed trace of her when, taking alarm at threatening symptoms on the great road, she caused Dominique to drive along a by-way. Baffled as he went farther on, he turned back, and had great difficulty in recovering traces of the travellers, to whom he did not dare to attract attention by making public inquiries.

It was not impossible for a girl of seventeen, like Jacqueline, to go to Paris as she did. Girls

did it in more difficult circumstances. Necessity is the great leveller, and high breeding is stimulated by danger. Mademoiselle de la Glace walked from Lyons to Paris to lift up her feeble voice on behalf of her father the commandant. She attained her object, though she died of pain and bliss and mortal weariness, on the way back with her prize to their home by the swift-flowing Rhone.

Jacqueline turned aside from the great road when she was overtaken by a cart filled with manacled men and women. This cart was escorted by a crowd not so careless and aimless as that which had visited Faye, but one sullenly and ominously tramping along in good order, towards some town where stood a tree of liberty with its red cap, and a file of the National Guard with arms presented. The prisoners looked proud and high-hearted, as most of the aristocrats did. They conversed together and encouraged each other, when they were not gagged, as they jolted along; and presented indomitable fronts to the blackness of darkness which lay before them.

Jacqueline glanced fearfully at the occupants of the cart. She knew some of them by sight. The tall old militaire with the queue, in the faded uniform, was General du Roche, who used to come to the Tour long ago. And, stop ! surely the white, haggard face held up to catch inspiration from his was that of Mademoiselle Claire, his niece, who had played with Jacqueline, pulled flowers, nursed dolls, mimicked her uncle's taking snuff, when the two were happy, heedless children.

None of the company, in their pre-occupation, recognised Jacqueline in her altered circumstances. Had they done so, it would only have been to scorn her as a traitress to her order. She was saved this contumely; but she sickened at the spectacle, and enjoined Dominique to drive aside.

Jacqueline drove on for days and days, in the soft sunshine or the soaking showers. She managed to rest at the villages and avoid the larger towns. For the most part the people of the village inns, where the horse often stopped of itself, knew something of the Sarts and their

family history, and also of Dominique, and were therefore civil and asked no questions. Sometimes the aubergiste was also maire, and able to give Jacqueline valuable protection. And she herself laboured, as she had not done in her year of married life, not only to conciliate everybody (that was part of the rôle of a great lady), but to preserve the air of her assumed class, and thus draw down no observation.

The country—its ditch divisions overflown, its mills often deserted, its châteaux bearing the sullied, blighted tokens of pillage and fire, and its cottages more of hovels than ever—was strewn with ashes instead of jonquilles, as they got nearer and nearer to the great capital. The richer grains were displaced by rye and beans, which in their turn gave place to fallow fields. The dire distress of the people, in the interruption of trade and agriculture and the previous year's bad harvest, was everywhere pressingly evident. And the famine prevailing was the more dismal for the spring sun and the rain and the green growth, which were here insufficient to stop its ravages.

The churches were closed or closing; the belfries with their carillons were silent. Still where four roads met, or in alleys of chestnuts and elms, Jacqueline would come on a laure, or praying station, with a fresh chaplet, or a little wax taper newly blown out, and still guttering in the wind. These stations were generally in the form of a votive tablet, or wayside cross, erected to no more distinguished saints than Jean the Silent, Basle the Hermit, Berthe the Curer. Superstition kept its ground where religion had been routed, and even stepped forth in profane leering guise in the large towns, where fortune-tellers began to abound and flourish.

Occasionally Jacqueline passed over pastoral, hilly tracts, chill even in this sunny France, where the lonely-looking, weather-beaten shepherds, in their long grey frieze coats, with their scrips, reminded the spectator more of men perishing of cold in winter storms, than of the Arcadias of Court poets and workers in porcelain. Now and again, in the early morning, she detected unshaven, unwashed faces, with hollow eyes, peering out of

the broken windows of granges, or even from the half-open doors of pigeon-houses. She guessed that these were the miserable creatures whom the women of France of every degree, in thousands and tens of thousands, were risking their lives to save, though not unfrequently they had never set eyes on them till they found them in their extremity. They fed and comforted them with that great human charity which seemed blotted out of Courts and assemblies of men, conveying to them bread and wine, with dry leaves and hay for their beds, and ointment for their wounds. Jacqueline would long to tell these outcasts that they need fear no harm from her, but she dared not communicate with them, or offer them a cast in the charrette, lest, half a league farther on, she might rattle up to two or three of the patriots. These bronzed, terrible Ishmaelites of the South trudged along, crying malediction on the growing heat, but fearing no challenge. Their clasp knives were always sharp. A little thing, a relic of a ring, the pearl circle of a miniature, might provoke them to violence. They always reminded Jacqueline

of Sylvain, with this distinction—that they were brute beasts, stolid and gruff, without his wild jollity and deep melancholy.

Once she crossed the outskirts of a camp of soldiers on their march to join the army, and gazed with wonder and admiration, not unmingled with qualms of alarm, at the scene so like a fair in the green wood. Unyoked carts, which peasants had brought out with provisions, formed a barricade, behind which the horses busily munched their provender. Market-women and girls, in their white caps and striped petticoats, had ventured out into the lively green lights and shadows, and chaffered busily over what food they had still to sell—dried herbs, fresh vegetables, thin slices of hung beef and ham, and rye loaves. There were martial figures, already cultivating and learning to twirl moustaches, though their uniform was in rags; and there were conscripts already forgetting their villages in their love for their new trade,—men who were on their long way to Belgium, Italy, Austria, Egypt, Spain, Russia, to leave their bones on far separated

battle-fields, and win their share of world-wide renown. Cows were led out, lowing their objections, and women were milking them into little tin cups pressed upon them by the soldiers. One thirsty man shouted, "No ceremony!" and offered his helmet as a vessel. Bright, irregular-featured, swarthy gipsies of vivandières were tripping about in their braided jackets and caps, the smartest of the set. Most of them had drums slung round their thin brown necks, on which they beat noisily the step of the regiment, to add to the clamour, and astonish the weak nerves of their foolish sisters the milkmaids, who were red and white in comparison, and round-eyed, though pinched in flesh,—and whose attempts to attract the admiration of the boys of the regiment, the vivandières held in disdain and spite, twirling their drumsticks, and turning up their noses at the silly, incapable intruders. But in spite of those poor, lively, wandering stars of vivandières,—like other wandering stars, apt to be quenched and to fall, meteor-like, into the abyss,—an eye-witness better informed than Jac-

queline has recorded, that when a detachment of an army, whether king's or republic's, halted for a short time in the greenwood, the sweetest principles of human nature did their work. The boldness and frankness of the men in the prospect of their speedy departure to danger and death, and the admiration, pity, and softness of the simple countrywomen, were so irresistible to each other, that the priests were called on to perform their part in the great law, and "there were marriages in the covered waggons in remembrance of the Frankish kings." Did these brides and bridegrooms ever meet again? and after what changes would they recognise each other on earth, or in the spirit world?

Sometimes Dominique made awkward mistakes. Knowing Jacqueline simply as Mademoiselle, he was perplexed by her driving with him in Maître Michel's charrette, till it occurred to him that the quality had whims. "That was one of them," he said, after musing for ten minutes at a time, "to ride in carts at this hour of the clock, and to stand and sit there in rows with their hands tied. My

faith! that was a clever mask, a fine joke. Beat me, Mademoiselle, but let me laugh my fill when I think of it, for if I do not laugh I shall burst." And then he would chuckle loudly at the wit of the thing, till it was quickly wiped out of his brain. Jacqueline and he occasionally heard the ringing volley of a platoon of the National Guard fired in some obscure quarter, where there was as yet no private edition of the guillotine, that gaunt form being an exclusively Parisian novelty in May, 1793. Jacqueline cowered down for a moment, as if she herself were shot, and prayed fast. Dominique paused, cocked his ears, looked at her with a disturbed and mysterious air,—"I hope it is not Jules Gobereau's affair again, my Mademoiselle."

"What was Jules Gobereau's affair?"

"Chut! Why, poor Jules was a débonnaire young fellow like me the other day,—peaceable, laborious; I swear it. But he had a pretty little cousin; she was the Rosière—let me see, last year. Jules was fond of her as a sister,—as a cat loves cream. But the young Count de Lude would have

her at his own price. The girl disappeared. Jules left off his work and went searching for her, and vowing vengeance like a madman. He did not search long; he was found in a thicket in the Count's little mall, shot through the heart. Suicide, it was said; but, hush! if Jules took his own life, it was with the young Count's gun he did it, for it was that gun which was lying beside him. It was a question of the quality, and there was only Jules' mother, a poor widow, to make a work about her two children. Go! there was no more to say. There were many such questions of the quality," continued Dominique, bending his white brows. "They are not for you to hear, Mademoiselle; but there was the Park of Stags up at Paris and who filled it; and the baths of the little children's blood to make his old Majesty young again—ah! we all heard of them, we of the people; but they do not make him young again, no, by the good God, and all these things were years ago. Now we have the good young Prince—the Desired call we not him with reason?—and the fair young Princess, who is this week entering her Paris in triumph. Is it not

so? And perhaps, my Mademoiselle, Jules stole the Count's gun and did the suicide after all," finished Dominique, slyly.

They passed through a little post-town, where men and women were dancing about a tree of liberty, encircling it with their wasted arms, and bounding and wheeling in horrible mockery of child's play, thus bringing home the dread winter of vengeance and churlish retribution,—just as happier men and women once danced about the maypole, bringing the summer home. Dominique spied something in a shop window, and before Jacqueline could stop him, he leaped down and left the cart in the middle of the street. He proceeded to the shop where the ware had attracted his attention. It was a cake of chocolate, which he had seen milled and frothed, in the old days of saucy waiting-maids and grooms of the chamber, as the staff of life of the nobles.

"We must have this, is it not so, Mademoiselle, for our gouté?"

Alas! poor light-headed, white-haired Dominique, the very buying of the chocolate compromised them. The tree of liberty was forsaken;

inquisitive, suspicious, hostile faces in workmen's caps, and women in like gear, gathered about the cart. "Aristocrats in disguise! Think of their audacity to be returning to Paris. But they say twenty thousand dogs have already crept in there, to overthrow the Convention and murder our brave deputies. Search them, arrest them; bid them go through the little ceremony of saying, 'Live the Republic.' Citizen and Citoyenne, if you please, we will thank you to repeat 'Live the Republic' before you move a step farther."

"What is it—that Republic?" asked Dominique, scratching his head, and not heeding his mistress's terrified promptings. "I will say, 'Live the King!' if you will. We have all heard that often enough," added the unfortunate man, with a memory too long for the past, but too short for the present.

"Death! Do you hear that? Drag them before the maire."

"Oh! listen, good citizens; do not detain us," implored Jacqueline; "it is on a matter of life and death I travel. I am a deputy's sister; I go to

him. I say, 'Live the Republic!' so does he, when I tell him. Be reasonable, be merciful, my fellow-citizens. Dominique, my poor boy, repeat 'Live the Republic!' to these honest people."

"Certainly! Live the Republic! whatever it is, when you bid it, Mademoiselle," acquiesced Dominique, with a low, deferential bow.

"Do you hear? 'Mademoiselle,' and the chocolate, and her complexion of lilies? These are aristocrats, and we cannot let them pass."

Desperation inspired Jacqueline. She sprang out of the cart, and threw herself among a group of women, who were wagging both tongues and heads, and caught hold of their hard hands—"Yes, it is true, I was an aristocrat; but it is also true that I am the sister, by marriage, of Jonquille Sart, the deputy for the Mousse. My father is gone as a prisoner to Paris, and I follow to save him, or to kiss his hands and receive his last blessing, if I am not happy enough to die with him. I have not spoken to him for ten months, and then I offended him bitterly—think of it! think of it! Oh, have none of you fathers, awful as avenging

angels and dear as your own souls, or children who may grieve you in their sin and misery, but who would lay down their heads to shelter your wronged and revered heads in the day of wrath? Then plead for me; and as for him there, my companion, don't be hard upon him. Don't you see, though he is big and stout, though he can guide the horse, and has silver hair like a wise old woman's, he is an everlasting child of the good God's?"

The women were touched, overcome. They wrung her hand back again. Some of them turned aside their faces, and sobbed piteously. They lifted her into the cart and walked on each side of it, a volunteer escort. "You are a brave girl. We listen to you; you did well to trust us. Yes, we have fathers, we have children, and these men, our husbands and friends, will not hurt you. Look you, they shake hands with the poor imbecile and teach him to say 'Fraternity.' We shall see you beyond the town, that you may not be stopped by the picquet yonder. A good adventure to you, Citoyenne heretofore Mademoiselle. Filial virtues are divine."

These were, at least for the time, the sole virtues to which the maddened heart of France melted. Gone back as it was to brutal barbarism, it had still the savage instinct of animals for the simple ties of nature. The slaughtering hordes of Paris led about their little children, while their hands were smeared and reeking with blood. They were, perhaps, educating them according to Jean Jacques' system. They embraced them passionately, talked to them gently, held them up to see ghastly sights, or, if the children preferred it, to pat the horses in the tumbrils, or clutch at the unclaimed pet dogs roaming wild and famished about the streets.

At last Jacqueline reached the barrier, with its guard-house and soldiers,—now all that stopped her entrance to the great bubbling-over city. There the name of Jonquille Sart, Deputy and Commissary, passed her and Dominique without difficulty, as soon as it was found they carried no goods with them. There was no more left for Jacqueline to do but to drive through the thronged streets, where swift coaches, and even fiacres,

were now out of fashion. She patted Dominique continually on the arm, saying, "The Street of the Old Augustins, Deputy Jonquille Sart, No. 5; Street of the Old Augustins, Dominique."

CHAPTER X.

PARIS IN 1793—A SPARTAN DEPUTY AND HIS FRIENDS—MAÎTRE MICHEL COMES UP WITH JACQUELINE.

THE great city, where the most tragic play the world ever saw was being played out, consisted of a mere mass of high houses, closely crowded together. The only exception was the Faubourg St. Germain. Here and there, it is true, a noble old church, either shut up or grossly polluted, gloomed down on the scene; and here and there a drowsy or dissolute old convent was converted into a meeting-place of the clubs. All was commanded by the two great towers of Notre Dame. The kennels in the middle of the streets were full of the sharp mud of Paris, and lit up at night by the lamps swaying from side to side, the ropes

of which had almost as deadly a signification as the guillotine.

No thunder cloud hung over the place. The violets of the flower-sellers scented the air, as if they had not to contend with the foul taint of gigantic murder; the loyal white lilies, trodden down in the Tuileries gardens, were budding in new beauty at republican windows, where men had not only renounced their king, but were fast renouncing both humanity and Divinity. The traffic was compressed into narrow channels. The shops of the quarters were doing a brisk trade, particularly those of the pork butchers and the wine dealers. Among the bulky casks and bright pewter pitchers of the latter, men in carmagnoles and red caps were playing dominoes, and congregating round central figures, who read the journals from early morning till late night. Innocent, sweet faces of girls, crowned by the tricoloured cockade, appeared among those of ardent, devoted men. Water carriers, with their pails, jostled liquorice-water sellers with their jars. Grisettes, in their peasant caps, tripped against chiffons, or

washerwomen, with their piles of dressed linen, composed chiefly of starched cravats. The merchants of the four seasons, the costermongers, vended everything under the sun, shouting as if to drown the voices of the other street criers; while the gilles, or mountebanks, attempted to eclipse the whole. Mingled inextricably with the crowd were the brazen poissardes, or fish and vegetable women, with their new name of tricoteuses, and their sign of coarse knitted work carried ostentatiously over the arm; the brown, brawny, lounging, cruel-eyed lazzaroni strangers; and the slighter, nervous, eager figures of the true Paris workmen.

Jacqueline drove along half stupified, half excited by the strange chaos. What appeared to her not the least strange thing was, that she, the daughter of the De Fayes,—who had bowed and curtseyed, touched their swords and dragged their trains, at the Louvre, Marly, Versailles, St. Cloud, who had only visited at the great hotels, with their courts and gardens, the backs of which were to the street,—was, on her first visit to Paris,

driven by a half-witted labourer, in a peasant's cart, to the lodging of a people's deputy, to beg his intercession for Monsieur his old sieur.

Sometimes Jacqueline would start, tremble, and look searchingly round her. Might she not see Monsieur at liberty, and walking among these passengers,—who were not all rabble, and some of whom looked very much at their ease, as if all were peace and prosperity in the land,—on his way to Méot's or to the Club of the Feuillants? At other times she would grow cold, faint, and white, and fall back into a little heap in the cart. What if it were all over, and her father dead, without having forgiven her?

But within two streets of the great Rue Augustins, Jacqueline saw a spectacle which fascinated her. It was nothing horrible, but it was wonderful: universal passion ruling a mighty multitude, as God's great law rules the stars in the sky.

Suddenly a mass of human beings poured into the street, and choked up every avenue and outlet, wedging the charrette into a porte cochère till the mass rolled by. The crowd consisted chiefly

of women, or at least of persons in women's gear, for the authorities certified there were black beards to be found under the caps, and pistols in the breasts of the jackets. They were not infuriated; they bore no more frightful tokens than the sugar-loaves and boxes of spices they had hoisted on their shoulders after breaking into the grocers' shops. This was now a pastime on every rise in the price of groceries, learnt from the experiment practised, a season or two ago, so successfully on the bakers. Their carmagnoles were unstained, their pikes had been idle; but the old levity with which tens of thousands of the National Guard had danced rounds to fill up the programme in the feast of the Federation had developed into martial frenzy. The amazons walked, young and old, with a cadenced step, singing the "Marchons! Marchons!" of the *Marseillaise*, not as the rioters from La Maille had piped it, but in a great volume of sound, which seemed to fill every nook of Paris.

In this national demonstration nobody deigned to notice Jacqueline. Dominique sat chewing a straw, and occasionally suggesting, "Are they going

to serve for the corvée, Mademoiselle? Nenni, they are too many, and all women. These cannot all be going with the bits of cochonnaille; I have known them use horseflesh for the soup to the men. Is it the young Princess they go to meet? Why then do they look so big and solemn? They will frighten her. They say she is such a merry young thing, piercing the air with peals of laughter, like poor Jules' pretty cousin before the young Count fancied her, and so beautiful that all her poor subjects adore her. The Dauphin is a lucky man, to get a Princess young, fair, and merry, and all France one day for his land. What could King Henry ask more?"

Another admonitory tap to Dominique's arm, another "Street of the Old Augustins, No. 5," and Jacqueline was at her destination.

Faint and breathless, she stood before the address, "Citizen Jonquille Sart, Deputy from La Mousse, Commissary for the Section 12," legibly inscribed, according to one of the new regulations, in a long column of the names of those who occupied the same barrack-like house. It was a

relief to find that Jonquille had not changed his lodgings, and so left her to seek him by chance among these huddled-together houses, busy traders, and the rapt fifteen thousand chanting their "Marchons! Marchons!" deaf to every other sound.

The last time Jacqueline had seen her brother-in-law was when he came to play on his violin to Monsieur Cars, her supercilious music master at the Tour. The little demoiselle of twelve had listened to the aubergiste's lad with condescension, but Monsieur Cars had sneered at his playing, and there had been a scene. Would he remember that against her now, when she came to beg an audience, and to remind him that she was his brother Michel's wife? Men who rise in the world rarely like to be reminded of their origin. If they choose to boast of it themselves, that is quite another thing. The Sarts were honourable and gentle, but Jonquille was different from his mother and Michel, and had risen higher.

Jacqueline had to ascend all alone the long unwashed staircase, with its heaps of refuse on

every landing. Dominique had remained with the charrette. The concierge in his lodge, after examining her with critical curiosity, gave her the necessary information: "The Commissary Sart is at home to women—ouais, Citoyenne! As you have not been here before, mount two stages, take the turning to the left, and address yourself to the third door."

Jacqueline mounted toilsomely, turned to the left, and addressed herself modestly to the third door, which stood ajar.

"Enter," cried a clear, melodious voice, which proved the concierge right in saying that the Citizen Commissary and Deputy was at home.

Jacqueline crossed the threshold into an empty room, from which another door, also half open, led into a second cabinet, where the opening and shutting of drawers, and the commencement of an air from *Figaro*, in a bird-like whistle, betrayed the unseen tenant. Jacqueline stood still in the first room till the Deputy and Commissary thought fit to show himself. Certainly nothing around betrayed the arrogance of the parvenu, of the man

suddenly raised to power, unless it be that the pride of simplicity is the greatest pride of all. The auberge at Faye was a luxurious and splendid home compared to this room, with its bare and austere aspect. The stove was of coarsest iron, the bed a straw mattress, with a coverlet of wolf skins; the other articles of furniture were a common deal table, covered with official papers in files, and a shelf on which stood the little basin and jar with water, and the morsel of a diamond-shaped mirror.

This assumption of simplicity has been a favourite practice with French artists and authors time out of mind. Occasionally they vary it with the addition of filth and squalor,—with fragments of meat, bits of tobacco, and the spilt wine of previous debauches. La Sarte's son had none of the habits of the true Bohemian, but he loved to drill himself in the ascetic discipline of the men of arts and letters,—the Spartan frugality and stoicism affected by some of the most illustrious members of the Assembly and the Convention. In the pursuit of the ancient

Greek virtues there had even been a proposal that the black broth of the Lacedæmonians should be revived, and the citizens be compelled to dine together in public, and confine themselves to the one severely classical dish; in which proposal a republican jester had acquiesced, with the provision that the broth should be stirred by the hand of the skilled artiste Méot.

There was, however, one evidence of self-indulgence in Jonquille Sart's room, hinting that, as usual, there were exceptions to his rule. A dandy puce-coloured coat lay upon the wolf skins.

For a few minutes the pulling out and pushing in of the drawers, and the whistling from *Figaro*, were continued without any reference to the visitor. Then they stopped abruptly. Next a lively voice called out a warm welcome, but it was a case of mistaken identity. "Can it be you, Félicité, chaperoned by Madame, making me smell your name?"

Jacqueline hesitated how to answer, as she was not Félicité. A very handsome young man in his shirt sleeves darted out and confronted her.

He stood confused and transfixed, blushing for the want of his coat and for his blunder, with a dim sense of recognition struggling with forgetfulness and ignorance.

Jonquille Sart bore no trace of resemblance to his elder brother. Without being a fop, a petit-maître, or an exquisite Chevalier de Faye, Jonquille Sart was a handsome lad of three-and-twenty. His face had something of the southern tone and delicate cutting of his mother's, but was much more irregular in feature. It owed its attractiveness to its beaming play of expression, its generous expansive enthusiasm, its tremulously keen sensibilities. The light that never was on sea or land kindled its bluntest points and worst hues. In place of La Sarte's peaceful velvet eyes, Jonquille had those ominously brilliant yet melting violet eyes, which, with his dark hair (in vain swept back into a queue, and curling in pertinacious waves on his forehead), completed the charm of his physiognomy.

Jonquille Sart was one of that patriotic band which included among its members the aristocrats,

De la Rochefoucauld, the brothers Lemeth, Lafayette, Montmorenci,—names found in the Libre d'Or of French nobility; and the people's representatives, Bailly, Roland, and men written in other Golden Books, like him who turned to the Queen in her adversity, and him who was carried on a mattress into the Convention to vote *not death* to the King. They were of different political shades, but alike in this, that they had dreamt a noble dream of freedom, and that the love of it grew in some of them to a lust. They committed the fatal error of worshipping an idea, and substituting it for their personalities. "My name be blighted provided the Republic is established." They, poor, stumbling, maddened tools, thought themselves the only instruments which the great God in whom they refused to believe could work with; and that the end justified the means, and sanctioned the doing of their work, however ruthless, atrocious, and diabolic. But all the Republicans, as history testifies, did not travel on to the godless, inhuman end of annihilation. Many an earlier hero, the idol of an

hour, withdrew in honest detestation, preferring to lie in prison, and even to swell the bloody harvest of the guillotine.

Jonquille Sart was one of those Modérés who had conceded too much and struggled too long, and were now hurrying forward to the last desperate contest with the terrible extreme of the Mountain. Already his young and naturally joyous face bore traces of apprehension, indignation, and worrying care.

"Pardon, Citoyenne," murmured Jonquille, sliding towards his coat, and investing himself in it by a coup-de-main. His starched cravat, the gold butterfly in his breast, and his morocco boots, added to the fresh spruceness of his coat, made up a costume not unbecoming, or unworthy of a young man's vanity. It certainly betrayed a very different order of things from that which his locale implied. "I was mistaken, but I am mistaken no longer. Apparently I have the honour to speak to the Demoiselle de Faye." Jonquille sank his voice warily, and then raised it again in a vivacious, heartfelt exclamation, "But, Mademoiselle,

why are you here? I must be cruel enough to say it is the worst place in the world for you. Oh! I would do anything for you, but if all the demoiselles in France come to me, I shall soon not be able to help myself."

Jacqueline stared at him in consternation. Jonquille, then, did not know their relationship, nor her claim upon him. That was like Michel,—he was so slow. The peasant blood was sluggish, though Jonquille's ran fast; perhaps Michel did not think it worth while to apprise Jonquille that he had married Monsieur's daughter the preceding autumn. No, it had not been so great a gain, that was the truth. La Sarte, though she could read, could not write. News travelled with wondrous slowness from the provinces, and letters often miscarried.

"I am the wife of Michel—did you not know?" Jacqueline said at length.

"Impossible!" protested Jonquille, getting red and hot. "Mademoiselle, I know Michel; I am a thousand times surer of him than of myself. I am certain he would not insult the misfortunes of

any woman, least of all the daughter of Monsieur. I implore you not to be guilty of an incredible fraud to obtain the protection which I offer you freely, in so far as it is in my power," he concluded, gravely and reproachfully.

"Jonquille Sart, there is no fraud; I am noble," Jacqueline reminded him, drawing herself up proudly and looking him in the face, her eyes striking him like balls. "Neither was Michel to blame; I threw myself on his generosity" (she did not say from what danger), "and there was no other way——" she broke off with a fluttering, shamed sigh.

"Then I suppose it must be true," admitted Jonquille, still extremely puzzled, and not able to shake off his doubts. "Forgive me, Mademoiselle —Madame my sister, that I disbelieved it. But to think that the Mademoiselle de Faye is the charming young wife of Michel!" and now he gave a wondering exultant laugh; "the old dog has stolen a march upon me. But how, Citoyenne? is Michel with you?" as if the news still wanted corroboration.

Jacqueline shook her head. "Oh no; I am come up after my dear father. Oh, Citizen Jonquille, will you look for Monsieur, help Monsieur? and I will love you for it, hold you as more than my brother, and bless you all my wretched life."

"Ah, softly!" cried the young commissary. "Here are more blunders and troubles"—walking to her side, and picking up her handkerchief. "Tell me more, my former Demoiselle de Faye, how it came to pass."

Jonquille was tender and respectful in his inquisitiveness, and listened patiently to all Jacqueline's confused statements, and her unconsciously selfish and audacious requests. But every little while he muttered to himself, shook his handsome young head, and laughed a startled gratified laugh in the middle of his own burdens. "But how,—the grave, stiff Trojan Michel the husband of this gentille maîtresse?—his mistress, the noble Demoiselle de Faye? Certes, I remember another story, when she was a saucy, gracious little lady,—she still looks saucy for a poor little woman whose head is not very firm on her shoulders any more than mine.

But our Michel, who would ever have thought it? The mégères of slander must have been very busy in that innocent little hamlet, or the sans-culottes must have been very near cropping this passe-peintre of quality, when that was the only resource. She is as a passe-peintre to my rose Félicité; at the same time she is a true, brave girl, as these aristocrats mostly are, the young ones above all. It would be well if every good girl were like them in that respect," he commented to himself, emphatically. He said at last, "My sister, I shall inquire for Monsieur. I have seen certain lists for the last few days, and his name was not in them; I would have been sure to remark it. That is but a pinch of hope; but if you live here long, you will learn it is something. As for you, it is certain you cannot stay here, or go any farther with that poor boy Dominique. I am surprised that Michel sent you so far with him."

Jacqueline murmured an explanation that Michel did not send her.

"Michel did not send you, you say? Ah, well, he let you depart, which is quite the same thing. It

is necessary that you go with me to some of my friends, who will receive you for love of me, and whom, I hope, you will love in your turn," he added, meaningly. Then he followed up the sentence with a high-flown sentimental flourish, of which the sole merit lay in this fact, that in spite of his experience of men, Jonquille was in his extravagance infatuatedly and inveterately sincere. "All is changed!" he asserted, in an exalted voice but in perfect good faith; "virtue is the only honour in the Republic one and indivisible. Simple beauty and excellence are rated infinitely higher than rank and fortune!" A state of matters more like Utopia than it was like France immediately before the Reign of Terror.

This enunciation of his creed was interrupted by a tumult of loud, clacking voices on the stairs. Jonquille stamped his foot, tore his hair, and smote his breast, but took care to tell Jacqueline not to be frightened, for the crowd was composed of women. "You must bear with them, my little lady, for your father's sake and mine. I will get rid of them as soon as I can; but you are a

woman, you have wit, I tell *you* I dare not offend them. Ouf! the torment of popularity!"

Half a score of women from the markets tramped into the room, without asking leave, ere the words were out of Jonquille's mouth. They were grenadiers or squat helots in size, middle-aged or old, some of them with the bizarre, graphic ugliness peculiar to Frenchwomen, and this rendered more striking by the universal headdress—the coarse, flaming red cap. Their sleeves were tucked up to their shoulders, exposing their arms, muscular and hairy like men's, or yellow and in sets of bones like bunches of matches. In their hands was the knitting which they had been wont to work at on their seats at the halles, but which they now took daily and nightly to the galleries of the Convention and the clubs. And on their backs were baskets half full of stale fish, shattered eggs, or withered heads and stalks of flowers and vegetables. They stopped short, and shrieked vociferously on seeing company before them. "Whom have you here, my little son?"

"It is my sister-in-law from the country."

"Oh, we believe it, my pretty boy, my darling citizen; we are so simple. Have you been helping to pillage the farmer-general, my friend? Have you any diamonds and cachmeres to dispose of that you set up a sister-in-law?"

Jonquille flushed with anger, and bit his lips at the insinuation, more offensive to a peasant-born deputy than to a noble; but he preserved his composure as he looked at poor Jacqueline, like a little bird surrounded by kites,—a brave little bird though, which did not drop from its perch or even close its eyes. "If you don't believe me, Mother Green-Apron, Widow Pont de Neuf, La Duchesse, I shall not remain to entertain you who reckon me a liar," Jonquille declared, crossing his arms on his chest.

"Oh! ça, his impudence! and we can drown his speech from the bureau to-day; any day we can get him denounced. Perhaps we have finished as pretty fellows as he."

"Try it," challenged Jonquille, "for I am sure I am heartily tired of speaking for the Nation; only you cannot do without me."

"Hear him! the rogue, the fop. But he is such a pretty darling. No, we could not do without him. Danton is a giant; and Marat is an honest diable—a friend of the people; and Robespierre is our avocat—our incorruptible avocat—oh! a righteous lawyer; and Philippe Egalité is our prince of Poissardes; but we have not such another monkey as our Commissary here to play off his airs upon us."

"There is St. Just," broke in another voice of the chorus, "but he is a viper, Mother Green-Apron. I miss my foot and fall in the street when there is some firing; St. Just thinks I am shot, but it is all alike to him, he springs on, the beautiful wild beast. What does our Jonquille here do? He turns and lifts me gently in his arms. Ah! I love gratitude," proclaimed the orator, seizing Jonquille's water-jar, tilting it up to her mouth, and swallowing the contents in one draught, as if gratitude were a thirsty grace.

"It was not gratitude," said Jonquille; "it was that I have a mother. Ah! well, my present mood is that I must take my sister to the house of a

friend. But I thank you all the same for your goodness, and I invite you to supper to-night, to tell me what is up in the faubourgs."

"Oui-dà, oui-dà, Citizen Commissary, we will come, and bring our friends with us. We have our tables to clear yet, if the Convention will let us. We are in despair for time. Bon jour to you and your sister, who is so like you, and has such little ears, and hands, and feet. But we will not tell your secret in the ear of the cat, only you need not draw wool before our eyes," and the formidable mothers departed as they had entered.

"Will you sup with them, Jonquille Sart?" inquired Jacqueline, coldly and haughtily, as he prepared to go out with her.

"What would you?" responded Jonquille with a shrug of his shoulders; "shall I save myself and others, or no? These form the bodyguard of the late King's cousin, Philippe Egalité. Roland dare not forbid the flower-women from bursting into his house at all hours, joining the guests at the table of the glorious Madame, and demanding whatever dainty takes their fancy. But what would you

again? it is still the women who govern France, as they governed it in the days of the Pompadour, Diane of Poitiers, and the fair Gabrielle."

"Women like your mother hate and loathe such eminence, I can tell you, Jonquille Sart," Jacqueline defended the sex, too proud to make the cause her own.

"Ah! my mother!" exclaimed Jonquille in a different tone; "my mother is as the saints, and so I am sure is my sister,—truly noble," and he took Jacqueline's hand and pressed it; "and I ought to die with shame for censuring women. They have always been good friends to me. You see even these viragos pet me. Our old mother would say it is because I was vowed to the Virgin in my infancy. But how goes the dear old woman? Tell me all about her, Michel's wife; it breaks my heart that I have done things to vex her."

Jonquille engaged a trusty messenger to go with Dominique, who was now sleeping in his cart in the centre of the roar and rush of Paris, as he had slept in the summer meadow at Faye, to a sure

place of entertainment for man and beast; while he himself conducted Jacqueline, tranquil in his new-found friendship, through the crowded streets, and, somewhat to her bewilderment, to a great mercer's shop in the thoroughfare of the Rue St. Honoré.

He showed her into the shop through huge bales of valuable cloth and taffetas which encumbered the entrance, and past loaded counters and files of agile shopmen, some of them in the uniform of the National Guard. The men all greeted Jonquille cordially and respectfully as a privileged, distinguished person. "The Citizen Mercer has been looking out for you, Citizen Commissary," remarked one. "The Citoyenne Durand is keeping the dinner," communicated another, as an agreeable piece of information. "What's to do to-day at the Communes?" solicited a third.

Jonquille nodded and exchanged a civil word or two with each.

Beyond the counters and shelves was a dark passage, then a steep narrow stair and a door

into the flat above the shop, usually occupied by the tradesman's family. So compressed were these flats, between the shops and the piles of houses above, which entered from the porte cochères, that they were signally noted for low ceilings and obscure lights. Jonquille led Jacqueline up the pitchy gloom of the stair, and opened an invisible door at the top with a private key. The opening of the door shed forth a dim light, in which a whole family were seen to bound out and fall upon Jonquille. A little plump, rosy man, in a flowered dressing-gown and a white nightcap, pulled the guest into the fuller light of the family room close at hand. A large-boned, harsh-featured, keen-eyed woman in yellow, with a headdress à la Chinoise, saluted him: "Jonquille, my son, what has happened to you? We have not swallowed a crumb lest you should have been ordered away to a post of danger." A fair-haired girl, a vision of beauty, in a gown and train like what Jacqueline was accustomed to wear when she was not in masquerade in a bourgeois cloak, fluttered forward and cooed like

a dove, "Thou art come at last, Jonquille." A wild scaramouche of a figure, half child, half girl, with a head of shock black hair, and old patched clothes, a world too small for her ungainly limbs, so like the elder woman's, danced round the Commissary: "Viva! Jonquille, you are not murdered, as Bertrand maintained. Have you brought the puppets, my bachelor? Shall we play them to-night?" Finally, a tall, sullen, sardonic-looking young man afforded a glimpse of a scratch wig and an olive face abiding in the background.

The Citizen Mercer was in the act of saying, "What new glory to the adored country, our Commissary? What new destruction to the tyrants?" when Jonquille extricated himself and introduced Jacqueline: "My estimable friends, may I bespeak your favour for my young sister-in-law, come up on an errand of necessity to Paris?"

"Yes, yes, our Commissary, with all our hearts; anything we can do is done. We are at the service of the Citoyenne," the destroyer of tyrants assured Jacqueline, laying his plump hand on his pigeon breast with dapper grace.

"For any friend of yours, my son, command us," ejaculated the Citoyenne in yellow, fervently. "But,—I did not know you had a sister-in-law."

"Nor I, more than you, Madame, till this morning," admitted Jonquille, with a fit of laughter. "Nevertheless, you see this gracious little person is a seductive reality. Strange things happen in this France in these days. My old brother Michel has married his ci-devant sieur's daughter without leave of me. But I do not complain, I am very glad, if it were only to convince you I am not the only rash man the Revolution has spared."

"Fy, then, why do you say *spared?* There must be marriages; is it not so?

"And wedding gifts, and—I do not know what, hé, Madame?" jested Jonquille.

"Why do you two make badinage when the poor young lady faints with fatigue? Go," objected the soft girlish voice. Then warm, kind little hands took possession of Jacqueline, and drew her to a closet, to put off her mantle; "for we dine immediately, Madame." It was among the first times Jacqueline had received her mo-

ther's title, but the prohibited mark of respect, which Jonquille did not scruple to employ, came naturally to those lips, red like the bell of the fuchsia flower, and in themselves efflorescent, blossoming over with balmy words and smiles.

Jacqueline was speedily seated at the right hand of Citizen Durand, sharing, along with another pensioner, in the bounty of the Citizen Mercer's family dinner.

The room bore evidence of wealth and comfort, displayed in old chairs and tabourets, their covers worked in satin stitch, and buffet and tables of cherry wood. But the whole was in plain, solid bourgeois style, indicating that Citizen Durand did not aspire to the splendour of a financier. Still there were signs of acquisitions from recent confiscations, which an energetic and diplomatic housewife could well obtain. There was a spinnet, in finely worked dark wood, standing against the green painted wall, with violins lying on it; there were crystal girandoles, containing yellow wax candles, half burnt out, on the high wooden mantelpiece; and a workbox of ivory, on which some pains

had been bestowed to efface the fleur de luce and the ciphers in the corners, and which, being open, was seen to be full of coarse balls of cotton, sticks of vanille, little bits of soap, and homely sleeves of camisoles and crowns of working caps.

The dinner was ample, but composed of what the Marquis de Lussac would have called gross viands. There was nothing artistic or imaginative in the details; soup of early vegetables, undisguised bouilli, rôti with chestnuts, and a salad, the greatest delicacy on the table. The salad dish, with freshly washed celery, onions, and buttons of turnips, was put down before the Citoyenne Durand, in the middle of the meal. The Citoyenne gave an example of a great woman's self-denial, by magnanimously declining the rôti, that she might cut, and mix, and pour vinegar and oil on her chef-d'œuvre, which otherwise would not have been cool and tender as the morning, while the rest of the party partook of the pièce de résistance. The salad having been made by the Citoyenne at table, she lay back in her chair, like the mistress of a family whose chief cares for the day are

over, and who is permitted to relax to the sweet omelette, the dry fruits, and the Brie cheese.

The host, after tucking à napkin beneath his chin, ate with relish and good humour, all the time delivering the sentiments of a fire-eater. He spoke to Jonquille as if it was the Girondists, with their fatal half-measures and disunion, who were about to reverse the law of nature, and annihilate the Mountain on the raised benches, and not the Mountain that was to fall and crush the Girondists.

The Citoyenne did not meddle with politics. She had enough to do with her dinner and her daughter—her eldest, Félicité, sitting by her future husband, who claimed the rank of Commissary to one of the sections. No one knew but Jonquille might, by his oratory, beauty, bravery, rise to be Generalissimo of an army, like Dumourier, or Governor Commandant, or what not? There was a great deal for a busy woman to do, even in overlooking the dispensing of the fruit, and pouring out of the wine; in bidding "my daughter" keep down her shoulders, and hold up her head, not

drag her mouth with the oranges, or spoil her teeth with the bonbons; in seeing that Jonquille did not whisper to Félicité more than was proper; in silencing Bertrand, the olive-complexioned young man with the scratch wig, who occasionally thrust little disagreeable, acrimonious side speeches into the conversation; and in intently studying Jacqueline. But that was not all. There was Nicole, the soubrette, who waited the table, and clattered the dishes dangerously, in whose discretion and ability the Citoyenne had not the slightest confidence; and there was Olympe, the Citoyenne's youngest, who was not of an age, as her mother put it politely, to sit at table, but indeed was not in possession of manners and attire to fit her for civilized company. Yet Olympe would not remain altogether in the background; she would skip here and there like an overgrown monkey; and when she was not to be descried in some other improper situation, a glimpse of her was to be had hopping in the doorway, snatching the dishes, and skirmishing over them with Nicole.

The whole was like a scene in a theatre to Jacqueline, yet a scene in which she was handed up to the stage and compelled to take a part. The very talk was new to her, consisting of the gossip of Jonquille's section; the speeches spoken last night in this or that society, and reported in this morning's *Moniteur;* the army's failure in Holland; the new hall in the Tuileries or Palace of the Nation; Marat's arrest and acquittal; the last vaudeville; the first summer excursion to Bagatelle, which Louis Capet's brother had adorned, as it turned out, for the pleasure of the people. The Durands were all kind to Jacqueline, and tried to help her out with an opinion. But the strange faces, the bourgeois customs, as foreign to her as the life at the auberge had been in the last fall, produced a feeling of unreality and uncertainty, a sense of phantasmagoria, intensified and darkened by the suspense and distress of her own mind about what she fondly regarded as her own business—the affairs of Monsieur.

Jonquille had promised to aid Monsieur. That he did not fly to the rescue, that he conducted

himself altogether as if he took life easily, and must have his pleasure, was exasperating to Jacqueline. She had just enough self-control and forbearance left to restrain her feelings.

The ordeal was protracted after dinner, when the patriotic citizen returned to his shop and the Citoyenne his wife sat down to her work. It was not to the coarse work seen in her fine workbox, but to the company work of tatting or embroidering ruffles retained for spectacles, for the bench in the Luxembourg gardens, or the fête-days of her friends. She had the laudable intention, at the same time, of amusing Madame Sarte by chatting to her; above all, she desired to arrive at the solution of the somewhat grave riddle of the commissary's sister-in-law, the reserved, elegant young Madame. Nay, Madame Durand called Jacqueline awkward; but her practised eye at once detected that it was the awkwardness of a refined young woman out of her place.

Jonquille did not go out. He reseated Félicité at the spinnet, and, taking a violin, began to accompany her in Pleydell's overtures, and in

pieces from that *Richard le Roi* which was sung so disastrously at the dinner of the Guards out at Versailles. Madame Durand was in ecstasies. She was fond of music, and inordinately proud of her daughter's being able to play like the daughter of any ci-devant Marchioness or Duchess now forced to use her accomplishments to earn her daily bread in exile.

The performance was good,—Jonquille's part of it particularly; the performers were interesting,—even Jacqueline, fretting as she was, acknowledged it. The handsome, gifted young deputy gave himself up to the joyous science, and glowed and looked love to all the world under its inspiration. Félicité played to him, looked up into his violet eyes, and reflected his glow and his love as a clear silver fountain reflects the wooing of the ferns and rushes which bend nearest to its bosom.

Still Jacqueline wearied sorely of the home concert; and another auditor, the olive-complexioned young man, cast glances of wrath and scorn from a distant seat at the musicians. He also was handsome, and more, he was distinguished-looking,

though he was treated as of little moment in the household.

The gipsy girl Olympe, suddenly crouching down at Jacqueline's feet, and resting her chin almost in the stranger's lap, that she might the better peer at her, said to Jacqueline, "Do you see Bertrand? Does he not look like the diable? He used to sing with Félicité; he does it still when Jonquille is not here. I wonder he cares; I wonder she sings to anybody but my beau Jonquille. Have you been taught to play and sing, Citoyenne? I have not yet. I am not to be taught anything, or be clothed like a Christian, till Félicité is married off and done with; and it is time to marry me. I weary for it, Citoyenne."

At length Félicité stopped, and said, with an air that begged pardon for the interruption, "I have the megrim again, my friend; excuse me."

Jonquille begged a thousand pardons of his love, asked a thousand tender questions regarding her health, and overwhelmed her with compliments and praises. "I have enjoyed my dessert as a feast. We played the last piece divinely.

That air was as the gate of paradise. We give pleasure; we do good; all men will be in harmony soon. I could embrace my greatest enemy at this moment." He looked at his watch, and started up. "I depart on my good sister's business."

Jonquille had already made provision for Jacqueline's staying for the present with the Durands, who were eager to keep her, not altogether for the dear love of God and man, but largely for the commissary's sake. Still, as the world goes, Jacqueline had fallen not amongst thieves, but good Samaritans.

When Jonquille was gone, Félicité came in immediately and cooed to Jacqueline, attended to her as Jonquille's sister-in-law, was the most amiable of affianced brides, the most dutiful of daughters, the most hospitable of maiden hostesses. But Jacqueline had a decided impression as to what stopped the concert. It was that Félicité looked round and caught the expression of the grim, distorted face on the distant seat. She felt also that while Félicité attended to her,

there was a mute, childlike appeal for consideration and amnesty to the dark, clouded face in the background.

Before supper, Jonquille's step was again heard coming up from the shop,—Jonquille's step and another's; but not Monsieur's,—oh no, not that of Monsieur, at liberty and at the Citizen Mercer's. It was the heavy step of Maître Michel. He had come up with his runaway wife within twelve hours after her arrival in Paris, and after a race and chase backwards and forwards, full of heart-burnings and heartbeatings, sufficient to have annihilated a weaker man. And he had come for this purpose at least, to satisfy Jonquille and his friends that his marriage with his master's daughter, which she had asserted so quietly, was no myth, but a reality.

"I did well, Michel," cried Jacqueline, the moment she saw her husband's big figure, with the breath of the woods and fields about its powerful proportions, his tawny head striking against the ceiling of the entresol of the Citizen Mercer,—"I did well when I started for Paris; Monsieur

was gone before me, and there was no time to lose." She did not fly to him for protection, as she had once done, but spoke in self-defence, with a little stubbornness in her tone.

"You are here, Jacqueline, that suffices," replied the deep, longsuffering voice of Michel. "God be praised for your safety!"

"I was not in danger," Jacqueline argued, wilfully; "not real danger; La Sarte had no fear for me."

But La Sarte, in her benevolence, was not like the man the light of whose eyes, the desire of whose youth Jacqueline was, whose passions were twined round her as the fibres of some hearts twine, never to be loosed till the heart itself is unrooted from human hopes and human wishes. But Michel Sart did not tell that to a reluctant woman in so many words.

"I pray you, Michel, how is Madame?"

"Madame is in good health, and amuses herself marvellously."

And Jonquille had good news of Monsieur. The Baron de Faye was not yet consigned to any

of the groaning prisons. He had been brought up to give information concerning another aristocrat rather than as an arraigned man. He was dwelling in his own hired house in the Rue Montmartre, like the great apostle Paul, till a certain investigation was concluded. There was no concealing that he was a suspect, and that two of the National Guard were appointed to wait on him and never let him out of their sight. Whether they would offer to dress his hair and black his shoes for him, according to their old callings, would of course depend upon whether they were men of an accommodating, genial temper, and whether Monsieur refrained from affronting their susceptible feelings. But by the end of the proceedings it was just possible that Monsieur might be allowed to pass into oblivion in the press of weightier matters. If not, interest might be exerted to clear him before he was committed for trial. The chances were not great if all were known, but the tidings were so much better than they might have been, that Jonquille was inclined to congratulate Jacqueline upon them; and he succeeded in inspiring

the wife of seventeen with a sanguine hope for the result.

Jacqueline straightway announced her intention of remaining in Paris till the suit was ended, and Jonquille promised to take her and show her the house where her father was lodged, and to get constant reliable information for her. In truth, Maître Michel's wife did not dare for the present to intrude more directly on Monsieur, after whom she had flown so fast and so far.

As for Maître Michel, he would return home without delay, and leave his girlish, high-bred wife among comparative strangers in the terrible Paris of those days. But those days could not be so dark to those who lived through them, else they would never have survived their course. Contemporaries have the advantage of partial blindness,—a decided advantage when lightning flashes are in question. The country work was standing idle at Faye, the old mother would be overwhelmed, Madame would need him. He could trust Jonquille; he could trust Jacqueline, who had led him his recent dance. Yet Jacqueline reflected, with a shade of

bitterness, that it was like Michel,—good, but peasant and bourgeois,—to be ready to die for his master, but to prefer to stand at bay like a faithful mastiff down at the auberge, to remember the country work, his old mother, even Madame, and long to return to the beaten track, to his peaceful home duties.

And Maître Michel went—but only that he might put his house in order for a long absence; that he might collect money for Monsieur's maintenance and defence, should he need to be defended; and make provision for Jacqueline, if the heedless, reckless young woman were deprived of idolized father and slighted husband together,—a sad possibility amidst clouds of grievous disasters. Michel Sart's cares should not crush hoary or humble heads if his true arm could prevent it.

Jacqueline gave Michel her hand as he stood looking yearningly at her, in the prospect of their long parting. "Adieu, Michel; may all go well with you at Faye." A kind and charitable wish; but it was so calmly and blandly expressed that Jonquille, who contemplated the leave-taking of

the young married couple, made his own observations, and recurred to them and turned them over more than once, as a diversion in these shifting days to the Girondist deputy. "Old Michel wedded to the Demoiselle de Faye! Marvellous! But they are little demons of pride, of etiquette, of sweet ice, and of divine rights, the best of these young aristocrats, as I can testify. Ah! Jonquille, my boy, poor noble Michel, in himself noble, the best kind of nobility, is in the condition of that old American Franklin—he has paid too dear for his whistle."

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE WITH THE DURANDS—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE—THE LAST OF THE BUREAUX D'ESPRITS—AGAIN AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

ACQUELINE dwelt with the Durands in the entresol above the shop in the Rue St. Honoré for the rest of the early summer, and thus got a taste of Paris life. Her mind was in some degree calmed about her father; and she experienced a reaction after the blight that had fallen on her young life. At seventeen, most trials can be laid down for a season. Paris, even in the Rue St. Honoré, was a wonderful change to her, and there was a great deal that was attractive to an honest heart in the Durand household, in spite of great prejudices and defects of education. The family were not Spartan in nobility and fidelity of principle, but

they were kind on their lower Theban level. The citizen was a finer edition of little Pepin at Faye—vain, fussy, more timid, as a man of substance, but equally tender-hearted. It would have been a relief to his friends had he not, with the dramatic taste of his nation, acted a part, and, with the vaulting ambition of a Gascon, selected the rôle of a Regulus or a Brutus. In pursuance of his design, and in defiance of the baptismal register which recorded him Thomas, he had re-christened himself Hercules; and Citizen Hercules Durand flourished above his shop, and wherever he had occasion to write his name. "I would see the Citoyenne torn by wild horses," he would say; "I would bind Félicité and Olympe to two stakes; I would mount the breach and fire the train of gunpowder any day, my friend, that the adored country and future generations of unborn innocents should live free." Happily, Citizen Durand was like many men in the world, a vast deal better than his foaming, frothy creed. In place of abominable cruelties to the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins, he kept his shop diligently, provided for the wants of

his household, and afforded its members every pleasure within his reach, if they humoured his speechifying, and feigned to regard him as a Spartan father. And not only so, but, like a good citizen and a charitable man, he actually shared his cup with two unfortunate persons very near the situation of proscrits—to wit, Jacqueline and the young man simply styled Bertrand. Thus the Citizen Hercules committed a flagrant offence against the Constitution he swore to maintain at the point of the pike. But as he was a chicken-hearted man, like the generality of braggarts, he occasioned his nerves considerable suffering, and this not alone to please the Commissary Jonquille, but to please himself by surreptitiously doing a merciful action.

The stretch of good-will was even greater in Madame Durand, for she had all the trouble of the household; and, in accordance with the habits of the bourgeoise matrons, she made it a hard, sore trouble. Though the Durands were prosperous tradesfolks, and had not yet lost any of their property by the Revolution, the twelve labours of the

Citizen's great namesake were as nothing to the three hundred and sixty-five labours a year of Madame Durand, to secure bargains and curtail expenses. Two additional mouths to be fed with soup and salad were a consideration to her.

And then she had an engrossing interest in life, with which certainly one of the strangers on her premises interfered, and possibly both. "If Durand would let patriotism alone, and make a marriage for his daughter, it would better become a father," Madame sighed to herself. She had done her best in the matter at such a disturbed era, for she had entered into no less than two treaties of marriage, one after the other, for Félicité, who was still six months younger than Jacqueline. But though the latest of these afforded a flattering prospect, neither of them had offered a speedy fulfilment of the Citoyenne's object; and she complained, with vivacity, that if she did not settle Félicité at sixteen years and a half, on the spot, the little monster Olympe, who had not her sister's beauty or docility, and was as tricksome as a jackdaw, would be past training and reclaiming. How

was Durand to make up a dot for his youngest daughter, when his shop might be broken into any morning by the sans-culottes the moment the Poissardes imagined Indiennes or droguets were too dear, or had a whim to sport brocades and velvets at the same cost? Had her couple of children been sons now, she could have made them military officers and statesmen with less pains.

Madame had engaged in her first enterprise on Félicité's account when she was barely fifteen. The intended husband was Bertrand Pommeran, as he was called before surnames were forfeited. He was the son of a farmer-general in the South, and allied to nobles. But to hear Bertrand himself speak of his Greek blood, one would have been led to believe that there was not a family in France of so pure and proud an origin. He was a native of the shores of the Mediterranean, where Greek blood can still be detected flowing in French veins,—the region which sent up to Paris the Deputy Barbaroux, the Antinous of the Republicans. Bertrand had the straight brow and nose, the wonderfully fringed and lidded eyes,

the delicately curved lips parting from teeth white as the kernel in a luscious fruit, the sunny olive skin, the finely moulded chin, the neck, the shoulders, the limbs from which dancing fauns have been idealized.

Bertrand's succession was involved in a lawsuit, and when he came up to Paris to settle it, he applied to Citizen Durand to lend him money, on the plea of his father's having been a customer at the shop in the Rue St. Honoré for many years. Durand gave ear to the young man, reckoned his case fair, and lodged him at his house. In return Bertrand became enamoured, as only a young Frenchman can, and a Frenchman of Greek extraction, of the charming young girl Félicité Durand.

Madame's insatiable bourgeoise ambition for a noble connection induced her to overlook the signs of the times, and Monsieur Bertrand's uncertain finances. The Citizen Durand was undoubtedly, in his way, extremely good-natured, and he was accustomed to leave to his wife the conduct of all the affairs of the family and many of the affairs

of the business. The treaty had advanced to a betrothal, when, swoop descended the confiscation of feudal rights and honours, and indeed of all debatable property. The alliance was now at an end—so utterly at an end that Bertrand, in his poverty and slight tenure of existence, lived on with the Durands as tutor to Olympe, when he could catch her, and as escort to Madame Durand and Félicité, when the streets were not safe, and the head of the family was engaged. Bertrand was glad to do this, for he felt that if he were to be massacred to-morrow, there was no need to bid Félicité an eternal farewell to-day.

After him Jonquille Sart, representative for the department of La Mousse, and commissary of Section 12 of Paris, representative too of Republican gifts and powers, entered the field. Madame Durand was charmed to catch a deputy and a commissary; and Citizen Hercules, nominal head of the house (though, as the intelligent reader will have observed, the Citoyenne had always the chief say), was still more enchanted with the prospect of an illustrious democratic son-in-law. Féli-

cité did not say nay to the handsome, eloquent, musical young commissary, as indeed she would hardly have said nay to the ugliest, most ungainly bête of an old commissary. Only the ci-devant bridegroom, the wretched young Southern, with his Greek, sensuous, passionate soul, which had everything but what stands for a backbone in souls, brimmed over with gall, and scowled on the fresh growth of youthful love, and the new plighting of sacred vows.

But the Citoyenne Durand, as she confided to her friends in moments of depression, was doomed to disappointment and misery. Six months had elapsed since Félicité's second betrothal, and in place of Jonquille's being able to remove her to a suite of garnished apartments in a fashionable quarter, and Madame Durand having her hands free for the breaking in of the colt Olympe, the improvident commissary had not a thousand francs to rub upon another, notwithstanding all the confiscations. There was also a detestable rumour that the Modérés were tottering on their benches, and were about to be expelled from the Convention.

Why had Citoyenne Durand been born, or why did not Jonquille Sart belong to the Mountain?

Looking on all sides of the case, then, Madame Durand's patience with Citoyen Bertrand and Citoyenne Jacqueline was most exemplary. A worldly woman she might be—a vulgar schemer, a poor, harsh, keen-visaged, big-boned creature, in yellow, and a coiffure à la Chinoise; but she had the "live and let live" motto ingrained into her, and was not incapable of generosity.

Félicité Durand was the loveliest, pleasantest young girl Jacqueline had ever seen. Jacqueline herself was spirituelle and gentille with the beauty of an imaginative, sensitive, impulsive nature. Petronille de Croï had a noble beauty, though Madame de Faye asserted it was only a close copy of the original. But the beauty of Félicité was that beauty, quite simple and pure, which would have shone alike at a cottage door, in a bourgeois sitting-room, or in the salon of a château. It was such a beauty as might have been worn by the peasant girl of Falaise, when she won the fierce heart of Robert le Diable,—

as might have lingered to old age in the face of Madame de Sevigné,—as might have survived the ravages of time, paint, flour, and base passions, in the face of Ninon de l'Enclos. Félicité had fair tresses, which the French esteem so highly that the women, after the Revolution, adorned their heads with blonde perruques, in defiance of the fact that the women of the guillotine used the shorn hair of the murdered aristocratic maidens,—a hideous contrast to their own brown and wrinkled faces. Félicité's eyes were blue, turquoise blue, limpid blue, sweet, still, and borrowing the shadow of others, as the flower of the myosotis borrows the hue of the passing clouds. She had the pied daisy complexion which is the great attraction of the daughters of Normandy; the soft, dimpled, childlike face, the rounded, lithe figure, the winning gestures and gentle ways, that were all in subtle, exquisite keeping, with an immense fund of sympathy seeming to monopolize the dawning woman.

Félicité was six months younger than Jacqueline, but she was ten years the subordinate of the

woman who was married, and had been a true aristocrat. Madame Durand and Félicité, though government had cut down the entire crop of nobles, would still have gaped and prowled about the prostrate remains, even at the risk of themselves forming the next crop to be reaped.

It was the first time that Jacqueline had occupied the vantage-ground with one of her own sex and age who was not a serving woman. And she, it need hardly be said, was not a Petronille de Croï. Madame de Faye had pronounced her daughter, before her sudden treachery, to be gauche and credulous, but at the same time to be the true daughter of a grand dame, grand in self-forgetfulness and in the conferring of favours, while she could at the same time sway her sceptre with the sweet consideration, the noble humility, of a young queen.

Félicité was ignorant and coarse compared to Jacqueline, but there was no natural obtuseness or rudeness about her; she learnt as quickly as she was taught, and her teachableness, like everything else about her, was charming. The key to

her character lay in this: "She would pat a dog to make it wag its tail;" and "Beatings of the heart were always necessary to her. She was so happy when her heart beat." The love of conferring pleasure, the passion for daily, hourly, almost momently, self-sacrifice, surrounded Félicité Durand with a halo of gentleness and unselfishness. At least, they surrounded her with a halo until the observer saw that the truth was tampered with in the process, and that the feelings and inclinations lavished on all, divided and subdivided, were frittered away in a thousand channels, till they lost themselves, like the numerous mouths of a great river, in barren sands. Indeed, this craving for those beatings of the heart, this absolute requirement of a succession of emotions and sensations, painful as well as pleasant, were essential stimulants to an exhaustive waste of the moral faculties. Only the very highest motive can enable man or woman to be all things to all men without falseness and slavishness —the betrayal first of one's self, and secondly of one's fellow.

Jacqueline grew very fond of the beautiful, intelligent Félicité, who adored her. Yet she from the first perceived and disapproved of the encouragement and consolation which Félicité, without any ulterior design, extended to Bertrand.

It was not that Jacqueline had no sympathy with the young man whose presence gave a heightened, picturesque interest, like the Spaniard's sombrero in a picture, to the mercer's house in the thoroughfare in the Rue St. Honoré. The dim resemblance of Bertrand's story to her own had a pathetic thrill for Jacqueline's heart. There were affinities between them which did not exist between her and the Durands,—old trains of thinking, customs, identities even. The young man had not been without chivalrous impulses to leave Félicité to happiness and prosperity with his rival, and to struggle against yielding to base and cruel revenge. But he found his probation in some respects drawing to a close. He knew far better than any one else in the house that the Mountain and the Girondists were in the death struggle, and he waited the termina-

tion of the contest with fiery anticipation. Still he did not forestall the end. He might have denounced the commissary; small accusation was wanted, small prevarication and lies needed to wing the accusation, which by a bold stroke might have insured his own safety. French authorities tell that lovers, husbands, next heirs, were thus continually and successfully denounced by interested persons, in the terrible old days. Bertrand Pommeran did not denounce Jonquille Sart, partly because he knew quite as well as Jonquille that fierce dissensions were rending the republic one and indivisible; partly because Jonquille might have long ago denounced him and cast him out of his refuge, but had refrained. Pitiful as the Citizen Mercer and his wife were of the helpless ruin of the man who was to have been their son-in-law, the commissary would only have had to say, "I will not have it," and the presence of Bertrand would have been got rid of by easy means.

But Jonquille had said nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he had, poor fellow! carried

his head high, and announced, "Let Monsieur Bertrand remain. I would not disturb his highness for the universe. I have no fear of Félicité's old love—when she was a child, a baby; and, parbleu! I have no sympathy with messieurs the rats; I do not gnaw a fallen enemy." Bertrand had no sympathy with the rats either. Yet withal there was no love lost between the two young men.

But there was so much manliness in both her lovers that Félicité vibrated between the two. She rejoiced with Jonquille, she mourned with Bertrand. When her betrothed was in the house, of course she belonged to him; when he was absent, she was so tender to Bertrand, so watchful of his feelings, so eager to soothe and gratify him with her bouquet on his plate in the morning, her secret preparation of his favourite dish for dinner, her stealthy mending of his threadbare linen, her warbling of his songs, that, though it was all done to comfort the young man, it merely confirmed him in his infatuation.

Jacqueline pondered on the two sides of character as she now watched the complacent Félicité,

then the impassioned Bertrand. While the latter was driving Olympe through La Fontaine, in that entresol where everything was done by everybody in public, he was always gazing at Félicité putting aside the porcelain, and going about on household errands; or he was contriving to sit close to her in the hot afternoons, when the whole house and shop in the Rue St. Honoré smelt more of cabbage stalks than roses. He was content if his hand but rested on her dress,—looking the while like the Sleeping Faun in his drowsy Greek beauty. But when it was Jonquille who sat with Félicité, he was like a panther or a serpent ready to spring from his corner. Jacqueline, thinking of Bertrand alone, asked herself with earnest questioning, whether, if she had gone with the Lussacs, she would have grown thus doting with weak love, thus mad with blind jealousy? And, pondering the answer, she began to be reconciled to her lot.

It was a French complication of difficulties, and managed à la Française; but Jacqueline, even while it fascinated her, and while she was

very fond of soft, amiable Félicité, felt instinctively that she could not have acted so. She blamed Félicité, and was a little indignant on account of both the young men, especially of Jonquille. Then she reproached herself for being harsh and violent, and would say in her heart, "Ah! disobedient, rebellious daughter as I am, guilty of a mésalliance, though with a good man, what right have I to blame the docile, lowly girl who tries to please her parents and console everybody?" Nevertheless the young aristocrat was truer in her intuitions. She would have cut the Gordian knot which Félicité was for ever fumbling to untie.

Olympe was a drôle de corps to Jacqueline. The wild girl, whose freedom extended to doing the marketing for the Citoyenne at the shops in the quarter, chattering with passengers, and withdrawing into the lanes to skip and play ball childishly with girls as wild as herself, was a diversion to Jacqueline, who had been accustomed to see young girls and even mere children disciplined to perfection, and to be as still as

statues in the company of their seniors. There was wit in Olympe's sallies, and something irresistibly grotesque in the spectacle of her dancing the infernal gallop with Jonquille, in her scant sacque and her elf locks tied with a string on the top of her head. But there was something touching, too, in the girl curled up to sleep like a dog on the footcloth, one ear open to distinguish Jonquille's footstep if he was later than usual, and her springing up to meet him when he appeared, with a shrill laugh which broke into a sob and grew hysterical, and had at length to be quieted by angry words from Madame Durand, and by fond murmurs and strokings of the tangled locks from Jonquille. Jonquille petted Olympe, but Bertrand detested her. As might be supposed, she plagued her tutor like an imp, was for ever serving as a marplot, and often betrayed the relations still existing between him and Félicité. "That pie, that pig, that Frédégonde," were not too bad names from tutor to pupil. Notwithstanding, could Bertrand only have guessed it, Olympe favoured his extinguished pretensions.

"I wish Félicité had married Bertrand. They would have been a dead match," she said to Jacqueline, with one of her shrewd hits.

"But how, my child?"

"Oh! like oil and vinegar. Bertrand would have treated her as his mistress for fifteen days, and then he would have let her be his slave. That would have been the place for our Félicité—to turn aside his ill humour, and be played with when he was gay. My word, it would have been doing the thing nicely; she would have had no time to serve the world and his wife. Now your brother Jonquille will wish the two to be equals, as in the Convention, or Assembly,—which is it? And he will not be pleased when she goes flattering all the world and forgetting him, if he is not there to see. Oh! if he had only waited for me, Citoyenne Jacqueline! I could have learned anything had Jonquille, instead of that vulture Bertrand, been my master. I know I am ugly, but I would have been so—— as you do not think," and the tears were in her eyes. "I love Félicité,—hein! everybody loves Félicité, even Bertrand; but I

wish she had kept her Bertrand and left Jonquille for me. That would have been a very good market." Olympe, childishly backward in some departments of education, was precociously forward in others.

Jacqueline lived in family with the Durands, that is, she accommodated herself to their rules, sat with them, and went abroad with them as one of themselves.

She did not see much of Madame Durand and Félicité in the mornings. They were then engaged in household work, sometimes even in details connected with the great shop. The Citoyenne Durand especially supplemented all the shopmen. She had not the smallest scruple in showing herself behind the counters, and carrying on the sales when necessary; but more frequently she held consultations with the Citoyen Hercule, inspected bills and invoices, or ran over accounts and ledgers. Madame Durand did not fail in the faculty which makes the Parisian tradesman's wife his partner in business, reduces her to skin and bone, and imparts to her expression a

keenness like that of a Red Indian on the trail. Félicité was not allowed to serve in the shop; but, in spite of her great prospects and her girlishness and gentleness, she too could not only keep books like an old clerk, but was no mean hand at softly driving a bargain.

Madame Durand thought no shame of going to the shop; but neither she nor Félicité, in her white camisole, short petticoat, and bonnet de nuit over her lovely blonde head, cared to encounter Jacqueline in their scouring and cooking with Nicole. Jacqueline, of course, had helped in homelier work at the auberge of Faye, but her stories of hôtels and châteaux, receptions in bed, grand toilettes, morning as well as evening, indeed at all hours, had been pressed for and greedily treasured up by them. Generally the commissary came to dinner, and enjoyed a little concert with Félicité afterwards—brief moments snatched from the tremendous cares weighing on a dandy and genius of three-and-twenty. In the afternoon, when Madame Durand was not in the shop, the family received bourgeois visitors. These were

very similar to the women of the family, except that none of the young girls was half so pretty as Félicité. The older girls, and their mothers too, looked occasionally at Jacqueline and Bertrand, in their perceptible "finish and elegance," with more hostile eyes than Madame Durand, and spouted for their benefit sentences from the *Moniteur*, approaching to the revolutionary acumen of Citoyen Hercule, at that moment wielding his ell-wand, alike as a father, a senator, and a slayer of kings.

Jacqueline liked well to walk abroad in that wonderful dingy Paris, brilliant and beautiful for all its dinginess, in this month of May, with rainbow tints and aureoles from its Champs Elysées and gardens, and giant shadows from its old black houses. She did not know that she was walking over a crater on the eve of cracking and spouting out fresh volumes of sulphureous smoke, and jets of consuming fire. She had a little fluttering fear that she might meet Monsieur and his guard at a corner; but there was as much bliss as agony in the supposition, to the guilty, lov-

ing daughter. Jonquille did not entertain his betrothed with the convulsions of the Convention. These certainly made him hurried and brusque sometimes; but he was always very penitent for any want of gallantry at the next meeting. As for Durand, he was a patriotic loud-quacking goose, or gobbling turkeycock, who, while proclaiming himself eager to burn and slay all insurgents, winked his eyes hard, and would not see disasters looming over him, till they descended with a crash, threatening to crush him in their ruin.

Jacqueline and Félicité often walked abroad together. They needed no chaperonage from Madame Durand, since Jacqueline was a married woman. In their innocence and ignorance and perfect fearlessness they felt marvellously safe,—looking quaint enough in their muslins, worn tight and girdled below the bosom, the long skirts thrown over one arm, a shawl loosely crossed in graceful folds round them, and a little mob cap as often as a hat on their heads. In another year, figures like theirs would have discarded the shawl, bared their arms to the shoulders, had their gowns made

open, like togas, and exposed their bare feet in sandals, on the model of ancient sculptures.

The two young women looked round them and gossiped, much like the other young women of the times. They stared at the masses of building in the Isle de Paris, stood on the Pont Neuf, and watched the artisans in the barges on the Seine, busy manufacturing artillery; they enjoyed the new line of shops opening out of Egalité's old Palais Royal; they delighted in the round orange trees of the gardens of the Tuileries, now the National Palace; and they glanced at the plaster casts of the old Roman Brutus, elevated above their heads at every commanding point. They often stood aside in doorways to let processions of women pass—women different from those in the mob of La Maille, and the appeased, exulting ranks that stormed the grocers' shops,—mature women, with "serpent locks" more dishevelled than young Olympe Durand's wind-blown tangles, —Mégères, as the Modérés named them, furies of whom the devil had got entire possession. They saw Marat, the disciple of the cellars, the

Diogenes bred by despotism and squalor, carried shoulder high from his acquittal, an oak crown on the head usually encircled with a filthy cloth. But neither they, nor anybody else, saw then the fair young woman,—that later unhappy Pucelle who had sat at the feet of Socrates, and was to bear the knife, and not the lily banner,—making her way from sea-girt Normandy through the summer green of orchards and the dust of high roads to meet Marat face to face. Jacqueline and Félicité only remarked how differently Citizen Jonquille would have looked in Marat's place,—Jonquille like the soaring skylark, the bird of the morning; Marat like the bat, the creature night disgorges from her gloom. But eyes long used to darkness cannot endure light. The tenants of cellars and garrets, with their festering wrongs, would not have honoured a brave, hasty, blundering young patriot-republican who could yet love and pity all mankind; so they chaired the harsh, mean hater of all above the loathsome dregs of the life he had led, and which made him the self-constituted "Friend of the People."

From such sights, at which men now pause in astonishment and fear, Jacqueline and Félicité turned away, forgetting them in a moment. They chattered of the scenes of "Armida," advertised for that night at the French Academy of Music, and laughed at the immense number of spectacles which of a sudden appeared in the streets, as if the fantastic citizens, the younger and more unlikely subjects especially, had been simultaneously struck with partial blindness.

Though they whispered her name with awe and grief, these girls knew only at a distance, and through a cloud of dazzling, stupifying events, of the royal widow in the Temple, who in these summer days sat mending her rags of widow's weeds. Her son had been taken from her. She had stood two hours before the boy, guarding him with her feeble woman's arms, before she would give up the son of a race of kings to be an apprentice to the shoemaker, Simon. Instead of the noble park of Versailles and the fairy gardens of the little Trianon, her summer walk was on the platform of the Temple, where

sometimes, after hours of watching, she would get a passing glimpse of her boy through slits in the boarding, as he passed along the platform of the neighbouring tower.

In the end of May, Jonquille Sart obtained admission for his friends to a reception held by Madame Desmoulins. It was in a vast old hôtel—one of those square hôtels built round a court, which in Madame de Sevigné's time were only fully furnished by waggon loads of household goods, brought along with the quality from their country residences; and when the occupying family was small, though of the highest rank, these mansions were economically let out in suites of lodgings. The most of these hôtels were now the property of the Nation, and one of the grandest was occupied by Camille Desmoulins, the stuttering orator of the Cordeliers, who could relish the jest which entitled him Solicitor-General of the Lamp, or the French Tyburn. Everybody knows that the Cordelier Club, with their giant Danton, and their jester Desmoulins, were not of the set to which Jonquille Sart belonged. But Camille Desmoulins had a beautiful

wife, Lucille, whom he, a profligate, daring, unscrupulous man, had learnt to love, as John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, loved his Queen Sarah. But Lucille was more generous than Sarah Jennings. She drew up the lower soul of her husband by the cords of love, and even endowed him with a corner of the martyr's mantle to screen his sins, before he died, kissing a lock of her hair, and calling on the name of Lucille.

Young Madame Desmoulins was naturally well affected to all that was gracious in human nature. So when, as a leader of the Paris of the day, she happened to make the acquaintance of the Commissary and Deputy Jonquille Sart, she took a fancy to him and insisted on patronizing him. And skilfully she bore down all the opposition which the Solicitor-General of the Lamp, well assured of her regard, and tempted to risk his head to win her approval, thought fit to institute.

Madame Desmoulins sent cards to Jonquille and his relations and dear friends at the Rue St. Honoré, inviting them to her réunion as to an ordinary assembly; and Jonquille took Félicité and

Jacqueline, both proud and curious to witness the scene.

Jonquille came for his ladies in proper costume of pumps, silk stockings, and double vest, ignoring the blood which haunted his imagination. He arrived so early that the women had not quite settled an important question as to a point in costume. It had, of course, no reference to crapes and gauzes, for the ci-devant Demoiselle de Faye, rapidly developing in her family relations, was already furnished with her first ball costume by her dear brother-in-law, Jonquille Sart, and had freely accepted the gift. The question was whether it was not too late in the day for Félicité to wear a little model of the demolished Bastille and its eight towers and double ditches about her round white throat? The aristocrate-philosophe-republicaine Jacqueline shrank from the levity of the ornament, as she would have shrunk still farther from another and ghastlier one, not yet come into use,—a little gold guillotine.

A contretemps occurred before the party left.

The unlucky Bertrand was of course not of the number, and was contemplating the setting out of these pleasure-seekers of 1793 from the height of folded arms and the depth of French chagrin. It seemed as if he would, before their return, certainly fling himself into the Seine, or give himself up to the populace as a royalist; which in fact would be much the same thing, only accomplished with greater éclat.

Olympe, who jumped round Félicité and Jacqueline more like a child of six than a girl of thirteen, had her black eyes diverted from the splendour of her attire by her glance falling on a little basket of early cherries which had just been placed on the buffet. She made a spring at the prize, and examined a morsel of paper twisted round the handle of the basket. "Voilà!" she exclaimed, without a moment's pause, "it is for you, my old man," and danced up with the basket to Jonquille.

Jonquille received the tribute with a laugh. "Is it that I look thirsty? I am not going to sing to-night; there will be no time for anything

but conversation;" and he kept sending merry, loving looks to Félicité, who smiled back to him, but blushed more than was necessary.

Jonquille opened out the twisted paper, and his face changed. "This is not for me. Why did you say so, cocotte?"

"It must be for you," persisted Olympe, "for it is the handwriting of Félicité. I should know it, when she sets my copies every time Bertrand is not here."

"Not at all, my little friend," Jonquille said, recovering his dignity. "Permit me, Monsieur, to present the basket and its contents to their true owner," and he held it out to Bertrand.

Bertrand gave a snarl rather than a smile, grew greener than ever, and scarcely touched the bone of contention.

"Hi! hi! hi!" giggled Olympe at the discomfited, angry face.

"Be quiet, hyena," screamed Madame Durand, who loved her youngest in her own way, though her pride lay in Félicité.

"You are not angry with me, Jonquille?"

pleaded Félicité, clasping her lover's reluctant arm, and raising her child's eyes to his clouded face, after they had descended and were walking through the shop. "That poor Southern pines even in our summer. He loves not our ragouts and soups. You do not grudge him the fruit?"

"I grudge a poor fellow fruit!" protested Jonquille, with strong contempt. "I tell you no. But there must be no more relentings and solacings, or I will be a brute, — I know it. You understand, Félicité? Do not attempt to make a fool of either him or me, if you do not wish to destroy both."

"Oh! my heart, Jonquille, can you think I seek to make a fool of you? If so, you may go on to say I will destroy you; but I would rather you killed me, my friend, than that you said such words to me."

Félicité was as innocent as her cherries of all but inveterate good nature, and a talent for childish intrigue. Her earnest, piteous defence would have taken by storm a stouter-hearted antagonist than Jonquille Sart. In fine, she was a silly, tender

dove, and he forgave her on the spot, and even went so far as to take the fault on himself, in the fashion of generous men and women. "My hairs are all rubbed the wrong way, my sister," he confessed to Jacqueline, as they walked along the streets, pointed at and followed by the gamins, as if there were no greater sights. "I am as a hedgehog, and I will tell you why. I have just seen a citizen from Faye, who always made me regard the world as Hades, of which Faye was the Infernus, and he the Pluto bestowing on me his jaundiced eyes. When I was a mere fly of a child, I always, when in the shadow of his society, believed all the other flies to be scorpions stinging me, and then became a scorpion myself, and stung them in self-defence. If there is a man in the world whose abandoned, melancholy air tempts me to think the great Revolution a colossus of horrible error and crime, and all my friends fickle and false traitors and traitresses, it is that citizen butcher Sylvain."

"How! is he here? What has brought that Sylvain to Paris?" asked Jacqueline, with a gasp,

notwithstanding that she was trained to control the expression of her feelings.

"I do not know, my sister. Every citizen is free to come and go as he likes. But hold! I remember, he said it was his trade, something in his way going to be soon, and he depended on me recommending him, if I did not require his good services first. I cannot tell what the dog means; he is no friend of mine, and I have no concern in his business. Only that old woman of ours, the dear old mother, endured him as she endures every one. He had a bad mother, who quitted him when he was a child as peasant mothers rarely quit their children. Yet the slaughterer loved her dearly, bad as she was; and our mother has told me that the horrid fellow would have been as great in love and trust as in hate and scorn, if his good angel had but got her way. Perhaps, who knows? we all have our sins to answer for, without the excuse of the butcher," Jonquille ended, sadly.

The bureaux of the courtly pedants—the Rambouillets, where Condé had strode in his gilded

spurs and plumed beaver, where Corneille had declaimed in the high-flown language of the Court of the English Elizabeth and her Sidney and Raleigh, where the great Cardinal had aired his square hat and scarlet stockings, and knit his brows at the phenomenon of absurd, lofty-minded, incorruptible women,—had long since vanished. So had the wicked circle of the nun Tinçou, with her outraged vows and blasted reputation,—the blackest figure in such scenes. So had the compeers of the Femme de chambre and the Dame de compagnie, who had presumed to rival their mistresses, and wile away accomplished abbés and uxorious old dukes to receptions in little closets without footcloths and fires, where you may rely upon it the genii of the place were specially lively and racy to counterbalance the bare planks and the nipping cold.

There were still dames d'esprit fitter representatives of the dead than the beautiful heroic hostess Lucille Desmoulins; but these had taken fright at the fulfilment of some of their predictions, the realization of some of their hopes, and were

either gone from Paris or rapidly going. Staid Madame Neckar's impulsive, ambitious daughter Germaine de Staël, with her prominent brow, and her aspirations to Corinne's laurels in the capital of Italy and the world, had retired to Copet. Madame de Genlis, so much meaner, more restless in her vanity, and more false than Germaine, yet one who triumphed over her rival in her day as the world goes, whom her husband sneered at as Madame Livre, and Philippe Egalité trusted as a feminine Chesterfield, had also fled in her mingled shrewdness and affectation to Switzerland.

The salon where Madame Desmoulins presided was unchanged, retaining its old, almost fantastic chasteness and splendour. The walls, with wreaths of fruits and flowers in fresco, were white as snow; the mirrors, in frosted silver; the covers of the furniture, in white velvet; the light from lamps of alabaster. It was the company that was different from the old grand dames and seigneurs, even from the philosophers and prophetesses of the bureaucracie. Some of the

women had been made truer and more tender by their rough contact with sore tribulation, but more of them had been made incurable butterflies; while the men were no longer petit-maîtres and schoolmasters, but were really men, where they had not grown into demons.

There was enough of variety still. Aristocratic names were to be heard when aristocratic creeds were torn to tatters; for example, there was the old Duchess de Coigny, who had hated Marie Antoinette with a deadly hatred, but who now stood in her proper person and looked down on her associates.

The painter David was there, with his twisted face, and his mind, yet more distorted, running on his painting of Brutus, while a new congenial subject awaited his pencil. There was big, swaggering Danton, with his huge relentless projects, and his personal bonhomie, like some ill-proportioned, genial, terrible Thor or Odin. There was the frivolous, airy, humming-bird Creole, Madame de Beauharnais, in her white dress à la sauvage, and her pomegranate flowers à

la St. Pierre's Virginie, awaiting to captivate the stiff, silent, beautiful-faced young man, who claimed the bridge of Lodi, crossed the heights of the Simplon, and was only stopped by the thin scarlet line at Waterloo. Greater soldier he than Dumourier, or Kellerman, or Turenne, or Villars; and at last classing himself, and being classed by his fellow-men, with Julius Cæsar and Alexander, whose Caliphurnias and Roxalanas may have been no wiser or nobler than Josephine, since the people's idols, be they generals or imperators, have still the head of gold, and the feet of mingled iron and clay. Madame de Condorcet was there too, thoughtful and spirituelle, and, like the divine Emilie, great in severe science, but fortunate in having for her master in all science Monsieur de Condorcet, destined yet to earn a bit of bread by painting the portraits of the brigand chiefs of the Mountain. But one statelier, simpler divinity was missing. Madame Roland, likened to Rousseau's Julie, was absent, because the late minister of war was in all things a Spartan husband, jealous and exacting, forbid-

ding society and female friends, and demanding constant attendance and hard work from his famous wife.

There was no want of notabilities, and Jonquille Sart pointed them out, and was even occasionally betrayed into a vehement opinion. "Danton, and Desmoulins, and Fabre d'Eglantine, and the rest of them, are dragging us down by their weight and speed. They are great in the want of hesitation, though the mother of one of them, Camille l'Outremier, would be astonished to hear that fact. The world always loves them, the men who do not doubt, either in faith or in scepticism. They are such strong, clear fellows, affording such a solid, steady pillar for their followers to lean upon. They are the men to rally round, they. What are we but poor, left-behind drags to hold these men back? And some day it will be they who will pull us down, and trample us under foot in their devil's dance of triumph and ruin."

"No, no," denied Félicité, with her flattering faith and admiration. "You are a great deal

handsomer and cleverer than any of them, my commissary; they can never defeat you."

Of a truth there was no want of notabilities, and they had the peculiar distinction which attended on the guests of the Irish dinner-table where Sir Jonah Barrington feasted. Had one of the sooth-sayers to whom enlightened Paris, having got rid of all other oracles, was now trooping, stood on the threshold, he might have seen nine-tenths of the men and women headless, and on the fine humming-bird head of one of the women an imperial crown.

There was no opening for anything but conversation; yet the crowd was too numerous, the elements too chaotic, for the old French circle. The company broke up into the parvenu form of cliques, and the still lower form of couples whispering behind the women's great green fans. Jacqueline was walking about, making acquaintance by sight with the celebrities of the day, or neglecting them, to criticise, like a clever girl of seventeen, the knots of ribands at the men's knees, the high Indian bows and clubs of hair

beginning to rise,—not à l'Indienne, however, but à l'Andromaque, or à l'Agrippine,—on the crowns of the women's heads. While so engaged she was attracted by the laughing conversation of Madame Desmoulins with one in the costume of an old savant who sat in an out-of-the-way corner, and did not traverse the throng. There was something in the air of this man, with his dark green coat embroidered with light green lace, his yellow waistcoat and green breeches, his flaxen wig and his spectacles, which struck her as if she had seen him before. She certainly did not know the dress, and the face was turned away from her. Still, she had a startled conviction that the blithe laugh from her handsome hostess, then looking towards her, bore reference to her. She had not time to question the conviction, when Madame Desmoulins rose quickly, advanced towards Jacqueline, and led her a little aside. "I have the honour to present one of my guests to a member of the National Institute of France who has requested that distinction," said Madame Desmoulins, with a little lingering tinkle of laughter

in her tones, and moving away the moment she had acquitted herself of the commission.

The gentleman rose, took Jacqueline's hand, bowed over it, turned his back to the company as he did so, and said, "Do not cry out, my cousin; I am grieved that I cannot meet you with a warmer greeting."

It was the handsome prominent chin and drooping mouth of Achille de Faye, who had ventured into the jaws of death,—an impostor in the house of one of the foremost Cordeliers.

CHAPTER XII.

BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER—THE MORALITY OF THE PLANKS—SAVE WHO CAN.

JACQUELINE'S heart beat violently, and the room swam. The animated voices round her, and the music in the anteroom, sounded faint and far away; but she neither swooned nor screamed, for the Chevalier's sake.

He was her cousin, and had been her betrothed from the cradle; and now they were husband and wife of another woman and man. But he was her kinsman still. If blood was thicker than water at any time, it was so at this period. The strangeness and suddenness of the encounter, when she thought him an émigré in England, took away her breath. The romance of his disguise and

danger, and the temptation to appeal to him in behalf of her father, to cling to him as the representative of her family and order, were strong upon her at the first moment. But equally strong, nay, impressing her with a strange vividness of comprehension, was the conviction that the Achille de Faye who stood before her, high-bred, saucy, and daring in his slight masque, was another Achille from the young lover to whom she sang in the Ravine, and whom she joyously tripped down to meet at the door of the Tour, as he issued from the great berline of the Marquis de Lussac. Achille the chivalrous lover and bridegroom was more truly dead and buried than the grand Dame of the Tour, when she entered her daughter's home in the character of a beggar.

It could not have been otherwise, unless Jacqueline had been as light of mind and as warped from her old high-hearted fidelity, had become as specious and corrupt, as much of a parasite and a courtier, as any weak and worthless Chevalier. Faith once destroyed is destroyed for ever, unless in a heart itself intrinsically faithless. Love may

suffer long and be kind; but faith, once slain, asks no more than a decent burial. Love may weep tenderly over the green grave, and new plants of grace may spring from the dust of the sepulchre; but of the dead and buried faith there is no resurrection.

Jacqueline comprehended this law as every good, honest, noble woman, however romantic and simple, must comprehend it. The figure of Michel Sart the registrar, great, gentle Michel, never stood nearer his wife than now, when she had no fear for herself, but only feared for her lost lover, Petronille de Croï's husband, her cousin Achille.

"Why have you ventured back, Achille? How can you come here in such peril?"

"There is no peril at all, Jacqueline. I am safer looking about me here, than anywhere else in this Shrove-Tuesday city. The best joke is that even Madame Desmoulins does not know me, further than in discovering that I am not a member of the Institute, accustomed to mumble papers on astronomy and geometry. I had the face to tell

her you were an old friend of mine, and to ask her to contrive that I should speak with you. She is a jewel for a villain's wife, and women are not hard on poor dogs like me, Jacqueline," he insinuated, wistfully.

"My friends will seek for me," Jacqueline hesitated, on his account, and not on her own.

But while they were speaking, Madame Desmoulins had arranged for them. She was a mistress of social difficulties, as generous, happy women are more than any others. She had borne down swiftly on the wondering Félicité and Jonquille, assured them all was right, taken them under her wing, that they might not interrupt what she was pleased to consider an affair of the heart of her gallant, mysterious savant. It might be the meeting of husband and wife forced apart by this earthquake, or brother and sister, fain to make signs to each other, and exchange a word of confidence and affection at a soirée.

The Chevalier pointed out to Jacqueline the actress who, accustomed to conspiracies and arrests, to ruses and embuscades on the stage, be-

came hardened to them in real life, and defied the Convention, by carrying him about in her train. He explained how the green-room afforded him endless disguises. When pressed he could even take a rôle in the company. Not one of his class, he said, had been seized beyond the stage seats formerly provided for their accommodation, and which had afforded facility for insolent comments on the play, and conversation with the actors and actresses in the middle of their parts. He hinted that he had crossed over to France on business connected with Monsieur de Lussac's funds, without knowing that Monsieur de Faye was in trouble, or that he had been brought up to the capital and detained there. But since coming to Paris he had heard of these particulars, and even of Jacqueline's arrival and place of residence; for the aristocrats, in their concealments and disguises, had their spies for self-preservation as well as the republicans. He had schemed to meet Jacqueline and exchange confidences with her, and had at last succeeded.

She did not see how their mutual confidences

could benefit Monsieur. Achille's resources were all needed for himself, and, notwithstanding his ease and boldness, she trembled for him where she sat. Nevertheless, it was fit and proper that the Chevalier should propose to aid his uncle, Monsieur, the head of his house; and she was anxious to avail herself of every aid. She inquired for Madame Achille de Faye and the Lussacs with no more than a little tremor; and told him, with a sedate sweetness, what she thought regarding her father's safety.

Achille answered her with a carelessness which approached to bravado, while he was at once baffled and attracted by her bearing. This was certainly no longer the crushed little girl whom he had relinquished at Faye. The desperate degradation which had made her the wife of the registrar, the aubergiste's son, had passed over her and done her no harm. Achille disdainfully ignored the existence of the Sarts; but he now recognised as a heroine the young woman who sat beside him controlling all traces of emotion, and looking up in his face with her brown-grey

eyes, so intensely bright, and yet so pure, clear, and fearless. His heart now yearned for her in the smoke and din of the conflict, as his own cousin Jacqueline, once his betrothed. It was true, as he told her, that they two seemed thrown together and left alone to struggle for each other, and for Monsieur. Now that he was here he would not forsake his kindred, he would remain, and escape or die with them. It was a brave and manly spirit which prompted the words, and Achille in speaking them looked brave and manly. He was handsomer in the flaxen perruque and savant's coat than he had ever been in his lovelocks and redingot. And he needed to look brave, for he was hanging on the edge of the abyss, with Danton's brutal force and Desmoulins' steeled irony at the bottom; while the shrieking slaughterers were ready to wrest away his hold. Yet his eyes might have been opened, he might have been forgiven, cleansed, ennobled, had he but trodden in the steps of truth and nobleness.

"But, pardon, my cousin," objected Jacqueline. "I am under the guardianship of my

brother-in-law, Jonquille Sart, the deputy and commissary, and he is interested for Monsieur." As she said this she looked like a grand dame, with an open forehead and a true lip, abiding by her choice and standing up for her peasant relations, each of whom was now, even as much as he was, her friend.

"Jacqueline, we are left alone. All the world is in arms. Let us make common cause and fight the battle till death together," he urged, warmly. Already his fickle heart was satiated with the fruit of his own devices—his worldliness, and appreciation of a worldly nature. It now turned back to his unworldly cousin Jacqueline, with her wealth of tenderness and devotion, seeking refreshment at the cool, fresh spring, and thirsting for a draught of the rich, fertilizing water.

"Pardon again, my cousin. What would Madame your wife say if we detained her husband?" said Jacqueline, repulsing him gently, but with coldness in her voice.

"Don't waste your sensibility upon Madame," exclaimed the Chevalier, hotly; "she is an ex-

cellent wife! Bless me! so excellent, she not only takes care of my affairs, but takes care of herself into the bargain, and saves me all trouble. She objected to my coming here; but when she found that it must be so, if the funds of the Marquis were not to be diminished beyond bearing, she consented like an angel, furnished me with the money,—not too much,—and I doubt not she is now taking her airing in Hyde Park every day, and visiting her delighted friends, the English noblesse, like another angel. Oh! she is an excellent wife, who gives me no trouble. But she is my wife in England, who, it is very probable, will soon be my widow. But what of that? She has been a widow before; she will survive another accident; perhaps find an English match, —and welcome. But you are my cherished little cousin, Monsieur's daughter, my sister, my mistress,—all to me now in this horrid, convulsed Paris, where there is but a step between a man and the pike. Think of it; think of it, my darling."

"I have thought of it, my Chevalier," answered Jacqueline in a voice like a bell, "and it is be-

cause I have done so that I remain here hand in hand with Jonquille Sart, brother of my man."

"Sacré cœur!" he swore, and threw himself back sullenly against the wall. There was death to his treacherous hopes in the ringing accents, and especially in the homely phrase which Jacqueline purposely used. He grew pale with an enraged and craven paleness. "You ought to have valued my proposal more highly, Madame," he observed, reproachfully and wrathfully, as Jonquille Sart at last drew near them, "for I have met again to-day that monster from Faye, and I believe the man is my bad fate, my malignant star."

Sylvain again! Jacqueline's flesh crept at the second warning, the repeated citation of the butcher. Just then Jonquille beckoned to her. As she rose hastily, a sudden movement of the crowd in the gay, perfumed volcano of a salon swept her out of sight and sound of the Chevalier's adieus, and consigned her once more to her companions, Jonquille and Félicité,—the first discreet and generous, the second childishly engrossed with the undreamt-of magnificence. "Do not

look at me with great eyes, my sister," Jonquille said reassuringly to Jacqueline; "I am blind, I have been blind to a good deal among my friends, as well as my opponents, past and present, perhaps too much and too long, but not to you. I have seen another man from Faye,—rest tranquil, my sister, it is Ambrose the baker,—in the crowd at one of the doors. 'Holà! Ambrose!' I greet him among the fine folk. 'Bon jour, Ambrose; good hope to your trade, my boy!' I have a tender heart to all the people of Faye, even to Sylvain," he declared, meaningly. "I love little Faye, rural Faye-aux-Jonquilles. How does it look now, think you, among its vine-leaves and roses? But I should like to see and to smell the yellow jonquilles, my godmothers, again in their season. Shall we do so, my Félicité? Ah! there are many more voices than yours, voices roaring like the waves of the sea, to speak in answer. But it is all the same: I do not know how I could love the big France without loving the old mother, and the little mistress, and the Faye-aux-Jonquilles first."

That night there was a jovial supper behind the scenes at the Odéon. It was attended by the actors and proprietors of the Théâtre Français. The wearers of the buskin suffered less from the Revolution than any other class. Churches were closed preparatory to being abolished. Even hackney coaches were shunned as suggesting notions of gentility. But the theatres were nightly crowded by loudly applauding audiences. On the planks—the only planks in Paris which were not slippery with blood—appeared pasteboard kings and queens, well received and willing to play their best to win the "It is well—there!" and the uproarious claquet of their sister sovereigns the Tricoteuses, overflowing the pit, and climbing without dispute into the boxes.

At the supper in the green-room of the Odéon sat young Talma in the royal robes of Artaxerxes, and young Mademoiselle Mars with the diadem of Bérénice on her brow. She had yet to teach the world to weep over the shame of Mademoiselle Belleisle. Behind the scenes kings and queens not only went unquestioned, but were the more

welcome, as novelties reckoned too expensive elsewhere. And besides the young folks' king and queen there were the old people's favourites,—Clairon, whom Voltaire instructed in cadenced rhyme; merry Mademoiselle Contat, inimitable as Dorine or Toinette, whom Molière might have numbered in his own troop, and recognised as his true daughter. Men and women they all were, who feared little besides the "Down, down!" "To the door, to the door!" of an impatient house, and desired most the "Again! again!" of an encore. Among them were the Chevalier's friend, and the Chevalier,—not so brave and light-hearted as he should have been for a man whose disguise and enterprise in the Hôtel of the Desmoulins, that fortress of the enemy, had been described by his protectress as a grand success.

The ices, the capillaires, the wines—Volnay, Pomard, Beaune, and Windmill—flew round and round, and Artaxerxes and Bérénice themselves condescended to join in the Bohemian—

> "Will drink who will, larirette;
> Will pay who can, larira."

But the ungrateful guest at this the best supplied, most secure table in Paris, waxed only more restless and more sombre.

"What is it, my friend?" questioned his protectress. "Must you go to the pawnbroker for a decent suit? or have you been at the gaming-table to try the roulette and lose the last penny? or are you menaced with the croque-mort?"

"Not that, but worse," growled Achille; "what do I care for the croque-mort? But a man who always recalls to me the toad, the snake, has crossed my path."

"Holy saints!" ejaculated the light-hearted votary of Melpomene, still susceptible to one superstition, which caused her to cross herself emphatically, forgetting that the efficacy of the cross was now denied.

"There, lose no time; it is the voice of Nature, Divine Nature, the only Divinity we have left to us. You cannot escape from it. What says the proverb,—'Chase away Nature, she returns at a gallop.' There is that passport I talked about for Madame de la Tour Landrey's brother;

use it this very night—the brother has not come to hand; it carries you beyond the nearest barrier with Madame. Théophile here knows most of the soldiers on guard. He cultivates their acquaintance as a precaution; besides, he is studying a military part in the vaudeville for the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, and must acquire the most correct oaths and songs. Théophile will see you to the barrier, where you will meet Madame. For the love of me I conjure you, my soul, lose no time.

"But, diable! I have friends in this detestable Paris, my charming guardian," objected the Chevalier, with languor, notwithstanding that his nervousness increased, and glittered in his long-shaped eyes, and burst out in cold sweat upon his high brow.

"What friends?" pursued the actress, striking her breast in her excitement. "What can you do for your friends if the croque-mort come for you? Go! you can get more friends. There are many dramas and many characters on the stage of life, but for each of us there is only one croque-mort.

Are these friends worth all the others, and life to boot, when you tell me that you have seen your mortal enemy?—and, heaven! at what a time!"

"Apparently not, Madame," answered the Chevalier, hoarsely. "They hold me and my devotion lightly enough, in sooth! We are rejected on account of old, brutal, authorized ties."

"Then fly, my friend, while you have the power. You hesitate still? I tell you frankly, I cannot accord you longer shelter, after the man who makes you feel worse than the croque-mort has crossed your path. I have been faithful to our little friendship, but I have my own safety to care for. The ill luck may be infectious; who knows? Save himself who can, Monsieur," she added, evidently drawing away from him.

Save who can. Yes, thought the Chevalier. And it was late to seek another lodging in hostile Paris. Jacqueline de Faye should yet know what she had lost. He would be free from the odour of that butcher he so hated, and shrank from with sickening disgust. So that night he

availed himself of the passport of his importunate hostess; before midnight he had passed the barrier; within a week he was out of France.

But if there were stars and crossings and blightings, or any power beyond the unceasing contest between good and evil, in a man's destiny, it did not manifest itself in brute force. If Sylvain's star crossed and blighted the Chevalier's, it was not that the boor's foot of Sylvain spurned the Chevalier's haughty breast, or that his brawny arm gripped sternly the Chevalier's rigid throat. Sylvain's butcher's axe did not hack the Chevalier's quivering limbs; Sylvain's "Ho! ho!" was not the last sound that mingled with the Chevalier's gurgling life-blood and rattling life-breath. The fatal star to the Chevalier was but his fiery sense of Jacqueline Sart's rejection of his lawless claims, relieved against the lowering shadow of his slavish abhorrence of the mocking leer of Sylvain.

Achille escaped and settled in England, to saunter and sneer there, to dice and brawl, to be more and more separated from his heartless wife,

until "chambering and wantonness" ceased even to assume a stately, courteous disguise. His conscience clamoured against him throughout his wretched lifetime. Although he had offered his single arm and Jacqueline had put it from her, although he might not have saved them, and was not called on to die with them, yet he felt at length, in his corrupted, cynical heart, that better had he died for his brethren, or died with them, than fled as he did from danger to condemnation.

CHAPTER XIII.

DIANE LIGNY—MICHEL AND BABETTE.

PARIS, the heart of France, was beating with convulsive throbs in these first weeks of June. New acts of the tragedy were opening. There were new ringings of the tocsin and beatings of the drum, new marchings and countermarchings of thousands of armed men. Many citizens had been arrested, and not a few had fled. But Santerre and Samson, and the provincial Sylvain, with their apprentices, were yet picking at lobsters, or pulling at glasses of gooseberry water round the street fountains.

Down at Faye the country was dry baked, and bereft and forlorn, though the roses were hanging in clusters up at the Tour. This year there was

no harvesting of roses in anticipation of the feast of St. John—no bleaching of white coverlets to be hung out at the village windows, and to be finely set off with nosegays of roses to grace the procession of the young girls. France had taken to less peaceful processions. The hiring market had dwindled away to little better than a sham, when all the able-bodied men were needed to fill the ranks of the army and defend France. As for the mountebanks who were wont to make gaiety at the fair, and to be talked of at Faye for the ensuing year, never since the old jongleurs were granted safe-conduct by the Truce of God, and the privilege of passing all gates without paying toll, provided they caused their apes to perform free for the delectation of the gatekeepers, had fewer wild beasts, tumblers, and tight-rope girls gathered from all quarters to celebrate the feast of St. John. And, it need hardly be said, nobody troubled themselves to invent recherché holiday attire or bespeak partners for the bourrée, in which boys and girls were to be the only dancers.

The nightingale still sung in the bocage every

night; but no little girl, aristocrat by birth and breeding, republican by rainbow-hued visions, ran out on the terrace of the Tour to ask what that wonderful plaint meant. The veil of the world's love and anguish had been lifted, and now she understood it only too well.

The summer, with its vegetables and fruits, had lightened the pinchings of poverty; but maladies, born of famine, and nursed and brought to maturity by the green and luscious diet, were springing up everywhere. This one, and that other, were taken with cramps, and wastes, and sinkings, ending in fearfully rapid results. And there was no longer abundance of doctors, flourishing Latin, ignorance, and presumption, and betraying their hardened roughness to the common people (as Molière and Madame de Sevigné had painted them), to counterbalance the want of everything else, and lend even a show of relief. No more philosophic monseigneurs and grand dames came down from the châteaux to analyze morbidly and meddle rashly, bringing with them baskets of stores, and speaking volumes of affable, pitiful,

kind words, and seeing that the priest with the viaticum was in attendance. Neither were there priests to receive confession, promise absolution, and administer the sacraments of the exploded Church to groaning sufferers, to whom Goddesses of Reason did not come, and whom indeed they would have affronted and outraged had they presented themselves. Nothing was left for the miserable but to bite the dust to which they were bidden return.

The Tour remained dismantled and uninhabited, mere scathed and smoked walls, as it had been left on the May night when it was visited by the sans-culottes of La Maille. Michel Sart, into whose hands it was understood the property had fallen by private purchase, had merely protected it from further devastation. The hard trampled walks and terrace were already growing green with moss and weeds, while an ox-eyed daisy, which had sprung from the shattered sundial, raised its low-born face to the sun like a new timepiece. The little church by the bridge was in a still worse condition. It stood there with its

gaping windows and smashed woodwork, nettles and docks sprouting thickly through the broken stones on the threshold.

Only the old brown rambling auberge remained unchanged among the great landmarks. And even it was not altogether unchanged, for there was a novelty to be seen at it, which perhaps outdid all the others. By the stove in the great room, or on the stone seat at the entrance, sat one of the grandest, handsomest women in the world. With her face and hands of finest porcelain, and dressed in clothes like La Sarte's—dark stuff gown, neckerchief, and cap without borders,—she quietly, and with the most inimitable air, did such light work as shelling peas, washing spinach, topping and tailing gooseberries, pulling out wool and flax. She addressed La Sarte and Babette as "my friends, my sisters," and Maître Michel as "my son." Nor was she ever pettish to them, except when they forgot themselves and styled her Madame. Then she would reproach them with momentary severity for referring to the unhappy grand dame who had suffered so dolorous a fate.

Could they not let the poor noble soul rest in peace? Instead of being ashamed of her position, or afraid of notice from the natives, the strange woman would hail them as they went and came from the fountain, speak to them as equals, and even keep them standing fumbling with their hands and shuffling with their feet while she challenged their attention: "What dost thou think of my currants, my good woman? Growest thou as big fellows?" Or she would investigate their engagements with the liveliest interest: "When goest thou to sell the first goslings, Denis? What price wilt thou ask, my good man? It will be superb if thou gettest two crowns for the family. These sales are the crust of our loaf, of which the fine people know nothing. Bah! their bread of prodigality is without taste to us rustics." Even Mother Jullien retreated from the encounter, and a saying went abroad that Marlbrook retired into his kennel with his tail between his legs when that figure aired her industry in the courtyard.

Madame was wicked. She enjoyed the people's discomfiture and her own unbroken sway; took

her snuff by stealth, and spread her hand before her face for a fan. She held the whole hamlet in greater awe, thus sitting unaffected, unabashed, even crazy, as the spectators considered her, than when she received guests in her tourelle, and looked down from among her birds and orange trees on the chaussée. She did not pine or prove herself fickle in her resolutions; nor did she ever swerve from her polite fiction that the most noble the Dame de Faye was dead and gone, and that Diane Ligny was a poor woman sustaining herself, like other poor women, by her handicraft, and dwelling among the people as their fellow. She did not even change her mind when the spoliation of tours was all but universal, and when marquises and princesses, worse off than herself, inasmuch as they had no disinherited daughter's dwelling of humble safety and plenty to hide their heads in, were driven to their worst straits. She was a marvellous woman this grand dame, with an almost sublime power of accommodating herself to circumstances, and intrepidly extracting profit and pleasure from them.

Michel Sart went about his work, steadily raising money, and seeing that the country labours were pointedly executed in their season. It was an instinct of the orderly soul of the man to hate waste, neglect, and all abuse of God's gifts, though he recoiled from beginning repairs and alterations at the Tour, as his neighbours thought he should have done.

But Maître Michel was careworn and depressed under his unique composure. He nailed up the roses because he could not bear to see them trailing among his feet, soiled, shedding their leaves before their time, and eaten by beasts. But he did not pluck and smell one of them. He trained the vine on the trellis of the gallery, and then he asked himself, would Jacqueline ever sit in its shadow again? There was no Jacqueline issuing now from the little cell to the gallery to listen to the nightingale and the night wind, and look at the Tour under the evening star and the moon. And just as mourners over the departed look back to the hours when they watched by the dying bed with failing hearts, and say that

then they were blest, inasmuch as their hope was not extinct and they still had a hold of those whom their souls loved; so Michel, remorseful and destitute, came to think of those evenings in the gallery with Jacqueline as the happiest of his life.

La Sarte was troubled; Michel moped in his activity; and Babette was pouting herself to a shadow.

It had once been the height of Babette's ambition to live at the auberge with La Sarte and Maître Michel, and assist them and their servants in their wholesome, bountiful, cheerful duties. The intrusion into the circle of Diane Ligny, and also a quiet cousin of La Sarte's, who arrived about this time, ostensibly to pay a visit, but really, being a single woman well up in years, and with money saved in trade, to claim the protection of the registrar of Faye, need not have spoiled the group. The more the merrier it should have been, since no pinching poverty had come to the auberge. But Babette had now her will, as most people have it—in a very different fashion from

what she had intended, and with no creature could it have agreed worse.

Her strong, square figure was become like a good-sized whipping-post. Her ripe, rich colour had got darkened. There were black lines below her eyes. A purple strained colour came out in patches on her cheekbones, as it had done at the time of the Lussacs' visit last summer, when the persecution began which drove Jacqueline to flight. The sinews on her arms were knotted, she clenched her hands, and moaned in her sleep, and was as restless as a murderer.

One afternoon Michel stayed in the meadows where poor Dominique had slept his unlucky sleep, turning over a crop of hay after the labourers had gone. Babette's restlessness that day reached a climax, so that she had to be gently reproved by La Sarte: "No, my child, you must not feed the turkeys again, you have fed them twice already this afternoon. Why! they are not stuffed, these, till they are killed and ready for table." Diane Ligny had remarked to her too: "Go not into the dairy, my girl; your heat will sour

the milk. My word ! such heat bodes a thunderstorm, La Sarte." Babette could not bear the torture any longer of trying to sit still and spin, so she walked out and took refuge in the meadows with Michel. She was all flushed and panting when she found him tossing about the last wisps of grass. He did not notice her much, —he never had noticed her, Babette said to herself, bitterly,—as he made some slight comment on the weather. Yet Babette was worthy of notice. She was a fine-looking woman of her class, with a face full of piquancy and vigour, and though she was looking ill at ease and excited, she had not neglected her dress. Her purple petticoat with black stripes, her cherry-coloured corset, and her snowy cap above the hair she had with justice called superb, were all becoming, and such as a painter would have regarded as in fine tone with the waves of swathed green grass around, the open blue sky above, and the broad-shouldered, Gothic, grey-eyed, and yellow-haired Michel Sart at her side.

Michel only glanced up for a moment, and then

let his eyes fall again. Perhaps he thought of another scene, in which he had acted a part. He might think of that misty August morning in the deep recess of the bocage, when a white dove from the Tour alighted at his feet, fluttering desperately towards him for shelter from falcon and fowler, and how, when there was no other way, he brought it to his own homely cage, where, to be sure, it drooped.

Babette looked at Michel with her arms crossed, and her low brow drawn together. Then she asked mysteriously, and in a perturbed voice, "My son, can you bear a blow?"

He started upright, flung down his fork, and demanded, "What is it you would say, Babette? Has anything happened to Jacqueline—or to Jonquille? Speak out, my girl." He showed no other token of emotion than his eagerness and a momentary trembling of the muscles about the mouth.

"Nothing of that sort," responded Babette promptly, with a toss of her pillared throat; "it is a long story, and I may get no thanks for telling it, but it is right you should hear it."

"Tell it me," he invited her, speaking now with a cool deliberation which had weighed his own strength and trust, and had found them not wanting; "I shall at any rate have no slander from Babette."

Babette winced, but held up her head again the next moment. "No, Michel, the mouth that laughs shows all its teeth. No one can say that I have ever stabbed with my tongue behind one's back, or that I did not worship that—that Demoiselle de Faye. Do you remember Teste, the little Cripple of Faye, who was trained as a dressmaker by the nuns in the Abbaye aux Dames at La Maille, and who is at present chief dressmaker at La Maille?"

"Yes, Babette, I remember."

"She has a brother, Ambrose, who is gone up to Paris, as other people's brothers——"

"As mine, you mean."

"But Ambrose might as well have stayed at home so far as an old neighbour being deputy and commissary has helped him; he is a workman still,—a baker, where they are always crying for bread."

"The better for him, Babette; there is small demand for commodities in France, as we all know to our loss."

"We don't all know it, for who wants bread must have corn," contradicted Babette flatly. She was provoked, in spite of her good heart and her regard for Michel, at making so little impression upon him,—chagrined at his coolness and (for him) jesting manner. Certainly, there would be impression enough made soon, if he had a man's heart within his breast, under his still surface.

"Yes, indeed, corn," allowed Michel, candidly; "but what of the flax, the wool, the timber from the woods, the produce of the orchards and the poultry yards? My old woman is not so short-sighted."

"The Cripple goes up to Paris to see her brother and get the fashions. Hey! what does she want with the fashions, when nobody cares about dress, unless it be a petit-maître like Citizen Pepin?" reflected Babette, sullenly.

"Stuff, Babette!" remonstrated Michel. "Every one cares that a comely young woman should

dress as becomes her, were it only on a fête-day. She is one of God's creatures; why should she not look her best? It is the proof of her gratitude and obedience, as I understand it." The words were kind, but the most thorough coquette could hardly have twisted them into sweet flattery, and Babette replied to them ironically:

"Is it the week of the three Thursdays that you pay compliments, Maître Michel? Do you prove your gratitude? is it that you want to look your best?"

"Ah! well, I try it, Babette, when I have the time, and when it is suitable," replied Michel. He spoke a little sheepishly, for he wore a canvas blouse such as Monsieur's registrar had not known before this summer; and his straw hat was battered and brown, notwithstanding there being a new one with a fresh riband sewed round it by Babette, lying ready for him these weeks and weeks.

"The Cripple went up to Paris in the diligence, and came back fifteen days ago."

"Indeed! Did she not expect to come back?"

"She saw the sights,—the mobs and pikes seem to be the sights now,—but she also saw some people from Faye."

"Ah! it is coming," ejaculated Michel, drawing a long breath.

"Ambrose discovered that one night all the world was to be in one of the large houses, and he said, 'Come with me to the entrance gateway; I can make interest with the porter, and we will get in as far as the door of the hall, and will see the fashions divinely, and some old acquaintances from Faye.' They say the people go everywhere now."

"It seems so."

"Well, the Cripple accompanies her brother, and the first she sees enter—be prepared, Maître Michel—is the Chevalier de Faye."

Michel started a little, and reddened, but the agitation was momentary.

"Impossible! The Chevalier is in England with his wife and her family. My faith! he is not such a fool as to return to Paris this summer. It was Monsieur, Monsieur that the Cripple wished

to say, but she let her tongue wag. I am glad Monsieur has so much liberty."

"She did not mean Monsieur. She knew the Chevalier in a moment, though he was dressed in an old coat and a flax wig like a mummer at Christmas or in the Carnival. She was sure of him by his chin turned up in the air,—the Cripple has a pretty sister, and the Chevalier always pointed his turned-up chin at the pretty girls; and Ambrose knew the woman who was with him, an actress he had seen play in the Théâtre des Variétés."

"Is that all?"

"No, it is not all," cried Babette, with a stamp of her foot which crushed the clover heads in the hay. "But you suspect me, Michel; you think I make mysteries and troubles for nothing, for my profit, to make the handle of the basket dance," she complained, bitterly.

"Fy, Babette! I never said so," answered Michel, gravely.

"If I wanted to put you on the wheel, I should make you guess,—I should give you a hundred

guesses. But no. Then the Cripple sees your brother Jonquille, and other fine people she does not know, and the ci-devant Demoiselle de Faye, looking very bright and magnificent, more like the Demoiselle de Faye than she had ever seen the wife of Michel Sart look. She was glancing all about her, as the Cripple had seen her do in the streets, so that it was a miracle her gaze did not alight on Ambrose; but his sister thought it was because she had some face in her mind for which she was looking, and that, not finding it, she saw no other."

"Perhaps," assented Michel, slowly and doggedly.

"The porter takes the Cripple and others to the door of an antechamber, and there—so close there was no room for mistake—on two chairs, without Jonquille and any of the rest,—will you believe it, Michel?"

"Go on, woman," he said, in smothered impatience.

"There were the Chevalier and my old mistress; and they sat there speaking tête-à-tête, and looking

at each other, till Jonquille appeared and led her away—Jonquille, who spoke to Ambrose Teste."

"Jonquille led her away," repeated Michel. His head had been down on his breast; he raised it again. "The Chevalier is in Paris,—good! it is at the risk of his head, but his head is his own. My wife meets her cousin, after a year's separation, at an assembly, and talks with him for half an hour or so on the affair of Monsieur,—good again! What would you, Babette? As for me, I am good-natured, I am not of a jealous temperament," and he laughed a hasty laugh.

"But the Chevalier is there at the risk of his head," screamed Babette; "and she has reason to hate him with a woman's scorn—do you know what that is, Michel Sart? Yet the two sit apart whispering together until they are divided. And Ambrose tells his sister next morning, that he has secret information that the Chevalier de Faye passed one of the barriers at midnight under a feigned passport, in a post-chaise, with a figure in a cloak and hood, who called herself the *sister* of the traveller. My man, the Chevalier has no sister!"

"Malediction!" swore Michel Sart, with sudden, terrible rage.

"She is not worth your rage, let her go, Michel," sobbed Babette, in violent emotion and fear; for there was one man in the world Babette feared, and that was Michel Sart. "Let her go," she implored, clasping his arm.

"I follow her," said Michel, grinding the words through his teeth.

"For what?"

"To kill him, and take her away. She was mine, and though lost to me she shall not belong to another."

"These aristocrats, man and woman, are heartless, treacherous," pleaded Babette. "They hold only by each other, they put no value on all the world besides. Go! the people are well off to have the honour of serving their masters. But there are others who feel differently, who would go down on their knees and crawl to Rome to make you happy. How fortunate you are, Michel Sart, if you would but see it. Young, rich, esteemed, loved even, for there are people who have loved

you who are so noble and so good, so long as they could do so as a friend, and who only ask to have care for you, like a mother. Bethink yourself, Michel. The contract can be broken—you are not bound to her, you who are the proprietor of the Tour."

"Be silent, you know nothing about it;" and Michel shook her off angrily; then he checked himself, and wanted to atone for his roughness. "Pardon me, Babette; but why will you speak to a man in a rage?" He could bear it no longer; he walked away from her with long strides through the hayfield, and out of sight.

Babette sat down on the withering grass, covered her face, and rocked herself from side to side. "He will go after her, will fight with the Chevalier, and they will slay each other. We shall have murdered him, her and me between us."

Babette did not see Maître Michel again till supper. He had then recovered his ordinary bearing, was considerate to all, gentle even to the old woman who called herself Diane Ligny. Babette cast keen, covert looks at him. It struck

her that the deep lines about his mouth would soon dispute his age with his stalwart figure, and record him an old man before he was thirty.

Next day Michel avoided Babette, who did not, however, desire to attract his notice. She had reasons for not wishing him to see how sedulously she watched his movements, expecting every moment that he would saddle a horse and secretly possess himself of his knapsack. But he was out in the fields as usual all the morning. In the evening he was smoking his pipe in the gallery, looking across at the Tour.

"Babette," called Michel, softly, as Babette passed below.

Trembling in every limb with expectation, she ran up one of the stairs.

The moon was round enough to lend an ivory light to the scene. Was it the ivory light which softened the growing furrows in Michel's face, and gave to it an air of strange youth that did not belong to it, instead of a look of premature age? "Do you remember her, Babette?" he said, tenderly, "how good she was, how she felt for

all, how fond she was of you, how she adored her parents, how much kindness she had for the old woman, for me? Of a truth, she would not have said a word to hurt us for the world. Why did we not find some other way to deliver her? Why did this tumult of a Revolution, when all men will have their rights until they have no more mind for their duties, break forth and drive the gentle vessel into strange waters? Demoiselles like her only love their equals; it could not well be otherwise. If she had but kept in her own sphere, she would have been a noble, loving dame, and all men would have blessed her."

"You did not love your equal, Maître Michel," said Babette, brusquely.

"Me? I was born to be her servant, her watch-dog. I should have guarded her more jealously. I was lured, infatuated, and, word of Michel Sart! I did not know better. Now, if she has fallen, I would it were me who had sinned, that I might bear the punishment and the stain for her. But, good Babette, we will always think of her as she

was in the bright, innocent days when she was our darling, like a nymph of the woods, like a young saint, with whom angels came and talked. We will save her, though we should traverse the world in search of her. Let him go; the world has only one villain more. God will bring him to judgment for this sin as for others, or he will cause him to repent in dust and ashes. But what is his punishment or repentance compared with her salvation? I go to prepare for my journey, Babette. I will take the old woman with me to Paris; she may be useful, and she will delight to embrace her Jonquille. I foresee many difficulties and trials; but courage! faith in God and love to her will carry me to my journey's end."

Michel went into the house, and Babette lingered in the gallery alone. "He will never forget her," she said to herself; but her voice had grown calm, as if all her tears were shed. And her face had caught a faint reflection of the peace of his. "He will never love me. But would he be Michel if he forsook her, though she has forsaken him and turned to another? He

says he would rather have been guilty himself and his mistress pure. And would I not have him, so strong, so patient, so devoted to the last,—he whom nobody, not even his mother there, values as he merits, while the world crowns the puppy Jonquille with laurels,—rather than my shallow, selfish, sneaking lover? This was where my Mademoiselle used to sit beside him. Poor child, it was not a natural seat to her, and I grudged it as though it had been the skin of my bones. Oh! Babette, you have been a cockatrice's egg in these honest people's bosoms. Yes! she was honest, clear as the sun, so long as I knew her. I could wager the cap from my head that if she has gone with that unhanged dog of a Chevalier, she has been misled, abused, carried off by fraud or force. I will tell Michel that, I will, and lighten the load on my breast. It will be something to see his grey eyes light up and his grave mouth smile, and to hear his tongue falter, in its haste to agree with me. I will, I will. I have lost earth; but it may have gained me heaven. Babette, you may not

be the great loser in the end. And when you are like the angels of God, my child," she apostrophised herself, leaning her head against one of the pillars of the gallery, and shaking it in a great gust of sobs and tears, "there will be no harm in telling him then how you used to worship him, how desolate you were, how proud you would have been to have been called his wife."

CHAPTER XIV.

JONQUILLE'S SUN SETS FIRST IN THE RUE ST. HONORÉ, THEN IN THE HALL OF THE CONVENTION—THE FIRST DAYS OF JUNE—MONSIEUR BROUGHT TO AN EXAMINATION AND COMMITTED TO THE LUXEMBOURG.

AS there something wrong in the house in the Rue St. Honoré, or in the Convention which represented the one and indivisible republic, that Jonquille was so engrossed and harassed? It was true he had still sufficient elasticity of nature to throw off a portion of his heavy cares. But in the Durand family there was no longer uninterrupted sunshine, and caresses without alloy, for the deputy and commissary. The Citizen and Citoyenne received him still with honours, but their faces looked anxious, and Hercules' plump body was inflated near to bursting. They spoke

no more of looking out for furnished apartments for the newly wedded, or of the celebration of the nuptials of Félicité. Madame might even have been secretly exploring in new directions, to settle the long vexed question which refused to be settled—the marrying of her beautiful eldest daughter.

As for Félicité, she did not share the worldly knowledge or the trepidation of her father and mother. But she was getting more and more into grief with the old love and the new,—with the hidden and proclaimed lovers. There was no use in Jacqueline's remonstrating with her; she acquiesced in every word Jacqueline said, was very penitent for being a little imprudent, and was quite ready to promise to be good in future. But when Bertrand crossed her path again, and looked black and desperate, then she could not resist being guilty of little ruses to attract his attention, and show her sympathy. She listened to him, pitied him, and as the sin was done, the repentance had also to be done over again.

In reality, Félicité gave the preference to Jon-

quille, in that easy manner in which a perfectly docile French girl is taught to regard the husband who is chosen for her. But the French say "there is no love without sentiment." The key to the girl of sixteen and a half's amiable, aggravating, weathercock behaviour was in her interpreting sentiment as the nation interpreted it, —as a kind of hair-breadth, cup-and-lip element, in which there was a deal of intrigue and mystery. Her openly acknowledged love for Jonquille wholly wanted the excitements and adventures producing those beatings of the heart so necessary to the young girl, and which she relished so keenly. Bertrand, being an unfortunate, or, as he described himself, a Werter lover, offered ten times the opportunity for exciting intercourse.

When Jacqueline first joined the household, Madame Durand kept a lynx eye on Félicité, restrained her overflowing pitifulness,—took care, at all events, that it should not be displayed in the presence of Jonquille, or interfere with his prior claims. But now Madame Durand was out of sorts, perplexed, and she either overlooked or

treated with indifference a great deal of sentimental manœuvring and coquetting between Félicité and the Southern. She may have thought it was not worth while to interfere, trusting to be soon honourably rid of Bertrand, who had at last found a friend who was making interest to procure a commission for him in the army, where, as a sous-lieutenant, he could defy all scrutiny into his antecedents, and win laurels, or more substantial spoils. As for the Citizen Hercules, he never interfered in family affairs.

Jonquille had at different times come upon short billet-doux, small pledges of love between the couple; but they had been as often explained away. He had discovered, too, that Félicité had excused herself from walking with her mother and him in the Palais Royal, that she might sit with Bertrand and Jacqueline. Instead of doing so, however, she would propose a walk, when Jacqueline, ignorant of all design, and wishing to preserve the proprieties (the bourgeois having proprieties where the noblesse had etiquette), would go with them as far as the trees

at Longchamps. Jonquille, indeed, had reason to suspect that Félicité spoke with Bertrand through keyholes, and over windows, and behind backs, in a thousand clandestine fashions. So, naturally, the air began to be surcharged with jealousy, as clouds with electricity, and to bode a storm between the commissary and his Félicité.

Jonquille came early one evening to the Rue St. Honoré, and was told that Félicité was in bed with a nervous attack. He was full of remorse, lest his late peremptoriness and ungraciousness had occasioned the illness.

To break the tedium of his stay, Madame Durand began to speak to him and Jacqueline of the unaccountable absence of the servant Nicole, and to rail at the culprit.

"Nicole told me she was going to have her fortune told one of these days, and by none of the old women at the Pont Neuf, but by the famous Citizen Martin, in the Rue D'Anjou, near the street formerly called Dauphiné," chattered Olympe, triumphant at holding the clue to the missing maid, and thinking no more of it.

Jonquille moved as quickly as if he had been stung, darted his eyes to the corner, now vacant, where Bertrand often sat copying music for Félicité, and leaped up with such eagerness that the walking sword he had in its sheath fell out with a clang on the parqueted floor.

The Citoyenne screamed.

"Don't be afraid, Madame," Jonquille assured her, with a peculiar smile, "I only go to have my fortune told also. Depend upon it there is a pretty little party in the Rue D'Anjou already, but we will go and make it still larger and livelier. Come, my sister. Come, Olympe."

"Thou shalt not stir, thou story-telling minx. I shall beat thee over the nose again," threatened Madame.

Olympe seeing an unusual revelation had been torn from her, and that a beating was now in store for her, had her triumph changed into humiliation, against which she protested shrilly, with more force than reverence. "What will you, maman? you wanted to know where Nicole was gone. I said nothing of Félicité; I know nothing of Félicité.

Will you lock me up? will you not suffer me to have my fortune told because of that crocodile blonde Mademoiselle?" Yet Olympe was well aware that the louder she cried, and the more she called Félicité names, the more certainly would she be locked up the moment the others departed.

Madame Durand ended the scene with a majesty which belonged to the yellow robe, the coiffure à la Chinoise, the meagre sharp features. "Without doubt, Citoyenne Sarte may go, if it please her; but truly, I would prefer that she preserve her brother-in-law from a mêlée, or, if he should go, that she bring him back when he sees how ill-founded are his cruel suspicions;" and the keen eyes were raised to heaven.

"I beg your pardon. Who said I had suspicions?" demanded Jonquille; "but grant me the favour of your company, my friend, that we may join this fine game,—this wise and beautiful amusement."

Jacqueline set out with her brother on their fool's errand. She kept up with his long strides,

and submitted to his sombre silence as they threaded the throng.

They penetrated to the end of a little pent-up, airless court, and at the top of a staircase were ushered into a levée of feathered ladies and well-dressed young men. For Martin the Cripple was a fortune-teller of repute, who had replaced Cagliostro and Mesmer, though the splendid circles and spells, the ardent, expressive physiognomies and eloquent gestures, were wanting in the narrow, dirty apartment. Clerks were going in and out, introducing and dismissing flocks of agitated company. In the foreground sat a little man who dragged himself across the floor with crutches. He shuffled a pack of cards with a gay, assured air, studied steadfastly a geographical chart, and was constantly adding to a heap of francs, double francs, and even golden louis, beside him on the table. Before him, in an old leathern arm-chair, like a pale blush-rose, with her fair delicate complexion and zephyr muslin, sat Félicité Durand. She had recovered magically from her nervous attack, and was taking

a bad way to escape from its return. She whispered answers to questions, and hung entranced on the conjuror's words, thus remaining ignorant of the entrance of fresh visitors. Nicole, bribed by the promise that she also should have her fortune told, cowered open-mouthed beside her mistress. Bertrand stood behind Félicité. His face wore a half sneer of derision, a half imperious expression, as if he sought to control the prophet, and compel the prophecy to be favourable to his designs. A shade of credulity and sensitiveness was also to be noticed on his perfect Greek face.

A slight noise roused Félicité. She uttered a shriek more piercing than Madame Durand's, and started from the chair.

"Sanctissima Madonna!"—Martin affected Italian. "Monsieur Citoyen, you must pay for this interruption," the adroit, self-possessed little man, half charlatan, half fanatic, said menacingly.

"Willingly," responded Jonquille, with a defiant air, and wearing his cocked hat among the un-

covered men around him. "I was merely afraid that not having the honour of your acquaintance, you might miss me out in your history," he went on; while Bertrand scowled and drew his delicate lips together till they were almost invisible.

It was not in the rôle of Martin's performance to show any feeling, unless when he refused with scorn what he thought too small a price for his secrets. He looked at Jonquille with malicious meaning, however, as the young man flung down money, and, rather addressing the scared audience then the aggressor, he said aloud, "The Citizen wears his hat here to-day; will he wear his head anywhere this day twelvemonths?"

"Probably not; but it is as God wills, not as a mountebank like you ordains." So Jonquille threw back the challenge, as he proceeded to lead out Félicité.

The girl was wringing her hands in right earnest. "Why did you provoke the man, my Jonquille? How could you force your way into his room, and then be rude to him?"

"'My Jonquille!' Mademoiselle, that is charm-

ing. What were you doing in the den? how far do you propose to go in this treachery? how many more of these horrible indignities do you intend me to bear?" Jacqueline could hear this, through the din of the streets and the mutterings of Bertrand, as they walked home. She could hear too Félicité's confession of her foolish desire to hear her fortune. Monsieur Bertrand, Félicité said, was going at any rate, and as Nicole was with them she had depended on Jonquille's goodness. But she would never, never be naughty again. The rising, the raging, and the subsiding of the quarrel were audible and intelligible, in scraps, to the last stern warning, "I will try you once again, Félicité; and if you fail me, then, by all the saints, we separate for ever."

Félicité only said, "Try me, try me, Jonquille."

But Jonquille Sart was only once more in the house in the Rue St. Honoré. He came one morning earlier than he was wont, on his way to the Convention. The Durands had breakfasted in bed or singly, but there was always an hour's interval during which the shop was left to a

solitary attendant, either the Citoyenne Durand or the girl Olympe. Citizen Hercules was improving the hour at his club, thundering his devotion to the Convention; while the shopmen were improving it at their clubs, spouting their patriotism. The busy scene of bales and yard-measures was deserted, and Olympe left in sole charge.

Madame Durand was sitting, out of deference to her caller, doing penance in her jupe and faded green market calêche. She was very weary of his unseasonable visit. Félicité was supposed to be engaged in household work. Bertrand had not returned from his morning stroll to the Halles, the Marché-aux-Fleurs, or the Quai D'Antin, a favourite resort of the disguised aristocrats.

Jonquille stood moodily at one of the small jalousied windows. Olympe, her hair standing up in a tuft on the crown of her head as usual, and her short child's sacque fluttering away from her brown, sprawling arms, ran in to disturb the repose of the family.

"There are rats in the shop," she announced. "Oh! Jonquille, my dear son," pouncing upon

him, and hugging him, "are you come on purpose to catch them? that will be sublime!"

"Chut, Olympe! there are no rats in the shop," said Madame Durand positively, and frowning at the girl.

"But yes, there are rats behind the great bales to the right; I have heard them many mornings. Why am I not to speak of the rats before Jonquille? Is it that he is afraid of rats, the brave Jonquille?"

"Not at all," said Jonquille, clasping the girl's willing hand. "March on! let us have a search for these rats, Olympe," he suggested, casting a haughty look at Madame Durand.

Jonquille and Olympe marched to the shop; Madame Durand followed. Jonquille went straight to the bales, piled one above another, and threw several of them down by a single effort.

A gallery constructed of webs of cloth was thus disclosed, and in it, leaning against one side as against a tree or a hedgerow, her hand in his, were Bertrand and Félicité. The effect would have been an irresistible comedy, had not the

great bell of Notre Dame rung a tragedy. But it was no longer Bertrand, nor even Félicité, who was cowed and overwhelmed. Bertrand stood erect, his lips parted in a contemptuous smile, showing the white teeth, which shone like the cleft kernel of a luscious fruit, now that his olive face was brown rather than green in its tint. Félicité plucked at the corner of her white camisole, pouted a little, like a dove pouting, and whimpered complainingly, "Am I always to be blamed? Cannot Citizen Pommeran and I range the bales without harm?"

Was Félicité herself instructed this fine morning that Jonquille's hands were too full for the punishment of Bertrand, or that the power of punishment had passed from his hands? She was quiet when she saw how white and still her betrothed husband was,—so white and still, with such despair in his eyes, that Madame Durand and Olympe were silenced in their clamour. "Adieu, Félicité," he said, quite low. "Destiny wills it; but I would it had not been thus. I would it had not been on this day of the year that you had

been false, cruel. You would not have found me a complacent husband, so that it may be for the saving of lives that we are divided. But if you had trusted me, if you had told me you preferred that man whom I could not chase away because he lived on my sufferance, we might have embraced each other for the last time as friends." He turned and walked out of the shop, Olympe, Madame Durand, and now Félicité, seeking to recall him in vain. The brave, gentle Jonquille was lost to Félicité; and Jacqueline, who had begun to value him, was as inconsolable as his false love, till new trials superseded the old.

Before night Félicité had greater cause for sorrow and self-accusation. The tocsin was ringing, the drums beating, the cannon booming on the Pont Neuf. Citizen Hercules, and such well-to-do citizens, who pretended to red-hot zeal and the valour of mighty men, were perspiring at every pore. eating their big words, lying forlorn behind their counters, or staying at home and sighing for their old protectors, Lafayette and the National Guard.

Frenzied men and women, wild as beasts of prey, roamed and swarmed abroad, proclaiming new plots of the aristocrats, and new treasons of the generals. The Girondist flag, after bending and rising again several times, like colours held by a living hand in the thick of fight, was torn down and trampled under foot. Not without a struggle did the old lawyer band, the classical scholars and enthusiasts of the early Revolution, the men whose hands were pure, submit to their downfall. A hundred thousand troops—horse, foot, and artillery—surrounded the Tuileries, and the hall of the Convention, before the Girondists were expelled. The leaders were put under arrest, and hurried to their own houses. Peace was restored for the moment to Paris, the vanquished party flying for the most part to the fruitful breezy town of Caën, from which was shortly to issue the strange deliverer.

In many a house the bells and the drums sent women like Félicité to their forgotten prayers and forsaken oratoires, there to lie prostrate in terror and remorse, all the blood in them stirred!

On the Sunday evening, when all was over with the Girondists, Citizen Hercules came into the entresol to the family supper. He was more goggle-eyed than ever, and though his ruby colour was blanched, yet he swelled with more than the old mock courage. Having completed his meal, he tapped on the table with the haft of his knife, and rose as if about to propose a toast. "My wife, my children, and my friends," he began,—Jacqueline and Bertrand being included under the last term,—"the Convention has dismissed the Girondists. I say nothing of their virtues or their crimes; the Convention is always right" ("a toujours raison"), shouted the Citizen, glaring round him, as who should say he was not a good republican? "The Convention has not in this case proceeded to the extremities of cord and axe. Be it so; we rejoice in the humanity and mercy of our great, illustrious Convention, because of late intrigues and illusions. As a rule, we cry death, burning, and infamy to all enemies of the Convention." Durand paused for breath, and to enable him to change from the fire-eater to the

amiable host. "But there are no enemies of the glorious Convention here, and there are none who are not welcome to remain, so long as it is not forbidden by the noble Convention. There may be changes again." The Citizen sank his voice, and slurred over the last words, as if he were very near to treason. He broke off with a sonorous ahem! and concluded: "I drink to your good health, Citoyenne Jacqueline, Citizen Bertrand; may your personal affairs be all happily settled. Let us clink glasses."

He was not a monster, Citizen Hercules: he was good-natured, like many of his countrymen, was an egregious boaster, like more of them, and between the two he was an arrant hypocrite.

There was no demonstration of rebellion among the agitated company seated at the Durands' supper table. Little Olympe was mystified; to the other women the news was calculated to allay consternation rather than anything else. There had been no executions, and what did the women know of proscriptions? They had soon a demonstration of a totally different character. The Citizen, his

mind relieved from public burdens, relaxed fully to the courtesies and gallantries of private life. He rose again nimbly, and instead of frowning, smiled like a sunbeam. He laid his hand on his heart, drew his two heels together, and bowed like a dancing-master to the Citoyenne, — so much shaken by the last few days' work as to be almost reduced to skin and bone. He addressed her with the greatest enthusiasm : " My cherished wife, I have had the felicity of remembering that this is the eve of your fête-day. Others, too, have had the felicity of remembering it. Con-citoyens, enter!" and the Citizen threw open the door with effect. At the signal a deputation of shopmen ascended the stair, the chief bearing a salver heaped with large nosegays. The Citizen selected the finest bouquet of myrtles and camellias, and presented it, saluting the Citoyenne; Félicité presented the second, likewise saluting her, and in addition craving her blessing; Olympe, Jacqueline, Monsieur Bertrand, Etienne, Pierre, Arnaud, all followed.

The Citoyenne Durand sat with a trophy of

flowers before her, reaching to a level with her nose. She was moved to tears, and cast up her eyes in an ecstasy to thank Heaven for giving her friends, children, guests, shopmen. It might have been a scene in Arcadia.

Before the first banished Girondist had stolen in disguise out of the gates of the city, to wander, ever more and more spurred on to a dismal end, young Félicité Durand was smiling, with a shade of pensiveness which rendered her sweet girlish smile more enchanting, in the dark glowing face of Bertrand Pommeran, putting her hand in his, and prepared, if he got that commission in the army, to re-elect him in Jonquille Sart's place, her future hope, her bridegroom.

But Jacqueline was sick at heart. Her chance of delivering Monsieur through the influence of her brother-in-law, the deputy and commissary, was at an end.

New cares had come upon the wedded girl, who had no other support now than the ancient creed of a God in the sky, and the motto of her class, "Noblesse oblige." She knew she was ere

long to bring a new life into the world,—a life for which she was answerable; but the thought of this precious life as yet only concentrated and intensified the strong cry in her heart, that she herself was a child, and that her offended father was exposed to a thousand violent deaths in this Paris, slumbering the one day, raging the next.

Occurrences are often struck off by time in sharp repetition, like sparks from the anvil. An event vitally affecting Jacqueline, and rendering her callous to all the smaller events of life, happened immediately after the famous Girondist Sunday. Monsieur was removed from where he had quietly resided in the Rue Montmartre with his two gaolers during the months of May and June, and was taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Monsieur found it a very short and simple business. He was greatly struck by the absence of familiar faces among the Representatives of the Nation, and the entirely altered mode of conducting the process. Monsieur had sat in the States-General of his own province, had been

called to the Parliament of Paris, and had doubtless seen causes disposed of not quite in accordance with the principles of sacred or poetic justice. But here everything was summary and rash, and without conceivable motive.

Monsieur appeared before the tribunal in the old-fashioned velvet coat and older fashioned cordon bleu he had brought up for the purpose. That was bad enough, but still more out of keeping was his grand air, of which he could no more divest himself than he could strip the skin from his bones. The judges in feathered hats, and the jury and audience in red caps, were regarded by him with eyes so long accustomed to analyze that they had grown abstracted in their search for objects of speculation.

There was only one face Monsieur recognised among the horrible group in the saturnalia,—a face which caused his dreamy, supercilious indifference to fire up into something like wrath and disgust. It was the face of faithless, heartless Egalité Orleans. This son of princes formed one extreme of that company of big-cravated, booted,

bullying men. The son of the cellars, Marat, formed the other,—the vagabond "friend of the people," who, a true Ishmaelite, waged war with all order, property, dignity, beauty, purity, and worth. The oak crown of his acquittal was cast aside. Round his low, debased head, the ordinary filthy cloth was wrapt. He was great only like the tiger; he committed slaughter wholesale by way of benefiting his species.

Monsieur was asked—"What name?"

"Gabriel de Faye."

"What age?"

"Fifty."

"Residence?"

"The Tour de Faye."

"Did you know Louis Chaterroux, ci-devant Sieur de Chaterroux?"

"Yes; years ago."

"Have you corresponded with him?"

"Yes, but not recently."

All questions very easily replied to.

"Enough! Commit the Citizen Gabriel Faye as 'suspect;' he has admitted that he has had

treasonable acquaintances and communications. Remove him to the prison of the Luxembourg."

There was no tiresome discussion as to the nature of the acquaintance or the purport of the communication; no consideration of the remoteness of its date. No defence was listened to on any grounds. The Committee of the Tribunal, no longer hampered by the Girondists, could do nothing else but commit a "suspect" of the title and bearing of Monsieur, brought before them for having once nodded and written a note to a fellow aristocrat who was gone to La Vendée!

"Good-bye, old Paul," said Monsieur, as he quitted the court; "come no farther, my faithful domestic. I do not need to be waited on in prison, and prisons are bad places for the rheumatism. Take what louis-d'or I have to spare to carry you home."

Paul dared not refuse to accept his discharge, but the fine words and the scant gold did not console him as he hobbled homeward. Monsieur had lost freedom, possibly something more, that

Paul could not face even in imagination; and Paul himself had lost all social rank and importance, let them call France a Republic ten times over.

Jacqueline received information of Monsieur's committal from Jonquille Sart. He wrote to her, counselling her to await the coming of Michel, to whom he had despatched a messenger, and reminding her that an unauthorized interference on the part of one who was now virtually a "suspect" himself, would fatally damage Monsieur's position.

He sought to soothe her, just as a generous man in his tribulation will seek to soothe a creature still more stricken and helpless than himself. He assured her that the prisons had been inviolate since September; that Monsieur's sentence might be still longer delayed; that he might yet be saved from condemnation; that while there was life there was hope.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TWO WOMEN OF JULY—THE DAUGHTER OF MONSIEUR WHO HAD ERRED; THE DISCIPLE OF SOCRATES WHO COULD NOT ERR.

ACQUELINE could not avail herself of Jonquille Sart's considerate caution. She was a warm-hearted, high-spirited, impulsive girl, who had been dangerously educated for the position she was in; and she was now goaded by a sense of guilt and the stings of a tender conscience.

It is hard to say what Jacqueline might have done had she always been a dutiful daughter. But she had lost time,—her father was in prison beyond her reach, and in imminent peril,—they remained unreconciled,—he was even ignorant that she had repented, that she lamented his

wrath, loved him, and was hovering near him. These thoughts drove her wild. She had been stupid and frivolous, and had allowed herself to be diverted from her great duty of atonement; she must do something, however daring and despairing, or it would be too late to die with him even. She could not consult Jonquille. She would compromise the Durands by even confiding her secrets to them. They were benevolent and disinterested in affording her a shelter. Indeed, if thousands had not been equally benevolent and disinterested, not one aristocrat who was not an émigré would have seen the return of peace.

The tie which had bound the two families in a close union of interests was unhappily broken. Jacqueline grew uncontrollably restless, and wandered about everywhere by herself, wholly rejecting Félicité's companionship. It would be a week or ten days till Michel received his summons, a week or ten days more till he arrived in Paris. Jacqueline could not sit still all that time. So she began her essays at independent action by going abroad alone all day, in the hot summer

weather. She traversed the excited streets, watching with eager and unblenching eyes every sign of commotion. The girl who, before her marriage, had not ventured except once into the bocage at Faye, without the tendance of Babette, got hardened to the street encounters. She was not singular in these new expeditions, and that indeed was her safeguard.

The rage for liberty extended even to the women; and at no time had they more of it. Respectable young girls adopted proud, self-helpful habits, which they practised with honourable impunity, unless in instances of discovered aristocracy. If they behaved with tolerable circumspection, the evil world was too busy to heed or molest them.

Another young woman repeatedly crossed Jacqueline in her walks on these eventful days. She was a striking figure. Her dress was simple and sombre; her long, flowing, dark curls were tied together loosely with a green riband, and were covered modestly by a low lace cap, which shaded a face of singular purity, frankness, and

loftiness of purpose. She was a young woman, but evidently five or six years older than Jacqueline. She was the daughter of the Sieur d'Armans, now reduced to cultivate his small inheritance with his own hands, like a peasant proprietor. She had come up in a western diligence from the house of her aunt, a woman of repute in a provincial town. Her alleged business was to get some family papers from the Minister of the Interior,—and a reliable, intelligent agent she was, judging from her courageous, calm, clear face. She had travelled quietly, reading or conversing thoughtfully and pleasantly with her fellow-travellers, and holding in her hand a wonderfully living, virtuous book of antiquity,—a great authority when all France was classic-bitten,—Plutarch's Lives.

She alighted at the Hôtel de la Providence, in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, where Jonquille Sart had his lodgings. She spoke to the people of the hotel about seeing the great fête on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, and asked if all the notabilities of Paris would be present and be easily distinguished. She also made some reference to

the Pantheon, or temple of great men, playfully remarking that it would not be fair if no women were in it. Then she walked out and saw the sights, and crossed the path of Jacqueline Sarte. The last time Jacqueline met this woman, with the tenfold strength and the steady light of one dedicated to a great object, and resolved on a course from which there was no turning aside, was in a place much frequented by women, and which Jacqueline too had visited of late. A strange place for any woman,—a solemn place for Jacqueline de Faye, an awful place for the daughter of the Sieur d'Armans,—the galleries of the new Hall of the Convention, in the old palace of the Tuileries. The Tricoteuses, who now carried knives and pistols as well as knitting-needles, and who eat and drank as they knitted or shouted "To the fact, to the fact," occupied the upper galleries when it was not their pleasure to tramp down-stairs and push themselves in among the deputies' wives and daughters.

Jacqueline went into such company unprotected, save by the innocent, desolate look of her pale

young face. She strained her eyes and ears to see and hear the members below, and exerted her mind to understand their decrees, and to ascertain how they might bear on the cases of the multitudes in prison, and especially on the single case of poor Monsieur. Here the beautiful strange young woman, alone like herself, drew near her, and entered into conversation with her, asking why certain great men were absent, and when they might be expected to reappear on the tribune of the Convention. Jacqueline made answer that she was a stranger in Paris, come up on her own proper business, and could afford no information.

A stranger in Paris, who had travelled there for her own ends! The Sieur d'Armans' daughter looked earnestly at Jacqueline, with great, lustrous eyes, and asked her with strange suddenness, "Will you confide to me your business? perhaps I can assist you. Who knows? it may be the same as mine. There need not be two of us; you are young and tender, like a little sister of mine; besides, you would throw away two lives. Leave

it to me. Do not contest with me the duty, do not rob me of the renown." The silvery voice spoke with a kind of divine compassion and a great pride.

Jacqueline awoke from her lethargy and gazed on the face before her. If ever there was in mortal flesh the fearless radiant face of a heathen sibyl it was here.

She drew back with a little shiver from the almost supernatural aspect of the stranger, but she had no hesitation in trusting this stately condescending creature. "I came to save my father; he is in the Luxembourg," whispered Jacqueline, with trembling lips.

"Your father!" said Charlotte Corday, her silvery accents flowing unbroken over the words, as if they could not even momentarily arrest her; "I, too, have a father, but I have bidden him farewell. Behold! I am the child of all Frenchmen, of the human race."

"I do not understand you," pleaded Jacqueline, retreating farther and farther. "I have a noble, dear father—ah! he provoked me to anger, it is

true, but I disobeyed and outraged him, and I shall be punished, if he is taken from me for ever."

"Can you not forget him, my child?" argued Charlotte. "Can you not lose sight of him in the great family of mankind, of which he was but a fraction, and serve him in them?"

"No, no," cried Jacqueline, wringing her hands. "What can I do? My only wish is to go to my father, my own dear father, whom God gave me to obey and cherish."

"Poor child! I see you are very young and simple," exclaimed the silvery voice, in a blending of pity, disdain, and yearning. It was as though the speaker recalled for an instant the blossoming orchards of Normandy and the girlish, tender, lowly, reverent days, before the Book of Prayers and the New Testament were relinquished for Plutarch's Lives. But a great pride still seemed to prevail over all. "Go! I will do my work, and your father shall be free." She spoke like a queen, like an ancient goddess. She might have been a Pallas Athéné treading the earth

again. But this was not in heathen Greece; it was in France in the eighteenth century of Christendom, after men and women had been taught all these years to be humble, long-suffering, merciful, and forgiving. Of what spirit could this beautiful figure be?

Jacqueline listened, transfixed, not knowing whether to call the words madness, or blasphemy. She saw her companion rise and go out tranquilly, like one raised above all tremour.

At the door of the Hall of the Convention, Charlotte Corday was detained by a shower. It was then that a foreigner got a fiacre for her, and seeking to know her name, was moved by the little ghastly, theatrical intimation, "You will know it before long." Next day she bought a knife in the Palais Royal, and, engaging a fiacre a second time, requested to be driven to Marat's house in the Rue des Cordeliers. She asked to be admitted to the deputy with news of importance from Caën. She was shown by his own order to the room where he sat ill in a bath, and while he wrote down on his tablets the names of Girondist deputies which

she gave him, she drew the knife from her girdle, and stabbed him to the heart.

Thus terribly did the daughter of the heathen philosophers illustrate the height of heathen virtue. No beautiful Judith or Jael was she. She believed in no God of the Hebrews nerving her feeble arm, sentencing His enemies to die by a weak woman's hand, and shielding and vindicating His inspired servant. Still she was beautiful with an awful beauty, as she stood relentless over her victim, and as she remained undaunted in the Palace of Justice. "Details are needless; I killed Marat," she proclaimed, her silvery voice raised to a trumpet pitch; "I killed one man, to save a hundred thousand; a villain, to save innocents; a savage wild beast, to give repose to my country." Then, turning with undefinable scorn on Fouquier Tinville, who observed she must be practised in crime, she said calmly, "The monster takes me for an assassin." A heroine of old heathenesses, she played her part marvellously, she identified herself with her character inimitably. Only twice did she falter in the drama. It

was not when she wrote the witty letter to Barbaroux, nor when she consoled her father with a quotation from their ancestor Corneille, nor when she welcomed the artists to take her portrait, bequeathing to one a lock of her hair. No, it was when she made a gentle reference to her young sister, and when her modesty shrank abashed as her neck was bared for the stroke of the guillotine.

It was on a July evening, about the hour when lovers walk and whisper in the twilight, while kind husbands and fathers return to peaceful, happy homes, that all Paris gathered to witness a great spectacle.

Jacqueline, with the other inhabitants of the Rue St. Honoré, witnessed the passing of a solitary cart from the Conciergerie to the place of execution, and were appalled. In it sat Jacqueline's friend of the Convention, the red chemise of a murderess rendering her fair unclouded face yet more dazzlingly beautiful. Impassioned men bared their heads before her as she passed, and the very mob who had come to revile and exe-

crate her for the sake of their cruel, dirty Marat, uttered low growls expressive of doubt and wonder. Adam Lux, a young German, fell madly in love with the sublime stage queen who died so grandly in her part in the play. He determined to publish her defence, and to demand for her a statue with the inscription, "Greater than Brutus." So he got thrown into the Abbaye Prison, and had his wish "to die with her" realized in the end.

Jacqueline fled from the sight to pray the Lord of suffering humanity for the cruel benefactress, who said for herself that she needed not any shriving or ghostly aid.

Charlotte Corday beneath the guillotine was a woman for a moment. She blushed with swift bashful shame, as the executioner uncovered her neck. But she was a heroine of antiquity again when she recovered herself, and declared in her swelling heroic phrase, "This toilette of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality." So bewildered were the multitude when Samson held up the peerless head, and struck it rudely on each cheek, that they were divided as

to whether it was the last flush of maidenly modesty which still coloured the face, or whether it was an angry protest at the brutal indignity which for a second suffused the lifeless clay. Charlotte Corday, after a fashion set by the haughty philosophers of the Revolution, had in her presumption named the day of her crime "The day of the Preparation of Peace." Alas for the bitter fruit of the unnatural transgression! Gross blasphemy and adoration of the remains of Marat; his heart placed in an urn, and a chapel raised to him by his votaries! This was the first pulsation of an electric thrill which, carried over France, stiffened and set men to new deeds of violence. Troubles threatened the country at Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, in addition to the flame smouldering in La Vendée. The relics of the Girondists evacuated Caën, and, dispersing over the length and breadth of the country, were hunted down one by one, poor champions of a vanquished, vanished creed. Their doom was to die the death of dogs. Such were the results for which the beautiful, gifted Charlotte Corday stained

her hands with blood, and laid down her life in its prime.

It would be hard to describe the effect the tragedy had on Jacqueline Sarte, and other sensitive, desperate French girls. With their dramatic vein they half adored, half loathed the part which the Pucelle of their days had played so perfectly. But this is certain, that there was an impulse to improve on the act, and rob it of its unholy cruelty.

Jacqueline by nature clung to the pious, fond charities of her first relations, and her early home, and cared little for a wide circle, a broad theatre. But fatally left to herself in Paris,—having lost sight of Jonquille, and Michel not having come up from the provinces,—she executed a version of the tragedy of Charlotte Corday.

Into the Hall of the Convention, where the affairs of nations and whole continents were settled, this weak, foolish girl intruded her grain of private care; and appeared once more, not as a spectator, but as an actor. It is difficult to com-

prehend the position, in all its bearings, at this distance of time. Gleaming grotesquely in its insignificance, yet relieved by the childish greatness of its single-heartedness, a vision appeared before the eyes of those furiously eager, weightily engaged, and eminently practical men of the Mountain. A young woman rose up in the second gallery, clad in white, and letting her hood fall to show the white cockade in her hair, she called out frantically, though piping in a sweet forced voice, "Live the King! Down with the Convention!"

It was like a sparrow perching on a telegraph wire and trilling a pert challenge while it awaited a current of electricity, or a partridge running in the face of a steam engine. The treason was barefaced, its promulgation shrill and small; but it was enough for the humble, selfish purpose of the tender perpetrator. The Frenchmen were brave, but the recent fate of Marat shone lurid and fiery in the fumes of their imaginations. A few months later the girl of the people, Cécile Rénaut, who sought to look on a tyrant with a

knife in her basket, passed in a red shirt from the Conciergerie to the guillotine, with her whole kindred and supposed accomplices, to the number of eighty innocent persons.

There was a blank pause and a wild stare, and then a tumultuous cry, "Arrest the woman! commit her! carry her off to the Conciergerie!" The Tricoteuses yelled as if the order was supererogatory; and they were prepared to descend from the ceiling to tear the culprit piecemeal. But no force was needed; the girl Jacqueline submitted even more readily than the woman Charlotte Corday. She only uttered one heart-piercing cry: "Ah! my citizens, send me not to the Conciergerie; send me to the Luxembourg, for your daughters' sakes. I have a father in the Luxembourg!" and with the lingering reverence for filial ties, and the wonderful leniency crossing the more wonderful inhumanity of the men, the deputies granted her prayer.

The knowledge of what Jacqueline had done burst on the house in the Rue St. Honoré. Her name was forthwith banished from the family

vocabulary; Félicité, in a summer shower of tears, collecting and putting out of sight all traces of her aristocratic friend. The rumour travelled in a vague, roundabout way to Jonquille, who stamped and gnashed his teeth in his bare room as he realized its full significance. He made ready to hail Michel Sart whenever he set foot in Paris.

END OF VOL. II.

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